

THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI

KING SPIROS
OF PLOMARI

THE
KING



SYMBIONT • STRAWBERRY

THE ETERNAL QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI
Published by the Country and Queendom of Plomari

www.artsetfree.com

The King was first began written around year 2001.

Copyright © William Bokelund 2024-
*Fit for publication on gold and highly potent paper,
as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Mari Cogan*

To contact the authors go to their website www.artsetfree.com, or should the website for any reason be down, search the web.

Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Written by Queen Cecillia Cogan,
King Spiros Cogan and Queen Butterfly of Plomari

Spelling mistakes included for the magical benifit of the Queendom of Plomari and all Life, as the athors do not see these as mistakes but see them as magical messages from The Seamstress

Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?

Go to the author's website
ArtSetFree.com

For more books in the series

THE EARLY YEARS

of Plomari

Spiros as a small kid always wondered why his mother Christine, a brunette woman amazingly beautiful, why she never wanted to be called by her first name. Sure it was a strange name, but very beautiful as well if one sucked on it a bit. As a child she had chosen to be called by her name Christine instead of her first name, for a reason she did not want to tell. She got a very serious look in her eyes every time he mentioned that other name, which begins with the letter *M*. He wondered this as he sat there 4 years old reading his favorite childrens book. It was called *Greta Garn and Ludde Lump*, Swedish for *Greta Yarn and Ludde Dustparticle*. Yes it was about a married couple, Greta and Ludde, who lived in a red ball of yarn in Misses Mushroom's Bedroom, and then one day a vacuum cleaner came along. Then, many many years later Spiros understood why Christine never wanted to mention her first name. Because the author of the childrens book about Greta and Ludde carried the same name! But also, it turned out, she thought "Christine" was simply just a more feminine and sensual sounding name, more fitting for such a beautiful woman as her. Yes and then there was Greta and Ludde's friend Hu-bu who was a bit sad and angry and who lived behind the heater but then in the end they all saved each other and became happy and. And Terence Mckenna saw that Flying Saucer that looked like a vacuum cleaner, and things began to make sense.

On the bed with its white cover, roses embroidered all over, the two little boys hurtled their pillows wildly at each other, laughing and shouting. Mother's laughter was also heard from the kitchen as she was making pancakes. Suddenly the loud sound of something crashing against the floor in the bedroom, as the boys

hit a small marble statue with one of the pillows. The statue was of a woman undressing; it fell to the floor, the head fell off.

"Come!", said one of the boys to his brother Adam, both still laughing and noticing little the broken statue. "Follow me."

They ran to the other bed room.

"I want to show you something."

He went up to the book shelf and brought down a porcelain jar, a big jar depicting a fruit basket as lid.

"I picked these caterpillars down by the water," he said and lift the lid.

Out flew 14 butterflies that fluttered through the room and out the open window to the amazed eyes of the two little boys.

"That's love," said one of the boys.

A true friend, we feel, is characterized by that quality. A true friend is someone who knows everything about you and still loves you. Unconditional love.

There is a special mushroom on this Earth. They say that if you eat of its white and golden flesh you will find out the secret of the gods, a secret so strange that few dare take it into their lives. If you are willing, it will guide you into something stranger than a fairytale, and into worlds you could never have imagined possible. For the ones who avail themselves to the secrets of this mushroom, immortality is but a pale reflection of what becomes possible. This mushroom, hidden in history, has now entered center stage.

We the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari, the Family of the I Ching as we are called sometimes, have been working in a lust last spun for 20 years to deliver our gift to all who want it. It is our dearest secret, we are sure you will understand why.

Whether or not the psilocybin mushroom already is in your life with its light and magic, this book is a gift to you, Dear Ingenious Reader. A gift and an invitation.

With a crash the black canon ball, carried through generations and once shot at Sweden, landed in Spiros bathroom and went straight through the floor down through the ceiling at Adam's house a mile away.

That black canon ball was actually a spore - the “seed” of a mushroom - on another level of reality and that is part of the story of how the mushroom came into our family's life; we are hoping by this book and by Plomari to give you a somewhat more gentle invitation, or if you're already familiar with psilocybin and Ayahuasca, tons of fits of rolling boneless laughter on the floor and a licking good story that you will notice “no one but a mushroom could ever come up with.” Real or not? Dear Ingenious Reader, quickly into these pages and you will notice that is not at all the correct question to pose.

