

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#20800629 - 11/06/14 04:37 PM (2 years, 11  
months ago) The Essential Rave Nightclubs  
of Floridian History I just saw this posted on the  
history of Rave clubs in S. FL and of course The  
Edge is there... ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for  
Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8  
Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/06/14  
04:39 PM) Post Extras: dstark Manifesting  
Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last  
seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#20801248 - 11/06/14 07:44 PM (2 years, 11  
months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Ah, thanks  
very much - too kind - I do hope to be writing  
up some more stories for everyone soon, but just  
so you can see I'm not slacking off - check out

to school made me extra cautious with all these new faces, so I wasn't selling. I finished off the bag I had brought with me, and even though I knew I could just head back the 45 minutes to Fort Lauderdale to get more herb, I wanted to find people I could work with locally. One of the things that was immediately apparent was that there were most likely people around here with major operations, supplying the thousands and thousands of students at the school. These people weren't students themselves, but they ran the show. Another thing that became obvious was that the student body was made up almost entirely of people not from the local area, so they created a kind of captive audience for the people selling stuff to the students. Through the grapevine I was introduced to a guy down the hall. He was one of the fraternity pledges, and I think he was a baseball player too, but he seemed like an okay guy. As soon as I walked in his dorm, I could smell the herb and it smelled great. He gave me the bag and it was nice and



years, 7 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Force Ten]  
#18072194 - 04/07/13 09:13 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) dude... the fuck? That shit  
wouldn't fly this day in age you're a lucky  
camper. I love how at the end you're just like  
"wound up giving him a few grams of MDMA,  
sheet of 'cid and a hundred bucks" as if it was  
nothing out of the ordinary, and everyone has  
that as a means of payment for shit

----- Beats More Beats sheekle:  
fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair  
and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras:

Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc:  
British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #18075246 -  
04/08/13 09:25 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Your stories are always entertaining and I'm  
glad you're going through with making it into a  
book. At the local university and college here,  
they have a machine that is capable of making

regardless of the amount. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check

out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: indocult Dr Registered: 07/13/09

Posts: 1,350 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1

#17767298 - 02/08/13 07:32 PM (4 years, 8

months ago) hey man I can go through and

edit typo's and whatnot for you and send them

to you in a PM, I've got loads of time. I know

your busy with work and kids and whatnot. Post

Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12

Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2

years, 7 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] 1

#17783633 - 02/11/13 09:31 PM (4 years, 8

months ago) once again man, these stories are

nothing short of incredible. can't wait for the

time.” He took a sip of his beer and said “Taxed and pinched.” And with that one sentence I moved up another step of the local ladder of supply. “Mike owe’s us so much money right now. We wouldn’t even be dealing with him right now if it wasn’t for that. But that’s why I always make him wait around forever. He gives me the money and I go out, run some errands, go to dinner, and THEN I’ll go pick up the herb and drop it off to him.” He paused, took another drink and said, “So yeah, just call me directly here’s my number” writing it on a piece of paper. “And I’m definitely feeling this stuff, was what you gave me all you had?” “No I have a bunch left still, I got a ton over the summer but I haven’t moved any since I started school, I’ve just been chilling. Besides I don’t really know the people to move enough of it around here.” “Well what do you have?” “I mean, I have a few more thousand, probably 5 or 6” “Yeah man, we’ll clear you on out, I told you bring me whatever you had, I wasn’t fuckin’ around with

seconds. I looked around and I saw about 7 or 8 officers walking all over the dorm room. Looking at the uniforms and badges, I could see that there were cops from at least three different departments. I saw the County Sheriffs, local city police, campus police, and at least two plain clothes cops who were much older guys. “We have a search warrant” one of them said, waving a small stack of papers as other cops lifted me by my armpits onto one of the chairs in the main room. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (03/13/13 12:01 PM) Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages:

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23 | Next > | Last > Shop: buy cannabis seeds, Buy CBD, Medical Cannabis Seeds Balloons,

Bennassi's set; I copped a blue dolphin triple press. First time doing it for real. I started dancing, then me and a great friend went outside into the halls where water was being sold and people were walking around and whatnot because I was coming up very hard and strong. He sat me down and talked me through it deeply, letting me know that I knew what I took, I would survive the night, if anything happened we could get medical people to help and whatnot, letting me know it was ALL OK. And it was. I centered myself with breathwork and meditation, and then the serotonin started being released. It was brilliant in so many ways. Euphoria swept through me very quickly and I felt a deep joy. I started having close eyed visions of people at the show moving around, very vivid third eye visions. Then we decided to go back into the stands to wait out benny benassi's leave and hear armin van buurens set. WOW. WOWOWOWOWOOW. Armin absolutely killed it, right as I was peaking,

his shift stick car while both of us were on 3 hits of LSD. We knew it wasn't a good idea, but hunger was starting to set in as we both hadn't eaten anything in forever. I did not know how to drive one, and all he asked of me was to encourage him the entire way to the grocery store. I guess this helped (and I also believe something with a higher power blessed us that day) because we made it there and back fine. Once we finally arrived back at his house, he made the remark of how difficult it was for him to concentrate on switching gears and using the clutch etc. even though he had been doing it for years. Just like others said, I knew when you said you didn't know how to drive stick you were fucked. It's impossible for good to come out of that situation. Maaaaaan, you left me so curious... I hate thinking of you being in a situation like that but man I am just too curious for my own good as to what happened after you saw that cop pull up... I couldn't be more serious when I type this: PLEASE DW, write a book.

chariot. Everyone piled out of the cars and flowed our way over to the bus. We saw people loading all kinds of different equipment and things onto the bus –speakers, wire, lights, and a nitrous tank among other things. We brought the turntables, records, and DJ mixing equipment because Marty had worked it all out so we could plug right into the bus. Marty met me in the parking lot and introduced me and Scotty to Curtis, our driver for the day. “Curtis says we can burn on the bus no problem and he’ll drive the speed limit the whole way, but we gotta take care of him in advance. So I figure everyone could throw him \$20 as the walk on, do you think that’s cool?” Marty was paying for the bus for everyone anyway, so asking people to pitch in to tip the driver was certainly fair. No one seemed to have any problem with that at all and soon Curtis had a nice stack of twenty dollar bills padding his right pocket. It took quite a while to get everything loaded and all the people on the bus, but within the hour we were

this: FUCKIN ILL. I HAVE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE HOW ENERGIZED I WAS LISTENING TO THIS ON A GOOOOOD ASS SYSTEM AND DANCING WITH AS MUCH ENERGY AS I COULD. Wow. Dancing comprised most of the time that night. At one point I got in a real good zone dancing, a trance persay, and as I turned to face the epicenter of the light show, for a second I saw an alien womans face, black grey color scheme. Later on I checked out the second stage. As we were walking away from it, had got our fill of the music and whatnot, a dude approached us as quiet as night, like a wraith. He had a hood up so we couldn't see his face. He held up a pill and we all got silent. I forget what he said but it was some unrecognizable chemical for free. My buddy accepted the gift just to get the guy to walk away, which he did slowly, and immediately threw it in the bushes. My other friend that was with us said also that whatever he giving away was a terrible rc, makes you



what I was buying them for, I just wanted to return the favors I had been given. I bought them for \$5 each, and sold them for \$5. To me LSD was not about making money, it was far more valuable than money. After a few weeks went by, people started realizing that I could get acid reliably, and news spread quickly. I started taking orders for a few people, having them give me the money, and then I'd bring them back the doses. Melanie dropped the price from \$5 to \$4, since now I was picking up more than ten at a time. So I just kept giving them to my friends for \$5, and by doing this, I was able to get a little free acid for myself, while keeping everyone else's price the same. I never took my share out in cash, I always took my cut in LSD. I was extremely excited to be able to share this experience with those around me, I felt like I was doing something important. One day I was talking quickly in the hall between classes with my friend Chris. "Man, you should really start selling this stuff. You're doing this all wrong.

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culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
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for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe

side of the campus, away from the main buildings. We walked over there and our friend Anthony was standing by one of the auto shop cars. "What's up guys? Jump on in." He said, opening the car door. I didn't like the idea of getting into a car, it felt like it would be a little claustrophobic with the LSD coming to a peak about now. It also seemed like it was too easy to get caught in there. What if someone came up while we were in there smoking? Anthony assured us that it was cool, no one would come over here. So we got into the car and Chris packed a bowl of some nice herb and hash that he had. We sat in the car and smoked a few bowls, the whole time, the LSD was getting stronger and stronger. When we finished we jumped out of the car, with a cloud of smoke following us out. As I got out and turned around, I saw about 30 feet away, walking through the fence to the auto shop was Mr. Manzo, an ex-Marine that was now the school Head of Security. So here I am in my shiny

friends about this place.” When I got home later, that was the first thing I did. I called my friends and told them all about it. My girlfriend, Ashley said, “Oh, I can see it now, you’re gonna become a raver.” And she was right, even though I didn’t really know it at the time. Edited

by dwpineal (11/08/12 12:16 AM) Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#17180349 - 11/07/12 11:58 PM (4 years, 11 months ago) Our Paths Cross Again The next

weekend everyone wanted to go to The Edge after the Mud House. Alex, Abe and I jumped into Mark’s jeep around 2:30 in the morning, and headed downtown. The four of us hung out all the time, so I was really glad to have everyone along tonight, after going alone last weekend. After pulling into the parking lot, we split the rectangular paper I had gotten the previous weekend into four pieces and fired up a joint. Everyone took a piece of the paper and

even know who I'm getting it from." "C'mon, you think I'm stupid? I know you were supplying those other two guys in there. You weren't picking nothing up from strangers at a nightclub." He softened his tone and said, "Look I'm trying to help you out. Just tell us who you're buying from." I stuck to my "strangers at a nightclub" story, because the people I was really buying from were my close friends. I felt almost like family with Dan, John, Justin, and the others I bought from. It wasn't just a betrayal of principles they were trying to elicit from me, but a betrayal of friendship. "Are you scared of these people? Because we'll protect you." He kept trying different tactics until he realized that I wasn't going to be any help on this case, and sent me back to the cell. He didn't ask either of the other guys to come out to the room, so it seemed like they really did believe I was the person with the information they wanted most. They made us sit in the cell together for another 2 or 3 hours before putting

skimmed that site. Then again, the internet isn't really the best place to hear up-to-date information on the Rainbow Family, from what I know anyway. ----- The

Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: sailing

China Cat Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #17298008 - 11/28/12 10:44 PM (4 years, 10

months ago) they have alot of regional gatherings from what ive heard. i have to keep my eyes and ears out for one in virginia.

----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We

are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a one eyed

cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007]

#17299334 - 11/29/12 02:14 AM (4 years, 10

like I was plugged into the earth from my feet. For the next few hours I experienced an endless parade of thoughts blooming and unfolding within my minds' eye. I didn't talk much during that time because I felt like my ability to make coherent sentences had left me. The words I spoke felt as if they could not hold my meaning, or describe clearly what I was witnessing and experiencing, so I gave up speaking for what seemed to be hours. The strength of the effects seemed to be coming in waves. It was moving from a calming, tranquil state at times and building to the intensity of a rollercoaster at other points. I kept looking at my watch, and the minutes seemed almost stuck in time. It seemed to be broken because minutes were taking hours to go by; it just didn't make any sense. As I felt the wave slowing down in intensity, I got up to walk around the grassy peninsula. I felt like I could walk forever and my legs would never get fatigued. My feet took me from the picnic table I was sitting at over to Alex and Jake by the

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Board! You are experiencing a small sample of



a roach was permanently swallowed into another dimension, lost and hidden for all time. “Oh, I know, do you guys want to smoke some AMT? If you already ate some, you’ll notice the effects immediately.” I asked. Everyone seemed game, so I went into my room and got a bowl and a vial of AMT. I packed some herb, poured some of the white crystals over it and covered it with another bit of herb. I did this so when the flame hit the crystal, it didn’t scorch it immediately. I brought the bowl outside and sat down in the circle around the table. “Hit it gently and hold it as long as you can. As soon as you hit it, you should notice it almost immediately.” When I smoked AMT and had already eaten some, I would get the most beautiful cascade of iridescent three dimensional bubbles floating up in my opened-eye field of vision. This would quickly transform into a cozy psychedelic melding of the trips until about 15 minutes later the real effects from smoking would manifest. I passed

Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet Mushrooms (may contain outdated info) Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2 Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric) Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community

Quote: Absent Minded said: wo wo wo pump the breaks you're actually making a book of this? Well, yes that is part of the vision with all the writing. I've been wanting to do a book for a while, I mean I have a few friends that have been saying it for a long time, but I just never had the motivation to follow through and sit there and just write it all out. But by posting it here, everyone is giving me the encouragement to keep going so it is really a blessing for me to have this place. I'm just posting stream-of-consciousness writing, not really editing at all - so the stories will have typos, weird sentence structure, whatever. It's basically a first draft what is going up here, so by the time I put it into book format, it'll be much more polished and hopefully all-around better... My only problem is that I'm only a quarter of the way through and I think by word count alone, we're already at the length of a regular "novel."

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

you man! What would you want for it if I took everything?" I wasn't sure if I wanted to sell every last bit I had, it was like going from an overflowing abundance to nothing in an instant. I'd had so much that I was sitting on because I couldn't move it to anyone since all my friends had moved out of town, but now I was facing having nothing left, which I didn't really like. After getting arrested recently I didn't want to go back to the stress of doing the Western Union-Post Office – Safety Deposit box dance right now, so whatever I let go of, I wasn't going to be getting more until next time I saw Gary and Ray in person, and who knew when that would be. Still I didn't really need that much, so I decided I could sell Dan everything but keep about 250 hits for myself. I liked to have enough to give away here and there to people, especially when we were all at events together partying, and I also wanted make sure to have more than enough to last me until I could score some more. I told Dan a price that

welcome on campus, but I walked back through the hallway and put my key in the door anyway. The key still fit and it still turned the lock. I walked in and all three of my roommates were home, but it looked like everyone was sleeping. I was hoping no one would be there, but I guess during finals week no one was staying out late. I tip toed into my room and closed the door, but I wasn't able to get onto my top bunk without my roommate waking up. "Man what the fuck happened?" He asked sitting up in his bed. "Man I can't thank you enough for standing up for me. You've got some balls man." I told him as I climbed up the ladder to my bed. I put my head over the edge of the bed and said, "I'll tell you the whole story tomorrow, but I just got out and I can't wait to sleep in my own bed. I don't think I've slept at all in the past few days." The next day, after my exams, I went over to Dan and John's house to get my money back and tell them the sad story. Of course they already knew, but they were happy I'd come there to tell them

Dog told me he only sold the acid to me and one other guy, but that his friend had a distribution line and Jovi was right below his friend. Apparently someone ratted out Jovi and he in turn ratted out E-Dog's friend. They had gone up the line trying to get the San Francisco connection, but only got as far as E-Dog's friend. He kept his mouth shut and right now was in jail facing some serious time.

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Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17185569 -  
11/08/12 10:58 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Endo Mekka Shortly after the conversation in E-Dog's living room about his friend getting

Finding the People Starting college was extremely exciting for me. I've always been a bit of a nerd and to this day, standing on a college campus evokes a unique feeling from me. There is something about the access to information that stirs up my internal curiosity. I was going to be living in the dorms for my freshman year, which was a whole new experience for me, but one that I welcomed as a new adventure. The freshman dorms were two adjacent two-story buildings, one side for guys and the other for girls. My dorm was on the first floor in one of the corner units, which was nice because it meant we were right next to the doors, and only had neighbors on one side. They were set up with a small main room that was about 12 feet by 12 feet with the entry door on one side, then two doors on the other leading into the two separate bedrooms. The bedrooms were about the same size as the main room and each had two bunk beds. Since I got to my room after my roommate, he'd already snagged the

next week to go around to everyone's home one afternoon. I had Melanie pick me up from school that day the following week and we set off all over town. We went from house to house. I'd jump out of her truck, run to the house, go inside for a few minutes and run back to the truck. Then off we went to the next stop. By the time she dropped me off four hours later we had moved through a hundred and fifty hits, a sheet and a half. I couldn't believe I sold that much in one day, and neither could she. I asked her how much she wanted to sell me a sheet for, since I now had about \$300. "\$200 bucks." I went home with \$100 and a new job.

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Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12  
12:17 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal



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Mushroom Info Growing Mushrooms (TEST)  
Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other

that chemical taste out of my mouth. It was still early in the evening, since I'd read it could take a long time to kick in, we just hung around the coffee table smoking joints and talking. We wanted to go to a club later on, but for right now, we just wanted to see how we felt, and make sure we actually wanted to go out in public on this stuff. A little more than two hours after we drank the OJ shots, almost everyone was starting to come up. It was nice and gentle and not too strong, but definitely stimulating. Within about half an hour more everyone was smiling and ready to go out and party. Somehow I was nominated to drive to South Beach from Little Havana, but the mood was perfect and we all just piled into my new car and hit the road. It was dark out now, and I hadn't had much experience doing highway driving at night. As I drove down the highway, I noticed the AMT making it harder and harder to concentrate on the road. We had the stereo turned up and were jamming down the highway getting

this year?? Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: toader123] 1 #18373649 -  
06/05/13 11:58 PM (4 years, 4 months ago)

Quote: SalCato said: I got totally spoiled here. Came home after work and read these for the past 5 days, and now it's over/on hiatus. Your writing flows, DW. There's no awkwardness or overused/repeatedly used words in your work. You keep it interesting as hell and i think most of us are on the edge of our collective seats for the next installment. Thanks man, we've barely started so there will be plenty more. I've been working triple time on making shirts, pins and pendants for summer tour, and I want whatever I am doing to have my full attention so I can get it right (or as close to that as I can). So I promise when I can find the time to sit down and write more, I absolutely will and I'll try to keep it getting better in terms of language and style. I'm excited about some new shirt designs I

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] 1 #17180356 - 11/07/12 11:58 PM (4  
years, 11 months ago) Rainbow Family  
Gathering –Florida Regional (1993) “We’re  
going to go to a Rainbow gathering this  
weekend, do you want to come?” “What’s a  
Rainbow Gathering?” “It’s like a bunch of  
hippies camping in the woods, trust me it’s  
going to be fun.” My friend Darbi said as we  
were driving smoking a joint. Her brother Gabe,  
one of my close friends, and also the guy who  
introduced me to smoking herb was also in the  
car and nodded in agreement. They were both a  
few years older than me, and I respected them a  
lot. I tried to get a handle on what exactly went  
on at a Rainbow Gathering, but the information  
I got was just a drop in the bucket compared to  
what I would learn over the years. I asked,  
“Should we try to get some acid to bring up  
there?” They were going up that weekend,  
which made it very unlikely that we’d be able to

go missing, and I'm sure he knew where I kept my it, or could've found it very easily. Over the first semester, I had built up a small network in the dorms of about 3 or 4 guys who would buy herb in bulk to re-sell, and was spending a lot of time juggling classes and dealing. As you can imagine on a college campus, the market for good cannabis seemed almost insatiable. Most of the time I would just get herb from John and Dan since they were local and it was quick and always solid quality. I liked being able to put in an order right when everyone was ready to buy so I didn't have to store bulky boxes of buds in my dorm room. But about every 45 days or so one of my friends in Miami would harvest about 15 to 20 pounds of herb from a converted garage, so I would make the trip down since the pricing was dramatically less expensive. I would usually get about five or six pounds, sell three or four immediately to Dan and John and break down the rest for the guys in the dorms. It was about an hour to Miami one way, and I didn't

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: allseeingike  
Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-  
miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] 1 #17725322 - 02/01/13 02:39 PM (4  
years, 8 months ago) If you write a book ill  
get a copy as well. You seem to have a great  
memory and can describe the experience in  
great detail ...something i can't do to well

----- Post Extras:

theonewhoknocks Stranger Registered: 02/01/13  
Posts: 10 Last seen: 4 years, 8 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] 1 #17725325 - 02/01/13 02:43 PM (4  
years, 8 months ago) These stories are great.  
I think it's really cool that even though you don't  
consider yourself a particularly skilled writer  
you're still able to record all these crazy  
experiences you've had so other people can read  
about them. I'm pretty isolated from the whole  
psychedelic culture where I live so it's good to  
see that this kind of thing is still happening (I

seemed like Dan knew at least one person at every campsite and we walked around slowly from one campsite to the next. It seemed like almost everyone here was selling LSD, mushrooms, and pot. I was blown away, it was a like a convention of drug dealers. I don't think we went to a single campsite where they didn't have bulk amounts of LSD or cannabis available. I don't remember paying for a single hit, but we kept eating LSD throughout the day. We would leave one site and Dan would whisper, "Yeah this guy is okay, he has a lot of paper, but let's just keep working on finding more liquid."

We would run into the Tornado Juice guy here and there and it just seemed like there was an unlimited amount of LSD here. We kept eating more LSD, but I never lost a sense of clear-headedness. We walked around talking, and visually things were becoming extremely vibrant and fun, but my mind felt like it was working perfectly. By the time the noon sun was

spot and I started to get a really weird vibe, something didn't seem right. I reached into my pocket discretely and moved a stack of bills from the pocket into my underwear pocket. As we turned the corner, the kid I'd been talking to all night pulled out a gun and everyone started yelling. "You better hand over your shit right now kid!" the one with the gun said. I pulled out my zipper wallet and said "Here, this is all I have, some cash, and there's some hits in there too." He grabbed the wallet, it had a single \$20 bill and in one of the side zipper pockets had anywhere from 20-80 hits of LSD (it wasn't much and I had no idea then or now exactly how much was in there). "That's it?" the one next to me yelled. "Search him!" the kid in the front passenger seat yelled. "That's all I've got, look!" I said back pulling at my empty pockets. "Then you better give up that watch!" I pulled at the latch of the watch and handed it over quickly to the one with the gun in the seat next to me. "Get the fuck out of the car, and don't let



Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: afrognus] 1 #18003662 - 03/24/13 08:08 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) I was late to this one but another great entry. Chilling. That was incredibly descriptive. Anxiously awaiting the next entry, as usual.

----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered: 10/04/10 Posts: 11,023

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18012837 - 03/26/13 01:53 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) It's Tuesday y'all. ----- Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I won't be alone 'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before. Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ballerium] #18012876 - 03/26/13 02:15 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: Ballerium said: It's

cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts

harm, but wasn't sure if it was real. If Kenny saw it too, then I knew it must be true. There were people out there that I had to keep away from. I looked over to Kenny and saw an electricity in his eyes. "We're hiding out here too. I'm tripping balls man! That orange juice... it's strong." I looked back at him with an expression that said I knew exactly what he was talking about. "Yes...me too." I said smiling, but still feeling the fear of having escaped some unknown evil. My heart was beating so fast it began to worry me. I took some deep breaths with my eyes closed. Once my eyes closed it seemed as if my breath were guiding the experience. Taking a breath in caused the visuals to morph or dance in one way and breathing out would have a totally different effect. "Do you want to smoke some hash oil?" I opened my eyes and looked over to see a very big guy with long black unkempt hair, down way past his shoulders, gentle eyes, and a calming smile. "Oh this is Chuck" Kenny said.

writing anything yet. I'm actually trying to figure out how to spread my time efficiently. I want to start working on a re-design of the LSD Mandala and I have one of the chemists from Shulgin's team helping me out with the ring in the mandala that visually describes the Shulgin LSD synthesis...SO...I promise I'll start back u again once I can dedicate the time to doing it right -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*

- \* My 8 Month LSD Trip
- \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground
- \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11

Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Shortknight

Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18613556 - 07/26/13 02:45 PM (4 years, 3 months ago)

And we'll keep waiting excitingly, happy summer DW! Shorty

----- Did I say it too loud? Big

that the car made that kind of curdling screeching sound, yet look almost undamaged, but I was thankful all the same. Seeing that the car was okay, no cops had come, and we were all now outside a jamming club, the mood of the group lifted and we saw a beautiful night developing. The club was called Diamonte and it was a 2 story massive club, much more upscale than The Edge. Inside they had state-of-the-art laser light shows, sound systems, and the set up was really a great atmosphere for the rest of the night. I enjoyed the AMT, but I wasn't really that impressed. It never really developed into a full-fledged trip for me, but it seemed like each of the 5 people had a different experience. One person got really strong effects, I barely felt much, or at least nothing very interesting, someone said it was very psychedelic with a lot of visuals, someone else said they got absolutely no visuals, but that it felt like a small dose of MDMA. This would be a continuing thread in the story of AMT, that you could give 10 people

ARMY band. Somehow I ended up in the very front row, and when they played Aretha Franklin's Respect, I got up quickly and walked through the back stage door. I'm not sure how I was able to do this so smoothly, as it is hard to be unnoticed when you're dressed like I was. I walked right backstage, and ran out on stage, but behind the band as they were playing, so they didn't see me at all. I started break dancing in the back and it seemed like the entire auditorium full of students got up from their seats, stood up and started clapping and cheering. The band still didn't know I was there dancing behind them, so they thought the standing, clapping, and cheering was for their performance, so they kicked it up a notch and started playing even better and more soulfully. This got me excited and I kept dancing through to the end of the song. I don't think the band ever even realized I was on stage with them. I walked off stage and out the backstage door and headed for my seat. Before I could sit down, one

Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
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register to post messages and view our exclusive  
members-only content. You'll gain access to  
additional forums, file attachments, board  
customizations, encrypted private messages, and  
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12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |  
23 | 24 | 25 | Next > | Last > mattritt Mind

let me use it.” Chip opened the door to let me in and closed it behind me. “What the fuck man? You bring the cops right to my house? What the fuck is wrong with you?” he whispered angrily as soon as the door was closed. “I know, I’m sorry! Look let me just get Dave and get this cop the fuck out of here.” “He’s still sleeping over in my guest room there.” Chip said waving his hand and pointing as he spoke. I walked into the room and saw Dave was sleeping, all curled over like he was when I’d left just an hour or two ago. As much of a rush as I was in to get the cop to leave, I suddenly froze up. I didn’t want to say it. How was I going to do this? “Dave?” I said quietly. There was no response. “Dave?” I said again, giving him a gentle shake. Still nothing, he was passed out cold from all the partying over the weekend. “Dave, I crashed your car man, wake up.” The words came out easier now, but still were some of the hardest words to come to terms with. This guy trusted me with his \$20,000 car and I crashed it through



The Psychedelic Experience and Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra information You cannot start new topics / You cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled / BBCode is enabled Moderator: psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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cyclical, sometimes you're in an upswing, sometimes you're in a downward swing, but that when you are in one of these times in your life, the other is not far. So if things are going good in your life, you can recognize how lucky you are to be in an upswing, but at the same time, know that it won't last forever. Alternatively, when things are looking hopeless and down, that a swing into the positive side of life is also right around the corner and things will get better. I realized that the circles of the seasons of the year, forever moving around and around are just like the seasons of my life, moving through good times and bad. Circles within circles within circles cascaded through my mind one after the other without taking a break. I saw the circular patterns of electrons moving around the atoms in my body, and simultaneously saw the identical circular movements of the moon around the Earth, and the planets around the sun, and the galaxies of universes swirling around in the vastness of

deeper into my own mind, something caught my attention from the peripheries of my vision. I looked into the forest and sat up from the tree to focus my eyes. I saw a single leaf suspended in mid-air spinning in the wind and catching glints of the sun from within the shade of the forest canopy. It was floating about 6 feet off the ground and seemed to just be hovering there like a floating ballerina, spinning and spinning forever into the future. I wondered how this could be possible and realized that the leaf must be suspended by a spider web hanging from the tree above. I had never seen anything like this before and as I watched the leaf spinning I felt so many emotions. It was like I was one of the few people in the world to witness this beautiful dance of nature. That if I wasn't here right at this very moment, the dance would be lost to the world. How much else happens without anyone ever getting to witness the actual events? The leaf started to slow just a bit and I thought about my own life slowing down and finally

of the school administrators grabbed me by the arm and dragged me out of the auditorium and back to the office. She was not happy at all with my little stunt. At this point in the day it was almost 7 hours into the trip, so I was down enough to talk to the Principal again when I had to. I didn't make any excuses, I just said I was feeling the music and wanted to dance. Somehow miraculously, again, I didn't get in any trouble, and I'd been in the office twice today, it was definitely a good birthday. HAH that is awesome. Major props to you for that.

----- A Stranger in Paradise  
Entering Shpongland Trip Reports - 1g Penis  
Envy - 25i-NBOMe+ MDMA - 1g Albino Penis  
Envy Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut  
Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Saeis] #19008175 - 10/21/13 06:52 PM (4  
years, 9 days ago) That's one of the better  
bumps to this thread recently. -----  
The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --

Apparently it's a book about his adventures dealing LSD. I'm interested to see how it compares to your stories. Yeah we're literally just starting out here on the adventure - still a long strange trip ahead of us And yes I read that book, it was reviewed in High Times I think back when it first came out and I bought a copy, it is a fun read for sure. I actually met the author at the MAPS conference in 2011 in Oakland.

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: aw11driver  
Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946 Loc: land of  
blue foot Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17763693 -  
02/08/13 01:59 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Wow man great stuff here. Dont want to make you feel old but i was in 6th grade in 98, so i

Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
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Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books

suspenseful endings, keeps me coming back for more  
haha. -----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>

- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.

Every single person deserves a psychedelic experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

TurkeyTom Trippy Registered: 08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: rickjamez20] #18127581 - 04/18/13 07:38 AM

(4 years, 6 months ago) Ahhhhh! Can't wait for the next installment! -----

Change your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post

Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom] #18128091 - 04/18/13 12:47

PM (4 years, 6 months ago) WOOOOO a Story!!! I gotta go to work, but im saving it

preciously! Il be back rock on folks shorty ----- Did I say it too loud? Big

PM (3 years, 9 months ago) Amazing,

inspiring stories. Thank you and much love Post

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psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH

3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset

Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience

Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by

CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have

hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )

PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM

by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance



playing, and the dancing began. At this point we found people with acid, and I got in line for a dose. I took two drops, the apparent equivalent of two tabs. The dude selling it just dropped it in the crook of my hand and told me to lick it up, which I did after saying my thanks to the cosmos and my prayers to mother earth, father sky, sun, and moon to guide the experience. Next ensued one of the greatest nights of my life, one of many in truth. Random tidbits of the night that I remember, seemingly in chronological order: -begin dancing to incredible music -dance till sunup -go home That's basically it. But I'll entertain you a bit more than just that though. First I began dancing. Then, as far as I can remember, I began coming up. I felt all jumbly jooibly again, the feeling you get when you are getting sick with psychedelics, the feeling of the medicine coming in. It always is a little uncomfortable for me. Then my berkeley friends arrived, 10 or so people who I had met through befriending one

He looked back at me with an expression that told me he knew I was full of shit, but I didn't elaborate. Soon I was back in the chair in the main room and most of the cops had left the room, it was just two or three of the uniformed cops and the two detectives when my roommate walked in. He looked over and saw me in the chair, arms behind my back, and the cops hovering around. As he walked in, every eye in the room focused immediately on him, making him stop dead in his tracks. "Do you live here?" one of the detectives asked. "Yes." "In which room?" He pointed to the room they had been busy tearing apart for the past hour, his face turning almost white as he saw the utter destruction of the place. "Come here with me son." The other detective said and lead him into our bedroom and closed the door. I could hear him say, "Now I'm going to ask you some questions son, and your answers better be truthful. Now I can make or break you here at the university, so just be straight with me and

to capture in words what I was feeling. I had never seen a party like this before. I made my way through the room, trying to look everywhere at once with my senses on total overload. I got to the other side of the room and walked back into the main area through a second door. I turned down a hallway painted in psychedelic patterns aglow under more blacklights, and followed it around a corner to another doorway. People were walking past me in both directions, the door opening and swinging shut. I pushed through and was outside the building and into the fresh night air. The music outside was not the ecstatic booming rhythmic pulses of the dancehall, but more of a calming, almost meditative chant of electronic beeps, hums, and tones. I had found the outside courtyard, the chill-out area. The energy outside was totally different, yet no less psychedelic. It was an area to recharge and escape the run-away energy inside, to talk, and meet and look around. A stage was set up on the far side of the

the night, is like an experience outside of time and space. It's like you've plugged into the consciousness of the group at points all over the event, because you helped to create this with everyone. The designs on the LSD blotter paper changed every few weeks, but the acid always seemed to be excellent. There were Purple and Rainbow Jesus hits, Felix the Cat, Bevis and Butthead, Tim Learys, Orange Sunshines, Aztec Calendars, Dancing Skeletons, among many others. For a while we would sell singles to friends and friends of friends. After a few months of this, we would hit the parking lots surrounding The Edge and it felt like we knew everyone there. It wasn't a huge scene, so it was easy to get to know the people who came out every week. We started focusing on supplying people selling, it was safer to work with retailers because we weren't dealing with so many different people. We learned it was better to make money on volume rather than a high mark-up on small amounts. We always made a

provoking too, . I definitely don't have it in me to do all of that. Thanks for sharing DW.

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation  
Post Extras: mattritt Mind Chemist  
Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1  
year, 8 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007]  
#17245441 - 11/19/12 04:52 PM (4 years, 11  
months ago) MOAR!!!! -----

\*\*Metaphysical Crystal, Stones, Gems, and  
Minerals\*\* Every individual reacts differently  
to every chemical. Know your Body - Know  
your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your  
Source. "You need more THC to your brain,  
faster." - Drr Post Extras: sailing China Cat  
Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: mattritt] #17245484 -  
11/19/12 05:03 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)  
I finally finished reading this the other day.  
Incredible story so far man, just mindblowing.

a joint, what with the smoke just streaming off the end...But with a bowl that you're careful about covering after you hit it - it works like a champ. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18024178 - 03/28/13 09:21 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) All the kids I know right now that are living with their parents or in the dorms at the university do the dryer sheet thing. It works as pictured. ----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methydone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita

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[Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance Festivals \( 1 2 all \)](#)   [dumlovesyou](#)   7,592

[39](#)   [09/25/10 09:14 PM](#) by [arekusu](#)   [What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? \( 1 2 3 all \)](#)   [silversoul7](#)   5,232   [50](#)   [12/18/15 06:48 AM](#)

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[Next](#) Welcome to the Shroomery Message Board! You are experiencing a small sample of what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to additional forums, file attachments, board customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Pages: < [Back](#) | [1](#) | [2](#) | [3](#) | [4](#) | [5](#) | [6](#) | [7](#) | [8](#) | [9](#) | [10](#) | [11](#) | [12](#) | [13](#) | [14](#) | [15](#) | [16](#) | [17](#) | [18](#) | [19](#) | [20](#) | [Next](#) > | [Last](#) > Aphrodeezzy LSD and Ganja Enthusiast Registered: 04/17/12 Posts: 122 Last seen: 4 years, 4 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17354315 - 12/08/12 03:50 PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Wow these are awesome! Imagine how many of us relate to the protagonist. You could definitely do something big with this. Just wanted to make sure I told you thanks and subscribed to more awesome stories! Good vibes your way dwpineal!



scene was the entire deciding factor - if it was some mean cop with a grudge or angry at life - I'd have been locked up in 2 seconds flat - Lucky is definitely the operative word. You'll notice this as somewhat of a recurring theme for me over the years. I've had a ton of cop-stuff happen - but 95% of it went better than I would've expected. I mean - that's not to say I didn't do some time here and there, but in every case, it was still better than it could've been. And your comment about the payment - I've always been into trade/barter - probably ingrained at Rainbow Gatherings, so I tend to think of items of value as monetary units - in most cases worth MORE than currency - and here is why. I've always said I would rather turn money into LSD since the money almost loses value sitting in my drawer - the LSD holds its value and sometimes increases, so it seemed like a more solid investment. Quote: as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, and everyone has that as a means of payment for shit Now this

They had a really nice two story clubhouse adjacent to the community pool and if you were a resident there, you could rent the clubhouse for parties or events. In retrospect, the clubhouse was centrally located in the middle of a residential community, it was very exposed and not very down low when it comes to a party of hundreds of tripping teenagers on a Saturday night. I'm not sure what we were thinking, but we set out to have a massive acid party right there. I decided to design a flyer that we would pass out to people to promote the party, but they would be told that the party is secret and not to throw out the flyers anywhere they might be found, it was invitation only and the flyer was your invite. We called it The Eternal Life Disco. I drew up a trippy flyer, put a small map on the bottom, glued on some interesting art, and put a price list for LSD right on the flyer, single hits for \$3, 5 for \$12 or 10 for \$20 and left a space at the bottom for a special final touch. Our friend Scotty had access to his dad's office after

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Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
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Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous

almost identical each square pile looked. Each square was about a centimeter, and I scraped 5 of the piles into separate pieces of tin foil that I then folded to make 5 little packets of AMT that we'd be testing out this weekend. I had just purchased a car about a month ago, once I had saved up some money from moving LSD. I'd never driven much, even though I had had my license. It took me two times to pass the drivers test because I'd had several friends say it was the easiest test in the world and that any idiot could pass without studying anything. I think failing it the first time was partly due to blowing past a stop sign and making a 37-point turn when the examiner asked me to make a 3-point turn, but I'm sure I made a few more egregious mistakes during the practical part of the test. "So did I pass?" I asked hopefully. "No, you didn't pass!" was the unbelieving response. But I'd studied for the test and passed, but I still was not a very good, and definitely not a very experienced driver. But I was the only one with

look good if the cops arrived. I turned the key starting the car and put it into reverse, hitting the gas in a panic. The car wouldn't move. I tried again. Nothing. I was stuck. Reluctantly I got out of the car and realized there were a bunch of people who had stopped to see what was going on. "Are you okay?" A woman asked running up to the car. "Yes, I think so." I said, dazed. "We'll say you swerved to avoid a duck. I was right behind you I'll say I saw the whole thing. I called my husband he'll be here in a minute." I was so thankful this lady was willing to lie for me; at least something in the universe was smiling on me. When her husband got to the scene about three minutes later he was not in the same kind-hearted mood as she was. ""This is what you get!" He said excitedly as he strode over to the scene of the accident. "We heard you tearing through the whole neighborhood for the past half hour at who-knows-how-fast-you-must-have-been -going!" He yelled, as I recoiled from the unexpected anger. His wife

curiosity's....and a dose or two will unleash it to no end!!!! Ive only tried acid a few handful of times...but I'm alot more versed with mushrooms...started picking p.semilanceata's pretty young and jumped in mind first to a point where I've not taken doses as ridiculously high as I first did 12 years ago..madness!!! I say this because the way you described the mail order mushroom trip was scarily similar to so many things I've experienced with my best friend...even down to simple things like the phrase "Oh by ropes and ponies" and the "Life" "Lock" "Safe" scenario haha(except it was "Me" "My Phone" and "My Rock..rock..rock...").....eerily similar,but you brought me floating back to our moment's back then(eyes plates as I type haha)!!! I dont care what anyone says about peoples perception on psychedelic's and that the situations must have been embellished in our minds...I know that while on a trip the freakiest, strangest...mind bogglingly odd situations will pop up as soon as

Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus, Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

Post Extras: sailing China Cat Sunflower

Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Hashfinger] 1 #17964047 - 03/16/13 06:17 PM

(4 years, 7 months ago) i picture him like

this: ----- Love is the deep spiritual

connection between the self and all things. We

are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat

peekin through a lace bandanna,like a one eyed

cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing]

#17981541 - 03/20/13 04:01 AM (4 years, 7

months ago) You guys are too funny I like the

Sampson one Man this next one was hard to

write up. I started out okay but then, reliving the

whole thing - this one is a really sucky part of

Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts:  
3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years,  
7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] #17921050  
- 03/08/13 02:41 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: Shroomey Toons said: Quote: dwpineal  
said: "Nah man, I lied, we're not leaving here  
soon, you're here for the weekend, so you better  
start smiling, get high, and have a good time!"  
Made me tee hee...thanks again DW! Can't wait  
for the rest! oh, that woulda made me rage man.  
But it seems it turned into a blessing in the end.  
Nice, good read my brotha. -----

Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and  
unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle:  
is where it's at Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Absent Minded] 1  
#17925830 - 03/09/13 01:45 AM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Quote: Absent Minded said: oh,  
that woulda made me rage man. But it seems it



atmosphere was not already wacky enough, Chris pulled out a blunt and lights it at our table in the smoking section. It was a ridiculous scene with all these people tripping and passing around a blunt inside a fast food restaurant. Unbelievably, none of the staff walked by while we were smoking; maybe they were just staying in the back to hide from the pandemonium. About halfway down the blunt, we got to thinking it was probably a good idea to get out of there before someone did notice. We all jumped into separate cars and drove to the beach. I guess we were done with school for the day. I can't really recreate the madness of that afternoon with words for you, but the situation was way out of control. Another day like that and we were going to be busted for sure. From here on out, I decided, "no playing while we work." If I wanted to trip in school fine, but not on a day while I was selling doses. Selling LSD and taking LSD at the same time just did not mix well for me. It was too confusing. We also

if they were as good as he was saying they were. Once I had the bottle full of capsules, my friends and I walked through the event checking out the different areas, to feel out the vibe of the place. Everywhere I was running into people telling me that the place was hot, DEA was all over the place, and people were getting busted left and right. In addition to that the rolls that people were getting were totally bunk, there wasn't any good ecstasy there. That got me worried about what I just bought. I knew the guy pretty well, but I'd been burned before, so I popped one of the little Tic Tacs into my mouth. The vibe in the party was very tense. I felt like people were watching each other and things were just sketchy all around. The music was loud, people were sweaty from dancing, lights and lasers everywhere, and I could feel my capsule starting to take effect. That at least was a good thing. The rush from the capsule was coming on strong and intensifying the small amount of acid I'd eaten earlier. The

cannabis seeds, Buy CBD Ranch Dressing, Scales Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience Threaded

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MOTH	3,624	23	04/03/04 01:38 PM
by lightset			Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience
Kid	4,313	14	05/30/17 05:50 PM
by CactiLover			Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )
PhanTomCat	8,686	56	07/12/16 10:37 PM
by cube talk			Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all )
dumlovesyou	7,592	39	09/25/10 09:14 PM
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silversoul7	5,232	50	12/18/15 06:48 AM
by ReaperAndRaven			FAQ 46. Is it true that psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose

really awesome weekend. Your stories have been very entertaining every time. As bryguy said, It just keep getting better and better. Thanks for taking the time to write these out. Can't wait for part 2. Keep it up man!

----- i like bongos. i like shpongle. i like mushrooms. Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: DrumsyStrings] #17911551 - 03/06/13 09:07 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) WOOOOOOO! Stories FTW. I don't know why but reading these just fills me with so much joy. ----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methydone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE] 2 #17912068 -

night. They gave me instructions for contacting them in code, wiring them money, and receiving packages. They gave a lot of insight into keeping low-key and “under the radar” as Gary called it, as well as how to feel out suspicious situations. They told me never to sell acid at my home, as that could lead to search warrants in the wrong situations. If you got caught in a delivery, it was a lot different than having law enforcement all over your home. It was an information packed few hours and I tried to soak up as much as I could. It was like one of the most interesting school classes you could imagine, like having a teacher explaining information that you’d been struggling to learn by yourself for a long time. Around lunch time they drove off to Tampa and onto the Ratdog tour. Their plan was to follow the band for the summer, going from one show to the next, all the way around the country. Before they left they handed me ten pages of thick white paper, it was the first time I ever saw white blotter. It

Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: bryguy27007  
Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486  
Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18229597 -  
05/08/13 04:19 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Holy shit! I logged on at the perfect time.  
Another amazing, unbelievable story. I had  
forgotten about this thread and this was the best  
reminder. Thank you again for taking time out  
of your day to share your stories with us DW. I  
think I speak on behalf of the Shroomery and  
the psychedelic community when I thank you  
for these amazing stories. ----- The  
Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The  
Genesis Generation Post Extras: Simple-

Psyman Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc:  
Eire Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18229667 -  
05/08/13 04:37 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Exactly what bryguy said haha Nice one  
dude....a more detailed experience ...i can  
resonate with quite a lot of it!!! specially the

peekin through a lace bandanna,like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17873906 - 02/27/13 05:30 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) That one was fascinating. Damn. DW never disappoints. ----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: LiftedBanks Lifted Lysergically Registered: 04/30/11 Posts: 189 Last seen: 4 years, 3 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #17875590 - 02/27/13 10:46 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) That was incredible. Holy shit DW, you sir are a lucky man for having these stories to tell. Ooooooh man seriously just even thinking about being around that much LSD is making me all giddy. Thanks again, can't wait for more. ----- Anything posted is completely fictional. Post Extras: mattritt Mind Chemist Registered:



2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic  
Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
63,983 topic views. 7 members, 157 guests and

the everglades and moving through space and time. I felt connected to everything, all of the people, places, and things from the past, and all the people, places, and things yet to be. I had the feeling that all of time, and all of human history had led me to this place and this time. It was all leading up to this one perfect moment, with me here standing in the cool breeze of nature as the sun kissed my skin gently and lovingly. My life was forever changed and I wanted to share this experience with everyone. There was so much value in the psychedelic experience – how could it be criminalized? It seemed like such a holy state, why would this experience not be allowed in our society? “I’m not feeling anything yet! Are you feeling anything?” Alex called over to me from across the campsite. All I could reply at the time was, “Yes!” A very short while later he was feeling it too. I felt so good, like my whole body was weightless, yet filled with an energy that seemed to be moving up from my feet and flowing all through my system. It was

shoreline near the stump I had sat on before. They were doing something, but I couldn't tell what it was. As I walked over, Jake looked up and held out a long metal pole towards me. "Here take this." He said, handing me what I could now see was a fishing pole. Now I had never been fishing before and tried to explain that to him. "aw it's nothing, here, just hold it back over your head, like this." He said, positioning the pole just right. He moved my arms and elbows into position, reminding me of my little league baseball coach as a child showing me how to hold the bat. He stood off to my side and said, "Okay now just flick your wrists forward like this." He made a motion with his wrists that seemed to leave a trail of ghost hands following his real hands. I lifted my arms and looked over to him for reassurance. He nodded and I flicked my wrists like I saw him do just seconds ago. As soon as I cast the rod, I saw Jake grab the side of his neck and fall to the floor with his hand over his neck. What I saw

Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances

Marty's apartment. Marty, at the top of his game, had the genius insight to charter a bus to drive everyone to the Annual Bob Marley Festival at Bicentennial Park in Miami. The festival is put on by Bob Marley's mother and sons in honor of his memory and is held the weekend nearest his birthday, February 6th. It starts around noon and goes until midnight, featuring some of the best acts in Reggae music. For me reggae music and psychedelics mix very well, especially the uplifting and conscious reggae that this festival focuses on. In addition to the eight of us at the house on the beach, my brother, Scotty and some of our other friends were meeting at Marty's, since that was where the bus was leaving from. Marty also had a big group of friends going on the bus, in total we probably had about thirty to forty people on the bus. We arrived in the parking lot by his place and saw a huge luxury bus – the same size as a Greyhound bus, but painted in classy looking designs - sitting there waiting like a beautiful

and brought you almost to the top of the tree canopy of the forest. I climbed up the stairs until I reached the top, and pulled out my bowl. I hadn't even smoked anything since eating the mushrooms earlier that day, so I took a long hit from the pipe and held the smoke in. I could feel the trip intensify and get more colorful as I slowly exhaled watching the smoke drift into the air in beautiful and complex moving swirls of white until dissipating and rejoining the air it once came from. I stood on top of the lookout tower just feeling the breeze on my skin and watching the forest come alive under the effects of the mushrooms and cannabis. I heard voices again coming through the forest and getting closer to the tower. I looked down in the direction of the voices and waited for the people to appear. I didn't want to be around anyone, because I wasn't sure if I looked crazy, or if I could even hold up my end of a simple conversation, so when I could see that the people were walking towards the tower, I started

simultaneously as he looked into the windows of Natural Foods, a restaurant closer to my dad's side of the strip mall. Seated in one of the booths closest to the window were two teenage girls, both with dark hair. "Hey, that's my friend Melanie, I bet she can get us some X." he said, and I could feel his excitement. We walked into the welcome cool of the air conditioning and up to their table. Abe introduced me to one of the girls, "What's up Melanie? This is my friend Jeremy." Both girls looked up; they were smiling, and invited us to sit with them. Abe leaned close to Melanie, and said quietly, "Man it was crazy, we were just walking around, and I'm trying to tell him what it feels like to take X, I look in here and see you! Do you have any? Do you know where we can get some?" Melanie glanced up, and caught my eyes, holding them for a moment, checking me out. She had deep brown eyes, and black hair with tints of purple and red rolling down over her shoulders in soft curls. She wasn't attractive in the usual sense,

PM by cube talk      Raves      v.s.      Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu      What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven      FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The      Psychedelic      Experience      and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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fences of the park. Seeing the fence, I thought that the land inside the park is like one of the few places in South Florida that actually looks similar today to how it has for hundreds of years. Everything around the park was streets, housing, strip malls and gas stations, but the land inside the park was probably how it must always have been. I felt the sacredness of the land there, and wondered if people in the past stood right where I stood, feeling the amazing energy of the spot. Maybe this place has been a place where humans have come and taken mushrooms going back many thousands of years, and I was now a part of that tradition. It was a powerful experience to stand there and feel connected back through time to others like me, having the same feeling as many others who have taken the path leading to this exact spot. I walked back to the car to be in the air conditioning since the mushrooms were really hitting me hard again, and I needed to sit down. The driver's seat was super comfortable and it

bass. Like a huge macrocosmic organism, the people within become the cells responsible for carrying on the processes of sustaining life. Every inch of it covered in cellular smiles and hugs, moving and coalescing into one another and effortlessly separating again. The motion and the music are the unending constants within the beast. Never faltering until it comes finally to a quiet rest. Yawning in the mid-morning sun, and curling up in a comfortable ball like a kitten after tirelessly playing for hours with a ball of string. We called it “Church” at the time, because we were there every Sunday. And also because we were having intense personal and group spiritual experiences week after week. While it had no formalized rituals or doctrine of any kind, many people were religious in their dedication to the movement and the music. It was like a revival of the tribal heritage of our ancestors, dancing around the flickering lights of the fire all night to trance inducing drumming. This experience of ecstatic dance,

offering to the universe in thanks for bringing me home safely from the brink of a horrible fate. I'd looked deeply into the mouth of a frightening beast that had bested me before, but was thankfully saved by the grace of fate. Sitting on Chip's couch in a haze of fragrant herb smoke, I saw how worry can be such a waste of reality. You can create situation in your mind and live through them, experiencing the whole thing, but in the end the only place that had in reality was in my own mind. It never actualized and I tend to be a worrier in general, so this was a very valuable insight for me. How many situations had almost overtaken my psyche with worry but never came to pass? Quite a few that I could pin-point at this very moment. I've always been an optimistic person, but this whole situation really showed me how good things could go when they seemed to be almost insurmountably bad. That's not to say that the inverse cannot also be true, so this observation cuts both ways. In the end, I walked

it's about 10 mins down the road from wakarusa and it's this weekend. Be AWESOME to see you vending there lol Byrdfest is put on by the shwag, a grateful dead tribute band. They used to have shwagstock's at camp zoe Missouri. Really cool scene there. Edited by indocult (04/24/13 12:23 AM) Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] #18156699 - 04/24/13 12:49 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Well, there goes my Wednesday Is there a name for the phenomenon where people live too heavily leaned upon a favorite artist? You know, like Annie in "Misery", minus the leg breaking and torture. I'm counting on you, Shroomery. There has to be a phrase or something that defines the syndrome. If you're not careful, dw, I'd hate to think of the possible outcomes <--- added to detract from the possibility that its actually me I'm referring to. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

sounds cool as hell most people would of been shitty about that i think. Man that is an understatement - I mean - WHAT??? How could he be so calm??? I think that was a one-of-a-kind situation. He never even made fun of me or hassled me in the future about it. It was like once it was done, it was over...I can't imagine if it had been someone else. Quote: bryguy27007 said: I love how you went back for the herb, . Fuck yeah - of course we went back for the herb!!! ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 2 #18051202 - 04/03/13 03:02 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) A few grams of MDMA

stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
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Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations

Loc: land of blue foot      Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo]  
#18031366 - 03/30/13 07:58 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago)      Damn man you just cant catch a  
break.... i had a feeling ripping ass through the  
neighborhood would bite ya in the ass. I hope  
the lady still lies after her douche bag husband  
said all that. I mean they saw you stall a few  
times so hopefully that works out. Also read this  
while on MDMA! Has that licorice scent too.  
Well cant wait! Post Extras:      dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: aw11driver] #18031932 -  
03/30/13 01:59 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)  
Quote: toader123 said: Damn, I really hope you  
at least ditched the herb well before this point!  
You must have seen that situation coming!? I  
don't want to give too much away, it's a fun  
story though, was a crazy moment when the  
tires left the ground and the car crashed through  
the funce, man fuck!!!!!!! Quote: rickjamez20

Jamiraquie (spelling?) I was thinking it was gonna be a celebrity run in Keep em coming, dw. I always get excited when this thread gets bumped in my list. The MarleyFest story is in the 8 month LSD thread (in fact whenever I have more time to write, I think the next story will be the OJ at the farm party story). At first I thought, "cool, this one is already written up, I'll just copy/paste it into this thread. Wrong. It had to be re-written to make it fit within the context of the book - and that is cool because I was able to get more detail and also correct some inaccuracies from the old thread. But I copied Marty's genius idea to do a bus trip to the MarleyFest about 2 years later (in 2000) but I amped up the idea in my own way. I charged \$100/ticket to ride on the bus, but that came with your ticket to the show, a ride to and from the event, an 1/8th of nugs, a dank brownie, a custom made rasta color (red green gold) tie-dyed shirt with the picture from the flyer; Then when we got on the bus one of my friends



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basic Species specific information Growing

through my mind. I went through a few different dosage strengths over the years as I wanted everyone to get off good from just one capsule. I found 15-20mg would be enough for some people, but still I heard people saying they'd like them stronger. So I moved them to 33mg, which seemed to be a perfect dose for most people. Then I made a few batches at 50mg, but that was when the really strange stories came back to me. I remember one person saying they took some with a bunch of people and one girl took all her clothes off and got up on the table dancing while another person was swimming on the couch pretending to be a dolphin jumping through the waves. After a few too many of those stories I dropped the dosage back down to 33mg, since I was finding that many times people wouldn't listen when you say "Just take one." There were always people that just wanted to take 2 of whatever it was they were taking. AMT was a very specific substance, meaning that it seemed to funnel through two to three

probably smoke a joint on the way back. He didn't want to go up and eat with my mom, I think he was scared of her. My mom was the president of a small company, so I took the elevator up to her office floor, and walked over to her office. When I walked in, she said, "Can you close the door?" I closed the door behind me and looked over to her. I saw a look on her face that I had not seen before. She hesitated a little and said, "I found something in your room..." My heart sank, I knew I had a sheet of LSD in my dresser drawer, she must have found it and now I'd be in serious trouble! "And I licked it." WHAT? My mind raced, "What did you do? How much did you lick? Why did you do that?" She drew out a series of rectangles on her desk blotter, "About this much" and it looks like she basically licked the whole sheet, but she had drawn a lot of rectangles, so it was hard to tell. But the sheet in my dresser was not perforated, so it was just one piece of paper with about 100 hits of LSD on it, so I knew she must

----- i like bongos. i like shpongle. i like mushrooms. Post Extras: Can-i-bus Melting Registered: 01/23/13 Posts: 984 Loc: Last seen: 28 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: DrumsyStrings] #17728526 - 02/02/13 02:29 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) I read em all, great stuff OP Can't wait for the next one Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Can-i-bus] #17758049 - 02/07/13 02:24 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) After writing this most recent one, I'm not sure that much actually happens in this story, it seems more - Operational - I'd guess. Anyway, not sure if this one is a keeper or not, but it seemed like a stepping stone to future stories... (Again I have to edit this, I haven't re-read for typos, etc. Just posting stream-of-consciousness)

----- 21 -

Toning Down After Ray and Gary dropped me

tolerance state, so it's never been a kind place to be caught with anything. I'm not sure what Gianni ended up getting for the possession of L and Mushrooms, in fact I'm not sure if I really ever saw him after this story, but the herb turned out to be nothing much at all, it was my first offense and I hired a pretty decent lawyer. yeah, I was gonna say... either those back woods cops fucked up or you lucked out bigggggg I mean my possession charge is going to get expunged (erased) in a few months now (it'll be close to 2 years after I was actually arrested), so in a way it's no big deal, it just wound up costing me 5k for a fucking dime. so annoying. So do you think Gianni ratted on ya or do you think it was just a case of bad luck? also, what's a zero tolerance state? Like a gram of coke is the same penalty as a key of coke? ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

outside knob and dead bolted the door. He looked over to Gary and asked, "Can you grab two of the vials and the cylinder?" Gary went into one of the suitcases, took out a stack of folded clothes, pulled up the fabric lining inside, lifted a panel and revealed a small hidden compartment. Inside the compartment there was a baggie full of square plastic looking packets about two inches square. He brought the bag over and I could see that each square was actually a small vacuum sealed plastic bag, and sealed in the center of each square was a single small glass vial. He took two of the squares from the baggie and placed them on the table next to where Ray was setting up the supplies we bought at the grocery store. Next to the squares he put a glass graduated cylinder he had also taken from the secret compartment in the suitcase. I looked closer at the squares and could see what looked to be a light colored powder in the vacuum sealed vials. Ray put on gloves and handed me the Robitussin bottles, "Can you

us into the back of a prisoner van. “Three for transport to Gunclub” the cop said into the CB on the dash of his van before pulling out of the police department parking lot. It was dark now, and it took about a half an hour to drive from the police station to Gunclub, the massive 12 story main detention center for Palm Beach County. The back of the van was all white and we were cuffed, hands behind our backs again. The only windows were on the two back doors of the van, and were almost completely covered by thick metal mesh, with tiny spaces affording the only view of the passing landscape. We were totally separated from the world outside the van, moving through it, but no longer a part of it. Finally the van stopped and the back doors opened. We were inside a gated outside area of the jail, but it was totally enclosed on all sides by fences that went from the floor all the way to the ceiling of the intake area we were now in. The cop walked us up to a door and pressed a button. A buzzer sounded and I heard a lock

from ZRY Research, do you carry a product called alpha-Methyltryptamine?” in my most business-like voice. I called each of the listed companies and at first none of the calls were going too well. Then I got to a company called Elemental Scientific & Chemical, they didn't have any AMT in stock, but told me they would reach out to their supplier and that I should call back tomorrow. That night I literally slept like a kid the night before going to Disney World. I kept waking up and wondering about the IT-290. In the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test IT-290 was used in the same sentences as LSD, mescaline, and psilocybin, so I imagined it must be a similar psychedelic. Knowing that the Merry Pranksters were using it on the bus increased the mystique, making me curiouser and curiouser. When I called back the next day they let me know they could get it for \$75 a gram, but it was in Belgium and would take a few weeks to arrive. I told him to order 2 grams. “Okay, just come down here and pre-pay for



Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: [dwpineal](#)

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: [dwpineal](#)] #17185559 - 11/08/12 10:56 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Meeting the New Connection After getting cut off from Melanie, I made a deal with one of my best friends to be my official driver to go and pick up acid whenever I needed it. Scotty was the best driver I knew. He was clean cut, drove the speed limit, had never been in an accident, and had a good head on his shoulders. I had made good friends with a guy in Miami who had a good line of LSD and kind buds. His prices were even better than Melanie's, but he wasn't as consistent, but it was working for the time being. I had a few people I could call around to when things were dry, but consistency is important in this business. Chris wanted to go

high gear. I was totally blown away, and walked out of the theater convinced that it was the best movie ever made. I remember remarking to my friends as we walked out of the theater how something like that could be going on right that very moment, and the general public would never know that the government had a super-secure secret facility tucked away somewhere and experimenting with alien technologies with the danger that the whole world might end if everything didn't work out just right. Then almost as suddenly as they appeared, the multi-colored microdots disappeared, never to be seen again. A few years later the market again was totally flooded with orange barrel microdots. They were all orange and all extremely well pressed. The orange barrels seemed to be much stronger and didn't crush anywhere near as easily. You pretty much had to try to crush them, which was a lot better for everyone, since every dot would be intact and at the intended dosage, instead of losing little bits here and there.

now and I find anything, you'll be charged with entering a facility with contraband and that's another felony." No one said anything. "Okay, strip, take your clothes off, put them behind you right there." I looked up at him, and over to PJ, and then to Tim. "What are you looking at? Did I stutter? Strip." We took off our shirts, pants, socks, but we all hesitated at the underwear. "Drawers too." We all took off our underwear. After the emotional trauma of the day, vulnerable and naked on the inside, now we were being forced into further humiliation here. The room we were in had no door, so really anyone walking by could see in and see us naked. "Now lift up your arms. All the way. Turn all the way around in a circle with your arms up. Lift your feet so I see the bottoms. Now lift your dick and your nuts. Turn around and squat, now turn your head and cough. Okay get dressed." We were taken to the booking area. There were about 15 big holding cells, all of them had people in them, and a huge desk

wanna do acid and roll balls, and be in nature, and have thousands of dollars of cash on me. hahahaha. But seriously, Bra-Fucking-Vo. These stories(if they are true or not) are fucking amazing. I'm pretty sure you said they were true though, correct? CONTACT THE PRODUCERS OF BREAKING BAD! FUCK YEAH! TURN THIS SHIT INTO A TV SERIES! What a wonderful compliment! Thanks so much!!! Quote: Telling the old ladies you had eaten too many mushrooms I was particularly enthralled by a line you wrote. The one where you say "Yep, and the best thing is that no one is here that doesn't want to be here." how fucking true is that?!?!?!? I just realized that I've always felt that way about special places, but never had to word it. Very cool! Thanks for that, as always I mean it was so surreal looking up and seeing the two old ladies. In retrospect it was a very dangerous thing to say, since I was in a running automobile (DUI maybe) and holding some cannabis. But I was in

11/09/12 12:10 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Quote: sailing said: i only read a few chapters, but just wow man. thats some crazy shit. really has me sucked into the story. Sweet, I love this, because it says a lot, cool comment man! Bryguy - much appreciated. These kind of encouraging comments are great, because I am hoping they motivate me to keep writing. One of my best friends has been telling me to write a book for years, but I get distracted easily with a million art projects, ideas, or just life hitting me with this or that curveball. So I was hoping if I could put a few stories out there, and people like them, then I will be inspired to keep going.

Quote: indocult said: MOARR!! haha Wow DWP, you should write a book! This is fascinating, best read in a while! I can't believe your mom ate your acid! that's insane! I almost wish that my mom would have eaten some of my mushies to see if they were psychedelic or not! You're a really cool cat, I met you at waka last year, bought some art and got free quartz

was cold out most of the time. But since it had been warm for the past few weeks it was as good a time as any. They led us out into the fields and went back in to their home and left us to search. The three of us stayed together and it was a good thing since I had no idea how to tell the difference between magic mushrooms and poison mushrooms. We looked through the fields and there were several kinds of mushrooms growing from the cow patties, but I quickly learned which ones we were looking for. I was holding the garbage bag while the other two filled it with handfuls of gold capped mushrooms, cutting off the bottom of each stem with a little knife before placing in the bag. The guy from Tea Time explained this was to avoid bringing clumps of cow poo along with us, so none accidentally ended up in the tea and also because doing that helped to spread spores around so more mushrooms would grow later. The act of cutting the stem was enough to get the spores moving apparently. Some of the

just like any other day at the office at the far fringes of the fractal universe. One night we were alone tripping in his apartment, smoking a joint and enjoying the evening. The LSD was hitting us both really hard and at one point the trip took a sharp unexpected mental turn. The tension in the room expanded immediately and Marty became silent and then seemed to catch his balance. He moved back into the conversation, but with a sense of caution and an unease that seeped into my consciousness. He started to tell me about an old case he had, he'd been busted on some pretty serious charges and was facing serious time. He went into his bedroom and came out with an old dark blue photo album and flipped it open and handed it to me. That page of the album had an old newspaper clipping with an article about someone who had died under mysterious circumstances. I was tripping so hard I couldn't focus on the article, but I could see the black and white picture on the yellowing page. I think

brought a case of champagne and we filled a(n empty) champagne glass with red gel tabs and passed the cup around before the bus left the parking lot. And yeah, I'm pretty sure it was not the celebrity Jamiroquai from England (but I'm not sure LOL) Quote: TurkeyTom said: Amazing as always! The story went great with the psychedelic jams I'm listening to right now to prepare myself for an LSD trip tomorrow! Good Vibes to you man - maybe you're in the midst of it right now. Much Love

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\*\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: pondracer  
Beginning psychonaut Registered: 03/10/13  
Posts: 23 Last seen: 2 years, 6 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
TurkeyTom] #18232880 - 05/08/13 08:59 PM (4



as I had lost control, the tires regained traction and the car sped back into action. A split second later the car started fish tailing and made a sharp right. In the next moment the Mustang was exploding through the green chain-link fence of the golf course heading directly for a huge tree. The car skidded to a stop right about 3 feet before it hit the tree, jerking my head forward and then back as it jolted to rest square in the middle of the golf course. About ten feet to my left was a winding river that ran through the course. If I'd been a few feet to the left I'd be submerged in the water, and if I was a few feet to the right I'd have wrapped the beautiful Mustang around a 40 year old banyan tree. I knew I had to get out of there immediately. I was on probation with a quarter ounce of kind bud in my pocket smelling up the whole car, I'd been partying all weekend and probably looked half-crazy, and just crashed a car that wasn't mine through the golf course of a very affluent South Florida suburb. This was not going to

waves were slowing down. Twenty pills don't go very far when there are nine people eating them. The rolls were awesome, so I knew I wanted to buy some to stash.

We called JJ and he said he'd drive the rolls over since we wanted a hundred of them. JJ pulled up on the street in front of my mom's house with a shiny new Cadillac with tinted windows. He rolled down his window and motioned for me to jump in the back seat behind him. I climbed into his car and closed the door. "Whats up man?" he asked warmly, turning around to look at me as he spoke. I looked and there were two gorgeous girls, all dressed up sitting in the car with us, one next to me and the other in the front seat. "What's up man? I said, taking the money out of my pocket and handing it over to JJ. He handed me back another cellophane and I put it in my pocket without counting the pills. He seemed like he was straight up about the business, and I wanted to show him I trusted him. "If you want, both of

what I've been up to here in this thread - <http://www.shroomery.org/forums/showflat.php/Number/20771800> So much tough put in, they ended up gorgeous! Quote: dwpineal said: The Essential Rave Nightclubs of Floridian History I just saw this posted on the history of Rave clubs in S. FL and of course The Edge is there... Nice to how the older raves were:) -----

What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark] 2 #20952118 - 12/09/14 06:25 PM (2 years, 10 months ago) Well, I just bought Dragon Naturally Speaking Premium version 13 with their new bluetooth headset/mic - I figure I should be able to figure out how to use it over the next few weeks and hopefully get back to writing... -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic

Chris and Anthony talked our way out of the situation, while I mostly agreed with what they were saying and tried to look nonchalant in my ultra-shiny silver suit. Whatever excuse they gave must have worked, because we weren't in any real trouble, and were sent back to class. Since Chris had the office passes, he gave me one so that I wouldn't get in trouble for showing up to class almost 40+ minutes late. I brought in the pass to my teacher, and took my seat for the last few minutes of class. The rest of the day passed, I made it through geometry and then creative writing, both awesome classes to be tripping in. I just kept quiet, sat in my seat, and focused on the multiple dimensions opening up all around me. For the last period of the day instead of class, everyone in the school went to a performance in the school auditorium by the US ARMY band. Somehow I ended up in the very front row, and when they played Aretha Franklin's Respect, I got up quickly and walked through the back stage door. I'm not sure how I

Scotty laying down on it, face up like it was his bed and one of the bartenders was standing over him, one of her legs on each side of his body, pouring champagne down his throat straight from the bottle. I looked back at Tony, ‘And this guy told me he didn’t want to come tonight!’ slapping him lightly on the arm. “You know how we do at my club!” he laughed back. I had never seen him so much as smoke a joint, but he looked like he was feeling very good right at that moment. The MDMA started to hit me and I was starting to feel wonderful myself. The Top 40’s dance music transformed from cheesy to perfect and I started to really love the club. It was like the whole place got a facelift. I was having more fun than I would’ve ever thought possible in this place. At some point Tony gave us the keys to the VIP room upstairs. I think he felt bad that we had to pay to get in, so this was his way of making it up to us. The main VIP area was downstairs by the dancefloor, and was packed with people. The upstairs was also

Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post  
Extras: Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle Registered:  
07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3  
months, 7 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1  
#18119782 - 04/17/13 01:03 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) No rush man. Don't want you to  
be lagging on the adjectives. -----

Species List (Georgia): Psilocybe  
caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe atlantis/galindoi,  
Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe  
ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes,  
Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola,  
Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus,  
Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus  
aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus  
salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata,  
Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus  
salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius,  
Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

where you can buy his art:

<http://www.shamanicharmonics.com/> Post

Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Par] #19580886 - 02/17/14 11:34 PM (3 years, 8

months ago) Just saw this documentary trailer

pop up about the 1990s South Florida rave

scene. Was really cool to see that vibe again.

Definitely worth the few minutes (4:20) of my

life to check it out. Love that they made the

video exactly four minutes, twenty seconds

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First

Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic

Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: toader123

Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722 Last seen: 3

days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

been a pharmaceutical steroid of some type. Chip was definitely an odd juxtaposition of health and chemical excess. I'd seen him eat probably 12 to 15 hits of LSD over the past 2 days and probably a half gram or more of the MDMA. Seeing his stash of steroids was unexpected, and I've never seen anything like that since that moment, so it's stuck in my memory all these years later. Sunday afternoon most of us were still going. I was still tripping and rolling a little, but not too intensely anymore. I was mostly at baseline, but things were still colorful even though fatigue was also creeping into my body. Dave was passed out in one of the bedrooms when we realized we had run out of herb. I knew Scotty would have some, but he was about a mile or two away. Dave was the only one with a car there, so I shook him gently in his sleep to see if he would take me over to Scotty's. "Just take my car, the keys are there in my bag." "Are you sure?" He nodded and curled back into his slumber. Dave's



Registered: 01/06/12 Posts: 82 Last seen: 1 year, 6 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17911024 - 03/06/13 06:39 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut

Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17911187 - 03/06/13 07:21 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Jesus christ. I don't understand how these stories can just keep getting better and better. I like how you casually toss in that you sipped on some 10-strip tea at the end there, . Fucking brilliant as always DW. Thank you very much for the post.

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation

Post Extras: DrumsyStrings Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 122 Last seen: 2 years, 10 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #17911341 - 03/06/13 08:04 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Another amazing story DW! Sounds like a

bet that's when things really start getting interesting! I know I have quite a few stories being involved in that scene, but I'll bet you have really experienced some crazy shit haha.

Post Extras: Shortknight Registered:  
02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123] #18077511 -  
04/08/13 10:26 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) I KEEN to hear more tails! Haha Shorty

----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered:  
01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen:  
2 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] 2  
#18079380 - 04/09/13 04:27 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Even that 'Box of Mushrooms' response was better than any story of mine.

Now you're just showing off. -----

Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

pipe...” he said excitedly, but I didn’t see any pipe in his hands, and I looked over to Chuck and could see he was thinking the same thing. “The pipe is crazy! Huge! I got it right from the blower. He says he’s just learning but I think he’s bad ass.” “Where is it?” I asked. “I put it in my car. It’s just...so...amazing. I didn’t want anything to happen to it out here.” I’ve always loved glass pipes. The art that can be created in the glass pipe medium has captured my attention for years. To this day I only see the art gaining more depth, style, and technique. I wanted to see that pipe. I sold glass pipes on a small scale. I would buy them online from Oregon and California blowers and sell them locally to smokers. Part of my excitement was to see the bowl, and the other part was the possibility to buy awesome pipes from a local blower. We walked out to the car and as soon as I saw the pipe I could see why he was so excited. He said it was huge, but it was HUGE. It was like a square maze with a bubbler at the

light to change. When it turned green, I put the car into gear and it revved up and then stalled, leaving me looking down at the steering wheel. I looked to the stick shift and back up to the road. I started the car and tried again, feeling all the people behind me boiling with impatience. The car stalled, and another car drove up into the line of cars stuck behind me at the green light. Someone started honking and I could feel the pressure continue to build up, thickening the air inside the Mustang. I turned the key in the ignition one more time and slammed my foot onto the gas. The Mustang took off with a deafening roar of the engine and jerked forward, flying into the intersection. Reality rippled around the car. I could feel the power of the car humming with an intensity I've never before or since felt from an automobile. I turned the steering wheel so I could go left onto the road in front of me and felt the rear wheels leaving the ground. For a moment I had absolutely no control of the rear side of the car. Just as quickly

Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult]  
#18143558 - 04/21/13 03:05 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: floatingwater said: Ahh! Another great story! On a side note, I think I remember you said the names were all pseudonyms, but the name Amber is a good fit either way. I've only met two or three Amber's in my life and they've all been pretty and very sexually charged. There's something about that name! Yeah the name thing is so difficult! In my mind people are tied to their names, but in this I want to respect everyone's privacy, so trying to find a name that suits their persona can be a tricky game. I'm glad that one fits Quote: Simple-Psyman said: Another great installment Only recently started trying amt...has to be one of my favorites by far!!! So much euphoria...friends can certainly be made for life on it Cool to know it is still out there. I know Kesey said it was the Rolls-Royce of psychedelics (and you can actually watch him say that in the Magic Trip documentary they just

next hour or two that I had really learned so much more about my friends than had I known before we sat down. The conversation connected us in a new and deeper way. While the conversation wandered tangentially from one topic to the next, in many ways we each touched on things about our lives, our fears, our hopes, and dreams. I was able to empathize completely, to feel the inner truths of their words and feelings. I felt like I knew how it was to be Alex, or to be Jake in the total completeness of their own experiences of themselves. It was a totally new and intense experience for me to think about someone in such intricate detail. As we were talking we noticed that people on the next peninsula were now gathered in a circle around their fire, holding hands. They seemed to be swaying and dancing around the fire together in some kind of ritual. I got a witchy vibe from the whole thing, but we kept watching, fascinated. As we looked across the water, the silhouettes of the people

outdated info) [Gymnopilus luteofolius](#)  
[Gymnopilus junonius](#) [Gymnopilus dilepis](#)  
[Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species](#) [General](#)  
[Cultivation \(may contain outdated info\)](#) [Outdoor](#)  
[Cultivation \(may contain outdated info\)](#)  
[Psilocybe cubensis](#) [Woodlovers](#) [Gourmet](#)  
[Mushrooms \(may contain outdated info\)](#)  
[Shiitake](#) [Oysters](#) [Humidification](#) [Sterilization](#)  
[and Pasteurization](#) [Experiencing](#) [Mushrooms](#)  
[Trip Reports](#) [Microdosing](#) [Level 1](#) [Level 2](#)  
[Level 3](#) [Level 4](#) [Level 5](#) [Other](#) [Substances](#)  
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[Psilocybin](#) [Species](#) [Mushroom](#) [Locations](#)  
[Amanita Species](#) [Amanita muscaria \(Fly Agaric\)](#)  
[Hunting](#) [FAQ](#) [Spore Prints](#) [Toxins](#) [Mushroom](#)  
[Hunting](#) [Etiquette](#) [Starting Out](#) [Community](#)  
[Message](#) [Board](#) [Supporter](#) [Accounts](#)  
[Folding@home](#) [Links](#) [Mushrooms](#) [Cannabis](#)  
[Amphetamines](#) [Opiates](#) [Ecstasy](#) [Other](#) [Drugs](#)

Christmas present haha Also I've been rocking the LSD shirt at a few festivals and people love it! Storyteller, I know what you mean. Very trippy how others experiences can manifest on a personal level. ----- I'm drivin the

Rolls Royce of Psychedelics Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re:

AlfredHitchcock] #19351262 - 12/31/13 08:56

PM (3 years, 9 months ago) Quote:

KingKnowledge said:

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO Reading it now,

but just had to express my joy at a new chapter

EDIT: Great read dw Whenever I'm handed an

unknown liquid I ask what it is... I guess you

got balls Thanks man! You know, I feel like I

knew what was in the jug, so either I'm not

remembering 100% of the details, which is

highly likely seeing as it was 15+ years ago, or

2, like I said Gary = LSD in my mind , so it may

have been implied just by the way I understood



Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams

people who were actually also magical elf-fairy people. These people were nothing like the kids in my high school, or in my town, and they dressed nothing like those people either. The clothing seemed so foreign when I arrived here, but now it seamlessly fit within the bounds of the gathering. I finally was able to get up from where I was sitting and made my way through the branches back to one of the forest paths and headed down the trail. I wanted to see more of this place now; it was totally transformed under the effects of the mushrooms. The colors of the forest decorations, the sounds of music, talking, and laughter all swirled into each other, creating a sense of newness and wonder. As I passed people walking down the trail, I would catch the briefest snippets of their conversation before losing the sounds into the depths of the forest. My mind would take the few words it heard, and from just that, I could move backwards and forwards in the life of the person who spoke them, seeing their entire history and entire

night. I rushed out into the club to find my friends and get the hell out of this place. It was Saturday night and The Edge was not far down the road from here. Soon I had everyone gathered and we made our way to the car. I felt a lot better to be with my friends. It was a small club we were at, but when all that had gone down I felt so alone. "Man it's okay, we're going to make everything back that you lost tonight." one of my friends said in the car on the way to The Edge. That was fine, but I was really feeling terrible, I didn't know how much longer I could deal with this shady scene, it was not what I signed up for. At The Edge things felt a lot better. A few of my friends had some of the work I'd given them at the beginning of the night and were coming back with money and smiles. I found a group of friends and sat down with everyone and told my sad tale. One of the guys was a grower and he handed me a cigarette pack full of kind buds. The bright green crystallized buds smelled so sweet and tangy,

- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.  
Every single person deserves a psychedelic  
experience, make it happen. Edited by  
rickjamez20 (02/27/13 09:32 PM) Post Extras:  
dstark Manifesting Minds Registered:  
02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo] #17873062 -  
02/27/13 09:32 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)  
Great story, thanks once again and keep them  
coming! ----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts:  
25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#17873382 - 02/27/13 01:41 PM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Pretty sure I don't wanna meet  
another Wednesday without one of your stories,  
dw I'm gonna have to reread that crystal to  
liquid part again Thanks as always Post Extras:  
allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts:

was 12 and had no idea was lsd was lol. This is good shit because when i first saw it two years later i now wonder if your stuff ever made it to my parts, so im interested in your own little network with your friends in college. Cant wait to read the rest of your series, dont skip ahead! Going to check half priced books for the confessions of a dope dealer. Post Extras:

rudraksha Registered: 01/07/13 Posts: 193 Loc: West Coast Canada Last seen: 7 months, 3 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17763966 - 02/08/13 02:53 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

love these stories! keep up the great work, and thanks for sharing!! ----- Post

Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: rudraksha] #17766576 - 02/08/13 05:15 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) dwpineal...your buddy with a

thread in the Pub...is he mentioned here? Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11

subconscious reaction. I realized that I was starting to die, and that my body was shutting down. I knew my friends and family would be so sad, learning I had died, would they know it was from mushrooms? Would this be all they thought of when they thought of me? That I wasted my life and died from "drugs?" Safe, Safe, Safe – Life, Life, Life – Lock, Lock, Lock. I wanted to live, I didn't want to die, but I could feel myself slipping away. I knew as sure as I knew anything that my life was at an end. I fought it as hard as I could, but I couldn't get up, I was dying. I felt the darkness creep into my visions and the world slowed down around me. Finally I gave in accepted my fate, and knowing any moment I would die. I said my thanks to the universe and my loved ones and let go. Once I stopped fighting death, it seemed like time had slowed to a complete stop – I wasn't breathing, I couldn't hear anything, no sounds, no radio, just silence, and I looked around in the silence - there was no motion outside, not a

was on top of the six or seven hours we spent in the police station before coming here. Finally after waiting forever in the stinky humid cell I was taken out fingerprinted, put into another holding cell, waited another hour, went and talked to a nurse, got a TB test, was photographed, before handing me my booking sheet with my charges. Sale of Marijuana within 1000 feet of a school zone, a felony, possession of under 20 grams of marijuana and possession of paraphernalia, both misdemeanors. The sale charge had a \$10,000 bail, and both of the misdemeanors had \$500 bail each, so my bail was \$11,000. Once the booking process was over, they sent a group of us to the showers. They gave us flip flops and had us put all our clothes into “personal property.” The showers were freezing cold water, so I showered as quickly as humanly possible, and put on the jail clothes they gave us, with Property of Palm Beach County Jail emblazoned on the back of each shirt. The shirts and pants were a matching

Apparently the guys were regarded as very good cooks and were doing most of the kitchen work. “Hey do you have any more of that AMT?” Henry asked. “But I’m not snorting it this time!” “I do have more, but I didn’t bring any. I didn’t want to drive with the vial. But I did bring some acid.” “Oh shit, you have acid? I haven’t done acid in a while! Can I buy some?” “Well I didn’t bring any to sell, but I’ve got enough to get everyone spun.” “So how much?” “Oh, no, I mean If we’re all going to party, I’m not going to charge anything, I’ll just give you some. It’s not expensive anyway, but it’s really good.” We all dosed and the night was another amazing night of connection and bonding. After a few hours I began to feel like I had grown up with all these people in Rhode Island. I was even thinking in a New England accent at the peak of the trip. I was so surrounded by the accent that it began to insinuate itself into my inner dialogue. At one point Amber and I went for a walk around the neighborhood. The night was another



Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
63,983 topic views. 9 members, 174 guests and  
16 web crawlers are browsing this forum.  
[ Toggle Favorite | Print Topic | Stats ]  
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Generated in 0.048 seconds spending 0.01  
seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic  
Mushrooms Demystified Search Our Site  
Search Our Forums Privacy Policy FAQ Site  
Map Contact Us Home Advertising Classifieds  
Contact Us Credits Emergency Info Info For  
Parents Link To Us Search Site Map Sponsors  
Mushroom Info Growing Mushrooms (TEST)  
Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -

where he was, if he was okay, if he was in jail, or what happened to him. I got off the phone with her and called our friend Scotty to come pick me up. I paged Chris probably 30 times waiting for Scotty to show up, but he hadn't returned my calls. Once Scotty got there, we rolled a joint and tried to figure out what to do. We didn't want to call the police to see if he'd been arrested last night, and we weren't sure if we should call the hospitals to see if he was admitted anywhere either. I called Chris' parents' house and he hadn't shown up there yet, so we just had to sit and wait until we heard something from someone. In the meanwhile, I kept paging Chris throughout the day, but he never called me that day. The following day was Monday, so he was supposed to be in school. I went to where we would always meet up in the morning, and Scotty was already there, but no Chris. All day I was freaking out, what had happened to my friend? His girlfriend still hadn't heard from him, it seemed like he had

Cracker, Hemp, Nitrous Oxide, Pink Floyd  
Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >>  
The Psychedelic Experience Threaded  
Previous Index Next Similar Threads  
Poster Views Replies Last post  
Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )  
Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM  
by Ferdinando Is there hope for the  
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH  
3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset  
Construcing the Psychedelic Experience  
Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by  
CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have  
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )  
PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM  
by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose

until it rises so high it pops and tar droplets fall back into the lake. At that moment Marty walked up to me and seemed to be taking me in with his glance, penetrating me in some weird way. He held my eyes in his and looked around conspiratorially and said, “So what’s up with the hypnosis shit?” “What?” “You know what I’m talking about.” “No I don’t, what hypnosis shit?” He was losing me, the waves of the trip were rocking my understanding of my surroundings up and down, up and down... “You know, with the psychedelics...” he trailed off, but looked deeper into my eyes. I had the very uneasy realization that my friend was losing it. He was dead serious. He thought I was trying to hypnotize people with psychedelics. I had no idea how to respond to that. I just laughed uneasily and shrugged. He walked off and left me leaning on the neighbor’s van, thinking weirder and weirder thoughts. My mind was trailing off and onto the conversations of the people in the nitrous line again. The

table in front of him within arm's reach. I had only been in one other situation where someone took out a gun. One time I was buying a thousand roofies from a guy on South Beach, who I'd known and was friends with for a long time in the rave scene. Both times I was totally taken off guard. I was totally out of my element around guns. I tried to keep a poker face and just acted as if he'd put a vase of flowers out on the table for decoration. JJ was talking, "I mostly just sell to the girls at the club, but I'll hook you up, since you're friends' of Vinnie." I handed the cash to Amber and JJ pulled the cellophane from his cigarette pack and counted 20 pills into it, folded it into a thin packet and handed it over to Amber. I didn't know these guys, but I got a really weird vibe and I wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. I was still tripping hard from the AMT and the whole gun thing just threw me into a weird spin. We got back to my house and handed out the pills to everyone, like adults handing out candy to Trick

Last seen: 2 years, 7 months                      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE] #17835374 - 02/20/13 06:34 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)                      did they have more lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR here. you'd be doing some big jail time. ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras:                      smokin427  
Registered: 07/27/09 Posts: 603 Last seen: 1 year, 4 months                      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #17835409 - 02/20/13 06:40 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)                      DW, these stories are always fun to read; you're a pretty damn good writer. I know it's been said already, but I'll say it again: you need to publish these stories. Come up with a good title and cover, and your book might sell. Nice work, keep'm coming :) ----- I

dwpineal] #18026449 - 03/29/13 05:29 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Why did I check this thread right before bed? I can't possibly go to sleep now without reading this. -----

Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I won't be alone 'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before. Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ballerium] 2 #18026594 - 03/29/13 06:07 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) ohhhhh

nooooooooooooo!!!!!!! Post Extras: rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18027000 - 03/29/13 10:31 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) i like the suspense you've added lately, it keeps us coming back for more -----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>  
- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.

creating a fantasy world that existed only as long as the money lasted. While everyone was working I would drive over to Marty's house and hang out there with him and Jayson while we worked in our own way. I got to know Marty a lot better when we weren't surrounded by masses of other people, which seemed to be most of the time for one reason or another. He opened up more when it was just the two of us, and I got to see a little more of him than he would let onto others. I don't think I ever knew, nor did any of his closer friends, more than he wanted me to. He was very compartmentalized. Everyone was on a need-to-know-basis with him. I could tell he had well developed networks that allowed him to get and move large amounts of herb, LSD and AMT, but other than that I didn't really know too much. Marty was a really interesting guy. He was someone who was very well connected, but he was very low-key and very security conscious. He was one of the first people who really pushed me to



case plays out. Post Extras: Moonlightblue  
Registered: 12/08/12 Posts: 351 Last seen: 1  
month, 20 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: aw11driver]  
#17982073 - 03/20/13 05:45 AM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Cool stories man, I read every  
single one I can visualize everything and relate  
to somethings Thanks dw Post Extras:

Pownage420 Dr. Greenthumb Registered:  
04/23/12 Posts: 81 Last seen: 3 years, 3 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Moonlightblue] #17982958 -  
03/20/13 12:19 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Love the storys man. -----  
Everything that is typed on this account is  
fictional and purely a product of my imagination

Post Extras: Shortknight Registered:  
02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27  
days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Pownage420] #17983042 -  
03/20/13 01:12 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

WOOOO literature! Awesome haha I have to go

started to feel the release of the outside world, like I was moving away from technology and civilization and into nature. I followed the windy road and found a nice place to park in the shade by the edge of the forest. I grabbed some herb, locked my car, and headed out to the walking trails. I parked by an area that was roped off with a few ponies inside the ropes to give pony rides to little kids. I walked past the ponies quickly towards the nearest entrance to the forest. I'd been coming to this park for years and knew a lot of the trails reasonably well; however there were some trails I had yet to explore. Inside the forest the temperature was a bit cooler, and the leaves were moving gracefully as the light breeze pushed by. I followed the dark trail up and down hills, around corners until I arrived at a special spot. Just as I was coming upon it, I heard voices coming closer to me from ahead on the trail. Soon I saw two people in jogging outfits walking towards me, lost in conversation. As we

Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom  
Hunting Amanitas Contamination Logos Trippy  
Art Other Pictures Home | Community |  
Message Board You are not signed in. Sign In  
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Posts Active Topics Galleries FAQ User List  
Calendar Store Random Growery Mushrooms,

richly infused with a beautiful feeling, and we drove with the windows down most of the way to fully enjoy the cool morning air. Eventually they dropped me off and I found myself walking back into my dorm room that Sunday afternoon.

