

# **Tentacles of Consciousness**

Tentacles of Consciousness

By James Marx

All rights reserved, duplication by any means are prohibited.

Copyright 2012 by JD Marx

# Tentacles of Consciousness

I had been experimenting with going outside of my body, drifting away into the night. I wanted to see if it is really possible to have an out of body experience as has been reported so many times. According to the research it is just your mind playing with you, but there were just too many reports and experiences, I wanted to find out for myself.

I had tried LSD, marijuana, Ecstasy and meditation, but it was only once I acquired Peyote that I started having success.

I would lie in bed and allow my mind to drift, while feeling every part of my body and allowing it to sink lower and lower. The meditation did prove to help and I almost managed to see the neighbours, I could hear them talking in their kitchen and going about their business, unaware that I was listening in. But ultimately this was unsuccessful, each time I could feel myself slipping away and drifting through the walls I would return and wake up or lie there in the space between dreams. I could hear them very clearly though, as if I was in the same room.

I managed to find out secrets that I could not have known otherwise. But I could not see as I wanted, I imagined that I would be able to move my whole being, my spiritual body so to speak, and that I would be able to see, feel and move around in a non-physical form.

I kept on trying and tested all the possible drugs that may help.

I had limited success just using meditation and LSD stopped me from experimenting for a while, but I was curious and wanted to know. The meditation had allowed me to expand my consciousness to a wider area and I knew that it would be possible to move around without the limitations of a physical prison. Peyote is wonderful. It allowed me to break free and move freely on a different level. By now I had overcome the initial nausea Peyote induces and could dose accurately as I had been experimenting with different strengths.

The first time I managed to break free was quite a shock, I had been increasing the dosage slightly and it happened by accident. I was feeling freer and more in control and I had drifted across to the neighbours again and was listening to their inane talk while getting ready for bed, when something snapped. It was almost as if a tether had been stretched to breaking point and gave way.

I experienced the feeling of falling in my dreams, but instead of waking up I fell upwards. It is the only way to describe the strange and curious rushing. It was as if I was being pulled up through a well, with voices whispering along the way.

It then felt as if I was floating in darkness with pinpoints of light flashing in front of my eyes. I slowly became aware that they were stars. I was drifting above the earth.

I cannot explain satisfactorily how I was able to see, it was not a physical seeing, but rather more a sensing of the individual atoms and particles. My consciousness held onto the concept, or idea of my body and interpreted everything according to the known limits and experiences. I turned and tried to see what my spiritual body looked like, but could not see anything, just the blackest night imaginable, with the stars as a backdrop. I realised that I was floating in space and that the chemical

or magnetic influences of light was affecting me in some unknown way, enabling me to see and experience.

I will have to keep referencing the known dimensions in order to make sense of my movement and enable understanding. It was not as a picture or movies of the astronauts where they are floating in space, but rather as if my consciousness was concentrated in a specific spot.

I do not know for how long I was just floating. I turned and saw the earth hanging freely, with the sun cresting along one edge, the glorious light shining across the continents. I stayed there just watching until everything became hazy and I experienced the same whispered rushing again.

It was morning and the birds were tweeting in the garden, I could hear the neighbours leaving for work. I just lied in bed and felt too awed to get up. I did not know how I could ever tell or describe the feelings and emotions that racked my body, or the wonder of watching the sunrise from space.

I wanted to try it again as soon as possible and had thoughts of visiting all the other planets, seeing if I could get closer to the earth and visit other continents. I imagined myself as a super hero, flying across the cities and villages.

My phone kept on ringing through the day but I did not get up until late morning and did not go to work. At one time I caught a glimpse of myself in the bathroom mirror and saw a haunted and beatific face staring back at me. At once I knew that the human condition can be transcended and that more is possible in life than the constant slog and drudgery of day to day existence.

That afternoon my love-hate relationship with my girlfriend took a turn as I finally let her in to my experimentation. She thought that it was just in my mind and I tried to convince her that it was not a drug fuelled trip and that the experiences were real. I told her that I will prove it and that she had to wait for an email every day for the next week in which I will tell her what she did the night before.

I did not know if I could pinpoint one person and follow them around, but wanted to try. I said that she must do things out of the ordinary so that I could not guess what it would be. Much like Herodotus with the cooked turtle and the Oracle of Delphi.

It was on the second night after this that I figured out the trick of controlling my spiritual body. Even now I am not sure if this is the correct term, but for lack of a better I will continue to refer to it as such. I suppose it could also be called the pinpoint of my consciousness.