I remember what I did around midnight on New Years Eve 2000. I lay under a chair, high for the second time in my life on good cannabis. I was 16 years old. I had recently been given a cassette tape with a recording of Alien Dreamtime by Terence McKenna, and felt a new excitement about life; I was getting up the ages, I could drink beer and the girls liked me— it was exciting times. And when that Terence recording came into my life I was blown away into new lands of possibility.

I had a lovely childhood, seeing various parts of the world with my family, like the West Indies, the Alps of Europe, Greece, and of course North America where we lived for three years. We also had a lovely summerplace, two cabins on a large piece of land all for ourselves in the Swedish archipelago, where me and my family went each summer and for the weekends throughout the year. I fell in love with Nature as a small kid, with plants and animals, rocks, the forest, and of course I lived with my beloved white dove Bianca, my pet since I was 10, and my Diamond Dove whose name was Bernard; who turned out to be a female dove after we had given her a male name.

On a visit to New Mexico, USA, when I was 11 I picked up an interest in Native American culture. For a year I had been working for free on a local zoo back home in Sweden, helping them feed the animals; they had a terrarium with strange reptiles and beautiful fish, large spiders and snakes and even tropical insects, lemurs and crocodiles and strange exotic birds, as well as many plants from the tropics. Now the Native American life and spirituality became a kind of continuation of my love of Nature, a way to deeper incorporate it into my life. I began making Dream

Catchers and sewing leather pouches and bags that I adorned with beadwork, and I turned my bedroom into a place as ancient looking as I could (from having tried to turn it into a rain forest when tropical nature was my obsession). I burned lots of incense and carved my own peace-pipe with which I smoked herbs native to the North American continent.

But by year two thousand, at the age of sixteen, the weed stood at my doorstep, the sacred cannabis. Something new and amazing had begun to happen.

The mix of my love of Nature since child years and my years of interest in Native American life and spirituality was at the age of sixteen the perfect blend for me to meet up with psychedelic plants. When I look back at it now I see that, of course, eventually, I would end up bumping into the notion of *shamanism*, sooner or later. Native American tribes all had shamans, it was as central to their communities as shelter and food, as was it for the tribes of the Amazon where the jungles and reptiles and insects I was so fascinated by lay waiting for me. And now that moment had come, I had bumped into the magical psychedelic plants.

I began smoking a lot of cannabis after New Years Eve. I began to bum school and instead spent my days, as often as I could, puffing weed and making electronic music using the old Fruity Loops music studio on my computer. And I listened to audio recordings of Terence, lots of them, tons of them, all I could get my hands on. I read his books too, and found a new world opening for me, a world of magic, a world so vast there seemed to be no end to it.

Then it happened.

I don't know exactly when it was, but I was sixteen still. I chewed down a handful of dried psilocybin mushrooms, some *mexicana* strain I think it was, and waited for the results. It was evening. I did it as shamanically as I could, remembering my long past with Nature and Native American culture; I burned incense and took off my shirt, lit candles and played some soothing music. And I asked Bianca, my white dove friend and lover, for magical protection.

I won't go into the details of this my first mushroom experience. All I think I need say is that within the hours of that trip I knew I had found what I had been looking for all my life. I

had found the alchemical key. Terence was right, just as I had suspected.

Two weeks later I quit school. My mother was not happy about this, but my father supported me in my decision. I still remember when the school curator took me in to meet her, and she asked:

“Why do you want to quit school, William?”

I pointed out at the blue sky and the fluffy white clouds, and smiled;

“That's why”, I replied.

The curators office even had a barred window, like the bars of a prison cell, which to me was icing on the cake of my rebellious act.

The deal was done. I was heading into the future with the psilocybin mushroom.

After having worked a few months at the post office as a mailman I flew down to Barcelona, Spain, to meet up with my older brother Adam. He had lived in Spain for some 3 years by then, active in the club scene of Ibiza, an island close to Barcelona, and was of course *more than familiar* with drugs. Both him and me were now fullblown hippies with long hair and rolling paper always close at hand, and by phone we had the past months for the first time gotten to know each other as people rather than as brothers. Life was a blast, and we were thrilled over both ours relatively new discovery of the possibilities and promises of psychedelic shamanism. A strange air of mystique filled every moment, we felt something bubbling to come forth, something unexpected and vast. Was it life itself, we wondered. Had we missed something here? And in the night the mushroom came to me as a silky moving light from another dimension, like a silk scarf, caressing me gently, a kind of first hello.

