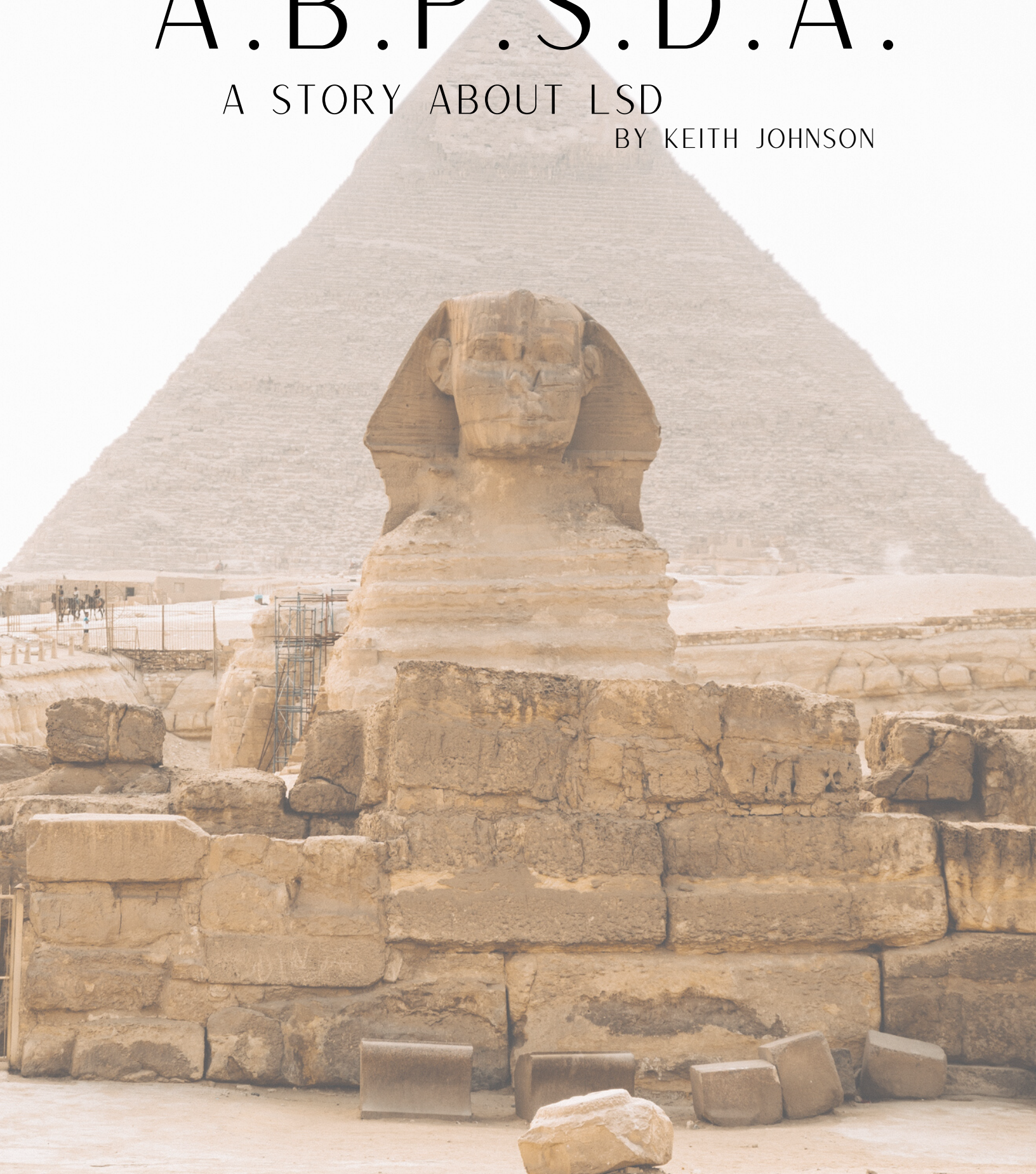


A.B.P.S.D.A.

A STORY ABOUT LSD

BY KEITH JOHNSON



When I started stand up comedy, my good friend, comedian Sean Grant (he's funny, look him up) told me to read Paulo Coelho's "The Alchemist" and said that it would provide perspective for my journey. It immediately became one of my favorites; a staple of who I am today.

In "The Alchemist," the protagonist (Santiago) feels a calling to fulfill his personal legend, so he travels from his homelands to the Pyramids. He sheds himself of ego along the way, letting the universe guide him. He interacts with many different people, deals with their intentions, faces every emotion, and learns invaluable life lessons. All while simultaneously finding his purpose. During the trip, Santiago stops to work at a Crystal Merchant; a store that sells trinkets to tourists on their way to see the Pyramids. While working, Santiago poses a very important question for the merchant, "have you actually seen the Pyramids?" The Merchant replies that he has not, because if he did, he would no longer have a purpose to live. Santiago realizes the merchant is a cautionary tale of someone who is no longer fulfilling his Personal Legend, eventually leaving him to continue finding his own.