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (03/12/13  
11:40 PM) Post Extras: dstark Manifesting  
Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last  
seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#17910969 - 03/06/13 06:25 AM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Great story, very detailed  
Thanks for the good read:) -----

What is a mind, if not something to be messed  
with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be  
altered? Post Extras: mushcap Stranger

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Kief Ledger  
Stranger Registered: 11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last  
seen: 5 months, 14 days Re: Stories from  
the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#17422452 - 12/20/12 09:33 PM (4 years, 10  
months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Totally  
have a day job The vision is to one day support  
myself through art, but it's a slow and organic  
process, but I'm really loving the whole  
experience You had a booth at the Alex grey  
"live painting" event in Atlanta if I'm not  
mistaken..I got a couple of your molecule  
patches. I knew those blotter pendants looked  
familiar, lol great work man. I really hope your  
vision comes true one day soon. But if all else  
fails you 've got a great start on a book! Keep  
those stories coming! Happy holidays to you  
and your family! Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #17423289 -  
12/21/12 12:05 AM (4 years, 10 months ago)

stage to the vendors, and I ended up purchasing a copy of Jack Herer's *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*. Soon we realized we weren't really into the bands that were playing, so we headed back over to the campsite. Once back at the campsite we broke out our own stash, not brave enough to smoke out so openly in the festival grounds like many others here. Jason had a nice big bag of herb and was passing around a bowl at the same time he was rolling a joint. We rolled a few more joints ate some LSD. From this point on we never made it back into the festival area. We stayed at our campsite, smoked, tripped, and played mix tapes and CD from our favorite DJs on a boom box we'd brought. As night fell a band called *The Machine*, a Pink Floyd cover band came on, and we turned off our boom box for their set. I wasn't too into Floyd, they always seemed dark and weird to me, but it seemed like most people wanted to hear them. Now in the darkness we could see the stage lights tearing into the night's

them and I'll call you in a few weeks." Luckily since I had already had my hair cut, with some nice clothes I could easily pass as a straight-laced office person. I went and picked up a pair of reading glasses to accentuate the nerd factor. I didn't have to be a scientist, I just had to be one of the lowly office clerks, just making calls and running errands for ZRY Research. I got directions to their offices and drove on over, cash in hand. Their company was in a warehouse district by the airport. I followed their directions and drove to the end of the street to the last row of warehouses, and saw the Elemental Scientific sign hanging above the door. I parked, took a deep breath, and walked into the front door. I was met by John, who I'd been speaking to on the phone. We were in a small white office, non-descript, with a desk covered in papers, a computer, and a bulletin board on the wall, and he pointed me to one of the two chairs facing his desk. We talked for a few minutes, I handed him some cash, he wrote

eating, talking, and of course the drums and dancing around the fire were in full force. I spent the rest of the night here, connecting with strangers in deep conversations under the blanket of the night skies. The sky filled with so many stars, reminded me of my first trip in the everglades, connecting the two trips into one continuous psychedelic timeline. Thinking about time when you're on a psychedelic trip can be an exercise in understanding the nature of perception and experience. Your sense of time is so drastically different from normal consciousness you're led from thinking about who first invented time, how it got standardized, the calendars, watches, and of course, "is time even real?". Many of the realizations and teachings in this mushroom trip were similar to previous experiences with LSD, in the ideas I contemplated, especially in relation to myself and how I could become a better person, but the perspectives and specific trains of thought were completely different each time I used a



Crazy Fingers was playing all night and Corey the lead singer was going –It’s 6AM! Are you with that?” As he said that he played an air guitar and lifted his leg up and down in an almost perfect set of ninety-degree angles. I wasn’t sure who crazy Fingers were but the hillbilly images were definitely flowing in my mind now. That got my attention and sounded cool, but I was still so tired I resisted and said I was heading home and would see them tomorrow. “Look we’re only going for a few hours. We’re going to go, sell some rolls and head out.” John did have a line on these really great ecstasy pills called Champagne splits. On one side was a picture of a champagne glass and the other side was scored in half so you could split the pills in half perfectly. I hadn’t taken ecstasy pills since back in the Edge days since I didn’t know anyone to get any quality pills from. That did change when I met John. He always insisted that he could get the best stuff and I have to agree he did some excellent

of these pure ecstasy capsules out here” “Sweet man! Karla hooked me up with a guy here that had them, they’re amazing!” Chris looked at me like I was crazy and said, “No, man, these are all bunk! We’re supposed to meet the guy back at our car in a few minutes to make things right.” And then I felt a bad energy coming from them from whatever they’d been up to that night. Every night at a party was really a working night for Chris and I and I knew we’d brought a bunch of money up with us. Apparently they’d bought 50 or 100 capsules of what they thought was pure MDMA (ecstasy), but that turned out to be completely inactive. I was having trouble getting my mind around the negativity. I just was feeling so good, that I wasn’t registering that we’d lost a significant amount of cash. They wanted us to come with them back to the car to get the money back, and eventually we did end up coming along. Of course the situation never got straightened out, and eventually I was able to come to terms with

They didn't even look like scene people, most were older, maybe they'd pass as regular "guys" in a normal narc scenario, but on lot they just didn't look right. It was a bit stressful with all the cop activity there, but I was mostly moving stuff to people who were selling to the resellers, so there wasn't as much exposure... But this is all years later, I'll get to it in more detail as we move along -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*

My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic

Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my

Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -

Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras:

toader123 Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722

Last seen: 3 days, 20 hours Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

dwpineal] #18077248 - 04/08/13 09:42 PM (4

years, 6 months ago) I'm excited to hear

about your tales on dead/phish/festival tours! So

far it seems you haven't got into that scene yet. I

Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom  
Hunting Amanitas Contamination Logos Trippy  
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Message Board You are not signed in. Sign In  
New Account Forum Index Search Posts Best  
Posts Active Topics Galleries FAQ User List  
Calendar Store Random Growery Mushrooms,  
Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic

working with others to spread psychedelics, it definitely extends way beyond any pure business aspect for most of the people I ended up working with for any extended periods of time. To this day I can see people I used to work with - but haven't seen in years and years and years, and feel like the conversation picks up almost where it left off in terms of warm feelings.... In terms of quality control, I had issues with some people for sure, but never once did I have any issues or complaints on the L from this group. Same with Melanie when I was working with her. It was mostly people that I would find in the interim who would say they could do this or that, or get this or that, but my acid test was always - "Okay, let's dot it, I'm ready now." 90% of people start with the excuses, some set up fake deals, and I did get burned but I was usually able to start small, so the losses were manageable to some extent. People who do what they say they are going to do, when they said it would get done - those people are

10/21/13 07:29 PM (4 years, 9 days ago)

Check shroomery. "Oooooooo, new replies on DWs thread " " blah blah blah" "FUCK! "

Crawls back to bed and hopes next week is the week  
Post Extras: rickjamez20 Shroomer

Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon

Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

shLong] 4 #19009206 - 10/21/13 11:01 PM (4

years, 9 days ago) Quote: shLong said: Check

shroomery. "Oooooooo, new replies on DWs

thread " " blah blah blah" "FUCK! " Crawls

back to bed and hopes next week is the week

-----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>

- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.

Every single person deserves a psychedelic experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

SnowDaze Back in the Saddle Registered:

02/24/13 Posts: 5,631 Loc: Rocky Mountain

High Last seen: 9 days, 10 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

were part of the county jail. We walked back into the jail and asked how we could get back to Fort Lauderdale, since Gianni's car was still in the police impound. "Ya'll can take the county bus outside, and it'll get you back to the East coast." We walked back outside and waited for the bus and after a few transfers and many hours of bus travel, we were finally back in Fort Lauderdale. Eventually I got a lawyer who took care of everything for me, I didn't even have to go back to court and it turned out to only be a \$250 fine, which really wasn't any kind of punishment at all. I wish I could say this was my last encounter with law enforcement, but that definitely was not the case.

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: VapoRs

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #17836673 - 02/20/13 10:30 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Quote: Absent Minded said: Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: did they have more lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR here. you'd be doing some big jail time. Actually for a while (I think until 1994) the LSD laws were way worse (if that can be imagined). Florida is also a zero tolerance state, so it's never been a kind place to be caught with anything. I'm not sure what Gianni ended up getting for the possession of L and Mushrooms, in fact I'm not sure if I really ever saw him after this story, but the herb turned out to be nothing much at all, it was my first offense and I hired a pretty decent lawyer. yeah, I was gonna say... either those back woods cops fucked up or you lucked out biggggg I mean my possession charge is going to get



connect with people I had only known a few hours and yet feel a closeness that seemed to stretch beyond time. I took out the vial and poured a small pile of AMT onto my mom's kitchen table. I grabbed my driver's license and cut tiny piles about a centimeter square each, probably around 30mg in each pile. "What happens if you snort it?" one of the guys asked in his New England accent. "I actually have no idea, but go ahead if you want." I wasn't into snorting anything, so I honestly didn't know, but it didn't bother me if he wanted to. His name was Henry , he was a little bigger than I was, and had a disarmingly nice demeanor. I gave him my license and he scraped one of the little piles into a thin line. Then almost in a single motion he rolled up a dollar bill, bent over and inhaled the line, looking up and smiling at us, giving the thumbs up. He passed the rolled up dollar to one of the other guys, Mark, but then stood up straight and said "G-d Damn! It's starting to burn wicked bad" holding his hands

did, everything was fine. One time E-Dog gave me a half gram of LSD on the South Africa blotter print, which he seemed to have a never ending supply of. He was calling the acid Eternal Life, since on the back side, it had either a heart or an ankh on each tab, so the ankh was supposed to be the symbol for Eternal Life. So I had 5,000 hits, but it seemed like right at this moment, South Florida was flooded with acid. I called a lot of my friends, and people were either still stocked up from me from the last time, or had 5 other people all offering doses at the same time. So I just had this baggie of LSD sitting in my room, in a magazine inside a zip lock baggie on my bookshelf, and not moving. I had put all my money at the time into the purchase, so I had a surplus of LSD, but almost no cash at all. Chris and a few friends of ours got the idea to throw a big party so we could move some of this acid, even if we had to do it really cheap. One of the kids said we could do it at the clubhouse of his townhouse association.

to get a job. Really it didn't matter what the job was, as long as it was a paycheck. I mentioned this to my friend Chris, and since his mom was the manager at a local Burger King, he got us both jobs there. At first it was pretty routine, but after a while we got the job of working the two windows of the drive through. There was two windows, a window where you drive up and pay and then another window where you'd get your food. We would use headsets that could talk to the people in the line, or to each other, depending on the setting of the headsets. It didn't take long before we figured this would be an ideal way to sell acid. It was relatively low profile, the customers would just drive up, totally inconspicuous, and just proceed as a million other cars do in Burger King drive through's, place an order, drive up, pay, get a bag through window and drive off. We set it up so that people would order something a little different than the normal drive through customers and it would be like a code, we chose

12:19 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17180375 -

11/08/12 12:02 AM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Microdots Towards the end of the summer in  
1994 Melanie got something new in our circles.

Up until then, all the LSD I had seen was on  
blotter paper with different designs. She started

bringing me “pillows” of different colored  
microdots. She called them pillows because

each small plastic baggie of 100 microdots  
looked like a little pillow. A microdot is a form

of LSD that looks very much like a tiny pellet  
about half the size of a grain of rice. Over a

period of about 6 months we saw yellow, red,  
blue, green and purple microdots. The different

colors may or may not have been different  
potencies, but some people liked the green ones

better than the blue ones, and other people like  
the purple ones better than the reds, and so on.

Microdots were a lot of fun because they were

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[Psychedelic Artist](#) Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: [allseeingike](#)] #17766977 - 02/08/13 06:40 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Unfortunately in the US the conspiracy laws are structured so that it is possible to be convicted on testimony alone - you don't need to actually be caught red-handed. but yeah his story is absolutely heart-breaking. I mean OK, even if he did sell LSD - a life sentence is way to harsh,

literally. just mean I'm excited lol Edited by

Jesus Cristo (04/17/13 08:26 PM) Post Extras:

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enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924

58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is

there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1

2 all )MOTH 3,62423 04/03/04 01:38 PM by

lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic

Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50

PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT

have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3

all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37

PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic

Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592

39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's

remembered my high-school English teacher saying "Write what you know!" I went back and edited the final paragraph into 3 separate paragraphs to make it a little more to my liking. It was getting late last night by the time I got to that point -----

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Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Moonlightblue Registered: 12/08/12 Posts: 351 Last seen: 1

month, 20 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#18091191 - 04/11/13 04:45 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) I just woke up and remembered

Edited by Moonlightblue (04/18/13 07:46 PM) Post Extras: TurkeyTom Trippy Registered:

08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18091359 -

tonight, but it's getting late and I have to be up early. Will edit this later for typos, etc..

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Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17910653 -  
03/06/13 05:16 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

College Daze The next few months of college  
were a lot of fun. I was able to maintain good

grades, which I noticed a lot of my smoking  
buddies were not doing so well at. I was able to

justify my extracurricular activities to myself as  
long as I could still pull off good grades. I found

that if I smoked before I studied for classes, that  
I would forget what I read, and it was almost a

waste of time in the first place. I found that if I



have a bad trip for hours apparently and has a low ld50. So we don't really know if that dude was for real or just fucking with us with skill. Surely a very weird encounter, especially because he was incoherent and somebody had to have brought him along as he was (if he was really that fucked up). Who knows. Crazy stuff. Another memorable moment of the night was at the second stage 6 hours in or so. I was dancing my heart out to great DnB, just diggin shit so much, while observing this older man. He was standing around as I got there and started dancing, and soon as I was observing him I saw him put his hand on his heart with an awestruck face, looking up almost. Immediately after he danced probably the funkiest stuff I've ever seen. Old man groovin for sure. Made me awestruck too. Another cool moment: I was walking from the first stage to our backpacks and I consciously gained more awareness. As I did that, the shades of the rocks I was walking next to, 2 foot by 2 foot boulders, immediately

handle that. Edited by shLong (04/18/13 03:58 PM) Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18128520 - 04/18/13 03:56 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: shLong said: What if we find out he didn't and he's writing us from prison That'd be an epic, albeit tragic, ending to the tales. What if there's an even bigger twist ending and it turns out that all these stories happened in a really vivid and intense and very long dream that he had a few months ago and nothing ever happened.

----- Post Extras: LittleDipster Registered: 06/19/10 Posts: 3,912 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] 2 #18128522 - 04/18/13 03:57 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: shLong said: What if we find out he didn't and he's writing us from prison That'd be an epic, albeit tragic, ending to the tales. Will dwpineal make it out of

happily dive in...I've always liked swimming  
----- Post Extras: floatingwater

Registered:

01/06/09 Posts: 2,699 Last seen: 4 years, 2 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] 1

#17940025 - 03/12/13 01:26 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: haha I must say you

certainly have some beautiful turns of phrase and I've had shivers on numerous occasions...so many similar thoughts resonate with me while you describe being in the momentless moment that is a trip... Most definitely agree with your comment. In a few of these stories, one definitely feels as though they are tripping right along with you dwp. Particularly that island party scene where you're on the beach in the morning and you dip into that bottle of liquid. The series of thoughts and actions you describe and the suspicions of the water bottle and then Ray getting you to do the breathing exercises to

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upstairs. I walk upstairs and as I come into his room, he sits me down by the window. “That sheet I got from you is either bunk or super weak stuff man. I gave it to some friends and no one is happy.” People would tell me from time to time they thought this batch or that batch of acid was fake. And I had a few times, when I was buying from people I knew, but didn’t have that close of a relationship with, when it really was fake. But this sheet was from the batch I got from Ray and Gary when they were in town, and I knew it was top notch. My method whenever anyone said some doses were fake, was to take about 3 of them, that way, I would know, with no if’s, and’s or but’s if it was good or not. So I told him that I would eat a few hits, check it out and if it wasn’t any good, I’d give him his money back. I was so worked up about him calling the acid fake that I totally forgot I had one last algebra class. I ate the hits and we smoked a few bowls before I realized that I had to run to class. I ran downstairs grabbed my

psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started

quality control on all the products he sold. The champagne splits were great, and even though I didn't really sell them, I would move some for him here and there to friends either back home in Ft. Lauderdale or on campus, and then I would just take my cut in free pills. After some half-hearted arguing, which was about all I could muster at that point anyway, I found myself packed into their car and driving off into the night. Within about five minutes of pulling out of their driveway I was passed out. I slept for what must have been a few hours and only woke when I felt the car slow down, the change in momentum gently waking me up. I looked around in the darkness outside the car and could see what looked like rows and rows of trees stretching off and disappearing into the night on both sides of the dirt road we were driving on. We were in the middle of the orange groves in Florida, which was a long way from the South East coast. There were no city lights, no buildings, only some road lights and the moon.

through a relatively small amount of people. After working with John and Dan for about a month or so, I got a page on my beeper from an out of state number. I called it back and it was Ray in California, he and Gary were driving to Florida for a quick East Coast fall Ratdog tour, and to come see me if I wanted to get together. It was only about 7 shows he told me, but there was nothing else going on, so they wanted to come down and reconnect, but they'd only be in town for one night. I told him I definitely wanted to get together, and to page me the night before they came to town so we could make plans. As soon as we got off the phone I drove over to Dan and John's apartment to let them know that I could probably get some more LSD for them. About a week later on a Saturday afternoon I got the call in my dorm room, "Hey now! We're in Florida. There's a show tonight in St. Petersburg, but we'll be down in Fort Lauderdale tomorrow morning. Can we crash at your place after the show tomorrow?" "Sure,



at the park with the mail-order mushrooms, after Jason died, the world kept spinning. I mourned for a while, but soon the momentum of day to day demands moved my focus forward and I found myself moving into my familiar patterns. I kept moving herb, ecstasy, and LSD between Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, and campus. One day, shortly after the festival in the everglades, I ran into a guy I knew, Gerald as I walked out of my dorm building heading to class. He also sold herb, but mostly small bags around campus. We didn't work together but were friendly. When he saw me he walked with me and whispered "Hey man, do you think you can get me a some rolls?" I told him I didn't have any right now, but I could get him some acid. He said okay and I gave him my pager number to get in touch later. There were pager codes that people used to tell you what they wanted. Some of these were familiar things like 411 for information, 911 for an emergency, romantic things like 823 for "thinking of you," 143 for "I love you" and

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the couch. He was talking to himself and was saying things like, “My house better be alright. Or shits going to getting wild right now.” I hadn’t talked to Tristan the whole day, and I didn’t know what he was talking about, but Scotty had been chilling with him and walked over to try to calm him down quietly without making a scene in the apartment. It seemed to be working at first, but then Tristan jumped up and threatened to stab Scotty with a knife. I never saw the knife, but I heard him yelling about it. Almost instantaneously Marty and a few other guys walked Tristan outside and away from Scotty. While they were outside on the balcony talking to Tristan, I gathered Scotty and the rest of our crew, and we got out of there quickly. We headed back to the beach house to try to catch some balance and maybe even get a little rest. Marty came by the next day and he filled us in some more of the details behind Tristan’s freak out. Tristan had convinced himself that the bus trip was an elaborate trick

study with Paul Stamets to learn mushroom growing (he teaches medicinal and gourmet mushrooms, but I extrapolated the info to cubes), and then set up some sizable grows, and all the related hijinks that follow. Also traveled to Holland at one point and smuggled back lots of mushrooms via FedEx, but now we're getting away from ourselves... -----

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Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dstark

Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20965421 - 12/12/14 01:51 PM (2 years, 10 months ago) What's that?

----- What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post

Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark] #20966945 - 12/12/14 08:59 PM (2 years, 10 months ago) Talk-to-text technology.

I've been following it since the 1980s believe it or not, but until recently it's been kinda clunky - now it's almost magical when used with knowledge (which I DO NOT have - yet- ) But now that I threw down the money, I'm gonna

euphoria, like my whole reason for being was taking form here and making itself known. Together we wandered around looking at everyone, and weaving through the crowds from one stage to the next. I had taken a few hits of acid shortly after getting into the festival and as they started to kick in I looked back to see if Chris was feeling his, and realized my friends were nowhere to be seen. I started re-tracing my steps as best as I could, trying to find them. As the acid really started to come on strong I became more and more immersed in the music and the crowd, and soon, I forgot all about looking for my friends. I was hundreds of miles from home, with no idea where my friends were, no car, but all of that melted away. I knew I would find them somewhere, sometime before the morning sun rose over the party. The DJ was dropping some really great grooves and I started dancing, feeling my body become fluid, moving on its own to the rhythm. Dancing on LSD does something unique to your mind and body. There

books with spines, so ya just wanted to mention that. Post Extras: LittleDipster Registered: 06/19/10 Posts: 3,912 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Par] #18075692 - 04/08/13 03:09 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

wow I can't believe i didn't know about this thread. I've spent the entire morning reading through these stories Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] 1 #18075788 - 04/08/13 03:50 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: Absent Minded said:

dude... the fuck? That shit wouldn't fly this day in age you're a lucky camper. I love how at the end you're just like "wound up giving him a few grams of MDMA, sheet of 'cid and a hundred bucks" as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, and everyone has that as a means of payment for shit Honestly, I don't think it would've flown at the time it happened. It all came down to the human factor - the cop that showed up on the



obvious to the guys that ran the club. They didn't fire us, but they didn't ever give us another night to throw events after that. About a week after our failed party I was sleeping in my bed at my mom's house when my brother, Will walked in and woke me up at about 5:30 in the morning. I felt a hand on my shoulder and I've always been a light sleeper, so I was immediately awake. "I think I've got about 56 grams of MDMA, do you want to check it out?" I was out of bed and standing before I knew it. "What? How?" "I traded it for two books of acid at this rave I went to this weekend Usuaya." I still had a ton of acid in my safety deposit box and had sent him up to the rave with a few thousand hits. It was a weekend long festival rave up around Orlando, a few hours from our home. "56 grams? Really? Let me check it out!" Will pulled out a Ziploc bag of white powder and I could smell the licorice-tinged smell of MDMA before he even opened it. "Yeah that looks good. So how was it?"

by the five of us. Looking out on the sea of cars we were amazed at how big the scene was. This was the first rave we had been to of this magnitude. Previously we'd been to clubs, warehouses, and local events, but this would be our first rave in a festival setting. We followed the river of partiers flowing through the rows of cars heading towards the music, like pilgrims on the way to the holy city, the dance Mecca. The river carried us through the expanses of the parking lot and through the entrance gates into a nighttime carnival of sound and light. As we walked closer I heard "Raise Your Hands" by the Boston Bruins and my excitement continued to build. I was feeling great and so excited, all my cells were giddy with good feelings. Sound systems were set up under the stars, filling the night like a teapot filling a cup full of rainbow colored liquid. Thousands of people were everywhere smiling, hugging, and dancing, embraced by the cool air of the evening breeze. Covered in the cleansing sheen of sweat,

but definitely noticeable way. It would happen the next two or three times I would smoke the day after tripping, certainly energized me with the feeling of youthful living. I went through the past weekend in my head over and over. It was a totally new experience for me and I found myself wishing someone had told me about Farm Parties a long time ago. Camping, live music, and LSD were like the perfect prescription for my mind. I was inspired to find more events like this. After smoking my second bowl I was feeling great and was ready for the rest of the day. Unfortunately, I had an appointment to get my wisdom teeth removed, so it wasn't the best way to spend the first morning of spring break. I had some kind of condition that made it so I couldn't go to a regular dentist; I had to go to a maxillofacial surgeon. I got to the office and soon was in a chair with a mask on my face pumping a mixture of nitrous oxide and oxygen into my mouth and nose. I don't remember anything

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Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check  
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Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post  
Extras: KingKnowledge Around Registered:  
03/31/13 Posts: 2,876 Loc: East Coast Last  
seen: 1 year, 5 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#19337708 - 12/28/13 11:30 PM (3 years, 9  
months ago) WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
Reading it now, but just had to express my joy  
at a new chapter EDIT: Great read dw  
Whenever I'm handed an unknown liquid I ask  
what it is... I guess you got balls  
----- Edited by KingKnowledge  
(12/28/13 11:46 PM) Post Extras: Shortknight  
Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2  
months, 27 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: jack\_straw2208]  
#19337744 - 12/28/13 11:44 PM (3 years, 9  
months ago) Saving it for later because im  
going taboganing! Keen Shorty

None of the landmarks I was seeing felt familiar, and none of the paths I was trying were taking me out of the forest and to my car. Just as I was starting to panic a little, a small old man came down the path behind me with a walking stick and a smile. “Nice day for a walk, isn’t it?” he said nicely. I felt like I was tripping over my words, all I could get out was “Yep, and the best thing is that no one is here that doesn’t want to be.” “Having a good walk?” He asked, still smiling. “Well, actually, I’m lost” “You’re lost? Well, where are you trying to go?” “My car.” I said and then “But I don’t know where it is.” “Well oaky, let’s think – what did you park by?” “Oh by ropes and ponies” I said, it was about as coherent of a thought as I could get out at the time, but that was enough for him. “Okay I know exactly where to go.” He said and started walking off down the trail, leading the way. I followed him for just a few minutes and he walked us right to the entrance to the trail I had come in originally. He pointed to the pony

Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616  
Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: jack\_straw2208] #19333352  
- 12/27/13 10:17 PM (3 years, 9 months ago)

One more story. Please! Season 2 has to start  
soon. ----- Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey  
Toons] 2 #19337634 - 12/28/13 11:06 PM (3  
years, 9 months ago) Okay just spent a few  
hours writing this up, haven't edited at all, hope  
it is okay... The Farm Party About a week after  
the Marley Fest trip I found myself getting  
ready to leave for this year's farm party. I knew  
it was in February but it was extremely hard to  
find any info about when or where it was. I  
asked around to everyone I knew to see if  
anyone had any information, but kept running  
into dead ends. Luckily, one of the people I  
asked was a friend of mine who ran a local head

small circle. We poured fresh Florida orange juice into the vials, filling each one almost full. We would then screw back on the top of the vial and shake it vigorously before uncapping and throwing it back like a shot. We set up the turntables and got down to the business of getting a serious groove on. The Super Bowl was on Marty's big screen TV with the sound turned all the way down. The turntables gave the party its audible element, filling the air with thick clouds of electro madness and soon I heard someone say "It's SUPER-ROLL Sunday!" and the phrase was an instant classic. The words moved through the crowded music-filled apartment quickly and it immediately stuck. Yes, it absolutely was Super-Roll Sunday. No question about it.

About a week later we were gearing up for our first real party at the new house. It was Amber's birthday and we had invited a bunch of close friends to celebrate with us. Since we had five cars parked in front of our house at any one

they searched. “You’re not going to be seeing any pussy for a long time where you’re going!” one of them said making the rest of them laugh. I couldn’t believe they had been in the tiny dorm room for almost an hour and hadn’t found the stuff sitting out in plain view. Finally the moment arrived and one of them made an exclamation I didn’t hear, but then walked out into the main room holding the bubbler and my bag of weed. I heard another one in the room say “this is how he keeps it from smelling in here.” I imagined he was holding up my little toilet paper and fabric softener filter for the rest of them to see. One of them picked me up and walked me into the dorm room and I could see stuff thrown everywhere. My clothes, suitcases, book shelves everything was strewn about the room randomly. One of the cops was feeling all of my hanging clothes and asked “You got any acid tabs in here?” My heart sank a little, but I knew I didn’t have any, so I just said “What’s that? I’ve never even heard of acid tabs before.”



and went home. Man I was drained the next day, washed x 3. It was crazy, basically lounged the whole day. But what an experience, one of the 5 best nights of my life so far. Incredible stuff. Hope you enjoyed the read, more to come probably.

-----



----- there is nothing to fear with this chemical besides astonishing realization that everything IS indeed 1 entity Questions Post Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: jw2234] #17589772 - 01/22/13 06:22 PM (4 years, 9 months ago) Nice nice nice Feel sorry for the girl hope she is all right.

----- What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post Extras: GigaHurtz1 Stranger Registered: 09/29/05 Posts: 183 Last seen: 1 year, 5 months

stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations

feeling to another seamlessly and unceasingly. Sitting on the cool ground by the tent I started to relax. I felt the earth and the grass on my body and felt as if I was connected to everything around me. The waves had been coming on strong, and now thankfully seemed to be starting to subside. A few hours later the sun started to set behind the next peninsula over from ours. We saw that people had rented that peninsula and were busy gathering wood to build a big bonfire in the middle of their peninsula. “We should probably be gathering firewood over here too, it’ll be dark soon.” Jake said. We were able to gather a nice pile and placed most of it in our fire pit in a nice shapely cone, the rest we put to the side for later. Once our fire pit was set up, we walked back over to our picnic table to make some dinner. I thought about eating, and I realized I wasn’t hungry at all. In fact I didn’t even want to think about eating. Just as I was thinking this, Alex spoke my thoughts for me, “Guys, I don’t think I can

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[Mycology](#) [and](#) [Psychedelics](#) >> [The Psychedelic](#)  
[Experience](#) [Threaded](#) [Previous](#) [Index](#)  
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what the site has to offer. Please login or  
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additional forums, file attachments, board

molecule on the back (there is one on each side, mirrored) ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc: Eire

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #19084867 - 11/04/13 05:44 PM (3 years, 11 months ago) Looking good DW Think I'll buy a few things off you for christmas...looking forward to hearing more stories ----- Post Extras:

bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] #19099044 - 11/07/13 12:17 PM (3 years, 11 months ago) Holy shit those molecules on the back are so subtle and perfect! Fuck yeah man! I cannot wait for more stories. -----

comment in the thread with any grammar/spelling errors (or PM me), or anything that I need to elaborate more on. Let me know if there are any parts from the stories that feel like something is being left out, or something you'd like to know more about. The Trip to the Peninsula The Search for More Meeting the Connection The Edge (Part 1) Our Paths Cross Again The Rainbow Family of Living Light Spreading the Good News Not My Best Idea Moving on Up The Edge (Part 2) Learning The Hard Way Microdots A Quick Trip North Mom Eats Acid by Accident Pre-Birthday Weekend/10-Strip at School Cut Off Meeting The New Connection Endo Mekka People Losing It My Last Night Burger King and The Eternal Life Disco Mail-Order Mushrooms Island Adventure Toning Down IT-290 Lessons in Caution Finding the People College Daze - Part 1 College Daze - Part 2 The Belly of the Beast Keep on Truckin' Untitled New Years The New House The Marley Festival

ruining anyone's introspective mental landscapes who has the misfortune to be within earshot, I had to find other methods of moving from one song to the next. I found that by using a part of one record that had absolutely no drum beat, but only ethereal, or otherwise non-percussive music, I could bring in the second record and fade out the first one right at the first drop from the new track. It wasn't emotionally as satisfying as if I could just learn to match the beats, but it worked to give us a constant flow of great music around the clock at the new house. Shortly after we moved in, their friend Tonya flew in from Rhode Island and moved into the house too. Sophie and Kyle shared the master bedroom, Amber and I had a bedroom, Mark and Henry shared the last bedroom, and Tonya stayed on the couch in the living room. She was a bigger girl, but an absolute Tazmanian Devil in terms of energy. She was non-stop, but admittedly a very fun person to be around. And of course, like everyone except me, she was

busted, there was a huge rave being held at a local fairground, called Endo Mekka. It was a massive event with huge lists of DJs spinning and some international headliners. They had multiple rooms of music, and the event was packed. As soon as we got out of the car in the parking lot, I saw a guy selling red microdots. He said he needed a few bucks to get some gas for the ride home, so I bought 10 of them, since I hadn't seen microdots in a while. I stashed them in my friend's car since I didn't need to be walking into the event with more drugs than I already had. I took a very small amount of acid I brought with me from home and made my way to the line to get into the event with my friends. Once I got into the show I ran into a friend who had a lot of MDMA capsules he was calling Tic Tacs because they were really tiny capsules, about the size of a Tic Tac candy. I bought everything he had, which was only about 150 of them. This event had thousands of people, so I knew I could move through these very quickly,



Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#19006848 - 10/21/13 08:16 AM (4 years, 10 days ago) Haha This has me laughin every time “Damn man! You didn’t tell me that piece of wax paper was going to be like eating 25 hits! I ate that and when I was driving home I felt like I was going to fly off the planet!” & I thought driving on 1 was gnarly...

----- I'm drivin the Rolls Royce of  
Psychedelics Post Extras: Saeis Mental  
Explorer Registered: 08/21/13 Posts: 122 Last  
seen: 2 years, 6 months Re: Stories from

the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1  
#19007848 - 10/21/13 05:37 PM (4 years, 9 days ago) Quote: The rest of the day passed, I made it through geometry and then creative writing, both awesome classes to be tripping in. I just kept quiet, sat in my seat, and focused on the multiple dimensions opening up all around me. For the last period of the day instead of class, everyone in the school went to a performance in the school auditorium by the US

chance to try it after a week or more of abstinence. In the meantime, I worked on setting up some of the things that Ray and Gary had outlined. I got my hair cut, I went out and bought some business casual clothes, and had one of my life-long friends get me a PO Box and safety deposit box in his name. He didn't have anything to do with anything illegal, so he was the perfect person to help me out. I gave him a few hundred bucks and he gave me the keys and never asked a word about either one. I'm sure he knew I was up to something, but kept his questions to himself, which is probably why I felt okay asking him in the first place. He was one of those people you have in your life who I have used as a high watermark when judging when people move from a friend to someone you trust with your life. One of the things that made his character so strong to me was his sense of integrity and honor – if he said something was going to get done, you didn't have to ask, you knew it was done. I have been

the Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]  
#19161818 - 11/20/13 03:25 AM (3 years, 11  
months ago) Yes, very much looking forward  
to your next story bro! Truly a great read. Keep  
up the incredible stories! ----- “Life  
should not be a journey to the grave with the  
intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well  
preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside  
in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally  
worn out, and loudly proclaiming "Wow! What  
a Ride!" — Hunter S. Thompson Post Extras:

AlfredHitchcock Disco Biscuits Registered:  
02/29/12 Posts: 73 Loc: PSW Last seen: 1  
month, 7 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1  
#19317131 - 12/23/13 11:57 PM (3 years, 10  
months ago) DWPineal all I want for  
Christmas is the next chapter!! Merry Christmas  
& Happy Holidays to you sir. -----

I'm drivin the Rolls Royce of Psychedelics Post  
Extras: Seriously\_trippin Cosmic Guru  
Ganesh Registered: 07/13/13 Posts: 11,065 Last

over his nose. He sat down and we crowded around him. “Fuck man, this shit really burns. Can I have some water?” he croaked. I ran to the kitchen, got a cup of water and floated back over to the kitchen table where Henry was still holding his nose and bobbing up his whole torso up and down in the chair. In another few minutes he’d calmed down and the worst of it had passed. Once the burn was over he started smiling and said he was already feeling great from the first waves of the AMT. He started smiling again and the heavy mood blanketing the kitchen released its strangle hold on our emotions. I looked down at the other piles on the table and said, “I’m just going to eat mine. Anyone else want some?” The morning crystallized into the afternoon and everyone was still going strong. “I wish we had some rolls” Sophie, one of the girls said. Scotty and I had eaten the last of Will’s MDMA and I hadn’t talked to dan and John in a while, so I had no idea where to get any rolls from on New Year’s

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| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next > Sidestreet

Travelling'Topiate Registered: 09/14/06 Posts: 165 Loc: NE US Last seen: 3 days, 2 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: CosmicFillee] 1 #20532498 - 09/07/14 04:53 PM (3 years, 1 month ago) Log in to

view attachment Hey DW, I popped the whole story in to a pdf file for easy reading. Also I got a couple of your molecule pins from the etsy store without even realizing they were yours.

Badass! ----- Post Extras:

microdotty Pro darts player! Registered: 03/01/11 Posts: 1,670 Loc: England Last seen: 7 months, 16 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Sidestreet] #20534200 - 09/07/14 11:06 PM (3 years, 1

fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General

were to cross again. Abe and I called a few of our friends to share our newly acquired bounty. We walked back to Abe's house and waited for our friends to show up. We dropped in the early evening and sat outside in Abe's backyard surrounded by trees and good feelings. About the time the acid started hitting us, the sunset had painted the sky in amazing streaks of purple, red, yellow, and orange. In the distance was a characteristic Florida spring evening sight, a lightning storm. The lightning storm went on all night, creating an amazing light show on the night's skies. Ere since that night I have always connected deeply to the lightning storms of South Florida. We spent all night laughing, talking, connecting, and being awakened to the "other" that acid initiates one into. We were seeing the world we knew open into another place filled with knowledge that seemed entirely contrary to everything we'd been taught, but tinged with a truth so real, it was hard to deny. The LSD kept us up all night,

Toons] #18013712 - 03/26/13 07:28 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) -----

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Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check

out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: Psicodelico Just another psycho Registered: 01/22/11 Posts: 246 Loc: Brazil Last

seen: 2 years, 4 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#18020019 - 03/28/13 12:01 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) ----- Post Extras:

Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered: 10/04/10 Posts: 11,023 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Psicodelico] #18020295 - 03/28/13 12:58 AM

(4 years, 7 months ago) This is like waiting for a weekly episode of your favorite TV show,

only to find out they're showing a re-run. J/K DWP, I will wait patiently for you. Your stories



Previous	Index	Next	Similar	Threads
Poster	Views	Replies	Last post	
Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )				
Learyfan	13,924	58	10/23/17	03:57 PM
by Ferdinando		Is there hope for the		
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )				
MOTH	3,624	23	04/03/04	01:38 PM
by lightset		Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience		
Kid	4,313	14	05/30/17	05:50 PM
by CactiLover		Does anybody else NOT have		
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )				
PhanTomCat	8,686	56	07/12/16	10:37 PM
by cube talk		Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance		
Festivals ( 1 2 all )				
dumlovesyou	7,592	39	09/25/10	09:14 PM
by arekusu		What's		
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3				
all )				
silversoul7	5,232	50	12/18/15	06:48 AM
by ReaperAndRaven		FAQ 46. Is it true that		
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose				
3,535	18	10/20/04	05:38 PM	by baraka
The Psychedelic		Experience		and
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )				
Kid	11,037	52		

Post Extras: Absent Minded

Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way

Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground

[Re: pondracer] #18234222 - 05/09/13 01:51

AM (4 years, 5 months ago) I think this is

relevant I fucking love this song

----- Beats More Beats sheekle:

fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair

and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras:

Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts:

2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Absent Minded] #18240610 - 05/10/13 04:58

AM (4 years, 5 months ago) I love you guys,

you remind me so much of me and my friends!

Good thing man! Means me you and everyone

are just going to grow so much haha You're

stories rock Shorty ----- Did I say it

too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post

Extras: Noble Alien Hybrid Registered:

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
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Parents Link To Us Search Site Map Sponsors  
Mushroom Info Growing Mushrooms (TEST)  
Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#18062388 - 04/05/13 07:46 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) What can I say that hasn't already been said at length.??? Another awesome story from your psychedelic underground. Post Extras: Force Ten Home Will Always Be Here Registered: 04/11/08 Posts: 747 Loc: Elation Station Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18062534 - 04/05/13 08:30 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) God damn man, such a gripping read. I'm pleasantly flabbergasted that you got out of that one as easily as you did, I mean jesus christ the feeling of relief must have been incredible. ----- So hear this please And watch as your heart speeds up endlessly And look for the stars as the sun goes down Each breath that you take has a thunderous sound Everything, everything's magic Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2

and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
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Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
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register to post messages and view our exclusive  
members-only content. You'll gain access to  
additional forums, file attachments, board  
customizations, encrypted private messages, and

blessed in my life to be able to find just over a handful of these people in my life and I am eternally thankful for all they've done to enrich my life and teach me by example. Anyway, the paper turned out to be so good that it was all gone before I ever got a chance to put any in the safety deposit box. There was a check cashing store down the road from me that also was a Western Union, so I made arrangements to have Ray and Gary send me out another 10,000 hits to the new PO Box. The first time sending out the Western Union money was a bit unnerving, but after doing it a few times it became routine. Going to pick up the overnight package from the PO Box was a different story altogether, and it never got any easier. I always felt, every time I went to the post office, like I might be walking into a trap. That as soon as I took the envelope out of the PO Box, police would swarm all over and arrest me. Luckily that never happened, but that was the one part I could never get used to. I learned to make myself look casual and

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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (05/09/13  
01:20 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] 3 #17180332 -  
11/07/12 11:56 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Trip to the Peninsula There are some moments  
in time when you get the feeling that your whole  
life has led up to this exact moment. All your  
experiences and all you've learned, all of who  
you are and have come to be have led you to  
this crossroads in space and time. A moment  
where you are about to step into the unknown, a  
moment where you are looking at a chance, an  
opportunity, and you know your life will be  
forever changed should you stay the path. You



circumstances, regardless of what reality might be saying to the contrary. One of the things that I have always loved is to go to the movies. Going to the movies on LSD became one of the things my group of friends really loved; it would totally immerse us in the fantasy of the story. We would collect all the pixie dust into bags, and bring the bags to the movie theaters. Since the microdot dust was all different colors, the bags looked like little bags of sand art, or the smallest bags of Trix cereal one could imagine. We would take the pixie dust and pour it all into a bottle of orange juice, put the cap on and shake it up and pass it around. It was impossible to guess how many doses were in the bags of pixie dust, but we got pretty good at figuring out about how much pixie dust could be mixed for different size groups of people, but it was never an exact science. Before we had the ratios figured out there were a few really intense trips. One time we went with a group of about 10 people to see Pulp Fiction at the local theater.

stall, locked the door and I handed him a \$10 bill. He reached into his pocket and took out a colorful wrapped cellophane, and handed it to me. I just put it into my pocket without even looking at it, thanked him and squeezed out of the bathroom to tell my friends the good news. I walked over to the courtyard and motioned for my two friends to follow me. Together we walked to Mark's Jeep in the back parking lot to check out the score. "So what does it look like?" Alex asked. "I didn't check it out, he handed me this. I think it's two joints" I said, showing him the small wrapped package I'd been handed. It felt like two joints through the wrapper. "You know people sell rolled joints like this so they can sell you oregano instead of weed." Alex was an eternal pessimist, but many times he was right, I had a sinking feeling in my stomach as I unwrapped the colorful cellophane. We almost bumped heads looking into the little opened wrapper in my hand. "See, I knew he was cool!" I said triumphantly when I saw the package

tents right now, since they were probably like ovens inside, so we decided to go for a swim. We walked around the island to where our tents were, and they were actually in a shady spot since we didn't set up on the side where the DJs were playing. The huge tree we were under gave a welcome shade, but it was still feeling really hot, so we got into our bathing suits, grabbed some towels and headed over to the sand, which was only about 20-30 feet from our campsite. Even though the morning sun was hot, the water was refreshingly cool. We waded out a few feet into the water as the sand dropped off quickly from under our feet and into the depths. Even though the acid had mostly worn off by now, Gary and I got lost in one of those meaningful conversations that come to define what I would call a psychedelic bonding. Two people can meet one night, share a psychedelic experience together in the right setting, have the right conversation and feel like you know more about this person than you do about some of your

space. Of course this brought me to the possibilities that the galaxies were actually tiny cells in an organism so vast I couldn't even imagine it. If we were on the inside of an almost boundless, yet sentient and alive being, then what does the outside of that being look like? And how many of them are there? Again my consciousness collapsed upon itself to the microcosmic world. What if there were entire societies and worlds and galaxies with sentient beings within the tiny cells of my own body? A calming breeze came in from over the water and I had a moment of peace, feeling that everything was moving exactly as it should, and that everything was connected to everything else. I then thought about the cycles of humanity, living individual lives, but all touched by similar experiences, desires, thoughts, fears, and triumphs from the beginning of human kind all the way through to today. I saw circles of good and bad energies intertwining like the ripples in the water, and how they also are intimately

The Psychedelic Experience and Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra information You cannot start new topics / You cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled / BBCode is enabled Moderator: psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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you swallow what you have...and more the better for it... Thanks for the memories man...truly appreciated Keep these streams of consciousness flowing my friend... I will happily dive in...I've always liked swimming I know right!! Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #17948091 - 03/13/13 04:18 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: floatingwater said: Quote: Simple-Psyman said:haha I must say you certainly have some beautiful turns of phrase and I've had shivers on numerous occasions...so many similar thoughts resonate with me while you describe being in the momentless moment that is a trip... Most definitely agree with your comment. In a few of these stories, one definitely feels as though they are tripping right along with you dwp. Particularly that island party scene where you're on the beach in the morning and you dip into that bottle of liquid.

culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4. fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions for site modifications for site admins Beyond basic Species specific information Growing Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started (updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated 2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ (updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin Species (may contain outdated info) Other Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis

were going home with a deeper understanding of one another. I had seen myself from many different perspectives the past night. I saw a lot about myself that I loved, and I also saw a lot about myself that I was not proud of. I saw places in my life that needed serious improvement, and I wanted to work harder to be a better person. Taking that next day to reflect on everything that had happened during the trip really helped me. We kept talking as we broke down and cleaned up around our campsite. Eventually the morning gave way to the afternoon, and Jake's dad came rolling up in his old blue work van, kicking up clouds of dust as he got closer. "So, did y'all have fun?"

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12



22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | Next > | Last >  
Force Ten Home Will Always Be Here  
Registered: 04/11/08 Posts: 747 Loc: Elation  
Station Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18030225 - 03/30/13 03:16 AM (4  
years, 6 months ago) Oh dear god...  
----- So hear this please And watch  
as your heart speeds up endlessly And look for  
the stars as the sun goes down Each breath that  
you take has a thunderous sound Everything,  
everything's magic Post Extras: SnowDaze  
Back in the Saddle Registered: 02/24/13 Posts:  
5,631 Loc: Rocky Mountain High Last seen: 9  
days, 10 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Force Ten]  
#18030595 - 03/30/13 04:38 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) epic thread ----- If  
you get confused just listen to the music play  
Post Extras: Moonlightblue Registered:  
12/08/12 Posts: 351 Last seen: 1 month, 20 days  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: bryguy27007  
Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486  
Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18373795 -  
06/06/13 12:24 AM (4 years, 4 months ago)  
That shirt sounds amazing! Can't wait to see it!

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation  
Post Extras: SalCato pyrAmid Registered:  
01/01/08 Posts: 140 Loc: South Side Chicago  
Last seen: 15 days, 20 hours Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] #18379118 - 06/07/13 12:47 AM  
(4 years, 4 months ago) Hell yeah, that  
sounds tight. Will that be for sale on your site?  
Also, no derailing intended, but what ever

alternate lives, times, and dimensions. Then instead of being others, I became something that was more like all time and all things were happening together in a place that is all places. Any sense of boundaries or separation were removed entirely from existence. The history of time lead directly and purposely into this eternally perfect place. Perspective became fractal spirals, and movement in either direction to the micro to the macro could be spooled forever, always creating equal complexity. It was not completely unfamiliar in terms of psychedelic space, because this experience seemed to contain every moment of every psychedelic experience of my life. Like it was building on previous experience to direct the mapping of the new ones now flowing within me. I felt like I needed to tell Ray and Scotty everything. I was getting a massive teaching about the universe and how it is all put together and I needed to tell someone or write it down so that the wisdom would not be lost forever in the

had a vibrant and fulfilling life. Now if only LSD weren't so entirely absent in my social circle There comes a time for everything though I suppose. ----- "The issue is not whether people are 'good enough' for a particular type of society; rather it is a matter of developing the kind of social institutions that are most conducive to expanding the potentialities we have for intelligence, grace, sociability and freedom." - Paul Goodman (1964) Edited by Aerial Boundaries (11/09/12 08:24 PM) Post Extras: GigaHurtz1 Stranger Registered: 09/29/05 Posts: 183 Last seen: 1 year, 5 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Aerial Boundaries] #17210727 - 11/13/12 08:00 AM (4 years, 11 months ago) Very interesting stories, love hearing about peoples experiences in things that are not so commonly heard. keep it up! you have talent as a writer, I feel as though I am being put into your mind in the time and place you are describing. pretty wild to me you were

back into the bedrooms where he couldn't be seen. "Just ignore him, I'm sorry officers" Mark said, again with ultimate cool and control. He broke the tension again, and the officers relaxed again. "We're going to go, and like I was saying, we're going to pretend we didn't see all that, but you better make sure we don't get a single complaint about this house again tonight." The warning was kind and gracious, but also heavy with the serious threat of assured destruction if the warning was not heeded. With that, the cops turned around and made their way back out the laundry room door. Once I heard the cop car drive away, I opened the front door and looked into the darkness of the night. I could see cars parked along both sides of the street and disappearing around a bend in the road about a block away. I went back into the house and the vibe inside was all discombobulated. We didn't really know what to do. Most of the people there were tripping way too hard to send them home, and the ones who

never been a kind place to be caught with anything. I'm not sure what Gianni ended up getting for the possession of L and Mushrooms, in fact I'm not sure if I really ever saw him after this story, but the herb turned out to be nothing much at all, it was my first offense and I hired a pretty decent lawyer. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*

My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic

Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my

Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -

Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras:

GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13

Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

dwpineal] #17835728 - 02/20/13 07:40 PM (4

years, 8 months ago) By the way DW, you're

patches are awesome. I have a ravers take on a

punk vest in the works, and I would really like

to get some of those for my back piece. I want

to get a few of your molecules and a Biker style

Chris met the guy outside a local 7-11. Carmine asked to see the bag so he could check it out, and Chris handed it to him. Carmine then jumped into the back seat of a car and sped off, leaving Chris there with no money. The guy we got the herb from was not very understanding, he told us if we didn't come up with the \$300 he was going to kill us. These were some hard and expensive lessons to learn, but taught us a lot about being selective about who we dealt with. Things like these helped me to decide how I felt about morality and the way I wanted to treat others. It also taught me how I wanted to be treated myself. We came to the conclusion that we would write off bad debts. Fighting and perpetuating negative energy was not worth it. If someone ripped us off, it was worse for them, not us. Instead of doing good business where we could all make good money, they settled for whatever little amount they got on the spot. They were cut off. We were dealing in South Florida, where people get killed over bad deals,

dead. These stories are so inspiring and the new cats around here should really get the chance to enjoy this stuff. Also when is the book coming out? I want 2 copies! Post Extras:

LittleDipster Registered: 06/19/10 Posts: 3,912

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: feelthejourney666]

#23952353 - 12/24/16 12:40 AM (10 months, 14 hours ago) yess I definitely want this book.

I ended up printing out all the stories lol Post

Extras: Rocky Mountain Stranger Registered: 09/30/17 Posts: 13 Last seen: 3 hours, 12

minutes Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LittleDipster] #24692912 -

10/08/17 07:53 AM (22 days, 8 hours ago)

Anymore stories? Post Extras:

lysergiccognition Stranger Registered: 12/30/12 Posts: 49 Last seen: 9 days, 14 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Rocky Mountain] #24695040 - 10/09/17 02:37

AM (21 days, 13 hours ago) Great stories. Much Much love for ShamanicHarmonics from



of the other three guys in my dorm smoked. With this technique they tolerated me smoking inside the room. I do have to say my roommate was very cool. He saw me come home and bag up huge piles of herb and never really mentioned anything. One day he asked if he could take a puff when I was smoking and of course I handed him over the pipe. He took a nice pull and coughed and we hung out in the room and just shot the breeze most of the afternoon. About six hours later I was going along my day and popped into the room for a minute and he was still sitting on his bed watching TV. He looked over to me and asked "How long until this stuff wears off?" I laughed "Man, you're still feeling that?" I'd probably smoked a few more times since then and forgot how strong herb can be when you're not used to smoking all day every day. This guy was also a very straight-edge type preppy person, but very nice and a good roommate. He respected my space and I never had any cash or anything else

general population. I wasn't able to reach anyone who could help bail me out, so for the moment I was stuck here. I couldn't call the people I knew could really help me, which made the whole situation feel even worse. I didn't want to call my parents, so I spent the next day and a half in the general population cell, playing cards and reading a book to pass the time. The jail was kept freezing cold, to keep germs down people said, so the entire time I was never able to get comfortable. The door to our cell was one that made those loud echoing slams that you could feel moving through your body like bass at a rave. Every time it opened and closed it made that same horrible noise, and they opened and closed it a lot. They woke us up at 4:30 AM to eat "breakfast" that lasted all of about 10 minutes before taking away the trays again. There was a crazy old guy in the cell that was doing spastic karate or tai chi moves. He had long wavy gray hair, and I heard some people saying "That man's straight crazy, I don't fuck

years, 10 months ago) Woo! Can't wait for  
more stories. Post Extras: aw11driver  
Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946 Loc: land of  
blue foot Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: shLong] #21091497 -  
01/09/15 03:44 PM (2 years, 9 months ago) Ive  
got some catching up to do! Love the stories and  
cant wait. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic  
Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
aw11driver] #21123883 - 01/15/15 12:56 PM (2  
years, 9 months ago) Another cool rave  
documentary on the South Florida 1990s rave  
scene. I know 80% of the people in the video  
and some were hanging at my house NYE  
----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
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Shroomerite Art Post Extras: ezace Wily

Next Welcome to the Shroomery Message Board! You are experiencing a small sample of what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to additional forums, file attachments, board customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Shop: buy cannabis seeds, Buy CBD Pages: < First | < Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next > The Truth Seeker Stranger Registered: 05/24/13 Posts: 68 Loc: Pala Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: PanGaia] #19360318 - 01/03/14 02:17 AM (3 years, 9 months ago)

I love your stories man! Thanks for sharing them. Post Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: The Truth Seeker] #19360892 - 01/03/14 04:42 AM (3 years, 9 months ago) Great read as always

up with was to sit here on the couch and smoke this joint. Since we'd come up with that idea a few times already, we were still feeling nice even though we had no New Year's Eve plans. "Do you wanna go to The Theater?" "Fuck no." Scotty said, tamping down the joint on my mom's coffee table. "I'm not going to that Top 40's club for New Years." We both laughed at this, because it was definitely not the type of place we ever hung out. The Theater was one of the biggest clubs in Fort Lauderdale at the time, but it was a very watered-down generic meat-market type mainstream club. It was not our crowd, our music, or even our scene. I was almost never at the club on one of the nights it was open for business. I went there to hang out in the daytime with the owners, occasionally picking up flyers to pass out when I was promoting. I'm not sure why the owners let me continue to work for them, seeing as was probably the worst promoter ever, but I appreciated the job title that allowed me to

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Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )				
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by Ferdinando		Is there hope for the		
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )				
MOTH		3,624		
23	04/03/04	01:38	PM	by lightset
Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience				
Kid	4,313	14	05/30/17	05:50 PM
by CactiLover		Does anybody else NOT have		
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )				
PhanTomCat	8,686	56	07/12/16	10:37 PM
by cube talk		Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance		
Festivals ( 1 2 all )				
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What's				
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3				
all )				
silversoul7	5,232	50	12/18/15	06:48 AM
by ReaperAndRaven		FAQ 46. Is it true that		
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose				
3,535	18	10/20/04	05:38	PM by baraka
The Psychedelic Experience and				
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )				
Kid	11,037	52		

pulled at my pants, and said "Yeah nigga, I'll even search your nuts!" He didn't touch me, but he was close enough to feel his hot breath on my face. After the gun episode I was just not in any condition to even argue. He reached into totally empty pockets, nothing fell out of my pants, so he started to realize I didn't have his money or his pills. He saw my hand and said "What's that?" Opening my fingers from around the E pill. "Hey man, that's my last pill, please, it's all I have." "You still owe me two pills kid" he said taking the pill from me and walking off into the crowded dancefloor. I hurried to the bathroom, made my way into one of the stalls, locked the door and took a deep breath. I undid my pants and pulled out the money I had crumpled into my boxer pockets in the car during the robbery. I flattened it out, folded it into one of the already folded stacks and pulled up my pants. I knew I had over a grand, maybe two, and I should be happy that I still had everything, but my mood was ruined for the

over the next week, since I was now a permanent fixture within their scene. Luckily I get along with people well and no one seemed to mind. In fact they were more than welcoming and found a place in their circle for me that felt as if I'd had it all along and had just found my way back after a long absence. Make no mistake about it though, there were too many people in that small two bedroom apartment before I got there, adding me into the mix definitely made it just that more of a tight space. The next weekend we all dosed on AMT. This new group of friends all really loved it and it was something they'd never encountered before. It was a really beautiful substance when everything aligned properly. It could bring out the deep empathy of MDMA during some waves and the colorful tryptamine psychedelia reminiscent of a mix of LSD and mushrooms during others. As the day turned into night someone had the idea to walk around outside. Going outside was the perfect idea, as it got us



Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet Mushrooms (may contain outdated info) Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2 Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing

created last weekend. I honestly think I've got one of the coolest LSD Molecule shirt designs that I have seen out there. It's like a four layer molecule Blacklight reactive blue border > Glow in the dark internal border > Reflective innermost border > Line schematic glow in the dark molecular structure. The reflective material is what is really extra spectacular though, it is the same material with all the licensing and certifications for use on EMS/Fire safety clothing, it makes the molecule glow with it's own inner light. My wife said "Whoa, that looks super trippy!" when she saw me make the first one and I was like, "Well that's what it's supposed to be!" The reflective makes it hard to photograph well enough to show it off, but I'll get pics one day Gonna do the same thing with THC, DMT, Psilocybin and MDMA over the next week to ten days before I leave for the summer. Quote: toader123 said: DW, you vending at EF this year?? Yessir, I'll be in the Sherwood Court area by the big stage.

on the pipe. This was not a good idea. The light swung around as if pulled by a wire tied around its beam, and shone brightly in my eyes. “What the fuck is wrong with you? Didn’t you see me right here?” I heard from behind the beam. I don’t remember my answer, but I can’t imagine it was too bright. “Gimme the pipe.” I handed it over into the opened palm that appeared under the light. “You got anything else you shouldn’t have in here?” “No.” I lied. My pockets were stuffed like a psychedelic candy store, acid, rolls\*, and of course, more herb. “Man, don’t fuck around in here like that.” With that, he and my pipe were gone. Two pipes down, and many more to go. (to state the obvious)\*rolls are ecstasy pills ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12

sitting at the bar of the club, probably drinking water, since I never drank alcohol. I started talking to a beautiful oriental girl in the seat next to me, and soon we were making out. At one point I asked her what she was doing later, if she wanted to come to an afterhours party after the club closed. She shocked me with her response, "I don't know let me ask my boyfriend over there." "You have a boyfriend?" "Yes, but don't worry, he's not the jealous type." She said looking over her shoulder and waving a tall guy over. He was wearing a black Kangol hat that obscured his eyes, and he put his arms on her shoulders as she spoke into his ears so he could hear over the music. He looked over to me with a smile and held out his hand. Hi I'm E-Dog, I see you've met O already. I reached out to shake his hand, feeling about as awkward as I can ever remember feeling. I wasn't sure what was going on but it seemed weird and yet natural at the same time. I didn't kiss her any more after meeting her boyfriend, but it turns

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Psilocyentist]  
#18027590 - 03/29/13 04:43 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Damn, I really hope you at least  
ditched the herb well before this point! You  
must have seen that situation coming!? Post  
Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered:  
01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
toader123] #18028251 - 03/29/13 07:54 PM (4  
years, 6 months ago) God damn! Leaving us  
in suspense. Great story DW. -----

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --

The Genesis Generation Post Extras: Jump to  
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The Psychedelic Experience Threaded

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Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )

Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM

everything goes right, everyone's gonna be buying sheets from me. We'll all be moving up." I thought Jesus was a funny name for an acid dealer, but kept that to myself. I also thought it was funny how she said I met Jesus, but again, didn't say anything, she seemed really excited. "I'm gonna start selling sheets for \$165." That I liked. I guess everything went okay, because soon the price dropped just like she said. At this point I had started making new contacts and had people from some of the other high schools helping me move Melanie's acid. In addition to selling singles, I also started moving a little bulk, selling quarter sheets or more. When the price drop passed on down the line I started getting people who were interested in buying their own sheets. I asked Melanie how much it would cost to buy a book (a thousand hits). "A dollar a hit." She said. So I started selling sheets at about the price I was getting them at before, \$180. I would take almost all the money I made and reinvest it into more LSD. It

em coming! Post Extras: dstark Manifesting  
Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last  
seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]  
#17830338 - 02/19/13 08:24 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) Moar! pls ----- What

is a mind, if not something to be messed with?  
What is consciousness, if not a state to be  
altered? Post Extras: mattritt Mind Chemist

Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1  
year, 8 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]

#17830702 - 02/19/13 09:38 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) MoAR MoAR!!  
----- \*\*Metaphysical Crystal,

Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual  
reacts differently to every chemical. Know your  
Body - Know your Mind - Know your

Substance - Know your Source. "You need more  
THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras:  
LiftedBanks Lifted Lysergically Registered:

04/30/11 Posts: 189 Last seen: 4 years, 3

our message machine was blinking. We had a voice message machine that would let you press 1 for my mom, 2 for me, and 3 for my brother, so I could see by the way it was blinking that the message was for me. I pressed the button and it was Melanie's boyfriend, "Yo man, you fucked up, you're cut off, never fucking call Melanie again!" I'd never really spoken to Melanie's new boyfriend, and certainly never gotten a message from him, so of course, the first thing I did was to call Melanie. "Hey I got a message on my machine from Mark, he said I was cut off, why, what did I do?" "That was a cop you brought with you today, I know him, he busted me before" she said, angrily. "No, he's not a cop, that's my friend's dad! I just had no one else to give me a ride today." "Look, never call me again, you're cut off." She said, and hung up. I sat there, looking at the phone in my hand. I knew Sara's dad wasn't a cop, he worked construction. This didn't make any sense. So I dialed Melanie's number again. This



LittleDipster] #18128294 - 04/18/13 02:46 PM

(4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: LittleDipster

said: Man I figured you would have known by then NOT to answer doors with a bag of weed in your hands! , that thought had crossed my mind too. -----

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: floatingwater

Registered: 01/06/09 Posts: 2,699 Last seen: 4 years, 2 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18128299 - 04/18/13 02:48 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Ahh! Another great story! On a side note, I think I remember you said the names were all pseudonyms, but the name Amber is a good fit either way. I've only met two or three Amber's in my life and they've all been pretty and very sexually charged. There's something about that name!

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#18159177 - 04/24/13 08:33 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Cant believe the chapter ended there so fucking intense, so interesting!!!!

----- What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post Extras: pondracer Beginning psychonaut Registered: 03/10/13 Posts: 23 Last seen: 2 years, 6 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#18180932 - 04/28/13 06:46 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) Holy shit. I just got done reading all of this thread... My life is so bland because I have not done any of the good stuff like L and shrooms and weed until I started several years ago with the weed when I got hurt on the job, and L last year when I had migraines. It's always something that turns someone who was anti-drug/anti-weed into someone who would love weed and psychedelics. Every time I see the ending where the fuzz comes onto the scene I go AAAAAIIIIIGGGHHHH! NOOOOOOOO!

still looking at the grooves in the bottle cap when Ray walked over and opened the cap for me. I looked in the bottle, was this more LSD liquid he wanted me to drink? What was going on here? Why was he trying to trick me into taking more LSD? I looked over to E-Dog and wondered if he was in on this. Was he really my friend? Is this trip still getting stronger? “No, I’m, --ok” I said handing the bottle back to Ray. I didn’t want to drink anything from that bottle, were they trying to make me crazy?

“Okay, here” Ray said, taking the bottle back from me, screwing on the top, and putting it next to my chair. “Here, try this. Sit on the ground with you back as straight as you can.” He sat on the floor demonstrating what he was saying. It looked like he was in a meditating position with his back straight and legs crossed. I got up as easily as I could, and sat down next to him. I straightened my back, crossed my legs, and looked over to Ray. “You too man” he said to Gary, who was lying on a blanket in the grass

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#17635409 - 01/30/13 09:04 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) Wow, that last story was  
amazing, so finely detailed. How long ago was  
that? You sir have a great memory, and are a  
great writer . -----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>  
- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.  
Every single person deserves a psychedelic  
experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered:  
01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen:  
2 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: rickjamez20] 2  
#17636903 - 01/31/13 01:36 AM (4 years, 8  
months ago) DW I almost feel guilty for not  
leaving a post as soon as I got done. First thank  
you! These stories are truly engaging. I stayed  
up WAY later than usual on a work night to  
finish them. Psychedelic crack! You have a real  
gift with words. I have read a few of your other  
post after reading and can see you are an artist.

"Fetish party" - and I'm not sure exactly what I'm getting myself into this time, but I'm always one for a new adventure LOL...

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered: 10/04/10

Posts: 11,023 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#18157391 - 04/24/13 03:00 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Sounds kinky. -----

Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I won't be alone

'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before. Post Extras: dstark Manifesting

Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ballerium]

cool! Thanks for quoting that one! I loved that one too. ----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: Jesus Cristo High on Drugs Registered: 07/25/11 Posts: 739 Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #17608210 - 01/25/13 06:07 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) This is the best thread ive ever read. Read them all and patiently waiting for the next one. Youve had an interesting life to say the least, pineal. Post Extras: aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946 Loc: land of blue foot Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo] #17619959 - 01/28/13 12:15 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Just read them all and id love to read more. Interesting times back in the 90s lol. Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: aw11driver] #17620258 - 01/28/13 01:20 AM (4 years, 8

Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom  
Hunting Amanitas Contamination Logos Trippy

golf course and the emotions of shame, fear, worry, and hopelessness began hugging me tight. By the time the cop's feet were just inches away from me I was not quite crying, but was not far from it either. "Is this your car?" he asked. "No" I started to reply. "Well were you driving it?" He cut me off. "Well, yes. Yes I was." "So what happened here?" "I borrowed my friend's car, and I thought I could drive it, but I can't drive stick. It kept stalling at the light so I hit the gas really hard to try to get the car to go and then it just shot forward. I didn't know it was going to be so powerful and I lost control." The words just came flowing out of my mouth almost in a single breath. "I'm sorry, I just didn't know this could happen." I continued. "So this is your friend's car?" I nodded. "Do you have the car's registration?" I opened the car door and opened the glove compartment, the registration was right on top of a stack of papers. At least one thing was going my way. I handed it to the cop. "And do you have your



way for me. One of my friend's called me the "Golden Boy" because things always seemed to go my way in crazy situations, nothing was ever as bad as it could have been. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter

Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12

Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#17836712 - 02/20/13 10:38 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: did they have more

lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR here. you'd be

Quote: Absent Minded said: did they have more lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR here. you'd be

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Quote: Absent Minded said: did they have more lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR here. you'd be

about peoples perception on psychedelic's and that the situations must have been embellished in our minds...I know that while on a trip the freakiest, strangest...mind bogglingly odd situations will pop up as soon as you swallow what you have...and more the better for it... I know right!! For sure, that will give me a chance to plug one of my all-time favorite threads here, The OFFICIAL Strange Things That Happen While Tripping Thread I'm definitely a believer that after dosing, it seems like the strangest things happen - at least in my experience. And the above thread lets me know I am not alone ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re:

just looked at him, thinking was he a cop? Was he setting me up? What should I do? He could feel my uneasiness and said, “Man, it’s ME. ME, you know me my brother.” I realized yes, I had known this guy for a long time, he had always been golden, and we needed to do this and get out of the bathroom as soon as possible. I opened the bottle and quickly counted out 10, and another 10 and 5 putting each group into his hands, which he then put into an empty cigarette cellophane. We walked out of the stall one at a time, him first, closing the door, and then me a few seconds later, and we headed back into the madness of the event. We went our separate ways and I was all alone again, walking through the booming bass and layers of lights, trying to feel okay about all the ecstasy capsules I had in my pocket. The whole place felt like a set-up and I got more and more paranoid as I walked around. I saw a lot of friends, but I was being evasive with everyone, I just wanted to leave, but I was too scared to go outside by myself,

But he wouldn't take it. After a little coaxing I was able to get him to accept a few grams of Will's MDMA, a sheet of acid and a hundred bucks. , that's awesome. Great story as always DW. I liked this one a lot. I love how you went back for the herb, . You're pretty damn lucky aren't you? Although I have a feeling like your luck is going to change soon. I know that I have read your 8-month trip report but I don't remember any of it. Let's see, a good title... Shit, I can't think of anything either. -----

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --  
The Genesis Generation Post Extras:

aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946  
Loc: land of blue foot Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007]  
#18049777 - 04/03/13 06:08 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Once again good read! Im glad  
that lady was cool and helped you out. Figured  
the stalling would play in your favor. Its got to  
be good to have friends with well off parents  
lol. dave sounds cool as hell most people would

Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17188986 - 11/09/12 02:14 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

I really think you should write a book man.

----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

Kief Ledger Stranger Registered: 11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17189099 - 11/09/12 02:51 PM (4 years, 11 months ago) I'd buy it! Post Extras:

XLCaps octopus fucking starfish Registered: 11/03/12 Posts: 25,447 Loc: Next to your fire

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #17189102 - 11/09/12 02:54 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Awesome stories man, keep it up. Also, I took a two hits of LSD last night and I talked to my cat



before. The people had changed, but the ring of people chilling had stayed in the same place, it was just composed of different people now. I looked on the floor near where I was sitting and bolted over there. I saw the cellophane on the cigarette pack glinting at me. I picked it up, said a small prayer, and opened the top. The bright green buds smiled back at me, happy to be reunited. I was so thrilled, I rolled another fatty for the circle of people who were all sitting next to the box full of herb without ever even knowing it. After that night I stopped going out to events regularly. I still went to raves once in a while, but I no longer made it my life's mission to attend every event every night of the week that I could. I don't mean to sound negative, to this day I still believe that the dancefloor of a rave can act as a holy and sacred container for deep psychedelic experiences. I just believe that like all scenes, it went through a time of utopian purity that was later corrupted by the outside world. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First

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[The Guide](#) Registered: 04/15/12 Posts: 402 Loc:

  Last seen: 2 years, 1 month      Re:

[Stories from the Psychedelic Underground](#) [Re:

[bryguy27007](#)] #19008273 - 10/21/13 07:17 PM

(4 years, 9 days ago)      I've been waiting

patiently for the next story. You guys blue

ballsed me! However, you did give me an

excuse to bump this thread. Post Extras:

[shLong](#) Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:

['sconsin](#)      Re: [Stories from the Psychedelic](#)

[Underground](#) [Re: [PanGaia](#)] 2 #19008328 -

some using a totally different design in the past and never really liked how THC came out, so I didn't really ever make any after the first run. but basically I know I'll sell out at EFF, but when I get back, I can make each of you your own shirt (I can even super customize them if you want like with a name, wording, or whatever you want) Quote: GRAVE said: I'll commission an mdma shirt. Wear it while i'm djing at raves and people will be like whoaaaaaa.. Tight, that'll be good promotion for me, I love making clothes for DJs performers MDMA came out really nice, I'm excited how they came out. Quote: allseeingike said: i demand to see the lsd shirt AT ONCE!!! okay let me see if I can get some pics up. I'm totally drug-geeking out about these shirts. From some angles, the reflective just looks like a regular silver/grey, but you get at the right angle and BLAM, mad insane reflectivity. I'm loving the new material. Also I was thinking it will be hard to represent the shirts effectively,



Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger] #17958996 - 03/15/13 11:36 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) DWpineal gained the power of cliffhanger! ----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methyone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger] #17959292 - 03/15/13 02:29 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: Hashfinger said: ^dwpineal ----- Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike] #17960648 - 03/15/13 09:03 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: allseeingike said: Quote: Hashfinger said: ^dwpineal I've always been curious what our buddy looks like. I have a mental image, but

customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Pages: < Back | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | Next > | Last > shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: broken] #17726886 - 02/01/13 09:28 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) It'll take a while to read, but its so good and just getting better. Glad you checked it out Post Extras: DrumsyStrings Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 122 Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17727209 - 02/01/13 10:34 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) dwpineal, these stories are all absolutely amazing. You are a truly talented writer. Each story has captivated me more than the last, and the most recent story was my favorite one yet. The storyline just keeps getting better and better. You definitely need to make these into a book. Keep up the awesome writing, Can't wait for the next story!

enough to also be cautious. I didn't want to feel too exposed, so I kept that part quiet, but told him I had taken some of the same stuff too and could definitely agree. Many hours after the day had given way to night, the festival ended, but our trips were far from over. We all eventually found our way back to the bus and as far as I know, no one was left behind. The bus ride home was a much calmer ride home than the ride out. People were still tripping, but it was much more mellow and smokey inside the bus. Eventually we pulled back into the parking lot at Marty's place and Curtis parked the bus close to the entrance to his building. After engaging the parking brake, he turned around, stood up and said loudly, "I've been driving buses for over 20 years, and I've never, I mean NEVER seen a group that can party like y'all do!" Everyone started cheering and giving Curtis big high 5's on the way off the bus. It took a really long time to get all the equipment and people loaded off the bus, almost as if no one wanted to

deeper and truly personal level. Our relationship grew from this moment and I am so thankful for the chance to experience all we did that day, and to have had the experience with him. I got to see what a really cool person he is from a totally different perspective. It is amazing to know that you can live your whole life with a person and after all that time, connect on a level you never knew was even possible. I feel sorry for people who will go a lifetime and never closely connect to their family members in such a powerful and moving way. I see now how I was blind to the people in my life and knew I needed to recognize how special they all are, and show my gratitude and respect more fully. It felt so good we went back to the bag a few times before passing out later that night. A few days later we ended up hanging out with a few of Will's friends at a house right down the street from our mom's. The house belonged to a guy named Chip who was a personal trainer. He was in really good shape, but still smoked herb and did other

thing was moving. Then I inhaled and it was like a membrane was torn. I sucked in air and the world resumed motion, sound, sight, touch, taste, everything became alive and I was a part of everything. My body disappeared and I felt like anything and everything was possible. All time was happening right at this very moment, I experienced everything that ever happened since the beginning of time to its ending, every emotion that was felt by every human being, and every subtle nuance of the emotion moved through my body all at once. It was an experience of oneness, wholeness and it seemed to stretch on into eternity. It was another "AH-HA! Moment." It was a feeling of being home. Home in a place that I've always been in, and that I was waiting for myself to come home to. I'm not sure how long this went on for, but at some point I heard a knocking on my car door window and looked up, feeling like a mad man caught deep within his insanity. Outside my window was such a vision of peace and beauty.

AMT sounds awesome! Great story as always,  
good vibes! ----- So hear this please  
And watch as your heart speeds up endlessly  
And look for the stars as the sun goes down  
Each breath that you take has a thunderous  
sound Everything, everything's magic Post  
Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered:  
01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] 1 #17797284 - 02/14/13 02:18 AM (4  
years, 8 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said:  
Knowing that the Merry Pranksters were using  
it on the bus increased the mystique, making me  
curiouser and curiouser. I love this Lewis  
Carroll reference. Great story DW, as always.  
Can't wait for the next one. -----

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --

The Genesis Generation Post Extras:

rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11  
Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20  
hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #17797480 -

for it and a fear of suffering!!! cant end on that  
me thinks... On a random positive note my little  
niece is the brightest funniest little ball of  
energy Ive ever seen..her smile makes me live  
stronger and more creatively...think I'm still a  
big child to be honest...as we all should be..  
hehe I like you man.... Cheers on, cheers on. -  
Shorty ----- Did I say it too loud?

Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:  
Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667  
Loc: Eire Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Shortknight] #17952738 -  
03/14/13 08:12 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: Shortknight said: I like you man....  
Cheers on, cheers on. - Shorty Thanks dude...or  
dudette...its nice to be nice -----

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The Psychedelic Experience Threaded

out they knew the guys throwing the party also, because after the club closed, we all ended up at the same house hosting the afterhours party. It was the house of one of the guys Chris had talked to earlier, the Israeli mafia guys. They also owned a limo company, so we all piled into one of their limos, and it took us to a nice home in a suburban Fort Lauderdale neighborhood. We all went into the house and everyone relaxed on the floor, couches, pillows, all over the main room of the house. They had turntables set up and a DJ was spinning some relaxing ambient jams. We were passing around joints, and somehow the subject of acid came up. I had some with me and one of the guys, from across the room said, "Hey kid, let me get a few hits." I figured he was cool, but I wasn't sure if I was going to charge him, or give them to him for free. As I was thinking about it, he said, "Hey man, don't be worried, when the books come into South Florida, they come through me, I'll get you back." He had put me on the spot, I felt



directions of the police through a gated fence and then a police cruiser got on both sides of the bus, keeping pace. We're all tripping on the bus with untold amounts of drugs on board, sitting inside a fog filled canni-bus and now cops are surrounding us and leading us somewhere. Some people started freaking a little and whispered outbursts of "what's going on?" "why are the cops following us???!!" echoed in the air. The tension started to rise and people started stashing stuff all over the bus. Curtis could tell we were all losing it, but he kept quiet and focused on driving as carefully as he could. The tension melted into laughter once it became apparent that the cops were not trying to bust us, They were escorting us to the backstage area. They thought that our bus was one of the artist's tour buses because it was so nice. Once they'd brought us past the threshold and through the gates, the two cop cars pulled away and drove off. Curtis pulled up to the back gate, where we could all access into backstage areas of the

leaves of the Saw Palmetto that are omnipresent in the Everglades. We opened the door, and the three of us walked through the small survival shop full of camping necessities and fishing gear up to a an older man in well-worn overalls. He looked as if he was there as long as the building itself. "What can I do for ya boys?" He told us that all the campsites were on their own peninsulas, each one a jutting land mass surrounded on three sides by water. He also told us the each peninsula was \$11.00 a night. We put our money together and handed it over. He put the money into his register and handed me the receipt. As he did this, he looked up from under his baseball cap and asked, "Now y'all ain't here to party are ya? 'Cuz we don't tolerate that" "Oh, no." I said, feeling a bit self-conscious. "No, we're gonna do some fishin'." Jake said with a perfect calmness. The old man pointed us to our peninsula, and sent us on our way. Back outside I felt the massive openness of the Everglades surround me in a soothing

counted and put 5,000 microdots into a regular sandwich bag and they barely filled up the bottom inch of the bag. A lot of people thought the microdots were mescaline and people were calling them mescaline microdots, but that wasn't true, they were LSD. The amount of mescaline that would be necessary to bring on the psychedelic experience, in the range of 200-400 milligrams, would never have fit into those tiny dots. The microdots only weighed a total of about 20-30 milligrams each. I would try to explain this to people, but ended up hearing some very weird explanations. The weirdest one was some guy that was telling me that the microdots were a very concentrated form of mescaline. I spent a while trying to reason with him that mescaline had a specific molecular weight and no matter how concentrated it got, even 100% pure, it could never be concentrated enough to lose 10 times its volume, but he wouldn't budge. I learned that people believe what they want to believe in many

the guy died in some kind of boating accident, but I really cannot remember. He started telling me how that person was a witness against him in the case and that he was killed shortly before the trial began. I looked over to him and his eyes were on fire, crackling with intensity like invisible lightning. He didn't come right out and say that his family had taken care of his problem, but that seemed to be implied as the conversation continued. With the two of us alone there tripping in his apartment, I got the point and I've never forgotten it. It was absolutely a threat that if anything went wrong; I might find myself in a boating accident. I never knew if he was for real or not or if the story had any truth to it, but I made a mental note that this guy was more than a little nuts. I never even knew Marty's last name, and now that I am remembering all this, I am glad I didn't! About a week or two after Amber's birthday party we all load up from our house on the beach and caravanned the 8 of us over to

felt so good to just sit down, melting into the seat. I pumped up the mix tape in my car stereo, cranked the AC and sat back while the mushrooms took me through another ride into the unknown areas of my unconscious. I I started thinking about being safe - how essential safety is to human happiness. If you feel like you're not safe, how can you enjoy food, sleep, or even life itself? Knowing you are safe from harm and death would allow someone to really experience the joy of freedom. My mind kept circling around the word "safe." Safe. Safe. Safe. Safe. I saw the need for locks on things to keep people safe, to live their lives. My mind started chanting over and over again Safe, Safe, Safe - Life, Life, Life - Lock, Lock, Lock. Safe, Safe, Safe - Life, Life, Life - Lock, Lock, Lock. I said it out loud and in my mind until it was my entire understanding of everything. I felt my body processes start to slow down, and I looked down to the ground and started to curl a little in my seat, maybe approaching fetal position in a

customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Shop: ½ Pint Jars Pages: < Back | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | Next > | Last >

dwpineal      Psychedelic      Artist      Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17185553 - 11/08/12 10:55 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)      Cut Off I'd been working with Melanie for about a year and a half, moving many thousands of hits each month, so we'd become pretty close. We'd developed a good relationship, and trusted each other, which is very important in this game. One thing I've learned in my life, is that people who actually do what they say they are going to do, are like gold. You want to keep those people around. I still didn't have a car, so I would always have other people drive me around to pick up acid, or to go to parties, and even to run around and do drop offs. Today I needed to go pick up a book and no one could drive me. I was at my friend

almost 7 hours into the trip, so I was down enough to talk to the Principal again when I had to. I didn't make any excuses, I just said I was feeling the music and wanted to dance. Somehow miraculously, again, I didn't get in any trouble, and I'd been in the office twice today, it was definitely a good birthday.

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
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The Doors Mushrooms, Mycology and  
Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience  
Threaded Previous Index Next  
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all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
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nothing to fear with this chemical besides  
astonishing realization that everything IS indeed  
1 entity Questions Post Extras: dstark  
Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts:  
3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
jw2234] #17472026 - 12/30/12 11:01 PM (4  
years, 9 months ago) good read. Do you have  
stories of being with a girl/girlfriend with some  
rave, drugs and sexy time perhaps  
----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: jw2234 Astral Traveler Registered:  
08/18/09 Posts: 1,237 Loc: Bay Area Last seen:  
1 year, 4 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#17476790 - 12/31/12 08:40 PM (4 years, 9  
months ago) Unfortunately not yet, but I have  
a huge life ahead of me so soon I will report  
back with stories like that. Hell we'll even see  
what happens today/tonight. Psyched

surprised to find myself still in my chair at the campsite. I looked over at Ray and I created his past and present in my mind. E-Dog came over and put his hand on my shoulder and his other hand near my hand. “Here take a pull off of this” I smelled the smoke coming from the joint in my hand and it smelled like the most intoxicating wonderful aroma I’d ever smelled. I put my hand to my mouth and was able to get a big hit from the joint, closed my eyes again and held it. Almost immediately the visuals softened in texture but moved quicker in my mind. I opened my eyes again and looked over to my friend, feeling like I was getting higher and higher and it wasn’t leveling off. “Is it going to keep getting stronger?” “It’s only been about an hour, so yes, it will get stronger, but just go with it.” “An HOUR????” It felt like I’d been in that white light space for a lot longer than an hour. I wasn’t sure how much stronger I could handle this trip. But as I was thinking that, I could feel the intensity continue to rise. I looked around

years, 4 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: smokin427] 1  
#17984437 - 03/20/13 08:48 PM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Best thread I've come across...

----- Post Extras: Shroomey

Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts:  
616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10  
months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Psicodelico] #17986773 -  
03/21/13 03:52 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

So good it bummed me out. Can't believe you  
got arrested on ACID! ----- Post

Extras: fungus.amongus Incubus Registered:  
06/28/10 Posts: 164 Loc: Australia, SA Last  
seen: 1 year, 6 months

Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey  
Toons] #17987525 - 03/21/13 06:25 AM (4

years, 7 months ago) Thank you for writing  
all these out, I'm hooked! Looking forward to

more! Post Extras: LiftedBanks Lifted  
Lysergically Registered: 04/30/11 Posts: 189

Last seen: 4 years, 3 months Re: Stories

things and shows how they can influence your thinking to not take for granted things that people normally do. ----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: shLong  
Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] 1 #17595507 - 01/23/13 04:50 PM (4 years, 9 months ago) I woke up early as hell this morning, grumpy and everything. Grabbed my phone, clicked the Shroomery icon and seen dwpineal's story thread has a new one. Thought to myself, "good shit, I'll save it until I really need something to brighten my day". Saved it as long as I could, I loved it. I usually prefer LSD stories, mainly due to their "long strange trip" nature...and I've just had overall better experiences with it. This was totally worth its salt...and then some Telling the old ladies you had eaten too many mushrooms I was particularly enthralled by a line you wrote. The one where you say "Yep,

#17872876 - 02/27/13 08:22 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Wow, this last one is one of my favorites Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages: <

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The Psychedelic Experience Threaded

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Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )

Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM

by Ferdinando Is there hope for the

psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH

3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset

Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience

Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by

CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have

hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )

PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM

by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance

11/07/12 11:57 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

The Edge I was smoking herb in a big circle of about twenty people sitting Indian-style in the parking lot behind The Mud House. Everyone was smiling and talking loudly from inside a cloud of ganja smoke enveloping our circle. The pebbles from the parking lot dug lightly into my crossed legs. I unconsciously brushed them off with my left hand, and reached for the pipe with my right. The night's darkness was broken by the streetlights reflecting off our smoky cloud. The parking lot behind the big V shaped building that held the Mud house became another integral part of the scene. A few parking spaces in the very back were always left open. People would gather, talk, and smoke for hours. It was very open. People would move in and out of the circles while pipes, joints, and the occasional bong would circulate freely, appearing out of nowhere and everywhere all at once. The conversation would roll from one topic to another with side groups splintering off

was about to start, and I was looking very forward to a week off to relax. At some point John, always the more alpha-male personality, asked, "What are you doing tonight? Wanna go to a farm party?" "What the fuck is a farm party?" I asked, pictures of square dancing rednecks, barns and hay stacks playing in my tired mind. "Just come with us." He said things in a very final way, he was a very strong personality, very kind, but I don't think he was taking no for an answer. I definitely did not want to go out to any party at all. I was about to fall asleep on his couch right there and let him know exactly how I was feeling. "You're going to like it man, it's your type of people. You shoulda seen last year's they're awesome. My buddy had a bunch of liquid and he kept combining the last few drops from each vial into another vial. Since some of the L comes out of solution, the last drops are always the most potent, so he was calling this stuff the Tornado Juice and I'm telling you, we were all spun.

terms of quality control, I had issues with some people for sure, but never once did I have any issues or complaints on the L from this group. Same with Melanie when I was working with her. It was mostly people that I would find in the interim who would say they could do this or that, or get this or that, but my acid test was always - "Okay, let's dot it, I'm ready now." 90% of people start with the excuses, some set up fake deals, and I did get burned but I was usually able to start small, so the losses were manageable to some extent. People who do what they say they are going to do, when they said it would get done - those people are keepers. In the underground, all you have is your word, there are no credit reports or background checks in this industry, so I've found the gold standard to be - seeing if people are true to the way they present themselves - let people set their own timelines, and their own goals/production schedules - then if they don't come through (or have a reasonable explanation



mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
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and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
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Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#19320735 - 12/24/13 06:43 PM (3 years, 10  
months ago) We'll make that x3 Post Extras:  
rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11  
Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20  
hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: shLong] #19320745 -  
12/24/13 06:45 PM (3 years, 10 months ago)

x4

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<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>  
- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.  
Every single person deserves a psychedelic  
experience, make it happen. Post Extras:  
phaded Wu Li Registered: 02/03/12 Posts: 1,563  
Last seen: 1 year, 6 months Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: phaded]  
#19321339 - 12/24/13 09:01 PM (3 years, 10  
months ago) Quote: phaded said: Y'all got me  
excited... again. Post Extras: Jump to top.