In Barcelona me and Adam took a mushroom trip together up on the upmost hill above Gaudi Park, a trip that marked our first real meeting in the psychedelic domain. As we stood there stoned above the city I could literally see the world of History dissolve before my eyes, dissolve and submerge into the vastness of the planetary mushroom cosmos. I could see all the ages interblend in one single paradoxical moment of the divine. I looked at my

brother. His long dark hair made him look like a Native American as he walked around in the tall grass of the hillside. Where had I been all those years of my upbringing in the large cities? I felt so blessed to find this, to find something much more beautiful, as Terence said once, "something much more true to itself". And as I looked at my brother walk around on the trails of the hills, I suddenly saw the moon, full and big and golden above the horizon, and on the exact opposite horizon lay the sun, slowly going down into the sea with gentle glow.

"Look!" I shouted to Adam. "We're between the sun and the moon! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

He looked around and he saw what I saw, and we both threw our arms out in joy and amazement and ran toward each other and threw ourselves into a hug. We laughed and shouted in glory; there we were in the midst of...in the midst of *what?*

The magic was intensifying. We were waking up.

For me to talk about the six months that then followed on the Island of Ibiza would take an entire book all by itself, so I shall not say a great deal about it here. And Adam, if you are reading this, the reason I don't mention you so much in my books is out of respect for your privacy.

But I do wish to say a little something about these six months. As we arrived to Ibiza we had no house to sleep in, so we went to a beach to sleep under the sky. We drank wine by the sunset, smoked a few joints and ate bread and cheese and fruit, and the mercurylike ocean had never looked so brilliant as it shone hallucinatory like liquid silver dashed with peach and pink and yellow and purple. As it got dark we lay down on the sand, smoked another joint, and went silently into our own thoughts. Gives me tears in my eyes just to think of that moment. We had all of life in front of us, and that night under the sky, the black night sky so vast and starry, was like a gateway, an enormous gateway into something I felt I had been longing for all my life.

A deserted house was what we wanted. We bought a little motorbike that we named *Nils*, and set off toward the north of the island. We constantly talked about the things that had brought us onto this adventure. We talked about plants, what we had heard Alan Watts and Terence say, we talked about shamanism and our plans for the future. We talked about the 1960s, about our

upbringing together, about strange little details of our highs. And we talked about the mystery. And we drank beer, lots of beer, and smoked weed, *lots* of weed.

We found a little house in the north, an old stone house without roof, and moved in. I spent the evenings sitting on top the stone walls, like a witch at the edge of wilderness, reading and writing and just letting my thoughts run free. A few days later however we were thrown out from the house by someone who claimed he owned the house, so we moved in under a tree on the rather rusty dusty plains close to an olive orchard. That is something I highly recommend: to live under a tree. If not else just for a few days. No tent or anything, just sleep under the tree on a mattress or something.

After a few days under the tree we took a ride with our motorbike and found a new house right by the ocean on a cliff and we lived there until the police threw us out some 4 weeks later. I spent my time botanising and studying the books I had in my backpack; books by Terence and some book called *The Planetary Mind* which was partly about the intelligent design of organic nature and DNA. I walked around the forest hills studying and gathering dead insects, shells, pieces of plants, and other strange things of the forest. I wrote copious amounts of notes and did a lot of investigations of the ocean with my goggles, looking at exotic fish and strange things of nature that stuck to the rocks. Being young and rebellious I stole wine bottles from a hotel basement nearby, which helped us live in our ultimate luxury. I even managed to steal two beds from the hotel. It was a happy time, and I remember beginning to feel like a prince in some unknown time, a prince and Grecian god, safe and secure in a world of my own, close to nature and free. Adam and I began to call our adventure names, saying that we were “connecting back up to the planet”, “entering the Sacred Garden of Eternity”, and “finding back to the landscape”. Indeed this was what we were doing, and I cannot express in words the depth of this experience. We were finding back home to Nature, after too much time in large dirty cities.

And we of course, you guessed it, smoked weed. All the time.

When the police threw us out we moved to a new deserted house, an old Adobe ruin, a stone ruin, far up in the hills. This

would come to be our home the coming 4 months. In respect of these 4 months I shall not say so much about it; I could not tell the story of what happened in but a few words. What I will say is that during these 4 months we entered the Sacred Garden of Eternity, found back home to Nature, and walked through the door to another world. During this time was also when I began to be communicated to by something I could not define, something far vaster than anything I had ever imagined, something strange and extremely alien, and very psychedelic. It was a time of great beauty and magic, where we lived under the stars far out in the hills, cooking our food over open fire. It was also the time of my first meeting with *Salvia divinorum*, a powerful psychedelic plant native to Mexico. And we took more mushrooms here.