After she left that night, I again used the same amount of Peyote, that glorious and wondrous plant. I experienced the same whispered rushing, falling upwards feeling and my mind was released again. As before I drifted in space, looking at the stars and the sun crawling over the earth. I tried to move around and manage more than just a slow turn but kept on getting lost in the wonders before me.

I had to phone the office in the morning to tell them I was sick and won't be in for the whole week, in order to stop the phone ringing during the day. I did not want to overdose so kept the experiments limited, even though all I could do during the day was close my eyes and remember the feeling and images that flashed across my mind. I dosed earlier that day as I could not wait any longer and watched the sunset from space.

I tried again controlling where I was and moving around and started to get it right, it was as if there was a core of consciousness with the edges spread out like tentacles, enabling me to see and experience. After some time I floated down to earth and experienced a real Google Earth moment when the globe rushed up to meet me. I just tried to go straight down, back to where I started from and sped up too much. The fright woke me up but I was still under the influence of Peyote so was able to drift away again.

Again I floated above the earth, apparently straight up from where my body was peacefully sleeping. After this experience I discovered that I just had to will myself to do something and it happened. It was akin to telepathy or telekinesis I think, where you had to control the thought and imagine what you wanted to do. It is still difficult to explain the mechanism, it was as if I saw or imagined the future to make it come true.

When I came down it was still early morning, the clock on my bedside said 03:04. I dosed again and continued to explore the capabilities of my new non-physical body. I became better at control and managed to float down to my house, I saw it from above as well as the others around me. A true birds-eye view.

I followed the roads, floating across the empty streets, observing the men putting up the newspaper posters and the closing clubs. Like a modern Peter Pan I visited my girlfriend's flat and looked in at her bedroom window. As I was hanging there, six stories up, I wondered if I would be able to move through matter and just go straight through the windows or walls. Seeing that the other rules of science and motion did not apply to this magical body I doubted that the physical barriers in this world could stop me.

Pushing slowly ahead through the windows and frame, I felt a strange twisting, pulling sensation and can only ascribe this to the magnetic effect of the atoms caught in the glass and metal. There did not appear to be any change in the physical appearance of the windows afterwards. I could move through walls!

I looked at her sleeping with the covers thrown off, peaceful and happy. Not knowing that I was there in a non-material form. I watched her and then went to the bathroom; thinking that I would be able to maybe leave a message or let her know that I was there, but found that I could not interact with the physical world. I was not walking but floating a few centimetres above the ground and when I tried to touch things my hands just went through, with that same twisting, pulling sensation.

I suspect that the feelings or sensations I was able to experience is due to a residual amount of atoms or particles that contains the consciousness, or that is the consciousness. I could not see my spiritual body, but had the feeling that my arm was a certain length with my hand attached at the end, thus I 'reached' out. In the same way it was as if the tentacles of my consciousness was contained in a space where I remembered my physical body was, or the extent to which it was replicated in my mind. There are no words in the English language to concretely explain the sensations or concepts.

I resolved the next day when I woke up that I would dose earlier still and follow her around to see what she does so that I could convince her that there is more to life than what we know. I started typing an email explaining everything that I saw in her apartment, but thought that she would just

think that I broke in. I had to convince her that I could see things and experience what a normal human being could not.

Two days later, armed with my secret knowledge gained from following her around (I had gotten much better at controlling myself when in the altered state), I called her to rather visit me so that I could see her reactions and responses. It did not go as I expected at all.

She could not understand that I was there, I heard her whisper to her friends, I watched her getting dressed in private, I saw her go to sleep. She freaked out and accused me of spying and paying someone to follow her, of installing cameras in her apartment to record what she is doing instead of just believing that I could see everything without her knowing I am in the same room.

When she left after I tried to convince her, she said that I was getting drugged too often and I was trying anything to make it seem that the drugs was legitimate. She would not believe that I could be more and better than what we are used to. I offered to teach her and show her what is possible, but she refused.

That night I increased the dosage in a failed attempt to see if it would allow me more control over the physical world while in my altered state. I resolved to visit her again and attempt to make a change or alter something in her apartment that she would know that I was there, or else try and make her see me. It did not work out as I still passed through anything physical, but I found that with double the dosage it became easier to separate and drift away. I did not have to spend as much time getting my consciousness into an altered state before I found myself rushing up into the sky.

The next morning I did not get up after awakening, but dosed immediately again. I was getting impatient to experience the same unbridled freedom as before, being caught in my physical body had become painful. It was slow and limited, I dreamed of always being free and able to drift and float and fly wherever I wanted to be. Unlimited and in control.

I had thought about visiting the planets, but had figured out at this point that time does not stop, but carry on at the same speed. When I woke up it was either morning or close to morning and the Peyote had been absorbed and processed through my metabolism. I found it curious that the other laws of physics did not apply and that I was able to bypass them, but that time would still limit me.