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| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |  
30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next > Par Registered:

09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British Columbia Last  
seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: phaded]

#19322197 - 12/24/13 11:56 PM (3 years, 10  
months ago) x6 Post Extras:

thephilosophist ???...!!! Registered: 12/15/12

Posts: 83 Loc: PNW Last seen: 5 months, 6  
days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Par] #19325103 - 12/25/13

05:33 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) x7 Post

Extras: whitelights Stranger Registered:

11/25/11 Posts: 1,558 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: thephilosophist]

#19325111 - 12/25/13 05:35 PM (3 years, 9  
months ago) x8 ----- its that

bitter-sweet-sour, electric-smooth-twang.

everything you ever have, are. or will feel along  
with every emotion, joy, hate, love, fear or

Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom Hunting Amanitas Contamination Logos Trippy Art Other Pictures Home | Community | Message Board You are not signed in. Sign In New Account Forum Index Search Posts Best Posts Active Topics Galleries FAQ User List Calendar Store Random Growery Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience Threaded Previous Index Next Welcome to the Shroomery Message Board! You are experiencing a small sample of what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to

end. In a store that would be a \$500 pipe. ”Does he have any more? I want one like that!” I asked. Jay walked me over to where he found the guy and he was still there. He was sitting Indian style at a fork in the road with a blanket in front of him. The blanket had a bunch of glass pieces, but none were the size of what Jay showed me. I asked, but he said he didn’t have anything else that size, but he could do me good deals on what he had. I looked at his pieces and he had a really unique style. I hadn’t seen pipes like this before, and I liked his collection a lot. I picked out about 6 of them “Okay how much if I get all of these?” “\$150” I didn’t even have to bargain with him. It was a super price. I said okay, reached into my pocket and realized I didn’t have any cash with me. Scotty had all my money locked away in the truck. Jay looked in his pockets and he had \$35, so I borrowed that from Jay and ended up just getting one of the pipes. We went back to the tent to look for Scotty so I could get some cash and buy the rest

have licked that page. “How are you feeling?” “I’m feeling a little dizzy, light headed, what was it?” I’ve felt bad for this my whole life, but I told her it was rat poison because I didn’t want her to flip out from reading propaganda about bad LSD trips. I have no idea why I told her it was rat poison, but I wasn’t sure what to tell her it was. Years later I told her it was LSD, and she was upset, apparently she’d spent some time looking up rat poison and how it affected her. I told her to just wait there, and that I would drive her home. I didn’t have much experience driving, but I knew I could probably do much better than she could at this moment, and I knew she needed to not be at her office. I ran down to my friend and told him a very brief snippet of what had happened, and that he should go back to school, and I’d fill him in later. I drove her home and spent the day with her. She lay in her bed and we talked about what she was seeing and feeling for most of the afternoon. By the early evening, the effects were mostly over and

guy with long black hair, obviously older than college age, but with a youthful vibe walked in the door. We were introduced, I told him what I needed and he said no problem, he had to call his friend and we'd just have to wait while he picked up the buds. Within about half an hour his friend stopped by, Mike met him at the door, handed him my cash and closed the door walking back over. "Okay he'll be back in a little bit." Mike put on the movie Casino with Joe Pesci and Robert DiNero and we kicked back to wait for his friend to come back so we could hit the road. We finished the entire movie, which is almost 3 hours long and I started to get both annoyed and worried. Where was this guy? He's been gone forever! Not to mention he has over a thousand dollars of mine and I don't really know these guys at all. I mean at least I was waiting in one of their homes, but something seemed wrong. Mike called him, no answer. He put on another movie and waited about half an hour and called back again, still no



[url= ]Buy the ticket, take the ride. [/url] Are you lost? Post Extras: RockyRaccoon  
Registered: 06/18/13 Posts: 3,292 Loc: The Twilight Zone Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Legend] #20569091 - 09/15/14 06:33 AM (3 years, 1 month ago) Quote: Legend said: Quote: cabs18 said: hi....does anyone know where can i get some tabs in ft lauderdale in the davie area...im from puerto rico i just moved here so I'm new thanks happy trippin 954.828.5661 You the man legend! Remember me? Post Extras: Ellis-Dee-25 Dopeless Hopefiend Registered: 04/30/14 Posts: 40 Last seen: 1 year, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20766456 - 10/29/14 08:27 AM (3 years, 2 days ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Sidestreet said: Hey DW, I popped the whole story in to a pdf file for easy reading. Also I got a couple of your molecule pins from the etsy store without even realizing they were yours. Badass! Nice work

should come out to about 103-105 drops. They also let me keep the Pyrex pan and gloves to work with when I was breaking down the liquid into vials. They tried to convince me to go to the show, but I wasn't really into Grateful Dead music, so I decided to go back home. I wanted to drive home before it got dark out, and I definitely did not want to be driving late at night on a Sunday night after a concert with all that LSD with me. I also had classes in the morning the next day. LSD is easy to hide, but I just didn't want to take any extra chances. We went to dinner at a restaurant downstairs and I gave them both big hugs before driving back to the dorms. I was able to buy the Icy Drops bottles in little display cases of 50 bottles each, so I grabbed 4 of them so I would have enough to make the 200 vials. I knew I couldn't set up everything to move the liquid in my dorm room; no way would my roommate be cool with that. Luckily Dan was more than happy to let me do it in his place. We set up all the supplies, spent

----- Post Extras: Shroomey  
Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts:  
616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10  
months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: alice and you] #19370751 -  
01/05/14 06:22 AM (3 years, 9 months ago)  
Really enjoyed the story, thanks for posting one  
man. I was trying to savor it and read as slow as  
possible. ----- Post Extras:

afrogus hombre Registered: 01/24/11 Posts: 699  
Loc: Cali Last seen: 2 days, 16 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Shroomey Toons] #19374274 - 01/06/14 01:41  
AM (3 years, 9 months ago) Great story-telling  
DW. ±If you had to fathom a guess how many  
mics do you think were in the gulp of OJ you  
drank? ----- "Leave no turn

unstoned":) Post Extras: bryguy27007  
Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486  
Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: afrogus] #19375228 -  
01/06/14 05:59 AM (3 years, 9 months ago)

heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08

Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight]

#18128278 - 04/18/13 02:39 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) "Almost from day one that walls

in that house rippled out into obtuse angles and  
improbable slants under the sheer weight of the  
collective psychedelic onslaught." - I love that

line! Hell of a cliffhanger DW, can't wait for the  
next one. ----- The Psychedelic

Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis  
Generation Post Extras: LittleDipster

Registered: 06/19/10 Posts: 3,912 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] 2 #18128287 - 04/18/13 02:43 PM (4

years, 6 months ago) Man I figured you  
would have known by then NOT to answer

doors with a bag of weed in your hands! Post  
Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered:

01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

----- If there is one thing you should know about me, I like to have myself a good time. So if you see me we'll roll one up, and burn it, burn it, burn it on down! --Funky Junk

[/url] Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Aphrodeezy] #17370068 - 12/11/12 02:21 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) pretty good dw im glad i came across this good job

----- Post Extras:

TranceInTheForest Alive or Just Breathing Registered: 04/05/12 Posts: 978 Last seen: 7 months, 17 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike] #17370230 - 12/11/12 02:41 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) Great stories! And I agree that your stories would make for an interesting movie. ----- Post Extras: sailing

China Cat Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re: Stories from the

herb back in high-school, but until this moment I'd never actually been there. They took my photo, fingerprints, and ran me through all my requirements. I had to report each month between the 1st and 5th day of the month, attend ten NA meetings, and do a hundred hours of community service. I also had to pay \$50 a month in monitoring fees and a 10PM curfew, which meant no going out to raves, parties, or anything else. My probation officer was a small young woman with tight curls, freckles, and glasses. She seemed nice enough, which was encouraging. At first I stopped smoking and tried to follow all the rules, but soon I ended up with a copy of *Steal This Urine Test* by Abbie Hoffman and was learning ways to try to beat the system. I learned that urine tests looked for levels of detectable metabolites, and that these concentrations were able to be reduced far enough to pass the tests. Your urine has a higher concentration of these metabolites first thing in the morning, because they accumulate overnight

book. Really enjoyable. I also can't imagine tripping 5 days straight like that. Fucking crazy. But more power to you man. That's awesome.

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation  
Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] #18106978 - 04/14/13 03:02 PM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) Oh no man, it wasn't  
5 days straight. It was NYE through the next  
night and then I crashed out and the next  
weekend got together again with everyone and  
went another night + day... -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic  
Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My  
Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check  
out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter  
Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post  
Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12  
Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2

Pharmacology    Trippers    FAQ    Preparing  
Mushrooms    Preserve    Mushrooms    Drying  
Capsules    Storing    Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom    Recipes    Hunting    Mushrooms  
Psilocybin    Species    Mushroom    Locations  
Amanita Species    Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting    FAQ    Spore Prints    Toxins    Mushroom  
Hunting    Etiquette    Starting Out    Community  
Message    Board    Supporter    Accounts  
Folding@home    Links    Mushrooms    Cannabis  
Amphetamines    Opiates    Ecstasy    Other    Drugs  
Music    Electronic    Rock    Reggae    Rap and Hip-  
Hop    Vendors    Mycology    Entheobotany    Books  
and Music    Apparel    Smoking    Miscellaneous  
Sites    Policies    PDF    Library    Science    Physics  
Chemistry    Cultivation    Mushroom    Salvia    Cactus  
Cannabis    Spirituality    Mysticism    Dreams  
Meditation    Yoga    Entheogens    DMT    Psilocybin  
LSD    MDMA    Cannanbis    Salvia    Other    Drugs  
Security    Maths    Gallery    Growing    Mushroom  
Hunting    Amanitas    Contamination    Logos    Trippy  
Art    Other    Pictures    Home    |    Community    |



Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Chakra Shock] 3 #18089809 - 04/11/13 05:25 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

New Years A few months later Scotty and I were sitting on the couch in my mom's house rolling a joint. It was New Year's Eve and we had absolutely nothing to do that night. My mom was out of town for the week, so we had the house to ourselves. The thought of throwing a party had come up a few times already in our circular conversation, but we kept giving it the thumbs down for one reason or another. My brother was going out to a rave that evening, but I hadn't gone out to raves in a while and just wasn't feeling it. I felt like the scene had been taken over by "cops and robbers" and was feeling disconnected from the core of what made me love the rave scene when I first found it. No question, things had changed in just a few short years. It was already almost 8 o'clock in the evening and the only thing we could come

Drink all day and rock all night Registered:  
10/21/11 Posts: 7,582 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]  
#17950809 - 03/14/13 02:39 AM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Quote: shLong said: Great as  
always, dwp. I'm trying to take an entire internet  
break for a while and had to check in to read  
this week's serial. Fuck snitches, man...fuck  
them so hard. I'm a felon in 2 states over a little  
bitch-ass snitch who didn't wanna face up to his  
crime...and he ended up getting the same plea  
deal I got in the state he was charged in Amen to  
that man Damn snitches to hell.  
----- Broken heart don't feel so bad  
You ain't got half of what you thought you had  
Rock you baby to and fro Not too fast and not  
too slow Post Extras: bryguy27007  
Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486  
Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: LySergic D] #17950911 -  
03/14/13 02:59 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)  
Great as always DW. Anxiously awaiting the

these people. As always Scotty started right up with the small talk, which for him can usually move to the offensive at any second. The MDMA must have done a good job soothing his inner nature, because he actually didn't say anything insulting within the first five minutes to anyone, which was probably some kind of personal record. It turned out that Will had dosed everyone with about 50mg of AMT the night before at the rave, and everyone was still going strong. He'd brought three girls and three guys along with him, and everyone grabbed chairs and chaise lounges and gathered around the table we'd been smoking at. We passed around the joint and it probably only made it around once or twice with nine people smoking on it. Will threw the roach into the bush in front of the table. The bush was on the edge of the pool, and it was about a foot and a half high and about five or six feet long. It held an unknown number of roaches that we'd thrown there over the years. Once thrown into the bush, it was like

or good communication throughout the process), then they've basically shown that even if they're making the rules they can't pull through. This type of evaluation was about the best I could come up with - it doesn't always work, but it does help you get a feel for people. thats a good way of doing business for sure.

----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

Allyander Master of the Bed Chamber  
Registered: 01/08/13 Posts: 54 Last seen: 4 years, 6 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17880651 - 02/28/13 09:56 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) I really wish there were people like the OP where I live. All the "acid dealers" here are people who lay blotters with super low doses of LSD and are in it for the money and the drug dealer persona. If i could get my hands on

The Psychedelic Experience Threaded  
Previous Index Next Similar Threads  
Poster Views Replies Last post  
Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )  
Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM  
by Ferdinando Is there hope for the  
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH  
3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset  
Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience  
Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by  
CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have  
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )  
PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM  
by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and

he left her place I got a phone call from him, "I think you're going to have some major explaining to do when you get home my brother." and he left it at that. When I got home, she was like - "What the heck are these?" I didn't really think anything of the huge boxes of mushrooms in her living room, but she was beside herself. "I knew you said you sold mushrooms, but not like this - this is more than Tony Montana could sell." And on top of it all, my friend had told her "Don't worry these will be gone tomorrow night." She was sure no one could sell that much volume - in months, let alone all in one night, but the next night, they were all gone. Hat's off to you man. I too like the bartering system... as for your last story, that had me laughing. That's exactly the kind of stuff I was talking about. even on a lesser scale, I know people who always like to keep serious weight on them (at least in my eyes). Like I'll walk into their room and they just have two of those massive half gallon mason jars full of

2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days,  
15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: shLong] #17873423 -  
02/27/13 02:06 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

That last one was one of my favorites as well.  
That is a shit ton of lsd man -----

Post Extras: sailing China Cat Sunflower  
Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
allseeingike] #17873887 - 02/27/13 05:21 PM  
(4 years, 7 months ago) great story man, I

can imagine that warm fuzzy feeling you must  
have had every time gary and ray came to town.

Did you ever have any problems with quality  
control while working with E-dog? Im sure you

didnt have to worry about nbome back then, but  
i know these days there are sheets floating

around that are week enough for people to think  
they are bunk even if it has good clean acid on

it. ----- Love is the deep spiritual  
connection between the self and all things. We

are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat

blazing, and the wind whipping through the car he got it up to almost 140 miles an hour on the highway, the car was awesome. We pulled into my mom's house and tumbled out of the car laughing and feeling great. Before we got up to the house my mom opened the front door and I could see a piece of paper in her hand and a concerned look on her face. It looked like she'd been crying or was really upset. She looked past us to the Corvette in the driveway and asked, "who's is that?" "It's mine, I'm buying it." "No you're not. You buy that car, you're living in it. I want to hear what happened in school last week!" she said all in one breath, waving the paper in her hand. The Dean had sent her a letter saying that I was being suspended for the next school year and was not allowed to come back to live in the dorms because of the arrest. In fact, I wasn't just suspended from the University I was attending, but from every university in the Florida State system. My mom's never used any kinds of drugs, she's a



rickjamez20] #19009726 - 10/22/13 12:58 AM  
(4 years, 9 days ago) tour is over bro... come  
back ----- If you get confused just  
listen to the music play Post Extras: LySergic  
D Drink all day and rock all night Registered:  
10/21/11 Posts: 7,582 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: SnowDaze]

#19010269 - 10/22/13 02:33 AM (4 years, 9  
days ago) Quote: SnowDaze said: tour is over  
bro... come back Well that depends what tour  
you might be talking about. Plus i know for a  
fact DW is on the festie scene. Probably getting  
ready for Hulaween. ----- Broken  
heart don't feel so bad You ain't got half of what  
you thought you had Rock you baby to and fro  
Not too fast and not too slow Post Extras:

phaded Wu Li Registered: 02/03/12 Posts: 1,563  
Last seen: 1 year, 6 months Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
LySergic D] #19010636 - 10/22/13 03:49 AM (4  
years, 9 days ago) Y'all got me excited...  
again. Post Extras: VeryStrangeMan Weirdo

Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books

I've been in a similar situation. Good stuff as always, deep within the P(ineal) Too true man!!..too true!! I've come to terms with death too many times for my age I think...in the relatively small town(15,00ish I think) I live in there's almost an average of 3 or 4 deaths a year within my own age group and thereabouts. for many reasons...overdose's,accidents,disease and the worst of all suicide!!!....Its quite odd going to school funerals almost annually from the age of 10 onwards to send off a class mate or two... but I've also lost quite a few very good friends over this time to stupid situations and what ifs!!!! its not like you get used to it in anyway..in fact you try to tell yourself you are used to it in order to lessen the impact but each time it fails and each time it hits you harder...but I suppose we tend to deal with it through laughter...even outside the church at a funeral you'll see countless people pissing themselves laughing, half in distraction and disbelief...and half in a nervous reaction to an uncontrollable

behind his back. After that he pulled Curtis back out of the car and searched him too, but Curtis didn't have anything on him, so he had him sit on the curb on the side of the road. The cop started going through the car, looking under the seats, in the dash, glove box, the back seats, and then our sense of hope plummeted when we watched, handcuffed in the back of the cop car, as the trunk to Gianni's car swung open. We stashed our psychedelics in the trunk because we'd heard cops needed a warrant to go into a locked trunk, so now we knew we were really in trouble. A few minutes later the cop walked over to Gianni's door, opened it and asked, "Is this yours?" He was holding the little plastic recipe box that we put some mushrooms and LSD in. Gianni looked back at him and said "No." I swear this cop had a few good ones in him though, because again the next thing he said has brought me smiles at random times and places when I think about it. "Well, then why is your name and address on the top of it?" He closed

lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic  
Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
63,983 topic views. 9 members, 173 guests and  
18 web crawlers are browsing this forum.

nothing had ever happened. His was the most “minor” event in the sense that it seemed like it went away very quickly, though to him it was no minor event at all. He also never touched LSD again after that. The other guy that I knew was actually the worst of the 3. He was just a friend from school that would buy acid from me from time to time. He bought a few hits and he and some friends all tripped together. But during the trip something happened and he ended up hitting his head and giving himself a concussion. I heard all the stories second hand from his friends mostly (though he did tell me some of them himself about a year later). But he ended up stuck in the trip for the better part of a year. It seemed like he was never going to come down and live a normal life again. He was a really stand-up guy and when he was asked where he got the LSD from, he never gave me up. He did make comments to people apparently about being scared of ravers, “you can’t trust ravers” or to “watch out for ravers, man.” But at

room. Looking to the coffee bar, I saw Rory reclining and listening intently to her words. He saw me and gave a smile and a nod as I walked over and stood next to him by the bar. I gave him five and quietly started, "Hey man, I think you accidentally, uh, well, I found a baggie inside the wrapper with the buds, it looks like acid. I don't think you knew it was in there, so I wanted to bring it back to you." "Wow, I had no idea that was in there!" Rory said. "I had brought those for a friend of mine, they're something special. But, I talked to him a few hours ago and he's not gonna make it over here tonight." "So is it acid?" "You've never done it before?" "No," I said with a nervous laugh, "I've never even seen it before." This comment brought on a half hour conversation in hushed tones, spoken under the poetry coming from the microphone. Two coffees later he looked into my eyes, trying to read something, and said, "LSD is something special, you know it's not even about the money, it's so much more than I

39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3 all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that

psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose 3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka

The Psychedelic Experience and Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra

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watch as your heart speeds up endlessly And  
look for the stars as the sun goes down Each  
breath that you take has a thunderous sound  
Everything, everything's magic Post Extras:

Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667

Loc: Eire Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Force Ten] 1 #17939498 -  
03/11/13 11:41 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Just got around to reading all the rest of this tale  
man...haha I must say you certainly have some  
beautiful turns of phrase and I've had shivers on  
numerous occasions...so many similar thoughts  
resonate with me while you describe being in  
the momentless moment that is a trip... It really  
brings home the fact that tripping is  
universal...no matter where you come from or  
what generation your living in our minds and  
thoughts have a default switch for the same  
curiosity's....and a dose or two will unleash it to  
no end!!!! Ive only tried acid a few handful of  
times...but I'm alot more versed with  
mushrooms...started picking p.semilanceata's

will one day have the number of stories that you do, and hopefully the ability to recount them as masterfully as you do. These really have made the last 24 hours of my life bearable. I say that because I have been in a semi-depressed state, sick with hay fever, unable to focus on just about anything work related, and obsessively reading your work in true marathon fashion. I grew up hearing all kinds of outlandish tales from my dad's youth in south america, and these stories really capture the way my dad enchants me with his adventures. Something about these chapters is really extraordinary as I do not know you, and yet I feel a connection with you like I do when my dad is reminiscing on his youth. Thank you so much for this, I needed a good story today. Also... Reading about your experiences with the 90's rave scene makes me so jealous. I am deeply invested in the rave scene in my hometown and state, It is really inspiring to hear about a scene that was so young, pure, and true. I am very young myself

was almost unbelievable that 4 hits would do that to him, I saw him eat way more than that almost every weekend for a year. But it was unquestionable, he definitely lost it that night.

During those years I saw 3 people I can remember get lost in a temporary LSD psychosis. Chris' one was the worst for me, because we were so close, and it really seemed to last so long. It was like he was tripping for almost 3-4 weeks before he began to balance out. My younger brother also had a trip where he ended up in the mental hospital for a few days. But it happened when my parents were out of town, and I was away at college. I was only about 45 minutes away and the hospital called me in my dorm room. I still didn't have a car, so I took the Tri-rail train down to Hollywood, and Scotty picked me up from the station and we were able to pick up my brother from the hospital without my parents ever knowing. We took him home, set the place up really chill and hung out for a few days until he seemed like

starts flowing and I get distracted. Part of my hope for posting these is that I can have them out in the world and that will grant me the impetus to keep going. Quote: bryguy27007 said: Wow, I finally got through all of them. You're a hell of a storyteller. Very engrossing. Very anxiety provoking too, . I definitely don't have it in me to do all of that. Thanks for sharing DW. I feel you man, my life tends to be a bit of a whirlwind. Quote: sailing said: I finally finished reading this the other day. Incredible story so far man, just mindblowing. the part about your mom licking the sheet made me laugh out loud. I would really love to hear more about your early experiences with ecstasy, you kinda skipped over that. Yeah that was definitely one for the books that day! And yes, good idea, glad you brought it up, I will try to detail some of the early MDMA experiences Quote: zhparish said: Damn, these stories are intense. Amazing writing too, keep these up cause I'm really enjoying them. Quote: mattritt

After using it a few times, if the pipe started to get resin coating the inner surface of the glass, all you had to do, was push the spring through the pipe and it cleaned itself onto the coils of the spring. Pretty nifty, I guess. Being in South Florida, in downtown Fort Lauderdale, at an all night party, with a straight glass pipe, the first thing these security guards think is, crack pipe. “Oh! This is for the bad shit!” The guy says as he takes it out of Chris’ pocket, examining it. “No way, man, that’s for kind bud!” Chris shouts back. Turing the pipe around in his hand the guard sees the top lined in a circle of bright green, painted with flecks of orange and THC crystals glinting in the morning sun. “What else do you got?” His hands moved in and out of Chris’ pockets. He handed the pipe to a security guard lounging on the bar stool that the door man used until the early hours of the morning. That chair is like a point at which two worlds meet, the door man is the gatekeeper. Waiting crowds move from the dark world of the

moved through, the more THC crystals fell off the buds. Those crystals were lost because they would stick to the sides of the plastic bags. Every time the bag moves, or herb is broken down, more crystals would fall off, making the bud less potent. But when I got it from Justin, it went from the tree to me with only Justin in between us. Also it felt cool to be smoking something that my good friend grew, it had a feeling of being intimate and personal, just knowing the grower. Justin was also one of my closest friends from high school, and we'd been through all kinds of adventures together. After a series of very difficult and draining second semester mid-terms I found myself hanging out with Dan at his apartment down the road. I had spent a lot of late nights the past week studying, and now with all the tests over, my batteries started to really run down. I had just planned to spend about an hour hanging and smoking before going home to pass out for the night. Now that mid-terms were over, spring break



mushroom trips would be more in the range of 5 grams. I'm thankful for the experience, but it was one I've been too cautious to repeat. Edited by dwpineal (02/19/13 07:01 PM) Post Extras:

twinkie ThizzOrDie! Registered: 07/31/11 Posts: 954 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 4 #17594694 - 01/23/13 08:44 AM (4 years, 9 months ago)

Dude. Seriously. Write a book. I will buy it. I will advertise it. I will support it. These are some of the most amazing reads I've spent days reading this stuff, reading before bed, reading when I wake up. It makes me really really really wanna do acid and roll balls, and be in nature, and have thousands of dollars of cash on me. hahahaha. But seriously, Bra-Fucking-Vo. These stories(if they are true or not) are fucking amazing. I'm pretty sure you said they were true though, correct? CONTACT THE PRODUCERS OF BREAKING BAD! FUCK YEAH! TURN THIS SHIT INTO A TV SERIES! ----- Spare BTC? Donate



02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1 year, 8 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #17876320 - 02/28/13 12:58 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Love hearing about crystal and breaking down vials!! Hope I get to be that close to raw LSD some time in my life! -----

**\*\*Metaphysical Crystal, Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\*** Every individual reacts differently to every chemical. Know your Body - Know your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your Source. "You need more THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras: whoisthtgy

Registered: 11/28/12 Posts: 88 Last seen: 1 year, 10 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #17876496 - 02/28/13 01:36 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

----- "Recognize this as a holy gift and celebrate this chance to be alive and breathing" -TOOL --My music-- Post Extras:

Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen:

said dreamily. I packed up the bowl with some herb I had with me and passed it to one of the girls. She hit it and passed it to the other girl. She took a hit and passed it to me. I hit the pipe but I wasn't getting a good hit. I thought it might be clogged, but I wasn't sure. One of the girls said, "Here, let me put some of our stuff in there, it's really good." She dumped the almost full bowl of what I packed onto the floor as if it were garbage. I always thought I got pretty good herb, and this stuff was no exception, so I was a little insulted. She took a hit from the pipe, and it did smell super good. It got to me and I hit it and again I wasn't getting a good hit. I played around with it for a minute and it looked like it was getting air coming in at one spot, so it wasn't air-tight. I said good bye to the girls and ran back over to the glass blower. He had already sold some of the pipes I liked in the few minutes I was gone. I sat down and said, "I know this is going to sound crazy, and I am tripping really hard right now, so I may be

patted down the bottom of my pants, up my sides, to my shoulders and back down to my pockets. He grabbed onto the bag of herb I had from outside my pants. Jiggling the mystery lump in my pocket he asked “What’s this?” I felt my world slow down and clouds cover my excitement from the morning. I didn’t reply so he just reached into my pocket and grabbed out the bag of kind buds. His next words have made me chuckle to myself over the years, not believing he actually said them. “Nice chronic” he said, still smiling. And he was right, it was nice herb. It wasn’t much but it was about a quarter of really nice, bright green and crystalline buds. I had it triple bagged to keep it from smelling up the car, but he could tell as soon as it came out of my pocket what it was. I don’t remember him reading me my rights, but the next thing I knew I felt the cold steel of the handcuffs tightening against my arm. He walked me to the back seat of the police car where I could see Gianni already sitting with his hands

fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General

#17914125 - 03/06/13 11:04 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) That's exactly what I woulda said too, if I were you Post Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17914424 - 03/07/13 12:01 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: "Nah man, I lied, we're not leaving here soon, you're here for the weekend, so you better start smiling, get high, and have a good time!" Made me tee hee...thanks again DW! Can't wait for the rest! ----- Post Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] 1 #17920413 - 03/08/13 12:46 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Other half, other half, other half of the chapter!!!! Great read! -Shorty ----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

waves of visuals. As I worked with my breath, I noticed for the first time how truly important breathing is to the art of living. With a few minutes of this, I realized that my stomach wasn't really bothering me anymore, but the visuals and trip were really overwhelming. I leaned back onto the trunk of the tree and put my hand on the mossy earth, listening to the sounds of the forest and the gathering around me. I felt my awareness move down from my hand into the earth below, and begin to move through the soil and roots of the tree. Now the connection I had felt earlier to the people at the Tea Time kitchen expanded exponentially, connecting me to the rest of the forest, and then the living organism of the earth. The feeling of oneness presented itself with the sureness of undeniable truth. "We are all one" was not just a saying anymore, it was something I now knew from the inside. A rush of how the connectivity flowed throughout the planet washed over me, like a year of school classes condensed into a



the bowl around and packed it again with the same mixture of AMT and herb, but this time a little heavier on the AMT. Soon I was packing a third bowl and the feeling around the table was beginning to soar. Since the AMT doesn't hit you all at once when you smoke it, some of the effects creep up unexpectedly and soon Scotty and I found ourselves on the other side of the rainbow looking back through the multifaceted valleys of color in the pool. I looked closer at the group of friends Will had brought home and noticed I had replaced the word "Strangers" in my mind with "Friends." As everyone talked and laughed I began to feel closer to everyone. I noticed that Scotty and I were the only ones at the table with dark hair. Everyone else was some alternating shade of blond. Dirty blond, light blond, dark blond, the guys seemed to be almost lighter blond than the girls. "So you guys are all from Rhode Island?" I asked. They all had heavy New England accents, and Scotty was asking one of the girls to say, 'I parked the



next one, I'm finally all caught up and can close this fucking firefox window I haven't closed in three days hahaha. ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] 1 #17792109 - 02/13/13 03:38 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) okay just finished this one - will have to maybe spend next week just going through and editing the last four stories before I keep going...

---

IT-290 The summer in-between high school and college was a tapestry of psychedelic flowing colors. In addition to going from Western Union to the post office to the safety deposit, I got involved in another adventure that would take the next few years to evolve and play out. I've always been into reading books, and right now I

focus on the subjects being taught in a much more holistic way, viewing all the issues, problems, solutions, and concepts from many more angles than in my sober consciousness. My grades reflected this as well, as I was always able to keep my GPA over 3.5. Also my mother was very strict, so I didn't want to be caught skipping school. I went to my first two classes and everything was going great. In the time between 2nd and 3rd period I ran into Chris and told him I'd eaten the ten strip. "Man, why didn't you tell me? I wanted to eat a ten strip!" He said with a sad look. Hey do you want to go smoke a bowl over by the auto-shop? I have some office passes. Chris had a friend in the school print shop and had a book of hall passes from the administrative offices, which were the best passes you could have to get out of classes without getting into trouble. Since he had the passes, I decide it would be okay to walk over there for a bit and return to class once we were done. The auto shop was on the other

roof thatched with the ever present saw palmetto leaves, and it is open on all four sides. On one side of the hut was the ocean and the other was an open field with people dancing. There was a very simple colored lighting set up that painted swaths of reds, greens, blues, and purples over the grassy field and dancing people. Tents seemed to pop out from under the treeline, with some people listening to the music right from their campsite in chairs or sprawled out on blankets looking into the night's sky. It wasn't a huge party, so the field looked like it could've held a lot more people comfortably. Some people were freestyle dancing by themselves, and about 30 people were in a small circle, with people moving in and out of the circle, doing some amazing breakdancing moves. Usually at parties I would see some great and some not-so-great dancing, but it seemed like these people were all breaking it down. I felt my own feet start to move just watching them, my body starting to flow to the music. E-Dog walked to

taken, and each word spoken in an infinity of situations all occurring in unison. I felt like all of time was happening right now, and I was every person that ever lived all at once. I opened my eyes, and was amazed to see I was sitting on the ground, next to Karla, in the middle of a rave. It was quite a shock and took me a second to get my bearings enough to put my hand on her shoulder, give her a smile, and say, “you were right, this IS good stuff!” She smiled back and it seemed like her eyes were smiling at me. We spent the rest of the night walking around, dancing in all of the different areas of the event, and never found either group of our friends. The sun came up and it felt like I was just glowing from the inside. Karla and I were sitting on a power transformer talking when Chris and one of our friends came walking over. “Here you are! We’ve been looking for you all night man!” “We were looking for you guys all night too!” I said. Karla jumped down and gave them both hugs, and Chris said, “Man, we bought a bunch

lot of trouble not skipping ahead to be honest. I sit there and think of this good story or that good story, but if I jump out of chronological order - I don't know - trying to keep things in line to make it easier for me to flow from one set of events to the next. But believe me I am having a hard time. I have a long way to go before we get to 2001 LOL - I am going to also fit in the 8 month trip into this thread so I can refine the stories and make them fit into the framework of a book. And that was 1998. SO, yes, I will definitely cover all that in due time. Oh god I'm excited for this. This last one was a little more low-key it seemed to me, but obviously still an integral part of the story. It would be so hard not to skip ahead and tell the amazing story that just popped into your mind. Let me know if you need an amateur editor for the book. By the way, have you read "Confessions of a Dope Dealer"? I haven't read it yet but I listened to an interview with the author on the Psychedelic Salon today.

11/20/12 05:17 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Also, reading your stories has really gotten me interested in getting involved in the rave scene...

Well determined actually, I've always been kinda interested but never went, but now im actively persuing it. I know the scene isn't like it was, but neither is the acid scene, im sure that exercising caution would be enough to make it worth while. ----- Love is the deep

spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe.

Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack.

Post Extras:       dwpineal    Psychedelic    Artist

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666                    Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17252137 - 11/20/12 07:05 PM (4

years, 11 months ago)    Raves are evolving as the scene grows older. Now there are people of

past generations that can lend guidance to the newcomers, so that is of great value, and

something that did not exist when I was a teen. I

one of the stalls and pulled down my pants. I would wear boxer underwear that had pockets as I found it was easier to hide money there, and I was less likely to lose anything from just falling out of my pants pockets. Super baggy jeans were the style at this time in the rave scene, so losing stuff from your pockets was always a risk you took. I folded the money carefully so that it was flat and not a crumpled mess, and slid the folds into my underwear pockets. I walked out of the bathroom into the sweaty boom of the bass bins in the main room. One of my friends came and took most of the rolls I had left and palmed me a small fold of cash that he had from selling the last batch I gave him earlier. I jammed the cash into my pocket, into a little zipper wallet I had. I felt a tap on my shoulder and it was the guy who had borrowed my bowl. He was a skinny Latino kid with a big puffy jacket, which is kind of unusual in South Florida. He asked if I could get any rolls, and I told him sure. "Can I get 3 of them

04/11/13 05:43 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Epic as usual! The way you describe everything makes me feel like I'm there, and reminds me of some of my experiences as well Brings a smile to my face Publish a book so I can buy it!

----- Change your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras: Jump to top.

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Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )

Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM

by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH

3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset

Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience

Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by



or Treaterers on Halloween. I hadn't really used any of my alone time with Amber, but with the rolls adding an empathogenic boost to the AMT trip, we sat on my mom's couch for almost two hours, talking over the bass from the mix tapes moving through my mom's speakers. I was almost totally oblivious to the fact that anyone other than Amber and I was in the house, lost in ecstasy conversation. I learned her whole life story in those few hours, it seemed. I've always been guarded and quite about too much of my past, so true to form I mostly listened and when I talked I was careful as to exactly what I said. That is much easier to say than to try to do while flying on a mixture of MDMA and AMT. We joined the rest of the party as people jumped onto the couch with us, bringing us back into the fold. Everyone wanted to go swimming. The afternoon was a classic teenage psychedelic party while the parents are away. But a few hours later, everyone wanted more rolls. The AMT was still kicking strong but the ecstasy

of course, 057 for LSD, because if you flipped the pager upside down, 057 reads as LSD. The next day I got a page from Gerald with 911, so I figured he wants to grab at least a thousand dollars' worth of something. I was in class and I've always been serious about school. In college I was even more concerned, since classes would only be an hour or two at a time, and I was paying hundreds of dollars for each one. But since I saw the 911 page I walked out of class and over to a payphone outside. I dialed him up to find out what was such an emergency. "Hey can I grab like 3 of those tabs from you?" I just about lost it, but I kept cool, and told him that I couldn't do it now, but I would call him later. I went back to class and got myself all worked up. Usually no one would send a page 911 unless it was something very important, either financially, or in some way. Three hits of acid; that just didn't register as an emergency and I just kept thinking that thought over and over in different ways. This annoyed me, but I

Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18022920 -  
03/28/13 03:42 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Also yes - I hear you all, I'll make the time tonight to sit down and write some more stories out. I was kinda wondering where to go next and what to cover so I went back to my list of one liner reminder sentences and I think I have some interesting tales to tell -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

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Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )

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Registered: 06/10/10 Posts: 402 Loc: Kentucky

Last seen: 5 months, 30 days Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Malcolm\_Xtasy] #17444063 - 12/25/12 04:25

AM (4 years, 10 months ago) These stories

are fucking amazing dude you should totally

write a book. I could also definitely see all of

these stories becoming a fantastic psychedelic

movie. is the best chemical on earth!

----- Post Extras: allseeingike

Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-

miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Malcolm\_Xtasy] #17444580 - 12/25/12 06:28

AM (4 years, 10 months ago) Quote:

psychedelic\_Abyss said: Jesus 4000 hits? I'm

Chemist Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] #17954490 - 03/14/13 06:04 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) NO, You can't leave us hangin!!!! ----- \*\*Metaphysical

Crystal, Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual reacts differently to every chemical. Know your Body - Know your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your Source. "You need more THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras: sailing China Cat Sunflower

Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: mattritt] #17954722 - 03/14/13 07:02 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: mattritt said: NO, You can't leave us hangin!!!! he can and he did ----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

seemed to be speaking in codes, and I would get one piece of the code as I walked by one campsite, and another as a couple passed us on the path lost in quiet conversation. I knew if we kept walking at our exact pace, that each of the bits and pieces of coded cyphers we would hear built upon each other until we held the entire code. I would string the bits of sentences I would hear together, trying to fit the words so they would make sense, saying them over and over in my head, and instantly adding a new string as soon as it entered my mind through my ears. The words tied together easily into Shakespearian sonnets, meter flowing and bouncing in perfect harmony. I realized that this could be done anywhere at any time. Codes were everywhere for you to find, TV, newspapers, movies, phone books, card catalogs. I just needed to link the connections and I would find what I was looking for. We stopped walking and Ray opened the door to an RV. He and Gary had rented it to drive across

looked like it was implanted in his skull. So it looked like he was some kind of cyborg doorman to the club. He let Chris and I in and with a smile, even though we weren't 18 yet. Shortly after getting in, Chris sees a friend of his and we walk over to this guy who was dancing spastically, waving his hands and jumping around the dancefloor. I looked at Chris and asked "Is that your friend dancing like that?" "Man he's a good dancer; he must just be really high." He replied. Dancing good was a kind of underground street cred in the early rave scene. You figured the good dancers were devoted to the scene, and almost assuredly were not going to be undercover cops. And this guy was not just a bad dancer, he was almost comical he was so bad. But apparently Tony was a new hook up that Chris had met that was going to be giving us books for \$750, (\$0.75 per dose). So after the spastic dance was over Chris walked over and introduced me to Tony. He smiled and we walked to the bar to grab some

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Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM  
by Ferdinando Is there hope for the  
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH  
3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset  
Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience  
Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by  
CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have  
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )  
PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM  
by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and



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mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
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Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms

here. ----- Beats More Beats  
sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle:  
death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at  
Post Extras: indocult Dr Registered: 07/13/09  
Posts: 1,350 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded]  
#17622646 - 01/28/13 03:54 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) thanks man, as soon as I saw it I  
knew I had to have it. Until I saw yours on a  
video somewhere, I assumed it was just some  
black dude stealing a car lol. Post Extras:  
Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts:  
3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years,  
7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: indocult] #17623228 -  
01/28/13 06:58 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)  
HA, dude do you remember what it's from? I  
just found the .gif, never seen the OG footage  
but I'd love to. guy's got moves -----  
Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and  
unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle:  
is where it's at Post Extras: indocult Dr

mother made me get a Triple A Plus membership, so they would tow any vehicle I was in for free for up to a hundred miles. Thanks Mom! I called the 1-800 number and they said they would have someone out within the next 45 minutes. I didn't want to sit there that long with the cop, but he hadn't said anything about arresting me or anything yet, so I tried to keep up my act of the shocked accident victim and just sat quietly by the Mustang while we waited for Triple A. Sitting there quietly I prayed to whatever G-d or universal spirit was out there listening and gave thanks for how everything had gone so far. I was still alive and unhurt, which was just a matter of a few meters in either direction. If the car had crashed through the fence with a little more velocity and a slightly different angle, this scene could have potentially been a million times worse. Triple A arrived like they said, within about 45 minutes and in that time I had been talking to the cop on and off. It seemed like he was concerned about

disengaging as the door swung open. That sound was so loud, and the rest of the area was so silent, that it really punctuated the moment perfectly. It resounded with an absolute sense of invincibility. The door was a thick metal, obviously very heavy, solid, and well used over its lifetime there. We walked into a small room with bare concrete floors and another identical door on the opposite side. As soon as the first door closed, another buzzer sounded, disengaging another loud lock and opening the second door. The sounds those doors make seem almost purposely amplified to impose a sense of defeat into anyone that hears them. We were handed off from the cop that drove us to the jail to the intake officers. We were walked into another tiny room, completely empty, with no door. One of the guards walked in after us and put on rubber gloves, snapping them against his skin like a surgeon. We looked at each other nervously. “Now, you guys don’t have anything illegal with you, do you? If you don’t tell me

There was a small clearing in the woods that we set up all the equipment, decorations, and sat down for a well-deserved smoke. We left one of our friends at the clubhouse with directions to the new location, so that everyone that ended up at the clubhouse could get directions to the party. Soon people started to show up, and we had a nice small crowd of people. Everyone started dosing and even though you might guess it would be a bit chaotic, at first it was really nice. Soon the music situation got a little weird though. Some people wanted to listen to this CD or that tape, and we kept flipping from one type of music to another and it seemed to create a sense of disconnection and general unease. Just as I was sitting in front of the CD player, looking at it intently, holding a CD in my hand and trying to find the eject button in the growing darkness, someone came up and said, "Hey, there's some girls that showed up, they're acting fucked up, you gotta get them outta here." So I walked out of the forest with Chris and we saw

so for a couple years. We get together in my buddies car, 4 people in the back seat of the 5 seater suv. We drove about two and a half hours to find that the road up ahead was blocked off, so we turned around, drove for a half hour or so to get back on track with another route. We get to the entrance to the campground after the sun set, in the midst of twilight. I will never forget what we all saw when we started getting into that site: immediately in front of us was the blazing and just rising full moon, staring us all in the face, letting us know she'd be with us for the whole experience. Wow what a good omen. 15 minutes later, after driving on the bumpiest, dustiest road you could possibly imagine, we arrived at the campsite and parked. I can't remember if the music was playing at that point or not. Either way we walked around, found people, did our thing, enjoyed ourselves until the music started. We set up camp, put our packs down, and rejoiced that we had made the 3+ hour drive here. Soon the music started

Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
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Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances



answer. Finally after about 4 and a half hours waiting on this guy, he knocks on the door, comes in and hands Mike a fluffy bag of beautiful crystalized nugs. Almost instantly my annoyance melted into relief as I checked out the purchase. Pretty much the same thing happened the next two times I went to Mike's to pick up herb, but when his friend came back with the bag that third time, he hung out for a little bit before leaving. Somehow we got onto the topic of LSD, with someone saying he hadn't seen any good acid in years. I mentioned that I had some acid right now that was really good, and that it was still around if you were in the right place at the right time. Almost as soon as I said this Mike's friend with the herb, Dan stood up excitedly and said his first words directly to me. "You have acid? Right now?" "Yep" "How much?" I told him I had plenty, but it was back in Fort Lauderdale, but I could go get him some in the daytime tomorrow since I didn't have classes on Wednesdays. He said

though he lived right next to it. He went to a private school, but we were introduced by friends, and both he and Chris would go out to raves with me every weekend in our eleventh and twelfth grade years. He had a car, so he did most of the driving for us in those days. This festival was professionally promoted and there were about 10 times the amount of people that had been at the farm party. I could see how a small private gathering, especially one that seemed to be almost entirely filled with dealers, could be kept discreet, but this was a much bigger event and people were not being discreet at all. It felt very free here, like the normal cares of the world were not a part of this place. We got to the stage and saw Elvy Musikka, one of the handful of people to ever get medical marijuana from the Federal government, speaking about cannabis as medicine. It was one of the first times I realized the complexity of the cannabis plant in terms of therapeutic use. We wandered around the festival grounds, from the

sample the local wares, and acquire whatever I could. But buying top quality stuff from strangers is kind of like an intricate dance, improvised in the flow of the moment. Once I found people I was comfortable with, I knew I could work something out. But of course, if I was going to buy anything, assuredly I was going to try it out first. My plan was to sit with the people at their campsite for an hour, and give the L some time to take effect. If it was good then I'd get whatever I could afford, assuming the price was right. As the afternoon wore on, more and more people started to show up and the campgrounds began to fill up. I hadn't seen Dan yet, but I was really hoping to run into him because he seemed to know everyone here, and that would make my search much easier. Especially since I hadn't had any luck myself. Now don't get me wrong, I was still having a great time. We were smoking at least two joints at every friendly campsite we'd visited so far. We were making a lot of new

page on my beeper around 10 in the morning from Chris' girlfriend's number, which was unusual, so I called her back from the nearest pay phone. She was crying and really upset. Chris took some LSD at Wonderland after he'd sold all his capsules and just totally flipped out. She told me he started acting really crazy and out of control. He was trying to give away all his money, acting super paranoid and didn't want to leave the party. They knew they had to get him out of there right away, so they were able to get him outside the party and into their car. West Palm Beach is about an hour away from Hollywood in driving time, so they packed up and hit the road. They left the party and as they pulled up to a stop sign a few miles from the party, in a very bad part of town, Chris jumped out of the car. She told me he gave all his money to a bum sleeping on the side of the road and ran off into the ghetto. He was running through yards, cutting across alleys, and they weren't able to catch him. She had no idea

equations that create the beautiful and complex fractal images, repeating endlessly into eternity. And by moving the equations through each number sequence you would generate a moving visual fractal “movie” and at the same time the same equations could be used to create what is known as fractal music (the creation of sound waves/tones through mathematical fractal equations). Combine this fractal movie and music with virtual reality (which was just becoming very interesting at the time) and you can create an immersive environment> Within this environment, the possibility existed that the combination of visuals and sounds within the 3D virtual fractal landscape would have an effect on the human mind/body, and maybe it would be similar to the psychedelic experience. I was thinking that maybe this coding had existed all these thousands of years, just waiting until we had the technology to unlock it’s true secrets. One of the most memorable parts of the trip for me was as I was getting deeper and

No you sir have nice work! I've read all of these within the last 2 days! I would seriously read a whole book if you wrote one! Would absolutely love a new story or two buddy! -----

Post Extras:       dwpineal    Psychedelic    Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666                    Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ellis-Dee-25] #20771804 - 10/30/14 05:40 PM

(3 years, 22 hours ago) Ah, thanks very much - too kind - I do hope to be writing up some more stories for everyone soon, but just so you can see I'm not slacking off - check out what I've

been up to here in this thread -

[http://www.shroomery.org/forums/showflat.php/](http://www.shroomery.org/forums/showflat.php/Number/20771800)

Number/20771800       -----       \*\*\*\*Tips  
for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*

My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic

Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -

Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras:  
dwpineal    Psychedelic    Artist    Registered:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Psilocyentist]  
#18274119 - 05/16/13 08:42 PM (4 years, 5  
months ago) Thanks all! Much appreciate all  
the good vibes and feedback. Quote: Are you  
hitting up any west coast festivals this summer?  
I'm really wanting to go to Symbiosys, but not  
gonna make it. I can't make it to near as many  
events as I'd like due to just the way my life  
works (Money, job, kid in elementary school,  
the high cost of vending at the major festivals).  
Gonna do a much much needed trip to the  
crystal mines in the Ozark Mountains and then  
hit up Electric Forest, probably won't get to do  
much else this summer in terms of the big  
festivals. Probably do some local or smaller  
shows here and there ----- \*\*\*\*Tips  
for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*  
My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic  
Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my

single moment. The cycles of birth, life, and death played out for every species, one feeding off the other at different points. This moved into the cycles of inanimate objects, like structures, homes and buildings from construction, to use, to abandonment and deterioration by the elements. The mushrooms were teaching me, right here in the school of the national forest, the ways of the world as it has always been, and will continue to be if we kept living in the same ways. I saw the cycles and patterns in my own life, and how my actions moved my life in one way or the other, leading up to the moment I sat here under this tree. How thoughtless I had been and so uncaring at some many times, so many wrong decisions I had made and how those decisions might have played out differently had I thought things through better. I saw my potential to be a better person, someone I could respect and love when I looked back in my old age, and decided to let the lesson I was learning now become a part of me. I knew I could be



PM (4 years, 1 month ago) Shorty

----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08

Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] 1

#18840666 - 09/14/13 05:49 PM (4 years, 1 month ago) God damn those new shirts are

snazzy. I'm going to try and grab one plus a pendant and a pin or two once I get some cash.

Can't wait for more stories DW!

----- The Psychedelic Salon --

Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation

Post Extras: Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle

Registered: 07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia

Last seen: 3 months, 7 days Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

bryguy27007] #18840677 - 09/14/13 05:51 PM

(4 years, 1 month ago) Is there a Psilocybin

shirt? Its a great looking molecule if you ask

me... ----- Species List (Georgia):

Psilocybe caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe

Shroomery - Magic Mushrooms Demystified  
Search Our Site Search Our Forums Privacy  
Policy FAQ Site Map Contact Us Home  
Advertising Classifieds Contact Us Credits  
Emergency Info Info For Parents Link To Us  
Search Site Map Sponsors Mushroom Info  
Growing Mushrooms (TEST) Understanding  
cultivation - concepts, skills, and equipment  
(admins click here) step 2. spawn - culture  
expansion step 3. substrate step 4. fruiting  
Attention!! This contains suggestions for site  
modifications for site admins Beyond basic  
Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe

but cautiously said, “Uh, yeah.” “Oh! Hey! I met you a while back at Natural Foods with Abe...” She immediately softened her posture and smiled. “Oh, okay I remember you now. What’s up?” “Do you think I can get your number? I’d like to, uh, maybe do that again sometime.” “Sure, It’s 656-1582” I grabbed a sharpie pen from my pocket and not having any paper, wrote it quickly on the knee of my jeans. “Just call me whenever.” That number never did come off those jeans, no matter how many times they were washed. It was there for years until I had finally worn them to shreds. I used that number many, many times. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12 12:16 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist

was about now that I realized that the market was insatiable, as much as I could get, people would buy. The LSD came in waves; two months on and two months off. For two months it would be plentiful, I could get as much as I wanted, and then the following two months there would be none. I realized later that this was done on purpose, and for two reasons. First it helped keep everyone safe, by not allowing the supply to be overwhelmingly present within our network. It also created scarcity within the market. It kept prices stable and interest constant, also leading a lot of the purchasers to stock up during times of plenty. Now during this time I had been going to The Edge every weekend. After being there every week for months, I began to feel like it really was a family. The same core group of people was there every weekend, having ecstatic life-changing experiences together. Seeing the same people every week, and having these powerful moments emerge within the The Edge and

time, they smoked more joints, but I felt like I couldn't handle more right now, so I just enjoyed the perfume-y smell. This phase of the trip was like being on a wave of absolute perfection. I knew the undeniable beauty of the moment was how I wanted to feel for all of eternity. Everything secret in the world shed its mystery and opened its truths. When LSD is very good, I usually get a few moments of this type of experience if I take the right dose, but this was like an extended journey into the adventure. It invigorated my entire being and I was just so happy to be alive. I wanted to go back to the party, to be a part of what was happening out there. We walked out of the RV into a magical revelry of sorcery, love, music, and dancing. The bands were playing now and the campgrounds were brimming over with the sounds of music. We made our way back to my campsite to see how the rest of the group was doing. Marty, Jimmie, Kenny, and Jay all drank from the orange juice jug, so we wanted to bring

Registered: 07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia  
Last seen: 3 months, 7 days Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Shortknight] 1 #17956336 - 03/15/13 01:01 AM  
(4 years, 7 months ago) ^dwpineal

----- Species List (Georgia):

Psilocybe caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe  
atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe  
ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes,  
Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola,  
Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus,  
Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus  
aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus  
salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata,  
Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus  
salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius,  
Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature

Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1  
month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the

months ago) Also patiently waiting I love this  
fucking thread. Post Extras: Absent Minded  
Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way  
Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground  
[Re: shLong] #17620279 - 01/28/13 01:24 AM

(4 years, 8 months ago) I'm book marking  
this thread. Crazy, I was born in '92 and still  
think of the nineties as like 8 years ago - not  
TWENTY! where does the time go? From what  
I've read on here, the '90's were a good time for  
'cid. \$150 strong sheets? YES PLEASE

----- Beats More Beats sheekle:  
fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair  
and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras:

Mr.PhilCybin Lord of all Jerrys Registered:  
06/14/11 Posts: 11,534 Loc: Gnarnia Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Absent Minded] #17620608 - 01/28/13 02:31

AM (4 years, 8 months ago) as said many  
times already, great stories man. I can't believe I  
haven't posted in this thread yet. Be well man

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #19857929 - 04/17/14 07:55 AM (3 years, 6 months ago)

Quote: shLong said: Quote: Moonlightblue said: \*gasp\* new storie Gonna read when I get home Night time story. You're gonna be disappointed, Don't man lol cus its like a long read Post

Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Moonlightblue] #19858992 - 04/17/14 03:41 PM (3 years, 6 months ago) Oh.. I thought that you thought

he just posted a new one the other day or something... Carry on Post Extras:

Magicman69 All About the Benjamins Registered: 05/29/13 Posts: 6,477

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #19860528 - 04/17/14 10:32 PM (3 years, 6 months ago)

The first time I tripped I got completely lost on the bus. It was the exact same bus route I had taken thousands of times but this time I was so high everything looked



Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin

to munch on a bunch of acid Post Extras:

Moonlightblue Registered: 12/08/12 Posts: 351

Last seen: 1 month, 20 days Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

LittleDipster] #18090136 - 04/11/13 06:57 AM

(4 years, 6 months ago) I really enjoyed this

story, beautiful Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:

'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Moonlightblue] #18090849 -

04/11/13 02:00 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

"This is my kind of girl" All kidding aside, that

was really beautiful. Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Psicodelico] #18091075 -

04/11/13 04:03 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Quote: Psicodelico said: Man that's epic... Your

LSD description is perfect, I'm sure anyone

who's done it can identify everything you

described... Thanks for sharing man keep

writing! Thanks! When I read your comment, I

next installment. ----- The  
Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The  
Genesis Generation Post Extras: Shroomey  
Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts:  
616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10  
months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: LySergic D] #17950955 -  
03/14/13 03:06 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Man you got me at the end. Here I am thinking  
oh this is nice he's ending it like he started it,  
another great one DW...and then BAM! The po-  
po's! Nice play friend, nice play indeed.  
Completely taken by surprise. Hopefully you  
didn't have too much stuff in your dorm room.

----- Post Extras: Shortknight  
Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2  
months, 27 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman]  
#17951697 - 03/14/13 04:48 AM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Quote: Simple-Psyman said:  
Quote: indocult said: With the jason thing, I  
teared up and really felt like I was there because

years, 8 months ago) "Yes, hello, Jimmy Johns? Dwpineal delivers, too" Goddamn you ended that in the worst/best possible spot. What's gonna happen with the new connects, how much can they supply? What of the shenanigans you get in to as a result? (I gotta say, I'm diggin the serial aspect of it...tune in next week, kids) I woke up again to the newest installment and figured I'd save it for as long as possible. That lasted all of an hour. "The English language doesn't have the ability to slice reality that finely" So many awesome and well worded observations. Yet again, job well done Does this make anybody else wanna go and dose after reading each one? Post Extras:  
bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08  
Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] 1  
#17634169 - 01/30/13 04:55 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) Oh. My. God. I don't know how you do it but this one blows all the other stories out of the water, and that's saying something.

many people? My “no sharing drinks” education from the Edge days was kicking in. “Don’t you have any cups?” Now he was the one to look at me funny. He just busted out laughing, and said something like, “No, no cups.” “That’s totally unsanitary!” I blurted out. “Okay, well don’t then.” He replied. I thought about it for a second and gave in, “okay I’ll drink from it.” He handed it to me and I raised it to my lips. I tipped the gallon jug way up into the air and took a few big gulps. As soon as Gary handed me the jug, Ray walked up, whispered in Gary’s ear and slipped a thick stack of bills into his hand. Gary palmed the cash and put it into his pocket in one smooth movement. “Look who’s here!” he hooted to Ray, pointing over to me, laughing. Ray laughed and threw his arm over my shoulder, “What’s up buddy?” This all happened in a fraction of a moment, and I was still chugging the orange juice when Gary said “WHOA! Slow down! I said a sip! A SIP!” I immediately stopped drinking, hearing the

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07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18050943 - 04/03/13 12:50 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: aw11driver said: dave

be right back, and walked back into the crowds, lights, and music. She was sure she would be able to recognize the guy again when she saw him, so we walked all through and around the crowds outside, into and through all 3 rooms of the building, but no luck. We'd been walking for what seemed like a really long time, but it was great fun to see all the wild outfits and costumes, and hear all the different and amazing music. It felt like we were on an epic quest through a magical kingdom, in search of treasures beyond description. After making a circuit of the entire fairgrounds and all the rooms in the building, we walked back outside, still looking. "There he is!" she said, and grabbed my arm and dragged me over back towards the edge of the crowded outside dancefloor. I'll never forget the guy she brought me up to, she was right, he was easy to recognize. He was a really big black guy all dressed in white flowing robes, exuding a feeling of kindness and peace. She gave him a

Edge in Fort Lauderdale had made the trek up for Hyperspace II and ended up staying for the party tonight at the Orlando Edge, so we already knew tons of people here. That worked out good since we had lost so much money at Hyperspace on the fake pills, now we could work here and make some of that loss up. A good friend of mine had come up to Orlando a few nights before Hyperspace to lay some LSD crystal onto paper for distribution at Hyperspace II. Apparently when he was doing it he added just a little too much liquid into the solution, so the pages didn't dry as quickly as normal. So he laid the wet pages on sheets of wax paper to finish drying. He'd sold most of the LSD at the event, but had a few thousand hits left. He fronted me and Chris 2,500 hits to work after I told him about what happened last night. Since we knew so many people there already, and some of them were our distributors from down south that wanted to work the party tonight, we were able to move all the hits almost as soon as



things. Chip's best friend, Saturn would buy a lot of acid from Will, so he had us bring over a few hundred hits. We also brought a few grams of the MDMA so we could party out all weekend. Will invited his friend Dave who was the amazing DJ from our party at The Theater the other night, and he brought his whole DJ set up and crates of records. There were about 12 people there that hung out through the weekend and we all melted into a puddle of MDMA, LSD and beautiful electronic music. Dave had a unique style of music that he played, very melodic and beautiful, but energizing and moving at the same time. At some point Chip and I were in one of the bedrooms in his house and he had me grab a bag of herb from on top of his dresser. "Don't mind all that other stuff up there, those are just my cycles," he said as I jumped up on a chair and looked for the bag hidden above the dresser. I immediately saw that the entire top of the dresser was covered in syringes and small glass vials that must have

electronic music into a deep sense of appreciation and togetherness, at least between us and the people who came by. About two weeks later I was sitting on my bed reading a book when the phone rang. My roommate answered and passed me the receiver, it was my mom. When I picked up, she said “Jason Thass is dead.” That sentence didn’t make any sense in my brain. When she said it, the words didn’t register with any meaning at all into my conscious mind. “What?” “Jason is dead.” She repeated, I could hear tears in her voice, and I felt my perception expand and contract around the moment. As I began to understand her words, a sense of disbelief flooded my mind. “What happened?” was all I could get out. It turned out that he overdosed on heroin. Apparently his mom found him in the bathroom, and his skin had already begun to turn blue. Our parents were all saying it was the first time he’d ever tried it, but I heard whispers from friends that he may have done it before, but I never

like a rectangular balcony, the DJ presiding over the club on one side, and the other three sides were narrow walkways with a view of everything and everyone below. I was leaning on one of the railings, looking down at the crowded dance floor below bathed in lasers and strobing lights. I felt like a scientist watching subatomic particles bouncing around in a giant reactor, moving in and out of reality through parallel universes in an explosion of colors. I was smoking a bowl, but saw the telltale beam of light bouncing through the walkway that meant only one thing; security. I put the pipe over the edge of the balcony, so that I could drop it if the light happened to fall on me. I guess the people below would be none too happy to be hit by a falling glass pipe from above, but since the light kept moving right on past me, they never knew the danger they were in. When the light was about five feet away, I figured I was safe, so I put the pipe to my mouth, sparked up the lighter and pulled happily

psychedelic. It was like the lessons were being taught over and over in slightly different ways, until the meaning was ingrained in my mind. Mushrooms had a totally different character to the visuals and overall feeling of the experience. LSD seemed to have an almost mathematical precision to both thoughts and visuals, while mushrooms had more of an organic-amorphous-paisley feeling to the visuals and I felt slightly less balanced on mushrooms. This was the last time I would experience psychedelic mushrooms for many years. The next time would be almost 4 years later. It was also the only time in my life that I went on a successful psychedelic mushroom hunt. As soon as I got back home, my friends and I went looking in many of the local cow fields for mushrooms, and we found some mushrooms out there, but none looked anything like the ones I picked out at the farm that day. There were rumors that there were local laws forcing farmers in our area to spray their fields with a fungicide so that the

wallet and pressed it into my hand. Again I didn't really comprehend what was going on. I thought for sure they were going to try to at least steal the money. But no, he was giving it back, untouched. No bills skimmed off the top and falling into his pockets. The early morning sunshine fell coolly over me as we stood outside the main entrance to the club with four Edge security guards circled around Chris and I. One of the security guards pulled out a pipe from Chris' pants pocket. It's a strange pipe that Chris loved, but no one else took much notice of. It was thick clear glass, about four or five inches in length, straight and cylindrical with a wooden mouth piece fitted to one end, and nothing really special about it at all, by the looks of it. I'd never seen one before, and haven't seen another like it since though, and I have no clue where he originally got it from. It had a tightly wound, diamond shaped spring that acted as a screen and created a place to pack the herb into by tightly fitting into the center of the glass tube.

Mail-Order Mushrooms After the LSD busts, E-Dog and his people decided it was time to take a break, and I followed their lead. It had been a while since the acid had stopped flowing and my supplies were running a little low. It was around 1996 and the internet was just coming online in many ways. It wasn't like today, Google didn't even exist yet, but there were search engines and web pages and I have always been pretty good at picking search terms. I found my way to a site in the Netherlands that said they would ship dried mushrooms to any country in the world, because they were legal in the Netherlands, and it was the buyers' responsibility to make sure they were legal in the receiving country. Now I lived in Southeast Florida which is known to be a good area for mushroom picking, but none of the fields that we had ever visited had any psychedelic mushrooms. There was a rumor that either the counties required that the farmers spray the fields with something to keep the mushrooms

03/06/13 01:32 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Only dwpineal would say he tossed a strip in a soda and drank it on the way home....and then say it was "a really chill ride home" for another great one. Post Extras: Hashfinger Nippy

Wiffle Registered: 07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3 months, 7 days Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17912215 - 03/06/13 03:00 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Yeah I don't get this...

How can people handle so much acid like that? Unless its tolerance. But still, I take one hit and I'm fucked. I like it tho, more efficient..

----- Species List (Georgia):

Psilocybe caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola, Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus, Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus

the outer edges of the circle and gave one of the dancers a big hug. He motioned us over and introduced me to his friend. I don't remember his name, but he was part of a local breakdance crew and they all came out here to party for the weekend. I've always loved the creativity that dancing evokes, so to be at a small party like this where any moment you might see some really crazy breakdance moves never stopped being awesome for the whole weekend. Soon we dropped some acid and were dancing right along with everyone else in the field. As the doses came on, I remember watching the break-dancers move in what looked to be a perfectly graceful hip-hop ballet from Mars. The dancers moved and I could see the trails following the body creating a visual time-map. The bodies of the dancers were outlined in this rainbow light that moved just slower than the body, painting the sky with this colored light of motion. This light could entangle with another dancers light if they got too close and I could watch this light



the mild LSD trip I was on kicked up a few notches and was no longer feeling so mild. "Where is everything? What do you have here?" the detective asked. The LSD was hitting me harder now and my mind was moving quickly through the situation. I didn't really have anything at all in my dorm room. I had a small personal bag of herb in my dresser drawer, two scales, a digital scale and my triple beam, my bubbler, and that was about it. I wasn't purposely remaining silent, in fact I hadn't even been read my rights yet, but the detective said, "it's okay we're gonna find it all whether you tell us or not." I sat there in that chair for about 45 minutes before they even found anything illegal in my room. They had the scales and they confiscated my entire collection of High Times magazines and drug-related books as paraphernalia but they still hadn't found the foot long bubbler sitting next to the recliner in my room. They found some porn on VHS and put one of the tapes in the VCR, letting it play while

and he and I lit up a joint once the campsite was all set up. Jake wasn't interested in psychoactives, so it worked out well since I only had 2 hits of LSD. He didn't mind, and I don't know what we would've done without him, honestly. I'm sure he was a boy scout, because he was a really great guy to bring camping. We didn't plan to take the LSD that night anyway, since we were going to be here all weekend, we thought Saturday would be perfect. That night the conversation wound through a thousand subjects as we sat by the stone ringed fire pit. That night after we put out our campfire, I went to sleep listening to Nature's loud cricket and critter symphony. The next morning we woke up with the sun beating through the tent and baking us in our sleeping bags. Luckily this was November in Florida and not the middle of the summer. Walking out of the tent, the cool air of the Florida autumn felt really nice. Even by noon the temperatures were nice and comfortable, a nice breeze was blowing over the

how we'd planned at all, but still was enough to create positive life-long memories for most if not all of us. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for

Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8

Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic

Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: 4HO-DMT

Registered: 01/12/11 Posts: 4,912 Loc:

Pachamama Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#17441115 - 12/24/12 05:27 PM (4 years, 10

months ago) Just read the first story. Very

inspiring. This seems like it will be a great

thread and I plan to read all of it. Thank you for

posting dwpineal! Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:

'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: 4HO-DMT] #17442550 -

12/24/12 10:52 PM (4 years, 10 months ago)

Favorited to read later. Very nice. Post Extras:

us catch you looking back!" Someone said and the car pulled over. I got out as quick as I could and looked around as the car sped off around a corner and out of sight. It was late and dark in a bad neighborhood and my heart was beating a million times a minute. I didn't stand still too long, and tried to catch my breath as I walked back the way the car had come to try to find my way back to Club Nemesis. Luckily I could hear the faint sound of bass coming from the direction I was walking, so I knew I was most likely heading the right way. I made it back to the club, showed the doorman my entry stamps and walked back into the bass, lasers, and fog of the club.

I was really shaken up. That watch was a gift from my mother, and it wasn't really expensive but it was about \$200, which at that time was a good amount of money. I wasn't even supposed to be going to raves, or anything like that, I was only 16. I knew I would have to go and buy a new identical watch first thing in the morning

from what I was doing in school. In fact, it had gotten a bit too nerve-wracking for me to keep up the trips to the post office. I just never was able to shake the feeling of impending doom that overtook me as I walked into the post office each time. I probably only did it less than a dozen times, but it was always a stressful time from the moment I knew the package was on its way, until I was safely leaving the bank with the doses all hidden away in the safety deposit box. Having LSD shipped in the mail to you is a lot more stressful than just going to meet someone to buy it in person. Even though I loved having the easy access again to LSD, the shipping part of the scheme always worried me when I was on the receiving end. It's actually the best and easiest drug to have shipped in the mail since it doesn't have a detectable smell, it's not bulky, and can blend in with the millions of other packages being shipped each day, so I took comfort in that, and like I said before, luckily I never had any problems with it other than my

wanderer Registered: 05/16/13 Posts: 82 Last seen: 3 months, 3 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] 1 #18495667 - 07/01/13 10:00 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) in Post Extras: RockyRaccoon

Registered: 06/18/13 Posts: 3,292 Loc: The Twilight Zone Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18498054 - 07/02/13 12:05 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) I loved reading your stories. You should really consider writing a book Post

Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: RockyRaccoon] #18503518 - 07/03/13 01:17 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) Ive got an inkering for a good story right now Shorty ----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: RockyRaccoon] #18504044 -

everything will be alright.” Hearing that immediately spun my tripping mind through all the possible outcomes of the conversation. I knew he wouldn’t lie for me. We were roommates, but not really friends. He was a cool guy, but he was very straight-edge for the most part, and he had seen a lot of things move through that room, both cash and large amounts of herb. Through the closed door my mind conjured up images of him seeing his entire academic career focused down into this one intensely weighted moment. “We already know your friend is dealing, so just tell us what you know. We just want to hear it from you. Have you seen him engaged in illegal activity here on campus?” In the silence before my roommate answered, I felt time dilate and the silence seemed to hang on the air for several eternities. I didn’t hold it against him, he didn’t know any better and they were pretty much threatening everything he’d worked for academically. I knew he was going to give me up, but I forgave

laboratory with mushrooms growing in beakers. They didn't have any, but turned out to be a great group to hang out with for a while. Apparently, everyone was waiting for 3 AM. That was when The Edge dropped their 18 and older policy and changed the music. It went immediately from a typical night club to an all-ages rave. Before three it was nothing special, after three it became magical. A kind of reverse Cinderella, I thought. In the next hour I learned everyone's life story in that small circle. It was the most open group of people I had run into in a long while. I had a feeling that sitting in the parking lot here, with these people, I was entering something new. I had no idea what, but I was open to finding out.

Soon I was in line walking up to the front door. I could hear the bass from the sound system in the parking lot, but now I could feel it moving through my body. It was a long line, but it moved along quickly. When I got to the front I paid my six dollars, got my hand stamped, and



a car so I drove down to my friend, Javi's apartment in Miami ready to see what the universe had in store for us. I had gathered a very small group of good friends for this mission, but I hadn't really filled anyone in on the specifics, since I didn't want to say too much on the phone. Everyone was sitting on couches and chairs around Javi's living room chilling, so I was able to relate the whole story of the AMT , and by the time I was done talking, everyone looked intrigued and as eager as I was to experiment with this new stuff. I took out the five packets and put them on the table. In the spirit of the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, we each got a shot glass, filled it with orange juice, dumped in the AMT, stirred, and kicked back the juice in a single gulp. We put a second shot of OJ into the shot glasses and drank that too, so we wouldn't lose any AMT on the sides of the shot glasses. The AMT made the orange juice very bitter and chemically tasting, so the second shot of orange juice helped to get

through the group outside as to whether we should try to convince them off or just go in without them. We tried to convince them, but in the end there was no getting these people off the bus – they had nitrous, turntables (which now would work since the bus was stationary), and all the herb they could want. That was a solid argument – so the rest of us left them inside the bus and went to the festival. Marty, the one who put this all together for everyone was one of the people too high to get off the bus. I didn't feel right about that and tried hard to get him to come, but he'd made his mind up. He was staying. The rest of us gathered some over-filled grocery bags full of canned foods and made our way to the entrance in a big group. The festival was also a canned food drive, and for five cans of food they gave you five dollars off your admission price. Our group was pretty big, so we brought a lot of canned goods to donate and shoved them all in the grocery bags when we got on the bus. We made it to the canned food

ride area and said, "Is this the place?" I looked past where he was pointing and sure enough, there was my car. I thanked him, waved goodbye and walked the rest of the way to my car by myself. I wasn't 100% sure if I should be driving, but it felt like my trip was mostly over, so I started up the car and drove down the windy road towards the exit of the park. I got to the exit of the park, which lead to an intersection crossing back into reality. It was a four lane road, and I was having a bit of trouble judging my timing in relation to the other cars. They were kinda trailing and streaking in my vision, so I wasn't exactly sure where the cars began or ended. I decided now was a good time to go and accelerated across the intersection making a left hand turn onto the road. As I turned I heard the sounds of horns trailing off into the past, starting loud and disappearing into silence and then coming back again. I made it about a block down the road before I realized I was still tripping way too hard to be driving and

was starting to type that part out, but it was already after midnight so I figured I would have to leave that (and the rest of the story, still a long way to go on this one) for another day.

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: LiftedBanks Lifted Lysergically Registered: 04/30/11 Posts:

189 Last seen: 4 years, 3 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

dwpineal] #17912535 - 03/06/13 05:02 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: I

was starting to type that part out, but it was already after midnight so I figured I would have

to leave that (and the rest of the story, still a long way to go on this one) for another day.

----- Anything posted is completely fictional. Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages: <

moved around the fire and we speculated wildly about what exactly was going on. We never figured out exactly what it was, though we kept talking about possible answers to the question for the duration of their ritual. Once their circle was broken and the people moved away from the fire, our attention focused back on our own fire. The fire seemed alive with energy, intensity and heat. The flames were moving in an incredibly intricate dance that never repeated itself, yet never stopped flowing. If you missed a second of the dance, you missed a vision that may never again be seen by another living person. We spent many hours watching the fire until long after midnight when it was finally just a bed of embers glowing in the night. The darkness of the Everglades night seemed to go on endlessly, but it was full of more stars than any of had ever seen in a night's sky. It was sparkling with the beauty of calmness and peace. I looked into space and felt like I was the tiniest speck in this vast universe. I wondered

courtyard out front and the parking lots out back. The Mud House was filled with local art, and poets would share their mental reflections from the mic stand at the far end of the room. Even though The Mud House itself was small, it was housed within a large V-shaped three story building right next to the train tracks, in a forgotten corner outside of downtown Fort Lauderdale. The unique shape of the building worked perfectly for the blossoming of a small scene. The center of the V held a nice sized courtyard with grass and stone tables. Local bands would play mini-concerts in the courtyard, so the clientele from the Mud House overflowed into its outside openness when the close quarters of the coffee shop became too overbearing. The fact that The Mud house was the only business open late at night, allowed the scene to grow and flourish around the V shaped building without bothering the neighbors. The parking lot behind the V was known to the patrons as the place to relax with some friends,

drop off point, got all the food safely delivered and made our way to the massive line of people waiting to get in. Any time you have to wait in a long line it can be uncomfortable, but in the midst of the psychedelic experience it is exponentially worse. The time you spend in line stretches unfathomably in your mind, taking three or four times as long to experience as everyone else in that same line. Eventually we all made it through the gates and became one with a wave of people cresting towards the stage. We set up our blankets with a great view of the stage, not too close so we had to stand, but not so far back that we couldn't see or hear the musicians. It was nice to have such a big home base camp. It was a perfect and beautiful sunny day out and the vibes from the reggae were radiating rainbows into my soul. I couldn't understand all the words in the songs, but what I could make out felt like blessings sung to the earth and a beautiful life. The bass was soaking the festival in vibrations, harmonizing the crowd

crystals. Anyways, cool stories man Yeah I still can't believe she ate acid either, or that it turned out so well. I mean how many times have I heard someone say they wanted to lick a sheet, but then no one ever does it, LOL. Glad you got some of the crystals, I always say they get right to where they're supposed to be going...I'm just the conduit for stuff sometimes, I get it where it needs to go And yeah if I can keep at this, maybe it will morph into a book. I literally have at least 100, probably way more of these stories/chapters. I wrote myself little one line reminders of the stories and I have them all (mostly) chronologically ordered so I just have to go through and write them out...

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\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: sailing China Cat



wanted to trade for some oil. I ran outside, opened the cooler, found the Tupperware container with the doses and ran back into the tent. My unknown assailants were now long gone from my mind. “How many do you want?” “How many do you have?” “Just ten, but I can get more later.” “Okay how about the ten for the oil?” “Wait, the whole bottle of oil?” “Yeah, I have another one. But I can’t get acid.” This seemed like the trade of the century to me. I had no idea how much oil was in that bottle, but it seemed like the mother lode to me. The ten strip probably cost me \$25. Last year I wasn’t smart enough to get anyone’s number, but this guy was too valuable to let him disappear into the aether. “I’m tripping really hard right now, but we need to talk more later. Can I give you my number?” “Yeah man!” I wrote down my number and handed it to him. He wrote his and handed it to me. I put the paper in the tent pocket as I knew I would remember to look there later. I wished Scotty was here so he could

With the stash well hidden I felt a lot better and much less vulnerable. Over the next few hours people started filling every available piece of internal real estate within our house. The music was going and we set up a joint rolling station on the kitchen table. Marty and I were rolling an endless stream of joints from a big sandwich bag stuffed full of nugs. The joints would disappear into the vacuum of the house almost as soon as we rolled them and the air was quickly being replaced with thick fragrant smoke. My brother Will walked around with a sheet of acid dosing everyone who wanted to trip and soon we were all spiraling into the inner nexus of the party. All night our party guests would knock at the door to the laundry room, right next to the kitchen since we weren't opening the front door so the neighbors couldn't see exactly what was going on inside. I heard a knock at the door and got up with the bag of herb in my hand. I crossed into the laundry room and opened the door, bag still in my hand.

never say anything even minutely incriminating over the phone. He would always get very stressed when I would use very vague or heavily coded language on the phone. He just wanted all conversations to be in person and the only thing on the phone would be to say I was coming over. He would constantly tell me that the phone silence wasn't because of what we were doing, but because of something his dad was involved in. I never met his dad, and never really figured exactly what he was entangled in (actually not even an idea, to be honest). He was well organized, did what he said he was going to do, and was conscious of "quality control" which is essential in a completely unregulated underground marketplace. He was an almost ideal person to work with, other than being slightly crazy. Marty also had a very sinister side that only surfaced enough to be seen in minute glimpses. I mostly ignored it because I was used to being around people who are weird or idiosyncratic; and people acting crazy was

and unknown universes. “Water” I said out loud. Lille walked over and put a nice cold bottle of water in my hand and I just burst out laughing. I wasn’t sure why, but her thinking that I wanted to drink water seemed like the funniest thing I could’ve imagined and I kept laughing until tears were streaming down my eyes. I started to wonder if I was losing it, laughing like a crazy person, and pulled myself together. “No, I” I said, thinking how to put this so they’d understand, “In the water.” “Well drink some of that first.” Ray said gesturing to the water still in my hand. I looked at the bottle and saw all the grooves in the cap of the bottle, lined up perfectly in rows, and knew what an amazing idea the bottle was. It allowed people to carry water, the most precious of liquids and source of life, to places they went. I followed a path in my mind quickly moving from people in the deserts of the bible and into the future with cars, planes, and bottles of water everywhere. The bottle was a sacred vessel, carrying the elixir of life. I was

turned into a blessing in the end. Nice, good read my brotha. Oh big time man - to both parts of your thought! When John said that my amount of WTF????? was through the roof. I tend to be passive aggressive sometimes though, so me going to sleep in the car was my way of saying F-YOU man! But yeah, by the end of the weekend I remember almost being in tears at one point - so thankful they dragged me along. Truly a once in a lifetime experience. It was pretty much my first "Hippie" festival ever - this was the same place that the next year I embarked on my 8 month trip - so yeah - I was blessed for sure to end up there so randomly..

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: sailing China Cat Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic  
Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
63,983 topic views. 9 members, 173 guests and

muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras: Can-i-bus Melting Registered: 01/23/13 Posts: 984  
Loc: Last seen: 28 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18025522 - 03/29/13 02:32 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: bryguy27007 said: We call them sploofs out here, and they were a life saver when me and my friends were living with our parents, . Word I used to make sploofs out of old water bottles and activated carbon. Worked like a charm Now that I live on my own I can just enjoy the smell of weed Can't wait for the next story! Post Extras:

aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946  
Loc: land of blue foot Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Can-i-bus] #18025917 - 03/29/13 03:34 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) The toilet paper roll works like a charm. Used it in my friends room. Always with a bowl. Cant wait forthe next entry! Post Extras:

Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen:

my mood started to lift immediately. Good herb always has that effect on me. I was so happy I rolled a fat joint and we passed it around on the upstairs area of the back patio. We passed it around a circle of about 10 people, just chilling outside away from the maddening bass inside the club. After the joint I got up and walked back into the club and found a seat in one of the calmer areas in one of the back rooms. One of my friends ran up, "Fuck man, I just got robbed!" he said. At this point I had just had it, he said it was only \$100 worth of pills, but for me the fairy tale ended for me right there. It seemed like I couldn't catch a break. I told him fuck it, I had some bud, lets burn a joint, stop working and just have fun the rest of the night. I reached into my pockets and felt all around frantically. The cigarette pack with all the bud was not in my pockets. Fuck did I leave it upstairs where I rolled the joint? We hustled outside and up the stairs and found the same circle of people in the same spot we'd smoked



'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: shLong] #17628589 -  
01/29/13 07:27 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) I  
know what you mean. Its like when I first  
started watching Dexter during it's first season. I  
would stratigically watch only one episode at a  
time to legnthen my enjoyment of it. I've read  
this thread 3 times This may draw an amount of  
criticism, but I've read Dr Hofmann's book 3  
times and I actually enjoy these more. I guess its  
because I am about the same age and can  
loosely relate to the discovery and then rampant  
use....and all the little weird fucking things that  
happen between A and Z. Also, ithe way it's  
written I can totally inject myself in to the  
scene. You're finding small ways of wording the  
ineffable. I love that I can't relate to the rave  
scene, but I live that vicariously here And yeah,  
a bound edition would go right between Shulgin  
and Hofmann on my little shelf...I want the  
lowest # signed limited edition possible if it  
ever comes to light Post Extras: dwpineal

Underground [Re: Par] #17760134 - 02/07/13  
01:15 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Very well  
done...again. Can't believe you were moving  
that much at 17-18 years old. Post Extras:  
dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] 1  
#17760737 - 02/07/13 04:37 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) Quote: Par said: Ok I'm  
transferring money to my paypal account right  
now. When the books down just tell us! LOL I  
read that wrong the first time - I thought you  
meant "Books" of acid and it reminded me of  
another story Quote: shLong said: Very well  
done...again. Can't believe you were moving  
that much at 17-18 years old. That was actually  
the safest time to do it - before I was 18!  
Honestly I almost deleted this one I wasn't sure  
if it was relevant and I felt like it might have  
been too much info, but I'm sure things have  
changed a lot in the game so this is all outdated  
stuff... ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First

lots of LSD for them. I had about \$9,000 on me now, but I could also send them cash wherever by overnight mail or Western Union if they wanted to leave me with anything extra. “Well we brought a few grams on paper, but we’ll need most of that for the shows. I can give you one already laid down, but I don’t know how much more paper I can spare. I don’t have time this week to be laying paper. Would you want to take some as liquid?” Ray asked. “Sure.” I had liquid LSD a few times in my life, but never very much, so this was actually better to me than having it on paper. “Okay we’ll have to break it down for you. Can we run out to the store first? I need to grab some stuff to do this.” We drove to the grocery store and bought paper towels, a glass Pyrex brownie pan, some disposable vinyl gloves, 2 big bottles of Robitussin and a bottle of Grey Goose vodka. Back at the hotel room, Ray pulled the window shades tight, walked over to the door and slipped the Do Not Disturb sign on to the

friends were at the house smoking in the backyard. I knew I had a test the next day, so at first I passed on the blunt, but then I started thinking that as long as I drank enough water it probably wouldn't matter if I took a few puffs. The next morning I woke up extra early and drank almost a gallon and a half of water. Of course I threw some of it up, but most of it went through me the way I wanted. The next day when I went in to take the test, of course, I failed. Now that good feeling never came. I was flooded with fear and regret again, what did I do? Why couldn't I just play by the rules? I begged the probation officer to give me another chance, but she wasn't hearing it. "I'm going to have to violate you. You'll have to go before the judge." I was fucked. And I did it to myself. Once again. Luckily the judge reinstated my probation, but he said he was moving me "from Low to High" meaning that the probation I was on was less strict than the one I would be on now. I had a new probation officer in a new

(4 years, 9 months ago) Quote: GigaHurtz1 said: Dwpineal, MOAR!!!! Yeah, seriously! Edited by shLong (01/22/13 01:07 PM) Post Extras: jw2234 Astral Traveler Registered: 08/18/09 Posts: 1,237 Loc: Bay Area Last seen: 1 year, 4 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17588287 - 01/22/13 06:38 AM (4 years, 9 months ago) Ok heres more from my end.. Heres the story of a San Francisco massive me and some friends went to in '11: The venue was the cow palace, a massive warehouse like room that can fill up to 15000 people or something like that. The people playing were Boyz Noize, Benny Bennassi, Armin Van Buuren, and Infected Mushroom, and probably some others that I don't remember. Killer setlist. We waited in line for about an hour or so until we reached the gate. I was hiding gum in my shoe and planning on copping what I was gonna take there from a friend we would meet. That happened right in the middle of Benny

The Genesis Generation Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages: < First | < Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next > Shop: Terrence McKenna Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience Threaded Previous Index Next Similar Threads Poster Views Replies Last post Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3

this story out. I felt about as hopeless as I can imagine being walked from the dorms to the police car in the street in broad daylight. From this point on I knew my life would change, and things were only going get worse for the foreseeable future. LSD being a sensory amplifier, I could feel it bringing me into the emotion with much more depth than I can describe. It was like living in an atmosphere composed of your failures, every breath bringing them deeper within. I think the detective could tell I was feeling pretty bad because he just looked over to me and said, "Well, you shouldn'ta been selling dope," letting his thought trail off into silence as we walked. When I got to the campus police station I saw they had two of my friends sitting in the hallway both with their hands cuffed behind their backs. They turned their heads as we walked in, exhaling in exasperation when they saw my coming in cuffs as well before looking back to the floor in despair. PJ and Tim were

manufactured that we could use as a fill line. I found we could get almost exactly 33mg per capsule if we filled the half capsule to just under the indentation with AMT. I would hire everyone in the house except for Sophie to fill the capsules so I could keep up with the orders. Sophie was making more at the strip club than anyone at the house, so she wasn't interested in taking on a second job. Luckily for me, everyone else was. We had a big glass dining room table that we would pile a huge mound of AMT, and piles of empty capsules onto. I would use my driver's license to chop up any big chunks of crystal and separate individual piles for each person sitting around the table. No one ever wore gloves and it was standard operating procedure to lick your fingers every once in a while. Luckily AMT usually takes about an hour and a half to come on, and maybe another half hour or hour to really start kicking in, so we could get most of the work done before everyone at the table got totally twisted. Six



while you're sleeping. But as the day goes on, the more times you pee, the lower the concentration goes. The book said if I drank about a gallon of water before the test and let most of it go through your body, the concentrations would be so low that the tests could be fooled. I would stop smoking for about 2 or 3 days before my tests, and then on the day of the test wake up at about 3 or 4 AM and start drinking as much water as I could. I learned quickly that drinking a gallon of water could make you feel pretty sick. I got nauseous some days and threw up nothing but clear water, and even when I didn't throw up, just having that much water in my system made me feel really woozy and unwell. I had to fake like I felt fine in the waiting room at probation, but every time when the little test strip came up negative, I would be filled with an overwhelming sense of excitement. It was an amazing feeling to be fucking the system like that and I really enjoyed it. One day my younger brother and a few

festival who had toured with the Dead since 1982, and he said, "Man this is great! This is just like watching the Dead man. In fact, it is even better than watching them in 1995." The rest of the night passed in a blur of more liquid and herb and soon the sun was rising over the farm. We didn't have any gear, no tents or camping stuff to pack, so before I knew it we were getting back into the car to head home. I hadn't seen John at all since we got there, and that was funny, since it was only a very small gathering, maybe between 300 and 400 people. Shortly after leaving the farm we stopped in a McDonald's drive through and got some food and drinks. Dan and I each soaked a ten strip of white blotter into our drinks and sipped them during the few hour ride back home. It was a really chill ride home, after all the LSD we ate over the weekend, and sipping the 10 strips slowly, we didn't get super high, but instead just added a lot of extra sparkle to the day. The ride home was really beautiful. The morning was

Tuesday y'all. Oh no, sorry! I actually have a Passover Seder to attend tonight and I know they run really late. Then I have a bunch of pendant orders to work on the rest of the week, but maybe I can carve out some time Thursday to sit down and write... -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle Registered: 07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3 months, 7 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18013023 - 03/26/13 03:29 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Dude's got pending pendant orders. Give him a break! Lol. We will all be patiently waiting! ----- Species List

(Georgia): Psilocybe caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis,

trip intensify in a wave of colors and emotions. As I exhaled, I followed the smoke as it rose from my lips, winding its way into the evening skies. There was a sense of peacefulness in the air, and I noticed that fireflies were starting to come out, filling the surroundings with little luminescent green blinking lights. I waited for a long time and no one ever came back to camp, but I was starting to get hungry. We had some snacks and food here, so I made myself a small bite to eat. I smoked a little more of the herb we brought and relaxed at our site with the fireflies, listening to the people walk by on the path. As the night fell, it started to get really cold, and I didn't have many warm weather clothes packed. I pulled on a long sleeve shirt, and headed out to try to find that main circle with the bonfire. I had to ask around, and shortly found some people I was able to tag along with on their way out to the bonfire. The main circle and fire seemed much more festive tonight, people were everywhere in the open meadow, smoking herb,

Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus, Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature

Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger]

#17835339 - 02/20/13 06:27 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: Hashfinger said: These

are so fun to read, but would be even more fun to listen to on audio. Long car rides listening to trippy stories... Or listening to these over a joint and cup of coffee in the morning would be awesome. Keep 'em comin'! The audiobook idea

is pure ----- Journeys taken:

Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methylone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys:

Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca,

LSA Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered:

04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South

was re-reading Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. I noticed that it repeatedly mentioned a drug called IT-290 that I'd never before heard of, and didn't remember seeing it the first time I'd read the book. At this time the internet was just beginning to come online, so most of my drug research to date was done in libraries, but I went to our home computer and looked up IT-290. I was able to find a few sites and I clicked on one, Santa Barbara Fine Chemical, which had IT-290 listed on its products page. Next to the letters IT-290, in parenthesis, it said, alpha-Methyltryptamine. If you know the feeling you get when you make a really interesting discovery, I was deeply immersed in that feeling right now. I'm the type of person who truly enjoys researching things I'm interested in, and within a few hours I was still captivated and lost in the experience of a newly discovered treasure. Now in 2013, finding a website that will sell you psychedelic research chemicals is a well-known and

Theater. Outside the entrance of the museum, away from the intensity of The Edge, was a place of peaceful transcendence. It was the home of a four story clock that looked as if it were built by Doc Brown from Back to the Future, a giant Rube Goldberg machine, built to keep time. It was kept running by a cadence of perfection, balls moving from tubes to railways, and up a conveyor belt in an endless loop moving the hands of the clock forward one minute at a time. At four in the morning, the sound of the balls rolling seamlessly and in perfect harmony with the quiet hum of downtown Fort Lauderdale, and the sight of the towering experiment in timekeeping hovering above was enough to move you into a silent meditation of your own. Right across the street there was a huge sundial and celestial marble calendar laid into the grassy lawn of the science center. A huge white gazebo sat with one side on the grassy lawn of the Discovery Center, and the other opening out onto the waters of the New

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I felt every iota of experience she had felt in her life, no matter how small or inconsequential. The whole of her experiences and being washed over me in a wave of innate understanding. When the wave pulled itself back, I could feel that same depth of my own life's experiences move from within me into the unified mind we were sharing. It was as if I was thinking her thoughts - in some kind of telepathic waveform oscillating between our bodies. We merged into a cyclical flow of energy, moving through us as our bodies dissolved into the running stream. I looked into her eyes, at her face and felt I'd been through this with her over and over through infinite lifetimes and we were playing our part in a cosmic balancing by finding each other in this one. We had been one, stretching back through all of time and then forward into all our future lives in an infinite union. All of time and space fell away and I don't have any way to tell when it happened, but the union experience shifted into a primal and ancient

contain my excitement. A few quick words later and I found myself sitting in the passenger seat of Melanie's grey Isuzu pickup in the parking lot out front of Natural Foods. She reached into her pocketbook and pulled out an Altoids tin. When she opened it I was face to face with more acid than I'd ever seen. Needless to say, it was probably only around a hundred hits, but knowing how deeply a square of that paper only a centimeter on each side affected me, the two square inches of yellow perforated paper looked like endless eternities of experience. I could feel the energy that was folded into that little Altoids tin. The paper had the outline of little red smiling suns emblazoned across the bright yellow background. It was perforated perfectly into tiny squares. She called them yellow sunshine. I walked away from the pickup with a smile and a cellophane cigarette wrapper with about four or five hits of Melanie's yellow sunshine. Unfortunately I wasn't savvy enough to know to ask for her number, but our paths

when the stores opened up. If it wasn't identical, she would know and I would have to either make up a story or come clean with the truth. Luckily I knew where she bought it, so I was able to go and buy a new watch later that day. But let me get back to the story. Walking into the club I felt waves of sadness and despair moving through me. The scene had really changed from the utopian visions I had when I first started coming to raves. I wasn't sure how much longer I could keep this up. First Endo Mekka, with all the heat from the DEA and now this. I found one of the friends I came with and told him what had happened. He put his arm around my shoulder and handed me one of the pills with the capital E that we had brought with us. "Things are going to be okay man, forget about that shit. Stop working and have some fun for the rest of the night!" That sounded perfect to me, so I took the pill and started walking over to the bathroom to take stock of what I still had and to eat the pill where no one would see me. I

it. It's \$75 to get in, but I can let you guys in for \$30 each. There's free champagne all night." I was never a real drinker, it just wasn't my thing. In college I had tried it, but gave up quickly after a night of too much vodka. I had tried some potent drugs in my life, but nothing could match the raw intensity of an excess of alcohol. My body chemistry seemed to be extremely sensitive to its swirling waves. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the \$60 and palmed it to him discretely. The three twenties disappeared into his pocket and he moved in a way that created a living entrance to the club. We walked in and looked around. The club was packed with people everywhere and scantily dressed girls were walking around with trays of champagne glasses. Just a few minutes after walking in I saw my boss Tony and went over to say hi. Just as we were shaking hands, the countdown to the New Year started 10-9-8... I looked to my side for Scotty and couldn't see him. 7-6-5... My eyes moved to the bar and saw

within this group, brought many of us to feel the “family vibe” permeating the early rave scene. Six mundane days at home as a teenager with your biological family, climaxed into this one exciting and fulfilling night with this newly blossoming family. The scene itself was growing too. I noticed the lines to get into the club got longer and longer each week, and the inside was more packed too. We felt like this was a revolution of sorts. I remember a lot of people commenting that we were like a new psychedelic generation, like the evolution from hippies into cybernetic electronic psychedelia. This was going to be big, and we could feel it. Every week I was meeting more and more smiling, friendly people. We were all sharing a group ecstatic experience, getting our minds’ blown together. On Sunday’s after The Edge closed, people started having after- hours parties at their houses. So after the party was over, smaller groups were getting together in more relaxed settings, getting to know each other a bit

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what was up so they could hear it first-hand. I felt like it was important to be up front with my friends in the game, so they knew I was still true to them. “It’s going to be alright man, watch.” John said, inhaling on a joint and holding in the smoke. “This is small shit. You’re not going to do any time because of this, its three grams.” This made me feel a lot better. I knew John had experience with the legal system from the way he spoke. I wasn’t sure what his past was, but it sounded like he’d been through a lot worse before and knew what he was talking about. I finished up my finals and never heard a word from the school about the arrest. Scotty came up and helped me pack up all my stuff into his truck for the summer vacation. I had already planned to stay at my mom’s house during the break, but I hadn’t told her or my father about the arrest. I went home to her house and never mentioned a thing. To get my mind off of all the recent troubles, I thought maybe I’d buy a new car. My old car had been nothing but

driver's license?" I put my hand into my pocket and felt the quarter bag of herb, but no wallet. I put my other hand into my other pocket and thankfully pulled my wallet out and handed him my license. "Okay I'm going to run this and then I'll be back and we'll see where we go from here." "Sir, I'm not feeling so hot, can I sit down while you're doing that?" He nodded and I walked to the other side of the car so I could sit in the shade under the tree I'd almost crashed into. When I was sitting I could see that the angle of the car blocked the view of most of the crowd by the street, some people could see me, but not most of them. I put my face into my hands in a gesture of remorse and sadness. I then put my hands down and rested my head on my bent knees. There was a small but densely leaved hedge that made a tight ring around the base of the tree. It was about two feet high and it was directly behind where I had sat down. Using the hand almost completely hidden from the crowd and the cop, as discretely as I could I



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unbelievable tension that had saturated the room. The cops both looked over to him, and so did everyone else in the room. I could see he was tripping hard, but he was keeping his cool. “You got any ID?” one of the cops asked. Mark reached into his pocket and handed over his license. The cop took it and without even looking at it, he asked, “Is everyone here over 21?” I wasn’t, and I knew a lot of our guests were not 21, but Mark coolly confirmed that yes, everyone here was over 21. “Okay well look, we got a noise complaint and you’ve got cars parked all the way down the street. It’s obvious you’re having a party here.” There were Happy Birthday banners, streamers, and balloons up everywhere, which probably made it look a lot more innocent than it actually was. It seemed like the cops were softening, maybe we weren’t going to be okay. It was probably more of a job than they wanted to search everyone and start arresting people, and that realization settled in my consciousness and I

studied first and then sparked up a bowl or two afterwards that I retained what I read and could do fine on the exams. I had a friend that blew glass, actually I was introduced to him by Dan and John, and I've always been a fan of glass pipe-artwork. This guy was really amazing and I was able to buy this really neat bubbler he made. It was about a foot long and the front of the bubbler had a big flaming sun and some of the rays of the sun swirled into a yin yang and moved down the stem of the pipe. Since I lived in a college dorm, I learned a trick to keep the whole place from smelling like herb. I don't remember who showed it to me, but it was a very effective method, known and used in dorms all over the world to this day I believe. By taking a roll of toilet paper and rubber-banding some fabric softener/dryer sheets to one end, you could blow pot smoke through the other (open) end and through the fabric softener sheets and the smoke would come out smelling like fresh laundry. This worked well since none

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doing some big jail time. Actually for a while (I think until 1994) the LSD laws were way worse (if that can be imagined). Florida is also a zero tolerance state, so it's never been a kind place to be caught with anything. I'm not sure what Gianni ended up getting for the possession of L and Mushrooms, in fact I'm not sure if I really ever saw him after this story, but the herb turned out to be nothing much at all, it was my first offense and I hired a pretty decent lawyer. yeah, I was gonna say... either those back woods cops fucked up or you lucked out biggggg I mean my possession charge is going to get expunged (erased) in a few months now (it'll be close to 2 years after I was actually arrested), so in a way it's no big deal, it just wound up costing me 5k for a fucking dime. so annoying. So do you think Gianni ratted on ya or do you think it was just a case of bad luck? also, what's a zero tolerance state? Like a gram of coke is the same penalty as a key of coke? I think it was mostly just luck, I definitely don't think Gianni ratted

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said: Man, I totally identify with how the scene was and how it fell apart into the shadiness that it is today. See a lot of parallels in my experiences in the rave scene. Keep the stories comin!! I added in a final little paragraph to that last story, because I don't want to come off as a Negative Nancy, just telling it how it was from one person's point of view. Also I kind of post these as I complete them with almost no editing (at least the last few), so I will probably re-read and edit them a few days later when I see something that doesn't seem to flow right...