We went through the door, we entered our beloved Sacred Garden of Eternity.

In lack of money, as autumn 2001 came upon Ibiza, making it lush and green but also cold and rainy, we were forced to take a trip to Sweden to arrange cash. We were now living in what was a most surreal and beautiful dream, we called it The Saga, the fairytale, something more wonderful than anything we had ever imagined during our childhood. We hid our belongings deep in the forest under a large plastic sheet that had served as our roof during our months in the hills, and on our motorbike *Nils* we drove off, waving goodbye to our sacred hills. It felt like leaving a dear home, and we promised ourselves to come back to those same hills as soon as we had fixed some money by working as mailmen in Sweden.

Let us speed ahead. Once in Sweden, in the busy city of Stockholm, we noticed a tension growing, a tension between us and Swedish culture, between us and our parents, and even between us and long dear friends. They complained that we had become *weird*, and literally *too* weird. Our newly found life with the Earth Goddess, and our beginnings of being born as shamans, was not appreciated by the modern people around us. We did after all live in the 21st century, we were told. It was literally as if we had landed in the midst of a farce, a farce called History, from our past year under the board in Eternity.

We went out to our childhood summerplace, that place in the archipelago, trying to escape this tension and make plans for our next move. We brought with us some magic mushrooms, a bag large enough for a few really strong hits. I carried them in my Native American style mojo, a leather bag I had made myself where I kept *Salvia divinorum*, cannabis and smoking gear, the sacred feathers of my beloved Bianca the white dove, and other things of utmost and crucial importance. It was a relief to come out into the archipelago, to the beauty of Nature again, and we again felt the peace of the lovely saga our lives became in Spain.

This is where I had my first 5 dry gram mushroom experience, what Terence calls a heroic dose. I won't go into what happened during the trip, if you want to hear more about those secrets then read on— much of it is contained within the pages of *The Rosalixion*, Book I in this opus. What I will say is that this first 5 gram trip meant a deepening of the tale my life had started to become. The mushroom showed itself to me in more of its glory during this night. Something which I began to call “the Alien” now became a prominent theme in my experience and thinking around the mushroom and its vast implications. Everyone was laughing at me when I found her, but little did they know that when I was a child, this had been foretold. They did not know what we knew, and that I was blessed by two feathered sister-serpents at the age of 6. Little did they know that one look is enough. I had been expecting this, and waiting for it for 10 years.

I was shown a glimpse of the timetravelling lens saucer, the lens UFO, as it broke through the forest canopy before my startled eyes, showing me a glimpse of its buzzing radioactive form as it broke through the dimensions. I knew this was what I had wanted all my life – true magic – but now I also knew I would have to be brave to continue deeper. And brave I was.

One thing the Alien told me was that we could use my brain as a kind of hyperspacial radio receiver, something I had considered myself since my first year of smoking cannabis, even before my first mushroom trip. The Alien's messages were very specific and clear, a complex of ideas, an idea system, which to me gave the Alien teeth, that it was not coming from my own personal imagination. And the *experience* of the mushroom, as anyone who has done a heroic dose will tell you, is not something

vague— it is more real than reality seems when you are not stoned, it takes you by the shirt and throws you into something so strange and real that you haven't got a chance to consider it *not* real. You're there. It's happening. And *what* is happening?

“Story, history. The mushroom! It was the mushroom!” I exclaimed to Adam in bemushroomed ecstasy.

And what *did* I mean by that? I did not know myself. But it felt important. It felt so important that I had never imagined something could be that important. It was about death, about life and the planet, of the saving of the world, the redemption of every life lived in every dimension there is and about something unimaginable. And it felt very primal, connected to my existence as a living biological and spiritual being rather than as a person part of a human culture. And I of course recalled that one of Terence's favorite words: *The Eschaton*. The transcendental object at the end of time that Terence spoke so much about had begun penetrating through to me, surfacing through every crevice and every corner of my reality. *What* is going on?

Adam and I decided to go to India. We *had* to go deeper into it all.