I was still keen to try and prove that my experimentation was a success and that one could enter a different state, a consciousness that has so much more than what we know, where you could touch the atoms in physical objects and feel the rushing of the solar winds past you.

Instead of increasing the dosage again, I took five times as much as before. By the time I had laid back on the bed I was drifting in space again. I willed myself back to earth and as I passed the neighbour's house and saw their house number I suddenly felt myself twisting and warping, almost stretched beyond the stars. I could not feel real pain, but it was as if my mind was being pulled apart.

I was in 1879.

The dead quiet of the streets without electric lights, dirt roads and the whinny of horses were foreign to me. At first I did not believe it, but as the night marched on and I explored I slowly came

to realise that I was in a different time. The increased dosage must have severed some sort of link with my physical body, seeing the number with the thoughts still lingering of breaking the time barrier I willed myself without properly thinking.

It was when I came across the pub sign, hanging outside on copper links instead of framed behind the bar that I realised that I was still in the same city and place, but in a different time. The drunkards were lounging on rough wooden benches, drinking out of pewter mugs and smoking clay pipes. There were no modern piping and wooden barrels behind the bar, candles and firelight, I had managed to go somewhere no person was able to in the modern world.

As a test I took myself back to my school days and saw the children I remember vaguely playing in the streets, then forward again to my last conversation with my girlfriend. I could see myself arguing and trying to explain, pleading. I saw the haunted look in my eyes and realised that I remembered looking towards the window the whole time with a queasy feeling. I had known that I was there when it first happened.

I felt so free and wonderfully ecstatic. I could go anywhere I wished, merely by willing it. I could answer all the unknown questions about the history of the world. I had beaten time.

The pulling apart feeling I experienced when moving through time I could ignore as after each time newer wonders opened up before me. I visited London and followed Jack the Ripper home, I ran with Genghis Khan across the plains of Asia and watched Napoleon in his tent as Waterloo was being lost. I found out what Hitler called his mistress in private and watched Diana die. I re-experienced the 9/11 attacks from within each plane and wished that I could let the relatives know that happened. I could still not affect the physical world but thought that I would be able to at least tell people what I discovered. All the secrets of the world would be revealed to me.

I spent days watching Michael Angelo paint and carve, Botticelli finish the Birth of Venus and heard Plato talk. I could go anywhere and anytime. I envisioned teaching my techniques to scholars so that we would have no more theories, but concrete facts, so that we would finally be able to know.

I tested going forward in time and saw myself sleeping a week in the future. I later tried to go further after spending more time in the past exploring the unknown and the mysteries, but when I wanted to see who won the Tour de France a year from then I ended up nine months earlier. I was floating through the Pyrenees and decided to watch a few WWII battles while I was in the area. When I next tried to go forward in time, I managed two more days further than the last time.

I was worried and immediately went home. It was too late.

The smell of decay still hung in the air, but my house had been cleared and the only evidence of my stay was a stained carpet being ripped up by a cleaning crew. I went back to the last time I was still in my body and saw the coma, the snap of the last connection being released, like a death spasm that shocks the body. I saw the progression of first the fly eggs on my eyelids, mouth and nose and then the worms devouring from within. The people from work knocking a few times in the first two weeks, then my girlfriend trying to get a response, but giving up half-heartedly. The neighbors getting concerned about the newspapers piling up in the driveway and finally the police being called when the smell was identified.

I saw the slow progression of my own death, my bodily death. I was away for too long.

I could not go into the future, just the past. I could break time, I knew where Jimmy Hoffa was buried, what happened to Amelia Earhart, I saw the last days of Edger Allan Poe and Ambrose Bierce. I had spread the tentacles of my consciousness through time and space, but I did not have a body anymore. I could know the secrets of the world but could not tell anyone. I had become a ghost, a phantom, a shade.

I visited Aleister Crowley, Albert Magnus, Nostradamus , the Fox sisters and Edgar Cayce. They were of no help at all. They could barely communicate with me and wanted me to be their guide and addressed me as whichever spirit they thought they were talking to. Balzac and Swedenborg were also of no use.

After months of searching I finally connected with Pometacom sometime in the 1600's, I am not sure what the exact time now is, but I can control his body when he is not here. The Peyote has more effects that we are not aware of. When he is 'out' so to speak, I can slip in and take over, but he has a better link with his body and I cannot take over permanently and always find myself rushing up to space again when he returns.

I have managed to scribble this account on pieces of paper and bark and am hiding them in a chest I buried. I just hope that there is some way they will survive or reach someone in the future.

fin