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Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
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Moonlightblue Registered: 12/08/12 Posts: 351  
Last seen: 1 month, 20 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark] #19856891 - 04/17/14 04:52 AM (3 years, 6 months ago) \*gasp\* new storie Gonna read when I get home Night time story. Post Extras:

shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330  
Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Moonlightblue] #19856940 - 04/17/14 04:59 AM (3 years, 6 months ago) Quote: Moonlightblue said: \*gasp\* new storie Gonna read when I get home Night time story. You're gonna be disappointed, Post Extras: Moonlightblue Registered: 12/08/12 Posts: 351 Last seen: 1 month, 20 days

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Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18107707 - 04/14/13 07:06 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) wo wo wo pump the breaks  
you're actually making a book of this?  
----- Beats More Beats sheekle:  
fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair  
and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras:  
jack\_straw2208 Doctor Registered: 02/12/07  
Posts: 1,335 Loc: yo mamma's house Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] #18111470 - 04/15/13 10:44 AM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) this thread is  
amazing, thank you dwpineal, keep em coming!  
----- I'm pullin' steel wires out of  
my eyes they're 20 miles long tangled up with  
my all insides DieCommie said: cut off her nose  
to spider face Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #18111527 -  
04/15/13 11:39 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

came up Sunday morning. I hadn't slept since Thursday night and I was starting to feel the accumulated dirt of an entire weekend at the farm party coating every inch of my body. Gary let me shower off in the RV, which was one of the most beautiful experiences in cleanliness. I didn't take a long shower, but I didn't need a long one. Just being stripped of all the farm mud made me feel entirely rested and ready to go, even on zero sleep. Before we left I stocked up on more LSD to bring back to Fort Lauderdale. They had liquid and paper, but I liked having paper around, it was much easier for me to work with, and it seemed like a more stable carrier medium than liquid. I bought mostly paper, but the vials looked so professional I had to get some of them too. They weren't using the little sweet breath vials anymore, they had nice amber glass vials with glass droppers, I couldn't resist the presentation. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

dancers crisscrossed the open field everywhere running and laughing, tripping over each other and falling on the grass in piles of brightly colored fabric and glowing jewelry. Three more sound systems were housed within the cavernous building in the center of the fairground. Each sound system was in a separate room within the building and each had DJ's and producers from all over the world, each creating their own vibe. The lasers here were even better than the best we had at The Edge, forming images and words on the ground and in the skies on the clouds above, or the walls within the inside rooms. Going to an event like this really opened my eyes to how many people, and how many varied types of people came to these events. Everyone was different ages, shapes, sizes, wore different clothes (some VERY different) and yet, everyone was not only getting along, but seemed to be having the times of their lives. I felt so at home and so at peace in the middle of all the lights, sounds, and

The series of thoughts and actions you describe and the suspicions of the water bottle and then Ray getting you to do the breathing exercises to ease your mind while Gary lounges off in the distance smiling really captured the imagery of a strong trip quite well. The words and writing style makes it quite easy to feel like you're there when you read it. That particular passage stirred up some feelings of times when I've been way out there and just really not sure of things that would normally seem straight forward. It's nice when someone is there to kind of reassure you that everything is fine and everything is as it should be. Thank you both very much for the kind feedback

Quote: allseeingike said: How can you just end it like that the suspense is killing me Man I'm sorry! It was already super late, I was about 4,000+ words in, and of course the next part is going to be equally long - so I just couldn't keep going anymore last night.

Quote: Kief Ledger said: Quote: Simple-Psyman said: I dont care what anyone says

get any in time. “No, there will be acid everywhere up there” Darbi said. That was enough for me, I was in. That Friday we drove for hours and hours to get to the Ocala National Forest, finally arriving while it was still daylight out. Once we were in the forest we drove for what seemed like another half hour or more on dirt roads until we finally pulled into a huge area filled with cars and buses. A guy waved us into a specific area and helped us to get to where we were supposed to park and said loudly “Welcome Home!” I learned that we were not going to camp by our car, that at the gatherings people parked their cars in one place, and went off into nature to camp. The main camping areas were quite a hike away, and this was done on purpose to separate the outside world from the gathering. The gatherings were a place where no one used money, only barter to get things you might need, and they had kitchens set up and built in the forest that fed everyone there for free. No electricity or generators were used

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
VeryStrangeMan] 2 #19084841 - 11/04/13  
05:31 PM (3 years, 11 months ago) Hey

there guys. I understand and appreciate your  
patience with me. I spent the summer traveling  
to events, and now that it is so close to the  
holidays I am continuing to make new art like a  
mad-man. However I did just take a webinar on  
writing (it was more for novels, but the info  
translated to non-fiction okay) and it inspired  
me to keep going. I had my old computer crash  
and just got the new one in the mail last week  
(wow tech moves quickly, love the speed and  
new features!!!). Anyway, definitely plan to get  
back to writing these all up soon. Much love  
and again so much thanks for all the good vibes  
you continually throw at me! Just so you can see  
I'm not slacking, here is a new pin I was  
working on for about 6 months. I was literally  
every day submitting info or changes to the  
factory. Front side Back side Close up of LSD

better than I have been, I needed to act from a place of love and understanding, see how others would be affected by the actions I took and the course of my life. Laughter broke out along one of the paths through the forest nearby, interrupting my internal mushroom lessons. I could hear a group of people laughing and giggling as they walked and it was almost as if the universe was purposely juxtaposing the laughter and the serious thoughts I was having, to show me the absurdity of reality. Things can go from serious to silly in a flash and move just as quickly in the other direction. From calm to stormy and from anger to love, was it all random, or is there some intricate destiny being played out? I could see the laughing people through the trees, leaves and branches, all walking, talking as they made their way down the path. They were wearing weird clothes and costumes, like many other people I'd seen here at the gathering. The forest fashion was like a mix of clothing you might see on homeless



have dried mushrooms in it. So I opened the white envelope with the foreign stamps and a postmark in another language. Inside was a much smaller manila envelope that was also sealed. Opening the smaller envelope I saw a bunch of dark colored powder. I looked closer to see what in the world this was, and I noticed some small chunks of what looked like mushroom caps with the gills on the underside. The chunks were very small though, no bigger than half the size of a pencil eraser. But it was clear now what the powder was, it was powderized mushrooms. I started again to wonder if I got ripped off and they just sent me some fake mushroom powder, it just didn't look at all like I would've expected, which in retrospect is probably why it moved so easily through the mail. I sniffed the powder to see if it smelled like mushrooms, poured the contents of the manila envelope onto my mom's kitchen table and looked at it all wondering if it was actually magic mushroom powder. I decided to

downtown Fort Lauderdale night to another world entirely filled with lasers, black-lights and pounding bass. At this time in the morning, the post is abandoned, even though the party rages on. The club had made its money and if you wanted to arrive at 8AM, The Edge wasn't going to ask for your six dollars. After a few more minutes of fruitless searching, security saw us as a waste of time. All four towering guards turned away from us in a gesture of dismissal. I was already walking back into the club, when I hear, "Hey man, can I get my pipe back?" Chris was not about to give up his prized pipe. "No way kid, get out of here." "You're just going to take my pipe like that?" "Man, forget about the pipe!" I called back "No way, that ain't cool." "Either I keep the pipe, or the cops keep it, and you." And that was the last we saw of Chris' pipe. Scenes like that happened every once in a while at The Edge for us. One night I was on the second floor, looking down on the dance floor below. The second floor was more

Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
TheMadHightentist] #19161098 - 11/20/13  
01:26 AM (3 years, 11 months ago) I love  
that you got all the double bonds on the LSD  
molecules, details are everything!!

----- \*\*Metaphysical Crystal,  
Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual  
reacts differently to every chemical. Know your  
Body - Know your Mind - Know your  
Substance - Know your Source. "You need more  
THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras:

toader123 Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722  
Last seen: 3 days, 20 hours Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
mattritt] #19161804 - 11/20/13 03:23 AM (3  
years, 11 months ago) Yea, I bought the 1st  
batch of wings you put out. I get a lot of  
compliments on them. Oh and we need more  
stories!! I'm stoked to read whats to come. Post

Extras: Tripballsalot Psychonaut Registered:  
05/01/12 Posts: 123 Loc: United States Last  
seen: 3 years, 4 months Re: Stories from

Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/20/12  
04:56 PM) Post Extras: zhparrish Lost  
Voyager Registered: 09/09/12 Posts: 893 Last  
seen: 1 year, 11 months Re: Stories from  
the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#17246888 - 11/19/12 09:33 PM (4 years, 11  
months ago) Damn, these stories are intense.  
Amazing writing too, keep these up cause I'm  
really enjoying them. ----- Life  
must be the preparation for the transition to  
another dimension. Post Extras: mattritt Mind  
Chemist Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last  
seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: zhparrish]  
#17247131 - 11/19/12 10:21 PM (4 years, 11  
months ago) Man, I totally identify with how  
the scene was and how it fell apart into the

mushrooms had dark red caps, some were orange/gold, but they told me they were all actually the same species, just that the red ones were “younger” in terms of growth stages. The caps got lighter as the mushrooms got bigger. In what seemed like almost no time at all, my garbage bag was getting heavier and heavier. Soon the sun was up and it was starting to get warmer. We had made our way deep into their fields and their home was just a little speck in the distance. The cows didn't seem to notice us or be concerned that we were walking through the fields. With our bag full we began the short trek back to the house, said our grateful good-byes and loaded back into the mail truck for the ride back to the gathering. “We did some good work today! Hopefully we'll open some minds, maybe change some lives tonight.” The Tea Time guy said as we pulled out of the driveway. I realized he was right, we had untold energy and priceless experience in this bag. It was an interesting feeling to know that I had a hand in

Post Extras: SnowDaze Back in the Saddle  
Registered: 02/24/13 Posts: 5,631 Loc: Rocky  
Mountain High Last seen: 9 days, 10 hours  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground  
[Re: Soluminia] #18087202 - 04/10/13 09:00  
PM (4 years, 6 months ago) cant wait  
----- If you get confused just listen  
to the music play Post Extras: Shroomey  
Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts:  
616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10  
months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: SnowDaze] #18088385 -  
04/11/13 12:38 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)  
----- Post Extras: Chakra Shock  
Waxing Prophetic Registered: 02/23/13 Posts:  
2,510 Loc: The Enterprise Last seen: 1 month, 5  
days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] #18089292  
- 04/11/13 03:22 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)  
heeeere we gooo!!! Post Extras: Ballerium  
Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered:  
10/04/10 Posts: 11,023 Re: Stories from the

people max at a time, but those people would move through thousands of capsules of it at a time. It was weird like that. LSD would flow through so many different groups and types of people, but the AMT seemed to stay mostly in well-defined circles. I went through a period of really liking AMT a lot. A friend of mine once asked, “Do you like it more than L?” and I thought for a minute, “Yes, I think I do.” “Really?” was the shocked reply. And yes AMT was a really neat substance. It would last almost 20 hours, so taking it was a serious investment of time and energy, but it could be far more visual than LSD at the right doses. It could also have the fun body high of MDMA, so it tended to be a bit chameleon-like. It did have some downsides though. I noticed a body load, a tension and slight pain in my shoulders, and sometimes my stomach would feel a little queasy from it. I rarely threw up, but a significant number of people definitely did throw up, and a few would throw up all night. It

Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus, Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

Post Extras: zhparrish Lost Voyager

Registered: 09/09/12 Posts: 893 Last seen: 1 year, 11 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger]

#17948784 - 03/13/13 07:47 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Master of suspense right here. I

know I've said this earlier in the topic but I really won't to reiterate. These stories are all

very well written, even if they weren't the events you describe are so captivating to read.

Thank you very much for taking time just to write and share stories for us to read.

----- Life must be the preparation for the transition to another dimension. Post

Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13

Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground

[Re: Psilocyentist] #17949581 - 03/13/13 10:33



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Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) [Psilocybe Cubensis](#) Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other [Psilocybin](#)

good friends and we all drove out to the everglades for the party. This time we brought tents, camping gear, and some food with us. I wanted to do this right this time and have our own campsite instead of bouncing all night from one campsite to the next. The Big Cypress Reservation was where I had my first LSD trip ever, so I was excited to go back. We were going to a different part of the reservation, but all the land out there has a similar feel, wide open spaces as far as the eye can see. As soon as we pulled in and jumped out of our car, we met the neighbors sitting on the tailgate of their pickup truck. After a few words with one of the guys, he says, “Do you want to see one of the five top strains of herb I’ve ever seen in my life?” Of course I said yes, and I have to give it to him, even to this day, what he showed me would have compared favorably with some of the best strains available. It was nice compact nuggets that were so completely covered by THC crystals that the bud looked white. It was a great

to the music play Post Extras: GoldenArrow  
Chasing self up spiral staircase Registered:  
10/05/11 Posts: 1,370 Loc: UK Last seen: 29  
days, 6 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: SnowDaze]  
#18023955 - 03/28/13 08:37 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) What about the smoke from the  
joint/whatever? -----

Monster Fruits and Monster Contams! My grow  
log Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10  
Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
GoldenArrow] #18023991 - 03/28/13 08:43 PM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) The dryer sheet stink  
seems to overpower it quite a bit, believe it or  
not Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
GoldenArrow] #18024094 - 03/28/13 09:03 PM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: GoldenArrow  
said: What about the smoke from the  
joint/whatever? I mean it's not gonna work with

and partying hard. The bus was filled with a slow moving smoke dancing in the sun rays coming through the windows. The smell of nice kind bud seemed to permeate the atmosphere and things were starting to get very psychedelic on the bus. In addition to Jamiroqui's mushrooms and the LSD I brought, Marty had a prescription bottle full of AMT capsules. We were insanely overstocked on psychedelics considering how many people were on the bus. About halfway to the festival it was apparent that some people were already getting very high. I had never met most of the people on the bus, but the group worked together perfectly. Everyone was in good spirits which were only getting better as time moved forward. Interestingly one of the guys on the bus was a kid Scotty and I knew peripherally from high school many years ago. His name was Tristan and he'd had fifteen minutes of schoolyard fame in high school when he had hidden hits of LSD in his cookies on the way to Grad Night at

Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation

the story. I had to stop for about an hour and just catch my balance before continuing...

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17981550 -

03/20/13 04:03 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

The Belly of the Beast Sitting with my hands cuffed behind my back in the plush recliner in our main room, I looked at the plain clothes

detective reading the search warrant out loud to me while the rest of the cops swarmed all over. I

wasn't focused on his words at all; my mind was too busy wondering exactly what they were

looking for. I knew it could be any combination of LSD, MDMA, or cannabis if not all three.

03/14/13 12:19 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)  
damn man! anther great story, but wow im ready  
for the next already! cant wait to find out what  
happens. ----- Love is the deep  
spiritual connection between the self and all  
things. We are all a part of the same universe.  
Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a  
one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack.  
Post Extras: Simple-Psyman Registered:  
08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc: Eire Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
indocult] #17950189 - 03/14/13 12:25 AM (4  
years, 7 months ago) Quote: indocult said:  
With the jason thing, I teared up and really felt  
like I was there because I've been in a similar  
situation. Good stuff as always, deep within the  
P(ineal) Too true man!!..too true!! I've come to  
terms with death too many times for my age I  
think...in the relatively small town(15,00ish I  
think) I live in there's almost an average of 3 or  
4 deaths a year within my own age group and  
thereabouts. for many

playing all throughout the bus. Someone was spinning records from the turntables all the way in the back of the bus and the music was routed through the speakers in the bus and a separate set of speakers that someone had brought on board.

Soon it was immediately obvious that even though the ride felt smooth to us, every tiny bump could be heard in the way the needle bounced on the records. I freaked out a little, not from tripping yet, just because I didn't think my records would survive the ride. I wasn't a very good DJ at all, but I really loved the music on those records. Most of it could not be purchased on tape or CD, so the only way to hear the song was to have the vinyl. Less than two miles down the road from Marty's house I switched to sliding a CD into Curtis' CD player in the center console of the bus. The ride to the festival was not a short one. The festival was about 45 minutes away, so for that entire time the people inside the bus were moving, dancing, smoking



getting ready for the summer festival season. But I'll be posting maybe 2 stories next week to make it up ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: TurkeyTom Trippy Registered: 08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18154979 - 04/23/13 06:42 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Anxiouslyawaiting for those! ----- Change your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18156023 - 04/23/13 10:14 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said:

Dimethyltryptamine Altered States Registered:  
09/25/11 Posts: 246 Last seen: 1 year, 11  
months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17981741 -  
03/20/13 04:38 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Ahh I love seeing another story in this thread,  
just like all the others, awesome read and great  
writing style, thanks dw ----- Post

Extras: TopPmz <No Title> Registered:  
01/14/13 Posts: 2,614 Loc: FL Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Dimethyltryptamine] #17981845 - 03/20/13  
04:52 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) I love these  
stories bro, read every one and intend to read til  
they're done. Thank you dw, keep em coming.

Post Extras: aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11  
Posts: 946 Loc: land of blue foot Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Dimethyltryptamine] #17981903 - 03/20/13  
05:06 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Damn man,  
plot thickens... your roommate was/is a good  
guy for what he did. Cant wait to see how your

25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]  
#17913878 - 03/06/13 10:09 PM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Feel more than free to tell me to  
STFU and plead the 5th, but in your travels  
along the psychedelic railroad, have you ever  
laid witness to a lab that was producing? Post  
Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] #17914048 - 03/06/13 10:46 PM (4  
years, 7 months ago) Nope, never saw  
anything even close to that. -----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic  
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Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My  
Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check  
out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter  
Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post  
Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts:  
25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

the threshold of the club is like moving into a bag of rapidly popping popcorn in a microwave somewhere in outer space. You feel the music moving through you, literally vibrating your cells in synch with the powerful rhythm. Fans blowing your hair like a ride in a convertible on some faraway beach, and the flashing colored lights pull you into the collective trance that is being weaved like a giant dream catcher from the DJ booth on the second floor. With a little help from the mind expanding molecules moving through the central nervous systems and pockets wandering the maze within the club, the Edge becomes the secret psychedelic nuclear reactor of Fort Lauderdale. Partiers moving like subatomic particles in a quantum flux, appearing and disappearing at will, bouncing off every surface. Eyes connect and hands drift gently over skin as people pass, inching the energy up higher and higher. Cascading rhythms paint the inner landscape of your imagination in Day-Glo puddles rippling in synch with the

the country. Ray turned on a light in the RV and the sudden contrast from the evening darkness to the brightness of florescent lighting energized the visual part of my trip by magnitudes. Looking into the lighted interior of the RV I started seeing what looked like flowers made of multi-colored lightning. We walked into the RV and I sat down on one of the couches. The spectacle of lights was increasing in intensity with every passing moment. It felt like it was building towards a grand finale, but one that was far off in the future. For now, it would keep escalating and flowering and building towards infinity. Somewhere the bubble would burst and the real show would start. Ray moved the couch and it became a bed. He got a pillow and I laid back and got lost in my thoughts. Ray turned down the lights, so that only a small light in the corner was left on. It felt much better in the dark. The light was so engaging that it seemed to push the experience to the very limits of what a human could live through. The smell of herb

quickly forgot about it. He tried to page me a few other times, and each time it was 911. This went on for a few days, and sometimes I would return his calls, but after a few more 911 pages for the same thing, I mostly ignored him. About a week later I got another page when I was sitting in my dorm room. I told him I didn't have any tabs. "That's cool do you have a \$50 of herb?" This was the first time he actually caught me at the perfect moment. I was home, I had nothing to do, and I had some herb. I weighed out an eighth for him and when he knocked on my dorm room door, I answered the door with it in my hand. As the door swung open I saw not only Gerald, but a much older looking guy with him. I felt immediately cold, I knew something was off. I would've just said, "sorry, I couldn't get anything" but they'd both seen the rolled up bag in my hand when I opened the door. Gerald gave me a hug and said "Here this is my buy, B, it's his birthday. Can you hook him up?" Something about the whole

car was a beautiful brand new Mustang GT with mirrored windows and some kind of racing engine. I think his family was pretty well off and his dad had bought it for him recently. It was also stick shift and I had only about 10 hours of instruction driving a stick shift car from my dad about 3 years ago. I don't know why I didn't ask someone else to drive with me or for me, but I didn't. I put the key in the car and turned it in the ignition and the car came to life, it was humming with the sound of raw power. I put it into reverse and pulled out of the driveway. I got to the stop sign down the street, slowed down and stalled the car. I turned the key in the ignition, started it up and stalled again almost immediately. Somehow I made it all the way to Scotty's house only stalling a few more times. When he saw the car his eyes widened, "Dude! Where did you get this from?" I explained as he sparked up a huge joint how I ended up there with the Mustang. "Can I drive it?" He asked. "Of course!" I said throwing him

a friendly, trustworthy connect, I would love to spread the love of LSD and revive a psychedelic community where I'm from. It's a shame i wasnt a teenager in south florida in the 90s'.

----- Post Extras: allseeingike

Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Allyander] #17881314 - 02/28/13 11:48 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: Allyander said: I

really wish there were people like the OP where I live. All the "acid dealers" here are people who lay blotters with super low doses of LSD and are in it for the money and the drug dealer persona. If i could get my hands on a friendly, trustworthy connect, I would love to spread the love of LSD and revive a psychedelic community where I'm from. It's a shame i wasnt a teenager in south florida in the 90s'. dont worry its not like that here anymore its a bunch of teenagers buying RCs of slightly olde kids who sell it to them as lsd ----- Post



these all night electronic dance music parties. I certainly had no idea of what the night had in store for me. As I was walking through the parking lot, someone asked me, “Hey, you got a pipe?” I did. I wandered over to a small group of people sitting on the ground by their car, behind an open door. “Here, sit down.” One of the girls in the group said, patting the pavement next to her. I took out the pipe I had and took a seat. “We’re all tripping on these mushrooms that were grown in a laboratory!” She said to me as I sat down. She looked excited and happy and her eyes had a shine from the light post above. “We brought weed but none of us brought a pipe!” another girl said. “Here you go.” I said, passing her my pipe. As she was packing the bowl, I asked if they had any more of the mushrooms, I had never taken mushrooms before. I was very interested. It sounded so scientific that they were grown in a lab. My mind created these elaborate and detailed images of a mad scientist in a high tech

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Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience  
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Last post Psychedelics and  
enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924  
58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is  
there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1  
2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic  
Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka

12:14 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] 3 #17180338 -  
11/07/12 11:56 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

The Search for More After the experience in the Everglades, I found myself with many questions. I wanted to explore this mental landscape in more depth. I saw that there was a great value in the LSD mindspace and that it was important to have more of these types of experiences. The trip I had taken was the most interesting and most significant thing I could remember from my entire life. I continued to read psychedelic literature, and I tried to find more acid. Unfortunately for me, that turned out to be very difficult. No one that I knew actually sold acid, but some of them said they knew people who did. After several failed attempts, I had heard two kids in the hall at school talking about something called “The Trippy Trippy Circus.” I knew them both, but not very well. I

12:21 AM) Post Extras: Kief Ledger Stranger  
Registered: 11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5  
months, 14 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1  
#17181447 - 11/08/12 03:07 AM (4 years, 11  
months ago) Only read the 1st one so far, but  
a great read! Always loved your stories from the  
good Ol days. Keep em coming. thanks so much  
Post Extras: mushcap Stranger Registered:  
01/06/12 Posts: 82 Last seen: 1 year, 6 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17183191 -  
11/08/12 10:21 AM (4 years, 11 months ago)  
Read the whole series. Great stories, keep them  
coming. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic  
Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
mushcap] #17184276 - 11/08/12 06:13 PM (4  
years, 11 months ago) Sweet, thanks guys!  
Should have another one or two to post up  
later... ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
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psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
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psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic

wall that worked as a perfect improv hiding place. Quote: shLong said: Didn't the chemical wholesaler eventually catch on that your company only purchased amt? "here comes that druggie kid I was telling ya about, Rhonda." Wait for it... Quote: allseeingike said: What if there's an even bigger twist ending and it turns out that all these stories happened in a really vivid and intense and very long dream that he had a few months ago and nothing ever happened. That would suck - what if I'm still stuck in the dream and you're entire existence is just a fragmentary figment of my dreamstate perpetuated to comment on this non-existent thread...what if the Shroomery itself exists only in the dream? Quote: LittleDipster said: Will dwpineal make it out of this run in with the heat? Will his awesome drug stash be discovered leading to life in prison?? Tune in for this next installment of Stories From the Psychedelic Underground!!! -----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic

CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )

PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM  
by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39

09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM

by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka

The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra

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cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
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how I was doing and I felt like he was a really good guy. The universe had really smiled on me today so far. I wasn't sure how this was going to end up, but it seemed like the cop was empathizing with me. While I was putting on a bit of theatrics to amplify my aura of helplessness, shock, and shame, there was no getting around it; I was deeply lost in all those emotions. Soon the car was towed out from the golf course and the cop opened the front door of his cruiser for me to jump into the passenger seat. I pointed out the directions until we pulled into Chip's house. The tow truck started unloading the newly green pinstriped silver Mustang into Chip's driveway, and I went up to the door. I knocked on the door and a few moments later Chip cracked open the door, smiling when he saw me. He must have seen the cop car behind me and his expression changed instantaneously. "I had an accident in Dave's car," I said motioning towards the tow truck, "the cop needs to speak to him to make sure he



chose would determine the exact shape and color of the car, so I had to be very careful not to accidentally choose the reality where the car was a cop car. Just then someone rode by on a bike. As the rider entered my vision, I saw it was a young man, about 20 years old, but as he kept pedaling I saw him age before my eyes. As he moved away from me, he seemed to grow older and older until he reversed the process and became younger again. I could just pick the reality I wanted and that would make the aging effects stop at the exact moment reality focused and he would remain that age in the “now.” Watching more cars go by and seeing the cop car reality flash by in my mind, I began to get a little paranoid. I started worrying and wanted to hide my bowl out in the grass so if a cop came and searched my car, there wouldn't be anything illegal in it. I walked over to my car and realized I had left it running with the radio on. I lifted the handle to the car and the door didn't move. I lifted it again and pulled back, but the door

Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -  
Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Par  
Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British  
Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18274795 - 05/16/13 11:14 PM (4  
years, 5 months ago) Safe journey! Post  
Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts:  
25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Par] #18276433  
- 05/17/13 05:34 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)  
Quote: Par said: Safe journey! Absolutely...  
Really hope I get the chance to go to my 1st  
festival and run in to you out there, dw.  
Godspeed. Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by  
nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last  
seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18327163 - 05/27/13 04:34 PM (4 years, 5  
months ago) Hey Dw, I wanted to ask you  
something... Was it you that said something  
about a trip that reverted you and your friends

myself be honest with all the pain I'd been holding inside over the past few months, and that pain morphed into a divine gratitude for all the blessings of my life. It was like the first time I'd done MDMA all over again. We didn't weigh out our doses, so I am not sure exactly how much I took but it was very strong. I felt myself getting all silly with my brother, I was so happy he was who he was and that we were on this path in life together. He'd been anti-drug before he got into high school, and that had been a little stressful on our relationship at that time. Once Will got into high school, I think his views changed, like happens for so many people, and he tried LSD before he ever even tried herb. He was a few years younger than me, so we didn't always get to have cool psychedelic or empathogenic journeys together so it was very special to me to be able to spend this time together and bond. Even though we'd been close for many years, I think this was the day I began to connect with my brother on a

atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola, Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus, Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus, Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

Post Extras: MrMagicMushroom Lysergic connoisseur Registered: 06/28/12 Posts: 360 Loc: United states,Fort collin... Last seen: 3 years, 8 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger] #18841122 - 09/14/13 08:28 PM (4 years, 1 month ago) Post Extras: aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946 Loc: land of blue foot Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger] #18841132 -

more fitting than putting flowers on his grave. When I was a teenager I didn't think much about dying, but this really awakened me to several things. One was that you never know when the last time you will see someone might be. I hadn't imagined that our trip to the everglades would be the last time I would see my friend. The fine thread that separates life and death became something I thought about a lot after Jason died. Just like time could be confounding to think about, death had its own set of circular thought patterns that I would move through trying to look closer at its mysteries. But things like these are beyond answering for humanity, so I think that these eternal mysteries are the source of many of Earth's philosophical schools of thought. These are the types of questions that most people will come face to face with at some point in their lives, though some look into them more intensely than others. Just like the leaf I saw spinning into eternity during my mushroom trip

months ago) Everytime I've tripped on acid (the last time I think it was an RC but my cousin swears otherwise) it has been with people. I think that's the biggest difference between me shrooming which I've mostly done alone. LSD in group setting = Fun but no lessons Mushrooms alone = Anxiety filled but full of lessons I bet acid would be awesome alone.

----- Post Extras: mattritt Mind Chemist Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] #18138951 - 04/20/13 11:25 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) The Fuzz!!

----- \*\*Metaphysical Crystal, Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual reacts differently to every chemical. Know your Body - Know your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your Source. "You need more THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Extras: TheGreenArrow Goodbye, Mr. Chops.  
Registered: 06/22/12 Posts: 15,258 Last seen:  
22 days, 18 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#20487874 - 08/28/14 02:57 PM (3 years, 2  
months ago) Christ that sounds awesome.  
Make sure to post back if you get that going. I  
want one that pulses electricity.  
----- A human being should be able  
to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a  
hog, design a building, conn a ship, write a  
sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a  
bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give  
orders, cooperate, act alone, solve an equation,  
analyze a new problem, pitch manure, program  
a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently,  
die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.-  
Robert A. Heinlein Saint RedBow of the  
Shroomey Loomey-Patron Saint of Sandbaggin  
Sumbitchs Post Extras: allseeingike  
Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-  
miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re:

#20496607 - 08/30/14 02:31 PM (3 years, 2 months ago) I think this underground isn't as underground as you think. ----- I ain't never been that kind.

Post Extras: Jump to top.

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58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset

Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by CactiLover

Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM by cube talk

Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592



weekly raves in the early 1990s, certainly the biggest and best attended. As Saturday night became Sunday morning in the neon glow of Fort Lauderdale, Late Night began. People of all ages came from miles around, weekend after weekend to be a part of the electronic sensory artistry that was The Edge. The party spilled out of the boundaries of the physical building in a radiating halo of energy. People were everywhere for blocks around The Edge, hilarious with laughter, beaming with smiles and auras like flamethrowers. Nearby parking lots were full of people in circles around cars seated Indian-style, hanging onto open doors, lounging on hoods, trunks, or anything handy. These were breeding grounds for involved, deep, and personal conversations spanning galaxies of experience and feeling. The crowds thinned a little as you moved even farther from the inner sanctum of the party. A bit north was the entrance to the Discovery Center, a huge downtown science museum with its own IMAX

LOL) Quote: Shroomey Toons said: DW I almost feel guilty for not leaving a post as soon as I got done. First thank you! These stories are truly engaging. I stayed up WAY later than usual on a work night to finish them. Psychedelic crack! You have a real gift with words. I have read a few of your other post after reading and can see you are an artist. Please don't let your writing take a backseat to your other art. You have writing talent man! You gave all of us in this community a great gift with these. Can't wait to buy the book! Please keep them coming. This comment really touched me, I'm always trying to balance my time between all my different art projects and it is great to see that underlined sentence to give me that extra push.

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

get away with it every time. Just like the book suggested, I'd even get a few drops on the toilet seat to make it look even more authentic. This method was so much better than drinking all that water since I didn't feel sick every time I reported for probation. After a few times, I became really confident. I would "pee" into the cup, he'd test it, it would show negative for every drug and he'd have me dump the "pee" into the toilet and flush away any evidence of my trickery. I was finding ways around some of the other probation conditions also. Scotty's family was building a synagogue and he was in charge of a lot of the construction. So he was able to sign off on all my community service hours without me ever lifting a finger, other than to pass him the joint while we hung outside the building. My younger brother got me a job working with him promoting for The Theater, a nightclub on US1 right off the Fort Lauderdale strip. Since I was working for a club, I had to be out past my curfew, but it was all approved by

of the capsule, the powder filled the bottom of the capsule to a little indented line. So we just used the line to measure the doses and we came out with almost the exact number of capsules at the end that we should have, so that worked nicely. At this time finding pure MDMA powder was very rare in the rave scene. Almost 100% of the ecstasy in the scene was in pill form, so having this pure powder was something very special. There were two big parties that night, Wonderland in West Palm Beach, and Candyland in Miami, about an hour and a half away from each other. We decided we'd split up so that we could work both parties. Chris took a few hundred of the capsules with him to Wonderland with his girlfriend and a few others. I went down to Candyland with about the same amount of capsules. My night turned out as I hoped, I went to the party had a great time, moved all my troll-caps, ate a few that I had left, and stayed and partied until the morning. Chris' night did not go nearly so well. I got a

Within days we were all settled into the new place. It was almost like all the furniture and possessions teleported to the new house and we never really had the moving trauma of boxing and unboxing a lifetime worth of accumulated clutter. The only thing I owned that I cared to move was a set of turntables and a mixer and a few crates of records that I had at my mother's house. I was no good a DJing, but I had a real passion for the music and had an ever growing library of psychedelic Florida breaks on vinyl. I had struggled and battled with the turntables trying to match the beats of two records into a new composition. Beat Matching was just not something I was ever able to pull off, so I was able to figure out an acceptable cheat that made it look like I kinda knew what I was doing. With DJing, matching the beats of two totally different songs is the key to letting your creativity flow and to guide the experiences of others. Since when I tried to do this, it sounded like a trainwreck of epic proportions, totally

caption it so well. I usually have a hard time explaining a good time, usually just saying it was FUN or it was awesome and let my body language tell the rest, doesn't work so well on the forum haha somethin that i'l always work on! Anyways, peace and love, (keen for a new one soon hahaha ) Rock on! Shorty !

----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #17910209 - 03/06/13 03:52 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Its Tuesday night, dwp. Really hoping there's a story here when I wake up Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17910645 - 03/06/13 05:14 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Okay so this one is a bit long, so I am going to have to do it as a two-part-er. I wrote about half of what I wanted to get down

Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17180385 -  
11/08/12 12:03 AM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Mom Eats Acid by Accident Some days things seem to align in ways that seem impossible, and this was one of those days. My mother was one of the most straight-laced people you could imagine. She's never smoked herb, never had anything more intoxicating than a glass or two of wine. She was a very strict, no-nonsense kind of mother. Most of my friends would tell me they were scared to come over to my house because of her. One day I went to school as usual, but my little brother had stayed home sick. Now I never – ever went to lunch with my mom, before or after this. I have no idea why this one day I had made plans to go to her work for lunch. I didn't even have a car, so I had to have a friend of mine drive me over to her work during the lunch break at school. He dropped me off in the parking lot of her office building, and was just going to wait for me to finish lunch and then we'd go back to school together,

pretty young and jumped in mind first to a point where I've not taken doses as ridiculously high as I first did 12 years ago..madness!!! I say this because the way you described the mail order mushroom trip was scarily similar to so many things I've experienced with my best friend...even down to simple things like the phrase "Oh by ropes and ponies" and the "Life" "Lock" "Safe" scenario haha(except it was "Me" "My Phone" and "My Rock..rock..rock...")....eerily similar,but you brought me floating back to our moment's back then(eyes plates as I type haha)!!! I dont care what anyone says about peoples perception on psychedelic's and that the situations must have been embellished in our minds...I know that while on a trip the freakiest, strangest...mind bogglingly odd situations will pop up as soon as you swallow what you have....and more the better for it... Thanks for the memories man...truly appreciated Keep these streams of consciousness flowing my friend... I will



made our way through the gates and noticed another group of people already laid out on some of the pool chairs, talking and laughing. They got a little quieter as we walked in, probably none too happy about the intrusion into their space. We walked over to the other side of the pool and grabbed a bunch of chairs over there and lit up a joint. One of the blond Rhode Islanders, Mark, walked over to the other group and asked if they wanted to burn one with us, a peace offering for rolling up into their gathering. That broke the ice and we started moving all the chairs into one big agglomeration until there were about a dozen of us all clustered around the edges of the pool area overlooking the lake. They had herb too, so we matched joint for joint and conversation flowed aimlessly around the newly formed group. It became obvious in a short time that everyone here was tripping. We were all on AMT and the other group had taken some mushrooms so that brought us closer together, knowing we'd all

sunrise. Halfway through the joint, the back door from the house opened and my heart stopped. I hid the smoking joint, cupped in my hand at my side behind my leg. Many times that door had swung open while I was smoking and my mom appeared from behind it as it opened, angrier than the devil with a broken horn. This time I heard laughter and voices, it couldn't be my mom. Will's head materialized, quickly followed by a few strangers walking out onto the back porch as he held the door open. Everyone seemed to be smiling as they walked out and saw Scotty and I sitting at the table. I'm sure we looked tired and stoned, sitting there with our eyes half closed in a cloud of smoke hovering over us. "Oh, hey" Will said to me, and then to the others, "This is my brother." Pointing to me. "Hey, what's up? I met these guys at the rave last night, we were just going to burn one." "Hey what's up?" Scotty and I introduced ourselves, but were guarded and quiet, not knowing what we could say around

vibrating through me, the flashing lights strobing on and off, revealing partying sweaty people all around. I had to walk to a corner to breathe and catch some balance. I felt a little better knowing that I didn't have anything illegal on me anymore, but I was still uneasy about having all that money walking around the party. I bought a cold water and went back and sat in a corner of one of the big rooms for a bit until I felt good enough to keep walking around. I still wanted to try to find my friends and see if they were ready to go home. As I was walking, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Was it the cops? Did my friend rat me out for the capsules? Was it the DEA? I turned around and was immediately relieved when I realized it was another friend of mine that I knew well. She didn't look very happy though. "Hey do you know that girl Melanie that you used to work with?" "Yeah why, what's up?" "That bitch ratted out Jovi on some LSD. She ordered a book, went to his house to pick it up and the whole place got

see the data for yourself and it was obvious. So after a while of that, we decided to just stay as much in the shade as we could instead of putting on the sunscreen. Gary came up with a small fat amber glass bottle and said “So, do you wanna try this liquid I got?” I looked into the bottle and reflexively looked over to E-Dog since I didn’t really know his friend that well. I didn’t know if he was just joking with me since it looked like a lot of liquid, too much to bring to a small party like this. E-Dog caught my glance and nodded with a smile. I looked back at Gary and he was smiling too, so I said sure. He opened the top to the bottle and it didn’t have a dropper, “Use your pinky, just dip it in there.” He said. I took my pinky and just touched it to the top of the liquid in the bottle, and just as I was bringing it up Gary took my hand and pushed it into the bottle, dipping my pinky more than halfway down into the liquid. “Don’t be scared man, I said dip it. It’s all good.” I pulled my finger up and I saw the liquid fall off in drops back into

ecstasy in anything other than pressed pills, but I was confident his stuff must be good, based on just watching and talking with my group of friends that had appeared out of the aether of the event. It almost seemed like everything had aligned to put me alone there on the dancefloor when they found me and helped me get to this moment where I was swallowing the pill with some amazingly refreshing cold water. I was right around the peak of the acid trip when the ecstasy crept into the experience. It softened the psychedelic experience in the most profound way. The peak of the trip opened up into an overwhelming feeling of bliss and oneness. We were walking around trying to find our friends (either Chris and the group I came with, or the group Karla came with), but all of a sudden I had to stop and sit down. My stomach felt a little uneasy and I felt like I was moving up on a speeding elevator, rocketing towards the stars. I drank some more of my water and it helped to calm my stomach down, but I still had a feeling

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dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Mr.PhilCybin] 1

#18085730 - 04/10/13 11:47 AM (4 years, 6

months ago) I'll have the next one up tonight,

still working on it ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for

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Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic

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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic

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Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Can-i-bus Melting

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| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | Next > | Last > jw2234  
Astral Traveler Registered: 08/18/09 Posts:  
1,237 Loc: Bay Area Last seen: 1 year, 4 days  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -



months ago) Man I am having a lot of trouble not skipping ahead to be honest. I sit there and think of this good story or that good story, but if I jump out of chronological order - I don't know - trying to keep things in line to make it easier for me to flow from one set of events to the next. But believe me I am having a hard time. I have a long way to go before we get to 2001 LOL - I am going to also fit in the 8 month trip into this thread so I can refine the stories and make them fit into the framework of a book. And that was 1998. SO, yes, I will definitely cover all that in due time. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: sailing China Cat  
Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17186228 -  
11/09/12 01:24 AM (4 years, 11 months ago) i  
only read a few chapters, but just wow man.  
thats some crazy shit. really has me sucked into  
the story. ----- Love is the deep  
spiritual connection between the self and all  
things. We are all a part of the same universe.  
Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a  
one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack.  
Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut  
Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
sailing] #17186591 - 11/09/12 02:31 AM (4  
years, 11 months ago) Oh man! I've only read  
the first one so far, but I love it. I'm very excited  
to read the rest of these. Thanks for posting DW.  
Amazing. ----- The Psychedelic  
Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis  
Generation Post Extras: indocult Dr

quite so obvious. But he also had about 20 hits of LSD and a few rolls that the cops found. At this point though, none of us had been told exactly what we were being charged with. After about four hours one of the detectives walks in, calls my last name and walks me into a room down the hall from the holding cells. He sat me down at a table in a bare room, nothing on the walls at all, no desks, tables or furniture of any kind other than the table I was at, the chair I was sitting on and another chair across the table. He never sat down, but instead walked around the table while he asked me questions. Another cop was standing behind me about four feet back to my left, but never said a word. “So where are you getting the stuff? Just be honest with me, this is your chance to walk away from all this. Work with me and I’ll help you out.” Since I knew they only found a small bag of herb, I wasn’t feeling as intimidated as he wanted me to be. “I just buy stuff on occasion when I go to clubs. I don’t smoke all the time and I don’t

talking until another hours or two had passed. Finally Scotty realized he was still holding the unlit joint, and lit it up. Scotty was one of my closest friends, which was cool, because in many ways he was my polar opposite. He was the type of person that almost everyone hates when they first meet him. He's rude, unforgiving, extremely blunt, and just doesn't have any sense of tact. I was always the type of person who tended to be concerned about people's feelings, I was quiet and almost never spoke to people I didn't know, but he was always the first person to strike up a conversation with anyone within earshot. Even in our late teens his short curly black hair was running away from his forehead to a quickly receding hairline. He was a big guy, I wouldn't necessarily say he was fat, but he was a chunky guy. He would call himself a silverback, like the gorilla, because he was covered with thick hair everywhere. I on the other hand was almost 20 and had never even owned a razor. Well I might

for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*  
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Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my  
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Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Force  
Ten Home Will Always Be Here Registered:  
04/11/08 Posts: 747 Loc: Elation Station Last  
seen: 3 years, 10 months Re: Stories from  
the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18031940 - 03/30/13 02:03 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) You're an excellent story teller  
man, that was some great subtle foreshadowing.  
As soon as you took the car without finding  
someone else to drive it, I thought to myself,  
"nothing good can come of this..."  
----- So hear this please And watch  
as your heart speeds up endlessly And look for  
the stars as the sun goes down Each breath that  
you take has a thunderous sound Everything,  
everything's magic Post Extras: GRAVE trippy  
by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last

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act as I imagine gravity would, pulling nearby bodies into an orbital cosmic dance. It looked almost like the patterning you'd see if you looked at oil on top of water. Dancing on that level is definitely art, and getting to see it in that mind-state was a real treat and a blessing. We moved through the crowds dancing our way around the field. It seemed like E-Dog knew most of the people there, so he was doing a lot of hugging and smiling as we danced. It was a really neat experience because I felt so lucky to be in this beautiful place at this exact moment, and I could tell many of the other people were feeling the same way. So that created a really nice atmosphere with everyone radiating from an internal spring of thankfulness. We spent the night moving from campsite to campsite, smoking joints, talking, laughing and nodding our heads to the music. Many people had fires set up, but it was so hot out that we stayed away from the sites with camp fires. Even in the fullness of night with the ocean breezes blowing

know exactly what you mean. Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. What you know you can't explain, but you feel it. You've felt it your entire life, that there's something wrong with the world. You don't know what it is, but it's there, like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about? Post Extras:

dwpineal      Psychedelic      Artist      Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666      Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded]  
#17835640 - 02/20/13 07:23 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago)      Quote: Absent Minded said: did  
they have more lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask  
because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton  
of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession  
would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR  
here. you'd be doing some big jail time. Actually  
for a while (I think until 1994) the LSD laws  
were way worse (if that can be imagined).  
Florida is also a zero tolerance state, so it's



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Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor

started becoming more selective about who we sold to in school. I just don't think anyone was really prepared for that flood of acid to arrive. The floodgates opened and the waves came crashing down uncontrollably. I learned some lessons that day that helped keep me safe many times in the future. -----

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My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the

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Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my

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Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal

(11/08/12 12:18 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dwpineal] 2 #17180367 -

11/08/12 12:00 AM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Moving On Up About two months later I was

sitting in Melanie's grey Isuzu pickup in

Sheridan Plaza buying a sheet, when she said, "I

just met this guy Jesus in Miami, and if

months, 28 days                      Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic                      Underground                      [Re:  
feelthejourney666] #19835464 - 04/13/14 06:24  
AM (3 years, 6 months ago)                      Bumping to the  
top for new people to read the epicness of these  
stories! Dw, have you any idea when you might  
write some more? I read most of these one night  
on a relatively low dose of mushrooms and Ive  
been hooked ever since. ----- Trade  
List! Current Grow log! Cheap Noob Cannabis  
Growing Guide! Post Extras:                      dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666                      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Thrill] #19842894 - 04/14/14  
06:29 PM (3 years, 6 months ago)                      Thanks  
man! Appreciate the kind words, and hope  
reading the stories on low-dose mushrooms is as  
cool as it sounds Not sure on writing up more in  
terms of timing - time is such an abstract  
concept I've been in art-making mode for a  
while now - hopefully things will chill enough  
to kick out some more stories - still so long to

them

here!

1CUrygL1w4YJsnISUeFTsnLgMqYdTwdejY  
Post Extras: Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts:  
811 Loc: British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2  
months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: twinkie] #17594869 -  
01/23/13 10:06 AM (4 years, 9 months ago)  
great story for bedtime, thanks dwpineal Post  
Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered:  
01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #17595363 - 01/23/13 03:58 PM (4  
years, 9 months ago) Wow DW, this is my  
favorite story of yours yet. Quote: dwpineal  
said: I thought, "It would be nice if I could just  
press a button that would let me cross the street  
safely." I looked down and saw a button on the  
pole that said "Push to cross street" and realized  
that someone had the same exact thought as me  
in the past. , I love this thought. It seems a little  
humorous at face value but it also shows how  
the psychedelic experience can deconstruct

expunged (erased) in a few months now (it'll be close to 2 years after I was actually arrested), so in a way it's no big deal, it just wound up costing me 5k for a fucking dime. so annoying. So do you think Gianni ratted on ya or do you think it was just a case of bad luck? also, what's a zero tolerance state? Like a gram of coke is the same penalty as a key of coke? I think it was mostly just luck, I definitely don't think Gianni ratted on us at all, especially since all I had was a bag of herb and he had all the felony stuff in a box with his own name and address on it (that still cracks me up every time I think of it) He honestly seemed like a super cool guy that was really smart in some ways but definitely not street smart. Now that you ask I'm not sure what a Zero Tolerance state is LOL, but I always hear that down here, it had to do with the 1970s-1980s pot and cocaine smuggling I believe. But basically it is not a good place to gt caught with anything. This time I got lucky, but as you'll soon read - it definitely did not always go that

him for it. I was already busted, I sold to a cop. Sure he could tell them everything he saw, but it was basically more of what they already had me on, he didn't really know anything about what I was doing with MDMA here on campus and definitely nothing about LSD. I was staring a hole in the closed door, waiting for his reply. "No, I haven't seen anything. We're not usually here at the same time." I didn't want the detective sitting next to me to see the smile that was coming from within my soul. I couldn't believe it. He had absolutely nothing to gain from lying to the police, yet he was covering for me. I felt a wave of emotion wash over me; he was truly a stand-up guy. "Now I know you want to protect your friend, but he's in serious trouble here. If you don't want to be in trouble here too, just tell me the truth." "I'm telling you the truth, I barely ever see him in here, what was he dealing?" "Pot. So you're telling me you've never even seen him smoke pot? We found a bong right here, out in the open in your

voices around me started warping and I thought I was hearing the voices of long forgotten school bullies from my past, plotting to do me harm. I would hear things like, “Yep, that’s him.” “He doesn’t even know what’s coming.” “Things are about to go down right about now.” And other weird snippets of conversation and I thought they were all directed at me. I was also hearing the voices in a low and slow mutated speech pattern that seemed to be stretching the speech in the same bubbly way that time and the world were bubbling. I knew the bubbling was moving towards a peak and that any moment the bullies would attack. I had to run and fast. I saw one of the guys I imagined as a bully walking towards me. He looked to one side, and I dashed into my tent, hiding so he wouldn’t catch me. In the tent was Kenny sitting with a guy I didn’t know. “That was smart! I saw how you ducked into the tent so that guy wouldn’t see you.” Kenny said. That flipped me out a little because I was still thinking people were out to do me

perfectly with the surrounding environment. I imagined myself living simply and in tune with nature. I saw myself as an old man, working intensely in my workshop on tiny intricate jeweled stained glass creations, making a modest living off this art. It was a simple life of a hermit, just me and my art, living peacefully in the forest. In a way this vision was an extension of my life - I'd always been into art in many different forms, but never really thought about making a living creating it. This vision of myself in the forest art workshop/home has stayed with me ever since, and I cherish it to this day. Finally after what seemed to be many, many hours, I decided to get up from my spot and walk around the forest. I stood up and brushed my clothes off, looked back and thanked the spot for sharing that beautiful moment with me and walked off down the trail. A short way down the trail is a lookout tower we would always go to smoke at. It was a big wooden structure that was about 5 stories tall



salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus, Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus  
Post Extras: VapoRs Registered: 06/22/10

Posts: 379 Last seen: 1 month, 19 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger] #17912225 - 03/06/13 03:04 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) tolerance. He said he was eating acid all weekend, so a ten strip at the end of the weekend prolly didn't do much. I ate acid at a festival all weekend once and the last day i took a vial wash to myself and was only slightly high ----- VaPors make me

happy Post Extras: Kief Ledger Stranger Registered: 11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17912286 - 03/06/13 03:37 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: LOL the patches are too much fun - I figured a fun thing

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Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #17885494 - 03/01/13 05:27 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

LOL the patches are too much fun - I figured a fun thing to say when I was vending at an event in Atlanta last fall. With the patch in hand, "Man you can tell that this is very high quality LSD! Just by looking at it you can see it's 100% pure"

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\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*  
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keepers. In the underground, all you have is your word, there are no credit reports or background checks in this industry, so I've found the gold standard to be - seeing if people are true to the way they present themselves - let people set their own timelines, and their own goals/production schedules - then if they don't come through (or have a reasonable explanation or good communication throughout the process), then they've basically shown that even if they're making the rules they can't pull through. This type of evaluation was about the best I could come up with - it doesn't always work, but it does help you get a feel for people.

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\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
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Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: sailing China Cat  
Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

could be calculating and meticulous at times and at others try to pull the “dumb blond” routine, which I’m sure was an important facet of her personality in terms of her career. She had a bit of a high pitched voice and liked to hear herself talk, so its squeaky New England accent was ever present within the walls of the apartment. Oh and I didn’t like the way she treated Kyle, she took his kindness and love for granted. Then from the new group of people we met at the pool, the three most important people are Marty, Jayson, and Melissa. Marty and Melissa were cousins and shared a two bedroom apartment on the third floor of one of the buildings on the other side of the pool from our place. Marty was a tall, thin, but toned and muscular guy with short preppy cut black hair. He always had a clean shaven face and definitely still had a little ‘Rich Kid’ vibe left from his childhood. He was a very quiet guy, but he could also be the life of the party when the mood hit him. Melissa was a short petite girl with very short blond hair. She

interesting in terms of any psychedelic effect from the nitrous, but I do remember the feeling of being conscious of the surgeon the entire time he removed my teeth. The feeling of non-feeling was odd and at the same time disturbing. I wished he had just out me under so I didn't have to know what was going on. I had never done any nitrous oxide before, even though I'd seen it many times at raves and parties. It seemed like a very sketchy drug, and I heard it killed brain cells instantly, so I stayed far away from it. But I was at some parties where people had a tank and were filling balloons, and it seemed like as soon as the first ones were done, people were heading instantly back for another. I also didn't like what I saw it do to people's attitudes and behavior. It is called "hippie crack" by some, and that was the exact vibe I got being around a tank – it made people act all cracked out. When I first started smoking, the people who introduced me to it had very clear boundaries they set for themselves, so in many

dissolving the crystal took less than an hour and I had the two bottles of Robitussin and 10 books of paper acid ready to go in time to roll another joint for 4:20. They gave me instructions on breaking the liquid down into 100 hit vials. They let me keep the syringe Ray had used to make the liquid and told me to use it to move the liquid from the Robitussin bottles into Icy Drops bottles. Icy Drops were a concentrated liquid breath freshener in small bottles that came with a removable dropper attachment. They were the perfect solution for liquid LSD as they held 100 drops comfortably and the dropper was made to put out basically the same size drops every time. The dropper could be removed so that you can empty out all the liquid breath freshener, clean out the bottle, and then fill it with liquid LSD before fitting the dropper back onto the top. It fit nice and snug, so there were no (real) worries about it coming off unexpectedly. They told me to put exactly 2.45mL into each Icy Drops bottle and that

because there are 3 elements, none of which can be captured simultaneously. Glow in the Dark. Blacklight reactive. Reflective. Gotta take at least 3 pics I think for each shirt style...

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58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by

morning, and it was probably just over a mile to my school. After leaving my house I sparked up a joint I had and walked down the road. After the first toke or two from the joint, I began to feel the LSD coming on. I looked at the sky and I could see little bubbles bouncing in the air in front of the beautiful fluffy morning clouds. My shiny suit was glinting madly in the morning sun. The walk took about half an hour and as I walked onto the campus, I could feel people's eyes moving to me, maybe wearing this suit and taking a ten strip at school was a little crazy of an idea. There were probably only about 5 kids in our school that could be considered in-the-know about raves, the scene was just starting in South Florida, so this was even weirder than most of the school was ready for. Walking through the halls I got so many weird looks, smiles, grins, and rolled eyes I couldn't help but giggle to myself. I saw one of my best friends, Scotty, and he stopped me, asking, "Man, I thought you told me you went to Risk Saturday



cops...anytime they show up with us im usually the one compos mentis enough to deal and bullshit with them and keep em happy enough to move on....as long as your not breaking into a place or stabbing someone surely there's a way out haha.... Just have kind words while on kind bud Thanks for the update dude....Much Appreciated NamasteE ----- Post

Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] #18229784 - 05/08/13 05:00 AM (4 years, 5 months ago) Nice as always Was this the same trip that you made the fliers for that you posted? (was it this thread or another?) At first, when you said Jamiraquie (spelling?) I was thinking it was gonna be a celebrity run in Keep em coming, dw. I always get excited when this thread gets bumped in my list. Post Extras:

TurkeyTom Trippy Registered: 08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

get the rolls after New Years. He was as stereotypical big Italian New Yorker as could be imagined. He was a big guy and was starting to emerge from the crowd that stretched from our kitchen and out through the living and dining rooms of the house. Immediately whispered voices popped up everywhere; “Shut him up!” “Get him outta here!” The cops had strengthened their stance and were staring into the crowd of tripping people trying to see where this voice was coming from. Vinnie was not going to be shut up or moved anywhere “Yous got a warrant to be here?” he piped up loud and drunkenly. “Yo they can’t be here without a warrant. They need a warrant to be in the house.” “Shut the fuck up Vinne!” was repeated quietly in desperation from all corners in the room in different strings of words, but all having the same meaning. We were so close to getting rid of the cops, and now, who knew where this was going to go. People quietly and quickly moved him out of the main rooms and

and the best thing is that no one is here that doesn't want to be here." how fucking true is that?!?!?!? I just realized that I've always felt that way about special places, but never had to word it. Very cool! Thanks for that, as always

Post Extras: chopstick slightly racist  
Registered: 07/27/08 Posts: 1,990 Loc: Chin's Wok  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17595945 - 01/23/13 06:39 PM (4 years, 9 months ago)

Lovely story, thanks for writing that up. Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17596003 - 01/23/13 06:50 PM (4 years, 9 months ago) Quote: shLong said: I was particularly enthralled by a line you wrote. The one where you say "Yep, and the best thing is that no one is here that doesn't want to be here." how fucking true is that?!?!?!? I just realized that I've always felt that way about special places, but never had to word it. Very

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Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun  
Registered: 10/04/10 Posts: 11,023 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18022985 - 03/28/13 04:07 PM (4  
years, 7 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: I  
looked to try to find a picture of one, and

Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
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register to post messages and view our exclusive  
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customizations, encrypted private messages, and  
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Post Extras: SnowDaze Back in the Saddle  
Registered: 02/24/13 Posts: 5,631 Loc: Rocky  
Mountain High Last seen: 9 days, 10 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground  
[Re: bryguy27007] #18076396 - 04/08/13 06:52  
PM (4 years, 6 months ago) yer stories are  
awesome my friend ----- If you get  
confused just listen to the music play Post

Extras: Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12  
Posts: 667 Loc: Eire Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: SnowDaze]  
#18076650 - 04/08/13 07:41 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) A room full of shrooms....is a  
shroomful room...truly a livingroom,if not a  
beingroom .....Nom Nom ----- Post

Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] #18076707 - 04/08/13 07:54 PM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: bryguy27007  
said: That's great. How many mushrooms are  
we talking? 25 lbs. Which isn't all that much,

put us in the best possible place. We got out and I got to meet the kids whose house it was. Their parents were cool with the party, and just asked that no one go into the house, as they would leave us alone if we left them alone. So we all took a hit or two of the Eternal Life blotters and got to work on decorating the area and setting the space. Looking back I see how we were probably the worst party throwers ever, we weren't really prepared in any way other than having tons of acid, some trippy decorations, black lights, day-glo paints and streamers. We had no DJ, no sound system, no drinks, food or anything like that. Luckily the kids that lived there had a nice stereo system, with great speakers, a CD player and a record player. We had some CDs in the car, and a few mix-tapes, but it wasn't really all that much music for an epic party. But feeling the flow of the acid, we just kept working and using what we had to do the best we could. Soon we had a nice framework set up for psychedelic experience.

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Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
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for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
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Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ



asleep, around 4AM, the door to our cell opened and we were handed a brown paper bag “breakfast” consisting of a baloney and cheese sandwich, an apple, and a juice that reminded me of the elementary school lunch juices. After we had the bags, the door to the cell slammed shut, again echoing loudly with despair, and we fell back to sleep. In the morning the judge took our pleas, which the public defender who we saw for all of a minute and a half each told us to plea “Not Guilty.” He said “Okay I’m going to ROR these guys, clerk set a hearing date” I looked back at the public defender, “ROR?” It means he’s going to Release you on your Own Recognizance. So you are going home and you don’t have to pay bail.” We were taken back into the jail and waited another few hours in the cell until finally they let us walk out the front door. When we did, we looked around and there was nothing but open road and grass as far as we could see in any direction. The only buildings we could see at all were the ones that

dull blue and had been worn by who-knows-how-many inmates over a span of who-knows-how-many years. Walking out of the showers, each inmate was instructed to pick up a “mattress and a pillow” made out of the most uncomfortable, supposedly fire proof thick vinyl with the inside stuffing coming out of ripped seams everywhere. The material felt similar to what a child’s bounce house might be made of. We next got a set of thin sheets and a wool blanket and were walked upstairs to general population. To get to the general population area we went through an endless series of the same heavy doors with the loud locking mechanisms and thundering echoing bangs as they slammed shut. Each slamming door secured us deeper and deeper into the bowels of the jail. Since we were arrested on a Friday, we were told we would have to wait until Monday morning before we could see a magistrate for first appearance. Tim had an affluent family and was bailed out within about 2 hours of getting to

some point, he too totally recovered, like nothing ever happened. There must be something about the human mind that allows for adaptability and plasticity of reality. I remember being so relieved that he finally came down. Like I said we weren't close or anything, but I was on the peripheries of the groups of people he hung out with and would get reports from time to time. So it was on my mind a lot. At some point maybe about a year or two after he got better, he asked me to hook him up with some acid, but I was too afraid to give him any, so I told him no. It is hard to say if that was the right decision or not, but I just couldn't have it on my conscience if anything bad happened to him again on LSD I gave him. I don't think his friends would ever forgive me if things went bad. However after having my own battle with LSD psychosis many years later, I found for me that going back into the LSD experience later on was one of the things that helped me balance out, and come to terms with the whole crazy

deserves a secondary look - because one of my life-long friends would always tell me in response to my comments - I've always had that mind-set that what I was doing was pretty much normal, and in some sense, everyone sees what I've seen - he always tells me - "Dude, regular people don't see/do shit like this." I had a girlfriend that I had told I made most of my income from LSD/mushrooms, but didn't really elaborate as to the volume. I was at a show one night with her, she left after the show and I told my friend to drop off the boxes of mushrooms at her place and I'd move those the next night at the shows. I didn't think twice about it, I told her my friend was coming over and all that - when he left her place I got a phone call from him, "I think you're going to have some major explaining to do when you get home my brother." and he left it at that. When I got home, she was like - "What the heck are these?" I didn't really think anything of the huge boxes of mushrooms in her living room, but she was

out of the crowded house and into the arms of a nice Florida night in January. Their apartment was on the ground floor in a sprawling complex of identical units. Each building was three stories high with four apartments on each floor. Probably about fifty or more of these buildings were placed around the complex in such a way that as a whole the layout looked much less like a cookie-cutter development than it really was. The complex was directly across the street from a college and probably upwards of ninety percent of the people living there were students or college age kids. This made partying, staying up late, or making some noise outside less dangerous than it might be in most places so we walked over to the complex swimming pool to go smoke a few joints. According to the signs, the pool was closed at this time of night, but the gates were unlocked. The pool overlooked a huge lake and it was very calming to relax on the lounge chairs by the pool and watch the moon sparkle over the water. All seven of us

Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca,  
LSA Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut  
Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18099087 - 04/13/13 02:38 AM (4  
years, 6 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said:  
Quote: toader123 said: I'm excited to hear about  
your tales on dead/phish/festival tours! So far it  
seems you haven't got into that scene yet. I bet  
that's when things really start getting  
interesting! I know I have quite a few stories  
being involved in that scene, but I'll bet you  
have really experienced some crazy shit haha.  
Yeah man, I can't wait to get through some of  
these stories and tell some "On the Road" tales -  
there are some good ones in that time period of  
my life. I spent a few years from about 2000-  
2005 just taking all my money and using it to  
travel - I figure you only live once so I might as  
well get out into the world and see as much of it  
as I can. That is amazing! Another fucking  
brilliant read DW. I can't wait to own these in a

and a short while before sunrise I walked the few blocks to my house, so I could go out on an early morning scuba diving trip with my dad. The air was charged with a calming sense of peace and wonder. I walked as the sun rose, watching the sky brighten and the world around me come to life with color. The acid had mostly worn off, and of course I didn't mention to my dad what my friends and I had been doing the night before. He drove us over to the ocean and we got on a boat with all our gear, and headed out to sea in the cool morning calmness. Plunging into the waters of the Atlantic Ocean in my scuba gear, swimming amidst the vibrantly colored coral reef, I felt I was part of all I saw, not someone separate and observing from the outside. I knew I was intimately connected to everything around me. Scuba diving is a unique sensory experience. It separates you from your vocal and auditory communication modes, so you can't speak, and you can't be spoken to by others. Alone with my

the mushrooms started to hit me. I came to a red light and took a moment to look into the sky. The clouds were painted with a flowing iridescent rainbow patterning that seemed to be moving down like a waterfall within the shape of the cloud. The borders of the rainbow waterfall clouds touched a blue sky that was so bright and true blue, I could've kept watching forever. At the same time as the visuals started I got a feeling of building euphoria and radiating well-being. The mushrooms WERE real and they felt unbelievably great. Before the light even had a chance to turn green, I had the 5 or 6 mushroom capsules in my hand, moving towards my mouth. I didn't think the mushrooms would hit me so quickly. I was sure I had time to drive from my home to the park before anything would start happening, but I drove the rest of the way to the park carefully, smiling the whole way, feeling like everything in the world was balanced in a perfect harmony. As soon as I passed the gates of the park I



the Police Department. He parked out front and walked us inside through the front office area and into a small back room with lockers and a metal picnic table. He took our fingerprints and photos and locked us to handcuffs. Secured permanently to the table. Then he left us there for hours and hours, handcuffed to the table. The longer we stayed there, the more we calmed down and took a lighter view of the situation. Sure we were busted, but we just had a little personal use stuff, so we started joking around. One of the funny things we noticed was that in this dinky police station, the room we were in functioned as the fingerprint room, the photo room, the police locker room, the stolen bike room, and the holding cell. I was charged with possession of marijuana under 20 grams, and Gianni was charged with possession of LSD and psilocybin mushrooms, since the “marijuana” that the police officer had found was actually just a tiny piece of a mushroom stem in a cellophane bag that for some reason he’d had in

numerology fractal geometry, fractal music, evolution, computer coding, and virtual reality. All of these things tied into a single line of reasoning that went something like this; The letters of the Hebrew alphabet when translated can be interpreted either as numbers or letters, meaning that in some way Hebrew creates a double language, that of words and another of numbers using the same sets of characters. So the Torah, (basically the Old Testament) written in Hebrew is supposed to be almost identical today to what Moses was handed by G-d, as it is transcribed letter by letter in a lineage passing all the way back to the original text, supposedly written or created by G-d. I thought maybe like everything else, humanity was supposed to build on the past until it arrives at a place in the future where what once looked like stories created out of words, was actually a computer code written numerically. So instead of reading the Torah as a book of stories, translate the Hebrew letters into numbers and insert those numbers into the

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] #18080753 - 04/09/13 03:09 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) LOL I was just trying to illustrate that - yes I sometimes don't realize that what I was doing was so out of the ordinary. Also I always love your sig, I was a huge Saved by the Bell fan when I was growing up. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18081764 - 04/09/13 07:56 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: dude... the fuck? That shit wouldn't fly this day in age you're a lucky camper. I love how at the end

took him aside and I looked back to the Mustang next to me. It was caught underneath the chain link fence, with the whole fence bent around the spoiler on the back of the car. The beautiful metallic silver paint job was now streaked with pinstripes of green running all the way from the front of the car to the top of the spoiler. The green plastic covering on the fence had left perfect parallel lines across the entire car. Just as I was realizing the tremendous amount of shit I was going to be in, I saw a cop car pull up and stop on the road, turning on its flashing red and blue lights. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered: 10/04/10 Posts: 11,023 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

think the 5,000 hits cost me about \$2750  
-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: sailing China Cat  
Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17450106 -  
12/26/12 06:12 PM (4 years, 9 months ago)

Holy crap, that must have been a fantastic party  
----- Love is the deep spiritual  
connection between the self and all things. We  
are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat  
peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed  
cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

jw2234 Astral Traveler Registered: 08/18/09  
Posts: 1,237 Loc: Bay Area Last seen: 1 year, 4  
days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: sailing] #17453451 -

blond. Living in a house with 7 late-teen, early-twenties kids that was absolutely overflowing with psychedelics the entire time was something new and exciting for us all. Almost from day one that walls in that house rippled out into obtuse angles and improbable slants under the sheer weight of the collective psychedelic onslaught. The new house was a nice and comfortably sized three bedroom house very close to the Fort Lauderdale strip. The strip is the street right off the sand of the Fort Lauderdale beach, called A1A, and goes for about a mile with oceanfront bars, clubs, hotels and restaurants. Pretty much everyone in the house got jobs somewhere on the strip, except for me. For my job I just resorted to my old standby of moving herb and psychedelics. I had some LSD left, but really it was more of a personal stash as opposed to something I was selling. Luckily Marty was quietly helping to move lots of AMT. He was moving so much I was having trouble staying stocked in between

Last post      Psychedelics      and  
enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan      13,924  
58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando      Is  
there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1  
2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset      Conscructing      the      Psychedelic  
Experience      Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17      05:50  
PM by CactiLover      Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16      10:37  
PM by cube talk      Raves      v.s.      Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu      What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven      FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The      Psychedelic      Experience      and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You

“Actually it sucked. The whole place was like a DEA set up, people were getting busted all weekend for bullshit. I met these guys and they brought me back to their hotel room. They must be pretty serious players because as soon as we walked into the room, before they would do anything they scanned me all over with these things, I guess to detect wires or bugs.” He said making a motion of passing a device over my body. Now I was awake, 5:30 or not. We poured out small piles onto business cards folded in half, tipped them back and shook our heads as the chemically taste filled our mouths. It turned into a beautiful Monday morning. We sat outside as the sun rose, and when our mom went to work, we rolled up a few joints and spent the day connecting. The MDMA he got was a very good quality. I really needed a day like this after all the troubles over the past few months. I hadn’t taken any LSD, MDMA, or anything other than weed since the arrest. I felt my emotions flowing from within and finally let



did...

<http://www.shroomery.org/forums/showflat.php/Number/17874325#17874325> Yep I caught that one Quote: GRAVE said: DW back with that shit I love, stories about Had my first true experience with the substance this weekend and wow.... I can see why you spent so much of your life spreading the word. Why oh why must lucy be so elusive? Nice well, there will be a lot more LSD stories in this thread, that is for sure! And yes, LSD itself is extremely inspiring and really made me want to bring it to others. I actually had a soft spot where I felt responsible for doing everything I could to bring LSD to the community. Whenever I would hear someone say, "Many my uncle hasn't had LSD in like 15 years" or something like that I would feel obligated to help out. I think this mentality of feeling like it was my responsibility to make sure everyone who wanted it could obtain it - caused me some problems over time and put me into some risky situations. I had to balance

was higher than I normally would go, but also told him I would trade for herb if he was down, and he immediately said yes. This worked perfectly for both of us, because he gave me a pound and a half of buds for about 5500 hits and I think we both felt like we were making out great on the deal. I was able to move the herb for about \$300-\$325 an ounce, even in quarter pounds, so I was able to turn the 5500 hits into about \$7500 which was about \$2000 more than I would have made if I just sold the LSD for \$1 a hit. More importantly I'd made an important local ally to work with. It turned out that Dan's brother, John was one of the major players in the local scene. He was a broker of sorts and had access to several different growers, so he always had a nice variety of different herb strains to pick from in almost unlimited amounts. He also sold ecstasy pills by the thousands, mushrooms by the pound, and now he had access to my LSD, but that was all gone within about a week from what I heard. Soon I

gratitude for all the little things I'd so often taken for granted. I saw Scotty sitting in his truck, waiting for me after I crossed the bridge taking me away from the massive institutional structure of the Gunclub jail and into the parking lot. He had a big smile and jumped out to give me a hug. It was close to midnight by the time we were pulling away from the jail and onto I-95. As we pulled onto the highway he pulled out a huge joint and passed it to me with a lighter. "I figure you could use one of these right about now." he said with a big smile. I lit it up and took a long pull, thinking quietly about the past few days. Scotty didn't interrupt my thoughts, he just let me smoke in silence. After a few pulls, I turned to him and gave him the long version of the story, talking non-stop until we pulled into the parking lot of the dorms at school. It was so amazingly nice to be with someone I knew and liked, away from the cold lonely feeling of the jail. I still had one week left of school and I wasn't sure if I was still

Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Absent Minded  
Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way  
Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground  
[Re: dwpineal] #18270926 - 05/16/13 03:33 AM  
(4 years, 5 months ago) Quote: dwpineal  
said: I don't plan on writing any more until  
we're more into the summer (Like maybe mid-  
July). I'm working overtime getting ready for  
the summer festival season making  
art/pendants/shirts etc. So in a way that last one  
was like "The End of Season One." I tried to  
end it in a way where no one would be hanging  
to badly in suspense Just gotta balance my time,  
and I'm not too great with that. If only I could  
get the universe to throw in a few extra hours in  
each day, I'd be good Super appreciate all the  
good vibes and kind words of encouragement!  
Much Light and Love DW damn man, towards  
the end of this semester I wasn't coming on the  
site at all, save for checking this thread for  
updates. Regardless, best of luck with all the

people can break down about 35 grams of AMT into 1000 capsules in about three hours, it might take longer towards the end than it does at the beginning though. Depending on how much Marty was moving, we would have to do this three or four nights a week. Sometimes people were at work, so we had fewer hands working towards the goal, but the AMT all eventually made its way into sandwich bags full of tic-tac sized capsules. On the day of the Super Bowl Marty was having a big party at his place. He asked if I could bring over the turntables and records, so I packed everything and everyone up and we all headed over to his apartment. He had a bunch of ecstasy pills and I had brought over a bunch of empty vials of AMT. Once we poured out the AMT onto the table from the little sealed glass vials, I would keep the empty vials because the inside of the vials would be entirely coated with a fine dusting of AMT powder. It became well known that a “vial wash” from one of these was a reliably strong trip within our

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Parents Link To Us Search Site Map Sponsors  
Mushroom Info Growing Mushrooms (TEST)  
Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General

had absolutely no luck finding any. I met a few people who had eaten some acid, but no one who had any they would part with. It seemed like the perfect place to take some LSD, but I certainly was not finding that there was “acid all over the place out here.” I made my way back to our campsite, thank goodness it was along the main trail as that made it easier to find, though it did take me quite a while of wandering to get there. I smoked a joint with Darbi and Gabe and we talked about what an amazing place this was, before I went to sleep in the tent for the evening. I woke up bright and early and took a walk in the forest by myself. It was very nice out first thing in the morning. The forest was quiet, but I could see the colorful and interesting camps, signs and forest decorations much better than I had in the night. After walking through the forest for quite a while, following different paths in the woods, I came upon a kitchen with a big sign that said Tea Time. Someone invited me in and I settled in with a big group of people



some old, some new, and pass around a few joints. I was still so new to smoking herb, that its effects were fully psychedelic when I smoked, especially in the amounts freely available there. It was a wonderful time for me to be in such a highly creative atmosphere. Art, music, books, poetry, interesting fashions and eccentric people coupled with the effects of pot on a relatively inexperienced smoker really captured my spirit and imagination. Empty spaces in the parking lots would fill up with circles of smokers, passing around joints and creating visible moving clouds under the streetlights. It was in the parking lot, sitting on the asphalt in a circle with some of these friends, when I looked to the guy next to me, an acquaintance I'd talked with many times before, and asked if he could get me any smoke. After finishing up the joint we were smoking, he led me into the bathroom inside the Mud House. The Mud House was small, the bathroom was smaller. We squeezed into the single bathroom

more of your stories man ----- No sympathy for the devil, keep that in mind. [url= ]Buy the ticket, take the ride. [/url] Are you lost? Post Extras: Into The Woods Three sheets to the wind Registered: 04/20/13 Posts: 10,863 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20401885 - 08/11/14 08:12 AM (3 years, 2 months ago) I'd love to buy the book, man ----- Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut. - Ernest Hemingway Post Extras: Taybs graffiti saved my life Registered: 09/08/12 Posts: 538 Loc: USA Last seen: 1 year, 3 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20435786 - 08/18/14 10:45 AM (3 years, 2 months ago) post more stories! ----- Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Legend] #20479307 - 08/26/14 08:03 PM (3 years, 2

in years. When I took that first toke, it caught me by surprise and the smoke expanded so quickly in my lungs I coughed deep and long. “Yeah, you gotta be careful with this stuff” Chuck chuckled. We passed the bowl around and around. The oil seemed to keep burning like the Channukah miracle where the oil burned for eight days straight. The oil had a calming effect on the trip and seemed to make things much more manageable for me. My heart beat had slowed back down to normal. My mind wasn’t moving at Warp speed and I was starting to feel a little more in control for the first time in what felt like centuries. “Can you get any more of this stuff?” “As much as you want. Can you get any doses? Everyone’s tripping, but I can’t find any anywhere!” “Yeah I have a ten-strip in my cooler outside” It was all I had with me, but knowing Gary and Ray were here gave me confidence that getting more would be no problem. I didn’t mind helping this guy out. “Do you wanna trade for some oil?” Hell yes I

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much more! Pages: < Back | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7  
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19  
| 20 | Next > | Last > bryguy27007 Cosmonaut  
Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
technomobster123] #17229717 - 11/16/12 08:29  
PM (4 years, 11 months ago) Wow, I finally  
got through all of them. You're a hell of a  
storyteller. Very engrossing. Very anxiety

28 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18086213 - 04/10/13 05:20 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Post Extras:  
thephilosophist ???...!!! Registered: 12/15/12  
Posts: 83 Loc: PNW Last seen: 5 months, 6  
days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Can-i-bus] #18086240 -  
04/10/13 05:27 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)  
Post Extras: LittleDipster Registered:  
06/19/10 Posts: 3,912 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18086273 - 04/10/13 05:35 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: I'll have  
the next one up tonight, still working on it  
Edited by LittleDipster (04/10/13 05:36 PM)  
Post Extras: Soluminia The mind is god  
Registered: 03/19/11 Posts: 3,885 Loc: CO Last  
seen: 1 minute, 6 seconds Re: Stories from  
the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
LittleDipster] #18087042 - 04/10/13 08:32 PM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) -----

kind of tribe of humanoid but distinctly non-or maybe-super-human beings? Cause that shit kinda just happened to me and it was powerful... Uh maybe...I did have a story in the 8 month LSD trip thread that we'll revisit more fully here where I was sure we were gods and could bend reality to our will, that nothing was impossible once we tapped into that energy stream. But not sure if this was what you were referring to or not...I think the story is "80 more hits" or something like that in the 8 month thread.

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: pondracer  
Beginning psychonaut Registered: 03/10/13  
Posts: 23 Last seen: 2 years, 6 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18334577 - 05/29/13 12:55 AM (4

hours            Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: GRAVE] #18388879 -  
06/09/13 01:08 AM (4 years, 4 months ago)    i  
demand to see the lsd shirt AT ONCE!!!