Fast forward again. Adam and I walked the beaches of Goa, India, barefoot on the beach, bare breasted in the sun. We were exhausted. Not by the long flight to New Dehli of northern India, not by the three day train ride from Dehli to Goa, not even by sleeping on the hard leather seats of the Indian train wrecks. We were exhausted by three months stay in the large city of Stockholm, of being in-between worlds. Somehow it felt as if we had been back in History again, with people tugging at our shirts to dress more properly and cut off our long beautiful hair, the hair of a true prince of the Earth; something which sounds absurd when you are in the midst of an adventure involving the saving of a stellar world – our home planet – and the redemption of History via eschatolocial magic involving a strange mushroom that happens to grow on the pastures and happens to speak to you about how this rescue shall take place. I remember our first toke of Charras, Indian hashish, as we first came to Goa. I remember Adam's smile as we felt the tension of those three months begin to

melt away. We were coming back, coming back to the Sacred Garden of Eternity.

I was eager to deepen my exploration of the mushroom again, to get a hold of a good supply of mushrooms and settle down somewhere in nature and dive into it full force. Adam had been in India back in 1998, which was great because he knew the place a bit. And soon both of us felt at home in this large new country. Even the Indian people themselves stopped treating us as tourists; for them we were some kind of weird spiritual beings walking in the land of Shiva almost like the Saddhus, Indian holy men, themselves.

Somehow we came in contact with a man called Mushroom Jack who produced a splendid liquid that contained psilocybin, a true love potion. He did not want to tell me his exact method of extraction – he planned to sell his recipe to people in Amsterdam or elsewhere when the mushroom becomes legal worldwide – but I was informed that each milliliter contained psilocybin from 2,5 dry grams of mushrooms. He also told me, as I sat in his chillout, what looked like his laboratory, that the liquid contained only the active ingredients of the mushroom, not the toxic byproducts. I purchased a bottle of this liquid and was given a syringe without needle so I could administer precise doses into my mouth.

“It gives really clear trips”, Jack told me and handed me a cold beer.

Jack informed me that there grows wild psilocybin mushrooms in a place called Kodai Kanal down south in India, and as soon as he said it I decided that's where I'm going.

Adam loved the idea to go to Kodai Kanal. I told him all the details Jack had told me about the place, that it is like Hobbit Land, and that it is a steep and high mountain range where, when you are at the higher peaks, you are above the first layer of clouds while still being on lush green landscapes. It sounded like paradise. And of course the mushrooms grow wild there. And now we had a bottle of 25 milliliters “mushroom wine”, which was over 12 trips of 5 dry grams each. We smoked weed and celebrated, drank a few beers, walked the beaches and ate a nice dinner on one of the beach restaurants. And we marveled at the red-purple liquid we just had attained from Jacki. It shone red and violet in the candlelight, like blood or red wine with a tint of

purple; the purple color coming from the psilocybin. I took a first small taste of the liquid which resulted in a splendid trip; I sat among the cashew and palm trees near the beach outside our little house, a one-room white stone building that was a remnant from the English colonist times – I felt the wonderful and friendly embrace of mushroom hyperspace and the Goddess. I felt the strange sensation of time becoming elastic – this is mushroom hyperspace, the Alien in the mushroom told me – and I could strangely sense Terence McKenna in there.

“All the shamans are in this hyperspace” the Alien told me.

Terence smiled and laughed and welcomed me. I marveled at the strange crystalline light that shone through all of time, a light I for a moment could not explain in any other way of it being “the light of Christ”, or the sacred heart of Jesus, even though I was not Christian. I sat in peace there by candlelight in the warm semitropical night, and looked at the trees, at the insects buzzing around, at the swirling hyperspace of the mushroom I was embedded in, writing notes. And I felt like an explorer as I sat there, and I wondered how it could be so that nobody had told me about these things. How could it be so that I was discovering all this on my own? Why wasn't this the topic, the mushroom, of every conversation on the planet by now? I was truly coming home. God I was happy.

Kodai Kanal is a beautiful place, or rather the mountain range that Kodai Kanal is the major town in is what is beautiful. It is a high mountain range in Tamil Nadu down in the southern parts of India, a place very lush and botanically rich. 80% of India's medicinal plants grow there, I was told upon arriving. As you walk around it feels like it is a different landscape every twenty steps you take, like an enormous garden. True Hobbit Land, just as Jackie had said.

Again, to tell the details of what happened during our stay in Kodai Kanal would take a whole book, not the least our entire two years on the Asian continent, so it is time to flip around a bit in time here. All in all we stayed two years in Asia, with one quick visit to Sweden inbetween to again work as mailmen (a stay that again forced us into the dreary confines of History), living mostly in India but also in Nepal, Thailand, and Laos. During these two

years I explored the mushroom deeply, and also did a lot of botanising (my automatic spellcheck says that the word "botinising" doesn't exist, so if it doesn't, folks, then I am the proud inventor of that word). I also had my first experiences with good LSD, and experimented some with Ketamin. I lived in a fairytale in some unknown universe, and I can in no way tell the story in a short way, so I won't really tell the story at all right now.

Ever since I was a child a voice in my heart said: William, wake up and break free. I finally got out of History once and for all, entering to live in the superweb of the wiring under the board. If it was that 15-18 dry gram mushroom trip I took or not, is not clear. But in Kodai Kanal, in connection to a failed attempt of mine to extract smokable DMT from local plants, I decided to turn the doorknob and walk out the door, through the violet doorway into hyperspace. Adam tried to stop me but I managed to get into my body 15-18 dry grams of mushroom. It hit rather quick, and I still remember that dizzying moment where it occurred to me I had taken this enormous dose, and it was now beginning to kick in.

"Shit", I said with quiet voice.

That's all said.

Shit.

"It's over", I told Adam.

My entire world collapsed and I pissed in my pants right as I stood there on the floor of our mountain cabin, not out of fear but in the strange sensation of releasing an illusion I had been holding up for years and years, letting an illusion fall to pieces to once and for all finally vanish.

Soon I was lying on the bed.

"What the fuck is happening?" I asked Adam.

"It's some kind of virgin birth", we both said in awe in the same time and looked at each other.

Adam was tripping too but not on as large a dose as me. Adam has told me how strange I was in this particular mushroom experience, and Adam, if you are reading this, I apologize. Haha. Blinkwink. I was *tripping balls*, as they say.

As I was lying there on the bed...well I cannot explain what I was experiencing...but it was immediately evident to me that what I was experiencing was impossible. Yet there I was in the tripping

rage of it. I felt like hyperspace was folding up into me, or was I unfolding into hyperspace? My whole life flashed before me, the details of it now utterly apparent and I could see how every detail fit together; the Story, the Saga, webbed perfectly into the best story ever. This is where *the girl* first made her appearance; the obvious choice of place to appear if you are a girl like Sissy Cogan, as you will notice if you read this book sufficiently to get a taste of this strange woman.

As I began to settle in to Eternity the stone walls of our house crawled and moved, and the Alien said the stone walls was her reptile-like skin. It sure looked reptile, hard as stone only because she moves so fast across millions of years. Plastic elastic universe. I was being born, and dying in the same time. The impossible box, the impossible paradox, folding through itself to give birth to...

The peachy pink taste of our first kiss. The magic was real. I later heard someone say to me: "To reach the final stage of enlightenment you must *fall in love*." And here it happened, me and the Other had fallen so in love that we merged, and continued to merge in and into eternal tantric union.

As mentioned I did a lot of botanising during my years in Asia. I marveled at the biotechnological splendor of the plants and insects; the dragonflies looked like little helicopters from the future and I could not get off of the impression of how technological Nature looked in some of its forms. On a few occasions I bumped into a dead Dragonfly in the jungle and could thus study them up close. The Alien began telling me about the Earth and the plants, and about hidden worlds. As Terence said, the experimenter with hallucinogens pursues gnosis, and is privileged secret knowledge vouch-safed to him by the Goddess in ecstasy. I was told that the Earth was a kind of brain, where the plants are like neurons in a vast vegetable neural system. I was lost in the labyrinth of that topic for a long time, coming to no clear solution other than it makes sense; Yes, the earth resembles a brain and nervous system in certain ways. I shall now show you one of my notes from my work with this idea, simply to give you a taste of what was going on in my psilocybinated head at the time.