----- Post Extras:                            dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666            Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: allseeingike] #18396993 -  
06/10/13 07:00 PM (4 years, 4 months ago)

Quote: shLong said: Yeah, how can I get an  
LSD shirt? Do I need to commission it? Nice, I  
finished a bunch of them, and I need to bring  
everything I made out to EFF, as the shirts are  
all done individually one at a time and they take  
about 20-60 minutes each to make (depending  
on complexity and a few other factors ) so for  
the festival I have like 4 LSD shirts in each size  
S, M, L, and XL. I made 2 of each size for  
MDMA, and that one came out sweet too. I  
made 3 of each size for DMT, and I made like 5  
of each size for THC. THC was pretty much the  
most bad ass one, which is cool, because I made

Get her to front you a hundred hits and we'll sell it to everyone. No one else can get this here." I thought about that the rest of the day as I sat in my classes. When I got off school that day I paged Melanie to see what she thought. "Can you come by and meet me at Sheridan Plaza? I want to run something by you." Later that afternoon, sitting in the front seat of her grey Isuzu pickup, I asked, "Do you think you can front me a sheet? I've got a lot of friends at school that want, so I think I can sell it in like a week or so." She looked at me like I was crazy. "I fronted a half sheet to a guy and then he moved out of town on me and I never heard from him again. That's \$250 of my money, and no, I'm not having that." She thought for a second and then said, "Well, I can't front you a sheet, but I will drop your price to \$3, and drive you around to move it so I can see what you can do. Set everything up and give me a call." Over the next few days I put the word out. I got everyone's phone number and picked a day the



Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
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Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom

we had them in hand. We were finished working those in less than an hour and now we'd made back some of our money, and gave the rest to my friend. He was really happy as apparently that was the last of what he had brought up, and now he could drive home clean. He gave me all the sheets of wax paper that the pages of LSD were soaking on and told me to give them out and have a good time. I looked at the paper and had no idea how much was a dose, so he tore off a piece about an inch and a half square, which seemed really big, but he said he thought that would be about one dose. Chris and I walked around and handed out the big squares of wax paper and soon, between the paper LSD and the wax paper, that whole place seemed like it was lit up. I had eaten a small bit of the laid LSD, but didn't eat any of the wax paper. I ran into Karla and her friends and gave them each a square of the wax paper before wandering off into the crowds. The rest of the night passed in a blur, it seemed like everywhere I looked, there

the elements together that I want; print quality, paper, inks. I've been working on it though the past week and I'm still hoping to release the new design, it is really nice. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check

out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18397034 - 06/10/13 07:12 PM (4

years, 4 months ago) Holy shit those sound awesome! I can't wait to see pictures. Either that

or I might need to buy a ticket to EFF so that I can be the first one with these shirts, . Might

just be the little push I need to turn my 50/50 go/not go into go. ----- The

Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: tk.step14

out to the grocery store to do some shopping. It was a collaborative effort to buy food for six people all living together and not have anyone touching anyone else's food. That just left Amber and I alone in the house. She was beautiful. She had long wavy blond hair with dark and light highlights, bright blue eyes and was curvy in all the right places. Her jeans seemed to accentuate the curves of her ass, holding them perfectly. I've never been a very brave guy when it comes to taking the initiative with a woman, I don't want to make a fool of myself or ruin any future chances I might have, so I wait for her to make the first move. We were still figuring each other out, but I definitely liked her. She didn't make any moves, so by the time everyone got back from shopping all we'd done was smoke a joint and watch more TV, with the occasional skin brush, but no cuddling or kissing at all. Dinner there was quite a production, three or four people in the kitchen, everyone working on something different.

test it out and see how it was. Using a folded business card I poured the powder into capsules, but I only had about 5 or 6 capsules and they only held about half of the mushroom powder. Now I didn't have a scale or really know how to find information on dosing anyway, so I made a salad and just sprinkled the rest of the powder all over the lettuce and tomatoes, and topped it off with a little ranch dressing. I sat at the table eating the salad and planning out the rest of my day. I couldn't really even taste the mushroom powder in the salad; it was a perfect combination of tastes. I was planning on driving out to a really beautiful local park about 20 minutes away to see if the mushrooms would actually work, and how they felt. I wanted to bring all the capsules I'd made just in case the salad wasn't strong enough. I got into my car and drove out to the park. The scenery as I drove closer to the park became more lush and green. Just as I was driving under a bridge, about half a mile from the entrance to the park

look deep into yourself, and you can feel the pull of The Great Other. I had this feeling overwhelm me as I stared down into my palm and looked at the tiny square centimeter of paper sitting within the center of an unfolded piece of aluminum foil. How could this small, insignificant piece of paper hold the very essence of Mystery itself? I sat and pondered this and exactly how I had gotten to this place at this point in time. About two weeks ago, I was at a local underground coffee house, The Mud House. The Mud House was a coffee shop situated smack dab in the middle of one of Fort Lauderdale's less desirable areas, just outside of downtown. It was a late-night hangout of would-be poets, artistic types and musicians. So many people would be there on Friday and Saturday nights, that there was no way everyone would fit into the trapezoidal area filled with books, checker boards, tables, and coffee. It was a vibrant and energetic scene spilling outside the confines of the tiny coffee shop into the grassy

and into the forest behind the treeline. It seemed to be the largest forest on the planet and I wasn't sure what was inside. I saw the leaves on the trees moving in the wind, and they seemed to be making these really intricate patterns that overlaid the intricate patterns of the trunks and branches of the trees. I saw every line in every leaf and every pattern made by the way the bark on the tree branches as if I had a microscope. It was perfect clarity when I focused in on the leaves. The white lines almost melting down the emerald green of the leaves, melting into the center of the leaf and into the branches of the trees – it was all connected – and touching the earth, and so was I, all paths lead to the same place. I had the feeling again of going into the water. I wanted to cleanse myself, wash away everything from my past that I wanted to leave behind. I knew the ocean water could be healing, it was mineral water, and water was connected to all life. By going into the water, I would plug into all that life is in all the known

area running the entire length of the room. They put us into the first cell, which had big thick glass walls instead of bars. The cell stunk like a locker room full of week old sweaty drunks. There was a concrete bench running the length of the cell on both sides. There was a little wall about 4 feet high in the back of the cell that hid a toilet with no seat made entirely of aluminum. I realized how much I needed to piss, but the cell had about a dozen other guys all waiting around. There was a single payphone on one of the walls that one of the inmates was talking into. I knew I needed to call someone to let them know what happened, but I didn't know who to call. I didn't want either of my parents to know anything about this, so that ruled them out. I also couldn't call Dan or Justin, but I had some friends that I could try and see what I could find out. At this point I still didn't know what I was being charged with. The booking process took about 13 hours from the time we walked through the door at Gunclub, and that



contained two nice buds instead of what I thought were rolled joints. The package felt like it had two long “somethings”, and I had just assumed by the feel, that they were joints. But instead, it was two perfect looking buds, not rolled into joints at all, funny how your senses can trick you like that. I was extremely happy that I hadn't just bought ten dollars' worth of oregano. Looking closer, I saw the corner of a tiny plastic baggie sticking out from in between the buds. I pulled it out and it had a very small rectangular piece of paper with a design of some kind. And it seemed to be perforated right down the middle of the rectangle, making two perfect squares. “Is that acid? Did you buy acid too?” Alex asked looking at the baggie in my hand. I had never even seen acid before, but I had read quite a bit about it. I had a moment of “Oh my G-d” as I realized what had almost literally fallen into my hands. Looking at my friend in this dimly lit downtown parking lot, late at night, in this most unexpected of places, I felt

Breathe in light.” I didn’t realize this at the time but he was trying to distract me from going into the water, which was my plan before he suggested sitting like this and focusing on my breath. Regardless of his intention, I felt like I was letting go, cleansing myself in the same way I wanted the water to do, it was like I was releasing all the bad and negative in my life, and breathing in clean new energy into my body and into my future life. After a few minutes of this, he had us lean back, and lay on the grass. The LSD still was getting stronger and stronger, and I could feel myself connect to this beautiful island, a place totally away from my normal life. I felt like I matured ten years over the next few hours. I went through experiences that couldn’t be explained, as the English language doesn’t have the ability to slice reality that finely. The peak of the trip was one of the most emotional times I can ever remember. I felt like I had experienced a fraction of a second worth of every emotion that has ever been, and ever

Was wondering in that story if the nitrous person was the same as that "Jesus" character from the previous years farm party? Post Extras:

Kief Ledger Stranger Registered: 11/10/11  
Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Par] #19341107 - 12/29/13 06:22 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) its fixing to get good boys and girls! Post Extras: Shortknight

Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #19342642 - 12/30/13 12:25 AM (3 years, 9 months ago) Rockin read! Shorty

----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

AlfredHitchcock Disco Biscuits Registered: 02/29/12 Posts: 73 Loc: PSW Last seen: 1 month, 7 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: StoryTeller] #19344742 - 12/30/13 09:47 AM (3 years, 9 months ago) DW Thank you for the belated

got closer, I turned my eyes because I was sure they would be able to tell I was tripping. I nodded my head in a quick greeting, and looked to the ground as they passed me and disappeared again into the forest. I wondered how many other people would be out here today, and hoped there wasn't too many. I turned a corner of the trail and saw the place I was looking for. It was a little natural "pause" in the trail. The trail widened here just a little and curved around this tree that was growing with its trunk along the ground making a nice long bench before growing vertical. The point at which the trunk went from the bench upwards was a nice sloping curve that made for the most relaxing all-natural chaise lounge I've ever come across. I stretched out along the tree with my arms behind my head to make a little pillow and made myself comfortable. I sat for a short while just catching my balance, letting the trip from the mushrooms sink in, letting go of the drive, of everything, and enjoying the

(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated 2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ (updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin Species (may contain outdated info) Other Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)

is just so powerful. I'm sorry. Just let me know what it costs to fix it and I've got you." "Man, I have a \$500 deductible and the insurance will cover the rest." I hadn't even thought about insurance. Dave was from a family that was much better off than mine. I just had the minimum required insurance on my car, so if I crashed it, it would only pay for damage to other people or cars. Comprehensive coverage was something I've never had in my life to this day, so when he said that I realized I could square this up right now. My brother had about \$350 that he got from Saturn for the acid we brought, so I was able to hand Dave some cash right on the spot. He wouldn't take it. "No man, my dad will cover it." "What? No man, at least let me give you this." But he wouldn't take it. After a little coaxing I was able to get him to accept a few grams of Will's MDMA, a sheet of acid and a hundred bucks.

As the day turned into night we smoked through the entire quarter ounce. It was a like a burnt

plastic. “Hey can I check that out, I didn’t really get to see what the crystal looked like in the last one before you mixed it. I’ve never seen crystal before.” I pleaded. He had me put on gloves and let me look at the crystal in the vial with the cap still on. It looked like any other white powder, it wasn’t big needle crystals or anything, it basically just looked like powdered sugar, which was not at all as anti-climactic as that sounds. It was still unbelievably cool to be holding thousands upon thousands of doses of LSD in the palm of my hand. I handed the vial back to Ray and he repeated the same process with this vial. At the end not even one drop was spilled or dropped onto the Pyrex pan Each vial held exactly one gram, they gave me two dissolved into the vodka, and it looked like they had another three left over. Gary took some super glue and glued the tops of the boxes that the Robitussin bottles came in so they looked like they were factory sealed, and no one had ever opened them. The whole process of

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(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) [Psilocybe Cubensis](#) Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other [Psilocybin](#)



over man :P I spent a night in jail once too, but not with a friend, I was alone. I also got ROR'ed when I was in. Never a better feeling than hearing that. Getting out without bail is awesome. Looking forward to the next one

----- Anything posted is completely fictional. Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #17832512 - 02/20/13 03:15 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Anxiously waiting to read this at work tomorrow I love dw Tuesdays/Wednesdays Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17833852 - 02/20/13 08:25 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) WOW wowowoowowowowowowow. DWpineal, THANK YOU. This is an astoundingly entertaining body of work you have in progress. Reading these really makes me hopeful that I



months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: I don't plan on writing any more until we're more into the summer (Like maybe mid-July). I'm working overtime getting ready for the summer festival season making art/pendants/shirts etc. So in a way that last one was like "The End of Season One." I tried to end it in a way where no one would be hanging to badly in suspense Just gotta balance my time, and I'm not too great with that. If only I could get the universe to throw in a few extra hours in each day, I'd be good Super appreciate all the good vibes and kind words of encouragement! Much Light and Love DW No problem DW! Thank you for your stories so far, and although I'll be anxiously awaiting the next installment, I wish you the best of luck on your work! I hope everything works out for you and you have a great summer. Thank you very much for this thread, it's definitely one of the best threads on the Shroomery. Maybe I'll just have to have a good enough summer to forget all about other

the midst of such a wild ride, it was really hard putting language together coherently. And yes when I told the old gentleman that as he helped me get to my car I was also hit by the absolute truth of the statement. Trippy for sure Quote: bryguy27007 said: Wow DW, this is my favorite story of yours yet. Quote: dwpineal said: I thought, "It would be nice if I could just press a button that would let me cross the street safely." I looked down and saw a button on the pole that said "Push to cross street" and realized that someone had the same exact thought as me in the past. , I love this thought. It seems a little humorous at face value but it also shows how the psychedelic experience can deconstruct things and shows how they can influence your thinking to not take for granted things that people normally do. SWEET! I was wanting to write this one up for a while, it was a very meaningful time for me - for sure. And yes when I see the street crossing buttons now, I always get a little smile Quote: Jesus Cristo

play with it. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your  
First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8  
Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: pondracer  
Beginning psychonaut Registered: 03/10/13  
Posts: 23 Last seen: 2 years, 6 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #20967760 - 12/13/14 12:21 AM (2  
years, 10 months ago) Previous versions of  
that speech to text program were okay. I have  
not tried the newest version of it yet. I think I  
prefer just typing rather than talking, sometimes  
I hate my own voice LOL. PondRacer  
----- Stuff to try: marijuana, DMT,  
shrooms, LSD, peyote, mescaline, possibly  
MDMA. Post Extras: shLong Registered:  
03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
pondracer] #20967886 - 12/13/14 12:55 AM (2

I looked out and saw two women, one was about 70 years old and the other was probably closer to 80. The younger one was wearing a simple white shirt with embroidered flowers, that looked very hippie-ish and almost certainly from the 1960s. They were looking down at me in the car seat with very concerned expressions. "Are you okay?" The younger one asked. I could feel her kindness hit me like a wave of joy. "Yes I'm fine." I said, "I just took too many mushrooms." It was about the best sentence I could come up with at the time. After a few moments of basic conversation they were satisfied that I was okay. I explained that I just couldn't drive right now and needed to rest here until the mushrooms wore off. They seemed to understand perfectly, wished me well and went on their way. Soon after they were gone I decided to get out of the car and get some fresh air again. About 40 feet from my car I saw a wooden board on a grassy hill where I could sit and relax for a moment. I watched as cars drove

foreign. I was looking out the window trying to find landmarks to pinpoint my location but I didn't recognize a thing. It was late at night and I thought I had got on the wrong bus and by the time I asked I was almost 10 miles passed my house. I had to walk all the way back while on an 8th. It took all night. I arrived home at sunrise. Edited by Magicman69 (04/17/14 11:15 PM) Post Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Magicman69] #19920702 - 04/30/14 03:30 PM (3 years, 5 months ago) Hey DW, do you have an Etsy store? You should ----- What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post Extras: Legend RIP Sasha Registered: 03/30/10 Posts: 28,336 Loc: TX Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20400159 - 08/11/14 12:03 AM (3 years, 2 months ago) I'd love to hear some

into like some kind of tribe of humanoid but distinctly non-or maybe-super-human beings? Cause that shit kinda just happened to me and it was powerful... Post Extras: thesmellythief

Shroom Hunter Registered: 05/26/13 Posts: 51  
Last seen: 4 years, 4 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE] #18327737 - 05/27/13 07:27 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) Post Extras: octopus

Salad eater Registered: 02/16/12 Posts: 128 Last seen: 5 months, 5 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: thesmellythief] #18330403 - 05/28/13 04:19 AM (4 years, 5 months ago) bookmark ----- Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE] #18332004 - 05/28/13 12:22 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) Quote: GRAVE said: Hey Dw, I wanted to ask you something... Was it you that said something about a trip that reverted you and your friends into like some



Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen:  
12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]  
#17766586 - 02/08/13 05:19 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) Quote: shLong said:  
dwpineal...your buddy with a thread in the  
Pub...is he mentioned here? what thread is that  
if you dont mind me asking? -----

Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10  
Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
allseeingike] #17766638 - 02/08/13 05:38 PM  
(4 years, 8 months ago) dw's thread that's on  
the font page at the moment. Dont really wanna  
connect too many dots for anybody. Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]  
#17766755 - 02/08/13 06:02 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) It's okay, here's a link to that  
thread - My friend got a Life Sentence for LSD  
Conspiracy - and he wasn't even caught with

Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: Kief Ledger Stranger Registered:  
11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14  
days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #18204844 -  
05/03/13 03:17 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Hey man we'll be right here waiting! How was  
the psychedelic fetish party? Post Extras:

BleakBeat Lost in thought Registered: 06/21/11  
Posts: 568 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #18204886 -  
05/03/13 03:24 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Excited for the next story. I've been on the edge  
of my seat for weeks! Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: BleakBeat] #18205026 -  
05/03/13 03:53 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)

You have a lot of damn views for this thread  
Noticed you omitted the skull cracking remark  
in your reply I need to make it out to a festival  
this year. As much as I hate to say it...

months      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17218730 -  
11/14/12 08:34 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Love all your stories!! Keep em comin!!!!

----- \*\*Metaphysical      Crystal,  
Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual  
reacts differently to every chemical. Know your  
Body - Know your Mind - Know your  
Substance - Know your Source. "You need more  
THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras:

technomobster123 I am the Future Registered:  
02/02/12 Posts: 441 Last seen: 9 months, 7 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: mattritt] #17219433 -  
11/14/12 10:36 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

great story, it would make a great film

----- "Can't change the world,  
unless we change ourselves" Post Extras:

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put together some of the events leading to the arrests today, and within about 2 minutes we'd all been able to identify the same snitch – Gerald. He'd come to each of us separately over the past month or so and each time it was suspicious in some way, we all knew it had to be him. By identifying him and tracing things back, it seemed like about a month ago, he'd bought from PJ and a few days later got something from Tim. He bought from each of them a few times, each time asking for more. At some point both of them let it slip that they were waiting on me before they could get more herb. I believe they were totally honest mistakes, neither one of them had any idea we were all being set up. They were stupid, but I know they didn't mean for me to get into trouble, so I didn't hold it against them. The cops waited another two weeks before they were able to get charges on me too before arresting everyone all together. They wouldn't have had to wait so long, but because Gerald was being so annoying with his

one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack.  
Edited by sailing (11/20/12 10:43 PM) Post  
Extras: GoldenArrow Chasing self up spiral  
staircase Registered: 10/05/11 Posts: 1,370 Loc:  
UK Last seen: 29 days, 6 hours Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #17256385 - 11/21/12 07:35 AM (4  
years, 11 months ago) Great stuff, I'm hooked!  
Amazed you (seemingly) didn't seem to make  
much money, while taking some big risks and  
moving some large amounts for someone so  
young Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic  
Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
GoldenArrow] 2 #17291008 - 11/27/12 09:13  
PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Thanks man!  
I'm trying to keep it up and keep them flowing,  
lotta distractions in life! Hard to focus as I do a  
lot of different art and such... To answer your  
questions/statement; my motivation was more to  
spread the experiences that I was having to  
others. I felt like it was important to be doing,

night, what happened?” “I did go to Risk, why?” “It was on TV yesterday, the whole club burned down Saturday night.” “What? Really? Well it must have happened after we left, because it was fine when I was there...” “And what the fuck are you wearing?” I just laughed and said it was my birthday suit. Over the past summer, we’d done extensive LSD training in my group of friends. We wanted to see what it was like to be tripping all the time, so we took as much acid on as many days as it would work (we had to wait 2-3 days at least to account for tolerance). We taught ourselves to eat, sleep, do our normal daily activities, and also how to “keep cool” so that no one would even realize we were tripping if we didn’t tell them. So other than my wild get-up, I was confident no one would know I was tripping. I was always a nerdy type, and I loved school. Many of my friends would eat acid and skip classes all day, but I was the opposite. I would take acid and go to classes and learn. I felt like my mind could

in relatively short periods of time. There was so much, in fact, that it seems like it should have taken a decade to fit in all that happened in between the summers of 1993 and 1994. During this 12 to 18 month period there was a really feeling of harmony and oneness within the rave community of Southeast Florida. There were a lot of ups and downs, but we went through it all together. The dance music culture in South Florida developed some amazing dancers. Break dancing evolved into a more fluid and personal dance that came to be called “liquid” because of the flowing movements. One night while on a significantly high dose of LSD, I was watching the dancers in the pit. There was a group of people doing these coordinated and extremely complex movements. The dancers were totally surrounded by electrically colored psychedelic tracers following the movements of their hands, feet and bodies. It was impossible to describe the density of visual information I was getting flowing into my mind, but it appeared that the

water. It was a fun night, I had never been to this club before. Chris at one point was all excited because he got to sell some ecstasy to the DJ who was a popular DJ at the time. I won't give his name as he is still spinning and still popular. After partying for a few hours in the plush South Beach club, people started talking about going to The Edge because a really popular New York electronic music group, called Dee-Lite was going to be doing a record release party there. Pretty much everyone in the scene at the time knew about Dee-Lite and since they weren't local we weren't sure when they'd come back. When we got to The Edge around 3:30AM, there was a huge line to get in. The record release party for their album Dew Drops in the Garden drew a really large crowd. The energy in the air inside The Edge was amazing. Some nights were good, some were so-so, but you could tell that the crowd was extra-pumped for this show. We danced and danced, but Dee-Lite never came on. People



“He lives right around here.” “Yeah?” I asked. I still wasn’t exactly sure where “here” was. I knew we were way out in agricultural central Florida, but had no idea exactly where. “About five minutes away.” Chuck said. “Really?” I hadn’t thought he meant THAT close. Nothing seemed like it was 5 minutes away from anything else out here. “Oh yeah, all my life. The oil is best if we have a bud to put it on.” “Oh I have some buds here.” I said reaching into the tent pocket. I had stashed a few buds away for easy access, but forgot about them until just now. I grabbed my pipe too, and put a small bud in the bottom. It was just sinking in that he was going to smoke hash oil with me. I LOVE hash oil. It was another of those very hard to come by substances for me. When I was in high school I could get little vials for \$25, but it was very rarely around and those few times I could find it, it was always in short supply. “Here pack it up” he said handing me an orange plastic prescription pill bottle and a Swiss army

of them turned out to be true friends to me. I could only say the nicest things about them, and it would all be the truth. And on top of just being genuinely good people, they knew how to party and took that to a level of competence skill and expertise that I thought surely they must all be licensed professionals. Then we have Amber and Sophie, two very different girls. Amber was in many ways, the sexy girl next-store. Long blond wavy hair, curves in all the right places, and dynamic personality. She could move from a motherly disposition to that of a fun loving young woman and anywhere in between with a seamless transition. Sophie was a stripper and seemed to be focused on more of the material needs of the group. She invested in a pair of voluptuous breasts and put them immediately to work well before I came around. Everyone also would secretly call her Gonzo because her nose had an angle right in the middle that did make it look different and unique. She was the typical fake airhead. She

Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] 1 #17628536 - 01/29/13 07:15 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: shLong said: Yes Yes Yes! A serial (is the word you're looking for) I've always wanted to get in on the ground floor of something great. I missed Harry Potter when I was younger, so I'm counting on you, dwp (And I enjoy you much more than Dickens, so compare away) This. and the book would be amazing. the title of this thread would fit it perfectly and i would definitely add it to my psychedelic collection. ive never had a thread draw me in and have me sleeping late nights just to get through it as much as this one. you really draw the reader into your stories. having a longer more in depth paperback form would make this really shine. and when you say Tuesday's does that mean youll write another one up tomorrow? oh and +5, cant believe i havent given you some yet Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:

mechanical problems since I got it, which wasn't terrible for a first car, but I was ready to upgrade. I found a guy selling a 1978 Corvette Stingray for \$4,000 and that seemed like just the ticket. It had a light tan paint job that looked like it needed updating, but I knew nothing at all about cars so I convinced the guy to let me take it to my mechanic to get checked out. I drove it straight to Scotty's house as he lived close to my mom's house and he was the one who had originally introduced me to his mechanic, but mostly because I wanted to show off the Corvette. The guys at the mechanic shop went through the car and one of them said, "If I could get this car at your age for \$4,000 I'd buy it in a second." Scotty and I took off the T-tops, rolled a big blunt, and headed for I-95 to see what the car could really do. Scotty was a much better driver than I was so I let him drive it to get a feel for how it handled since I respected his opinion, and knew he was a better judge of the car than I was. With the t-tops open, blunt

all climbed into the car and set off. About five minutes later we were pulling into one of the three parking lots around the Edge. I got out of the car and thanked them for the lift. I started walking from the car through the parking lot and towards the big black building that was The Edge. The parking lot was full of life and energy. People were walking around smiling, standing by open car doors in small groups, laughing. The smell of herb drifted through the air. A lot of people were dressed in bright vibrant colors, and some were even wearing costumes. Bright candy necklaces, glow sticks, hair dyed every color of the rainbow and then some, this was definitely somewhere it would be cool to trip, I thought, and this is only the parking lot. The rave scene was still new to America. It wasn't something people knew about outside of those already in the scene. It wasn't in the news, and very few people realized that there was even anything going on, let alone that a new culture was forming around

hog, design a building, conn a ship, write a sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, cooperate, act alone, solve an equation, analyze a new problem, pitch manure, program a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently, die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.-  
Robert A. Heinlein Saint RedBow of the Shroomey Loomey-Patron Saint of Sandbaggin  
Sumbitchs Post Extras: Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TheGreenArrow] #20485497 - 08/28/14 01:47 AM (3 years, 2 months ago) Patent that technology if you can! Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Par] #20487818 - 08/28/14 02:40 PM (3 years, 2 months ago) Quote: TheGreenArrow said: When can I get a hardcopy of the book is what I wanna know.

Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras: AD420  
Registered: 01/23/13 Posts: 772 Loc: MEXXX  
Last seen: 6 months, 24 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom] #17877854 - 02/28/13 05:50 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) love your stories OP  
Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] 2 #17879061 - 02/28/13 02:45 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: sailing said: great story man, I can imagine that warm fuzzy feeling you must have had every time gary and ray came to town. Did you ever have any problems with quality control while working with E-dog? Im sure you didnt have to worry about nbome back then, but i know these days there are sheets floating around that are week enough for people to think they are bunk even if it has good clean acid on it. For sure, there is definitely a bond that is created when you're

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Next Welcome to the Shroomery Message Board! You are experiencing a small sample of what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to additional forums, file attachments, board customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Pages: < First | < Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 harrock Stranger Registered: 01/18/15 Posts: 1 Last seen: 2 years, 8 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #21158284 - 01/21/15 11:20 PM (2 years, 9 months ago) decided here was a good place for a first post since this inspired me to sign up. Saw a lot of the same scenes in the panhandle. BTW the girls still look like that if you havent been to Florida!

Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories

Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted  
Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet  
Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
TheMadHightentist] #18517448 - 07/06/13  
01:28 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) Seeimg post  
counts on this thread gives me semi! Stop it  
guys I'm trying to have family time!

----- Post Extras: dstark  
Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts:  
3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Shroomey Toons] #18529363 - 07/08/13 06:30  
PM (4 years, 3 months ago) Took a time of  
here, glad and sad to see i didnt miss much!

----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: The Truth Seeker Stranger Registered:  
05/24/13 Posts: 68 Loc: Pala Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#18530883 - 07/09/13 12:57 AM (4 years, 3

these girls will tag team you for \$300.” He said as if it were nothing out of the ordinary. For the second time today I was shocked into silence from the pure unexpected element I found myself in. I had never had anyone offer me sex for money, this guy was a pimp. For real. My eyes involuntarily moved from one girl’s eyes to the other, each one giving me a seductive glance as my eyes hit hers. Man what the fuck could I say? No way I wanted to pay these girls to have sex with me, but if I said no, does it hurt their feelings? The trip moved me through a thousand questions like this in a fraction of a second. Oh man, I’ve got a bunch of people inside partying. I’ve gotta get back in there.” I stuttered and let myself out of the suddenly claustrophobic car. I went back into the house and said, “Man, you guys would not believe what just happened! Amber did you know JJ is a pimp?” The AMT and new batch of pills kept us going until early the next morning. At this point most of us had been awake for almost 2 days straight. As the

that I needed to stop the car as quickly as possible. I looked to my right and saw an open parking lot. I turned at the traffic light and drove into the middle of the empty parking lot, passing a sign that said Jehovah's Witness Church (or something close to that). I parked the car and sat there in the air conditioning just breathing. I didn't know at the time that the effects of mushrooms come in waves. Meaning at one point you feel like you're tripping really hard, and the next you feel like you're sober, but then a short time later, you're back in the fullness of the experience again. This was pretty much what was happening to me, by the time I had parked in the church, the next wave of the experience hit me really hard. I still had that sleepy feeling from in the park, probably from the cannabis, but I was tripping as hard as I had been inside the park, sitting on that tree bench, if not harder. I got out of the car and stood looking across the street back at the big bright green trees of the forest towering over the

by tuning us all to vibrate at the same pitch and frequency. At one point one of the guys from the bus who I'd never met before was sitting on a blanket next to me and my girlfriend and lit up a joint with us. I liked him immediately; he emanated a kind and gentle warmth. At one point he looked over to me and smiled, "You know I've been tripping for almost 20 years and I tell you, I got some of the best, cleanest stuff ever today." I could tell he was feeling good. He seemed to check in mentally with himself and then turned his attention outward and back again to me. He looked me in the eye for a moment before saying, "you know, if you want, I can get you some." I could just feel the kindness flowing from him. Soon I figured out he'd taken one of Marty's AMT capsules. He had no idea the AMT came through me and he genuinely wanted to turn me on to something he thought was special. It was a touching moment and one I will always remember with a smile. I was tripping and vulnerable, but at least I was smart

because its not a book YET) Thank you for sharing your tales with us And keep em comin!  
----- I'm stupid, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is smart. I'm ugly, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is beautiful. I'm a loser, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is a winner. Someday, I hope to be like Falcon91Wolvrn03 but secretly know I never will. Post Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Mr.PhilCybin] #18049376 - 04/03/13 04:48 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Haven't read this one yet, but FUCK YEA TO THE BOOK! I'll definitely buy a copy, hell I'll buy two. Ok now time to read the new one! ----- Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18049462 - 04/03/13 05:04 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: "What? No man, at least let me give you this."

off I spent the rest of the night and the whole next day making calls to my friends to see who wanted to throw in on some doses before they left town. It had been almost a year since I had offered anyone acid so I wasn't sure how it was going to go, but most of the people called were very excited that the wheels had finally started turning again. Even though excitement was high, I caught most of them off guard with an offer that expired in less than 24 hours, so only a few people were able to get up cash in time. Even so by the time I called Gary and told them to swing by on the way up to Tampa, I was able to raise just under six grand, which was enough to buy about 10,000 hits of acid, 3,500 of which were mine. I still didn't have my own car yet, so I had everyone swing by and drop off the cash by Monday night so I would be ready Tuesday and not have to make any last minute calls. This turned out to be a good thing, because they had to come over first thing in the morning. The black Jeep pulled up with Ray and Gary

me pissed off. I hope Gerald got what was coming to him. ----- I know exactly what you mean. Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. What you know you can't explain, but you feel it. You've felt it your entire life, that there's something wrong with the world. You don't know what it is, but it's there, like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about? Post Extras: Jump to top.

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58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1



#19581715 - 02/18/14 01:58 AM (3 years, 8 months ago) Being my 69th post and all Figured i'd bump an amazing Thread! Thanks DWPineal ----- I'm drivin the Rolls Royce of Psychedelics Post Extras: Thrill Regnarts Registered: 02/05/11 Posts: 1,272 Loc: Beyond the Grey Sky Last seen: 4 months, 28 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: AlfredHitchcock] #19596637 - 02/21/14 03:20 AM (3 years, 8 months ago) Awesome stories man, very much looking forward to the next ----- Trade List! Current Grow log! Cheap Noob Cannabis Growing Guide! Post Extras: feelthejourney666 Stranger Registered: 02/06/14 Posts: 67 Last seen: 6 days, 12 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Thrill] #19597885 - 02/21/14 09:07 AM (3 years, 8 months ago) great stories!!!! thanks for sharing Post Extras: Thrill Regnarts Registered: 02/05/11 Posts: 1,272 Loc: Beyond the Grey Sky Last seen: 4

the world... Quote: StoryTeller said: that was beautiful. I felt like I was tripping just reading it That is super cool, glad you said that. I always feel like I am failing miserably when I try to write about high dose psychedelic experiences. I'm able to accurately portray less than 1% of the weirdness, 1% of the thought flow, 1% of the feelings, etc...So it's good to know others can relate even though words don't seem to be full enough to convey the experiences... Quote: Par said: Haven't lost your touch. Was wondering in that story if the nitrous person was the same as that "Jesus" character from the previous years farm party? No it wasn't, but I did run into Jesus there, this story isn't over yet, it was just getting too long to keep going for now...but we're still at the farm, Sunday afternoon. Quote: AlfredHitchcock said: DW Thank you for the belated Christmas present haha Also I've been rocking the LSD shirt at a few festivals and people love it! Storyteller, I know what you mean. Very trippy how others

Of course, this one time I get up to open the door, it's not one of our friends, its two cops in full uniform. In one smooth motion I threw the bag of herb into the 2 inch space between the wall and the washing machine before the cops could see it through the partially opened door. Without asking me a single question, one of them put his foot in the door jam to keep it from being closed and forced the door open. "Fort Lauderdale Police" he said as he brushed by me and walked right into the gyrating party scene the next room over. His partner walked by me just as quickly and stood right behind the first cop at the threshold between the laundry room and Wonderland. "Who's house is this?" the first cop asked loudly. Quickly the party's gears came screeching to a halt, the music went dead, and every eye in the house moved to focus on the cops in the doorway. No one said a word. 'I'm on probation. Fuck, I'm not saying anything. I'm not even on the lease.' I thought. "Who's house is this?" The cop asked again,

want to be driving around with all that weight, especially since the arrest a few months before. Luckily the Tri-Rail would take me straight down to Miami and back. The Tri-Rail is a train service that runs from one side of the tri-county area to the other, and I was able to take a public bus to and from the dorms straight to the Tri-Rail station. Since the Tri-Rail went to both the Ft. Lauderdale and Miami International Airports it was extremely common for people to ride the train with suitcases, so I was able to blend in perfectly. Also Tri-Rail was patrolled by its own security guards that would come and check your tickets, but there weren't too many of them. I never once saw a uniformed cop on board. It was an almost perfect way to travel with contraband. I loved it because it totally avoided being on the streets where I might get pulled over at any time for any reason. My friend Justin would buy a cheapie suitcase from one of the many small roadside stores all over downtown Miami, fill it with vacuum sealed

the mushrooms. They kept stirring it and after it sat for a while the first pot was strained and poured into another equally big pot. That second pot was filled full with more mushrooms and the whole process was repeated several times until all the mushrooms had been infused into the two full stock pots. “Well we have to test it and see if it’s any good!” someone said and everyone seemed to be in agreement with smiles all around. Apparently to reduce waste at rainbow gatherings everyone has their own cups, plates, and utensils. It seemed like I was the only one there not carrying a cup with me. Luckily they had some extra cups there and I was able to use one. One of the girls was ladling out cups of the tea to everyone, and I was able to try my first ever mushroom tea, from mushrooms I helped to gather. Everyone at the camp was drinking mushrooms that I had helped to bring back here and help create this experience for everyone. In reality I didn’t do much more than hold a garbage bag and have

a small Dr. Pepper as the code. So people, who wanted to buy some acid, would drive up and order only a small Dr. Pepper, and nothing else. They would drive up to the first window and Chris would take the money for the Dr. Pepper and how many tabs they wanted to buy. Since we were the only people on the headsets, we didn't have to be too sneaky, but since we were never sure if any of our co-workers were in listening distance from the order windows, so we just would say something like Order 10, small Dr. Pepper. The 10 just meant 10 hits, so he'd take the money, the customer would drive up, and I'd hand him the drink and a to-go bag with the LSD, napkins and a straw. We never tried to sell acid to any normal customers, the only people who came already knew us and knew the code, so as risky as the whole set-up was, we never had any problems the entire time we worked there. I don't even remember a time where someone ordered only a small Dr. Pepper and nothing else and wasn't there to buy acid,

situation felt very wrong. Gerald was a college age black guy, and he's paired up with this older short and stocky white guy. I was pretty sure I was busted right there, but I had them come in from out in the hallway and I handed B the bag and he pulled out his wallet. I knew when he flipped it open there would be a cop badge there and I was going to jail. But no, he opened his wallet, pulled out two twenties and a ten, handed them to me, thanked me and they headed out. I was glad my Spidey-senses were wrong, but I couldn't sleep that night thinking how badly I'd fucked up. If that guy had been a cop, and I had answered the door with that bag in my hand...it was just pure sloppiness. I was glad I didn't have to learn that one the hard way. About two weeks later I had two of the guys that were selling herb for me on campus call and order a half pound each. I called up Dan and asked if they had anything there. He said John did and it was only so-so, but I could come over and check it out for myself. I drove over and the

how much she licked, but she handled it amazingly well for an unsuspecting first-timer. And after that day, everyone noticed a major change in her attitude. People stopped being scared to come over. She was still strict, but much less-so and seemed to be softer and gentler all around. It was a really amazing turnaround. We were never sure 100% if it was the LSD, but we also couldn't think of anything else that could have brought on the change. I promised myself I would never ever keep drugs of any kind in her house, and I never did. Of course I found other safer places for them, but I really learned a lesson that day about being careless with something so potent.

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palmed the bag of herb from my pocket and slid it into the bushes behind me. I couldn't see where it was, so I tried to non-chalantly jam it deep into the bush where hopefully no one would be able to see it. I moved my hand back to my face and wiped away a fake tear, just in case anyone had been looking my way. I wanted to seem as vulnerable and ashamed as possible, thinking that might be my best defense. I saw the lady who had been so nice to me before walk up to the side of the cop car. I hoped her husband hadn't convinced her to say anything that'd get me into any more trouble than I already was. At least the universe gave me the critical few moments to get rid of the bag of herb, so at least I had something to be thankful for. After talking to the cop for a few minutes the lady straightened up and turned to walk away from the cop car. She caught my eye as she did and gave me a little wink and a smile before walking back to her car, and putting her arm around her husband. I took that as another

Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-

02/03/12 Posts: 1,177 Loc: 41.7N 72.5W Last seen: 5 months, 5 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #18241054 - 05/10/13 07:00 AM (4 years, 5 months ago) ----- The more you know, the less you need. May as well be here we are as where we are. Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Noble] #18241122 - 05/10/13 07:21 AM (4 years, 5 months ago) Rebecca Black does NOT belong in this thread. Monitor it all you want, you must be at least this cool I \_\_\_\_\_ I to be in this thread, she should be banned from it, as she is only this cool I\_I.. Post Extras: Flynder Around Registered: 11/13/12 Posts: 12 Loc: Denmark Last seen: 2 years, 6 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18267602 - 05/15/13 01:30 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) We need more! Sign me up for one of those signed copies, this is awesome Post Extras: dwpineal

-----  
~~~~~  
~~~~~ there is  
nothing to fear with this chemical besides  
astonishing realization that everything IS indeed  
1 entity Questions Post Extras: shLong  
Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: jw2234] #17484887 -  
01/02/13 01:33 PM (4 years, 9 months ago)  
Read em all, bummer, I wanted more Very  
enjoyable read through, dwpineal. Eagerly  
awaiting the next volume. Post Extras: TFDS  
Turn off your mind Registered: 11/21/12 Posts:  
31 Last seen: 1 month, 13 days Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] #17508348 - 01/07/13 12:53 AM (4  
years, 9 months ago) awesome stories man,  
sounds like you've had some good times.

----- Post Extras: shLong  
Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
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additional forums, file attachments, board  
customizations, encrypted private messages, and

handed it back and rolled up a joint of some stuff he had. While we were passing the joint, the Lunatic looked at me, stared into my eyes and said, "I remember you. Did you use to hang out at the Edge?" "Yeah, I did." It turned out that he knew me peripherally from the scene but we'd never worked together. Years later I would figure out that this was the guy Melanie called "Jesus" that was her source back when I first started selling her acid in high school. I didn't get his number that day, and in fact, I didn't get a single person's number out there at all. There were probably people that I could have scored lots of L from locally, but at the time I was too busy tripping to remember to work efficiently. In fact it was the first time I would see a grateful Dead cover band by the name of Crazy Fingers, and yet I don't remember ever being up near the stage or hearing one note of music from any of the bands. Crazy Fingers is locally known as one of the best Dead cover bands, and one time I had a friend watching them with me at another

banner that says, "Better living through chemistry." I think it would be an awesome addition. ----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methyone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Edited by GRAVE (02/20/13 07:41 PM) Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17836521 - 02/20/13 09:59 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: did they have more lax drug laws in the '90's? I ask because less than a dime landed me in a shit ton of trouble, and LSD and shroom possession would most assuredly NOT result in a ROR here. you'd be doing some big jail time. Actually for a while (I think until 1994) the LSD laws were way worse (if that can be imagined). Florida is also a zero



Yes that was me I'm definitely working at actualizing the vision. A book would definitely be a great addition to keeping me on the road and inside the heart of the psychedelic community - definitely gotta keep putting one foot in front of the other. Thanks so much for the support and kind words -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered: 10/04/10 Posts: 11,023 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17429540 - 12/22/12 03:02 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) Wow, I am really

getting absorbed into these stories! Dw, I really hope you make a book out of this.

----- Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I

Chris was right; we did have a great night. His LSD was even stronger than the stuff I had gotten from Rory. I remember thinking that I could not imagine how anyone could take more than one hit at a time, it was so potent. Again I found myself in disbelief that a piece of paper so small could have such astounding effects on my consciousness. As I felt the LSD taking effect, all four of us were laying around in my bedroom in the darkness. We had a blacklight on, illuminating the glow-in-the-dark stars I'd stuck on the walls and ceiling. I had a feeling that I was no longer just in my body; I felt like "I" filled up the entire room. I closed my eyes and said, "I feel like I'm one with the universe." Alex, the eternal pessimist replied immediately, "No you don't! You're just saying that because you heard someone else say that!" I broke out into hilarious laughter and so did everyone else. We laughed until some of us had tears streaming down our faces. It was like the laughter was contagious, and once you started laughing, it

before.” I walked around with her for a while, but we never found their friend with the X. We sat around for a bit longer right outside the entrance door to The Edge, talking about personal experiences and changing perspectives as the morning sun brightly reminded me of how long I had been awake. Suddenly the girl jumped up mid-sentence and dashed over to a small group of people walking out of the exit door. She talked for a minute to a dark haired girl and then ran back over to where we were sitting. “Well, I can’t get you E, but I can get some acid!” That was great as far as I was concerned. Acid was still really hard to come by. I gave her the \$15 I had and she came back with a small rectangular piece of white paper, and said. “Here that’s three. Are you gonna eat some now?” “Nah, I gotta get home soon anyway, you want one for getting it for me?” “No, that’s for you. I can get more, here do you want this cigarette wrapper to keep it in?” “Yeah, definitely. Thanks! I can’t wait to tell my

basically a first draft what is going up here, so by the time I put it into book format, it'll be much more polished and hopefully all-around better... My only problem is that I'm only a quarter of the way through and I think by word count alone, we're already at the length of a regular "novel." nice ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] 1 #18119769 - 04/17/13 01:01 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Should have a new one up by tomorrow night, not sure if I can get this one done and up by tonight... -----  
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basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus

know these stories took place almost twenty years ago but that's still a lot more recent than the sixties.) Anyway I really enjoyed reading these and hope you are able to keep writing them. Post Extras: broken 455 member(s) Registered: 09/07/10 Posts: 14,063 Loc: fuckyeah! Last seen: 3 years, 4 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: theonewhoknocks] #17726870 - 02/01/13 09:26 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) saved.

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Threaded Previous Index Next Similar Threads Poster Views Replies Last post Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1

water, and the skies were a calming mixture of light blues. It felt like the perfect time. Opening the cooler we brought with all of our food, I rummaged around for a moment until I found the folded up piece of tin foil that held our LSD. The tinfoil was cool to the touch in the palm of my hand. I felt extremely nervous, this felt like a huge decision, but I knew the decision had already been made. I unfolded the tinfoil and inside was the little plastic baggie I had found with the herb just two weeks ago. I had no idea that the experience to come over the next twelve hours would come to shape the rest of my life. I tore the rectangle of paper in half along the perforations, and handed one of the tiny paper squares to Alex and put the other on my tongue. I had heard from one of the many people I'd talked to over the past two weeks that once you put the paper in your mouth, it took 7 seconds to totally dissolve in your mouth. Alex took his and said with a laugh "Well, I guess there's no turning back now." I chewed on the paper and

knew I came away from the robbery really well and was feeling proud of myself for stashing away all the cash, only giving up a \$20 and probably \$10-40 worth of acid. They could've made off with so much more, at least I had a silver lining to such a dark experience. And at least I hadn't eaten any doses or rolls before that either, that would've really been so much more of an intense experience. On the way to the bathroom someone grabbed my shoulder and spun me around. "Yo motherfucker you ripped me off!" said a huge guy, bending down so we were nose to nose. "What? No! What are you talking about?" "I gave you guys money for three pills and you fucking pretend like you dropped them and then dipped. Give me my shit or my money right now." I realized he was the guy from earlier by the pool table with the Latino kids that robbed me. I tried to explain that no, those same guys who ripped you off just robbed me at gunpoint too. I didn't have anything. He started searching my pockets,



(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
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Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
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(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ

it seems even more true in my case - "Truth is Stranger than Fiction" The only thing really made up are the names of the people, everything else actually happened as it was written.

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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:

'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17628109 -

01/29/13 05:10 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Yes Yes Yes! A serial (is the word you're looking

for) I've always wanted to get in on the ground floor of something great. I missed Harry Potter

when I was younger, so I'm counting on you, dwp (And I enjoy you much more than Dickens, so compare away) Post Extras: Jesus Cristo

High on Drugs Registered: 07/25/11 Posts: 739

idea coming here, thanks brother.” Scotty said, putting his arm around my shoulder in a one armed hug. The club didn’t close until 5AM, but by that time, the MDMA had finished its dance on our neurons and we were getting tired. By the time we got back to my mom’s house, the sun was rising and painting the sky in a vibrant display of majestic splendor. We slithered out of the car and into the house. We went out back to finish the last of the joints we’d rolled, relaxing in the shady comfort of my mom’s back yard. She had a big pool that was rippling quietly in the morning wind until becoming still once again as the winds died down for a moment. There was a big outside roof that probably was once a sun room when the house was built in the 1950s or 60s, but was opened up to the elements years before we moved in. It still had the feel of being inside a room, but also had the openness of being outside in the fresh air at the same time. It is a very nice spot to sit and smoke a joint anytime of the day, but especially nice at

much more! Shop: Phish Pages: < First | < Back  
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22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Next  
> | Last > LiftedBanks Lifted Lysergically

Registered: 04/30/11 Posts: 189 Last seen: 4  
years, 3 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom]

#18091390 - 04/11/13 05:53 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Fuck yeah, DW. LSD + Sex.

Fuck yeah. Quote: TurkeyTom said: Publish a  
book so I can buy it! ----- Anything

posted is completely fictional. Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]

#18091426 - 04/11/13 06:00 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Quote: toader123 said: I'm

excited to hear about your tales on  
dead/phish/festival tours! So far it seems you

haven't got into that scene yet. I bet that's when  
things really start getting interesting! I know I

have quite a few stories being involved in that

time, electronic dance music was beginning to create a new and growing global culture in clubs, warehouses and remote fields around the world. The breakbeats of a previous generation became food for hungry sampling machines, which ran through the digestive systems of oscillators, multi-effects panels, and synthesizers, to emerge as the funky new anthem of a generation. Trip-hop, and “funky breaks” became the defining sound of South Florida, while the rest of the world remained oblivious to this side of electronic music. Each geographical area defined itself musically in the early nineties, and then DJs and producers began travelling and influencing and integrating the soundscapes of faraway places. This led to new and ever evolving genres of music that would spring up quickly and move across the globe at the speed of digital communication. The Edge became the place where the South Florida rave scene found a true home. In the beginning, warehouse parties were the first

Looks really dope - So glad you got that one. I love giving stuff away free like that, especially crystals, since they last so long! Gives you memories you can tie back to the time you got the crystal, and maybe a points in-between then and now -----

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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 2 #17632513 -

01/30/13 05:58 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Okay i just finished this and it is late, so i haven't checked for typos or fixed any language,

this is just the stream of consciousness writing for now, I have to go back and fix this one and the last one soon tho Island Adventure Shortly

after finishing my senior year of high school E-

decorating and set up. When we got there, Ben, the kid who lived in the townhouses told us that something happened and we couldn't use the clubhouse anymore. I'm not sure I really ever got the complete story, but at this point, we knew we had about 200 trippers expecting to descend on this place, and now they would end up at an empty clubhouse. We spent a stressful two hours on the street in front of the clubhouse talking, smoking, and using the pay phone to try to find another location. Finally we scored a place to use for the party, but we had to scramble to get there to check it out and get it all set up for the party. About 12 of us crammed into two cars and headed out to get started. When we got there, we squeezed out of the cars into a place that was probably a thousand times better than the clubhouse. It was someone's parents' home on several wooded acres, with almost no visible neighbors. Now this was a location for a massive LSD party, the universe had course-corrected our mis-guided plans and



thoughts, I felt as if I could think clearly and was truly involved in experiencing the world in a different way. I used this time to reflect, to look into myself. Recalling the evening before, I felt the value in my experience and I felt it was an important part of my life. I was so thankful for finding this substance that allowed me to see so much deeper into myself and to empathize with those around me. There under the water, I realized that I wanted to bring this experience to others, like Melanie brought it to me.

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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12  
12:15 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] 2 #17180346 -

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tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus

12/27/12 06:56 AM (4 years, 9 months ago)

I'll post some of my rave stories here sometime tomorrow, posting to remember

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~~~~~

~~~~~ there is nothing to fear with this chemical besides astonishing realization that everything IS indeed 1 entity Questions Post Extras: twinkie

ThizzOrDie! Registered: 07/31/11 Posts: 954

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17453666 -

12/27/12 07:45 AM (4 years, 9 months ago)

im bookmarking this. Straight up. I've read the 8-month trip multiple times, and I really dig these stories. So, right on man. -----

Spare BTC? Donate them here!

1CUrygL1w4YJsnISUeFTsnLgMqYdTwdejY

Post Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds

Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: twinkie]

bottle of AMT, breaking the seal, and looked inside the bottle. Now I could see the white powder sparkling back at me, and I noticed a faint smell. Over the years I would get to know the smell of AMT very well, and it has a very specific smell. I don't like to compare it to roofing tar, because that seems to have such dramatic, yucky, and gagging imagery attached to it, and the smell AMT is not any of those things. However the smells are similar, but AMT is just very subtle in comparison. I poured the contents of the vial onto a magazine cover, and took my driver's license and started breaking down all the bigger chunks into a finely chopped powder. I made a little square about an eighth of an inch high and leveled off the top so that it was as close to perfectly square and level as I could get it. It actually made a rectangle, and I divided it vertically into ten even lines, and then horizontally into 5 even lines, making 50 tiny squares. They weren't perfect, but I'd impressed myself with how

Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12 12:15 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 2 #17180342 - 11/07/12 11:57 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Meeting The Connection Abe and I were walking down the sidewalk of the local strip mall on a warm and sticky afternoon. He was trying to explain to me what ecstasy pills felt like, except he was having a hard time explaining the experience. I didn't really understand, but I was interested. Abe was an animated talker and was a great artist, so he was very engaging, especially once you got involved in a conversation. We were walking from his parents' house which was on one side of the strip mall, to my dad's house way down on the other side. Abe stopped talking and walking

my pants. I had no clue what it was, but time seemed to stand still for me as I realized I must've had about thirty hits in my pocket I had forgotten about. My mind flashed to me sitting in jail, for a long, long time. How did I mess that up? What were thirty hits doing floating in my pocket with no cellophane or anything holding them? If they had that, they'd keep looking and find the sheets in my wallet, I thought. A hand reached in my pocket and fished out the little paper that had the next few years of my life written invisibly on its surface. Unbelievably it was just an Admit One ticket that the club we'd been at before the Edge used as admission tickets. It was one of the little tickets with numbers on both sides that are used by carnivals and raffles everywhere. I was tripping so hard, I just stared at the ticket as I came to the realization that assured disaster had been averted. With that, they figured I had nothing else of interest for them to find. The security guard put my money back into my

wouldn't start until later tonight, and a feeling of gentle calmness breezed through the air. February can be the coldest month of the year in Florida, which can be torturous to the natives, so un-used to the lower ends of the temperature spectrum, but this weekend couldn't be nicer. The weather was sunny, the skies were a soft shade of baby blue, punctuated by fluffy cloud castles floating weightlessly, and the temperatures would be in the low 70's every day. The nights got a little colder, but certainly not enough to whine about. After lunch we set off to walk around, meet some of our neighbors and get a feel for the area. I had a small amount of LSD left, and brought about ten hits for us, but I was hoping to score a lot more here. Last year it was everywhere, so I brought all my money in hopes that it would be the same. Unfortunately, after visiting a few neighboring campsites, it appeared this year might be a lot different. We found lots of cannabis in varying quality, and one couple had brought some

each other with ever more impressive moves. Dancing together week after week seemed to build bonds of trust and openness between people. This openness was expressed in many ways, but there was a lot of sharing and a lot of kindness shown between both friends and strangers. People would walk around and hand out bottled water, blow pops, glow sticks and even LSD or ecstasy for free. Within that environment selling LSD seemed very safe. We would meet new people each weekend, but most of them came through our developing network of friends. We would spend a the night dancing together and going through experiences so deep and so vast in the course of just one evening, that by the time the morning came, we felt very close. We would leave the Edge and go off to someone's house, and it was a new house every weekend, and the party would continue there as an "afterhours." Sunday would melt away as someone would be spinning records while people danced or relaxed, depending on the



Dog invited me to a party some of his friends were having on a private island in the Florida Keys. We hadn't been working since all the busts happened about a year before, but we'd become close and hung out all the time. I got a ride down to his place in South Beach Friday afternoon and they were packing a Jeep full of camping gear out front of his apartment building. I loaded my stuff into the Jeep and he introduced me to his friends who had come in from San Francisco, Gary and Ray. Ray drove the Jeep from South Beach and we headed out into the summer afternoon. Now the thing about Florida is that in the summer, the nights are not much cooler than the days. The Day might be 90+ degrees and then after nightfall, the temperature would only drop to about 80, so the heat could be relentless at times. We drove for over an hour and onto a road called Card Sound Road, which is a very scenic road to take into the Florida Keys, which can be very much like leaving civilization behind and travelling to far-

same night (well it was close to 1 AM by the time they left the hospital). So after about 7PM that night, anyone who arrived at the clubhouse just got to a totally dark and empty building, with absolutely no party and no indication that anything was happening anywhere else. I have no idea how many people might have showed up that night, or what crazy things might have happened, nor will I even know. We went through just over 100 hits that night out of the 4000, and most of those were given away. So our great idea to have a party to help sell acid wasn't such a financial success, but it was mostly a wonderful time with a lot of great people. Looking back I think it was better having only those 40-50 people there as it kept it more intimate, it was easier to open up and have a transcendental experience in the forest than it ever would have been inside a hot sweaty clubhouse filled with 200+ people tripping out. I still run into people who were there that night and we always remember it fondly. It didn't go

raided. She's a snitch, and people are looking for her." I didn't mention that I heard Jovi also ratted out the guy above him, but I couldn't believe Melanie was the one who ratted him out. She always seemed so trustworthy. She always was on point, always delivered when and what she promised. That was really scary that she would snitch when confronted with jail time. "Do you have her number?" "Uh, yeah, I do, her number is..." I gave her the number and we parted and said good-bye. In retrospect I don't know if that was the right thing to do or not, maybe I should've just stayed out of it. But it seemed like the right thing to do at the moment. I never heard if anyone found her or not. But the rumors in the scene said even though she ratted out Jovi, she still got 25 years on her LSD charges. I don't know if that was true, I never even knew her last name to look it up, but that was what I'd heard. I kept looking for my friends that drove me to the event to see if they wanted to go. We'd only been here a little while,

time, even when it was only the seven of us at home it looked like we were having a party. If a few of us had just one friend each over to visit, it really looked like a party. While everyone was decorating the house for the party, I grabbed my duffel bag full of felonies and walked around the house with Amber trying to find a good place to stash everything. I wanted everything put away to the n'th degree so that if anything did happen and the cops came in, the duffle bag wouldn't be an easy target. I'd gotten sloppy and I wasn't keeping my stuff in the safety deposit box. I had enough contraband in the duffel bag to put everyone in the house away for several lifetimes if we were in front of the wrong judge. Amber and I walked out back where there was an unattached shed that we'd never explored before. I found a nice hiding spot and covered the duffle bag with several layers of heavy junk, making it highly improbable that anyone would go to all the trouble of willingly unearthing the hidden bag.

more personally. DJ's would spin records or we'd listen to mix tapes and just enjoy the trailing off of the night's excesses together. Melanie was running a lot of the acid she sold through people at the Edge. People from all over South Florida were coming week after week to party there, so the demand was huge. People would buy some there, bring it home and re-sell it to their friends. I never sold my acid there, though I did give a lot away, due to an agreement with Melanie. One night in the parking lot beside The Edge we were talking and she asked, "Do you want to work The Edge? I wanna move to the background. I can do what I need to do without bringing everything here anymore." Needless to say I jumped on the opportunity. Once we started working The Edge, Chris and I quietly made it known around the scene that we had plenty of good acid available. At that point we started meeting other people into buying and selling acid, some with good networks. We learned

shadiness that it is today. See a lot of parallels in my experiences in the rave scene. Keep the stories comin!! -----

**\*\*Metaphysical Crystal, Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\*** Every individual reacts differently to every chemical. Know your Body - Know your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your Source. "You need more THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: mattritt] #17251499 - 11/20/12 05:11 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Quote: technomobster123 said: great story, it would make a great film Thanks! This is just the tip of the iceberg though. I have over 20 years of time to cover and we're just in the first few of those I have no idea how long this might get as I keep writing. I am hoping for the will and inspiration to keep going this time. I've started writing some of these before, but I lose steam and let them sit when everything else from life

just disappeared. That afternoon at my home, I tried Chris' home phone number again but no one answered. I didn't know what to do at this point other than to try to call around to hospitals that were in the area near where he jumped out of the car. I pulled out the phone book and started looking up hospitals in that area. I found a few close and I called 2 of the hospitals with no luck before I got another page from Chris' girlfriend. I called her back immediately and found out that Chris was at home now. He was still acting really crazy from what she said, she had gone over and it was like he wasn't himself at all. She was back at her house now, but she was so upset she started crying again. I called Scotty and he picked me up and we drove straight over to Chris's house. When we got there, his mom was outside on their porch, smoking a cigarette, shaking her head. She looked at us and said something like, "You did this to my boy." She opened the door and we went into Chris' room. I saw him there and he

to serve to my boy right here?" He turned around and talked to a guy by the pool tables next to us. He looked over and put out his hand for the 3 pills, which I handed over discretely. I saw him put his hand into the hand of the other guy, and then both of them looked down to the floor, bent down and started feeling around. The guy that got the pills from me got up and said into my ears above the music. "The guy dropped them and says he can't find them. but don't worry man, I'll cover those pills. I have some cash in the car if you wanna take a walk outside and I'll give you the bowl out there too so it's not sketch in here." We walked out of the club with two of his friends and walked over to their car in the parking lot. "Jump in, we'll burn a bowl." one of them said, so we all jumped into the car, the kid I had been talking to and I jumped into the back seat and the other two got in the front. The driver turned on the car, "let's just drive around the block so it security doesn't jump in on us." We pulled out of the parking



air around them was rippling with colors that reacted to each movement. Then I watched as one of the smaller guys climbed up onto the shoulders of one of the other dancers. He folded his legs around the neck of the bigger guy while another dancer moved behind them. They all started waving their arms and all of a sudden I realized what I was seeing. I was looking at a living breathing version of the multi-headed, multi-armed Hindu gods. Staring at them straight on, it appeared that there stood a being with 2 heads and six arms all moving together. Dancing became one of the ways people communicated with one another. Some people would dance by themselves off to the sides of the dance floor, some would dance together with one or more people, while others would “battle” each other. The battles would clear out small circles of the dancefloor, allowing the dancers space to get down. Battles would gather large groups of people at the edges of the cleared circles, watching the dancers trying to one-up

at the top of the 'cid distro never seemed to get caught, in situations where they really should have, they got away with it, and everyone involved in the scene who was genuinely doing it to spread the love never seemed to encounter any problems. ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras: Jesus Cristo High on Drugs Registered: 07/25/11 Posts: 739 Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #17838025 - 02/21/13 02:45 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) interesting...do you have a link to that page of the thread? im guessing its the thumbprint thread? Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo] #17838065 - 02/21/13 02:53 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) I think it was a few pages in to "LSD Crystal to Blotter"....but it was be The

myself in my later years and really tell myself that I wasn't responsible for the experiences of the community, if I didn't do it, someone else gladly would...Dealing psychedelics was addictive for me, I liked being in the center of the cyclone, but it just became too dangerous as time went on. Dealing creates a lot of internal stress. At one point before I finally got out of the game back in the early 2000s, I was having dreams EVERY single night of being arrested. It was not cool... ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Kief Ledger Stranger Registered: 11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17885059 - 03/01/13 02:57 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) You keep writing and il keep

the state. I was a terrible promoter, but the guys that ran the club liked me and my brother so they never said a word. We always thought they were some kind of mafia type outfit. They were Italian guys and just fit that stereotype in our minds, but we never saw anything that would validate those thoughts. I really enjoyed hanging out at the club during the days, it was cool, and we would go there and smoke outside, come in and play CDs in the upstairs areas. The Theater was a huge nightclub, but they catered to a much more upscale crowd than I was used to. They played music that I thought was cheesy and the whole scene was fake and plastic, which I never got used to. One night I was on the beach handing out flyers for the Friday night party they had us promoting and I was just being altogether too honest with people. I had some guy ask me, "Hey is this going to be cool?" "Probably not," I said. Like I said I was a terrible promoter. My younger brother convinced the guys we worked for to let us

joint before going mushroom hunting and walked inside the home. I was way out of my element here and my judgmental nature kicked in big time inside their home. It was a large family with people of at least 3 generations living there. There were kids running around inside the house while the parents smoked joints with us. The mother was a rather large lady and she had a tattoo running down her entire leg that started in a big pot leaf and ended up in a row of dancing bears by her ankle with so many images in between that I could hardly register them all. I would later tell my friends in disbelief about these backwards hillbilly folks and the way they lived. Years later I would realize how ridiculous I was being, but at that moment, it seemed like the craziest family on the planet. One of the guys there told us that the joints we were smoking were from herb they had grown right there on the farm. They told us that we were welcome to look for mushrooms, but that we might not have much luck as this time of year it

by ReaperAndRaven      FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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that way by one person in one moment of time. No other person will ever have that same experience, see the same visuals, hear and experience the same internal fireworks, and even the person experiencing it most likely will never recreate the experience and experience it the same way again. Even recreating it for others through art, movie, story, song, or poetry is difficult, but probably the best methods we have at this time. Once those rainbow curtains closed over my field of vision, I'm not exactly sure what happened next. Ray told me later that once we got into the tent, I laid down and closed my eyes. He had a Walkman, put the headphones on my ears and played me a Tchaikovsky symphony. I remember a feeling that I lost a sense of individuated self. First I began to feel as if I was living other people's lives, like I would move into their consciousness at about my same age, and would have all their memories, hopes, ambitions and desires. I felt like I was flipping through

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: harrock] #21162642 - 01/22/15 06:38 PM (2 years, 9 months ago) Welcome Post Extras: indocult Dr Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #21443568 - 03/22/15 10:48 PM (2 years, 7 months ago)

Hey D, I kinda took last festival season off, but I'll be back this season. Every time I see your booth, I'm gonna offer to run it for you while you write more stories, dammit! Since I don't trip much or ever anymore, this thread really helps bring back the magic when I feel like it's gone. Post Extras: MedusaOblongGato

Stranger Registered: 10/06/15 Posts: 1 Last seen: 2 years, 24 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] 1 #22341607 - 10/06/15 11:19 PM (2 years, 24 days ago) Curious what happened here...the

thread seems to've just slowly run out of steam. Are we to expect more? P.S. I signed up just to ask this; these stories have been riveting,



and quote the bible while you're in the middle of doing a deal, and he thinks he's never been busted because as long as you do the right thing in life, bad things won't happen to you. But... let's hang and talk to him for a bit." Once the balloons were gone, he immediately went to fill up more balloons for himself, and we could tell that was his main focus right now so we wandered off as the music was beginning on the main stage. We walked around in the psychedelic circus of our minds for the next few hours until it was starting to get dark out. After the sun fell we ended up in a tent with the Lunatic and were going to match up on a joint. I remember the Lunatic had a big bag of herb and was trying to roll a joint, but eventually gave up and handed some buds to Dan to roll up. Dan looked at the herb and said "Well I usually try not to smoke anything with seeds in it." I looked and the buds looked nice and fluffy, but I guess they had some seeds. The Lunatic said something, defending his herb, but Dan just

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39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3 all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose 3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and

Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn - culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4. fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions for site modifications for site admins Beyond basic Species specific information Growing Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started (updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated 2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ (updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin Species (may contain outdated info) Other Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain

go (meaning the stories are in early 1998 right now, and I plan at least to go until about 2006-ish before calling it "completed") Quote: alic and you said: Gary likes his acid like Kesey.. in the OJ that shit scares me knowing mother fuckers run around with liquid that strong.. getting everybody real spun.. Doubt anyone nowadays runs around with quality L dosed that high in OJ anymore.. the 90s are gone Yeah for sure. And to make it more crazy it was fresh squeezed OJ right from the farm we were at - I don't know if I've ever had OJ THAT fresh before). And yes he way overdosed that party! The 90s are gone, but people still do wild stuff Quote: afrogus said: Great story-telling DW. ±If you had to fathom a guess how many mics do you think were in the gulp of OJ you drank? Thanks man, I feel like this one needs a lot of revision to get it where I want it, but it took forever to even get this one out. It was intimidating to say the least - I just knew there was no way to actually do this trip justice using

Underground [Re: Force Ten] #18031098 -  
03/30/13 06:48 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Ooohh nooo whyyy dw Post Extras:

rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11  
Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20  
hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Moonlightblue] 1 #18031211  
- 03/30/13 07:14 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

he's getting good with that suspense

-----  
<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>  
- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.

Every single person deserves a psychedelic  
experience, make it happen. Post Extras: Jesus

Cristo High on Drugs Registered: 07/25/11  
Posts: 739 Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
rickjamez20] #18031315 - 03/30/13 07:44 AM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: rickjamez20

said: he's getting good with that suspense  
Stephen king all up in this bitch Post Extras:

aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11 Posts: 946

davie area...im from puerto rico i just moved here so I'm new thanks happy trippin Post Extras: rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: cabs18] #20558587 - 09/12/14 10:43 PM (3 years, 1 month ago) -----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>  
- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later. Every single person deserves a psychedelic experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

Legend RIP Sasha Registered: 03/30/10 Posts: 28,336 Loc: TX Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: cabs18] 1 #20558646 - 09/12/14 10:53 PM (3 years, 1 month ago) Quote: cabs18 said: hi....does

anyone know where can i get some tabs in ft lauderdale in the davie area...im from puerto rico i just moved here so I'm new thanks happy trippin 954.828.5661 ----- No sympathy for the devil, keep that in mind.

Have you submitted to any publishers yet? No, I haven't submitted to publishers yet. In this day and age I am thinking I may self-publish, but I still feel like there is so far to go before I can feel like I am "at that point" Quote: Par said: Patent that technology if you can! The tech is not mine (though some of the ideas for its future might originate with me, sure to be copied tho). The tech has actually been around for a long time, you may have seen what are called "Equalizer" t-shirts at big rave/festivals, they're kinda cheesy, and mass-produced feeling. I found a bad ass company that can do the tech super bright and clear, so I had them use my art with the tech and I think that brings a whole new vibe to the shirts... -----

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fear of getting high. Yeah bullshit. The story of you brakedancing behind the band, bullshit. Yup bullshit. ----- You have to let it go neo, fear, doubt. Disbelief "The menu is not the meal." Alan watts "Today a young man on acid realized that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration, that we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively, there is no such thing as death, life is only a dream, and we are the imagination of ourselves. Heres Tom with the Weather." Bill Hicks Edited by Lucid Toast (12/25/13 06:51 PM) Post Extras: Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Lucid Toast] #19325778 - 12/25/13 09:28 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) Bullshit or not, it's still entertaining. Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Lucid Toast] 1 #19325829 - 12/25/13 09:47 PM



but I just couldn't take any more of this paranoia. My friend that got the capsules showed up and put his arm around me and I felt his hand in my pocket. "We're all good papa" he said. He had put a nice fold of money in my pocket. I wasn't going to count it there, but I trusted him that it was all there. That was a relief to see him safe and sound with all my money intact. That was one major stress off of me. Now that the finances were all balanced out, I had nothing illegal on me, my friend was okay and I was okay, I started to feel a lot better. I felt so much better, that I wanted to eat another one of those capsules, but I realized that I had handed my friend the entire bottle earlier, and I had none left. Luckily my friend did have a few left, so when I told him laughingly that I wanted to eat one, but they were all gone, he reached into his pocket and discretely handed me one of the capsules. A little wave of paranoia hit me, wondering if anyone saw, but I immediately popped the capsule into my mouth so I wouldn't

apparently now they're called Doob Tube's, so you can probably Google that. But none looked exactly like what I was using, and some are more advanced. With mine, I used a brand new roll of toilet paper, took 3 fabric softener sheets and rubber-banded them to one end of the roll, covering one hole, and leaving one hole opened. Sometimes I would stuff some other fabric softener sheets into the tube itself. It worked really amazingly well. Basically identical to this, but I left all the toilet paper on These things are awesome. I used to make them all the time when we'd smoke in my room in my mom's house. They're even more effective if you use a longer tube--like a paper towel roll length, and stuff it with even more fabric softener sheets.

----- Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I won't be alone 'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before. Post Extras:

shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

by, it was still plenty warm. By the end of the night we'd been at almost every site on the island except for our own. I was still by the DJ booth when the sun started to come up in the morning. The DJ was now playing some beautiful ambient electronica, it was the perfect music to have for the sunrise. He had set the turntables on the floor of the hut and had placed candles all around them (and himself) in a full circle, and I remember watching him spin the records while the sun was just starting to rise above the oceans. The sky was painted in deep oranges and purples pushing into the darkness of night. Gary was the only one out there with me watching and he pointed over toward the DJ "Look how it is rising perfectly in line with his head!" and it was true, it almost looked as if a blinding light was moving up his spine and then out from the crown of his head at that moment. Within minutes the sun was up and it was blanketing the island in heat. There was no way we were going to be able to go to sleep in our

and I had lost the people who had driven me here anyway, so for the moment I was stuck. I was thinking about E-Dog's friend sitting in jail for LSD, looking around, wondering who was DEA here. People kept talking about busts happening here and I just got more and more worked up. My friend came back and told me the capsules were amazing and that everyone wanted more, he would take the rest that I had, if I could front him half, he could pay for half now, and the balance within an hour. I was so happy to get the pills off of me, I just told him to pay me everything at the end of the night. I discretely just palmed the bottle of pills to him as we were walking. He gave me a hug and wandered off into the club. Then my paranoia crept back in. Did he just rip me off? If he didn't is he going to be okay moving those pills here? What if he gets busted, did I just get my friend busted? Should I have taken half the money now in case he gets busted? The music was pounding my body, I could feel the bass

own nervousness. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for  
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Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17758063 -  
02/07/13 02:28 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)  
Oh fuck yeah Been waiting 36 hours for this  
Gonna save it for work tomorrow Post Extras:  
Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British  
Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] #17758418 - 02/07/13 03:35 AM (4  
years, 8 months ago) Ok I'm transferring  
money to my paypal account right now. When  
the books down just tell us! Post Extras:  
shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

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rolling out of the parking lot and on our way to the Marley Fest. As soon as we got on the bus and settled comfortably into the nicely padded seats, Marty introduced me to a kid who called himself Jamiroquai. Now, Jamiroquai had brought a book bag full of really amazing mushrooms and within minutes we'd worked out a trade. He put a small handful of beautifully dried clusters in my girlfriend's hand and she took some and passed the rest over to me. The mushroom clusters looked almost perfect, every stem had a cap and they looked like they belonged in a magazine. I handed him a nice strip of paper and soon he was wandering to the back of the bus with the turntables. To be honest I don't think I ever saw that guy again. I was pretty upset that we never got his phone number; sometimes those opportunities only come once. The bus had small TV screens suspended from the ceiling every few rows of seats for the passengers to watch and someone had brought a trippy animation DVD that was

going to be very strong. I had the familiar feeling of moving up, as if in a speeding elevator, and soon I was feeling almost weightless. Like all the limitations of being in a body stripped away and I was functioning at 100% optimal capacity. It was a familiar feeling, almost an understanding that this was the way we were supposed to feel all the time. I realized I was not coming up on the liquid, I was already fully in the trip. I closed my eyes and saw the wheel of time unhinge, jolt off in a weird angle, and almost roll off the plane of reality. I opened my eyes and saw Gary looking over to me, nodding almost imperceptibly, saying YES with his mind. I wasn't sure what to do, I didn't know if I should go back into the water, or if I might drown if I tried. I wanted the cool water surrounding me, but I was too scared to move, and I found I was almost unable to talk. I just closed my eyes again and went off on a journey into myself. I connected back in time to my first trip in the Everglades and thought about the



bottom bunk the day before, but that was okay. So there were 4 guys living in these small spaces, and then our bathroom was like a little hallway that connected our room to one identical to it, so 8 guys sharing a bathroom. Luckily it had 2 toilets and 2 showers, but it was definitely an exercise in communal living to say the least. I introduced myself around to everyone and quickly decided these people were most likely not guys I'd ever choose to hang out with. Now don't get me wrong, they were mostly all good guys, just everyone came from completely different backgrounds and had different sets of expectations – there just wasn't a lot of common ground. My roommate was named Trevor and he had come down from Pennsylvania to go to school here. He was a bit of a preppy guy, tall, but very nice and polite. His father was an airline pilot and he was able to get free flights all over the country whenever he wanted, which I always thought was super cool. The other 2 guys in my room were okay,

look directly in my eyes. “Good Morning boys.” He said with a southern drawl. He had short red army-buzz-cut hair, a red moustache and a serious look on his face. “License and Registration, please.” Gianni opened his glove compartment and rifled through some paperwork, finding his registration, got out his ID and handed them out the window into the cops hands. “And” he started “I’m going to need you to get out of the car, please.” Now I started to freak out a little. Why did he want him to get out of the car? What was the problem? Gianni undid his seatbelt, opened the door and walked behind the car out of my line of sight. I didn’t want to look backwards to see what was going on, in case the cop thought that was suspicious. “What the fuck is going on back there man?” “I don’t know, I don’t want to turn around!” We waited in silence for about five more minutes, which seemed to take five times that long, until the cop came back alone and knocked on Curtis’ front window. “Can you step out of the car

Fuck yeah Post Extras: indocult Dr Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17630605 - 01/30/13 12:43 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Also, Dude, I'm gonna give you a hug and one of my paintings when I see you at waka this year. Not sure if I will be able to make it to other fests this year. Here is my first wire wrap ever, the crystal came from your free crystals on a tote lid outside your setup... I think in 2011 Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] #17632506 - 01/30/13 05:56 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: indocult said: Also, Dude, I'm gonna give you a hug and one of my paintings when I see you at waka this year. Not sure if I will be able to make it to other fests this year. Here is my first wire wrap ever, the crystal came from your free crystals on a tote lid outside your setup... I think in 2011 Wow, so cool how we're all connected like that.

was very unpredictable, so I went through my phase with it and then pretty much stuck with LSD after that. I would still do it from time to time, but those became more spaced out. But I am starting to get a little ahead of myself now, I'll need to back up a little to go over the story of the first time I'd get arrested.

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\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*

\* My 8 Month  
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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras:

shLong  
Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17793977 -  
02/13/13 01:40 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) I  
snagged some AMT back in 01/02 (from the  
dude who ended up snitching me out) and it was  
really weird. To this day I'm not really sure if I  
enjoyed it or not. Dude came around with these

friends and smoking all kinds of different strains of herb on a beautiful afternoon. We ended up finding a campsite with some friends Scotty and I knew from high school, Kenny and Jay. They lived in the expensive area of town, but definitely were not your average rich-kids. They were a little spoiled seeming at times, but also pretty cool guys the rest of the time. I'll never forget the lime haze buds that Kenny was selling me in high school. It was definitely memorable and amazing kind buds. They had some really nice smoke with them, so we spent an hour or so matching joints and relaxing at their site. "So do you guys have any doses with you?" Kenny asked, looking at me. I told him I did, and I had enough that we could each drop a few hits, but they were back at our campsite in my cooler. Those seemed to be the magic words and immediately the six of us were up and heading to our tents on the other side of the campgrounds. As our merry troop made our way down the main trail, heading towards the setting

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 3 #17180365 - 11/07/12 11:59 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Not My Best Idea I called Chris later that night, and told him how everything went. The next day I brought a few ten strips off the sheet and sold them in the morning before school even started. By about third period class, we realized that most of those hits were eaten as quickly as they were sold. People were tripping all over the school, including Chris and me. It seemed like everywhere I looked people had the LSD perma-grin and twinkle in their eyes. The school had gone from a place where you could barely find any LSD with weeks of searching, to a virtual psychedelic playground overnight. At lunchtime we went to Burger King at Sheridan Plaza. The place was filled with tripping teenagers. When we showed up, people were laughing and playing in the plastic ball-filled playground outside, it was madness. As if the

a dear friend haha. Post Extras: Jump to top.

Pages: < First | < Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience

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Last post Psychedelics and

enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924

58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3 all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM

months      Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark] #17830799 - 02/19/13 09:59 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Gonna have to go with the crowd here man, I can't wait for more. Haven't posted in here, but I'm pretty sick with Pneumonia right now and started reading these this morning. I've read every one you've posted thus far. Even though reading these is practically all I've done all day, I'm quite happy with it. Has kept this sick psychonaut quite entertained all day Keep it coming man, this shit's gold! ----- Anything posted is completely fictional. Post Extras:      dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] 2 #17832251 - 02/20/13 02:15 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Okay here's a quick one... Lessons in Caution About a week before classes began for college, a few friends and I planned a trip to Busch Gardens, across the state in Tampa. One of the guys, Curtis was a longtime friend, but I was



confident, like I was just anyone else picking up the mail, but inside I was always a bit of a mess. I always made sure to wear my camouflage clothes as I began to call them – the business casual clothes camouflaged me to look like the rest of polite society. It was thrilling to realize that people were walking right next to me and had no idea that the envelope I was carrying held enough LSD to change thousands of lives. Growing up I was a bit of a comic book nerd, so I settled on a method to keep the LSD in the safety box using something I already had – comic books. One of the methods to preserve comic books is to keep them inside plastic protective bags with a piece of thick white cardboard behind the comic to keep it nice and straight. So what I did, was I would take a comic book, put it inside a protective sleeve, and then slide that inside a second sleeve. I would then slide one of the pages of the LSD behind the comic book so it was sandwiched in between the two plastic sleeves. It didn't look

an event that repeated forever endlessly. That the sun had been setting like this here since the beginning of time. I could feel that many others had the exact same feeling as I had right now, watching the sun go down from this place. The sun was vibrantly colored with orange flowing into red and moving across the sky into pinks and purples until finally a darker blue was touching the horizon opposite the sun. The colors shifted and changed as the sun made its way to the other side of the earth until we were sitting under a dark blanket of sky. All of this happened before Jake had even finished cooking his burger. Across the water, we could see that the neighbors had lit their fire, and thought it would be wise for us to do the same. Jake decided that he should be the only one to light the fire, since everyone else on our peninsula was on acid. I had no problem with that after the fishing incident. Once he got the fire lit, we all sat around and talked, luckily my ability to hold a conversation had returned. I felt like over the

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Flynder] #18267898 - 05/15/13 04:01 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) I don't plan on writing any more until we're more into the summer (Like maybe mid-July). I'm working overtime getting ready for the summer festival season making art/pendants/shirts etc. So in a way that last one was like "The End of Season One." I tried to end it in a way where no one would be hanging to badly in suspense Just gotta balance my time, and I'm not too great with that. If only I could get the universe to throw in a few extra hours in each day, I'd be good Super appreciate all the good vibes and kind words of encouragement! Much Light and Love DW ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

dwpineal] #17946866 - 03/13/13 06:06 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) O Shiiiiit! Crazy stuff man. ----- I know, I know you probably scream and cry That your little world won't let you go Post Extras: Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Psilocyentist]

#17947089 - 03/13/13 07:41 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Gave me chills in my spine Post Extras: allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Par] #17947849 - 03/13/13 02:22 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

How can you just end it like that the suspense is killing me ----- Post Extras: Force Ten Home Will Always Be Here Registered: 04/11/08 Posts: 747 Loc: Elation Station Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17947872 - 03/13/13 02:35 PM (4 years, 7

ways their philosophy guided me for many years. They liked “hippie drugs” like cannabis and mushrooms, but not “yuppie drugs” or “white powders” like cocaine and heroin, or even alcohol. So I tended to stick more to the hippie drugs. Also nitrous oxide can be called laughing gas, and being around tanks at parties, it didn’t seem like a very accurate name. Sure, some people might laugh a little, but I would’ve thought laughing gas would make a whole room of people double over in laughter if it was released into the air. When I walked out of the office and back to my car, I sat down in the driver’s seat and got a case of the giggles. I literally could not stop laughing. I just sat in my car with the door open and me laughing away to no one and at nothing at all. Luckily the parking lot was in back of the office, and no one else was there or walked up before I was able to get myself together enough to drive back to the dorms. I’ve done nitrous from balloons since this experience, and nothing has ever given me

one point - so thankful they dragged me along. Truly a once in a lifetime experience. It was pretty much my first "Hippie" festival ever - this was the same place that the next year I embarked on my 8 month trip - so yeah - I was blessed for sure to end up there so randomly... hah, nice nice. I read that 8 month trip story once in my earlier days here. I'll have to re-read it again, i forget it mostly. -----

Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] 1 #17928551 - 03/09/13 05:10 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Oh we're almost there - I

browsed through it the other day and there is not really that much there and it's hard to tell where things are placed in time, so by me going in order it should make a lot more sense in this thread. I'm going to place all the stories from

what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to additional forums, file attachments, board customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Pages: < First | < Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next > dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: SalCato] 1 #18397001 - 06/10/13 07:02 PM (4 years, 4 months ago) [qu  
Quote: SalCato said: Hell yeah, that sounds tight. Will that be for sale on your site? Also, no derailing intended, but what ever happened with that 25 "eye" print you came up with like a year ago? yeah I'll get them on the site for sure, It seems like I always need to update that site. I've been needing to update the blotter pendant and molecule pendant pages for like 2 years, all the pics are my old ones LOL. now the 25i print - I redesigned, but I am having trouble putting all

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Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: twinkie  
ThizzOrDie! Registered: 07/31/11 Posts: 954

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17633194 -  
01/30/13 08:55 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Fucking sick man. i'm glad only the names have  
changed. I'm gonna read The Mushrooms in the  
Mail and then onward tonight! Thank you for  
helping me start reading again! hahah

----- Spare BTC? Donate them  
here!

1CUrygL1w4YJsnISUeFTsnLgMqYdTwdejY  
Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10  
Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
twinkie] #17633614 - 01/30/13 01:55 PM (4



here is why. I've always said I would rather turn money into LSD since the money almost loses value sitting in my drawer - the LSD holds its value and sometimes increases, so it seemed like a more solid investment. Quote: as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, and everyone has that as a means of payment for shit Now this deserves a secondary look - because one of my life-long friends would always tell me in response to my comments - I've always had that mind-set that what I was doing was pretty much normal, and in some sense, everyone sees what I've seen - he always tells me - "Dude, regular people don't see/do shit like this." I had a girlfriend that I had told I made most of my income from LSD/mushrooms, but didn't really elaborate as to the volume. I was at a show one night with her, she left after the show and I told my friend to drop off the boxes of mushrooms at her place and I'd move those the next night at the shows. I didn't think twice about it, I told her my friend was coming over and all that - when

books and rushed over to the class. I got to class on time and sat down in my chair. Of course, shortly after the class started, I noticed the first alerts of the LSD coming on. But it never really got much farther than that. I was able to concentrate through the class, and by the time it let out, I was in agreement with my friend, these were very weak doses. I felt great, very floaty and even relaxed, but I was not feeling how I should after eating 3 hits of this acid. I wasn't sure what happened, because the sheet I gave them was from the same books that other people had loved. I had left the sheet in the trunk of my car over a hot afternoon before giving it to the guy, and to this day that is the only thing that would explain the loss in potency from this one single sheet. I could imagine maybe it was somehow unevenly distributed on the paper, but since none of the other LSD from that same batch had any issues at all, I believe it had to be from leaving it in a hot humid trunk. I got back to my room and pulled out the big bubbler with

Please don't let your writing take a backseat to your other art. You have writing talent man! You gave all of us in this community a great gift with these. Can't wait to buy the book! Please keep them coming. ----- Post

Extras:           dwpineal           Psychedelic           Artist

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666           Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] #17725153 - 02/01/13 12:34 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)           Quote: shLong

said: Goddamn you ended that in the worst/best possible spot. What's gonna happen with the new connects, how much can they supply? What of the shenanigans you get in to as a result? LOL Sorry, it was getting really late at night for me, so I kinda had to end it there, but for sure I'm going to fill you in Quote: bryguy27007 said: Oh. My. God. I don't know how you do it but this one blows all the other stories out of the water, and that's saying something. I'm in shock. That was god damn amazing. This is probably the best thread on the

manifestation, followed by a group known here as the Rave Doctors. The Rave Doctors would rent out a college auditorium or some other random venue and throw some of South Florida's first raves. But when The Edge started hosting a party known as Late Night by the Lollipop Guild, it seemed to focalize the energy of the community into a point of light that radiated outwards. The energy moved down to Miami to clubs like Diamonte, Risk, Groove Jet, Paragon, and points all over South Beach in Miami, to as far down as MARS Bar in Kendall. The energy radiated up through West Palm Beach and connected south Florida to Central Florida through the scene emerging and taking root in Orlando. In addition to clubs, warehouses from one side of the tri-county to the other erupted weekend after weekend with DJs and producers from all over the world spreading the new psychedelic gospel of dance. The longevity and consistency of Late Nights at The Edge made it one of the longest running

on, every summer over the 4th of july

<http://www.welcomehere.org/> -----

Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: mattritt] #17296160 - 11/28/12 04:59 PM (4 years, 10 months ago)

I remember some small controversy about the site above, the original unofficial home of gatherings online was [www.welcomehome.org](http://www.welcomehome.org) (then you click to go to one of the mirror sites)

[http://www.starsrainbowrideboard.org/welcome\\_home\\_mirror/rainbow/sites/annual-site.html](http://www.starsrainbowrideboard.org/welcome_home_mirror/rainbow/sites/annual-site.html)

Quote: mattritt said: MOAR NAOW!!!! LOL, I gotta get on it! ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for

Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

way to start up the hemp festival. This was my first time ever setting up my own tent, so I pulled everything out of the bag and looked for the instructions. Soon with some help from two of my friends, Jason and Chris, the tent was set up and filled with our gear. Once the site was set up we walked from the camp grounds to where the music was playing. Big Cypress is a great venue for outdoor events in the spring. The weather was great this time of year, not too hot, and usually a nice refreshing cool in the morning and evening. Even in the early afternoon, it just couldn't have been a nicer day. On the way to the festival stage, we kept having people offer to sell us herb, some holding the bags out in their hands for all to see. We could also smell herb everywhere the entire time we walked. Jason was a major smoker, his parents had a lot of money and he didn't sell, but he always had herb. A lot of the time he would get it from me, since we'd known each other for a few years. He didn't go to my high school even

wristbands. We paid \$10 each, got wristbands and drove to the ends of the rows of cars and parked ourselves. As soon as we parked and got out of the car, it started to lightly rain. “Man, rain?” I whined. “We’re just going to sell some rolls and be out, right?” John made a laughing noise at me, put his arm around my shoulder roughly and said “Nah man, I lied, we’re not leaving here soon, you’re here for the weekend, so you better start smiling, get high, and have a good time!” That was not what I wanted to hear. I was extremely grumpy and told him to just let me go pass out in the car. I didn’t want to be walking around in the rain, trying to sell ecstasy pills or whatever the plan was. I moped over to the car and flopped into the back seat. I spent a somewhat uncomfortable but also much needed few hours sleeping until the sun rose. It was early March in Florida and the morning came quietly with a light fog covering everything, creating a very nice atmosphere. I rolled a joint and took a few hits before getting out of the car.

Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom  
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Posts Active Topics Galleries FAQ User List  
Calendar Store Random Growery Mushrooms,



Also a TEK/explanation about the fabric softener filter I looked to try to find a picture of one, and apparently now they're called Doob Tube's, so you can probably Google that. But none looked exactly like what I was using, and some are more advanced. With mine, I used a brand new roll of toilet paper, took 3 fabric softener sheets and rubber-banded them to one end of the roll, covering one hole, and leaving one hole opened. Sometimes I would stuff some other fabric softener sheets into the tube itself. It worked really amazingly well. Basically identical to this, but I left all the toilet paper on

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Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

you some E.” “Yeah. How much does it cost?” “Like thirty bucks.” “Uh, well I have \$15, but I gotta use a dollar to get home on the bus.” “You need a ride home? Where do you live?” “Off Sheridan Street.” “In Hollywood? Man, we can bring you home, don’t take the bus!” “Wow, cool, thanks!” “So you wanna try x?” one of the girls asked excitedly. It felt like she was excited for me to try this stuff. She was looking deep into my eyes, smiling as she asked. The excitement was contagious. I didn’t really know too much about ecstasy, but after seeing this place and talking all night with people about it, I was captivated. It was uncharacteristic of me to be so willing to jump into trying a new drug. Before I even tried marijuana I talked with people for weeks and read everything I could about it, and the same with LSD. But here and now with these friendly strangers, I felt like I was totally safe. “So you got fifteen bucks? I can probably get you half a pill. It’ll still be great, especially since you’ve never done it

We met up at a nearby park so we could all go together. We mixed up the orange juice and sat around smoking a few joints before walking over to the theater. By the time we got to the theater we were already lifting off on the heavy doses. Purchasing the tickets seemed to take so long, dragging on into forever. Every moment passed so slowly because we could focus in on every motion, every movement, every breeze, and then look up and realize that the person at the front of the line hadn't even finished paying for their tickets. Years later when we all had our tickets and were making our way to the theater, the trip was in full swing. We all found seats in the same row and tried to sit without giggling through the previews. The movie finally began and the combination of the music, the cinematography, and completely non-linear ordering of the scenes had everyone struggling to hold onto the threads of the story. I was totally drawn into the story when Samuel Jackson was quoting from the bible and shot

with people like that.” I realized he may be doing that as a protective measure and it was working. Other people said that he was from our university, a professor there and that he was caught with an underage sex slave from Thailand or something like that that he was keeping locked in his basement. Most of the other people seemed okay, mostly everyone was black or Hispanic. I’d say there were about 4 or 5 people out of forty who weren’t one of the two. It definitely showed me that the racial profiling that so many people talk about is a real phenomenon. Monday morning came and I was hoping that the judge would ROR me again, so I could get out of jail without paying. They woke us up at 4:30 AM for breakfast and then called the people going to court one by one to walk out of the cell, the door singing its song of defeat each time it slammed shut. I kept waiting for my name but name after name was called and I was still waiting. Finally my name was called and I walked out of the cell, down the hall to another

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looking like the clowns on the front line.” And I do admit, I was a bit high-profile in the past, I had all kinds of day-glo and neon or sparkly clothes, and my hair was grown out in an afro, which in the 90s was definitely not the style and very noticeable. They dropped me off at my house with their Western Union account info and told me that whenever I was ready I just had to call and they could overnight the LSD, and I was assured that it would be sent in such a way that it wouldn’t look like anything suspicious. They had a code that they used and let me know how to order what I needed in code. “We’re going to follow Ratdog back home to Cali, and the next show is in Atlanta on Thursday, so we’re leaving on Tuesday afternoon, just get in touch if you want to do anything before we hit the road.” Ratdog, I thought, what the fuck is Ratdog? Following it back to California? But I didn’t ask, because I didn’t want to sound as clueless as I was. “Okay let me make some calls and I’ll page you before you leave.”

linked into like-minded souls. None of us knew it, but this newly formed group would become closely bound over the next few weeks, making indelible marks on each other's lives. Just like when my brother walked into the back yard and introduced me to all his new friends, this was a pivotal moment that would help set the course for the direction all our lives would take over the coming months. I'd like to take a moment and more formally introduce this cast of characters, since they all showed up together so quickly and I don't want any of them lost in the mix. First we have Mark, Henry, and Kyle the three blond guys that came down from Rhode Island and were now sleeping on the floor of Amber and Sophie's two bedroom apartment. Kyle was dating Sophie so it was actually only two guys on the floor. Henry was a bit bigger than the other two, maybe it was muscles or genetics, I'm not really sure. Kyle and Mark were about average in height and weight, not skinny but not a bit overweight either. All three

sexual desire for both of us in the same moment. I'm not sure if the thought of kissing moved from me to her or her to me, or if it somehow instantaneously moved through both of us, but the trips kept moving in perfect pace with each other. Passion became the whole of my reality, overtaking every other sense or feeling. There was nothing in the universe outside our embrace and the whole of celestial history had built up to this moment of universal love. My hands found themselves caressing skin so soft that there is no velvet in the world that could compare. The indescribable electricity of her hand running up my chest ran through me, circulating around me and becoming an egg encasing our intertwined bodies in a neon blue translucent shell. I saw a vision of a triangle of light grow to surround our bodies as we began to make love. Our bodies were perfectly centered in the triangle and I could see we made what looked like a human key-hole in the center of the triangle of light. What key could unlock us? What was behind



911 pages, I was able kept safe for a little while longer. Also I wasn't caught with LSD or MDMA, which he had also tried to get. We also figured up that Gerald had tried to set us up to take an even bigger fall. PJ and Tim had each separately asked me to get a half-pound of herb. Guess who put in the orders with them. Gerald. He had gone to each of them and said he needed a half pound for Friday, so they called me. By the grace of the universe Dan and I had decided to go to play pool yesterday night instead of going across the county to pick up that herb. The cops would've had a major bust instead of just finding me with a few grams of weed. And since I left my money with Dan to pick up the herb, they didn't even find that. Unfortunately PJ and Tim were way worse off than I was. PJ was caught with about 15 eighths already bagged up and another ounce, scales, baggies, and some Xanax, so he really looked the most like a dealer. Tim was caught with a few ounces, but it was all in one bag, so that at least wasn't

runs to Elemental Chemical to pick up more. I loved the fact that I could just go to a store, pay cash at the register and walk out with a powerful and unique psychedelic drug all because I'd read the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test and was able to use the phone book. It wasn't a typical store of course, more like a business in a warehouse, but the principal is the same. The new house was about 15 to 20 minutes from Marty's place, but even after we moved, I still drove over to Marty's every other day. Also with the guys working on the beach they quickly met people who would buy herb and psychedelics, but most of that was just very small volume. But it still brought in some flow and justified the fact that we all sat around and smoked all day every day. All the AMT that Marty was moving had to be capped up into individual doses before he could sell it, so we bought big mylar bags full of tic-tac sized capsules from the flea market in Liberty City in Miami. The capsules had a little indentation from that way they were

by on the streets by the parking lot. It was right in front of a big intersection so cars would pull up slowly and stop at the light if it was red, or speed on by when it was green, some cars going straight, some turning right and some turning left. The ones that slowed to a stop seemed to create an atmosphere of extreme drama, like a suspenseful scene in a movie at the moment before the suspense breaks. As I sat and watched the cars, I started to flip through realities. What I mean by this is that as the cars drove by, they would change colors each fraction of a second and sometimes change shape ever so slightly into the shape of another similar but different car. So a car would approach the light and as it drove I would see the car change from white to blue to yellow to red to a cop car to green to purple to a work truck and on and on from moment to moment. I could choose which reality I wanted to actualize by focusing and allowing the colors coalesce until they have collapsed into a single reality. The reality I

#19581342 - 02/18/14 12:49 AM (3 years, 8 months ago) Nice video.. Makes me wish I grew up in the area just a few years earlier.. My mom was very much part of this scene believe it or not lol. Mid life crisis kinda thing, but it definitely seemed like she was having fun. I'm sure your busy, but can't wait for some more stories. I really enjoy them. Post Extras:

bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08  
Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]


#19581704 - 02/18/14 01:54 AM (3 years, 8 months ago) Oh my god those girls. That video was so cool. Not at all what I was expecting/picturing. That was super interesting to see. Thanks for posting it! -----

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --  
The Genesis Generation Post Extras:

AlfredHitchcock Disco Biscuits Registered:  
02/29/12 Posts: 73 Loc: PSW Last seen: 1  
month, 7 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]

Disney World. The week before school ended Disney World would close to the public for Grad Night and let loose graduating high seniors from all over the state. It was one of the premier psychedelic evenings for all high school kids when I was growing up. The school resource officers found the LSD and he was kicked off the trip and probably suspended, but his name became well known in the halls of the school after that. somehow Marty knew Tristan. I didn't talk to Tristan too much during the trip, but he knew a lot of the same people that my best friend Scotty knew, so I handed Tristan a small rectangle of paper and went back to sit with Amber while Scotty and him reminisced. By the time the bus arrived at the festival grounds everyone was tripping hard aside from Curtis. Even he might have been high from breathing in the thick clouds of kind bud smoke circulating throughout the bus. Curtis pulled up to the parking lot of the venue, and the cops waved the bus to the side. Curtis followed the

read, thanks!!! ----- What is a mind,  
if not something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted  
Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet  
Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dstark] #17803586 - 02/15/13 03:58 AM (4  
years, 8 months ago) It's like getting a  
favorite magazine in the mail everytime you  
post. Great read, looking forward to the next  
one. ----- Post Extras:

floatingwater      
Registered: 01/06/09 Posts: 2,699 Last seen: 4  
years, 2 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#17827587 - 02/19/13 04:56 AM (4 years, 8  
months ago) How on earth did I not come  
across this thread earlier. Absolutely amazing  
imagery throughout these stories! I especially  
like the passages about the rave scene when you

too as people started talking about it and excitement built up. The boat pulled up to a dock on the island and now I could hear the music nice and clear. Everyone unloaded the boat quickly considering there weren't really any lights out on the dock other than what was on the boat and the light of the moon in the sky. We had been some of the last people onto the boat, but it worked out perfectly, since all our gear was near the back of the boat where everyone got off. Soon we were carrying armloads full of gear into the nearby treeline. Ray found a beautiful huge Oak tree with Spanish moss all over it, hanging down and looking almost like decoration in the moonlight. Before we even put down the gear E-Dog lit up a huge joint of some really nice smelling herb and passed it to her girl. The joint made its way around as we started setting up camp in the dark. I believe that setting up camp is much easier if you can do it in the daylight. The only light we had at this site was what the moon gave

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17421003 - 12/20/12 03:16 PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Do you have a day job Dw? Or do you make a living off your art?

----- If there is one thing you should know about me, I like to have myself a good time. So if you see me we'll roll one up, and burn it, burn it, burn it on down! --Funky Junk

[/url] Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Aphrodeezzy] #17421288 - 12/20/12 04:53 PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Totally have a day job The vision is to one day support myself through art, but it's a slow and organic process, but I'm really loving the whole experience

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experiences can manifest on a personal level. I LOVE those reflective molecule shirts. So ridiculously cool every time I see the reflective stuff in the mirror or the glow stuff in a darkened room Happy New Year Shroomery!!!

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LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc: Eire

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #19351283 - 12/31/13 09:04 PM

(3 years, 9 months ago) Hippie new year dude.....thanks for all the ponderings

----- Post Extras: PanGaia The Guide Registered: 04/15/12 Posts: 402 Loc:

☀️ Last seen: 2 years, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Simple-Psyman] #19357936 - 01/02/14 06:08

was able to get change for my dollar from the gas station attendant. Outside at the payphone I reached into my wallet and pulled out my Triple A card and found the number on the back of the card. When I saw it was a 1-800 number I felt ridiculous for spending so much time worrying about getting quarters to make the phone call, since it was a toll free call. Within about 45 minutes the Triple A guy showed up and I was feeling much more back to baseline. “Boy I sure do feel stupid locking my keys in the car with everything running!” “Oh you’d be surprised at how many people do that” he said. He was able to quickly open the car door with his Slim Jim tool, and soon was on his way. I still didn’t feel okay yet to drive after what happened before leaving the park, so I just waited by my car for another hour or so until I really was more confident I could drive. That was the first and the last time I was ever brave enough to take 7 grams of mushrooms. It was only my second mushroom trip, but in the future, my high dose

Gonna be taking the week off to work on art stuff for an event I'm vending on Thursday (it is a psychedelic fetish/blotter art exhibit/party - my first ever thing like this - should be interesting ) Also a lot of work to be done getting ready for the summer festival season. But I'll be posting maybe 2 stories next week to make it up could you explain exactly what a psychedelic fetish party is? i mean i get excited by even the thought of psychedelics but i wouldnt say its a fetish. it is a funny thought though. im sure its nothing like what i have in mind lol ----- Post Extras:

indocult Dr Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18156589 - 04/24/13 12:22 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

thank you man. I can tell by the way you wrote the mushroom story that it was more your thing lol. It's beginning to scare me how similar our lives are, like I'm living another version of your life in the future. Too bad byrdfest is too small,

THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras:  
AlfredHitchcock Disco Biscuits Registered:  
02/29/12 Posts: 73 Loc: PSW Last seen: 1  
month, 7 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#17295086 - 11/28/12 08:57 AM (4 years, 10  
months ago) Started reading at 7 and didn't  
end until 1. Some amazing stories, thanks for  
sharing! Man what i would give to go to attend  
something like Rainbow Gathering in todays  
day and age. ----- I'm drivin the  
Rolls Royce of Psychedelics Post Extras:

sailing China Cat Sunflower Registered:  
09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
AlfredHitchcock] #17295091 - 11/28/12 09:01  
AM (4 years, 10 months ago) Quote:  
AlfredHitchcock said: Started reading at 7 and  
didn't end until 1. Some amazing stories, thanks  
for sharing! Man what i would give to go to  
attend something like Rainbow Gathering in  
todays day and age. rainbow gatherings still go

started to set and nightfall was upon us. We all walked along the main trail and found interesting things all over the place. There were camps set up and people around camp fires all over the forest it seemed. Some of them had really impressive structures constructed completely out of wood that was obviously found in the forest and built right there on the spot. We followed the signs to the Main Meadow and soon the forest opened up into a huge clearing. All along the edges of the clearing were campsites set up on the tree-line. As I walked into the Main Meadow, I saw a sign that was hard to make out in the dark, but said something about a Hopi Indian prophecy about the People of the Rainbow and a white buffalo. In the center of the clearing was a huge bonfire with people circled around it in the darkness. People closest to the center were dancing around the fire, with their outlines silhouetted by the light of the fire towering above their heads. Around the dancers were a circle of

and be able to defend you.” Before he could say another word the judge asked, “How does the defendant plead?” I looked at the lawyer, but he was looking back in his folder. I looked back to the judge and said “not guilty.” Okay we’ll set the next hearing for... he slammed the gavel and I was being ushered away from the public defender as the next in line was brought over to see the judge. It was a complete joke. After waiting all this time to speak to a lawyer, he didn’t even spend a full three minutes with me. I knew nothing more than when I had woken up this morning other than the fact that I wasn’t being released on my own recognizance. If I was going to get out, I had to find someone to come bail me out. -----

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27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next >  
bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08  
Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18272432 - 05/16/13 09:29 AM (4 years, 5

----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #19338369 - 12/29/13 02:23 AM (3 years, 9 months ago) Saving it, too. Thanks a lot, dw Post Extras: StoryTeller Fun guy Registered: 04/19/12 Posts: 625 Loc: right behind you Last seen: 1 year, 3 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #19339660 - 12/29/13 07:06 AM (3 years, 9 months ago) that was beautiful. I felt like I was tripping just reading it ----- I am a fictional character written anonymously for the sake of entertainment. All I know is something like a bird within her sang... Post Extras: Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: StoryTeller] #19340910 - 12/29/13 05:19 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) Haven't lost your touch.



will be felt by any living being. As if I had had the entire human experience in the course of the peak of the trip. Eventually they let me go sit on the sand by the water. The waves washed up around my legs and moved away back into the ocean for quite a while. The sun was creating these ever changing light shows on the rippling water that I let myself get lost in for quite a while. Soon I realized I was thirsty and looked back at the water bottle by my chair back at the campsite. I got up and walked over to it, looked at it, picked it up, and showed it to E-Dog. ‘Is this more LSD?’ This time he busted out laughing ‘No. Just regular water bro.’ I felt a little ridiculous for asking that question now, opened the bottle and took a sip, and sure enough it tasted like water. But it was warm now, ‘Do we have cold?’ ‘Oh yeah, here’ he said going over to one of the coolers and pulling out a fresh bottle. Later as the sun was beginning to set, I looked down at my skin and I saw I was bright red in some places. The red

vibe in the club was really high. People were all dressed up, dancing, laughing and having a great time. We walked upstairs to a VIP room that overlooked the club from floor to ceiling windows. They were tinted so that you could see the club below, but the people below couldn't see you. As the ecstasy pills started to come on, I could tell they were really good. Chris confided to me that the guys throwing the party were supposedly Israeli mafia and they were throwing the party to help them move the E pills. The party was called Genesis as it was going to be the beginning for them of something big; also I guess the biblical reference since they were Israelis. We were able to smoke herb in the VIP area, and I saw some of my friends from The Edge, which was no surprise, as many of us would go to different clubs and events all over South Florida depending where the best parties were. After smoking, we all went downstairs into the main club section. The DJs were spinning some great breaks and we were all

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Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Absent Minded] #17625749 - 01/29/13 02:38  
AM (4 years, 8 months ago) It was just in a  
compilation video on youtube of "awesome  
people" so I don't know the actual OG footage.  
DWP I want to come babysit and work for you  
so you can write MOARRR Post Extras:

twinkie ThizzOrDie! Registered: 07/31/11  
Posts: 954 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: indocult] #17627248 -  
01/29/13 09:27 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

DWP are these stories based off of real-life  
events?...If you're not at liberty to say, i  
understand. I'm just curious, cause I was under  
the impression that this was a total memoir of  
your events. ----- Spare BTC?

Donate them here!

1CUrygL1w4YJsnISUeFTsnLgMqYdTwdejY

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have owned one, but it barely got any use. But we made a great team. This was the guy who did all my driving to pick up LSD and bring it the 30 miles from Miami to Fort Lauderdale. He was the best driver I knew and not only that but he was always there for me. I had called him from the most random spots in South Florida at any time of night and he would come pick me up, anytime, anywhere. He would even pick me up to take me to The Edge on nights he didn't even go in, he would just pick me up, take me there and then head back home at 4AM. One night I had dropped my wallet outside my house and didn't realize it until he'd dropped me off at The Edge. I paged him and he went to pick it up and brought it out to me, and this was about a twenty minute drive each way. "Look, let's just go, we'll check it out. If it's bunk, we'll head back here, or go to the beach and watch fireworks. Look, I just don't want to sit here doing the same thing I've done a million times. It's New Years!" "Okay fine, but I'm not paying

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Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
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Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
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rickjamez20 Shroomer  
Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon  
Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo] #17873061 - 02/27/13 09:31 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Such a great story man. You were quite a smart business man back then, that's a lot of acid! Imagine all the happiness and good times you gave to people. There are still dudes laying tons of sheets and making vials out there (hatsoff to them), and it's normally a very secretive process. So it's really awesome that we can read a first hand account about it. Good vibes DW -----  
<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>

dope, while I'm happy if I have an 8th.  
----- Beats More Beats sheekle:  
fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair  
and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras:

Mr.PhilCybin Lord of all Jerrys Registered:  
06/14/11 Posts: 11,534 Loc: Gnarnia Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Absent Minded] #18084155 - 04/10/13 03:49  
AM (4 years, 6 months ago) It's Tuesday!!!

----- I'm stupid, Falcon91Wolvrn03  
is smart. I'm ugly, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is  
beautiful. I'm a loser, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is a  
winner. Someday, I hope to be like  
Falcon91Wolvrn03 but secretly know I never  
will. Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages: <

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situation!!! but we are irish and tend to laugh and joke and drink and smoke for a week...and cry mercilessly for months on end...thats where psychedelics have always helped me to come to grips with the tougher things in life!!! I had a friend who was murdered by her ex-boyfriend and on the day of her rosary(2 day's before funeral) we were at a mass for her and it was the sunniest day in memory by all accounts...and as dark as the day really was there were 2 young children running around chasing a butterfly and giggling as only children can with a truly innocent chuckle ..... that moment lightened the next few days for me and my friends by innumerable amounts!!...the simplicity and fun of grasping after a butterfly they would never catch was both moving and truly beautiful haha...make me smile to think of it...even though. sorry for the somewhat heavy post but life is death and death is experienced through life on many levels...like most people id imagine,I have no fear of it....I only have respect

by cube talk      Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all )      dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu      What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all )      silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven      FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness?      Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The      Psychedelic      Experience      and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )      Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood      Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled      Moderator:  
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moving to Florida this was years ago im pretty sure in the 90s. now it is pretty much flooded with RCs and i know a few of the main people responsible who are spreading massive amounts of it especially in raves ----- Post

Extras: craigy93 Flowing Away Registered: 06/10/10 Posts: 402 Loc: Kentucky Last seen: 5 months, 30 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike]

#17444639 - 12/25/12 06:46 AM (4 years, 10

months ago) Fuck people who pass of RC's as

LSD. Seriously that's all I can even say is

FUCK PEOPLE WHO PASS RC'S AS ACID!

----- Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: allseeingike] #17445679 -

12/25/12 04:33 PM (4 years, 9 months ago)

Quote: allseeingike said: Quote:

psychedelic\_Abyss said: Jesus 4000 hits? I'm

moving to Florida this was years ago im pretty

sure in the 90s. Yeah that story was 1994, and I

River. You could walk a little pathway along the river dotted with lighted clocks and park benches looking out into the subtle waves of the river, and end up crossing the train tracks into another big parking lot full of cars, colors and laughter. These are the areas of retreat from the sensory overload of the raging party enclosed within the walls of The Edge. The pounding bass can be felt and heard as far as the white gazebo blocks away, as a subtle vibration, calling to you like the sirens' song. It gains in power and volume as you walk closer and pulls you in towards The Edge like a tractor beam. In front of the Edge is the line of people waiting to get in, orbited by others buzzing by in every direction, glow sticks and light toys leaving trails of phosphorescence in the night. The line undulates as if a living entity, people moving forward already dancing to the music that is hardly contained by the walls. At this point the energy is boiling over the walkway and spilling out into the front parking lot. Walking through

totally wrong, but I think this pipe isn't air tight." He looked at me like I obviously was tripping and had no idea what was going on, but he would humor me and check it out. He took a few pulls on the pipe and after a few minutes agreed, "You're right, it's not air tight." It was really insane because this had never happened to me before, and I was partially sure that it was all in my mind. But he ended up letting me pick another pipe even though that one was used. By now the sun was coming up and the early morning vibe of a new day was glistening in the morning dew. A trippy fog was covering everything, making the ground, tents, and chairs wet to the touch. I spent a few hours walking around to different campsites, enjoying people's campfires and smoking my hash oil with anyone who seemed friendly and open. Eventually I ran back into Scotty, Ray, and Gary by the stage. No one was playing music, but they were just there sitting and talking. Scotty took me aside and told me that Ray let him know that they had

culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4. fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions for site modifications for site admins Beyond basic Species specific information Growing Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started (updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated 2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ (updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin Species (may contain outdated info) Other Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis

someone else's experience, and that I might never know or meet those people or know in what ways the trips would affect them or the course of their lives. I said a quiet prayer that everyone that took these had a great trip and learned a lot about themselves. When we were back at the gathering I left them to go by my campsite to get Gabe and Darbi so everyone could enjoy the mushrooms. No one was there at the campsite, so I left a note to find me at Tea Time. Getting back to Tea Time all by myself was a bit harder than I imagined. The first time I got there, I had just been aimlessly wandering the forest and on the way out I was involved in conversation with my two new friends and they flawlessly guided us out. After asking several people and getting weird forest directions, (follow the trail until it forks, turn right on the path with the stacked rocks, go down a ways, you should see some signs) I finally made it back to the Tea Time camp. They had been there a while, but hadn't even begun making the tea

04/11/13 09:34 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Beautiful and heartwarming with the necessary degree of Cosmic Intensity to remind us of the unquantifiable power of life that continues to surprise us. Post Extras: fungus.amongus

Incubus Registered: 06/28/10 Posts: 164 Loc: Australia, SA Last seen: 1 year, 6 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Chakra Shock] #18093434 - 04/12/13

01:22 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) WOW these just keep getting better!! That last one was intense! Awesome Post Extras: GRAVE trippy

by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: fungus.amongus] 1 #18095204 - 04/12/13 06:21

AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Loving the love vibes in this one DW. I can't wait to see where this takes us. ----- Journeys taken:

Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methylone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys:



I walked down the road as the sun started to soak the world in bright pastel reds, yellows, oranges, and purples against a baby blue morning sky. The rows of cars ended and I saw the way into the “farm party” ahead. It was a big man-made clearing in the orange groves that were on all sides, filled with tents. I walked through the campsites and not many people were out at this time, but the few who were gave smiles and nods as I passed by. I saw an empty stage to one side and some port-a-potties on another. I made a quick trip to the bathroom and continued my morning walk. I’ve always loved the feeling of the early morning, when not too many people are awake and there is a gentle calmness. The fogginess increased the sense of that feeling and my bad mood from the night before began to lift. I turned a corner and saw Dan sitting by a fire at one of the campsites. Just as I saw him, he saw me and ran over, putting his arm around me and guiding me to a seat in the circle. There were about six people sitting

equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
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Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
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Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius

was pretty late and we began hearing what sounded like shouts from the nearby campsites for us to keep it down. I think the real problem is not that we were being loud, but that we were playing electro breaks and most of the people here were more into classic rock. We really did not want to have to keep quiet; we were tripping and having a great time. We hadn't seen each other as much recently, so on top of being excited to be together again, the LSD was keeping our spirits high and wide awake. So instead of just giving in, I got up and walked over to the next campsite over and found about 8 or ten people sitting in a ring around a fire. I walked up to where people could hear me and said "Hey, we're over at the next campsite and we're gonna be up for a while. We all took acid and, " looking down and reaching into my pocket, "I have some here if any of you want." Everyone was looking at me, and a few people immediately said variations of "Yeah!" and walking beginning to walk over to me. I took a

vibe. The afterhours parties would usually be about 15-20 people who would hang out all day Sunday after the Edge closed (which sometimes would be as late as 1PM), at a private home or local park. Many times larger park parties or advertised After Hours parties would be thrown with hundreds of people dancing to DJs spinning in the Sunday sunshine.

Slowly it became obvious to others that there were these all night parties filled with people who were getting high all night and also had money and drugs. Parasitic people started arriving on the scene in larger and larger numbers. Gang members started frequenting the clubs, hanging out in the parking lots, and taking advantage of the ravers. People got robbed, beat up, and a bad vibe started flowing through the scene. People began to get a lot more skeptical of others, and a lot of the feeling that had originally knit the community together, was fleeting quickly. People were still doing their thing, getting high, or moving psychedelics

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] #18137535 - 04/20/13 03:48 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) For some reason, mushrooms don't seem to have a "scene" like LSD does..... and writing about LSD is more interesting than mushrooms. Can't quite say why that's true, but it seems to be. I assume that may contribute to whatever reason he may provide. Post Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18137804 - 04/20/13 04:48 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: shLong said: For some reason, mushrooms don't seem to have a "scene" like LSD does..... and writing about LSD is more interesting than mushrooms. Can't quite say why that's true, but it seems to be. I assume that may contribute to whatever reason he may provide. I'm more of a mushroom than LSD man myself, but I definitely agree with this (bestie). Somehow DW's stories are better IMO

dump those into the sink and clean out the insides of the bottles really good with the paper towels there? Clean them out better than you think you can and then pour some vodka in there and clean that out too.” I walked over to the sink and followed his instructions, cleaning out the two bottles and then cleaning them again, shoving rolled up paper towels into the bottles and cleaning off every bit of moisture. I probably went overboard, but I was excited just thinking about what we were doing. I had never seen LSD crystal before, or been anywhere this close to seeing what went on with LSD before it made its way onto paper (or in this case, liquid). I walked the cleaned bottles over to the table and saw Ray had one of the vials in his gloved hand and a syringe in the other. He placed the vial into the center of the Pyrex pan and unscrewed the lid of the tiny glass vial and lifted it just enough to fit the needle of the syringe through the top. The syringe was full of the Grey Goose vodka and he slowly dripped the

Everglades during the nicest weather of the year. Alex, Jake and I made ourselves comfortable in the back of the van, as best as we could around all the tools, while Jake's dad pulled out of the parking lot. The back of the van didn't have windows, other than on the rear doors, but we entertained ourselves as Jake's dad kept driving and driving. About an hour later he pulled the van to a stop, and with a smile said, "Alright guys, we're here. Get your gear together, and don't forget anything." Alex opened the side doors of the van and the three of us climbed out into the bright Florida sunshine and a crystal clear sky that seemed to go on forever. "Now go get your site paid for." He said from the driver's seat. We walked over to a building that looked quintessential Everglades, a down home swamp building that looked like it had been there for quite a while. Next to the main building was a huge thatched hut, made by the local Native American tribes, called a chickee hut. They were thatched using the

perfect Florida winter evening and we ended up on the edge of a big lake in her development. Under the moon, I'm not sure if I got brave, if the LSD removed my shyness, or if she moved in, but the moment was right and the kiss was a seamless movement in the night. It was as if nature itself led us into the kiss and we were just playing out the facets of itself that it was actualizing. We pulled away and looked at each other. Suddenly the moment broke and we were overcome by the laughter that bubbles from deep within your soul, cracking up laughing at the craziness of the world and how it fits its own pieces together. We went back inside and spent the rest of the trip with everyone else, but we'd made that connection with each other and I think everyone could feel that things had shifted. I was now somehow entrenched and embedded within their little family. Well after midnight the LSD wound down and people were starting to settle down for the night. I went to get my keys and head home, but Amber



just meeting Gianni, the driver as we were packing up his car early on the morning we left the East coast. Even though I hadn't met him I got a really good vibe from Gianni, he seemed really cool and down to earth, and we all got along great, it was going to be an awesome trip. We pulled out of Fort Lauderdale just before sunrise as it was about a 4-5 hour trip and we wanted to get to the park in plenty of time to see everything. As we got onto the highway I drifted off to sleep in the back seat of the car. I was in a half-asleep state when I heard Gianni say, "Shit man I'm getting pulled over!" At this point I wasn't too worried, we just had to play it cool and we'd be on our way. "Okay man, just relax, be cool." Curtis said to everyone in the car. We pulled over to the side of the road with the flashing red and blue lights washing over the insides of the car. A young cop walked up to the door and stuck his head in to Gianni's driver-side window, looking at Gianni and Curtis in the front seat, and then swinging his head back to

but I'm living in a dorm at college here about 45 minutes north, and I have 3 roommates. It's going to be a little cramped here, but I'm sure I can squeeze you in." "Uh, maybe we'll skip that and just get a hotey closer to the venue." Gary said. The next day around noon I got another call "We're at the Ramada next to the Sunrise Musical Theater, can you come down and meet us?" I drove down and within about an hour I was sitting on the balcony of their hotel room, rolling up a joint of John's bright lime green herb. When I saw them, they were just as I remembered them from that weekend over the summer, bright penetrating eyes, and smiles that seemed to glow from within. I was so happy to see them again, because even though we'd only been able to hang out for a few days when we met, I felt like we'd been through an immeasurable amount of experiences in that short time. After talking for a while I let them know that even though I didn't want to do the mail order thing with them, I could still move

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all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3 all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose 3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka The Psychedelic Experience and Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52 01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra information You cannot start new topics / You cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled / BBCode is enabled Moderator: psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13 63,983 topic views. 9 members, 167 guests and 17 web crawlers are browsing this forum. [ Toggle Favorite | Print Topic | Stats ] del.icio.us digg Furl MyWeb reddit StumbleUpon Search this thread: Copyright 1997-2017 Mind Media. Some rights reserved.

place you are describing. pretty wild to me you were in high school for a lot of these stories! keep em' coming! Thanks! Quote: tdubz said: Interesting stories man dealing a lot of weight takes you to some crazy places and with that comes the serious consequences. Oh for sure, and I was like the world's worst drug dealer anyway, I was thinking of calling my stories my "Misadventures" because almost every story has some crazy thing I should've done differently... Also I have a friend currently serving a life sentence for LSD Conspiracy, so I had to get out of that game after seeing how harshly the system deals with us... -----

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Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM  
by Ferdinando Is there hope for the  
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH  
3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset  
Construcing the Psychedelic Experience  
Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by  
CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have  
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )  
PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM  
by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood  
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month ago) Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Sidestreet] #20537167 -  
09/08/14 05:33 PM (3 years, 1 month ago)

Quote: Sidestreet said: Hey DW, I popped the  
whole story in to a pdf file for easy reading.  
Also I got a couple of your molecule pins from  
the etsy store without even realizing they were  
yours. Badass! Nice work -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic  
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Extras: cabs18 Stranger Registered: 09/12/14  
Posts: 1 Last seen: 3 years, 1 month Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #20558536 - 09/12/14 10:36 PM (3  
years, 1 month ago) hi....does anyone know  
where can i get some tabs in ft lauderdale in the

a book. And that was 1998. SO, yes, I will definitely cover all that in due time. Oh god I'm excited for this. This last one was a little more low-key it seemed to me, but obviously still an integral part of the story. It would be so hard not to skip ahead and tell the amazing story that just popped into your mind. Let me know if you need an amateur editor for the book. By the way, have you read "Confessions of a Dope Dealer"? I haven't read it yet but I listened to an interview with the author on the Psychedelic Salon today. Apparently it's a book about his adventures dealing LSD. I'm interested to see how it compares to your stories.

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation  
Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] #17761938 - 02/07/13 08:30 PM  
(4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: bryguy27007  
said: Quote: dwpineal said: Man I am having a



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experience. It helped put things into perspective, see the situation more holistically, and also to integrate the experience into my life. LSD helped me to grow and learn instead of feeling damaged and broken after the whole psychotic break episode. It's odd how the same substance can bring you into full insanity one time, and then help you recover your sense of self and sanity another time. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*

My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic

Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -

Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Aerial Boundaries Wildlife Analyst Registered:

07/30/12 Posts: 330 Loc: London Last seen: 4 years, 6 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #17190678 - 11/09/12 08:24 PM (4 years, 11

months ago) You are a very talented writer, engaging and descriptive. You have obviously

bags of herb and meet me at the train station. I would buy an inexpensive book bag and have it ready with his cash inside. He would be already waiting on one of the benches when the trains pulled up, the suitcase sitting next to him. I would jump off the southbound train, give him a hug, and hang out to wait for the Northbound train to come by. When the train came I would just grab the suitcase like it was mine the whole time, leave the book bag on the bench next to him, jump on-board and find a seat. I would always dress business casual, so I looked like any other traveler, and would read my college text books the entire ride both ways. That way I was able to study and work at the same time. It was door to door service with zero chance of being pulled over for the entire trip. It worked every time, and we never had a single problem doing it that way. I loved getting herb from Justin, because I believed it to be the least handled bud I could get. The way I figured it, the more people's hands that bags of herb

reasons...overdose's,accidents,disease and the worst of all suicide!!!....Its quite odd going to school funerals almost annually from the age of 10 onwards to send off a class mate or two... but I've also lost quite a few very good friends over this time to stupid situations and what ifs!!!! its not like you get used to it in anyway..in fact you try to tell yourself you are used to it in order to lessen the impact but each time it fails and each time it hits you harder...but I suppose we tend to deal with it through laughter...even outside the church at a funeral you'll see countless people pissing themselves laughing, half in distraction and disbelief...and half in a nervous reaction to an uncontrollable situation!!! but we are irish and tend to laugh and joke and drink and smoke for a week...and cry mercilessly for months on end...thats where psychedelics have always helped me to come to grips with the tougher things in life!!! I had a friend who was murdered by her ex-boyfriend and on the day of her rosary(2 day's before funeral) we were at a

Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
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Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
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and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous

to get in.” “Don’t worry about it man, they’re not going to charge us.” We rolled a few joints for the road and jumped into his truck. When we pulled up into the familiar parking lot, I pulled out a foil packet with the last of Will’s MDMA that I had stashed, and unfolded it. Scotty didn’t really take acid anymore, he’d kinda outgrown that, but I was able to get him to split the pile of MDMA with minimal arm twisting, after all, it was New Year’s Eve. Why not? We smoked one of the joints before walking up in front of the line of people waiting to get in and straight over to the doorman. He was a big older Italian guy, who seemed to always be wearing suit and gave off the thick scent of mafia family. He shook my hand with a big smile when I saw him and pulled back the velvet ropes. Yes the club actually had purple velvet ropes at the entrance. “It’s me and him.” I said pointing behind me to Scotty and looking back. “I can’t let you in for free tonight; they said no employees in free.” “For real?” “Yeah, they’re being assholes about

could handle, so they passed me up the line. So I had very little spending money, but lots of LSD, it was like an investment. Too bad I didn't hold onto 10,000 hits, prices are a lot higher these days - would've been a solid investment

LOL ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: mattritt Mind Chemist Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17292966 - 11/28/12 02:47 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) MOAR NAOW!!!!

----- \*\*Metaphysical Crystal, Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual reacts differently to every chemical. Know your Body - Know your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your Source. "You need more

packed, but the VIP room was more like a private box seat from a stadium. It was small about twelve feet by twelve feet or so, but it had floor to ceiling windows that opened up to an amazing view of everything in the club below. The room was sealed off from the rest of the club except for the windows. So, what did we do? Lit up another one of our joints and watched the circus below. They had performers walking around in lavish costumes, sexy fire dancers on stage, aerial acrobats twirling from fabric flowing down from the ceiling, it was quite the show. I had no idea they threw events like this, and any anger I had about paying to get in that night had completely dissipated into smile painted permanently across my face. It was a perfect night, and to be honest, I really needed a night like that for once. So much had gone wrong in 1997, I was was happy to see 1998 come in with such loving force. I was filled with a certainty that this was going to be a much better year. “Okay, okay, you were right. Good



for the reader to feel almost like it's their experiences... With the jason thing, I teared up and really felt like I was there because I've been in a similar situation. Good stuff as always, deep within the P(ineal) Post Extras:

Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle Registered: 07/10/12  
Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3 months, 7 days  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] #17948684 - 03/13/13 07:18 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

You sir, are a true storyteller. You've mastered the art of suspense! Now hurry up and write the next one! lol ----- Species List

(Georgia): Psilocybe caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola, Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus, Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata,

was activity, people were moving really fast, laughing, smiling, but it felt like people were moving with a purpose, like things were getting done. Eventually the night wound down, the lights came up in the club, and we piled back into the red Toyota Celica and headed home. I ran into Karla next week in the parking lot at The Edge in Fort Lauderdale. When she saw me, she motioned me over and said, “Damn man! You didn’t tell me that piece of wax paper was going to be like eating 25 hits! I ate that and when I was driving home I felt like I was going to fly off the planet!” -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*

My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic

Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my

Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -

Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal

(11/08/12 12:21 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

around the fire passing around a joint. I remembered I still had the joint I had taken a few puffs from when I woke up. I reached into my pocket and lit it and passed it around. Someone was making pancakes on a little camp stove, which was the perfect morning breakfast food for the moment. Dan introduced me around and after the joints were finished, one of the guys asked if I wanted some liquid. "It's that Tornado Juice John was telling you about last night," Dan said. He handed me the vial and I took two drops. I was excited; this looked like a great place to trip. The morning was nice and cool, the sky was beautiful, the fog was still hanging just above the ground, and my mood had definitely turned for the better after pancakes and a few morning joints. It all combined to create just the right vibe. Soon other people started to wake up and the whole place became alive with activity. I had never been to anything like this before, but it was a mini-festival with campsites everywhere. It

browsing for a good wallpaper for my phone. I googled "dancing elephants blotter" and hit images. Googled returned a ton of your artwork with those search terms Way cool Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]

#17929160 - 03/09/13 08:30 PM (4 years, 7

months ago) NICE!!! -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic

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Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: Force Ten Home Will Always Be Here

Registered: 04/11/08 Posts: 747 Loc: Elation

Station Last seen: 3 years, 10 months Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

dwpineal] 1 #17930717 - 03/10/13 03:15 AM (4

years, 7 months ago) Can't wait for more

stories ----- So hear this please And

years, 5 months ago) Ye gods! 80 more hits??!!! :boggle: I'm impressed. PondRacer ----- Stuff to try: marijuana, DMT, shrooms, LSD, peyote, mescaline, possibly MDMA. Post Extras: SalCato pyrAmid Registered: 01/01/08 Posts: 140 Loc: South Side Chicago Last seen: 15 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: pondracer] #18370114 - 06/05/13 04:38 AM (4 years, 4 months ago) I got totally spoiled here. Came home after work and read these for the past 5 days, and now it's over/on hiatus. Your writing flows, DW. There's no awkwardness or overused/repeatedly used words in your work. You keep it interesting as hell and i think most of us are on the edge of our collective seats for the next installment. Post Extras: toader123 Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722 Last seen: 3 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: SalCato] #18370238 - 06/05/13 05:09 AM (4 years, 4 months ago) DW, you vending at EF

festival. But they realized that we just did not look the part of the other artists at the reggae festival and wouldn't let us past the final set of gates. They did let Curtis park the bus in the area right outside of the backstage gates, which put us less than 100 yards from the entrance to the show. Once we were parked, people began trying to collect themselves and anything they wanted to bring in, but it wasn't going very fast. A lot of people were still mentally recovering from the crazy trauma we all just went through. We started flowing off the bus and the group re-organized in the parking lot outside the bus. It was obvious we were missing people. Scotty poked his head back onto the bus and I could hear him talking, but couldn't hear what he was saying. He came back said "There's some high-ass-people on that bus right now," pointing his thumb back in the direction of the bus. "They say they're not getting off the bus. They're too high to get off and go to the show." He finished, shrugging. There was some debate rippling

placed it on their tongue. Once the joint was done, we got into line and made our way quickly into the club. I thought I would be less awestruck this time since I had already been to The Edge once before. I couldn't have been more wrong! Once the acid hit me, everything transformed and I really saw what the place was all about. Instead of the music being something I was hearing, I felt I become a part of me. Since it was so loud, the high-decibel music was running through my body and the bass frequencies humming through my veins. The music became an extension of my feelings and I became connected to everything everywhere. When I dropped acid other places, it was different. At home it was more introspective, here it was completely experiential. Every sense was stimulated; the blue glow of all the blacklights, covering almost every wall inside the building, the rainbow colored lasers, and the flood lights synchronized with the bass drops of the music set the visual senses to overload. The

good sign, maybe things might not turn out to be quite as bad as I thought. The cop made his way back over to me and said, “Do you have a phone number for David?” “Yes. Do you want me to call him?” He explained that he had to see Dave in person and verify that he’d allowed me to use the car and wanted me to have him come here. I told him that he was sleeping and that I had the only car in the house. “Well we’ll have to go over there then. I’m going to need to speak with him in person before I decide what to do next.” Damn it. I couldn’t bring a cop over to Chip’s house. There were probably still a dozen people there who had been partying all weekend, several hundred hits of LSD, some MDMA crystal, and Chip’s arsenal of steroids and syringes. “Do you have Triple A” the cop asked me. “You’re gonna need someone to tow this car out of here before we can go anywhere, and if I have to call the city to do it...well, let’s just say, it’s going to get a whole lot more complicated.” As soon as I got my car my



was able to do this so smoothly, as it is hard to be unnoticed when you're dressed like I was. I walked right backstage, and ran out on stage, but behind the band as they were playing, so they didn't see me at all. I started break dancing in the back and it seemed like the entire auditorium full of students got up from their seats, stood up and started clapping and cheering. The band still didn't know I was there dancing behind them, so they thought the standing, clapping, and cheering was for their performance, so they kicked it up a notch and started playing even better and more soulfully. This got me excited and I kept dancing through to the end of the song. I don't think the band ever even realized I was on stage with them. I walked off stage and out the backstage door and headed for my seat. Before I could sit down, one of the school administrators grabbed me by the arm and dragged me out of the auditorium and back to the office. She was not happy at all with my little stunt. At this point in the day it was

was very outgoing and always had a smile. Jayson lived across the street in the dorms at the college, but was always around. He was also funny and always seemed to make others smile. He was a big time smoker too and could keep up with anyone. Some nights it was just me and Jayson left hitting on joints, long after everyone else had mentally retired to Greenland. He usually had almost invisible beard and goatee that seemed to hover just a fraction of an inch above his skin. Meeting at the pool in that moment wrapped our lives together in a way that I'm sure each of us could describe in full Technicolor memory to this day. None of us could have foreseen it, but our lives were all about to get infinitely weirder and wilder than we probably imagined possible. We got to talking about the AMT and by the time Mark, Henry and Kyle were done describing the experience everyone in the other group wanted to try it too. I ran back to the apartment with Mark and grabbed a few more capsules and

09/14/13 08:31 PM (4 years, 1 month ago)

Like the shirts, i think im going to order the LSD one. This one ill wear out and about, ive got a Shroomery Psilocybin shirt that ive only worn out a few times because it says Shroomery on it and i dont really wanna advertise haha!

Post Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: aw11driver] #18945339 - 10/07/13 10:19 PM (4 years, 23 days ago)

DW is getting cold out....! ----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras: Simple-Psyman

Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc: Eire Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #18945458 - 10/07/13 10:47

PM (4 years, 23 days ago) Gotta say i miss the stories man!!! ----- Post Extras: AlfredHitchcock Disco Biscuits Registered: 02/29/12 Posts: 73 Loc: PSW Last seen: 1

month, 7 days Re: Stories from the

mass for her and it was the sunniest day in memory by all accounts...and as dark as the day really was there were 2 young children running around chasing a butterfly and giggling as only children can with a truly innocent chuckle .... that moment lightened the next few days for me and my friends by in-numerous amounts!!...the simplicity and fun of grasping after a butterfly they would never catch was both moving and truly beautiful haha...make me smile to think of it...even though. sorry for the somewhat heavy post but life is death and death is experienced through life on many levels...like most people id imagine,I have no fear of it...I only have respect for it and a fear of suffering!!! cant end on that me thinks... On a random positive note my little niece is the brightest funniest little ball of energy Ive ever seen..her smile makes me live stronger and more creatively...think I'm still a big child to be honest...as we all should be.. hehe

----- Post Extras: LySergic D

experience. The second dose of mushrooms from the capsules started to kick in and I was feeling like this was the most perfect day I could imagine. I started to think, and one thought led to another until I was chasing spirals of thoughts that took me in unexpected directions. I was beginning to draw connections between seemingly unrelated things, and saw how there was a cosmic interplay of everything disguised under the framework of reality connecting these things to each other and all things at all times. Everything built upon everything else with new technologies arising from old - but integrating so that every "thing" represented the collected knowledge, skills, and creativity of the living species of the earth. I moved through the beginnings of language and felt the excitement of the first people able to explore the new method of communication that would become so omnipresent to their ancestors that many people would take it totally for granted. From there I kept moving through language and I

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28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | Next > dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18203177 -

a sheet of acid and a hundred bucks! Your  
welcome to crash my car anytime

----- Post Extras: Shortknight

Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2  
months, 27 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike]

#18054042 - 04/04/13 01:48 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) I was gunna write something a

little bit ago, wrote it and it didnt go! haha But I  
was here Shorty ----- Did I say it

too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post  
Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds Registered:

02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Shortknight] #18061120 -

04/05/13 11:37 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Amazing once again!!!! Your stories start to pile

----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is

consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts:

25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the

07/03/13 03:11 AM (4 years, 3 months ago)

Quote: RockyRaccoon said: I loved reading your stories. You should really consider writing a book Did you read the thread, man? The book has been mentioned over a dozen times..

Post Extras: RockyRaccoon Registered: 06/18/13

Posts: 3,292 Loc: The Twilight Zone Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18504151 - 07/03/13 03:33 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) I didn't read the whole

thing, no. Thanks for bringing that to my attention. Post Extras: shLong Registered:

03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: RockyRaccoon] #18504200 - 07/03/13 03:41

AM (4 years, 3 months ago) It's in the works

Post Extras: RR42013 Stranger Registered:

07/03/13 Posts: 974 Last seen: 11 minutes, 56 seconds Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: shLong] #18506580 -

07/03/13 06:20 PM (4 years, 3 months ago)

This is by far one of my favorite threads on



have any money left for anything else. I was hoping Chris still had his half of the cash, even though his girl told me he was giving money away to bums that night after they left Wonderland, but I had to wait to see him again before I could ask. Friday after school Scotty and I went back over to Chris' house to see how he was doing. I thought he would be much better after a whole week to balance out. But when we got there, he was still acting like he barely knew us. He definitely wasn't sure if he could trust me. I asked him about the money from that night, and he had no idea he should have even had any money, that was not a good sign. He should've had several thousand dollars, but I could tell he honestly had no idea about all that money, where it had gone, or how much he should've had. After a while, we left and I decided that I would just cover everything we owed and take the loss, at least my friend was alive and getting slightly better. It took him several weeks to balance out. He just stayed at

very goody-goody type person when it comes to any kind of mind altering substances, so I knew explaining this was not going to be easy. After a long talk, she was being more supportive than I'd expected and told me she had a friend that worked in a law office and had me give her a call. I made an appointment to come in and speak to one of the attorneys on Monday, and I brought the Corvette back to its owner, handing back the keys with an ashamed excuse as to why I couldn't buy it. The attorney charged me \$1,500, which I paid immediately in cash and while I think he wasn't the greatest lawyer, he did an okay job on my case. John was right, there was no jail time, they gave me eighteen months of probation, which seemed like a pretty good deal. I didn't realize how much it sucked to be on probation and have someone virtually looking over your shoulder the whole time. The whole thing was worked out before I ever even stepped into the courthouse; the hearing was a mere formality. Leaving the courthouse, I

throw an event in the upstairs area of the club, which could be separated off from the main dance floor and bar and had its own entrance. They paid to make flyers, and gave us the space on a Wednesday night. My brother had a few friends that were DJs and one was really amazing, and we got everyone to play for free for the first party to see how it would go. Unfortunately my promoting skills once again were a dismal failure and I think we had about 10 people show up. It wouldn't have been so obvious a failure if they hadn't booked a college night downstairs that was totally packed. We all ate some MDMA powder and played records on the amazing club system upstairs. The music sounded great in the club finally, but there were only about a handful of people to enjoy it. We had a fun but also mildly depressing party all by ourselves. Sometimes in life you have to learn your strengths and weaknesses and focus on what you do well. I was not good at throwing parties and events, and that was glaringly

#19377585 - 01/06/14 09:48 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) Thank you for sharing your stories man, you have a gift. I signed up here after reading these. Good stuff! Post Extras:

Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: ByTor] #19393653 - 01/09/14 08:00 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) I

approve Happy new years to all you fellow psychonauts ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at

Post Extras: Par Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #19417177 - 01/14/14 07:36 PM (3 years, 9 months ago)

Hey everyone I was wondering around YouTube and found DW's channel here's the link: <https://www.youtube.com/user/ShamanicHarmonics?feature=watch> Also, here's his website

to a new club that some people he knew were throwing a party at. It was a really fancy venue right on the water in Fort Lauderdale, by the beach. When we got there, there were limos out front and it looked like a much more upscale crowd than we were used to. Chris went up to an older guy wearing a big gold chain and talked to him for a few minutes. He came back and told me that they wanted us to pay the \$10 cover charge to get in, because they wanted it to look good for the club when they looked at the take from the door, but that they would give us each a good roll for the \$10. He handed me a perfectly pressed pill with a capital E stamped on one side, and a bottle of water. We each took the pill and walked up to the door. The doorman was dressed up like it was Halloween. He looked like a pimp from the 70's with a wide brimmed purple felt hat, gold chains, and the whole pimp get-up. He greeted us with a big smile and a handshake and pulled back the velvet ropes as we walked into the club. The

off tropical islands. Soon we were pulling up to a small dock area with a big open field that was full of rows of cars. We pulled up to the dock and unloaded the Jeep. Once we finished E-Dog, his girl and I stayed with the gear while Ray and Gary parked the Jeep. There were a bunch of other people waiting with gear and everyone was in good spirits. Even though it was humid and warm, cool water kept everyone smiling. Soon the sun was starting to set and a boat pulled up, everyone loaded all their gear, found a place to sit, and watched the sun as it was setting over the rippling water. It was quite a scene and I kept watching it go down as the boat started to move. Soon we could see islands approaching, and I wondered which one was where we were going. We passed the first few islands and they all looked so peaceful, quiet, and beautiful. Finally as the sun was totally gone and the moon now getting brighter in the sky, I could hear the sound of bass moving over the water. I could tell others on the boat heard it

the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18089923 - 04/11/13 05:52 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) you would be insane not to  
compile all of these stories into a book. I  
stumbled across this thread last night and  
reading all the stories back to back sure makes it  
an interesting read. Edited by BongRips  
(04/11/13 05:53 AM) Post Extras: Psicodelico  
Just another psycho Registered: 01/22/11 Posts:  
246 Loc: Brazil Last seen: 2 years, 4 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: BongRips] #18090006 -  
04/11/13 06:17 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Man that's epic... Your LSD description is  
perfect, I'm sure anyone who's done it can  
identify everything you described... Thanks for  
sharing man keep writing! ----- Post

Extras: LittleDipster Registered: 06/19/10  
Posts: 3,912 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Psicodelico]  
#18090080 - 04/11/13 06:38 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) yeah these stories make me want

Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
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Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe

went dark and the music started pumping again. We all ran back towards the dance floor and kept dancing, so did most everyone else. That one more song became another, and another, with the DJ playing almost another hour. Finally around one in the afternoon, the lights came on and the music stopped, for real this time. The crowd, now about only about a hundred people returned from the darkness of the club to the real world, completely blinded by the brightness of the afternoon sun. I realized that this was something that was going to happen every weekend. People hung around the parking lot for a while, friends finding each other again after a long night of partying, relaxing in the calm after the sensory assault of The Edge. Walking out into the sunshine, I saw a group hanging out by the sidewalk in front of the entrance. I thought I saw girl that looked a lot like Nikki in the middle of the group, talking and laughing. "Is your name Melanie?" She looked up, and obviously didn't recognize me,

embrace. We walked back over to Jake's dad, still sitting in the van looking out into the beautiful Florida skies. "Okay, you all good?" he asked. Jake gave him the thumbs' up as we walked over to get our camping gear. "Well alright then," he said with a smile, "I'll be back to pick you up Sunday afternoon then. Have fun!" We walked over to our campsite on the peninsula and dropped all our gear. We walked around to check it out. We were on a grassy area, just rising out of the surrounding water about a foot above sea level. Tall reed grasses were growing right along the shoreline of the peninsula in little patches here and there. The water was clear for about 15 or twenty feet from the peninsula and then abruptly intertwined with an amorphous green wall of 7 foot reeds. We could see one of the other peninsulas not too far away. We got to work setting up our campsite. This was my first time camping that I could remember, but luckily Jake and Alex knew what they were doing. Alex brought along some herb,

although foreshadowing gives me the impression that that wasnt the last time you saw him. ----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17928544 - 03/09/13 05:08 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: oh, that woulda made me rage man. But it seems it turned into a blessing in the end. Nice, good read my brotha. Oh big time man - to both parts of your thought! When John said that my amount of WTF????? was through the roof. I tend to be passive aggressive sometimes though, so me going to sleep in the car was my way of saying F-YOU man! But yeah, by the end of the weekend I remember almost being in tears at

can even explain. You keep them, there's 2 hits there. Find a good friend, a safe, comfortable place, and enjoy." I had so many questions for him, but he kept implying that until I had the experience, that trying to explain it to me was impossible. Over the next two weeks I spent a lot of time in the library and talking to friends, quietly researching LSD. I wanted to know more about it before I was going to take any of it. I heard plenty of horror stories from people who had never taken it. I heard that if you took more than 7 hits of LSD during your lifetime that you could be declared Legally Insane. I heard about a friend of a friend's mother who had taken so much acid in the 60's that he got flashbacks and went crazy. Another friend's uncle told him about a kid that had some LSD in his pockets and got caught in the rain. The rain soaked the LSD right into his skin and the kid was taken to the hospital where he still lives today, because he believes he's a glass of orange juice. I could only find the very fewest of

he'd take whatever I had if it was good, which I assured him it was. The next day, I drove down to my bank and got a book of acid, disguised as a comic book backing and drove back up to the campus. I was back in my dorm room in less than 2 hours and waited for my phone to ring. Dan called later that evening and drove on over to meet me. I handed him the comic book with the thousand hits of LSD, "Nice packaging" he said smiling. "Is this all you've got?" He opened the package pulled out a Swiss army knife from his pocket, opened the scissors and cut himself a small square of the paper. "Do you mind if we hang a bit so I can check this out before leaving you with the flow? There's a restaurant down the road we can go and have a drink while we're chilling. I didn't really drink alcohol at all, but I said okay we could go and have a beer. While we were at the bar he said, "If you need herb, you should just call me instead of going through those clowns. All they do is call me anyway, and you're just getting taxed and pinched every

literally hours cleaning out the Icy Drop bottles, drying them, and filling each one with 2.45mL of liquid LSD. I think we started around 4 in the afternoon and didn't finish until after 10PM. Sure we took a few smoke breaks here and there, but it was a much longer process than what I'd done with Ray and Gary. Once we were done, Dan bought almost all of the vials from me, which was perfect because I really did not want to store them in my safety deposit box, I kept some for myself since I wasn't sure when the next time I would be getting liquid would be. -----

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and a general sense of unease settled over the scene. It was not a good time. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/09/12 05:39 PM) Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: No Cars Go] #17185589 - 11/08/12 11:01 PM (4 years, 11 months ago) Quote: No Cars Go said: These are incredible! Thanks for posting these Thanks so much for the kind words, really appreciate it. -----

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this time, not a single person there could say they didn't hear him since his voice was the only thing ripping through the sudden silence. As he looked around from face to face, no one said anything. 'Does anyone live here? Who's house is this?' He asked again. The tension was building incredibly now, and we were all suffocating under a blanket of oppressive quiet.

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
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Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (05/08/13  
04:00 AM) Post Extras: rickjamez20  
Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc:  
Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18127329 - 04/18/13 06:35 AM (4  
years, 6 months ago) Great story once more  
DW, it goes without saying . I like the

me a receipt and I was out the door in less than 10 minutes. The receipt really tripped me out, I just really liked having a receipt for a psychedelic, since that was the first time I even realized it was possible. Over the next two weeks I kept researching IT-290, and I had even come across the email address of an Alexander Shulgin from a newsgroup post. I wasn't familiar with him at the time, but he seemed to know a whole lot about different psychedelic tryptamines. I cringe to think about it now, but I sent him an email asking if AMT was "fun." I received back a joking reply that while he "wouldn't quite say it was fun" but that it was definitely a unique experience, and that many people experienced it differently. Soon the day arrived, I got a call to come in and pick up the order. I drove back over to the warehouses and soon John was handing me two individually sealed brown glass vials. "Now you know what to do with these, right?" he said as he handed them to me. I looked up, smiled, and shook my

said: This is the best thread ive ever read. Read them all and patiently waiting for the next one. Youve had an interesting life to say the least, pineal. Too kind. Quote: indocult said: DWP I want to come babysit and work for you so you can write MOARRR I'm going to try to write on Tuesdays for sure and keep them coming. I actually need to go back and edit the recent mushroom story for typos and funny language mistakes I saw, but I was thinking how I learned in High School that Charles Dickens (not that I am comparing myself to him at ALL) wrote Oliver Twist as a weekly story in a newspaper. Like the people would read a chapter this week and then next week a new story/chapter would be released - and it would be cool to do a similar thing with these stories. Quote: twinkie said: DWP are these stories based off of real-life events?...If you're not at liberty to say, i understand. I'm just curious, cause I was under the impression that this was a total memoir of your events. Well you know what they say, and

the sun burst flowing into the yin yang, filled it with water and herb, sat in my chair and concentrated on how I was feeling. The LSD wasn't strong, but it was definitely there. I was seeing some slight visual patterning and color enhancement, and had a feeling of being light, almost weightless. I took a big hit from the bubbler and blew the smoke through my fabric softener filter. I would always give the smoke a little sniff after it went through the fabric softener and never failed to be amused and impressed that it worked as well as it did to cover the smell. I relaxed into my comfy recliner chair, kicked back, lifted the leg rests and took another few puffs from the bubbler. Soon I was feeling very good, enjoying the experience, even though it was mild. There was a knock on my door and I started smiling. I walked over to the door, unlocked it and was pushed backwards forcefully. "Get on the fucking floor – NOW! Police Department" I dove for the floor and was cuffed within

connected to each other. The teachings kept coming without any breaks and I was lost in a thought loop of never-ending circles within circles within circles. The life cycles of plants and animals were moving seamlessly from generation to generation intertwining in their needs for one another. Bees needed pollen to make honey, but at the same time their very collection of pollen helped to pollinate flowers to bring forth fruits. Both the honey and the fruits were useful to humans and other animals, and all were intertwined needing the others for the continuation of the survival of individuals and species. The teaching I was receiving was much faster, richer, and more in-depth than I could possibly convey in words, and it hit me so quickly that the ripples from the leaves hitting the water were still moving slowly outward. It was a densely packed moment in time, so rich with information. I stood up and felt like I was making ripples in reality. Like my own energy was rippling out into eternity from this spot in

How long had I been under investigation? How much did they know? Uniformed cops seemed to be everywhere, my room, the bathroom, the main room. The dorms were not very big living spaces, so it felt like the entire place was boiling over in uniformed police. My eyes went back to rest on the detective reading from the warrant just as I heard him say “to whit, marijuana.” He continued reading but it seemed like they were just here for herb. I tried to focus, but he stopped and threw the paperwork on the table, “Here this is your copy, you can read the rest.” I felt as relieved as I could; sitting there in handcuffs with law enforcement tearing up my dorm room. If they were only here for herb, then that was much better than if they’d been looking for LSD or MDMA. My mind moved back to Gerald and the guy he’d brought to my room, it had to be him. Again I felt a little better, if this was over \$50 worth of pot; it definitely wasn’t as bad as it could’ve been. The adrenaline from the situation amped up my whole system and

Registered: 06/22/10 Posts: 379 Last seen: 1 month, 19 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17832302 - 02/20/13 02:27 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) awesome story! hahah leaving us with a little hint of the next story to come? another encounter with police?!?!?

----- VaPors make me happy Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: VapoRs] #17832439 - 02/20/13 02:53 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Oh man. Nice story DW. Shame that the driver had a little piece of a mushroom in his pocket. Pretty careless. Then again, I guess that's the moral of the story. Keep 'em coming please! ----- The

Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: Jump to top.

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happened with that 25 "eye" print you came up with like a year ago? Post Extras: shLong  
Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: SalCato] #18379204 - 06/07/13 01:05 AM (4 years, 4 months ago)

Yeah, how can I get an LSD shirt? Do I need to commission it? Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18388816 - 06/09/13 12:54 AM (4 years, 4 months ago) I'll commission an mdma shirt.

Wear it while i'm djing at raves and people will be like whoaaaaaaaaaaa.. -----

Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methydone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras:

allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15



ease your mind while Gary lounges off in the distance smiling really captured the imagery of a strong trip quite well. The words and writing style makes it quite easy to feel like you're there when you read it. That particular passage stirred up some feelings of times when I've been way out there and just really not sure of things that would normally seem straight forward. It's nice when someone is there to kind of reassure you that everything is fine and everything is as it should be. -----

ந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=

ரந=க=ரந=க=ர Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: floatingwater] 1 #17946785 - 03/13/13 05:41 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Still need to edit this one... 26- College Daze – Part 2 The next morning I smoked a bowl out of the bubbler in my dorm room, which I found would bring back the effects of LSD in a mild

people's stories and make some of my own.

----- The Psychedelic Salon --

Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation

Post Extras: rudraksha Registered: 01/07/13

Posts: 193 Loc: West Coast Canada Last seen: 7  
months, 3 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#18273675 - 05/16/13 06:56 PM (4 years, 5  
months ago) not ok. i demand more stories...

hehe have a great summer dude, thanks for  
sharing you're awesome stories... they're well  
written and exciting! ----- Post

Extras: Psilocyentist Carbon based Registered:  
11/05/10 Posts: 858 Loc: Last seen: 10 months,  
19 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: rudraksha] #18273756 -  
05/16/13 07:20 PM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Will be anxiously waiting the next installment  
come July . Are you hitting up any west coast  
festivals this summer? ----- I know,

I know you probably scream and cry That your  
little world won't let you go Post Extras:

prepping and whatnot! ----- Beats  
More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity  
sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is

where it's at Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages:

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2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic

Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT

have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37

sun, burning blindingly bright, I saw a familiar face marching toward me. It was Gary with an entire entourage of people trailing behind him, all lit up and sparkling from within. I hadn't seen or heard from him in months, and never imagined I would see him here at the farm party. He saw me as soon as I saw him and he smiled big before laughing and saying "Well look who it is! I should've known I would see you in Florida!" His eyes moved from mine, down into his hands. He was holding a gallon of orange juice that was probably more than three-quarters full. "Hey," he said looking back up with a smile, "do you wanna get spun?" I knew it. In my world Gary equals LSD. Instantly my mind was flooding me with excitement until my whole body was tingling with it; yes, I thought, I absolutely wanted to get spun. I shook my head up and down, "Yeah!" and he said "Okay take a sip." I looked at him like he was crazy. Take a sip? From that gallon jug that had probably been passed around to who knows how

months ago) Quote: dstark said: Hey DW, do you have an Etsy store? You should I do, and I've been busting ass working on tons of new projects - here's the link -

<https://www.etsy.com/shop/ShamanicHarmonics>

Also made these crazy electro-luminescent shirts (sound reactive) with my designs, but they're so new I haven't listed them anywhere.

Quote: Legend said: I'd love to hear some more of your stories man I hear you, actually working on re-designing my website now and I want to add a blog functionality so I can post these directly to my site (don't worry I'll post here too I've got a long way to go, so definitely want to keep the stories coming, sorry for the long delay my brothers and sisters!!! -----

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Post Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted  
Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet  
Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Hashfinger] 2 #18119801 - 04/17/13 01:06 AM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) Trust me we'll wait

----- Post Extras: dstark  
Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts:  
3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Shroomey Toons] #18121592 - 04/17/13 07:21  
AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Atlast a sexy time  
story;)) Very good, enoyed it so much thanks!!!

----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: Jesus Cristo High on Drugs  
Registered: 07/25/11 Posts: 739 Last seen: 3  
years, 10 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dstark]  
#18123998 - 04/17/13 08:25 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Can't wait. edit: don't mean that

# San Pedro, Tapestry Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience

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car in the yard.’ They all grew up together in Rhode Island and two of the girls had been living in South Florida for a year or more and the others followed them down and just got into town about a week ago. I didn’t know it yet, but I was about to go on the craziest trip of my life with these people over the next few months. But right now, I was starting to feel the AMT lifting me up into the clouds. The morning sunrise had given way to a perfect Florida winter day. It was cool and the sun was absolutely sparkling in a million full colored fractal patterns against the rich blue skies. We brought the party inside and turned on the stereo. Will put on a mix tape from one of the local DJs and it really got everyone onto a high vibration together. It wasn’t so loud that we couldn’t talk, and we continued to talk for the entire time. Some groups would talk for a bit and meld into other groups, everything and everyone was flowing and moving. It was like many of my early psychedelic experiences where I was able to

of been shitty about that i think. Post Extras:  
TurkeyTom Trippy Registered: 08/02/11 Posts:  
2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] #18049783 - 04/03/13 06:10 AM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) Great stories as  
usual! Always looking forward to the next one!

----- Change your avatar to Cat  
Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it  
while it's hot!!! Post Extras: Jump to top.

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2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic

away from a horrible situation that had the potential to change my life in the worst of ways, one that I might have died in if the cards didn't fall exactly as they had, with no real consequences. As I sit here writing this now, I see how blessed I was that day and I give thanks once again to the universe for how it allowed the events to unfold in the way they did.

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Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Mr.PhilCybin  
Lord of all Jerrys Registered: 06/14/11 Posts:  
11,534 Loc: Gnarnia Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18049322 - 04/03/13 04:38 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Great stories man I've read every  
word of every story in this thread and it's one of  
my favorite "reads" to date (only quoted

Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola, Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus, Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus, Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus

Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10  
Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Hashfinger] #18013060 - 03/26/13 03:50 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) There goes my good cheer.

Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18013152 - 03/26/13 04:32 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) I'm not the best at time management, I admit it. Hard to balance all this

two of the buys that would buy herb from me in bulk to resell, but they had their own separate things going on, they didn't work together. So obviously the cops knew more than I thought. "Is this the last one?" a uniformed cop said from behind a desk. "Uh-huh, last one." The detective that was with me said. "Let's get 'em together to head out." They walked us all outside and put the three of us in the back seat of the car. "Don't talk to each other. Not one word! We're recording you." the cop said, closing the door. We looked at each other, handcuffed and locked in, none of us brave enough or stupid enough to talk. Soon we were walked into a cell in the local city police department with bright red walls. The LSD was still hitting me and I brought my mind into focus. "What happened to you guys? Why are you here? What'd they get you with?" I asked in a steady stream. We were in the cell all alone for the next 4 hours, and spent the entire time going over everything, trying to piece it all together. We were able to

think if you go to a rave and just don't transact any business there (other than buying waters/food/etc.) you'll be super-safe and have an amazing time. One of the things from when I was young was that the rave scene was brand new to the USA, so there were very little undercover cops, etc. compared to what it must be like now... -----

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Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17252180 - 11/20/12 07:10 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Post deleted ----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a

the beginning of a great adventure. Regardless, I wasn't sure if my friend Rory, that sold me the herb even knew he had given me the little baggie inside the cellophane. I had asked for herb, and had only given him ten dollars. Surely there was ten dollars' worth of herb in there also. I wasn't even sure if this was acid, but it was little paper in a baggie, so I went to find Rory to find out what was going on. I knew he wasn't a dealer; he was just a nice guy helping me out. I felt like it was my responsibility to let him know. It felt like a mistake. I wandered from the parking lot back through the loosely crowded courtyard looking for Rory. After a few minutes of weaving through the people outside, I headed inside the Mud House, pulling open the door and stepping into the cozy warmth of the coffee shop. The smell of coffee and brownies filled the room with a richness that reminded me of the enticing visible smell of Froot Loops tempting Toucan Sam. A girl with short dreads was reading poetry in the front corner of the

Every single person deserves a psychedelic experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

Psilocyentist Carbon based Registered: 11/05/10

Posts: 858 Loc: Last seen: 10 months, 19 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: rickjamez20] #18027497 - 03/29/13 04:15 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Fuuuuuuuuckk!! ----- I know, I know you probably scream and cry That your little world won't let you go Post Extras:

Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ballerium] #18027547 - 03/29/13 04:32 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: Ballerium said: Why did I check this thread right before bed? I can't possibly go to sleep now without reading this.

Hahaha same thing happened to me. ----- Post Extras: toader123

Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722 Last seen: 3 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the



but the bulk - it filled up three huge boxes. Also there were under-covers all over the lot there at the show, but I had been there for 2 days already and had them all pegged by the time I was moving everything on the 3rd night. I liked to get my bearings before I made any moves at a festival/show. I always had the desire to get out of the car and start moving stuff, but had the better judgement to walk around the lots for a bit and see what the general vibe was, who was there, see who was doing what, and THEN break things out. Some of the undercover cops were sitting on a truck tailgate with balloons filled with air across the "street" from where I was chilling all day. Basically pretending to be sucking on nitrous, and then tricking people into whatever their deal was. I didn't get close enough to hear, but I did see people getting walked away in cuffs. One guy tried to run and they tackled him, handcuffed him and their game was basically up for everyone nearby, but they kept at it once they had the guy in custody.

his front pocket, he didn't actually have any marijuana after all. After many hours they finally took us from their city jail to the much larger county jail at Belle Glade. Now Belle Glade is basically in the middle of nowhere in Florida, it is a very rural agricultural area with very few homes or businesses in the middle of the state. Even though they brought us to the county jail, they put us in a small holding cell in our own clothes. It was a real jail cell, and the sound of the door closing as we walked in was a terrible sound, overflowing with its own sense of permanence and control. The cell was only about 6 feet by maybe 12 feet, had two small bunk beds with the crappiest and uncomfortable padding and pillows you could imagine and a small metal toilet with no seat. We spent most of the night talking and trying to keep a sense of humor about the whole situation, wondering how long they were going to hold us here, eventually giving in and falling into a restless sleep on the bunk beds. Shortly after falling

a golf course. I tried a few more times, shaking him a little more roughly each time until finally he groggily turned over and said, “Let me sleep man.” “Dave, I crashed your car and the cops are here, you’ve gotta wake up.” “I’ll deal with it later, just leave me alone.” I tried a few more times to impress upon him the urgency of the situation, but he was not getting up. I had left the cop outside for a really long time at this point and I was starting to freak out a little. I left Dave in the room and walked back outside, the cop was right on the front porch waiting for me as I opened the door, now he wasn’t seeming as patient as before. “Sir, he’s not feeling well, he’s not waking up.” “Look if he doesn’t wake up I’m going to have to take one of you in.” Yep, he’d lost his patience. I needed to get Dave up. I went back into the room and said “Dave, look you need to wake up, the cop needs to talk to you.” “What the fuck man?” he said groggily with his eyes more than half closed. He grumped out of the bed looking about as tired

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: sailing China Cat Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17297888 - 11/28/12 10:26 PM (4 years, 10 months ago)

thanks for the link man ----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras:

bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17297907 - 11/28/12 10:29 PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Aren't they doing a 2012 gathering in Mexico next month? I heard that from a Scottish girl that was pounding pennies on a mini-anvil in the woods of Colorado, . That was a fun 2 days. I didn't see it as I briefly

3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka

The Psychedelic Experience and

Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra

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cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /

BBCode is enabled Moderator:

psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13

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topic to topic as I lay there. I closed my eyes and saw beautiful and perfectly formed geometric shapes spinning slowly and covered in small blue flames. The shapes changed as they spun around, changing from a cone to a sphere to a pyramid while continuing to spin at the same speed. I watched the display through most of the night while new thoughts kept pouring into my head, keeping me awake. I must have fallen asleep at some point, because I was awoken by the morning sun baking me in my sleeping bag. Alex and Jake woke up at about the same time, and we made our way quickly out of the oven-like tent. With only a few hours of sleep the night before, I felt unbelievably rested. I felt awake, alert and clear-headed. The morning was cool and refreshing, welcoming the new day with the songs of birds. The three of us spent the rest of the day reflecting on the past 24 hours. Even Jake, who hadn't taken any LSD, had an enriching and thought-provoking evening. We

Registered: 08/23/14 Posts: 4 Last seen: 1 year, 10 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #21150062 - 01/20/15 09:18 PM (2 years, 9 months ago)

Hey DW, does this thread contain every single story that you've posted. If not could you link me to your other story threads, so far I've only read this one and the 8 month trip. Your stories are amazing and I would love to read more, I'd probably even buy your book if you wrote one

Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: ezace] #21150339 - 01/20/15 09:45 PM (2 years, 9 months ago) Quote: ezace said: Hey DW,

does this thread contain every single story that you've posted. If not could you link me to your other story threads, so far I've only read this one and the 8 month trip. Your stories are amazing and I would love to read more, I'd probably even buy your book if you wrote one go to his posts, sort by # of characters (words) and see if

so I didn't focus on the money aspect very much at all. Now don't get me wrong, I had enough funds to go out and buy cool things here and there, go to lots of events, and I did a lot of traveling (though not until I was out of high school, so we haven't gotten there, but I had a 5-7 year period of doing a ton of traveling. My philosophy was that we only live once, I wanted to pack as much real-life experience into my days as I could. I've always been a big reader, so I experienced a lot that way, but wanted to go out into the world and see it for myself. (For example I was in Israel when 9/11 happened with a bunch of doses glued in between pages of my organizer)) Taking the risks I took felt worth it because it was spreading the Good News, not because I was making a lot of money. Also I took almost 90% of everything I made and bought - you guessed it - more LSD. That helped me move up rapidly, I would constantly meet one person who could hook me up, but quickly be asking for more in supply than they



Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2

go... ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dstark  
Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts:  
3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #19852668 - 04/16/14 02:22 PM (3  
years, 6 months ago) Nothing wrong about  
doing what you love, we will wait  
patiently...kinda! ----- What is a  
mind, if not something to be messed with? What  
is consciousness, if not a state to be altered?  
Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages: < First | <  
Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22  
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 |  
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The Psychedelic Experience Threaded

be holding anything at all, just in case. The MDMA in the capsule really was good and it really lifted my paranoia and sour mood from the night. I started to feel good, blessed, and thankful that with all that had gone down recently that I was here, finally having a good time, listening to good music, and that I was still free. Later when I got home I decided to check out the red microdots I bought in the parking lot. I looked at them and they looked a bit weird. They were slightly different sizes, felt a bit waxy, and some were a bit crumbly. All around they were just a little off. I popped one into my mouth and waited to see how they were. It turned out that they were totally bunk. I couldn't believe I wasted money on fake acid, but everything in life is a lesson, so I just took the lesson and was thankful that was the worst thing that happened that night. This time was a period of turmoil and change in the South Florida rave scene. Things started to get really weird, there were more robberies, busts, fights,

Man, I gotta hand it to you, you're the artiste par excellence in story-writing! PondRacer  
----- Stuff to try: marijuana, DMT, shrooms, LSD, peyote, mescaline, possibly MDMA. Post Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: pondracer] #18199294 - 05/02/13 03:51 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)  
Yes.... STORIES yes rock on dw  
----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #18202808 - 05/02/13 09:49 PM (4 years, 5 months ago)  
You're a mod now, eh DW? Good shit, bud. Time to crack some skulls around here Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18202811 - 05/02/13 09:50 PM (4

a bunch of cars parked all over the lawn. But there was one by the house, and we hears some loud talking and headed that direction. One of the kids from the house was there trying to talk to these girls. The girl in front had kind of a gangster-skanky type vibe, and seemed totally out of place. She was holding a bottle of some kind of hard alcohol and was pacing while saying loudly, “We heard there was a party here, this ain’t no party! Where’s the party? Isn’t there free drugs here? What the fuck kind of party is this anyway?” She walked straight to the house and opened the back door, which turned out to be the door to the parent’s bedroom in the house. The kid who lived there, slammed shut the door and somehow backed the girl up to her car. All of this had happened in only a few seconds since we walked up, but Chris jumped right in and told the girls sternly to leave. And almost as soon as the trouble had started, it was over. We watched the red tail lights of the car drive off into the black night

Kief Ledger] #17373150 - 12/11/12 04:33 PM  
(4 years, 10 months ago) -----

Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras: TurkeyTom Trippy Registered: 08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing]

#17377416 - 12/12/12 05:06 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) Just finished all the ones you have posted so far dwpineal, must say these are awesome reads! I seriously think this would make for a great book and an awesome film. Would love to hear more stories if you get a chance to write them down. -----

Change your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
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psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu      What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven      FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The      Psychedelic      Experience      and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
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Underground [Re: Ballerium] #18023428 -  
03/28/13 06:22 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) A  
good buddy and I used to use those. We called  
em a "muffler", however. "you wanna do some  
laundry?" "sure!!!" Post Extras: bryguy27007

Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486  
Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: shLong] #18023450 -  
03/28/13 06:29 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) We  
call them sploofs out here, and they were a life  
saver when me and my friends were living with  
our parents, . ----- The Psychedelic  
Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis  
Generation Post Extras: SnowDaze Back in

the Saddle Registered: 02/24/13 Posts: 5,631  
Loc: Rocky Mountain High Last seen: 9 days,  
10 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18023494 -  
03/28/13 06:43 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)  
they make a thing called a smoke buddy now  
that is basically a professional one of those ha  
----- If you get confused just listen

please?” he said to Curtis. Now I’m definitely freaking out, what is going on? I have herb in my pocket! So I took the herb out of my pocket and scrunched it into my underwear, while I was waiting alone in the back seat of the car now. Curtis’ door opened and he jumped back into his seat. “What happened? Are they searching?” “Nah man, they’re not searching, I think it’s cool.” He said. I calmed down a lot and pulled the herb out of my underwear and put it back in my pocket, so it wouldn’t accidentally fall out onto the ground. We just sat in the car waiting, Gianni still was not coming back. Now I heard a knocking at my window, “Sir I’m going to need you to step out of the car.” I got out of the car, closed the door behind me and saw the red headed cop smiling at me. I’m not sure what happened in between the time Curtis got back in the car and when he came to search me, but his next words were, “Now I found some marijuana on the driver so I can search everybody in the car.” He had me put my hands on the car and

2 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: aw11driver]  
#18026117 - 03/29/13 04:12 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) King of the Hill is all over this  
thread ----- Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] 1  
#18026238 - 03/29/13 04:42 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Lololol... "gotdang right!!!" In  
five posts, Hank, lucky and Boomhauer...nice  
Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] 3 #18026359 - 03/29/13 05:09 AM (4  
years, 6 months ago) Keep on Truckin' I was  
shuffled through the endless maze of iron doors  
back up to the general population dorm cell I  
had left a few hours earlier. During the walk I  
kept thinking to myself, if I can just get out of  
this, I'll never sell drugs again. It just wasn't  
worth it. Being thrown into a cage for doing

any LSD An no he's not mentioned yet...But I'm dying to get this guy out already, he's been locked up for 9+ years now and every legal avenue he's explored so far has been a dead end. In fact, that arrest/trial was a MAJOR reason why I got out of the game, that plus having a child made me re-think all the risks I was taking. I had no idea what we were doing was treated so unbelievably harshly.

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*  
\* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*  
\* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \*  
\* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: allseeingike  
Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17766840 - 02/08/13 06:20 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) there is definately bullshit laws that are too harsh for something as

was hanging out at John's place quite a lot. John and his girlfriend had just had a baby recently and they all lived together with Dan in an apartment near the campus. It was definitely an interesting family. Dan was calm and had a very kind personality, but John was explosive, direct, and didn't take any shit from anyone, but at the same time, he could be kind-hearted and well intentioned, just not a person you'd want to be on his bad side. I came to really love this family though, they fulfilled one of my personal desires when working with anyone in any capacity – when they said they'd do something – they did it. I've always liked selling pot, it is a very kind substance and if it is "right" it seems to be hard to complain about. So even though I really didn't want to be selling anything I found my way into moving a lot of herb for John. About 3 or 4 guys I knew were buying it usually about 8 ounces at a time and selling ounces to some of the retail dealers on campus. So even though I was moving a lot of herb, I was able to do it

were younger. That is something that just doesn't seem to be around in the same capacity any more (at least in my parts and to my friends), and its quite interesting to see that acid was a big part of that kind of scene back then. I had always envisioned pressed mdma pills as kind of the main party favor but these stories have really given me a new perspective on the role LSD has played in the rave scene as well. It's probably just me but these days acid seems to be mixing itself in with the more group-instrumental music rather than the electronic/dj oriented music where molly/mdma powder and its infinite knock-offs tend to be the candy that everyone seeks out. It's probably different for everyone though and has a lot to do with regional happenings. At any rate I'm getting side tracked, much love for sharing these experiences and stories with us. I can vaguely remember elements of the types of settings/characters/styles in your stories appearing in the 90s but I was too young to

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: fungus.amongus] #17992133 - 03/22/13 04:41 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Just started a new full-time job about a week ago and haven't really had the time to be on the PC at all, yet alone check this awesome thread that DW has created! Gotta say, it was pretty nice being able to read two of your stories back to back again! Unfortunately, now that I'm in the swing of things at my job, I will be stuck playing the waiting game like everyone else. :P Oh, and fuck that "Gerald" guy man. What a bitch.

----- Anything posted is completely fictional. Post Extras: afrobus hombre Registered: 01/24/11 Posts: 699 Loc: Cali Last seen: 2 days, 16 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #17992852 - 03/22/13 08:04 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) Good story telling man. A page turner! ----- "Leave no turn unstoned":) Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486

said: he's getting good with that suspense I love Nelson Mundt, we used to make that HaHa noise at each other all the time in High School LOL. And thanks for the kind words everyone

Quote: aw11driver said: Damn man you just cant catch a break... i had a feeling ripping ass through the neighborhood would bite ya in the ass. I hope the lady still lies after her douche bag husband said all that. I mean they saw you stall a few times so hopefully that works out. Also read this while on MDMA! Has that licorice scent too. Well cant wait! Dude it never ever never ever NEVER stops, in my life it is literally one thing after the other, no idea why it is like this! I guess I do it to myself is the only honest answer. And the thing is I wasn't the one driving all crazy through the neighborhood, I didn't encourage Scotty at all. I didn't know he was going to do that LOL. I could barely drive the damn car. Damn you read this on MDMA, funny how life connects the world in it's unfathomable ways. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips



to gather my thoughts and head back down to the trails. This isn't my picture, but I Googled the park and you can see the observation tower in this picture. I decided to take one of the trails I had never walked before and ended up walking deep into the forest. I went through some wonderful trails, over a small plank bridge and came upon a huge clearing with some gigantic trees at the other end. I walked through the clearing on big green rolling hills under crisp blue skies, and made my way to the trees on the other side. I sat down under the trees and smoked a few more hits from my bowl. I started to feel tired, like my trip was ending. I wasn't sure how many hours I'd been in the forest, but it seemed like it was probably a good idea to go home and go to sleep. My eyelids were starting to get heavy and I closed them for a moment, resting peacefully under the tree. A few minutes later, I got up to start walking back to my car. I followed the paths into the forest, but I got turned around and soon was feeling very lost.

Thumbprint Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17838815 - 02/21/13 05:05 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Damn it. I finished all of them. Now I have to wait like the rest of you ----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methylone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo] #17840949 - 02/21/13 06:51 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: Jesus Cristo said: interesting...do you have a link to that page of the thread? im guessing its the thumbprint thread? don't remember which thread.... either the process of laying crystal one of the

the living doors? Was this meant to be? We were living out our destiny? The triangle opened into three dimensional space and became a pyramid surrounding the keyhole made of our merged bodies. The pyramid seemed to slowly rotate so that I could see it move through different perspectives and viewpoints. A point of light began to emanate from the center of our bodies, growing bigger to fill the pyramid with more and more light. Soon it had totally saturated the pyramid and was moving outside it's boundaries until the white light was completely filling my inner vision. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (04/11/13 04:01 PM) Post Extras: BongRips Stranger Registered: 04/07/13 Posts: 12 Loc: USA Last seen: 4 years, 2 months Re: Stories from

really seemed to be covering my whole body and it was almost glowing it was so intense. I really could've used that sunscreen earlier in the day I realized. Luckily someone brought some aloe lotion and I put it all over my tender skin. Even though I had been awake for over 36 hours since I woke up Friday morning, I still wasn't feeling tired. I was still tripping but not anywhere near as hard as I was that morning. We all took a walk around the sandy beaches of the island and talked about the day. Everyone was exhausted, and passed out in the tents when we got back to the campsite, and only Gary and I stayed awake talking. We stayed up most of the night, since the DJs were playing again tonight, though we just listened by the water instead of dancing in the field again. Late at night we crawled into our tents and finally passed out. I couldn't sleep that well as I kept having very vivid dreams, waking up, looking around, and doing that over and over again until the sunrise. As the sun rose that Sunday

tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)

on us at all, especially since all I had was a bag of herb and he had all the felony stuff in a box with his own name and address on it (that still cracks me up every time I think of it) He honestly seemed like a super cool guy that was really smart in some ways but definitely not street smart. Now that you ask I'm not sure what a Zero Tolerance state is LOL, but I always hear that down here, it had to do with the 1970s-1980s pot and cocaine smuggling I believe. But basically it is not a good place to get caught with anything. This time I got lucky, but as you'll soon read - it definitely did not always go that way for me. One of my friend's called me the "Golden Boy" because things always seemed to go my way in crazy situations, nothing was ever as bad as it could have been. hahaha yeah that box part is fucking priceless. how dumb can you be!?! but alright, looking forward to more stories... hahaha it's interesting you last point though, because I remember back in China Cat's thread he was always talking about how people

eight hours had passed since I arrived in the parking lot, but it felt like I had just arrived moments ago. I walked through the strobing darkness of the club making my way back to the entrance. As I left the club through the front doors, music still pumping and pulsing against my back, I was blinded by the morning sun. I had to shield my eyes from the brightness, and give them a few moments to adjust. The club had been so dark that you couldn't tell at all from the inside that it was daytime. It was like walking from one world into another, and in a way I guess it was. Outside the front doors, people were sitting all around the building, and all through the parking lots. Feeling no immediate need to go home, I walked around a little. I got into a conversation with some kids about ecstasy. I don't remember most of the conversation, but I do remember one kid, about sixteen years old, telling me, "I don't really know how to put it, but for real yo, rolling changed my life. You know before I rolled, I

seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic  
Mushrooms Demystified Search Our Site  
Search Our Forums Privacy Policy FAQ Site  
Map Contact Us Home Advertising Classifieds  
Contact Us Credits Emergency Info Info For  
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Mushroom Info Growing Mushrooms (TEST)  
Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and  
equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe



here. DW you are an excellent writer, I created my profile on here to tell you, your an excellent writer Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: RR42013] #18507000 - 07/03/13 08:34 PM (4 years, 3 months ago) Quote: RR42013 said: This is by far one of my favorite threads on here. DW you are an excellent writer, I created my profile on here to tell you, your an excellent writer Post Extras: TheMadHightenist Hacking to the Gate Registered: 07/03/13 Posts: 34 Loc: USA Last seen: 3 years, 9 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18507663 - 07/03/13 11:38 PM (4 years, 3 months ago) dwpineal, I also registered here so I could tell you that your stories are amazing!! You are a fantastic storyteller, and I, along with everyone else watching this thread, am eagerly awaiting more ----- "You have to take seriously the notion that understanding the universe is your

relatable, and more than anything hugely inspiring. Post Extras: ezace Wily Registered: 08/23/14 Posts: 4 Last seen: 1 year, 10 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #22649439 - 12/13/15 05:04 PM (1 year, 10 months ago)

Wow... just finished reading your story man, I envy your life hahaha. I just moved down to Florida, around Melbourne. It's impossible for me to go anywhere without a car, especially since I don't know anyone out here hahaha. Don't know how you did it, but it looks like you've lived a fun, fruitful life man, the story brought me a lot of warmth Post Extras:

feelthejourney666 Stranger Registered: 02/06/14 Posts: 67 Last seen: 6 days, 12 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: ezace] #23952321 - 12/24/16 12:33 AM (10 months, 14 hours ago) Just

watched the video breaking down the design of the LSD Mandala made by ShamanicHarmonics and I just had to resurrect this thread from the

thriving, blossoming microcosmic community. A community bound together by optimism and goodwill; a smile on the face of Fort Lauderdale that radiated from deep within the city like the warm glow of a new love. A feeling of discovery pervaded the scene. Like the discoverers of immense treasure beneath the sands of Egypt, we felt like we had come upon a secret wonder that few even knew existed. There was a feeling of wonder and amazement that within the normally impersonal confines of the metropolis, an almost unimaginable merging of cultures was flowering week after week. A general feeling of acceptance knit diverse individuals together into a fine tapestry of rich and varied designs. The music I heard there was something totally different from anything I'd heard before, and it was something almost unique to South Florida. Electronic music that was played and created in this area was heavily influenced by hip-hop beats and then mixed with the psychedelic acid electronica. At the

chunky, bright lime green buds. I brought it back to my room and the first thing I did was weigh it up. I had a nice Ohaus triple beam scale in my dorm room, a bit big and clunky by today's standards, with milligram scales that fit in your pocket, but it was accurate and did the trick.

I walked back over and knocked on the door, "Hey, I threw this on the scale and it only weighs 3 grams, what's up?" He called his friend and came back out to the main room in his dorm, "I called my boy and he said eighths on campus are 3 grams. He said if you don't want it I can take it back." All I could think was, "What everywhere else on the planet an eighth of an ounce of buds is 3.5 grams, and here on this campus, physics is suspended and they're 3 grams? No." So I gave him the bag, got my \$50 and walked back over to my room. About 10 minutes later I get a knock on my door. "Hey man, I chunked up that bag for you, if you still want it." I invited him in, took out the scale,

aspiration burning down your nerves and into the fabric of your place in this existence at ten thousand degrees above and below zero will you find yourself wondering if you've been dead or alive this whole time. being born over and over only to die over and over hoping the wheel stops in the same place it started when you spun it, and when it finally does and you can step back and take a nice deep breath you realize how beautiful life is, remember, wake up to the most beautiful day of your life every single day, its just the way. Post Extras: Lucid Toast Suggestion expert Registered: 08/24/11 Posts: 820 Loc: Canada Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: whitelights] #19325296 - 12/25/13 06:44 PM (3 years, 9 months ago) Bullshit. Complete bullshit. Gulabel bullshit, you should be able to Come up with something better than my mom accidentally sucked on a sheet of my acid because she thought it was drugs. My mother wouldn't touch drugs with a 10 foot pole out of

CBD, Medical Cannabis Seeds Balloons,  
Cracker, Hemp, Nitrous Oxide, Pink Floyd  
Pages: < First | < Back | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10  
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |  
22 | 23 | Next > | Last > toader123 Registered:  
12/07/05 Posts: 1,722 Last seen: 3 days, 20  
hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #17912573 -  
03/06/13 05:16 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)  
Seen Crazy Fingers! Awesome cover band.  
Never seen them in that kind of setting though.  
Sounds awesome. Been to quite a few small  
festivals in sfl, but never one as intense as the  
one you described.. Things don't really seem to  
be like that anymore down there. Post Extras:  
dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: toader123]  
#17913025 - 03/06/13 07:19 PM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Yeah man, Crazy Fingers is a  
really awesome cover band - seriously dope  
They used to do Thursday nights at a place

in high school for a lot of these stories! keep em' coming! Post Extras: tdubz Registered: 02/27/12 Posts: 4,646 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GigaHurtz1] #17210969 - 11/13/12 10:49 AM (4 years, 11 months ago) Interesting stories man dealing a lot of weight takes you to some crazy places and with that comes the serious consequences. Post Extras: shroomer17 Stranger Registered: 08/31/05 Posts: 516 Loc: Canada Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: tdubz] #17211008 - 11/13/12 11:20 AM (4 years, 11 months ago) Very compelling reading... Well done! Keep it up... Can't wait to read more. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: tdubz] #17212215 - 11/13/12 06:40 PM (4 years, 11 months ago) Quote: GigaHurtz1 said: you have talent as a writer, I feel as though I am being put into your mind in the time and

ice cold water. Drinking that water was one of the single most refreshing drinks of my life. I could feel the cold liquid moving through my body, cooling me as it went down. Almost without trying we found ourselves making friends and meeting people. It seemed like you could make a friendship here in minutes that would last a lifetime. People were so open and friendly. Girls, guys, it wasn't about flirting it was about being together, experiencing this as a family, and creating a community. The feeling was amazing and uplifting. I saw why people wanted to come here. We all saw. Dancing really made the experience for me. It was something liberating and new. I had never really danced much before, especially like this. Yet now, fluid movements just seemed to come pouring out from a well deep within me. The music moved me physically and I couldn't help but dance. Hundreds of people, maybe thousands, connected by the same rhythm, moving together, dancing, smiling, sweating, it



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24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | Next > |  
Last > dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Jesus Cristo] 4  
#18126883 - 04/18/13 05:15 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) The New House We stayed in  
the temple of sacred psychedelic sex well past  
the peak of LSD trip. It was a never ending  
spiral of sensual touch that moved past all

called the Fisherman's Wharf and that was the place I bought my first piece of blotter art, Bevis and Buttheads for \$10 (now a page of those can cost anywhere from \$150-350!)

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: toader123 Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722 Last seen: 3

days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#17913685 - 03/06/13 09:38 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Bad ass! I ended up grabbing a

few prints from your buddy over at shakedown. Real nice dude. Hooked me up with a really

great deal! Anyways, great stories man. Keep em coming! After that last story, I have a feeling

things are gonna get even more fascinating! Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts:

best price I'd heard so far for LSD. This meant I could buy lots and sell it really inexpensively. I took a closer look at the paper, and on one side it had a fractal type image repeated over and over, and on the back side, each hit had either a heart or an ankh in either green or purple. E-Dog walked over to a huge glass jar with a rubber seal and opened the top. It was full of beautiful crystalized buds, and the whole room started to smell of the sweet herb. He pulled out a bud and threw one over to me, "I can get this for you at 35 a P. You can keep that as a sample." I had never seen a pound of kind buds before, and I really didn't sell anything but LSD, but I was happy to have the free bud. I bought 4 books from him right there without even testing it to see if it was good. Usually I would test acid when I was buying from a new person, but this felt good, he let us into his home, he was being very open and kind, I just took the risk. On the way out, O pulled out a magazine and opened it to a page of a pretty

Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
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Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom

environment was starting to get me stressed, all the talk about DEA was getting me paranoid with a pocket full of capsules on top of the recent news of the LSD busts in the scene. I just wanted to get rid of the capsules. I ran into my good friend from Miami that used to get me doses when Melanie cut me off. He is a really awesome guy and I was happy to run into him. He asked if I had any rolls and I told him I did, but I was sketched out from all the talk here. He said he'd heard the talk and that we should probably go into the bathroom, and not do the deal out in the main event areas. So I walked into the bathroom with him and now the capsule and LSD was really starting to hit me hard, and my sense of paranoia was building rapidly. I looked around the bathroom checking everyone out, seeing who looked out of place. I wasn't sure if this was a good idea. We both went into one of the bathroom stalls, locking the door behind us. He said "okay let me get 25 of them." I started to get a really uneasy feeling. I

started breathing easier. “You guys are going to have to keep it down. If we get called to come back out here, things aren’t going to go so smoothly.” He handed Mark back his ID and continued. “Now we’re just going to pretend we didn’t see all that,” his eyes moved to the kitchen table. My eyes followed and I saw that it was absolutely covered with tiny pieces of broken up herb and two packs of bright orange rolling papers from the joint rolling marathon. Even though it was an “Oh shit!” moment, I could tell the cops would soon be out of here, everything in the universe was moving perfectly. My trip was still kicked into extreme hyper-drive from the adrenaline rush, but I was also feeling the pure rush of relief that seemed to cool the heat building from within the core of my body. From the depths of the party a drunken voice surfaced, dripping with a very heavy New York accent, “Yo, these cops can’t be in here without a warrant!” It was Vinnie, Amber’s friend who had hooked us up with JJ to

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21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | Next > | Last > Psilocyentist  
Carbon based Registered: 11/05/10 Posts: 858  
Loc: Last seen: 10 months, 19 days Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

something I believed to be an honest and moral responsibility was overshadowing all the good I'd thought I'd done to bring light into the darkness of the world. As soon as I was back in the cell I got in line to use one of the three payphones on the wall. It took me most of the day but finally I'd been able to find someone willing and able to help. My friend Scotty put up the title to his truck and \$1,100 to have a bail bondsman come and get me out. I thought once he told me that he'd paid and everything was set that I would be walking out of the jail within the hour. Wrong. It took almost another ten hours before they opened the cell and called my name. They took me to get my clothes back. As I was throwing the shirt into the laundry basket, I thought maybe it would be cool to keep the Property of Palm Beach County Jail shirt as a souvenir. I hesitated for a second before throwing it into the basket, fuck that. As the last heavy door closed behind me, opening to the wonderful outdoor world, I felt a sense of true



04/18/13 04:25 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Quote: bryguy27007 said: "Almost from day one that walls in that house rippled out into obtuse angles and improbable slants under the sheer weight of the collective psychedelic onslaught." - I love that line! Hell of a cliffhanger DW, can't wait for the next one. Thanks for quoting that, I went back and changed the "that" to "the" - now it reads correctly :0 Almost from day one the walls in that house rippled out into obtuse angles and improbable slants under the sheer weight of the collective psychedelic onslaught. Quote: bryguy27007 said: Quote: LittleDipster said: Man I figured you would have known by then NOT to answer doors with a bag of weed in your hands! , that thought had crossed my mind too. Yeah man, you'd think, huh? I'm usually good at not making the same mistake twice - I learn quickly, but no, this one caught me totally off guard. Luckily there was that 2 or 3 inch space in between the washing machine and the

shifted to be lighter in a very psychedelic way. Very cool. Later on, people spun fire poi, and MAN observing the patterns of each shoe step on the dusty desert ground alight with the light of fire left an indelible impression on me. Each step mattered, each left a lasting yet temporal impression on the ground. Each step resonated with the whole of the cosmos, sending shockwaves through the eternal medium of spacetime. There was no space where there wasn't a footprint too, and each angle of each step was unique. I ended up not going to sleep that night, which I hadn't done in awhile. It was great. The ride home was cramped and uncomfortable physically simply because I was on the brink of sleep yet couldn't due to the crampedness. Regardless it was an utterly awesome experience, one of many more to come. Peace, Namaste, Love, Light, Unity. And PLUR. JW -----