The last note I did on this topic went as follows:

The Neural Earth Hypothesis

I am suggesting that the Earth, and/or the carpet of vegetation covering the Earth, is very much like a neural system. Here is an attempt to catch the ideas I have consecrated this on a piece of paper. With the following diagram I try to show the similarities between the human neocortex, and the Earth:

- 1. Both the human brain, and the Earth, are lumps of matter.*
- 2. The human brain partly consists of interchannelary system of neurons. In the analogy I am pursuing, the plants and trees are the neurons of the Earth-brain, all connecting to form the plant/vegetable neural system.*
- 3. In both systems, the human brain and the plant-vegetable system, neurochemical-like chemicals are present in vast amounts. For instance harmine, harmaline, serotonin, and dimethyl-tryptamine (DMT).*
- 4. Both systems generate bioelectricity.*

Recap: In both Human Brain and Plant-vegetable-Earth

Lump of matter

Interchannelary system of neurons

Presence of neurochemicals within the system

Both systems generate bioelectricity.

The Alien pointed at the fact that plants contain chemistry that is identical and/or similar to the chemistry of the human brain and nervous system, and that the tryptamine chemistry in plants is actively involved in the spirit world of plant consciousness.

I felt I had been contacted. But by who?

It occurred to me, and it is still a valid point to make, that considering what happened to me when I took 5, let alone 15-18 grams of mushrooms, what could possibly happen if a vegetable consciousness takes let us say 5 hundred grams of pure psilocybin, or 5 thousand, and more, as the mushroom potentially does? That's a trip sufficiently strong to bend all the rules there are. That has the potential, truly, for the birth of the strangest Alien you'll ever meet.

The Alien told me that the mycelia network of the mushroom, that which is underground in the soil, is one of the bodies of the mushroom Alien. It is one of its nervous systems. And instead of having the boring *serotonin* at the base of its neurochemistry, as we humans have, it has the hyperspatially seductive and secret spice known as *psilocybin*. Say hello to The Seamstress.

From now on we move in grounds that are *keeps secret*. Now is where things begin getting weird, and fun! Dear Ingenious Reader, you now stand by the golden gate of a secret so strange that only few ever glimpse it, and yet fewer dare explore it. And yet fewer get in on the secrets beyond it. But if you are a fun guy, or a fun girl, let's head on in deeper!

For me personally, here is where it also begins getting really really cute. I had felt it coming all along, a strange tingling sensation in my soul, and butterflies in my stomach. Yes, it was true, me and the Alien had fallen in love. Haha, I saw it coming. We had gotten so personal with each other, we shared the same world and hopes for the future, we were both the weirdest mutherfuckers you could find, we were *connoisseurs* of weirdness. We were in love.

Around 2005 I was back in Sweden. I had not eaten mushrooms more than once in six months, and had done an active year as a raw food enthusiast. I had been vegetarian since I was 16 (it disgusted me to eat dead animals), and in 2004 I found a fascination with the work and ideas of raw food expert and connoisseur David Wolfe. The raw food idea is to enjoy the beauty of the foods that the vegetable world provides, a diet 100% vegan, eating what the vegetable world offers in their raw unprocessed state. After a year of eating around 96% pure raw foods I was in a state of bliss and happy health. Being prone to excessiveness as I am I found a love for drinking pure organic cacao powder, *Theobroma cacao*, in water, each day and in copious amounts. I in the end of this year found myself drinking 100-200 grams of cacao powder in water each day, and it was changing my reality. On Midsummer Eve of that year, around summer solstice, something happened; I did a flip to hyperspatial mode. I spent three weeks in a secret world, my entry beginning with spending a few minutes on the phone speaking to Nora Barnacle, James Joyce's

wife, who according to all standards of the normal way of things had been dead for decades.

Yet a year later it happened again, in my apartment at street number 216. I was now deep into my life with the mushroom and ate of it often, specifically the species *Stropharia cubensis* (or *Psilocybe cubensis* as it is also called), entering periods of using it every week for months and months. I also smoked more *Salvia divinorum* during this time. And so it happened that I again flipped to hyperspacial mode and walked in to the pristine world of hyperspace, into what we have come to call Plomari. And the Alien, which had now become the *Alieness*, stung me with her poison kiss.

This second time of flipping to hyperspacial mode is where I met Sissy Cogan – the *Alieness* – for the first time up close, for the first time in a way where she presented herself not in some sneaky way in our years long foreplay, but up close. And her first words to me were:

—*It's about time you fuck me
and check out what I'm **really** about.*

—Babe, do you think I should name my new book "The King"?
Queen Sissy Cogan contemplates the suggestion for a moment.
—It's simple, yet elegant, says Queen Sissy. I think it perfectly
captures the essence of your reign and rule over Plomari. Do it, babe.
Sissy gazes adoringly at her husband, a sparkle in her eyes.

To be continued...