~~~~~  
~~~~~ there is

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike]  
#18157352 - 04/24/13 02:55 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) Quote: allseeingike said: Quote:  
dwpineal said: Gonna be taking the week off to  
work on art stuff for an event I'm vending on  
Thursday (it is a psychedelic fetish/blotter art  
exhibit/party - my first ever thing like this -  
should be interesting ) Also a lot of work to be  
done getting ready for the summer festival  
season. But I'll be posting maybe 2 stories next  
week to make it up could you explain exactly  
what a psychedelic fetish party is? i mean i get  
excited by even the thought of psychedelics but i  
wouldnt say its a fetish. it is a funny thought  
though. im sure its nothing like what i have in  
mind lol Y'know I'm not actually sure to be  
honest. It is definitely outside my realm of  
experience so far, but it is a blotter art exhibit  
and should have some cool classic blotter art,  
and a few other art exhibits, and then somehow  
it is also a fetish party (Google Image search

by Ferdinando Is there hope for the  
psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH  
3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset  
Construcing the Psychedelic Experience  
Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by  
CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have  
hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )  
PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM  
by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic Trance  
Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592 39  
09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17628680 - 01/29/13 07:43 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Quote: Jesus Cristo said: Quote: shLong said: Yes Yes Yes! A serial (is the word you're looking for) I've always wanted to get in on the ground floor of something great. I missed Harry Potter when I was younger, so I'm counting on you, dwp (And I enjoy you much more than Dickens, so compare away) This. and the book would be amazing. the title of this thread would fit it perfectly and i would definitely add it to my psychedelic collection. ive never had a thread draw me in and have me sleeping late nights just to get through it as much as this one. you really draw the reader into your stories. having a longer more in depth paperback form would make this really shine. and when you say Tuesday's does that mean youll write another one up tomorrow? oh and +5, cant believe i havent given you some yet:) NICE, thanks!

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12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | Next > |  
Last > dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground 16 #17180329 -  
11/07/12 11:55 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

This thread is a work in progress. I am trying to  
add a new story each week. The stories are what  
I would call "First Drafts" (well, because that is  
truly what they are), because they contain typos,  
odd sentence structures, and need a lot more  
work. But eventually the vision is to edit and  
edit again until I end up with a book (or two or  
three). I'm posting the messy first drafts here to  
create the framework for the final book(s). Once  
I've gone through all the stories I have then I'll  
sit back and polish everything for a print  
edition. I'm very interested to know where I am  
messing up, so please feel free to either

guy at school. Now they are all good friends of mine and we chill on the regular, I actually just went to an underground in the city last night (that unfortunately got busted an hour after I got in). Bummer there, but back to the story. I began walking around the sites with my best buddy there, and found that I could barely speak, that I couldn't logically create sentences in my mind to say and to respond to others. That was a little nerveracking, and definitely a negative thing for me. As the night progressed it got a little better, but not really. I can remember another interaction with a girl who was very cute that sketched me out for the same reason. I just had nothing to say, and it got a little awkward. We ended up doing the ompaloompa dance, crouching alternately while holding eachothers hands while looking at eachother. Funny stuff yet a little awkward and I'm sure you see why it could be so. Oh well. Still funny to remember! After that interaction I danced a lot more probably at this point to hardstyle, music like

after we got a bit far they stopped following us and just stood there quaking like saying " don't left me catch you here again" This is not my wireless moment but its my favorite

----- Post Extras: allseeingike

Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767 Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike] #17948321 - 03/13/13 05:40 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Weirdest not wireless

----- Post Extras: indocult Dr

Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike] #17948545 - 03/13/13 06:40 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) oh no!!! I knew it

was going to happen as soon as you said short stocky older white guy. I didn't think it would be while tripping though, holy shit man! I am surprised they knocked first. This happened to a buddy of mine, his friend came over and his "mom" needed some weed. couple months later, knock knock, busted. Damn dude, it's so easy



one up quick...next Tuesday is just too far away  
Another great one. Thanks as always Post  
Extras: Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle Registered:  
07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3  
months, 7 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]  
#17834977 - 02/20/13 05:13 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) These are so fun to read, but

would be even more fun to listen to on audio.  
Long car rides listening to trippy stories... Or  
listening to these over a joint and cup of coffee  
in the morning would be awesome. Keep 'em  
comin'! -----

Species List (Georgia):  
Psilocybe caeruleascens/weilii, Psilocybe  
atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe  
ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes,  
Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola,  
Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus,  
Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus  
aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus  
salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata,

dancing and getting lost in the music. The pills were definitely getting us moving. At one point Chris looked down on the floor and picked something up. He spent a few seconds examining it closely, bent down again and picked something else up, and looked over to me with a huge smile. He leaned over to me and yelled into my ears above the music, “Look, we’re dancing on weed!” and put a flattened bud into my hands. I looked and sure enough it looked like weed that we’d been dancing on. We broke up hysterical with laughter and threw the crushed herb back onto the floor, after first showing it to everyone else in our group and laughing at the oddity over and over. We felt really rich to be dancing on herb, not that it was ours, but the whole scene just felt decadent. It was a much nicer venue than what we usually went to, the people looked more affluent, and now we were dancing on hundreds of dollars’ worth of weed strewn all over the dance floor. It was very surreal. At some point I ended up

trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229

Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

Adamist] #18133731 - 04/19/13 10:27 AM (4

years, 6 months ago) Oh man that one got

me. I was totally in the house partying it up with

your crew them, BAM. Cops again. Btw I

chuckled at the beatmatching bit. I would love

to have heard you spin fl breaks. It's funny

because i just recently got into breaks after dj

krafty kuts came to town. I'll think of you next

time I spin some DW. ----- Journeys

taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe

Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methydone, San

pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank.

Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita

muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras: Jump

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Malcolm\_Xtasy Nature kid died for our sins  
Registered: 04/05/12 Posts: 12,448 Loc: Last  
seen: 14 hours, 44 minutes Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] #17442655 - 12/24/12 11:17 PM (4  
years, 10 months ago) Jesus 4000 hits? I'm

moving to Florida ----- I'm stupid,  
Enlil is smart. I'm ugly, Enlil is beautiful. I'm a  
loser, Enlil is a winner. Someday, I hope to be  
like Enlil but secretly know I never will. Post

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enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924

58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is  
there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1  
2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic

help me out. I gave Chuck the ten strip and he tore it in half and ate one half right there. He put the other back in the cellophane wrapper and into his pocket. I felt like I was an oil tycoon with that bottle full of oil. We smoked another few bowls of herb topped with the oil, leaving me in an ultimately chilled psychedelic state. Chuck was starting to feel the doses come on so we got out of the tent. The neighbor still had the tanks running constantly, so we sat down in my camp chairs and listened to the chaos next door. Now I was no longer hearing mysterious bullies from the conversations in the nitrous lines, it was more entertaining and clown-like after the smoke sessions. Jay came up to us, just popping into existence like a sub-atomic particle, animated with a mixture of disbelief and good fortune. He waved his hands in the air making the shape of what seemed like a large fluffy cloud. “You would NOT believe what I just bought for \$90!” he said loudly with a wild spark of psychedelia in his eyes. “It’s this glass

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Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
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Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
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Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom

to work now, got a cpr course today, so keen to read this chapter later! Shorty -----  
Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras: mattritt Mind Chemist Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #17983873 - 03/20/13 06:26 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Sad ending there, just dealt with some similar bullshit. Not getting busted in by the cops but quite similar. Sitting in there sucks!! ----- \*\*Metaphysical Crystal, Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual reacts differently to every chemical. Know your Body - Know your Mind - Know your Substance - Know your Source. "You need more THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras: smokin427 Registered: 07/27/09 Posts: 603 Last seen: 1 year, 4 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: mattritt] #17984211 - 03/20/13 07:49 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Oh man, that story gets

get into too much of the sexual aspect of psychedelics, but I really want to cover it to some degree - I mean I know some people say they can't have sex on psychedelics, but for me it is usually a totally transcendent experience. Sacred Sexuality and all that entails are also core parts of the human experience. Part of me wanted to leave all the girlfriend/women stuff out of the stories for the most part out of respect/privacy, but in some cases they're inextricably linked to the stories. I'm a romantic at heart. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Chakra Shock Waxing Prophetic Registered: 02/23/13 Posts: 2,510 Loc: The Enterprise Last seen: 1 month, 5 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18092169 -



found out the truth one way or the other. Sometimes I still believe both. Jason was the first person I'd even known personally that died. It seemed so wrong. After hanging up I sat down and tears just started pouring from within me. He was buried the next day and at his funeral, I was asked to be one of the people to carry his coffin. When they lowered his casket into the ground, it was something I will never forget. I just couldn't believe that he was gone and I would never get to see him. One of his best friends, a girl named Janice threw an eighth of herb into his coffin, crying. A lot of my friends were there, and I think several people threw herb in to be buried with him. I know some people were very discreet about it, but I seem to remember when Janice threw in the bag, it was more brazen and open. I don't remember anyone saying a word about it, which seems weird, but it was a gesture that seemed appropriate. He definitely loved and smoked herb more than most people, so it seemed far

you're just like "wound up giving him a few grams of MDMA, sheet of 'cid and a hundred bucks" as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, and everyone has that as a means of payment for shit Honestly, I don't think it would've flown at the time it happened. It all came down to the human factor - the cop that showed up on the scene was the entire deciding factor - if it was some mean cop with a grudge or angry at life - I'd have been locked up in 2 seconds flat - Lucky is definitely the operative word. You'll notice this as somewhat of a recurring theme for me over the years. I've had a ton of cop-stuff happen - but 95% of it went better than I would've expected. I mean - that's not to say I didn't do some time here and there, but in every case, it was still better than it could've been. And your comment about the payment - I've always been into trade/barter - probably ingrained at Rainbow Gatherings, so I tend to think of items of value as monetary units - in most cases worth MORE than currency - and

filled the RV and saturated my mind. I poked my head up from the pillow and saw Scotty passing Ray a joint. He looked over to me, and catching his eye, I seemed to get a lifetime of meaning from a slight nod and smile. He motioned down to the joint and I lifted my hand. Inhaling the sweet smoke made the visuals drift slowly down like velvety blankets of feathers falling gently from atop a tall building and landing perfectly to cover me. The door to the RV swung open loudly and Gary yelled “Oh shit! This whole place is on fire!” I jumped up sensing our collision course with an impending emergency. I must have had a panicked look on my face because Gary smiled at me, “No I mean, I” emphasizing the word “I” heavily, “lit this whole place up. Everyone’s tripping!” I could tell that so was he. Up until now, I was the only one in our group that was tripping. Scotty and Ray had just been smoking, so to have Gary there, tripping with me, pulled me into a new level of the trip. We talked excitedly for a long

thumbprint, but I BELIEVE it was the  
thumbprint one, could be wrong. check 'em both  
out, Shlong may be right. -----

Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and  
unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle:  
is where it's at Post Extras: Shroomey Toons

Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616  
Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #17871953 -  
02/27/13 04:51 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

I need my DW story crack! Please, just one  
more rock and I won't bother you again.

----- Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] 1  
#17872706 - 02/27/13 07:44 AM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Man this one took forever to

write up! It's almost 3 in the morning...so I'll  
have to go through and edit this later.

-----

high in the sky, we'd probably eaten about ten hits each, if not more. At this point we turned a corner on one of the paths and came upon a heavy-set guy with long hair, probably in his late thirties sitting on top of a tank with four huge black balloons in one hand, three in his other and one in his mouth. He was inhaling from the balloon and trying to talk at the same time, but it was coming out as total gobble-d-gook and sounded like he was talking in tongues. The whole scene was so crazy I just busted out laughing, causing Dan to do the same. When we got ourselves together, the guy was still puffing away on one of his balloons and I don't think he even realized we were there, let alone laughing our asses off at him. Dan pulled me aside and said "it's the Lunatic." "What?" "John calls him the Lunatic. He brings down tons of acid from Cali and is a major player in South Florida, but he's totally crazy. He's a Jesus freak and thinks he's doing G-d's work, or something like that. He'll sit around

little as weed or even lsd here but at least its a hell of alot better than in malaysia. its horrible what happened to your friend though i dont understand how it even held up in court if there was never any lsd found( from what i understand ----- Post Extras:

Jump to top. Pages: < Back | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | Next > | Last >

Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience Threaded Previous Index

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58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset

Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by CactiLover

Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37

all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
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as if the land had been forever untouched. We actually cleaned everything and I think we left it looking even nicer than when we got there. It was the only time I had even been to that house, and I never went there again, though I am sure we'd be invited back. I wasn't sure who knew the people that lived there or how we got that connection, it was just one of those perfect happenings. But I also never got the kids numbers who lived there, and never saw them anywhere ever again. When we got him we discovered that the reason people stopped coming after nightfall was that the person who we left to give everyone directions to the new location got paged by his mom and had to leave in a hurry. His sister was in a car accident and they all rushed off to the hospital. He had taken some acid too before we left him, and he apologized profusely when we saw him at school Monday, but he'd had a super intense trip with the whole hospital experience. His sister turned out okay and they released her later that



LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18111623 -  
04/15/13 01:06 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

And you say that as if it's a problem... Post

Extras: Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12

Posts: 667 Loc: Eire Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]

#18111941 - 04/15/13 03:59 PM (4 years, 6  
months ago) you could always make a

thrilllogy haha... keep writing man..and put me  
down for a few copys ----- Post

Extras: zhparish Lost Voyager Registered:

09/09/12 Posts: 893 Last seen: 1 year, 11

months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] 2

#18112157 - 04/15/13 05:22 PM (4 years, 6

seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic  
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for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
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(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
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Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe

02/14/13 02:59 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)

I love each and every of these stories man, keep writing and we'll keep reading! Thanks Dw

-----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>

- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.

Every single person deserves a psychedelic experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

allseeingike Registered: 04/07/11 Posts: 2,767

Loc: elgin ill-miami fl Last seen: 12 days, 15

hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: rickjamez20] 1 #17799635 -

02/14/13 02:39 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) i

feel like this is a psychedelic equivalent of

breaking bad. except i dont think you end up

with cancer and machine guns towards the end.

or do you? ----- Post Extras: dstark

Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts:

3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

allseeingike] #17800698 - 02/14/13 07:08 PM

(4 years, 8 months ago) Once again good

AMT in the same exact dose, same setting, and you would get back 10 totally different experience reports. But after this first night, I lost most of my interest in AMT, it just didn't seem to do anything interesting for me. So after I got home the next morning, I pretty much forgot about the 2 brown vials of AMT until about 4 months later when I would give one of the bottles to one of my college roommates. I'm not sure how the subject originally came up, but he left with the bottle at night and the next morning he and a few friends showed up in our dorm and were absolutely in love with the stuff. They wanted more, and that lead to many long nights sitting around capping AMT pills. Some nights I would have 3 or 4 people sitting around a glass table for hours and hours doing nothing but listening to music and capping AMT, we called these "production lines." It turns out that for me 20mg was not a strong enough dose, but when I got closer to 50mg, I had beautiful experiences with walls of rich colors floating

but I really didn't talk to them too much, we mostly stayed out of each other's way. One of the guys across the hallway was probably the only other stoner out of the lot of us, and he must've vibed me out a little because once I was done setting up my stuff, he asked if I wanted to go burn a bowl down in the park. I had some herb with me too so I grabbed one of my bowls and my bag and we walked out to the park, which was just a little ways down, and situated near the center of the dorm building complex. Even though it was right in the middle of everything, there were a lot of trees, so it created a feeling of privacy. As we walked into the park, we saw some people sitting and standing by some picnic benches, and the smell in the air told us they had the same idea we did. So we walked over and asked if they wanted to match up, and just like that, I'd made a handful of friends that I would chill with for the rest of my time at the school. Even though I was smoking, after getting arrested just before I got

Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
bryguy27007] 1 #17187779 - 11/09/12 06:07  
AM (4 years, 11 months ago) MOARR!!

haha Wow DWP, you should write a book! This  
is fascinating, best read in a while! I can't  
believe your mom ate your acid! that's insane! I  
almost wish that my mom would have eaten  
some of my mushies to see if they were  
psychedelic or not! You're a really cool cat, I  
met you at waka last year, bought some art and  
got free quartz crystals. Anyways, cool stories  
man Post Extras: No Cars Go Psychedelic

Registered: 11/14/10 Posts: 702 Last seen: 1  
month, 21 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult]  
#17188017 - 11/09/12 07:22 AM (4 years, 11  
months ago) I feel a screenplay coming on...  
----- Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: indocult] #17188693 -

hours, so we went in late one night, and I took a strip of Eternal Life hits out of my backpack. It was a rectangle 10 hits long by 25 hits wide, so 250 hits, a big long rectangle measuring about 2.5 inches by 10 inches. I put the rectangle of LSD on the copier machine and laid my flyer design on top of it, closed the lid and hit the green button. A green light moved under the lid of the copier and the side of the machine spit out an 11 x 8.5 inch black and white flyer that now had the photocopied hearts and ankhs blotters at the bottom. It was awesome, there could be no doubt about what that was at the bottom. We took the copy and printed out a bunch of copies of the flyer, turned the lights in the office out, locked up and headed home. Over the next week or two we discretely handed out the flyers to select people and asked each one to please be super careful with the flyer, so that they wouldn't fall into the wrong hands. Finally the day of the party was here and a group of us got to the clubhouse early to start

You've got one (and judging by this thread, a fuckload of other) pre-orders right here. :P Can't wait for more, stay up man! -----

Anything posted is completely fictional. Post

Extras: aw11driver Registered: 08/19/11

Posts: 946 Loc: land of blue foot Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

LiftedBanks] #18039332 - 04/01/13 03:07 AM

(4 years, 6 months ago) i tend to think of the

car as an extension of my own body when

driving a stick while tripping. when im in an

auto i feel less in control. even tripping id feel

saver driving my 5spd than an auto. i dont

endorse driving under the influence but we were

all young and dumb once.. Post Extras:

Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164

Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

aw11driver] #18048302 - 04/03/13 01:34 AM (4

years, 6 months ago) twice. Just jokin haha

Man do I like reflecting at all the fun times had

Shorty ----- Did I say it too loud?



LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
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customizations, encrypted private messages, and  
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10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |  
21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | Next > | Last >  
Psicodelico Just another psycho Registered:  
01/22/11 Posts: 246 Loc: Brazil Last seen: 2

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TheGreenArrow] #20496511 - 08/30/14 01:29 PM (3 years, 2 months ago) Quote:

TheGreenArrow said: Christ that sounds awesome. Make sure to post back if you get that going. I want one that pulses electricity. or one that sends bolts of electricity shooting out

----- Post Extras: Into The Woods Three sheets to the wind Registered:

04/20/13 Posts: 10,863 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20496520 - 08/30/14 01:33 PM (3 years, 2 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: some

women's sexy club stuff (hopefully) I wholeheartedly wish you the best in all your business endeavours. ----- Always

do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut. - Ernest Hemingway Post Extras: CosmicFillee

Stranger Registered: 08/29/14 Posts: 202 Last seen: 3 years, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

from growing, or that there was some fungicide put in to the cow's food that was for the cows' health, but also wouldn't allow the psychedelic mushrooms to grow. I'm not sure what the real reason was, but I do know that I never found any magic mushrooms growing in any of the local fields near me when I was growing up. There were a lot more pastures in the mid-1990s than there is today, and I visited a lot of different ones, but with a batting average of 0.00 for picking mushrooms, I was open to other options. So I placed my order on the website for 7 grams of *P. cubensis* and waited for the mail to come. And I waited, and waited, and waited some more until I just figured I got ripped off and forgot about the whole thing. By the time I had totally forgotten that I had ever ordered the mushrooms online, probably several months after I placed my order, I saw a hand-addressed envelope from the Netherlands. I still had no idea what it was, because it was relatively thin, certainly not thick enough to

the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3 all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose 3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka The Psychedelic Experience and Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52 01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra information You cannot start new topics / You cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled / BBCode is enabled Moderator: psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13 63,983 topic views. 9 members, 167 guests and 17 web crawlers are browsing this forum. [ Toggle Favorite | Print Topic | Stats ] del.icio.us digg Furl MyWeb reddit StumbleUpon Search this thread: Copyright 1997-2017 Mind Media. Some rights reserved. Generated in 0.046 seconds spending 0.008 seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic Mushrooms Demystified Search Our Site Search Our Forums Privacy Policy FAQ Site

building. He was a big fat black guy named Jonathan Forth, and from the first second I sat down in the chair across from his desk I could tell he wouldn't be cutting me any slack. True to my nature, within a month or so I was smoking again, I was just being more careful to stop a few days before I reported. I also would buy drug test cups from a private lab about a mile from my house that I found in the yellow pages. For \$20 they would sell me a sealed cup that was basically the same test that the probation officers used. I would test myself before going into the offices so I knew for sure that I was going to come out clean before reporting for the monthly tests. That took a lot of the pressure and extreme sense of fear that I felt each time I went in for the tests, but not all of it. Soon I was getting tired of feeling sick to my stomach every month when I went in to the probation offices for the tests. It was just getting to be too much, so I went to the next really awesome trick I learned from Steal This Urine Test. The trick

and have come into it at a point in time that I feel I have missed out on a lot of what made it so beautiful back in the day. I'm doing my best to contribute as much as I can to bring the PLUR back but sometimes I feel it is in vain. Thanks again. -grave (yes it's a rave name)

----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methyone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA

Edited by GRAVE (02/20/13 11:30 AM) Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE] #17834371 - 02/20/13 01:27 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Crazy. I've never had an ROR. I had to pay 10% of \$10,000 to get my ass out....errrr, my dad did My baliff that I had to do paperwork with at my court date was my "D.A.R.E" officer from 5th grade...the irony wasn't lost on him either. Damn, write another

courtyard and a DJ was spinning ambient breakbeats, sending out an electronic rain, cooling the body aurally. The smell of herb hung in the air of the courtyard. I sat down near a group of people in a small circle. Someone waved me over and passed me a bowl. Everyone introduced themselves to me with so much joy, like they were so happy we'd all come together at that moment. I sat down and packed my bowl with some hash and passed it around. I felt like I was home, like I belonged here. It just felt so open and welcoming. All night people hugged me instead of shaking my hand, and were smiling at me with their eyes. It was really heartfelt and real, so unlike people in my school, or even The Mud House. I spent hours looking around, drinking in the scene around me. I never danced that night, because I was too self-conscious. Glancing at my watch, I saw it was almost ten in the morning and the music showed no sign of letting up. How long does this place stay open I wondered? Somehow

point to do good ethical business. The whole system was set up on trust, and our word was like our underground credit score, and we wanted that to be good. Unfortunately not everyone worked that way. Some things we had to learn the hard way. -----

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Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter

Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12 12:19 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 2 #17180371 - 11/08/12 12:00 AM (4 years, 11 months ago)

The Edge The Edge became the Mecca for the local rave scene on Saturday nights. Allowing itself to become more than a nightclub, The Edge morphed into a magical jeweled garden of delights. It became a



we.will.understand.if.your.stories.become.less.fr  
equent. kidding, go take care of business, we'll  
be here Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic  
Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] 2 #18229519 - 05/08/13 04:03 AM (4  
years, 5 months ago) The Marley Festival  
The cops moved from the opening of the  
laundry room and were now standing squarely  
in the kitchen. About a hundred tripping eyes  
were glued to the cops, but none of the mouth  
opened to utter a single word. The intensity of  
time dilation from the LSD had climaxed and  
the uncomfortable silence was becoming  
unbearably long. If there were one of those  
white and black school room clocks with the red  
second hand in the room, I'm sure I could've  
watched the second hand move tortuously slow,  
as if the clockworks were fighting against dark  
and evil forces, trying valiantly to move forward  
into the future. In an amazing show of courage,  
Mark said "I do." And those two words broke an

outdated info) [Gymnopilus luteofolius](#)  
[Gymnopilus junonius](#) [Gymnopilus dilepis](#)  
[Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species](#) [General](#)  
[Cultivation \(may contain outdated info\)](#) [Outdoor](#)  
[Cultivation \(may contain outdated info\)](#)  
[Psilocybe cubensis](#) [Woodlovers](#) [Gourmet](#)  
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my friends were now going off to college, so after about two months of moving a lot of LSD, the orders began to slow down. Many of them were moving out of state and no one was comfortable just coming into a new town as the new kid, flashing lots of acid, which seemed like a real quick way to get busted. Most of them took some LSD there with them, but mostly just bringing enough to eat and give away to a select few new friends. As usual I had invested almost all of my profits into more LSD, so I had a nice stockpile in my safety deposit box, but no one to move it to. This would all change once people became established and comfortable where they were, but for the time being everything slowed to a stop. I was going away to college too, but I was only going about 45 minutes away from my home, so it didn't seem so drastic. I was going to live in the college dorms and I was excited about that, but I kept my safety deposit box by my mom's house to keep everything tucked away, and separate

Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom  
Hunting Amanitas Contamination Logos Trippy  
Art Other Pictures Home | Community |  
Message Board You are not signed in. Sign In  
New Account Forum Index Search Posts Best  
Posts Active Topics Galleries FAQ User List  
Calendar Store Random Growery Mushrooms,

and probably come back tomorrow and review/edit it to find errors and messy language. Quote: shLong said: Oh wow, DWP. It looks like you're on to something here. [http://www.reddit.com/r/Drugs/comments/15g270/whats\\_your\\_story/](http://www.reddit.com/r/Drugs/comments/15g270/whats_your_story/) Cool, never saw that site before, but I've heard of it Neat that the stories are getting around. Quote: dstark said: ^^^ Well where is our stories I know, I really wish I was more consistently writing, but I appreciate the interest, because it certainly helps to motivate me. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: [dwpineal](#) Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: [dwpineal](#)] 3 #17593705 - 01/23/13 05:05 AM (4 years, 9 months ago)

ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes,  
Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola,  
Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus,  
Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus  
aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus  
salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata,  
Psilocybe caerulipes, Pluteus cyanopus, Pluteus  
salicinus sensu lato..., Panaeolus cinctulus,  
Gymnopilus luteus, Gymnopilus luteofolius,  
Gymnopilus junonius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus  
Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10  
Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Hashfinger] 1 #18128503 - 04/18/13 03:51 PM  
(4 years, 6 months ago) What if we find out  
he didn't and he's writing us from prison And  
that real life job he speaks of that keeps him  
busy is actually his 18 hour shifts at the license  
plate factory... And the wife he speaks of is  
actually the female warden.... That'd be an epic,  
albeit tragic, ending to the tales. Idk if I could

Understanding cultivation - concepts, skills, and equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn - culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4. fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions for site modifications for site admins Beyond basic Species specific information Growing Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started (updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated 2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ (updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin Species (may contain outdated info) Other Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain

silver suit, on ten hits of acid, stepping out of a car full of clouds of marijuana smoke, looking over at the head of school security. I remember the visuals at this point so clearly, like I am seeing them all over right now. Everywhere, colors were flowing, almost dripping down reality slowly, energy everywhere, moving, everything was moving – except Mr. Manzo. Amidst all the moving colored fractal patterns, Mr. Manzo was perfectly clear; there were no visuals where he stood, like he had a force field protecting him from the swirling imagery. As he saw us and started walking towards us, Chris dropped the bowl we'd been smoking and stealthily kicked it under the car we'd been in. I'm not too sure on what happened next, but soon Mr. Manzo was walking us to the Principal's office. He didn't know we'd been smoking, but it was perfectly clear that we were not in class where we were supposed to be. We waited in the office, with the world on full melt down, for our turn to speak with the Principal.



mattritt Mind Chemist Registered: 02/03/08

Posts: 2,292 Last seen: 1 year, 8 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
sailing] 1 #17954830 - 03/14/13 07:26 PM (4  
years, 7 months ago) This is unacceptable!!!

----- \*\*Metaphysical Crystal,  
Stones, Gems, and Minerals\*\* Every individual  
reacts differently to every chemical. Know your  
Body - Know your Mind - Know your  
Substance - Know your Source. "You need more  
THC to your brain, faster." - Drr Post Extras:

Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164  
Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
mattritt] #17956317 - 03/15/13 12:58 AM (4  
years, 7 months ago) Quote: mattritt said:  
NO, You can't leave us hangin!!!! Haha, hes got  
us in his hands!!!! By the way i'm buying your  
book....! -Shorty ----- Did I say it

too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading!  
Edited by Shortknight (03/15/13 12:59 AM)  
Post Extras: Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle

so we just decided to write them off instead of fighting or trying to get them back. The people who did good clean business we kept close, the few bad apples were cut off. One night at The Edge Chris and I were talking in the corner. He said to me “I can get this awesome haze bud for \$300 an ounce from Mike, he says its lime green and it’s got purple all over it.” I knew Mike, and he did always have excellent herb. Chris and I worked as a team, always watching each other’s back. Everything we made we split evenly, no matter who did what in terms of sales over the course of the night. Usually one of us would hold the money and the other the doses. I went into my pocket and grabbed the money I had, and started counting him out the \$300 he needed. As I was doing that, one of The Edge’s security guys grabbed us both on the shoulder. I was shocked because they never really bothered you. “Are you dealing drugs in my club?” “No!” we both said. He dragged us outside the entrance over to a few other security guards and

Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
63,983 topic views. 7 members, 157 guests and  
17 web crawlers are browsing this forum.  
[ Toggle Favorite | Print Topic | Stats ]

Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:  
Tripballsalot Psychonaut Registered: 05/01/12  
Posts: 123 Loc: United States Last seen: 3 years,  
4 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Shortknight] #18048717 -  
04/03/13 02:51 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Wow, great stories dwpineal. Just finished all of  
them up to this point. You keep em comin and  
ill keep readin em man, great work.

----- “Life should not be a journey  
to the grave with the intention of arriving safely  
in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to  
skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke,  
thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly  
proclaiming "Wow! What a Ride!" — Hunter S.

Thompson Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Tripballsalot] #18049124 -  
04/03/13 04:06 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

I'm about 3,000 words into the next story now,  
should be posting it shortly. I think I'm just

(including ecstasy), but it got quieter, and everything became more exclusive. Some of these groups actually formed rave gangs of sorts and started throwing their own parties and selling hard drugs. The scene suffered dramatically from that, but continued to survive for years to come, but it never was able to return to the purity of the early days. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check

out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art

Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12 12:19 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist

Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

dwpineal] #17180374 - 11/08/12 12:01 AM (4 years, 11 months ago) Learning the Hard Way

One night I was walking outside The Edge to the parking lot, and I ran into Melanie's

months ago) Holy shit! So was the old guy a cop after all? ----- So hear this please And watch as your heart speeds up endlessly And look for the stars as the sun goes down Each breath that you take has a thunderous sound Everything, everything's magic Post Extras: Kief Ledger Stranger Registered: 11/10/11 Posts: 1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] #17947958 - 03/13/13 03:23 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: Simple-Psyman said: Just got around to reading all the rest of this tale man...haha I must say you certainly have some beautiful turns of phrase and I've had shivers on numerous occasions...so many similar thoughts resonate with me while you describe being in the momentless moment that is a trip... It really brings home the fact that tripping is universal...no matter where you come from or what generation your living in our minds and thoughts have a default switch for the same

what else could be out there, was there life somewhere out there, or are we really alone in all that space? I thought about the whole day up to this point, and how much thinking and learning I had done. I felt like I had learned an amazing amount about myself, my friends, and the world around us. I felt like many of the things I had learned and had been taught before today were being challenged. Thoughts bounced around in my mind in meandering loops going from one subject to the next, only to begin again on a subject I'd left hours ago and loop back around again to others. We decided to call it a night and all got into our tent, brushed off our clothes, and climbed into our sleeping bags. From inside my sleeping bag in the tent, I could hear the noises of the swamp all around us. Noises I'd never heard in the city seemed to repeat and then get lost in the night, only to be replaced or accompanied by newer and stranger noises. I soon realized that I was not very tired, and my mind was continuing to venture from

Extras: KingKnowledge Around Registered:  
03/31/13 Posts: 2,876 Loc: East Coast Last  
seen: 1 year, 5 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#20482802 - 08/27/14 12:07 PM (3 years, 2  
months ago) How the fuck did you get those  
shirts to learn optogenetics? Really cool man

----- Post Extras: Elff Abyss Full  
of Love Registered: 08/20/14 Posts: 397 Last  
seen: 2 months, 1 day Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
KingKnowledge] #20482995 - 08/27/14 02:18  
PM (3 years, 2 months ago) Thank you for  
your tales, made a delightful read! Look  
forward to hearing more from you.

----- "No drug causes the  
fundamental ills of society. If we're looking for  
the source of our troubles, we shouldn't test  
people for drugs— we should test them for  
stupidity, ignorance, greed, and love of power."

- PJ O'Rourke Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:



labyrinthine, with staircases going up here, and down there. I stepped off the staircase and walked to my left and up another stairway. As I kept moving I passed a second dance floor overlooking the bigger main dance floor I had just left. The doorways behind the main dance area lead into a room glowing vibrantly in black lights and the smell of Vicks Vap-O-Rub seemed to replace the air in the room. It was like walking into a psychedelic menthol cave filled with couches. People were all over in every position. It seemed as if I had walked into an orgy on another planet, or at least an intergalactic massage party. People seemed to be in every nook and cranny of the room, massaging each other, painted in the glowing neon of black lights. I noticed that some people were wearing surgical masks and other seemed to be blowing through little white sticks into each other's eyes. It was wild. It was a few degrees hotter in here than the rest of the club, no need to wonder why, though. It is impossible

05/02/13 10:55 PM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Quote: shLong said: You're a mod now, eh DW?  
Good shit, bud. Quote: bryguy27007 said: Oh  
no way, DW is a great choice for a mod. But not  
if you're going to be too busy to give us more  
stories! Yeah apparently so, but I'm still reading  
through the admin rules and all that. I've been  
out of town for a few days and I planned to  
write on the plane and in some down time, but  
that didn't really turn out like I hoped. I have a  
half written thing, but still working on it. will  
finish it up as I have a few spare minutes. Seems  
like as festival season approaches I am finding  
myself more and more busy. But one way or the  
other I'll keep putting the stories out there. I  
really want this to manifest into a finished and  
polished work one day. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic  
Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My  
Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check  
out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter

TurkeyTom] 1 #17395595 - 12/15/12 12:51 PM  
(4 years, 10 months ago) You guys all rock,  
thanks so much for the good vibes! Really keeps  
me inspired to write more up. I've been super  
busy with all the holidays stuff, but I promise to  
keep putting up new stories when I can make  
the time to sit down and write. I'm thinking of  
just setting specific times to work on writing/art,  
maybe 3 hours a night twice a week and just  
dedicating myself to getting stuff down and  
making new art...just gotta create the space in  
my life to work, or it gets filled with all kinds of  
stuff...ALL Love and Happy Holidays  
everyone! ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your  
First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8  
Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Aphrodeezy LSD  
and Ganja Enthusiast Registered: 04/17/12  
Posts: 122 Last seen: 4 years, 4 months Re:

threw it on and it weighed 3.5 grams, so I handed the man his \$50, thanked him and packed us a nice bowl. After buying a few personal bags and smoking with my friends in the dorms after classes and on the weekends, some of them started asking me if I could get them herb. It was good herb and the first thing I thought was that I could get some free smoke out of the deal, nothing big, just do some small deals. I got an ounce at a time but it kept moving so quickly that would only last a day or two, so I asked the guy if he could get me a quarter-pound. He didn't want to deal with that much weight, but he offered to connect me to his supplier, a guy named Mike that lived off campus in a nearby apartment complex. A short while later I was sitting on Mike's couch with my friend and two of Mike's roommates. "Mike'll be right back, just chill here and we'll take some bong hits." They had a nice glass bong, and that sounded cool with me so we lit up a few bowls and waited. Soon a tall lanky

PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Holy crap, amazing read, I can share alot of the feelings about death, they're pretty universal and can really shape a person alot! Can't wait for the next chapter! Its going to be awesome! - Shorty

----- Did I say it too loud? Big heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:

shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shortknight] #17950029 - 03/13/13 11:55 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Great as always, dwp. I'm trying to take an entire internet break for a while and had to check in to read this week's serial. Fuck snitches, man...fuck them so hard. I'm a felon in 2 states over a little bitch-ass snitch who didn't wanna face up to his crime...and he ended up getting the same plea deal I got in the state he was charged in Post Extras: sailing China Cat

Sunflower Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17950158 -

next would ensure that I would never even try to go fishing again. As I got closer to see what happened to him, the fishing pole still in my hand, he moved his hand away from his neck. I saw the hook had punctured the skin on his neck and was lodged there. The hook looked like a traditional grappling hook, with three separate hooks. One of the three looked to be threaded around his jugular vein, with the tip of the hook protruding dangerously from his neck. He sat back up and pulled the hook from his own skin, probably feeling a little like a fish at that moment. We quickly decided that I should probably not do any more fishing for the day. I felt so terrible; I'd lodged a metal hook through my friend's neck! With the hook out, and a few minutes to take stock of the situation, it soon became apparent that he wasn't bleeding, and was actually okay. We went to sit down to take a break by the tent. I felt like I needed to catch some sense of internal balance, my emotions were all over the place, and shifting from one

brought them back to the pool. Over the next week, I was probably at Marty's house every single day. He had access to great herb at reasonable prices, which is something I always need, and he also had very good connections in the local scene. He seemed to know all kinds of people and introduced me to some very interesting characters. It was like meeting a new John and Dan, but he lived just a block away. He was very interested in the AMT and knew that he had friends that would want a lot of it. At the same time we were coming together with Marty's crew, we were acutely aware that we were overgrowing the boundaries of the current living situation. Sophie started shopping for a new place to live. She came home one day and announced, "I found the place." And without even going to check it out, they all threw in and came up with a sizable move-in payment in cash. No one asked me to chip in, but I tried to make sure I was contributing in substances rather than cash to the needs of the group.

caps that looked like they were empty. A few buddies and I dosed em and went to a local wooded park. I had some of the most bizaare visuals on the stuff. We were all throwing a frisbee around and it started hitting pretty hard. I looked around the ball field and thought I kept seeing dirt paths being uprooted (like when Bugs Bunny travels underground). It was really tweaking me out pretty bad. When I started seeing that everywhere I couldn't handle it and bent over and puked right after I tossed the frisbee along. My buddy later told me he thought he imaged me puking since I did it so fast Ended up back at out apartment and literally had couch lock for the next 8 hours. Was quite the ride. Glad you included this one. Thanks as always

Post Extras: Force Ten Home Will Always Be Here Registered: 04/11/08 Posts: 747 Loc: Elation Station Last seen: 3 years, 10 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17794051 - 02/13/13 02:24 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)



sitting on a tree stump by the shoreline where the land met the water. As I was looking into the water, a leaf fell from a tree overhead, landing lightly in the water and then another fell and landed about a foot away from the first leaf. As the leaves hit the water, rippling concentric circles waved across the water's surface moving toward (and away) from each other. Watching the ripples flowing outwards from their respective centers, the 2 circles met and intertwined creating a fluid pattern of circles within circles. At almost the same moment as the circles met, I glanced down by my legs to the stump I was sitting on and my eyes caught the concentric circles of the tree rings ingrained within the stump. It was as if I was getting a teaching from nature that the world and my experiences of it were cyclical as well, and sometimes the circles of my life intersected with other circles, making my own circles within circles. Information seemed to flood into my consciousness. I felt the truth that life is

4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: KingKnowledge] #20483048 - 08/27/14 02:53 PM (3 years, 2 months ago)

Yeah the shirts were a major win! I'm actually trying to use the technology to do more fashion stuff, bookbags, and some women's sexy club stuff (hopefully) ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for

Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: TheGreenArrow Goodbye, Mr. Chops. Registered: 06/22/12 Posts: 15,258 Last seen: 22 days, 18 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #20483486 - 08/27/14 05:22 PM (3 years, 2 months ago) When can I get a

hardcopy of the book is what I wanna know. Have you submitted to any publishers yet? ----- A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a

whatever we needed. He said they'd be here until Sunday night, so it wasn't something we had to do right then. He had been up all night, not tripping, and he was going to sleep. My dose had started to wear down a little, but I was still tripping. Gary was too. We went back to my tent and convinced Scotty to make some pancakes before dropping off to sleep. There was no way I was going to sleep at that moment. Luckily Gary wasn't going to sleep either, so we went back to his RV with Ray. Ray passed out in the main bed as soon as we walked into the RV. He wanted to work the LSD they brought, so he needed to get some sleep. Gary went into the fridge of the RV and pulled out the OJ jug. It was still more than half full. "Bottom's up" he said, taking a big swig and passing it over to me. This time I took a tiny sip from the jug. "You see, that's more like what I was telling you to do yesterday, man. I didn't think you were gonna chug it!" We kept taking tiny sips from the jug for the rest of the day and until the sun

Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
LSD MDMA Cannanbis Salvia Other Drugs  
Security Maths Gallery Growing Mushroom  
Hunting Amanitas Contamination Logos Trippy  
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Posts Active Topics Galleries FAQ User List  
Calendar Store Random Growery Mushrooms,  
Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic

drummers and some other random musicians playing instruments like a dulcimer, a flute, and a few others. I could feel the tribal nature of the gathering really hit me here. Even though Gabe and Darbi had called it a Rainbow Gathering, I had learned the people here called themselves Rainbow Family, and it truly felt like I was coming home to a long lost family I never knew existed. Nothing from my past had prepared me for anything like this. I had never even heard of anything like this, like it was a secret society of sorts. It wasn't a concert, it wasn't anything organized around anything centralized, it was just a gathering that was created in part by everyone here and it all came together into one cohesive whole. It worked by everyone pitching in where they were needed, or where they saw a need. It was a self-created city operating on love and self-reliance. I wandered around the forest meeting people from all over the country that had come here just to be a part of the gathering. I asked a lot of people if they had any LSD, but

time her boyfriend Mark picked up. “Hey kid, don’t call this number, like she said, you’re cut off. Watch your fucking back!” And he hung up on me again. After that she never trusted me again, and I never got another hit of acid from her. I had developed some other contacts of people who moved large amounts of acid from time to time in the rave scene, but no one connected into the scene as consistently or as well as Melanie. The fact that I got cut off really set me back at the time, but about 2 years later it pretty much saved my ass. She was arrested by the DEA after having tons of acid shipped to her from San Francisco, and it was a really bad scene. There was a whole distribution leg, and pretty much everyone down the line ratted on each other, except for the very top people. She ended up getting 25 years, even after ratting out her suppliers, but this is a story I’ll get more into later on. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic

seen: 7 hours, 23 minutes Re: Stories from  
the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
AlfredHitchcock] #19319031 - 12/24/13 06:21  
AM (3 years, 10 months ago)

----- R.I.P Zappa Slothie That Kid  
With The face ShLong & Le Canard Forever  
Etched in the sands of time in the shroomery  
and ever so beloved and deeply missed by many  
Post Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds  
Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2  
days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
AlfredHitchcock] #19320473 - 12/24/13 05:39  
PM (3 years, 10 months ago) Quote:

AlfredHitchcock said: DWPineal all I want for  
Christmas is the next chapter!! Merry Christmas  
& Happy Holidays to you sir. x2

----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts:  
25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17760816 -  
02/07/13 04:56 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) So,  
pardon me if you're planning on touching on it  
in the future, but I'm curious what you  
experienced in 2000/2001 after WLP went  
down. I was 18/19 then and had a steady supply  
for several years... it went from feast to famine  
in a week...and it took me 10 years to source  
again. So, if its still part of the story, feel free to  
tell me to hold my horses. Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] 1  
#17761194 - 02/07/13 06:08 PM (4 years, 8



into the camp grounds I could see that a lot more land had been cleared, giving us much more space than last year to choose from. Last year we showed up late at night, but this year we had arrived early Friday morning, and so few people had arrived that we had no trouble finding a beautiful spot by one of the treelines. We threw down our gear and rolled a joint before setting up the site. Once the joint was lit and being passed around, we got to work setting up the tents, camp chairs and tarps. Scotty was a much more experienced camper than I was, so I just followed his lead. We had the entire site set up in about 15 minutes and took another trip out to the truck to grab our coolers and sleeping bags. By the time we got back, Jimmie was already making up some grilled cheese sandwiches for lunch. We grabbed our chairs, got some plates and sat down to eat, ready for the weekend to start. We had arrived so early, the camp sites were all spread out, and not many people were out wandering around. The music

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17879393 - 02/28/13 04:51 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: sailing said: great story man, I can imagine that warm fuzzy feeling you must have had every time gary and ray came to town. Did you ever have any problems with quality control while working with E-dog? Im sure you didnt have to worry about nbome back then, but i know these days there are sheets floating around that are week enough for people to think they are bunk even if it has good clean acid on it. For sure, there is definitely a bond that is created when you're working with others to spread psychedelics, it definitely extends way beyond any pure business aspect for most f the people I ended up working with for any extended periods of time. To this day I can see people I used to work with - but haven't seen in years and years and years, and feel like the conversation picks up almost where it left off in terms of warm feelings.... In

----- I'm stupid, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is smart. I'm ugly, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is beautiful. I'm a loser, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is a winner. Someday, I hope to be like Falcon91Wolvrn03 but secretly know I never will. Post Extras: indocult Dr Registered: 07/13/09 Posts: 1,350 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Mr.PhilCybin] #17620990 - 01/28/13 03:47 AM (4 years, 8 months ago) Lol damn you all!! I keep checking my threads, and this has new stuff and I keep expecting it to be new DWP stories. Seriously, as I and many have said already, FUCK yeah DWP, you rock man, I just realized I can give ratings to people so here's 5 shrooms for you. I'd give you 5000 if I could Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: indocult] #17622586 - 01/28/13 03:27 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) ^^Gotta be one of the coolest sigs I've seen on

fun to relive the memories by doing this, keep up the good work and good vibes It's actually really healing and awesome to dust off the cobwebs from the stories in my mind and bring them to life again. Helps me go back in time and relive a lot of the formative years of my life. I just finished editing Mail Order Mushrooms and was able to find a cool pic of the park and observation tower so I threw it in there.

-----  
\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: toader123  
Registered: 12/07/05 Posts: 1,722 Last seen: 3  
days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#17830222 - 02/19/13 07:54 PM (4 years, 8  
months ago) Great stories! I love reading  
about this kind of stuff. Very facinating. Keep

(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms

by ReaperAndRaven      FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
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BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
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| dumlovesyou   | 7,592  | 39      | 09/25/10 09:14 PM |
| by arekusu  |        |         |                   |
| What's the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3                     |        |         |                   |

we both cracked up laughing, and I will never forget him doing that. I went to page Melanie and see what was up. She called us back at the pay phone and I told her the story. “That Asshole!” she yelled; it turns out that she had broken up with him last week because he’d started smoking crack and she caught him stealing money from her. Of course he never came back with the 1000 hits of pink suns. In fact I never saw him again, ever. That was one of many tough lessons. Another time, after a great night at the Edge, we got a ride home from some guys we’d just met that same night, Carlos and Two-Finger John (he really did only have two fingers on his right hand). When the car pulled up and stopped at the corner near my house, we thanked them for the ride home and jumped out of the car. As we watched the car drive away down the street, I reached into my pockets and realized my keys were not in my pants pockets. To make matters worse, my key ring had a little zippered pouch that I had been



that were sitting around a small fire. A tea kettle hung above the fire while everyone relaxed around with cups in their hands. I was there for about an hour when someone said they needed to do a supply run for more tea, and did anyone want to help. I offered to go along to help and so did another of the guys sitting around the fire. We walked all the way back to the parking areas and made our way to an old Mailman's truck. I thought that was pretty cool to drive around in a truck that used to be a mail truck. The drive out was so peaceful, the area was still very forested and calm in the morning. We made conversation as we drove out into the countryside, and I soon discovered that the supplies we were going for were psychedelic mushrooms. I didn't realize they were making mushroom tea! I had never gone mushroom picking before, so I could barely contain my excitement. We pulled into the driveway of a large farm and were greeted warmly by the family there. We were invited in to smoke a

sun rose on the next day no one wanted anything more than sleep. The vial of AMT had long since found its way back into my drawer and the cellophane with the remaining pills was sleeping comfortably next to it. Everyone went home and I went to my bed and slept for almost the entire next day. When I woke up I was still tired and spent the next waking hours relaxing reading a book out by the pool. The next weekend Amber called and asked if I wanted to come over to hang out and smoke with everyone later that day. All six of the people Will had brought over all lived together in a two bedroom apartment about twenty minutes away from my mom's house. Sophie and Amber had bedrooms, but the rest of the people were crashing in the living room for the time being. We spent the day watching movies and smoking buds, but as we were watching, Amber and I had been lightly and innocently touching hands, lightly brushing each other's skin, feeling out how the other would react. At some point, most everyone went

Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:

'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18128348 -

04/18/13 03:03 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) I

was gonna comment on that line, too, buy.

Perfect sentence there!!! Another awesome

installment, dw. Didn't the chemical wholesaler

eventually catch on that your company only

purchased amt? "here comes that druggie kid I

was telling ya about, Rhonda." Post Extras:

Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle Registered: 07/10/12

Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3 months,

7 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: shLong] #18128472 -

04/18/13 03:43 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Dude. So many run in's with the Law! I hope he

makes it out of this one... -----

Species List (Georgia): Psilocybe

caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe atlantis/galindoi,

Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe

disappearing. That the things happening all over the earth would continue to spin in my absence, like I'd never even existed in the first place. The show must go on, if I stopped living right here and now, I knew that people would be sad for a moment in time, but then things would have to keep moving, the world would move on without me. That was a powerful realization for a teenager. At that time, and I think in much of the human experience, we feel so involved in life that it is hard to take the time to think how things would be if "I" was removed from all the equations. The very act of perceiving reality makes it a personal and connected experience, where that exact perception is based entirely on the observer. Removing the observer changes one's perception entirely. Being deep in the forest filled me with a sense of peace. I could hear the sounds of nature all around me and I started thinking how amazing it would be to live just like this. My mind created a vision of a fantasy forest home, simple but fitting in almost

sparked up a big joint, at John's suggestion. I had asked if he thought I should get clean before they put me on probation, so it would look good. "Fuck no man, smoke up to the last minute. Tell them you smoked your last joint on the way to court that morning, that way you don't have to worry about pissing dirty for the first month or so because they know you will. Don't let them take over your life early, might as well enjoy the time you have before they take over." The court case was in Palm Beach County since that was where my college was, but since I was living at my mother's house in Fort Lauderdale, they transferred the probation to Broward County. I was told to go immediately to report to the probation office after leaving the courtroom. Don't stop for gas, food, nothing, I was to report immediately. The probation office was on Sistrunk Blvd. which was in a kind of ghetto neighborhood I had only heard of until now. People had always joked about going to "Sistrunk" to buy dime bags of

into each other's ears to hear ourselves speaking, so we walked back from the wall of bass bins and speakers, to where it was just a little quieter. From back at the edges of the crowds we see the whole scene, and it was a lot to take in. The night was nice and cool, which felt amazingly refreshing after dancing for so long. I was covered in sweat, but the breeze was drying me off. Someone had a backpack with a blanket and put it on the ground and we all melted into a big multi-armed, multi-legged, multi-headed, multi-conscious entity. They were all excited about some pure ecstasy capsules they'd bought a while ago, apparently it was really good stuff. Once I had drunk some water, cooled down some, and been able to get a sense of balance, I wanted to get one of these capsules as well. Just watching everyone in such an excited and blissful state was enough to make my soul smile. I was able to convince Karla to take me to find the guy they bought the capsules from, and we got up from the blanket, said we'd

#17761258 - 02/07/13 06:19 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) I can only imagine the frustration that would cause. Having a tale to tell but not being able to because its not in line with the time. Anyhow, I like this chunk of the story. I like hearing of how people go through the ranks. Carry on Post Extras: bryguy27007  
Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486  
Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17761531 - 02/07/13 07:10 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)  
Quote: dwpineal said: Man I am having a lot of trouble not skipping ahead to be honest. I sit there and think of this good story or that good story, but if I jump out of chronological order - I don't know - trying to keep things in line to make it easier for me to flow from one set of events to the next. But believe me I am having a hard time. I have a long way to go before we get to 2001 LOL - I am going to also fit in the 8 month trip into this thread so I can refine the stories and make them fit into the framework of

sky, with the music infusing the air all around us. All of a sudden from the stage came a loud cacophony of alarm clocks and bells tolling all together. I didn't know it was part of a Pink Floyd song, but hearing all those clocks put my mind into one of the endless thought loops about time that had become almost commonplace for me. Time can be one the most fun and most confounding things to explore when tripping. It is a completely man made, made-up map placed over reality, but at the same time, it has a sense of marking the changes in days and seasons accurately, giving it inherent and unquestionable value. It can be measured in eons and millennia and also divided so finely into nanoseconds. It is infinite going up and down, and in theory can be divided parabolically, never quite touching infinity or the zero-point. Soon the music ended for the night and we turned up the music at our campsite, still not tired at all. The LSD and music got us lost in the experience and soon it



really are awesome and I love how they transport me back to that time period. ChinaCat's stories did the same thing..the LSD culture is magical. ----- Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I won't be alone 'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before.

Post Extras: Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ballerium] #18020482 - 03/28/13 01:56 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: Ballerium said: This is like waiting for a weekly episode of your favorite TV show, only to find out they're showing a re-run. J/K DWP, I will wait patiently for you. Your stories really are awesome and I love how they transport me back to that time period. ChinaCat's stories did the same thing..the LSD culture is magical. Haha it totally is! And lol "pending pendant orders" Just sounds awesome haha Shorty ----- Did I say it too loud? Big

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17925882 - 03/09/13 01:54 AM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: oh, that woulda made me rage man. But it seems it turned into a blessing in the end. Nice, good read my brotha. Oh big time man - to both parts of your thought! When John said that my amount of WTF????? was through the roof. I tend to be passive aggressive sometimes though, so me going to sleep in the car was my way of saying F-YOU man! But yeah, by the end of the weekend I remember almost being in tears at one point - so thankful they dragged me along. Truly a once in a lifetime experience. It was pretty much my first "Hippie" festival ever - this was the same place that the next year I embarked on my 8 month trip - so yeah - I was blessed for sure to end up there so randomly... too bad you didnt get some phone numbers. i can only imagine what you could have done if you ended up talking business with the lunatic.

psychedelic mushrooms wouldn't grow. I don't know if there was any truth to those rumors, but I do know that I never found any magic mushrooms ever again in a cow field.

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding

Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade

Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12 12:17 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] 3 #17180362 - 11/07/12 11:59 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

Spreading the Good News After getting Melanie's number, I finally had a steady supply

of LSD. And since so many people had selflessly helped me to get acid up until now, I

started letting some of them know about my good luck. I didn't charge them anything over

Dude I just found this.... Awesome! It's purrty good isn't it? I can't wait for more!

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation  
Post Extras: GoldenArrow Chasing self up  
spiral staircase Registered: 10/05/11 Posts:  
1,370 Loc: UK Last seen: 29 days, 6 hours  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground  
[Re: tk.step14] #18778002 - 08/30/13 10:42 PM  
(4 years, 1 month ago) Quote: tk.step14 said:  
seeing new posts in this thread then realising  
they are not more stories is making my life  
disappointing, a rollercoaster ride..... haha FFS,  
so much this! This is me when I see a new post  
on this thread: ...then when it's just some  
pointless post: -----  
----- Monster  
Fruits and Monster Contams! My grow log Post  
Extras: AlfredHitchcock Disco Biscuits  
Registered: 02/29/12 Posts: 73 Loc: PSW Last  
seen: 1 month, 7 days Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: GoldenArrow] 1  
#18785036 - 09/01/13 07:04 PM (4 years, 1

everyone's eyes on me as I tore off a five strip and held them out, for him to come over and take. He motioned me over, I guess he wasn't going to be walking across the room, so I got up, walked across the room and handed them over. I knew his name and his crew from the scene, but we'd never met, so this felt like a good thing. The afterhours party went on into the early evening and eventually we'd all filtered out of the house and headed home. Before we left, O, the oriental girl I met earlier, gave me her number. She said, "Hey if you want to get more of that paper, you should really give Eric a call. Eric? Who was Eric, I thought. She must have seen it in my eyes, "E-Dog," she laughed. "My boyfriend." A few days later I called the number she gave and a guy answered. "E-dog?" I said into the phone. "Yeah, what's up?" I told him who I was and did my best to ask in code if he could help me out in getting some pages. He told me sure, and to just come by his place and we'd talk more. So I set up a

using to put all our money from the night's work in. I had counted out some money in the car for gas, so I knew I had it with me then. I ran into the middle of the street trying to chase after the car. Maybe they didn't realize I was running behind the car with my arms flailing wildly trying to get their attention. I went home and called them, asking them to see if they could bring my keys back, but allegedly they couldn't find them. We never saw that money again, and Chris was really pissed off at me for leaving it in their car. "That was the money we worked all night for!" Yet another time, a friend of mine that I had sold quite a bit of acid to over the past few months called me and asked if I could get his friend Carmine an ounce of crip. Crip is what high-grade pot is called in South Florida. The low grade stuff comes compressed in bricks from other countries, and was of quality that varied, and was called "regs", for regular. Regs sold for about \$100 an ounce and crip sold for \$300 an ounce. I set it up so that

felt communal. We were all one tribe, dancing to the drums. As the night became morning people filtered out of the club, thinning the group to a few hundred people. The acid was still hitting us, and we wanted to stay as long as we could, or at least until they kicked us out. At one point the DJ played “We are Family, (All my brothers, sisters, and me!)” And everyone on the dance floor got in a big circle and put their arms around one another and sang along. I just started smiling so strongly I felt my face was going to hurt later. This was an indescribable feeling, together with these strangers, but feeling so connected to each other. It was a bonding of the community; it was inviting us into the family. That was the last song of the night, as it ended the lights came up, the music went off, and people started making their way to the exit. Some people stayed on the dance floor and started chanting to the DJ on the second floor overlooking the scene “One More Song! One More Song!” With a loud click, the lights

seconds on 19 queries. Shroomery - Magic  
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Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe



the people in the house, with the exception of Sophie and me were working on the beach either at restaurants, bars, or as rickshaw cart drivers. The rickshaws were cool, because they could get partier's on the Fort Lauderdale strip easily and safely from one bar or nightclub to the next. Well safely might be a questionable term as I know those guys were going to work tripping some nights, but it seemed to work out great, since I never heard anything about a single accident. Amber was working as a bartender in The Beach Place which was a three story structure on the strip that had bars, restaurants and breathtaking ocean views from every window. Sophie was working at a strip club somewhere, but I never knew exactly where it was because I've never liked the idea of strip clubs. They're just too fake; I've never wanted to spend money to have girls pretend to like me. I would much rather sell psychedelics to strippers and get their money for something with real value than to give them my money for

closed, maybe I could run over to the next lane and pay on foot, run back to the car and drive off before the police showed up. I grabbed some change from the center console and jumped out of the car. I saw a guy come out of the toll booth yelling, "Get out of here! Go! Go!" waving us through the closed toll lane. I jumped back into the car and started it up. I think I heard the guy yelling "Go! Get the f\*\$k out of here!" as we pulled off the metal railing and back onto the highway. We were all in shock as we drove the rest of the way to South Beach, and no one really said much of anything the whole rest of the way. We pulled into a parking spot on the road by the club and I was scared to look at the passenger side of my new car to see just how badly I'd messed it up. I walked around the car as everyone piled out to see the damage. Unbelievably, the car had barely a scratch on it. I was so relieved and happy to see that, since I was sure I had pretty much ruined my new ride. I couldn't understand how it could be possible

within the gathering; I had never experienced anything like this before. We gathered all our camping gear and started walking down the main trail to find a place to camp. The main trail was lined with colorful signs and streamers and decorations. People were dressed in a different style than I had ever seen, kind of a nature-hippie-forest-fairy-tie-dye style, and everyone we passed was saying “Welcome Home!” to us as we walked in to the deeper forest with our gear. It felt very nice and truly welcoming. After walking for what felt like a very long time, we arrived into an area where people were camping along the main trail. We found a spot there and began to set up camp. Several people walking along the trail stopped to help us set everything up and one even stopped just to smoke us out with some nice buds he’d brought. Smoking that joint in the forest really set the mood for me and everything seemed to move into a space of feeling perfectly at home here. Once we were done setting up camp, the sun had already

closest friends. We talked about so many different things in about an hour in the water that I couldn't begin to touch on how many subjects we covered. We talked a lot about psychedelics; how they can connect you to the true experience of what it is to be human, how they're illegal and how crazy that is. It got very passionate and we could both tell we were definitely on the same page in terms of the way we viewed the importance of the psychedelic experience. "My skin is starting to feel really hot, we should probably go and get some sunscreen on" Gary said. We walked out of the water and back to our campsite where everyone was sitting, still in the comfort of the shade of the huge oak tree. Gary went to get the suntan lotion and Ray started talking about how sunscreen was a conspiracy and that before people had sunscreen, the sun was just as hot, but you never heard about cases of skin cancer. But since the development of sunscreen, skin cancer had begun to rise and he said you could

the top to the box, clicking it closed, and sure enough, right on top of the box was an index card with Gianni's full name and address. Why he put our stuff in there I will never know, but I have to admit, to this day I still find this funny for how ridiculously stupid it is. Soon a tow truck pulled up and started hooking up Gianni's car. Curtis was still on the side of the road when first the tow truck drove off and then the cop car, with us in it. I saw him raise his hands, and I think I heard him say, "You're just going to leave me here on the side of the road?" as we pulled away. "I tell you boys, as soon as I looked into your car and saw ya'll, I knew I was gonna arrest ya!" he said, looking back over his shoulder as he drove. "Yep, we call this here road the drug pipeline, people come from Miami up this road thinking they gonna slide on through here, and we pull 'em over all day long." We pulled up to an old wooden building with peeling paint with a sign letting us know, that in this backwards little town – this – was

on my mind like an anvil. My brother and two of the girls in the house all walked back over to the golf course and snuck the weed out of the bushes and smuggled it back to Chip's house. Dave was still sleeping so we rolled a joint and I relaxed into the couch, realizing how blessed I was. My parents always told me there were two kinds of problems in the world, problems you can solve with money and other problems. The problems you could solve with money were the best kinds of problems. Now I knew I would have to pay a ton of money to get Dave's car painted and fixed up, but at least it was infinitely better than being back in jail on a stack of new charges piled on top of violating probation for my original charges. When Dave finally woke up we went out and looked at his car. It looked ridiculous with the green pinstripes running diagonally across the car from front to back, but it didn't look like anything was really broken. Again I told him, "Dave, I'm so sorry man, I had no idea, the car

3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka

The Psychedelic Experience and

Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52

01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra

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Mushroom Info Growing Mushrooms (TEST)

Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
Message Board Supporter Accounts  
Folding@home Links Mushrooms Cannabis  
Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books



yet. They had a few people taking the mushrooms out of the bag and laying them out, I think they were doing a last minute cleaning for cow poop. Instead of the tea kettle I saw before, there was now a really big stock pot on the fire full of water with a turkey thermometer sticking out of the top. “What’s that for?” I asked. “You don’t want to get the water too hot or the mushrooms won’t work. We like to keep it around 125 degrees.” We all sat around the fire pit talking while the water heated up, someone would stir up the water once in a while even though nothing was in it yet. Soon the water was steaming and they started putting handfuls of the mushrooms into the pot. We had so many mushrooms they wouldn’t all fit into the pot, so they just filled it as much as they could and kept stirring the pot. Someone was squeezing fresh lemons into the pot, Tea Time had a whole crew of people working to help make this tea it was really neat to watch. The water in the pot was now a dark purple from all

head. I never have been able to really feel confident in interpreting his sentence. Did he know what it was and was joking with me, or was he just asking if I knew what to do with it back in our “lab.” At ZRY Research. I took a closer look at the vials when I got home. Just looking at the vials was exciting. The presentation of the AMT was very traditional for chemical suppliers, but I’d never seen anything packaged with a purity percentage on the label of the bottle. A-Methyltryptamine 98.68%. The labels also had a lot number, which I carefully tore off the bottle, being careful to leave the percentage part of the label intact. I liked that they came sealed, that made the bottles look that much more impressive. I put the bottles away, and called one of my best friend’s to see what he was doing this weekend. I had found some dosage information on the internet alt.drugs newsgroup, and they said to take about 15-20mg, so I set about figuring a way to divide up the gram I had into 20mg doses. I opened the

campsite, and Ray, Scotty, and I climbed into my tent. We left the door to the tent open so we could see the sunset wash over the blue afternoon skies. I sat down and looked out to the sky. With no transition period from sober reality into the realm of the psychedelic, the visual aspect of the trip made itself known fully. A cascading procession of cartoony pastel rainbow rectangles with fluid edges rolled out resembling the moving shape of the closing red velvet curtains on a playhouse stage. From this point on in the story I can no longer hold any true sense of cohesive time, as that completely came undone for me. My memories from this night seem to flow back in individual pieces, so I know what happened, but I cannot faithfully reconstruct a time relationship between the remembered temporal slices. Trying to describe any psychedelic experience is difficult, because the way the mind connects things, the visual imagery, both closed and open eye, the way sounds are experienced may only ever be felt in

[Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience Threaded Previous Index](#)  
[Next](#) Welcome to the Shroomery Message Board! You are experiencing a small sample of what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to additional forums, file attachments, board customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Shop: buy cannabis seeds, Buy CBD Microscope Pages: < [Back](#) | [1](#) | [2](#) | [3](#) | [4](#) | [5](#) | [6](#) | [7](#) | [8](#) | [9](#) | [10](#) | [11](#) | [12](#) | [13](#) | [14](#) | [15](#) | [16](#) | [17](#) | [18](#) | [19](#) | [20](#) | [Next](#) > | [Last](#) > [dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666](#) Re: [Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \[Re: twinkie\]](#) #17628094 - 01/29/13 05:04 PM (4 years, 8 months ago) Quote: twinkie said: Dude. Seriously. Write a book. I will buy it. I will advertise it. I will support it. These are some of the most amazing reads I've spent days reading this stuff, reading before bed, reading when I wake up. It makes me really really really

stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
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Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations

years, 5 months ago) Oh no way, DW is a great choice for a mod. But not if you're going to be too busy to give us more stories!

----- The Psychedelic Salon --  
Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation

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enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924

58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is  
there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1  
2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by

lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic  
Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT

have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3

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to get him away from his house, and that Scotty was gathering information from him so that he and Marty could rip him off while he was away. Tristan was a grower and he created an entire plot where while we took him to the festival and dosed him, we had another crew of people going to his grow house to clear it out. He really believed that we had pulled it all off and that was why he threatened to kill Scotty. Of course when he got home, his place was fine. He called Marty and apologized the next day after the LSD had totally worn off and he had some time to think everything through. We never saw Tristan again after that, which was fine by me. I made it a point not to associate with people like that out of pure self-preservation.

-----  
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Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
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Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
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Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
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outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet

cell. This one was much smaller and was crammed full of people waiting to go to court, with no standing room left by the time I walked in. We waited there until we were called to go downstairs to where the courtroom was. I went downstairs into yet another cell, this one smaller, but with more room because there were enough of the small cells to hold people in this area. We waited for several hours in these cells before being called out to see the judge. I was walked out in a single-file line until it was my turn. I was called to walk up to the public defender and was excited to get a chance to talk to a lawyer about what was going on exactly with my case. The lawyer looked up at me for a second from behind an open folder and asked how I was going to plead. "What should I do? Do you know what's going on?" "I don't have any of the info on your case. You can plead guilty and they can sentence you right here, but then we never get to look at the evidence. If you plead "Not Guilty" then we can get discovery

smiling, early Tuesday morning. They wanted to get to the Ratdog show early, so had to come by my place shortly after breakfast to keep on schedule. They ended up staying a few hours and laid out their ideas of how everything should flow. No one had ever really taken the time to sit me down and give me advice on how to sell acid, so I was excited to have some guidance. Everyone else had just let me figure things out on my own, now I was getting actual instructions. They'd already told me to get my hair cut conservatively but it was one of the first things I heard again out of their mouths. The idea was to look as clean-cut as possible to avoid arousing any suspicion when you were carrying large amounts of acid around. Clean, neat, and tidy seemed to be the rule of the game for hair, clothes, cars, speech, everything. They advised getting a PO Box for receiving overnight shipments and a safety-deposit box to keep the acid in. Keeping home and work separate in that way helped you rest better at

I'm sure its way off. And I don't think he'd look like that dude. Post Extras: Hashfinger Nippy Wiffle Registered: 07/10/12 Posts: 4,773 Loc: Georgia Last seen: 3 months, 7 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17964011 - 03/16/13 06:06 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: shLong said: Quote: allseeingike said: Quote: Hashfinger said: ^dwpineal I've always been curious what our buddy looks like. I have a mental image, but I'm sure its way off. And I don't think he'd look like that dude. Probably looks more like this.

----- Species List (Georgia):  
Psilocybe caerulescens/weilii, Psilocybe atlantis/galindoi, Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata, Psilocybe caerulipes, Psilocybe semilanceata, Psilocybe fagicola, Copelandia cyanescens, Panaeolus cinctulus, Panaeolus fimicola, Panaeolus olivaceus, Gymnopilus luteofolius, Gymnopilus aeruginosus, Gymnopilus junonius, Pluteus salicinus (Ohio): Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata,

had no designs, no perforations, it didn't look like any kind of acid I'd ever seen before, but they assured me I'd be happy. It just looked like a big piece of card stock or thick white paper. I quietly worried that I'd just given these two guys, who I really didn't know at all, almost six thousand dollars as they drove off with me holding some blank white paper. Most of that six grand wasn't even mine, and my mind got the better of me. I cut a small square of the paper and put it in my mouth. It didn't taste like anything, but I got a little shiver when I put it on my tongue that sometimes happened with LSD. After about 30 minutes, with my mind in a state of worry, I still didn't feel anything and I was really starting to panic a little. Another frantic fifteen minutes went by and I thought I was starting to feel something but I couldn't be absolutely sure. I cut off another square, almost twice as big as the first one, and ate that too, wanting to be sure when it came on that I could really feel it. Of course when I had chewed on

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meeting for Friday after I got out of school. I got all my money together and headed down to South Beach, where they lived with Scotty doing the driving. We parked on the tree-lined streets and found the door to his apartment and headed over. Having an apartment in the heart of South Beach was impressive enough, I knew a few people with apartments there, and I was always jealous. It would be awesome to live right in the middle of the party atmosphere of South Beach. O answered the door and led us in. they had a really nice place. I saw E-Dog sitting on the couch flipping through a magazine. He got up when he saw us, shook hands, and said he'd be right back. He came out with a big piece of paper that I thought was a rave flyer in his hands. He turned the paper over from one side to the other and I saw designs on both sides, but still was thinking it was a party flyer. Scotty was quicker than me to realize it was a book of acid. He said that he had as many as I would need and that they were \$600 for the books. This was the

Underground [Re: TFDS] #17508725 - 01/07/13  
02:11 AM (4 years, 9 months ago) Oh wow,  
DWP. It looks like you're on to something here.  
[http://www.reddit.com/r/Drugs/comments/15g270/whats\\_your\\_story/](http://www.reddit.com/r/Drugs/comments/15g270/whats_your_story/) Post Extras: dstark  
Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts:  
3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
shLong] #17509044 - 01/07/13 03:11 AM (4  
years, 9 months ago) ^^^ Well where is our  
stories ----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: GigaHurtz1 Stranger Registered:  
09/29/05 Posts: 183 Last seen: 1 year, 5 months  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dstark] #17586924 - 01/22/13  
02:18 AM (4 years, 9 months ago) Dwpineal,  
MOAR!!!! Post Extras: shLong Registered:  
03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
GigaHurtz1] 1 #17587207 - 01/22/13 03:12 AM



started to understand fully from every angle, how many phrases and sayings came into common use. Going through each common phrase I would see how it was first used and then packaged into everyday speech where it lost touch with its roots, but still was drenched in meaning and usefulness. I kept having that "AH-HA! Moment" over and over again with each new phrase I examined. It was like I was soaking up the teachings that were coming out of the forest faster than my mind could ever hold onto them. My mind kept moving along the pathways of runaway thought as the leaves above me rustled in the shade of the emerald forest. I wondered about G-d and divine energy and how I felt about those concepts. I touched on many of the classic philosophical questions about our place in the universe and how an all-knowing, all-powerful being or all-encompassing formless and infinite divine energy might work. My mind teleported from thinking about the Torah, written in Hebrew,

2 all )MOTH 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by  
lightset Conscructing the Psychedelic  
Experience Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50  
PM by CactiLover Does anybody else NOT  
have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3  
all ) PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37  
PM by cube talk Raves v.s. Psychedelic  
Trance Festivals ( 1 2 all ) dumlovesyou 7,592  
39 09/25/10 09:14 PM by arekusu What's  
the biggest danger of psychedelic use? ( 1 2 3  
all ) silversoul7 5,232 50 12/18/15 06:48 AM  
by ReaperAndRaven FAQ 46. Is it true that  
psychedelics can trigger mental illness? Rose  
3,535 18 10/20/04 05:38 PM by baraka  
The Psychedelic Experience and  
Enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )Kid 11,037 52  
01/12/17 08:02 AM by Didedood Extra  
information You cannot start new topics / You  
cannot reply to topics HTML is disabled /  
BBCode is enabled Moderator:  
psilocybinjunkie, Asante, Rose, sui, karode13  
63,983 topic views. 7 members, 161 guests and

God damn it's been a while! Fucking fantastic story! So glad there's more to come. I've missed these so. ----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: afrobus] #19376821 - 01/06/14 06:10 PM (3 years, 9 months ago)

Quote: dstark said: Great read as always DW, thanks for the treat was super interesting!!

When you are going to tell us how you got into the job you are doing? Do you mean the art stuff I do now? I'm thinking it's a long road to get to that But it's kinda an extension of what I was always doing, just safer in terms of legality. I can sell psychedelic art without any fears of negative repercussions against my family

Quote: Into The Woods said: When are you going to get the book published? Can't publish until it's written And we're all watching as it comes along...but I still have years of stories to

with L, maybe because it's kind of a myth to me. Helps with the legend of DW!!! DW thanks for the pendant! Can't wait to gift the other one to the right person. Thanks again for the entertainment brother. ----- Post

Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey Toons] #18137858 - 04/20/13 05:00 AM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: Shroomey Toons

said: (bestie) . I'm definitely a LSD man. My 1st bad trip was on shrooms (when I thought I was invincible to them) and I just have a better, more enjoyable time on it. My brain reacts much much different to each. The whole scene is so fucking intriguing to me. From Hofmann to W. L. Pickard to dwpineal ( ) Post Extras:

Shroomey Toons Shh I farted Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18137929 - 04/20/13 05:13 AM (4 years, 6

home with his parents, and eventually he started to piece the events from that night together. He started to become more himself as more time passed. Finally he was pretty much the same old Chris' we always knew, though to be honest, he always seemed a little trippier after that experience. Like even when he was sober he seemed like he was tripping a little, with some of the comments he would make, or the way he thought about the world. I don't think he ever did LSD again after that. What had happened that night was that he had run into some friends at Wonderland that had some LSD. They gave him two hits of Aztec Calendars, but then dropped a hit of liquid onto each of the hits. He said he could remember watching the drops fall from the vial onto the paper (and hearing him describe the drops falling was pretty funny, he was very descriptive about the way they fell, making long drawn out sound effects to go along with his words). And that was pretty much the last thing he remembers from that night. It

people who had taken it, acid was not a widespread phenomenon in our area, or at least it was somewhat rare. So this led me to books. I read what was available in our high school library, which was not much. Alex and I took the bus to the Broward County Main Library, a massive eight floor building housing what seemed to be millions of books. We spent hours digging through the shelves and reading quietly in the study cubicles. As closing time approached, we checked out two books. We ended up leaving with a copy of Tom Wolfe's Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test and Aldous Huxley's Doors of Perception. I read both of them over the next weekend. By Monday morning, my mind was abuzz. I was excited. I wanted to get on the bus. The following Friday after school we found ourselves climbing into an old beat up blue work van that belonged to our Friend Jake's dad, headed to what turned out to be the best possible place for our first LSD experience. He was taking us deep in the Florida

time in-between then and now. Time seemed plastic and fake, all time was now, and all things that ever happened were happening right now and this is the only moment that ever will be real and it stretches back to the beginning and forward past the ending, connecting everything to this exact fraction of a second. It seemed like everything around me became white light. I couldn't open my eyes, because I might lose the energy that I created in this space. "Everything exactly where it should be." Ray said to my side. My eyes were still closed but I saw his words moving in full three-dimensional rotation, watching the sides of the letters smooth into velvety fabric. I repeated it in my mind, and it seemed to echo within my consciousness as the visuals I was experiencing were showing me pillars of this radiant white light settling slowly into their perfect place in space and time, white pillars on top of a white landscape. I opened my eyes and the internal world I'd created fell away like it was a totally different place. I was

boyfriend, Lollipop. “Hey have you seen Melanie? I wanna get together with her, I gotta re-up.” “Nah, she ain’t gonna be here tonight, but I can take care of you.” “Cool, where are you going to be? I have to find my boy.” “Over by my van, there.” He said, pointing towards the back side of the parking lot. I went and found Chris; we got our money together and went off to the back side of the parking lot and found Lollipop by his old van. “Can we get a book?” “Yeah, I got these pink suns, they’re the bomb! Just give me the money and I’ll run to my place and grab it for you.” “No Problem. A grand?” “Yeah.” “Okay here you go,” I said putting a neat fold of bills discretely into his hand. “We’ll just chill here.” “Alright I’ll be right back, I live just about 10 minutes away.” He got into his van and drove off with a smile and a wave. Chris and I waited in the parking lot, and waited, and waited. After about forty-five minutes, Chris stood up with his arm outstretched and said theatrically, “Please pink sun guy, Come Back!”



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Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (11/08/12  
12:20 AM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17180379 -  
11/08/12 12:02 AM (4 years, 11 months ago)

A Quick Trip North When we got into the  
parking lot of Hyperspace II at a fairground  
outside of Orlando, about four hours north of  
Fort Lauderdale, we saw rows and rows of cars  
covering acres of grassy land and stretching into  
the distance. Chris and I piled out of the old red  
Toyota Celica with three friends that had  
cramped into the close quarters for the ride up.  
When we opened the doors, the smoke from the  
joint we just finished made it out first, followed

(3 years, 9 months ago) Quote: Lucid Toast  
said: Bullshit. Complete bullshit. Gulabel  
bullshit, you should be able to Come up with  
something better than my mom accidentally  
sucked on a sheet of my acid because she  
thought it was drugs. My mother wouldn't touch  
drugs with a 10 foot pole out of fear of getting  
high. Yeah bullshit. The story of you  
brakedancing behind the band, bullshit. Yup  
bullshit. I've had weirder shit happen. Nothing  
he has said is even remotely beyond the realm  
of believability. Not to mention, who the fuck  
cares. Post Extras: jack\_straw2208 Doctor  
Registered: 02/12/07 Posts: 1,335 Loc: yo  
mamma's house Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong]  
#19331508 - 12/27/13 09:27 AM (3 years, 9  
months ago) nessicitas mas porfavor  
----- I'm pullin' steel wires out of  
my eyes they're 20 miles long tangled up with  
my all insides DieCommie said: cut off her nose  
to spider face Post Extras: Shroomey Toons

lights, music and community was once again coming together and opening the hearts and minds of a culture. To be dancing together with hundreds or thousands of other people, and to feel totally open and safe allowed many people to experience a state of true bliss and connectedness. The combination of the music, lights, dance, and drugs would meld into a figurative key, unlocking the minds of the dancers, opening them to the infinite possibilities of the universe. It was like each dancer was a comet, illuminating the night in sparkly luminescence while moving through space and time in precise patterns. It seemed like impossibly large amounts of experience were being fitted into tiny moment of time. People were going through multiple lifetimes of experiences from multiple perspectives of age and even genders in matters of minutes. With this kind of time dilation and intensity of experience it is no wonder why it seemed that so much was going on and so much was changing

----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methylone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote, DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE] #18613033 - 07/26/13 08:20 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) Quote: GRAVE said: The lack of new stories is making my life on shroomery a lot less exciting. Post Extras: Jump to top.

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Replies Last post Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all ) Learyfan 13,924

58 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1

morning, we all crawled out of our tents and started breaking down the camp. When we got back to E-Dog's place in South Beach I felt like I needed to go right to sleep, but I helped unload E-Dog and Lillie's gear and Ray offered to drive me home, since I still didn't have my own car. Gary rolled three fat joints and we drove the half hour up to my place. As tired as I was, this half-hour drive was probably the most important part of the trip. It turned out the Gary and Ray were E-Dog's source for all the LSD he'd brought into South Florida, and that he still wasn't ready to work after watching his best friend get locked up and going through the trial. So they asked if I wanted to keep working, but directly with them. We agreed that I would pay the same prices that E-Dog was charging and that they would kick his cut back down to him for connecting us for the first year. "But you have to camouflage yourself better." Ray said. Just tone down your appearance, cut your hair, dress conservatively, you can't run a revolution

playing absolutely incredible music. The synchronicity of the ecstatic moment I was living and living and living was exceptionally profound and connective; I saw much love in everyone and in myself, much unity around me. And the light of it all! There was a ton of white paper ornaments, huge things, floating above center stage, that would light up with the white light that came from the stage. It was very illuminated with white light, which was a perfect reflection of what I was at the time, total ecstatic bliss perpetually being released and channeled. I kept looking at my friends, enjoying their joy and reveling together in this bliss. Eventually we chose together to explore the grounds, and we ended up finding a hallway that was filled TOTALLY with fog. We entered. I led, walking slowly down this fog tunnel, immersed in whiteness and light. Wow that was cool. We were just like, constantly, is this REAL??? Then we saw a security guard in front of us a minute later who told us to "GET THE

motioned me to her room. In her room she said, “You don’t have to leave, you can stay over if you want.” I wanted. We cuddled up in her bed and spent the night in each other’s arms. When we woke up, I asked, “Do you have to work tomorrow?” “No, why?” “Well, would you want to take any more of that acid?” And before we had even stepped a foot out of bed we’d both eaten solid doses of LSD. This was my kind of girl. Since we'd eaten acid the day before I suggested we take more today to offset any residual tolerance. I took five and she took three. “I’ve never taken more than two before.” She said looking at the white rectangle in her hand. “Yeah, but you ate one last night, so it’d probably take at least two to feel anything. Three should be fine.” However I’m not sure if we had built up enough tolerance, or if it is just that LSD surprises you sometimes, but the trip turned out to be extremely strong for both of us. We were swept into a flood of light and unity until we’d merged our minds into a single being.

another LSD trip. Mark and Abe were slightly older and had done acid before. Shortly after dark, Chris arrived and sat down on my mom's white couch. There were four of us, and everyone had put in \$5 so we could each buy a hit. I gave Chris the \$20, and asked, "So how are they?" and he replied with something that has stayed with me ever since. "I'd never sell you anything I wouldn't eat myself. You're going to have a great time." He said with a smile and a sense of confidence. Later, when I would begin selling acid, I always remembered Chris' words. I didn't want to sell anything to anyone unless I knew for myself that what I was selling was top quality. Selling psychedelics is different from selling almost any other drug. It is done less frequently for money, than an honest desire to share the experience with like-minded people. I came to see those that sold LSD as a hidden priestly class, spreading the psychedelic message through the best way possible, through the experience itself. And



highest dose I've ever done is probably around  
200-250 mics Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: shLong] 1 #17912510 -  
03/06/13 04:56 PM (4 years, 7 months ago)

Well yeah since we were eating doses all weekend, I don't remember the 10-strip spinning me that hard at all. The trip back home was super chill and really nice. John drove, the morning sun was rising and it was a nice cool morning (temp wise). The next morning (Monday) I had a dentist appointment to remove a wisdom tooth, and they gave me a mix of nitrous and oxygen as the anesthesia - I had never done nitrous before (and the experience was nothing like a balloon of straight nitrous), but once the procedure was over I was trying to talk to a friend and couldn't stop laughing. I wasn't tripping anymore, but all the accumulated L from the weekend much have caused a synergistic reaction of some sorts. I

eat right now.” “Yeah, me neither” So Jake ended up making dinner for himself. He started up the barbeque and Alex and I sat at the picnic table together to watch the sky as the sun set. Even in Fort Lauderdale, the sunsets can be amazingly colorful and awe inspiring, but out here in the vast openness of the Everglades, the sunset seemed to be the most beautiful sunset I could remember ever seeing. I could see the rich colors of the sky blending perfectly in a harmony of balance. The clouds seemed to reach out into the eternity of the skies, creating patterns that were slowly morphing. The clouds appeared to be comprised entirely of connected moving parts; every little wisp of cloud was alive and moving. As the sun moved closer to the horizon, it seemed to be descending faster. I watched the sun touch the edge of the next peninsula over, just next to their fire pit full of wood. Once it hit the horizon, I could see the glowing orange circle disappearing at a smooth even pace. I could feel that the setting sun was

cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
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kept it in my mouth for quite a while, several minutes at least. I wasn't sure about the 7 second thing, and wanted to be sure I got it all. "Do we swallow them or spit them out now?" "I already swallowed mine!" Alex said, so I did the same. I'd read that it would take about 30 minutes to hit us, so for the first time, I noted the time we ate the tabs, so I'd know when I should begin to feel it. Over the next twenty years, I would do this countless times, noting the time as I would take the sacrament, but this was the first. I've found over the years that knowing the exact time you took a psychedelic was important, as your sense of time would be totally different, with minutes seeming to span into eternities. One of the common recurring fears during an LSD trip is that you'll get stuck in the trip and be tripping forever. This usually happen around the peak of a trip, so knowing when you took the substance and approximately when it should wear off can be extremely calming. Just as the LSD was coming on, I was

brutal and unforgiving and soon people were sweating and wanting water, which of course, we had none. A lot of the partiers left in the early morning, but some came back with lots of nice cold water. I remember feeling the cold water bottle in my hand and being refreshed before I even opened it. I ran the bottle over my brow and opened it, looking at the beads of condensation on the bottle glisten intensely like jewels, and that the jewels seemed to be placed with the highest craftsmanship – moving slowly in precise patterns down the bottle and onto my hands. It took quite a while to clean up the wooded area where the party was, but there were still about 25 to 30 people there, and everyone was helping. There was a nice feeling of friendliness and cooperation, everyone working to bring the land back to how it was before we got there. I had learned the ethic at the Rainbow Gathering about treading lightly on the land, where the people came, had a great time, but then worked together to make it look

Shroomery. Put me down for an autographed and low numbered book if you do publish these. I would be honored to have this sit among my books by the other psychedelic greats. Wow man, I'm humbled, thanks very much! For sure you got it on the book, it's cool to think I'm selling books before it's even written LOL. Quote: rickjamez20 said: Wow, that last story was amazing, so finely detailed. How long ago was that? You sir have a great memory, and are a great writer . I'm wondering if I am getting too wordy or too detailed. That last story was over 5K words and I have a ton more stories - And yesterday I was reading something about 1st novels just to get an idea on acceptable word count, and they said 80-100K words, so I don't know - but whatever I figure I can always put stuff out here and see what ones work and what ones don't maybe I should put polls on each story so people can "rate" them (like a 5-star system, 1 star for it sucks don't use this one and 5-stars for awesome, definitely use this one

ways. We'll get to where I fly out to study with Paul Stamets to learn mushroom growing (he teaches medicinal and gourmet mushrooms, but I extrapolated the info to cubes), and then set up some sizable grows, and all the related hijinks that follow. Also traveled to Holland at one point and smuggled back lots of mushrooms via FedEx, but now we're getting away from ourselves... Oh my god. Anxiously awaiting further stories. It seems like they'll never end. That's fucking awesome. ----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] 2 #18154894 - 04/23/13 06:29 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Gonna be taking the week off to work on art stuff for an event I'm vending on Thursday (it is a psychedelic fetish/blotter art exhibit/party - my first ever thing like this - should be interesting ) Also a lot of work to be done

I'm in shock. That was god damn amazing. This is probably the best thread on the Shroomery. Put me down for an autographed and low numbered book if you do publish these. I would be honored to have this sit among my books by the other psychedelic greats. -----

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --  
The Genesis Generation Post Extras: shLong  
Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc:  
'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: bryguy27007] 1 #17634194 -  
01/30/13 05:01 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Quote: bryguy27007 said: This is probably the best thread on the Shroomery. It is. As far as I am concerned, dwpineal is this Shroomery generations Chinacat. So many epic tales. Those who say the quality of this site is plunging clearly don't tune in. I remember reading his 8 month trip report back when I was a noob (again) and being too afraid to comment because there was nothing I felt I could contribute. I'm glad I feel like I can be a part of



Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dstark] #17590703 - 01/22/13

09:19 PM (4 years, 9 months ago) cool stories,

but don't hijack DW's thread!!! maybe make ur

own? Post Extras: Jump to top. Pages: <

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Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >>

The Psychedelic Experience Threaded

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Psychedelics and enlightenment ( 1 2 3 all )

Learyfan 13,924 58 10/23/17 03:57 PM

by Ferdinando Is there hope for the

psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all ) MOTH

3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset

Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience

Kid 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by

CactiLover Does anybody else NOT have

hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all )

PhanTomCat 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM

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register to post messages and view our exclusive  
members-only content. You'll gain access to  
additional forums, file attachments, board  
customizations, encrypted private messages, and

that kid for stealing from his boss. The scene was just dripping in intensity, and I was totally gripped by the story, even though I was having trouble following it as it switched from scene to scene. None of the scenes seemed to be related to the scene before it, and the story was confusing everyone in the group. Ripples of whispers flowed through our row and soon my best friend next to me was tapping my shoulder, saying “man we’ve got to get out of here, everyone is losing it!” I didn’t want to leave, but it was almost immediately apparent that most of our group was totally unable to follow the movie and the consensus was that we needed to leave, right now. I can’t imagine having been a patron in that theater with all of us, I’m sure if we hadn’t left, we would’ve been kicked out soon enough. Another time, we went to see Stargate and again the dosage was probably just a little too high. But this time it was only about 4 of us, and things never got out of control. The movie however really got my mind moving in

music and pounding bass vibrated intensely, was so much more than sound, it was moving from my ears through every cell in my body. My nose was blanketed with the smell of menthol from so many people with Vicks-vapo-rub. Breathing the mentholated air seemed to cool me from the inside out, which was nice in the sweaty pulsating dancehall. We all danced, becoming a part of the rhythmic beast that is The Edge. Alex made up a cool marching dance, and marched all around the main dance floor, saluting to people dancing. After getting lost in thousands of years of dancing, covered in sweat, we made our way to the stairways. Walking up from the dance floor, I noticed for the first time huge fans blowing in the hallways. I went and stood right in front of one of the fans, and let its cooling breeze embrace me. To the side of the fans, I saw Alex pointing and followed his finger to see that the bar was full of plastic cups of water. We all quickly walked over and found out that they were only a quarter, so a dollar got each a cup of

overload in the woods, but told me to have fun out there. Scotty drove over in his pick-up truck loaded with camping gear and about 20 minutes later, Marty and Jimmie pulled up in a jeep all packed and ready to go. Our two car caravan took off on the few hour trip into the center of Florida's orange groves. The cityscapes of Ft. Lauderdale morphed slowly from the tall high-rises downtown into the sprawling suburbia radiating out from the center. Soon suburbia was giving way to the grassy plains of the Everglades, and within an hour or so more, the Everglades shifted almost seamlessly into never ending rows of orange trees. Each green tree was dotted heavily with ripe oranges as this time of year was harvest time. We wound through a maze of dirt roads, until we saw the rows of cars, campers, vans, and trucks on each side of the road. We had arrived. We paid our \$10 admission at the gate, parked at the end of the rows, grabbed our gear and headed in to find a camp site for the weekend. When we walked

this run in with the heat? Will his awesome drug stash be discovered leading to life in prison?? Tune in for this next installment of Stories From the Psychedelic Underground!!! Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LittleDipster] #18128527 - 04/18/13 03:59 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Heavy shit, bruv Post Extras: Ballerium Little Black Spot on the Sun Registered: 10/04/10 Posts: 11,023 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #18128561 - 04/18/13 04:11 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Man these cliffhangers have me on the edge of my chair haha. ----- Beats and waves will take me to my grave and when I go there I know that I won't be alone 'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LittleDipster] 3 #18128600 -

David's girlfriend, Sara's house. We called everyone, but either people weren't at home, or just weren't available right now. So somehow it was arranged that Sara's dad would drive David and I over to meet Melanie at a local gas station by the highway. I don't think he actually knew we were picking up a thousand hits of LSD, but I'm not sure. We loaded up into his car and headed out to the gas station. We pulled into the gas station and I had them park around the side of the building, so her dad couldn't see exactly what was going on. I got out of the car, ran around the building and jumped into Melanie's gray Isuzu pick-up truck. She handed me a magazine, which was usually how she gave me the LSD, it would be in a baggie in between the pages of the magazine. I handed her the cash, and walked back over to Sara's dad's car on the other side of the gas station. I got in the car, and we drove out of the gas station, back onto the highway and headed back over to Sara's house. Later in the day I got back home, and saw that

(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms



Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
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Amphetamines Opiates Ecstasy Other Drugs  
Music Electronic Rock Reggae Rap and Hip-  
Hop Vendors Mycology Entheobotany Books  
and Music Apparel Smoking Miscellaneous  
Sites Policies PDF Library Science Physics  
Chemistry Cultivation Mushroom Salvia Cactus  
Cannabis Spirituality Mysticism Dreams  
Meditation Yoga Entheogens DMT Psilocybin  
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Amanita Species    Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting    FAQ    Spore Prints    Toxins    Mushroom  
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Cannabis    Spirituality    Mysticism    Dreams  
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The car kept slowing down. “Is that a girl there?” I heard Dan ask John, pointing from the front passenger seat. John slowed down almost to a crawl and unrolled his window. He stopped the car as we pulled up to a girl walking on the side of the road in a white dress. She had dark hair and I looked into her eyes and had the feeling she was lost. “Are you okay?” John asked. “Do you need a ride back to the party?” She hesitated, looked down the road both ways, and then back into the car. John tried a few times to get her to come into our car, but the air was thick with confusion and she didn’t want to come, so soon we gave up and drove away. “This is going to be a wild one, that girl was tripping nuts!” John said. “I feel bad for her, we should let them know at the gate that she’s out here wandering alone at night.” He pulled down another dirt road, smaller and more gravelly. John drove in between cars parked in the grass on both sides of the road until we got to a guy standing in the road holding a stack of

and slowly disappear. The acid was hitting really hard, and we wondered what was going to happen with the parents since we broke the rule about bothering them. The kid who lived there went in to talk to them and see what was up. It was a tense few moments of hoping that we weren't all going to be kicked out tripping balls and sent away into the black night. But the kid showed up about 5 or 10 minutes later and said everything was okay. We went back into the woods and got back to the party. At some point we noticed that the people stopped showing up. We weren't sure if it was because we had moved the party and people didn't feel like driving to a second location, or if we just didn't give out enough flyers, but at this point we looked around and there were only about 50 people here. That number never grew any higher, so it was about 50 people with over about 4,000 hits of acid. We all ate a bunch and everyone was still wide awake when the sun rose. The morning sun in South Florida can be

the second piece of paper for a few minutes, the first one started to come on. I was so relieved to know I didn't get ripped off, and started to breathe easier. That relaxing feeling seemed to move through my whole body. I had tensed up my muscles, my breathing had been shallower, and now all that tension was releasing. As time went on the acid manifested and it felt like such a clean and perfect LSD high. I felt like my mind and body were working at their absolute optimum capacity. Not only was the paper real, it was really good. It was a Tuesday afternoon in South Florida and I was feeling like not a thing in the world was out of place. I had just eaten a nice dose of acid only 3 days before, so I had a tolerance, but even so, I could tell I had some of the best LSD money could buy. I had learned to judge LSD not by how strong each hit was, but on how it felt once you were immersed in the experience. LSD was so inexpensive that it didn't really matter if you had to take one, two, or three hits, what mattered was how those hits

Day. “What about Vinnie?” one of the other girls asked. Shortly it was decided. We were going to Vinnie’s to get some rolls. Everyone threw in money and I told her to ask how much he wanted for 20 pills. Soon it was decided that Amber and I would drive over to Vinnie’s house to pick them up. This suited me fine because I thought she was the prettiest girl there and I hadn’t felt the vibe that she was with any of the guys there, so I was looking forward to a few minutes alone to get to know her better. Within about fifteen minutes we were on the couch in Vinnie’s apartment sitting across from him and his friend JJ. Amber knew Vinnie from back in Rhode Island and he was like an older brother to her she’d said. JJ was actually the hook up for the ecstasy pills, and he was close friends with Vinnie. I think they were a bit sketched out that Amber brought me along, since they had no idea who I was, now I was the stranger. At some point while we were talking, Vinnie casually took out a small gun, cocked it and put it on the

that thread into this one in their appropriate places anyway (probably edit them too)

----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17928636 - 03/09/13 05:36 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) nice. looking forward to it. ----- Beats More Beats sheekle: fuck peace love and unity sheekle: death despair and misery sheekle: is where it's at Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Absent Minded] #17928847 - 03/09/13 06:43 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Dwp, I was just

started to grumble and the vibe turned down. By 9AM they still had not gone on stage and I was getting tired. I decided to call it a day and went home to sleep all Sunday until school Monday morning. I heard rumors that they went on stage at 1PM and it was a great show, but I was never sure if that was true or not. Monday was my birthday, so I was excited to continue all the fun from the weekend. I woke up that morning and put on a shiny silver suit that I had sewn together. It probably looked funny just because of my horrible sewing skills, but it was extremely bright, rave-y, and not something most people would ever wear to high-school. The word shiny terribly understates the look of the shiny suit. It was like wearing a suit made of silver glitter. Before my breakfast I tore off a ten-strip of LSD and popped it in my mouth. It was the first time I had ever eaten this much, but it was my birthday and I was ready for a special day. I left my house and headed out to school. I didn't have a car so I walked to school every



and beaten down as can be imagined. We walked back outside and the cop asked for Dave's driver's license, which he didn't have with him. He went back into the room, got it and handed it to the cop, looking like all he wanted in the world was to go back to sleep. The cop checked his license against the car's registration, asked him a few questions and came back over to me. "Okay your story checks out. I know you obviously didn't know how to drive that car, and I'm not going to ticket you. But don't be trying this shit again in my town." He walked back to his car and drove off. I couldn't believe it, he was actually gone! I wasn't arrested; I wasn't even getting a ticket for crashing through a golf course, nothing. My entire mood shifted from gloom and doom to a feeling of absolute elation. Then I looked back over to Dave and I felt the sense of overwhelming responsibility for what I'd done to his car rush back into my consciousness. The two emotions were almost like the waves of the

some great conversations, but I felt like I was connected to everyone here in some new and deeper way. The mushrooms came on strong, really strong. My stomach felt uneasy and I stood up to walk into the forest in case I had to throw up, I didn't want anyone to see me. I felt wobbly on my feet and the earth started to undulate and wave like the surface of the ocean. I tried to walk as steadily as I could, with great care to place my foot down on solid ground time and time again until I was away from the kitchen and into the relative quiet of the woods away from the trails. I steadied myself against a tree and tried to catch my breath. I still had a nauseous feeling in my stomach, and I sat down in the forest at the base of the tree in a soft patch of moss. As I kept breathing I noticed that my breath was having an effect both on my stomach pains and on the imagery that was flowing everywhere around me. The deeper the breath, the more relaxed my stomach got, and the more I seemed to have some kind of control over the

boundaries of existence until everything was united into one consciousness. The energy rose and crested until we lay in a cuddle puddle of sweat each trying to catch our breath. At some point I got up to go to the bathroom and as I walked out of the room into the hallway, I almost ran into Sophie walking the other way. "Oh my god you two! Finally taking a break, damn!" I looked back into the bedroom at Amber and we both realized that we'd left the bedroom door wide open and everyone in the house knew exactly what we were doing the past few hours. We all laughed and I hurried into the bathroom to go hide for a second and catch some balance. After that day, I was all about Amber. I basically just moved in immediately. I didn't call my mom and let her know I was moving out, I didn't call my job to let them know I wouldn't be in, the only thing in the center of my focus was making love to Amber. That and hanging out and smoking herb all day. I got to know the people in the house

into animated conversations that would seamlessly rejoin the larger conversation. This evening the talk had meandered onto the topic of The Edge. Some people were going over there around two in the morning. I asked the friends I had come with if they wanted to go and check it out. Since no one wanted to go, and I didn't have a car, I asked the people who were going if I could tag along. I figured if I could get there, and it was in downtown, I could hang out until five or six in the morning when the buses started running and take the number 12 bus back home. There was a big central bus terminal downtown, and you could pretty much get anywhere in south Florida from there. When you don't have a car, you get good at getting around town on public transit, and I was getting pretty good. Luckily for me, there was an extra seat in their car, and they didn't mind if I jumped in for the ride to The Edge, it was only about five minutes away. The fact that I had a little herb and some hash didn't hurt either. We

The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS --

The Genesis Generation Post Extras:

TheMadHightentist Hacking to the Gate

Registered: 07/03/13 Posts: 34 Loc: USA Last

seen: 3 years, 9 months Re: Stories from

the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

#19161008 - 11/20/13 01:07 AM (3 years, 11

months ago) dwpineal, I bought one of your

new pins, and I gotta say it's pretty fucking

awesome . I put it on my work visor; I'm

interested to see what my coworkers think of it.

I don't know if it was you, but the little smiley

face on the package was a nice touch Keep up

all the good work! ----- "You have

to take seriously the notion that understanding

the universe is your responsibility, because the

only understanding of the universe that will be

useful to you is your own understanding."

--Terence McKenna Animals~Meddle~Wish

You Were Here Post Extras: mattritt Mind

Chemist Registered: 02/03/08 Posts: 2,292 Last

seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the

[Experience](#)   [Threaded](#)   [Previous](#)   [Index](#)

[Next](#)   Welcome to the Shroomery Message

Board! You are experiencing a small sample of what the site has to offer. Please login or register to post messages and view our exclusive members-only content. You'll gain access to additional forums, file attachments, board customizations, encrypted private messages, and much more! Shop: buy cannabis seeds, Buy CBD Grateful Dead, Lab Glassware, Scales,

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[Lysergically](#)   Registered: 04/30/11   Posts: 189

Last seen: 4 years, 3 months   Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

VapoRs] #17832466 - 02/20/13 03:01 AM (4 years, 8 months ago)   Wow, great one DW!

That one had me on the edge the whole time, I cannot imagine the feeling having to sit there watching a cop open up a trunk to where you know LSD and Mushrooms are. Game fuckin

progressively higher on the AMT. As we approached a toll plaza I slowed down and tried to pick a lane, but I wasn't sure which ones were opened and which ones were closed. People in the car started saying all at once, "That lane; go left; no this one; this one's open over here; go here, no not that one!" I was slowed way down, probably going only about 15-20 miles an hour and pulled right into a closed lane with the red light. As I pulled up to the lane my car was a little too far over to the left, and everyone in the car went silent as we heard a loud screeching of metal grinding into metal. I was only driving about 3 to 5 miles per hour now, but the left side of my car was slowly being ripped apart by the metal lane divider, making the most grating noise the entire time. It sounded like I'd torn the entire left side of my car wide open, and everyone in the car was looking around outside, at each other, thinking the same thing: "we're screwed." I brought the car to a stop and thought since this lane was

art stuff sometimes ----- \*\*\*\*Tips  
for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*  
My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic  
Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my  
Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -  
Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: DVD-  
R Stranger Registered: 02/12/13 Posts: 42 Last  
seen: 1 year, 8 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]  
#18013474 - 03/26/13 06:14 PM (4 years, 7  
months ago) Interesting stuff, thanks Post  
Extras: Shroomey Toons Shh I farted  
Registered: 01/31/12 Posts: 616 Loc: Planet  
Earf Last seen: 2 years, 10 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
DVD-R] #18013648 - 03/26/13 07:06 PM (4  
years, 7 months ago) I'll wait, only cause I  
love you ----- Post Extras:  
dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Shroomey



us, so Gary lit some of the propane lanterns they brought and that really helped us to get everything set up really comfortably. I hadn't been camping in a long time, and probably only a handful of times that I could remember, but these guys seemed to all be pros. E-Dog and Gary got the tents all set up as Ray and I looked for rocks to make a fire pit. E-Dog's girl, Lillie set up all the chairs in a nice semi-circle facing the fire pit. Since the camp faced out from the treeline and towards the ocean, the view from the chairs looked straight out to the ocean with the waves sparkling in the moonlight. The camp was set up in under half an hour, so we turned off the lanterns, sparked up another joint and passed it around looking at the amazing view from the seats. Once the joint was finished, E-Dog, Lillie and I walked over towards the sound of the music and we saw a DJ spinning inside a chickee hut in front of the ocean. A chickee hut is a Native American building that has four big poles at the four corners of the hut, holding up a

Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Simple-Psyman

Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc: Eire

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground

[Re: dwpineal] #17885893 - 03/01/13 06:58 PM

(4 years, 7 months ago) Some amazing

stories man... thanks.. I've only read a few so

far, but will keep on reading and already can't

wait for more. Keep it up brother!!! Knowledge

is power ----- Post Extras:

Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164

Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re: Stories

from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-

Psyman] #17902466 - 03/04/13 07:22 PM (4

years, 7 months ago) Just finished the whole

thread, man was that great, I'm so happy you

wrote this all mate! It felt like a book and I

don't read haha, and liked it! (well I do read, but

only a FEW select books) and this makes it in

it! . I can't wait for you to write some more

haha, I'll be checking around once in a while, make

some stories of my own in that time! It really is

so much to comprehend in all those stories, you

seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Force Ten]  
#18034620 - 03/31/13 03:09 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) As soon as you said you hadn't  
driven a stick since you're father taught you, I  
knew you were fucked. Rolling, post tripping,  
and a little stoned... I would never be able to  
drive well under those conditions. D: I do not  
want to find out what happens next. I know  
you're ok seeing as you're writing these but  
damn... What comes next is not fun.  
----- Journeys taken: Psilocybe  
cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA,  
MDA, methylone, San pedro, Peruvian torch,  
LSD, 25c, Float tank. Future journeys: Peyote,  
DMT, amanita muscaria, ayahuasca, LSA Post  
Extras: LiftedBanks Lifted Lysergically  
Registered: 04/30/11 Posts: 189 Last seen: 4  
years, 3 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: GRAVE]  
#18038371 - 04/01/13 12:06 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) I've been driving with a friend in

reading! And I completely feel you when you say you feel obligated to spread the love, and the stress along with it. But hey at least you still have those fire LSD patches! (Licks patch)'hey this is bunk!" Lol Post Extras: Jump to top.

Pages: < Back | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | Next > | Last > Mushrooms, Mycology and Psychedelics >> The Psychedelic Experience

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| Similar Threads | Poster                                   | Views  | Replies   |
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| 58              | 10/23/17 03:57 PM by Ferdinando          | 13,924 | Is there hope for the psychedelic /drug culture? ( 1 2 all )              |
| MOTH            | 3,624 23 04/03/04 01:38 PM by lightset   |        | Conscructing the Psychedelic Experience                                   |
| Kid             | 4,313 14 05/30/17 05:50 PM by CactiLover |        | Does anybody else NOT have hallucinations on psychedelics.? ( 1 2 3 all ) |
| PhanTomCat      | 8,686 56 07/12/16 10:37 PM by cube talk  |        | Raves v.s. Psychedelic  |

was almost impossible to stop. We continued to search for more LSD each week, but it remained extremely elusive. If we could've gotten it, we would've eaten it every weekend. LSD was engaging on so many levels for us, giving us insights and understanding, as well as making us question the world we lived in in new and unexpected ways. However we could only find it once in a while, and always from a random source who knew someone who knew someone. We never got it from the person who was actually selling the acid; it was always a favor from a friend. This went on for many months, and we had formed a close friendship, with four of us coming together to do these psychedelic explorations whenever possible. About 5 or 6 months after my first LSD trip, I happened to be in exactly the right place at exactly the right time, and I met a girl that would send my life in a new direction. ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic

so that part of it really stood the test of time during the run there. We knew of a Cluckers Chicken place that the manager sold small bags of weed from, but it was a lot less organized. You had to go in, ask for Gabe, and he'd walk into the bathroom with you. Ha gave fat bags, and it was super convenient, but it always felt a little too out in the open, like the other people working at the Cluckers must have known something was up. The cool thing about our set up was that it isolated the dealing from the rest of the workers and customers at the restaurant. None of the workers knew what we were doing, I mean who would imagine something like that, and since the customers only saw what they expected to see at the drive through, no one ever seemed to catch on. I would imagine now-a-days there are probably cameras on the cashiers in the drive through, just at least to check for stealing, but we didn't have to worry about that, as long as the cash register had the right amount of money when we checked out, and it always

the keys. We spent the next twenty or thirty minutes driving all around the neighborhood at very high speeds, screeching the tires loudly. Scotty lived in a very upscale neighborhood that had a lot of tight turns and winding arcs. The joint we smoked got me feeling the LSD and MDMA all over again and I could feel my jaw clenching and the sky brighten and dance with subtle colored patterns. After a maddening session careening all through the area, we finally pulled back into his driveway. He got out of the driver's seat and handed me the keys back with a huge smile "Man that car is a beast! This thing is bad-ASS!" He got me a quarter of nice nugs from his room and I pulled out of the driveway and headed back to Chip's. About a quarter mile down the road I came to a red light and slowed to a stop. The road came to a T here at the intersection, with the emerald green grass of a perfectly manicured golf course straight ahead. A car pulled up behind me, and then another behind it and we all sat waiting for the

the vial. My heart started racing, I looked up again at Gary, “Just lick that” he said. I still wasn’t sure, it looked like a mega-dose to me. “We’re all here, we’ll just be chillin on the island, I’ll do it with you” he said and dipped his finger in deeper than I had and put it right into his mouth. I still wasn’t sure, but I put my pinky in my mouth and hoped for the best. I’m still not sure exactly how many doses that was, but I think it was the most I had ever eaten up to that moment. E-Dog lit up a joint and pulled me aside, “These guys are really good people, I’m here with you all the way man, just go with the flow and you’ll see, this is just might be one of the best days of your life.” We sat and smoked the joint and I tried to calm down, but I was starting to lose the fear and get excited. My mood had started to swing in that direction at just the right moment, because I remember that just as we were finishing that joint the liquid started to come on. Even though I’d just eaten acid the night before I could tell this trip was



Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet Mushrooms (may contain outdated info) Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2 Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric) Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community

won't be alone 'cause I've been spotted, blotted, many many times before. Post Extras:  
dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Ballerium] 1  
#17440879 - 12/24/12 04:00 PM (4 years, 10  
months ago) Not sure if this one is finished or  
not, it is two kind of random stories...I also  
probably will go back and just edit the content  
when I have time, but just wrote this over the  
past 2 hours or so... 19 – Burger King and the  
Eternal Life Disco My mom had an extra sense  
whenever I would say I went out or bought  
something, it seemed like if I said I spent a  
dollar on this or that, she was asking me where I  
got the money. It wasn't that she suspected me  
of selling drugs, not at all, but she just knew I  
got no allowance or anything like that, and had  
no job, so she got suspicious every time  
mention of me spending money came up. I  
found that the best way for me to cover the fact  
that I had money to buy things, and go out, was

of those pipes. Somehow I didn't find Scotty, but I ended up almost bumping into two angelically beautiful blond girls. I had my new pipe in hand and one of them saw it and said, "Oh we've been looking for a pipe. Can we smoke some herb we have out of that?" Of course I was excited to test out my new pipe, so I said yes and we climbed into their tent. I know the LSD was hitting me very hard, but it seemed as if the girls were radiating a white light from within, making a hazy glow around their entire bodies. There was no sexual vibe or anything, I was with Amber and had no desire at all to go outside our relationship, but these girls didn't seem to be giving off any kind of romance vibes either, I was just enjoying the vision of purity and beauty that they were giving off. "So, how do you like our place? We live here." "You live here?" That was like living in heaven to me as far as I was concerned right that moment. It was probably the coolest place on earth in my mind. They shook their heads 'yes.' "It's wonderful!" I

about cartoons for three hours. It was weird how well his voice fit. Kind of sounded like a white James Earl Jones. Really white. Post Extras:

dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:

07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: XLCaps]

#17190344 - 11/09/12 07:26 PM (4 years, 11

months ago) People Losing It One winter

night Chris and I got some MDMA crystal, and

we decided to make our own capsules, and put a

hit of LSD in each one. Mixing LSD and

MDMA was known at the time as “trolling” a

mix of tripping and rolling, and it seemed to

really bring out the best in both substances. We

went to a local GNC and bought a bunch of

empty capsules and got to work. First we had to

crush all the MDMA so that it wasn't big clear

chunks, but nice evenly powdered grains. The

“O” sized capsules were pretty big for the small

amount of powder that needed to go into each

one, but it was all we could get at the time. We

found that 100mg would take up about a quarter

DW, thanks for the treat was super interesting!!  
When you are going to tell us how you got into  
the job you are doing? ----- What is  
a mind, if not something to be messed with?  
What is consciousness, if not a state to be  
altered? Post Extras: Into The Woods Three  
sheets to the wind Registered: 04/20/13 Posts:  
10,863 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #19361195 -  
01/03/14 05:54 AM (3 years, 9 months ago)  
When are you going to get the book published?  
Post Extras: alice and you Stranger  
Registered: 03/26/13 Posts: 15 Last seen: 2  
years, 7 months Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Into The Woods]  
#19370232 - 01/05/14 03:47 AM (3 years, 9  
months ago) Gary likes his acid like Kesey..  
in the OJ that shit scares me knowing mother  
fuckers run around with liquid that strong..  
getting everybody real spun.. Doubt anyone  
nowadays runs around with quality L dosed that  
high in OJ anymore.. the 90s are gone

said: posting to read more of these tomorrow!

-----

<http://iacopoapps.appspot.com/hopalongwebgl/>

- If you're tripping click here. Thank me later.

Every single person deserves a psychedelic experience, make it happen. Post Extras:

JusTsHroomiNn BoomiN Registered: 09/08/11

Posts: 2,200 Loc: Land of Shrooms Last seen: 15 days, 18 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: rickjamez20]

#17372331 - 12/11/12 12:40 PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Be back to read more later! good stuff.

----- Post Extras: Kief

Ledger Stranger Registered: 11/10/11 Posts:

1,784 Last seen: 5 months, 14 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing]

#17373137 - 12/11/12 04:30 PM (4 years, 10 months ago) Quote: sailing said: as long as its in 3d Oh it will be for all of us

Post Extras: sailing China Cat Sunflower

Registered: 09/22/11 Posts: 3,484

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:

was like...like a thug or something. I was in a gang, just lost, you know? Then I took a roll, and the first time, it was like, opened me up. It's hard to explain if you've never done it." Just sitting on the sidewalk, by the street, I was learning about a whole new culture within American culture. Two of his friends were doing something I'd never seen before, except in the Vicks room a few hours ago. "What are you doing?" "Oh she's blowing her up. You take the inhaler and put it in your mouth like this," He said pulling out a little white torpedo shaped plastic tube about 3 inches long. It was a Vicks inhaler. "So your mouth is over these holes," He pointed to little holes at the base of the inhaler. "Then when you blow, it blows the Vicks out this hole in the top." Pointing to another hole at the top, and then blew to illustrate. "See you blow it in your eyes, and it blows you up, it feels crazy good!" "Will it do anything to me if I'm just stoned?" "Nah, probably not." His friends asked, "Do you wanna try it? We can get

there was no way we could make room for everyone to sleep, but luckily almost everyone was tripping so hard that going to sleep was the last thing we really had to worry about. By keeping the music on, but turned way down, we were able to make it until the sun rose without the cops coming back. Once the sun was up, most people were done tripping and could safely drive home. Slowly the population deflated until there were only about fifteen or so people left in the chill after-party atmosphere, smoking joints quietly and kicking back on the couches or open spaces on the floor. Eventually the evening fully unwound and I crawled into bed with Amber and caressed her in exhausted loving cuddles until we both passed out. We closed our eyes just in time for the sun to creep fully into the sky, announcing another day of freedom and peace. The next few weeks passed quietly in comparison, or as much as possible considering our slightly crowded living situation and access to unlimited amounts of psychedelics. Most of



responsibility, because the only understanding of the universe that will be useful to you is your own understanding." --Terence McKenna

Animals~Meddle~Wish You Were Here Post

Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: TheMadHightentist] 1 #18510160 - 07/04/13

10:06 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) Nice avatar

Not sure if Post Extras: TheMadHightentist

Hacking to the Gate Registered: 07/03/13 Posts:

34 Loc: USA Last seen: 3 years, 9 months

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground

[Re: shLong] #18514380 - 07/05/13 09:40 AM

(4 years, 3 months ago) Haha thanks! When I

first saw it, I couldn't stop laughing

----- "You have to take seriously the

notion that understanding the universe is your

responsibility, because the only understanding

of the universe that will be useful to you is your

own understanding." --Terence McKenna

Animals~Meddle~Wish You Were Here Post

weren't tripping were probably drunk. We'd dodged the first bullet, but how were we going to contain the situation in the house and keep it from boiling over again into psychedelic revelry. We turned back on the turntables, but set the volume so low that it was just creating a gentle background to diffuse the heavy vibes that were now flooding the house and drowning us all in confusion. I dragged the washing machine away from the wall and grabbed the bag of weed I'd thrown. I sat down at the kitchen table and started rolling another joint. The situation was calming down, but now there was some serious unrest from those of us who lived here. Some people wanted to kick everyone out now and others were worried that we would be endangering our friends to force them onto the streets after midnight on a Saturday night. Some people left on their own, happy to get out of the craziness, but in the end we let everyone stay as long as we all kept the noise down. There were so many people that

beside herself. "I knew you said you sold mushrooms, but not like this - this is more than Tony Montana could sell." And on top of it all, my friend had told her "Don't worry these will be gone tomorrow night." She was sure no one could sell that much volume - in months, let alone all in one night, but the next night, they were all gone. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*

\* My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground

\* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Edited by dwpineal (04/08/13 07:44 PM) Post Extras: bryguy27007

Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486

Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18076317 -

04/08/13 06:36 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

That's great. How many mushrooms are we talking? ----- The Psychedelic Salon

-- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation

made you feel. I didn't think the doses were very strong, but I really loved the experience from the white blotters. The next day I was excited to get the doses out to my friends who'd paid for them. It had been a really long time since I'd been a part of the scene, so it felt really good to be back in the middle of things. One of the things I liked about selling LSD was to get reports back that it was really good. I prided myself on acting as quality control, so hearing all good reports coming back in was an essential part of the LSD dealing trip for me. Over the next few days, I spoke to some of the people who had eaten the paper, and the reviews were even better than I'd hoped. Apparently my tolerance was higher than I thought, because people were telling me that half a hit of the paper was enough for a full blown trip, and that three of them were almost too much to handle. I think I had eaten about 3-4 of them that Tuesday, and it definitely did not hit me that hard, so I was both pleased and excited to get a

mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms

shop. He had a single flyer for the party, but he let me copy the map and date onto a separate paper. I was so excited for the farm party because the last one was one of the coolest experiences of my life so far. It was like entering into a secret society. Raves were great but they were usually in the dark and had a different vibe. This was a festival that went all weekend with people smoking openly, tripping, and yet at the same time was very comfortable and I felt safe there. Dan told me it was private property, so the cops couldn't just come into the party. This alone was enough to make me feel much more comfortable there. I spent the entire month of January and half of February talking about the farm party, probably to the point of insanity for my six roommates. I thought I was making it sound like an event you would not want to miss, but somehow, when the time came, I was the only one from the house that went. Amber told me she was scared to go because it sounded like a dirty hippie LSD

Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330  
Loc: 'sconsin Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: allseeingike] #17883815 - 03/01/13 05:56 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) dwpineal and others. There's a post in THE THUMBPRINT thread that you may enjoy. I did...

<http://www.shroomery.org/forums/showflat.php/Number/17874325#17874325> Post Extras:

GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17884192 - 03/01/13 07:22 AM (4 years, 7 months ago) DW back with that shit I love, stories about Had my first true experience with the substance this weekend and wow.... I can see why you spent so much of your life spreading the word. Why oh why must lucy be so elusive? ----- Journeys

taken: Psilocybe cubensis, Psilocybe Cyanescens, MDMA, MDA, methylone, San pedro, Peruvian torch, LSD, 25c, Float tank.

looked over to me, almost with no recognition of who I was. This was my best friend and he didn't even look like he knew me. I tried to find out what had happened to him, but he was really hesitant to tell me anything. I could sense that he didn't know if he could trust me or not. I had never seen anyone who had gone through any kind of LSD psychosis, and up until that point I wasn't even sure if it existed. But this was real. He didn't seem at all like my best friend, something terrible happened to him. We tried to talk to him, but he just wasn't comfortable, so after a short bit, we left. At least we knew he was safe. That week Chris never showed up at school, and I was feeling very bad about whatever happened to him. Also we still owed a lot of money on the MDMA crystal we had been fronted the week before. All the LSD we put in the capsules belonged to us, but the MDMA was fronted, so we still had to pay for that. I made enough at Candyland to cover everything we owed, but after I paid all that back, I wouldn't



future unfold before me as I walked. This would all happen in a split second and repeat as the next people walked by involved in their separate conversations. I heard people saying that dinner would be served at the main circle soon as they walked the opposite direction from the one I was headed, but after thinking that I still did not have my own plate or utensils, and realizing that even though I hadn't eaten since breakfast, I was not hungry at all, I just kept exploring the forest. Eventually I recognized some familiar paths and signs and made my way back to our campsite. I was excited to tell everyone about the tea, and bring them back to Tea Time to get some. But when I got to the camp, all the chairs and tents were empty. I sat in my chair to wait for everyone as the woods started to darken as the sun was setting for the evening. I remembered we had some herb in our tent, so I packed myself a bowl while I was waiting for everyone to return. After taking a long inhale and holding in the smoke, I felt the mushroom

heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras:  
dstark Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08  
Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Shortknight] #18022075 - 03/28/13 08:18 AM  
(4 years, 7 months ago) Recent two stories  
are so interesting keeping me very thrilled!!  
Thanks once again dwp! Also a  
TEK/explanation about the fabric softener filter  
----- What is a mind, if not  
something to be messed with? What is  
consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post  
Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dstark] #18022913 - 03/28/13 03:40 PM (4  
years, 7 months ago) Quote: Shortknight  
said: And lol "pending pendant orders" Just  
sounds awesome haha I know right - it made my  
mind start creating tongue-twisters. Like; I'm  
Preoccupied Producing Pretty Pendants for my  
Pending Pendant orders... Quote: dstark said:

hug and introduced me. He looked down at me with the nicest smile, and held out his hand. "I'm Nimrod." I looked down at his outstretched hand, and on each of his fingers, he had what looked like a large silver, highly decorated claws. I took his hand, and was almost surprised that it felt soft, and that I didn't get scratched by his claws. He made quite the first impression. The price seemed really high to me, but I ended up buying two of his capsules, and he sent us off with waves of knowing kindness. Karla and I went off in search of some water so I could take one of the capsules. Up to this time, I had only had ecstasy pills, and there were always rumors flying around about what might be in any batch of pills that hit the scene. People would say some had heroin, some had cocaine, some had this and that and whatever (but most almost 100% of that was just speculation and ignorance). Nimrod had assured me these capsules contained about 125mg of pure ecstasy powder. I had never even seen

Psychedelic Underground [Re: Chakra Shock]  
#18089482 - 04/11/13 04:04 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) ----- Beats and

waves will take me to my grave and when I go  
there I know that I won't be alone 'cause I've  
been spotted, blotted, many many times before.

Post Extras: TurkeyTom Trippy Registered:  
08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: Ballerium] #18089693 -  
04/11/13 04:53 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Quote: Ballerium said: ----- Change  
your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the  
newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras:

Chakra Shock Waxing Prophetic Registered:  
02/23/13 Posts: 2,510 Loc: The Enterprise Last  
seen: 1 month, 5 days Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom]  
#18089709 - 04/11/13 04:58 AM (4 years, 6  
months ago) grammawamma! Seriously, I

love these stories your life inspires me and I'm  
glad you post here, DW. Post Extras: dwpineal

the part about your mom licking the sheet made me laugh out loud. I would really love to hear more about your early experiences with ecstasy, you kinda skipped over that. -----

Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna, like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Edited by sailing (11/19/12 05:03 PM) Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17246865 - 11/19/12 09:29 PM (4 years, 11 months ago)

My Last Night We pulled up to club Nemesis in a car full of people, ready to party and have a good time. It was my first time going to this club, and I should've seen the signs of the Universe when I saw the name of the club and known better. It was right on US1 in Fort Lauderdale, not far from The Edge. The neighborhood was not the greatest, being on the

the loss of money, but it never really ruined my mood. I knew we'd be okay, it wasn't that much money and things always seemed to work out for us one way or the other. With the sun completely up, the music finally coming to an end, and the sea of cars beginning to thin, we found Karla's group of friends. We smoked a few joints and shared all our stories from the night before splitting up, getting in our cars and heading out. We weren't heading back to South Florida yet though, there was another party tonight at The Edge in Orlando. Orlando also had a club named The Edge and it was owned by the same people as the one in Fort Lauderdale. It even looked very similar. Black on the outside, it had a main dancefloor, a second floor inside, and an outside patio to chill out in. There was a live performance by two live acts, one of them was Two Bad Mice who I liked a lot. When we got to the club that night, it was like a meeting of two long lost families, South and North. Many of the regulars from the

culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4. fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions for site modifications for site admins Beyond basic Species specific information Growing Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started (updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated 2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ (updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin Species (may contain outdated info) Other Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe tampanensis Panaeolus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus species General Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis

understand what was actually going on. These stories have kind of filled a blank space in my mind about what was happening with music and psychedelics from the mid/early 90s to the mid 00s. Thanks for taking the time to write this stuff down! I bet its quite fun to relive the memories by doing this, keep up the good work and good vibes -----

ந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=ரந=க=

ரந=க=ரந=க=ர Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: floatingwater] #17830010 - 02/19/13 07:04 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Quote: bryguy27007 said: Quote: dwpineal said: Knowing that the Merry Pranksters were using it on the bus increased the mystique, making me curiouser and curiouser. I love this Lewis Carroll reference. Great story DW, as always. Can't wait for the next one. I'm glad you caught that! Quote: floatingwater said: I bet its quite



daylight and my attempt at reflective photos on my Etsy page (oh yeah I've also been updating my website [www.ShamanicHarmonics.com](http://www.ShamanicHarmonics.com) and set up an Etsy page

<http://www.etsy.com/shop/ShamanicHarmonics>, too many projects - NOT enough hours!!!!)

LSD DMT MDMA ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \*

My 8 Month LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My Psychedelic

Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art -

Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Simple-Psyman Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667

Loc: Eire Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18832013 -

09/12/13 05:59 PM (4 years, 1 month ago) Looks great man ----- Post Extras:

Shortknight Registered: 02/25/13 Posts: 2,164 Last seen: 2 months, 27 days Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: Simple-Psyman] #18832018 - 09/12/13 06:00

something different. At first they seemed a little harder to hide than paper LSD, because they were bulky, and they could crush inside the plastic bags if you weren't careful. We would always keep the dust at the bottom of the bags for head stash and called it pixie dust. Soon we figured out that we could open up a ball point pen, take out the ink well, and fill the inside full of microdots. We would walk around with pens filled with 100 microdots and sell them that way. Microdots are notoriously hard to keep track of when you're counting them. They're tiny and their shape allows them to roll around on whatever surface you happen to be using to count them. My suggestion is to never count microdots on a table in a room with carpet, I can't tell you how many microdots have been sacrificed to shaggy carpets, but I'm sure the numbers are high. Counting thousands of microdots is an exercise in patience and care. Each microdot was about the size of a pin head and about the same thickness. One time we had

to say when I was vending at an event in Atlanta last fall. With the patch in hand, "Man you can tell that this is very high quality LSD! Just by looking at it you can see it's 100% pure" Yea you totally custy'd me. Lol. I feel like an idiot, that i didn't recognize your artwork. But hey, between that and your future bestseller, you'll be a household(well certain household) name before long! Hope to see you at another event soon, I'd like to actually say hey and know who I'm Speaking to, lol. Post Extras:

dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: Kief Ledger] #17912294 -  
03/06/13 03:40 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) No

way man, I don't believe in the whole "Custy"  
mindset - it's all One Family. -----

\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic  
Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My  
Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check  
out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter

LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: No Cars Go  
Psychedelic Registered: 11/14/10 Posts: 702  
Last seen: 1 month, 21 days Re: Stories  
from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #17184514 - 11/08/12 07:08 PM (4  
years, 11 months ago) These are incredible!  
Thanks for posting these ----- Post  
Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
No Cars Go] 4 #17185541 - 11/08/12 10:52 PM  
(4 years, 11 months ago) Pre-Birthday  
Weekend/ Birthday 10-strip One night we were  
at a club in South Beach called Risk. The  
doorman was a friend of mine that I met giving  
him a ride one night from a South Beach club  
called Diamonte to the Edge. His head was bald  
and this night he had a circular microchip that

knife. I looked into the bottle and it was about halfway full of a dark black looking goo. I couldn't believe he put this stuff in plastic. It was so valuable, it should be kept in glass, so you can scrape the sides and get every last drop. If I scraped the sides of this bottle I'd get plastic in my smoke! It seemed like such a huge amount of hash oil to me. I had never seen that much in one container before. It was probably about an ounce or two. I opened the Swiss army knife and stuck the tip of the blade into the super thick goo. I pulled out the knife and watched as the goo pulled like silly putty, thinning until only a tiny strand connected the blob on the knife to the mass in the prescription bottle. I lit my lighter and held the flame under the strand and it broke easily. I held the blade over the bowl and let the flame heat the oil enough to drip into the bowl on top of the little bed of herb I'd made. I handed the knife back to Chuck, he wiped it on his jeans, folded it, and put it into his pocket. I hadn't smoked hash oil

years, 5 months ago) Ohhhhhh mannnn....  
The relief when the cops left... PondRacer  
----- Stuff to try: marijuana, DMT,  
shrooms, LSD, peyote, mescaline, possibly  
MDMA. Post Extras: floatingwater

இதை லைக் செய்துள்ளீர்கள்  
Registered:  
01/06/09 Posts: 2,699 Last seen: 4 years, 2  
months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18234096 -  
05/09/13 01:24 AM (4 years, 5 months ago)

Yeah I had kind of wondered about the small  
differences in the two versions of the marleyfest  
story. Thanks for addressing that. You truly do  
have some good luck about you! Enjoy the  
festival season this year. I've only got time to do  
one trip and I'm going up to the gorge. Maybe  
next year I'll get back to the midwest for a little  
waka but it's so dang humid in arkansas. Gotta  
love mulberry mountain though, so beautiful

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everyone into the same trip. When we got back to our campsite, I saw we had new neighbors and they had a tank of nitrous set up right next to our stuff. I've never really liked nitrous as a drug that much, but I've always dis-liked how it makes people act. It is a weird substance all around and I wasn't sure how I felt about them being right next to us. I seemed to be the only one that felt that way, because everyone else seemed to be enjoying the balloons. I leaned against the neighbor's van and looked around. There was a line of people waiting for balloons, and I heard the dual tones of the hissing of the tank and people talking in that slow low bass tone of nitrous-speak, which in my current state of mind was weirder sounding than ever. I started feeling like the world was bubbling up. Time was stretching and filling and popping like air bubbles moving through a lake of hot tar. The air bubble slowly moving up through the tar until it finally breaks the surface, making a dome shaped protuberance rise from the lake

Simple-Psyman] #18229848 - 05/08/13 05:12 AM (4 years, 5 months ago) Amazing as always! The story went great with the psychedelic jams I'm listening to right now to prepare myself for an LSD trip tomorrow! ----- Change your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras: Can-i-bus Melting Registered: 01/23/13 Posts: 984 Loc: Last seen: 28 days, 5 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom] #18231843 - 05/08/13 05:06 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) Jamiroquai? The dude from England? Seriously though, another great story. Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom] 1 #18232764 - 05/08/13 08:28 PM (4 years, 5 months ago) Quote: shLong said: Nice as always Was this the same trip that you made the fliers for that you posted? (was it this thread or another?) At first, when you said



Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post

Extras: LiftedBanks Lifted Lysergically

Registered: 04/30/11 Posts: 189 Last seen: 4 years, 3 months Re: Stories from the

Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] 1

#17912307 - 03/06/13 03:45 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Quote: shLong said: Only

dwpineal would say he tossed a strip in a soda and drank it on the way home....and then say it

was "a really chill ride home" for another great one. For real!!! Fucking tank, you are DW!

Great shit, can't wait for the next one! ----- Anything posted is completely

fictional. Post Extras: shLong Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #17912324 - 03/06/13 03:52 PM

(4 years, 7 months ago) Yeah, I've never done any really high doses like that before. (I'd

consider a strip a very large dose...especially with the quality of 90s cid) I eat 3-5 of what I

currently have, but they're weakly laid, so the

months ago) These are great man! You've had one crazy ride! Post Extras: The Truth Seeker Stranger Registered: 05/24/13 Posts: 68 Loc: Pala Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: The Truth Seeker] #18534579 - 07/09/13 09:54 PM (4 years, 3 months ago) Man that's a bummer, it's sad that shit like that goes down everyday Post Extras: bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08 Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: The Truth Seeker] #18605182 - 07/24/13 09:50 PM (4 years, 3 months ago) Can't wait for more stories! ----- The Psychedelic Salon -- Erowid -- MAPS -- The Genesis Generation Post Extras: GRAVE trippy by nature Registered: 01/24/13 Posts: 229 Last seen: 1 month, 6 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: bryguy27007] #18613007 - 07/26/13 08:09 AM (4 years, 3 months ago) The lack of new stories is making my life on shroomery a lot less exciting.

scene, but I'll bet you have really experienced some crazy shit haha. Yeah man, I can't wait to get through some of these stories and tell some "On the Road" tales - there are some good ones in that time period of my life. I spent a few years from about 2000-2005 just taking all my money and using it to travel - I figure you only live once so I might as well get out into the world and see as much of it as I can.

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\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: LiftedBanks] #18091443 -  
04/11/13 06:07 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)  
Quote: LiftedBanks said: Fuck yeah, DW. LSD  
+ Sex. Fuck yeah. Yeah I'm not too sure how to

mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius  
Gymnopilus junonius Gymnopilus dilepis  
Sclerotia Forming Psilocybe species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info) Outdoor  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms

ocean moving in and out. “Dave I’ll pay for the damage, every penny.” “I just want to sleep, can we talk about this later?” “I mean for sure, but I just want you to know,” He turned around and walked back into the house. I followed him in and saw him go back into the bedroom and slam the door shut. I looked around the living room and everyone was staring at me. I sat down by my brother on the couch with a huge sigh of relief. I was so happy to be sitting on that couch. “So what the fuck just happened?” The same question came at me from four different directions from about six different people all at the same time. I spent the next twenty minutes retelling the story. “So the herb is still sitting stuck in that hedge?” My brother asked. My eyes brightened - the herb! The whole reason I’d got into this mess of a situation in the first place was sitting hidden in a hedge on a golf course less than a mile away from us. After going through all that, a joint sounded like the perfect prescription for the stress that was sitting

month ago) I hope September will be when  
dwpineal hops back onto his writing horse.  
\*Crosses Fingers\* ----- I'm drivin  
the Rolls Royce of Psychedelics Post Extras:  
dwpineal Psychedelic Artist Registered:  
07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
AlfredHitchcock] #18831966 - 09/12/13 05:44  
PM (4 years, 1 month ago) LOL sorry guys!  
I've been doing some traveling, and really  
working on some new art stuff, trying to teach  
myself 3D art so I can 3D print some neat stuff,  
so the writing HAS fallen by the wayside a  
little, but yes I'll jump on hooking up some new  
stores soon, now that festival season is mostly  
over I should be able to carve out the time to re-  
focus. Anyway, I haven't been able to get a good  
photo of the way the reflective material shows  
on the shirts, but I got some pretty bad ass  
photos of the glow and the blacklight. So at  
least I can share those. This is LSD, DMT, and  
MDMA in black light. You can see the glow and

concern in his voice. “Man, that’s fresh orange juice from this farm...I soaked half-a-gram into that jug!” That sounded like a ridiculous amount of LSD to put into a gallon of orange juice, especially at a small event like this. I couldn’t imagine that more than 800 people made it to this year’s event; so that half gram was enough LSD to life the entire place right off the ground. Ray, still with his arm over my shoulder, looked into my eyes and said, “Dude, you just DOSED yourself!” I handed the jug to Kenny, standing next to me, and he took a small swig from the jug, handed it to Marty and said, “I felt a big chunk of crystal bump into my teeth!” We all looked at each other, and I knew the weekend was on. “Hey let’s go sit down and chill for a minute, where’s your tent at?” Ray asked. “Over this way.” I said pointing into the setting sun. We gave hugs and Gary and his entourage went one way, and Ray went with the six of us the other way down the dirt path towards our campsite. In minutes we were back at our

asked what they were taking about. The two of them painted a picture of a rented college auditorium all decorated in blacklight paints, strobing lights and lasers, colorful costumes, glow sticks and music that played all night and well past when the sun came up. They told me that the events were not openly advertised, but more passed along by word of mouth, by a group called the Rave Doctors. That was the first time I had heard the word "rave," at least in the context of electronic music events. I had no idea that raves would become one of the main focal points of psychedelic culture during my generation, but I could tell that these two might be able to get me some more acid. After learning a little about raves from them, I asked if either of them could help me get acid. Chris said, "I did get some this weekend, and I can sell you some of what I bought." That Friday my parents were away from home, and I had the place to myself. I invited Alex and a few other friends, Mark and Abe over so we could go on



Underground [Re: GigaHurtz1] #17591661 - 01/23/13 12:04 AM (4 years, 9 months ago)  
ahh if I'm doing that I'm sorry, thats not my intention. Just seems like a cool place to trade stories!

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there is nothing to fear with this chemical besides astonishing realization that everything IS indeed 1 entity Questions Post Extras: dwpineal

Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

Underground [Re: dstark] #17593685 - 01/23/13 05:02 AM (4 years, 9 months ago) Okay so I was able to claim the night for myself (it can be hard with a family) and was able to write down a story that I've been wanting to get out of my mind and onto "paper" for a long time. I hope it is not too long, it took me about 4-5 hours to write it, and I can never tell if I am overdoing it with details or if those help round out the story...It's about 5,000 words. I'll post it in a sec,

Psychedelic Underground [Re: TranceInTheForest] #17370463 - 12/11/12 03:18 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) as long as its in 3d ----- Love is the deep spiritual connection between the self and all things. We are all a part of the same universe. Crazy cat peekin through a lace bandanna,like a one eyed cheshire, like a diamond eyed jack. Post Extras: TurkeyTom Trippy Registered: 08/02/11 Posts: 2,431 Last seen: 1 year, 1 month Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: sailing] #17372020 - 12/11/12 09:34 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) posting to read more of these tomorrow! ----- Change your avatar to Cat Wearing Bread! It's the newest craze, get it while it's hot!!! Post Extras: rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: TurkeyTom] #17372072 - 12/11/12 10:08 AM (4 years, 10 months ago) Quote: TurkeyTom

this one. Any chance on you going to Burning Man 2013, dwp? I have a thread in G&T..if you're heading out, feel free to drop in. Post

Extras: dstark Manifesting Minds Registered: 02/27/08 Posts: 3,978 Last seen: 2 days, 5 hours

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: shLong] #17635171 - 01/30/13 08:20 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

Very interesting thoughts man, I like the fact that you described very well how a mind works with mushroom trip, wordwise=] Usually im having the same enlightenments/teachings during trip and its truly amazing!! Quote: How much else happens without anyone ever getting to witness the actual events? This and the true beauty of things. I enjoyed the read mate!

----- What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post

Extras: rickjamez20 Shroomer Registered: 03/07/11 Posts: 618 Loc: Oregon Last seen: 24 days, 20 hours Re: Stories from the

next to his tent. Gary looked up with a big smile and said “You can’t out-crazy me, no one can - I guarantee it!” When he said that I thought that was probably the most-true statement I’d ever heard, and also one of the funniest. Laughter bubbled up from within and soon Gary and I were laughing together with everyone else at the campsite. Once the laughter subsided, Ray asked Gary, “Well do you want to come over and check this out?” “I don’t know.” “Okay you can do it from there.” Once Ray released him from the obligation to come over, Gary got up and walked the 10 feet to where we were sitting. We all sat how Ray was sitting and he had us focus in on our breathing. In that moment, everything seemed quiet. The only sounds were the water from the ocean, the wind from the trees, and the sound of my breath. “See the air you breathe in as a healing light,” and I imagined the incoming air as a light that was filling my entire body. “And the air you breathe out, as ridding your body of anything unwanted.

Actually - not sure where you are in the world, but here today is Tuesday, so I am hoping to sit down and write tonight

Quote: shLong said: And yeah, a bound edition would go right between Shulgin and Hofmann on my little shelf...I want the lowest # signed limited edition possible if it ever comes to light

Done - if it actualizes (as I hope it does - I would love to have my own book to sell at my booth at festivals) you're in for the lowest numbered signed one - besides whatever ones I donate to MAPS -----

\*\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*\*

\* My 8 Month LSD Trip

\* Stories from the Psychedelic Underground

\* My Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11

Check out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post Extras: shLong

Registered: 03/05/10 Posts: 25,330 Loc: 'sconsin

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17628694 - 01/29/13 07:45 PM (4 years, 8 months ago)

the giggles like that. I'm sure it was due to the fact that a professional was giving me a mix of oxygen and nitrous oxide, as opposed to inhaling straight nitrous oxide from a balloon. In fact, It was a totally unique experience in my lifetime. I also had not slept much at all over the past 48 hours, so when I got back to my dorm room, I smoked another bowl from the bubbler and slept until the next morning. The next half of the semester seemed to be extremely dense in experience for such a short amount of time. I kept working, mostly selling pot to the few guys on campus that were moving weight, but also selling John's champagne split ecstasy and Gary and Ray's LSD here and there. I would sell small bags of buds on occasion, but mostly to pretty girls, or people that caught me at the right place at the right time. A few weeks after the farm party, I got another chance to go to an outdoor camping event, the Journey to the Glades Hemp Festival on the Seminole Big Cypress Reservation. I got together with some

months ago) Quote: bryguy27007 said: Aren't they doing a 2012 gathering in Mexico next month? I heard that from a Scottish girl that was pounding pennies on a mini-anvil in the woods of Colorado, . That was a fun 2 days. I didn't see it as I briefly skimmed that site. Then again, the internet isn't really the best place to hear up-to-date information on the Rainbow Family, from what I know anyway. Yeah it seems like Mexico is going to be really happening this December! The Synthesis Festival there, the Gathering, and a bunch of other events. There's a thread here about the Mexico Rainbow gathering

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Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: Jump to top.

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| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | Next

from everyone, and many of us became good friends. We felt like we were doing important work for the community, spreading higher consciousness. Selling acid at a rave puts you right in the center of a tornado of sensory stimulation. Raves seemed like the descendent of the Acid Tests of the 1960s – they were environments created to stimulate the mind, the emotions and the senses. There one can build a universal connection within the space of the dancefloor where the All-One emerges through focused energy flowing through the crowd. People were having deeply personal experiences - being touched and opened up for the first time in their lives, and we watched it happen consistently week after week. This was part of the reason we made it a point to go every weekend, it was an amazing place where magic seemed to happen unexpectedly at any time, but with reliable frequency. To sell psychedelics to people at a place like this, and see the energy in the room cycle and build in intensity through



shrooms, but no one had any LSD that we'd run into yet. I've always loved mushrooms, and they were usually a rare commodity to run into in my circles, so I bought a few ounces and had Scotty run them back to the pick-up truck for safe-keeping. Scotty rarely tripped anymore, and didn't plan to here, and since I planned to trip very hard for sure, I put him in charge of keeping track of the valuables, cash, herb, and any psychedelics I was able to score. He was a great partner to have with me as he was one of the people who never betrayed the trust I put in him. I knew I could spin way off the side of the known galaxy and through dimensions I could only imagine, and he would have everything completely and safely under control in the real world. He was a smoker, and was never far from a joint, but cannabis is much more manageable in high doses than psychedelics in terms of keeping things organized. I brought the LSD, but I was really hoping not to have to take it. I saw so much LSD here last year that I wanted to

understood phenomenon in the psychedelic community. But at that time in the mid-1990s, I had not heard a single whisper about the fact that it might be possible to obtain unscheduled psychedelics legally. Coming upon this information was extremely exciting and of course led me on the hunt to learn more about IT-290, but the information was very sparse, so I did my best. The Santa Barbara Fine Chemical website had a banner when I got there that they were closed for business and no longer supplying chemicals, but just seeing the fact that someone was doing it, and learning the term “Fine Chemicals” supplier pointed me in the right direction. Soon my search led me to the Yellow Pages, to the “C’s” for Chemicals. There were lots of listings, some were industrial chemicals suppliers, some were janitorial, and some I couldn’t really tell what they sold. These were the companies I focused on. I made up the name of a fake science-y sounding company and practiced a few times saying, “Hi this is Jay

ten strip out of the bag I had and tore off squares into people's hands. "How much do I owe ya?" one asked. "Nothing, we're neighbors, now we'll all be up for a while!" I said tearing myself off a square and eating it myself. As abruptly as I had appeared I waved and walked off to the next campsite. I repeated the process at two other nearby campsites and walked back over to my own campsite. We turned up the music and passed around the rest of the doses between the people at our site. Soon we could hear people laughing and carrying on all around us. The night passed and as the sun began to rise we could see everything was covered in a thick blanket of fog. Someone put on the Sasha/John Digweed CD Northern Exposure (the 0° North disc) and we all went on a journey together. Some of the people from the other campsites came over because the music was so perfect for the setting. That CDs took us on a journey, which was cool, because it transformed the negative energy from before about the

FUCK OUT OF HERE, NOW". So we turned around in the tunnel and went out into the halls to explore. Before this Infected was playing and we weren't really down with what they were spinning, so that's why we got up and explored. That night I also had one of the realest experiences I've ever had too, real in a very real way. We were in the main entranceway, tons of people around, and then we started hearing shouts of "GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY!" NOW! In a couple seconds, right in front of me, they carted away a girl on a stretcher who just looked dead. Immediately in my mind I heard the words "Heat Stroke". They moved her past me and us into a hallway, and in my close eyed visual field I saw her spirit fly up from her body into a 4-5 foot light portal. We moved into the bathroom and people were pissed, maybe at seeing that, maybe at something else, but the vibes in there were suffering based, anger based. We moved quickly through there. Then later on we got picked up,

outskirts of the center of downtown. It didn't take long to get inside the club, but it was already getting packed as we all walked in together. The music was pumping and we ran into a few friendly faces almost immediately. It was a small club so someone in our group asked for a bowl so we could smoke. I had one, so I reached into my pocket and pulled it out. I handed it over and he packed it up. We passed it around in one of the corners of the club, near the pool tables. After finishing it up I put the pipe back into my pocket, feeling quite nice. A guy came up and asked me if he could borrow my bowl for a minute. I didn't know him, but it seemed like a pretty innocent request, so I handed it over to him discretely and just asked him to bring it back when he was done. I sent some of my friends out into the club to work the crowd and sell some of the acid and rolls I brought, courtesy of E-Dog. Soon they were coming back to re-up and passing me over small folds of cash. I walked into the bathroom into

Btw I chuckled at the beatmatching bit. I would love to have heard you spin fl breaks. It's funny because i just recently got into breaks after dj krafty kuts came to town. I'll think of you next time I spin some DW. I know right! I go back and re-live these moments with you too when I'm writing them, it is amazing how the memory can pull up the scenes and basically paint the entire thing within my mind...And yeah man, I'm definitely a breaks man. It is a small scene in the EDM world, and always has been, but there is something about it that resonates with me. And yeah man, beat matching is a truly neat art, not one I could ever figure out, but that make me even more awe-inspired by it. Quote: indocult said: I can't help but notice you rarely mention mushies outside of the mail order mushies. Could you not find them or did you like L better? Actually I couldn't find them. I had extremely limited access to mushrooms then. But mushrooms are definitely "my thing" in many ways. We'll get to where I fly out to

is no way to describe what happens, but everything synchs up, your movements, your muscles, your reactions, the drums, the beats, the air around you, everything seems to just flow. The motion pumps the experience through your body and intensifies the trip until it feels like your whole body is one gigantic smile that can barely contain itself within the confines of your physical form. As I was feeling myself become one with the universal-human-tribal-dance-soul, losing all sense of my physical body, I felt my feet leave the ground, and arms around my body. The next thing I knew, I was on the ground, which felt cool and grassy, with someone's arms around me calling my name in a long drawn-out excited voice. I looked and it was my friend Karla from the Edge. She was with a group of our friends and literally tackled me when she saw me. It was nice to see familiar friends in this far-away land, and I was laughing and dusting myself off while giving and receiving hugs all around. We had to almost yell

released), and it really is a neat chem. Quote: Adamist said: Amazing stories DWP~ made it through the first 8 chapters or so. Really brings me back. I grew up in the Florida rave scene, starting around the year 2000.. it's making a decent comeback up here in central FL. How's the scene down south doing these days? My good friend just moved to Ft. Lauderdale and I've been thinking about moving down myself. Any advice? Are any of those legit clubs/promoters still around? It is constantly evolving. A lot of the people I knew growing up became key people in developing the scene later on. A lot of people moved on, some passed away, but there's always going to be a place in history for psychedelic electronic music I think. I know this doesn't directly answer your question, but in many ways I guess the scene is different now and a lot of new faces, but it has deep roots. Quote: GRAVE said: Oh man that one got me. I was totally in the house partying it up with your crew them, BAM. Cops again.



vodka into the vial. He filled the vial until it was almost full, removed the top completely and used the needle of the syringe to stir the LSD crystal into the vodka. After what seemed like a while of this stirring, he pulled the plunger back on the syringe, sucking the mixture in. He shook the syringe and grabbed one of the Robitussin bottles, put it in the Pyrex pan and emptied the syringe into the bottle. He dipped the syringe tip into the graduated cylinder full of Grey Goose and pulled back on the plunger, shook the syringe and emptied it into the Robitussin bottle again. He did this about 4 or 5 more times and then poured the rest of the vodka from the cylinder directly into the Robitussin bottle and closed the cap. He refilled the cylinder with vodka twice more and each time poured the vodka into the bottle and closed the cap. Finally he tightened the cap as strongly as he could, swirled the bottle a little and put it back down into the pan. He grabbed the second vacuum sealed vial, took his scissors and cut open the

months ago) I'll take 10 ----- Life must be the preparation for the transition to another dimension. Post Extras: Absent Minded Registered: 04/13/12 Posts: 3,300 Loc: Way Down South Last seen: 2 years, 7 months Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18113513 - 04/15/13 10:21 PM (4 years, 6 months ago) Quote: dwpineal said: Quote: Absent Minded said: wo wo wo pump the breaks you're actually making a book of this? Well, yes that is part of the vision with all the writing. I've been wanting to do a book for a while, I mean I have a few friends that have been saying it for a long time, but I just never had the motivation to follow through and sit there and just write it all out. But by posting it here, everyone is giving me the encouragement to keep going so it is really a blessing for me to have this place. I'm just posting stream-of-consciousness writing, not really editing at all - so the stories will have typos, weird sentence structure, whatever. It's

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equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
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basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe

hurricane of Technicolor ideas. The world could be transformed forever if this got out. When I tried to speak I realized I had no idea how to construct words. It was the feeling a baby has when the need for something is so easy to know inside, but impossible to communicate to others. After the CD ended, they decided we should go for a walk. I hadn't spoken since we sat down in the tent and they thought getting me up and about might help balance me. It was dark out now and the campgrounds were lit by the light of the moon and twinkling campfires echoing into the twilight. It was like being teleported into another time. People were playing instruments and dancing by fires we walked past, I was in a gypsy camp at the end of time. The darkness didn't dampen the visual impact of the LSD like it usually would. The fires created halos of geometric ghost patterns that floated into the dark, splintering it with smoke-like rainbow waves of color that met and separated and splashed in the sky. People

was to get a urinary drainage bag, called a Bard Dispoz-a-Bag, some clear acrylic tubing and make a device that I could use to make it look like I was peeing. The bag had an opening at the top and a valve at the bottom that I could fit clear acrylic tubing snugly into. I would fill it with water that had a drop of yellow food coloring added to make it look like real urine, secure the bag to my waist and rubber-band the clear acrylic tube to the underside of my dick so it was invisible, even if you were looking pretty closely. I'd discretely push down the flip top valve and let the liquid flow out into the test cup. I practiced in front of my mirror for hours before trying it the first time at the probation office. Jonathan would watch me pee, but just like the book said, it is a slightly uncomfortable experience for both parties, so even though it was direct observation drug testing, he didn't stare at my dick to the point of inspecting it microscopically. As long as I did it the same way I'd practiced in the mirror, I knew I could

oriental girl centerfold. She wasn't naked, just not wearing very much. She put the four books in the magazine, with no baggie and closed the magazine. "Something to remember me by" she said with a smile and a wink. Luckily my trust was well placed, the acid was excellent, E-Dog said they were called Eternal Life's. Years later I would see the blotter art for sale and those sheets were being called "South Africa." I started working E-Dog's sheets for many years. In fact it was through him that I found out more about the situation with Melanie being a rat. About a year after meeting him I was at his house and he was looking all upset. He asked me, "Hey do you know a guy named Jovi?" I did, that was the same guy from the afterhours that had put me on the spot asking me to give him a few hits in front of everyone. "He ratted out my boy and people are looking for him." Apparently the LSD they were bringing in was coming from San Francisco and it was coming directly from there to e-Dog's best friend. E-

see it drive away. Shortly after the group reformed inside Marty's apartment, taking over all the chairs and couch space in quick and decisive motions, I realized that Marty wasn't there. I walked out onto his balcony and looked into the parking lot. He was outside the bus talking with Curtis, leaning his head down to rest on the side of the bus. I couldn't tell for sure from where I was but it looked there was some kind of problem. I saw him going into his wallet and taking out a credit card and handing it to Curtis. I walked down to make sure everything was alright, but by the time I got downstairs the bus was pulling away and Marty was walking towards me. I never really figured out what went down, but I know Marty was tripping really hard. Marty could be very quiet at times. Back in the apartment, when everyone should have been winding down and chilling, Tristan was starting to become frustrated and animated. He was sitting in a chair near the windows across from where Scotty and I were sitting on

heart? Or a little misleading! Post Extras: Par  
Registered: 09/05/10 Posts: 811 Loc: British  
Columbia Last seen: 1 year, 2 months Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
dwpineal] #18775880 - 08/30/13 09:04 AM (4  
years, 2 months ago) We hope you're having  
a great summer DW, and hope you could  
possibly write a snippet about your next story.  
The anticipation is too much! Post Extras:

Oeric McKenna LIFE CAPS Registered:  
06/15/12 Posts: 5,311 Loc: Babylon Re:  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
Par] 2 #18775903 - 08/30/13 09:20 AM (4  
years, 2 months ago) Dude I just found this....  
Awesome! ----- spread love love is  
everything 2013 finds medicinal psilocybin  
tincture drops cannabis pics Post Extras:

bryguy27007 Cosmonaut Registered: 01/27/08  
Posts: 10,486 Loc: Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: Oeric McKenna]  
#18776866 - 08/30/13 05:59 PM (4 years, 1  
month ago) Quote: Oeric McKenna said:



wouldn't move, and I could now see the door lock was engaged. I had locked my keys in my car with the engine, the air conditioning, and the radio all running. I had Triple A, so I knew I could call them and have them help me get the door open, so I felt in my pocket for change to use a pay phone. I couldn't find any, but after a very - long time of pacing around and thinking, I realized that I had my wallet and I could change a dollar into quarters to use the phone. I looked around and saw a gas station across the street. It was a six lane street I had to cross and when I got to the corner I began to get intimidated. The cars were zooming by and it just didn't feel safe. I thought, "It would be nice if I could just press a button that would let me cross the street safely." I looked down and saw a button on the pole that said "Push to cross street" and realized that someone had the same exact thought as me in the past. I pressed the button, waited for the signal, and made it safely across the street. With just minimal difficulty I

we had a nice cup of tea together outside in our back yard. She went to bed early and woke the next morning feeling much better. In the meantime, I went to my brother and asked him what in the world happened. He said he was in bed and she woke him up holding the sheet asking, “What’s this? I found it in your brother’s room. Is it drugs? I’m licking it to find out!” “And you let her lick the sheet???” “I didn’t have time to stop her, she just licked it as soon as she said that. There was nothing I could do.” “And you let her just go to work?” He just shrugged and looked embarrassed. I guess she had seen too many cop shows, where the cop finds a baggie of white powder on someone and licks it, “Yep, that’s drugs!” or something like that. I can’t imagine why she thought she could tell if it was drugs or not, but since the paper was tasteless, she just figured there was nothing on it. And my brother just told her he didn’t know what it was. It was a really scary day. I’m not sure exactly how much she got into her, or

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal] #17948160 - 03/13/13 04:45 PM (4 years, 7 months ago) Lol i was joking but it is a cliffhanger. And i can also attest to the weird things happenning while tripping. Well I've had weird shot happen even when i have posed and it was so weak that i barely even felt high. Its like the universe goes " hey lets make this more interesting" Me and my wife took 2 plotters each in 2011 and they were super weak and i think probably an rc as well. But we did feel nice and giggle but no visuals at all just a nice buzz( weaker than smoking a joint) and we walked around the lake. We sat down at a bench and a duck came we though it looked funny trying to intimidate us since that bench was the ducks property( it was covered in shot as well as we soon found out ) when we looked up we saw about 40 ducks slowly approving us from both sides and they looked mad. We got up and actually got escorted out of the area by a couple of bigger ducks. They acted like a gang and

equipment (admins click here) step 2. spawn -  
culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
fruiting Attention!! This contains suggestions  
for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ  
(updated 2017) Psilocybe Cubensis Strain  
Information (updated 2017) Other Psilocybin  
Species (may contain outdated info) Other  
Psilocybe species General Cultivation (may  
contain outdated info) Psilocybe cyanescens  
Psilocybe azurescens Psilocybe weilii Psilocybe  
mexicana Psilocybe semilanceata Psilocybe  
stuntzii Psilocybe galindoi Psilocybe  
tampanensis Panaeolus species General  
Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Panaeolus cyanescens Panaeolus  
cambodginiensis Panaeolus bispora Gymnopilus  
species General Cultivation (may contain  
outdated info) Gymnopilus luteofolius

buds they had were not that nice at all. They looked scraggly, brown, and didn't even smell right. They were selling them at a huge discount, but that herb just looked like problems to me. I could hear the complaints already and had to take a pass on that. Usually these guys had several different types to choose from, but today there was nothing but this schwagy brown disappointment. I called Justin in Miami, but he said nothing was going on for another few weeks. Dan made a few calls for me and found one of his friends with nice buds at a good price. But we would have to go all the way across the county and back to get them. Dan tried to have them delivered, but the guy didn't have time to do a run, even though we offered him a little extra for delivery fees. We talked about it, and decided that we hadn't had enough time to just chill and hang out recently, so we went to play pool instead of picking up the weed. The next day was the last day of classes before finals started, and I got a call from one of my friends

but seemed to have a unique style and confidence about her. She moved her gaze from me and turned back to Abe, “Well, not really, if you want X you got to go to The Edge at three in the morning.” I’d heard about The Edge, but had no clue what it was or even where it was. Later I would find out that The Edge was an old firehouse in Fort Lauderdale’s downtown area that was turned into a nightclub. Painted all black inside and out, as if shrouded in Mystery itself, The Edge became the home for the South Florida rave scene. “But,” she continued, “I do have some acid.” My heart skipped a beat and I forgot all about The Edge and ecstasy. “You have acid? That you’re selling?” I asked. “Uh-huh.” This was the first time I had ever met anyone selling acid. Up to that point I was lucky to have friends that could get some for me from their friends randomly. It was very much a hand-to-hand situation, with one friend helping another. Now I was actually sitting at the table with the connection herself, and I could barely

perfect, because the pages of LSD were smaller than the white backings I had in my real comic books, but they were close enough to work. I would take a small stack of comic books to the safety deposit box and no one ever looked twice at me. I tried to blend into the background and never be noticeable, so someone could almost forget I'd even come in. I didn't make too much small talk with whoever walked me back to the safety deposit boxes, and I only went into my box about once every two weeks at most. I had to structure things so that my friends would know what they ordered had to last them long enough, which was a change, but after a while, I saw the wisdom of keeping the LSD in a place that was not the same place I slept at night, it felt a lot safer all around. During this time in the summer between high school and college, I kept very busy learning how to perfect my Clark Kent routine, and moving as much of Ray and Gary's acid as I could before the end of the summer. One of my problems was that many of

started searching our pockets. He pulled out my wallet, pulled out a stack of cash about a quarter inch thick, and said, “How’d you get this?” “I work.” Since Chris was the one working the crowd that night, I was just the one holding the money and the doses. I had eaten a few hits earlier in the night. This guy had no clue that in the wallet he was holding, I had a little clear baggy with about 300 hits of white unperf hidden in the flat pocket behind my ID, a few family pictures and a condom. Unperf was great because it was just white paper soaked in liquid LSD. It was called unperf because it was unperforated, unlike most acid, which was perforated into neat quarter inch squares. If it wasn’t inside the little clear drug baggie, it would be virtually unrecognizable to anyone, but as it was, I was screwed. With the wallet still in his hand he said; “What’s this?” His other hand was touching my pocket from the outside, his fingers around a rectangular piece of paper hiding in the security of the fabric of



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First | < Back | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |  
21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |  
32 | 33 | Next > tk.step14 wanderer Registered:

05/16/13 Posts: 82 Last seen: 3 months, 3 days

Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: shLong] #18613141 -  
07/26/13 09:00 AM (4 years, 3 months ago)

Quote: shLong said: Quote: GRAVE said: The  
lack of new stories is making my life on  
shroomery a lot less exciting. Quote: shLong  
said: Quote: GRAVE said: The lack of new  
stories is making my life on shroomery a lot less  
exciting. seeing new posts in this thread then  
realising they are not more stories is making my  
life disappointing, a rollercoaster ride..... haha

Post Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist  
Registered: 07/20/06 Posts: 4,666 Re:

Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re:  
tk.step14] #18613464 - 07/26/13 01:58 PM (4  
years, 3 months ago) LOL Sorry guys, I just  
got back from Summer tour and haven't started

ignore my probation curfew. I'd been there maybe three or four Friday or Saturday nights to just check it out and have a good time, but it was not a very psychedelic place. The DJs played whatever was popular on the radio at the time and it catered to more of a ritzy clientele than anything I would usually go to. "C'mon man, it'll be free. We've got nothing else to do, why not check it out." They never made me pay and had told me anytime I wanted to come when they were open I could bring a few friends at no cost, so it seemed like a good choice for a last resort. He still didn't want to go, so we finished the joint and rolled another and walked outside to my mom's backyard. My mom's back yard had been a place I'd spent a lot of time smoking in and to this day it has a very nice feel to it. All my friends from high school would come over and we'd smoke out there until about a half hour before she came home from work. We sat outside under the stars and didn't even remember to light the joint. We just sat there

Underground [Re: dwpineal] 1 #18049196 -  
04/03/13 04:15 AM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Actually whatever, it's getting late, I'll just post what I have. The next stuff begins to move us into the 8 month trip anyway, so probably better to create a natural division here... Not sure what to title this one yet - any suggestions? I was thinking Crash Test Dummy, but not sure if I'm feeling that...

----- I  
heard the police car door slam and watched as a tall older cop stepped out and surveyed the scene, his head panning slowly from the crowd that had begun to gather around the fence line to the golf course until coming to rest on the Mustang. I followed his gaze and saw a pair of skid marks in the manicured grass starting at the street and ending under the tires of Dave's car. As the cop walked over to me I began to be overwhelmed by the crushing weight of the reality of the situation beginning to manifest. I had really messed up both my friend's car and a

#17466000 - 12/29/12 07:23 PM (4 years, 9 months ago) Thank you so much for all these stories i had a great time reading all of them(straight three hours read with a break for food and a movie)!!! Love each and one of them, different aspect of living in that time by means of raves, people, psychedelics... I was just born around that time and find this very interesting, LOVE club music Good write up and ofcourse MOAR!!!! ----- What is a mind, if not something to be messed with? What is consciousness, if not a state to be altered? Post Extras: jw2234 Astral Traveler Registered: 08/18/09 Posts: 1,237 Loc: Bay Area Last seen: 1 year, 4 days Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground [Re: jw2234]

#17471522 - 12/30/12 09:54 PM (4 years, 9 months ago) Desert Campground Party It was two weeks before I set off to college for my first semester. At this point I was friends with people who were very much in with the underground rave scene in SF, and had been

Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month LSD Trip \*  
Stories from the Psychedelic Underground \* My  
Psychedelic Wedding Thread 11-11-11 Check  
out my Psychedelic Molecule and Blotter  
Inspired Art - Handmade Shroomerite Art Post  
Extras: Mr.PhilCybin Lord of all Jerrys  
Registered: 06/14/11 Posts: 11,534 Loc:  
Gnarnia Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: dwpineal] #18128870 -  
04/18/13 05:41 PM (4 years, 6 months ago)

Dude these suspenseful ending are killing me.  
Almost literally. Great writing about even  
greater life experiences. ----- I'm  
stupid, Falcon91Wolvrn03 is smart. I'm ugly,  
Falcon91Wolvrn03 is beautiful. I'm a loser,  
Falcon91Wolvrn03 is a winner. Someday, I hope  
to be like Falcon91Wolvrn03 but secretly know  
I never will. Edited by Mr.PhilCybin (04/20/13  
03:51 AM) Post Extras: Simple-Psyman

Registered: 08/07/12 Posts: 667 Loc: Eire  
Re: Stories from the Psychedelic Underground  
[Re: Mr.PhilCybin] #18129391 - 04/18/13 07:43

going to leave the stories in un-edited format here, that way later on when I get ready to edit for a finished product (man I can't believe I am finally writing this book Super-YAY!), then it will be something people can go back and see what developed further and what was changed or dropped out... Anyway, my humblest thanks for everyone on the "trip" here together with me. you all give me the encouragement and inspiration to keep going each week. I've been holding this all in for so long, sometimes I thought it might never get written. So again, much love to everyone here! Light and Love,

DW ----- \*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: dwpineal  
Psychedelic Artist Registered: 07/20/06 Posts:  
4,666 Re: Stories from the Psychedelic

words...a tall feat for sure. Appreciate your nice words!!!(and also everyone else who said kind things about this chapter) We didn't sit down to figure it out until way later, but when we did it was like each mL of the OJ had 100-150mics, so you literally just needed a small ass sip to get nicely dosed. I'll get into just exactly how we figured it out later, but it came out to about 15-30mg of LSD crystal, so about 150-300 doses. I MEANT to dose myself hard by taking a few gulps, but definitely didn't know I was going that far out into that aether there!!!

-----  
\*\*\*\*\*Tips for Your First  
Psychedelic Experience\*\*\*\*\* \* My 8 Month  
LSD Trip \* Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground \* My Psychedelic Wedding  
Thread 11-11-11 Check out my Psychedelic  
Molecule and Blotter Inspired Art - Handmade  
Shroomerite Art Post Extras: ByTor Stranger  
Registered: 12/07/13 Posts: 44 Last seen: 2  
days, 30 minutes Re: Stories from the  
Psychedelic Underground [Re: dwpineal]

walked in. Immediately I was immersed in a synesthesia of strobe lights, lasers, fog, black lights, and a pounding bass that shook the whole club. It was like walking into a living organism with a thousand heads and a thousand arms all moving rhythmically to the beat. I walked through the people, and could feel the moisture in the air from the fog machines and sweat. As I walked forward through the strobing rainbows of color, I saw steps leading down into a dance floor. I walked around the sides and could look down about five or six feet into the pit. It was an undulating explosion bright colored clothing, glow sticks, whistles, pacifiers, and smiles all moving together. At the far end of the dance floor there was a wall of 8 foot tall bass bins. People were leaning up against the massive speakers and soaking in the waves of pounding bass through their bodies. I walked closer to the bass and made my way through the dancing mass of bodies to another stairway leading out of the dance floor. The Edge is a bit



of moving up and up, getting higher and higher. The energy rush felt so crazy. It was like I was totally weightless and then like my entire body seemed to move particle by particle to become a cloud, hovering over and moving through every part of the rave. I closed my eyes, but the colors from the lights and lasers of the event seemed to continue right into the core of my mind. I felt like this was the ultimate human experience and if I could bring just a bit of this to everyone on the planet, that things would change for the better. Wars, famine, poverty, fear, it would all just disappear and a new age of cooperation would bring humanity to evolve into what we were always meant to become. My whole body was singing at the very peak of a bliss that I could never have imagined could be possible. I moved back in time and experienced life through multiple viewpoints all at once. I was the experiencer, the viewer, the person outside the experience looking in, and I could relate intimately to each emotion felt, each action

room.” “I haven’t seen anything, I’m sorry, I can’t help you. I thought he might smoke, but I’ve never seen it myself, and I don’t do any drugs at all.” I was doing cartwheels in my mind, at least it was a small win in this fucked up situation. I even felt more confident. If he could lie to them, so could I. They spent a few more minutes in the room and soon the detective opened the door and was looking down at me in the chair. “At least do your friend a favor here, just admit that anything we found in the room, all belongs to you, right?” I hesitated, not sure what to say. “Cuz if it’s not, we can take both of you to jail right now.” I shook my head yes, looked over, caught my roommate’s eyes and then looked back down to the floor. “Okay then.” He said nodding to the other detective. Soon I was being walked out of the dorms, hands behind my back. This part is really hard to write about. In fact I had to stop after that last sentence and go balance myself again before coming back to write any more of

Cultivation (may contain outdated info)  
Psilocybe cubensis Woodlovers Gourmet  
Mushrooms (may contain outdated info)  
Shiitake Oysters Humidification Sterilization  
and Pasteurization Experiencing Mushrooms  
Trip Reports Microdosing Level 1 Level 2  
Level 3 Level 4 Level 5 Other Substances  
Pharmacology Trippers FAQ Preparing  
Mushrooms Preserve Mushrooms Drying  
Capsules Storing Other methods of preservation  
Mushroom Recipes Hunting Mushrooms  
Psilocybin Species Mushroom Locations  
Amanita Species Amanita muscaria (Fly Agaric)  
Hunting FAQ Spore Prints Toxins Mushroom  
Hunting Etiquette Starting Out Community  
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culture expansion step 3. substrate step 4.  
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for site modifications for site admins Beyond  
basic Species specific information Growing  
Mushrooms (updated 2017) Getting Started  
(updated 2017) General Cultivation (updated  
2017) Getting Started General Mushroom FAQ

Registered: 10/26/13 Posts: 162 Loc:  
Somewhere I belong. Last seen: 26 days, 6  
hours Re: Stories from the Psychedelic  
Underground [Re: phaded] #19032147 -  
10/26/13 12:17 AM (4 years, 5 days ago) I've  
been reading Shroomery for a while, although I  
have never tried acis (will do after few weeks)  
and only tried DMT few times and been  
smoking weed for a while, I enjoy reading other  
people's experiences. I started with your tread  
about 8 month tripping, and got here. Now I  
must say you seem like a nice person and really  
experienced. I really like to read your stories,  
but before I grasp all this thread, I would like to  
ask if you are going to publish a book with all  
this? (I've seen a few posts about that) I would  
totally buy it, for sure. EDIT: Just finished  
reading the whole thread. I think I am getting  
withdrawal symptoms, hopefully new dose of  
story will arrive soon. Edited by  
VeryStrangeMan (10/26/13 11:19 PM) Post  
Extras: dwpineal Psychedelic Artist