ALCHEMY: The ancient science of turning metal into gold. It's a lost philosophy but we know living alchemists. Men and women that are able to create nothing out of something, pain into glory, a blank canvas into art and water into wine. Alchemists have the innate ability to transform.

I highly recommend the book so I've passed down Sean's tradition and given the book to people I feel need it most. It is a novel for people who believe in themselves but are super humble. (if you're like me and don't actually read, I highly recommend the audio book— it's narrated by Jeremy Irons aka Scar from the Lion King. The words decalcify your spirit, as does his voice.) Paulo is a gifted writer. And as Sean said, the book is important because you understand yourself through every character.

BUT I, A MEGALOMANIAC, ONLY RELATE TO SANTIAGO.



The reason I'm telling you is because I recently did LSD and "The Alchemist" served as a roadmap for the trip. I have done it a handful of times and it has opened up a lot of doors, but this last time was special. In the past, I dicked around with the drug, either micro-dosing or staying active to evade the entire experience, limiting myself to vivid colors and environmental quirks. This time I decided to completely surrender, letting the universe show me what it needed to. I wasn't disappointed. During the trip I had profound thoughts and experiences, and subsequently developed theories and ideals to support them. *Maybe by the end of this, you'll try it too.*

THE DRUG: LSD: Lysergic acid diethylamide. Acid. 'The Steve Jobs Drug.' AKA that "blow your mind and bring you back," it is a hallucinogen that provides perspective and insight. It assists in healing and depression. It helps solve the eternal dilemma of purpose. It allows you to see IT. Acid usually comes on a small piece of paper that could fit on the tip of your finger. It's only 10-15 bucks a pop, too.

PRE-TRIP FEARS: At one point in my life, I was very hesitant to take any sort of drug. To this day, I pride myself on only seeing cocaine like 4 times, but never partaking. I did make the lines one time (you know, chopping it up with a credit card, like how they do in movies), but that was enough for me. So, naturally, I had my reservations. Some of you may feel the same. *Here are some I had to unpack:*



WAR ON DRUGS- This fear has been sprinkled on us like cops planting drugs on a crime scene. Consider The Crack Epidemic, The Tuskegee Experiment, and Fentanyl. History isn't in our favor when it comes to the outcome of drug usage. Recently, rappers have been dying from promethazine and the double cup has runneth over to civilian culture. Over Dosing has taken important Black figures in the music community; Michael Jackson, Prince and Mac Miller. Not only that, if we get caught with drugs, we get in trouble with the law. Big time. We know the judicial system isn't in our favor. You know that. I've got stats for days, but this isn't that kind of article.

-WHITE PEOPLE SHIT- Yes, I do this drug because I hang around white people. But, drugs like LSD, Mushrooms, Peyote and Ayahuasca are some of the few things they do that are right. These drugs widen perspective and heal our emotional wounds, but have been taken from us by the government. Most of the time these drugs come from indigenous cultures and are used to stay in tune, and white people also just happen to use them.

Yes. I did watch Gwyneth Paltrow's Goop Lab. She and her staff traveled to Jamaica to do drugs with hired guides and sherpas. They reached the other side. Inside my Kingly vessel is white woman that yearned to go to the islands, get braids and do LSD in a controlled environment with my niggas.

And Yes. I know some well-off white people who have done meth and heroin casually. This isn't the same. But I do find it weird that they are just normal ass, regular ass people with families.

KEITH'S THEORY- Most people don't do the drug because they are afraid of their true self. It's like Coach Carter asking that Panamanian nigga, "what is your deepest fear?" It might be that you know you are unsettled in life, dissatisfied with the people around you or that you are a latent homosexual. Everything on the other side is fine. You must access the information you need.

**OVER DOSING HAS TAKEN
IMPORTANT BLACK FIGURES
IN
THE MUSIC COMMUNITY;
PRINCE, MICHAEL JACKSON
AND
MAC MILLER.
-KEITH JOHNSON**

TIME: June 6, 2020 | 9PM

The trip lasts 4-12 hours. Expect to be up all night.

SETTING: Los Angeles, CA. We were in the midst of quarantine and civil unrest. The city had an enforced 8pm curfew because of the protests, and we were under the watchful eye of LAPD police helicopters flying over houses all night long. As you know, cops have real chill vibes, so it's not like you could feel any tension in the atmosphere or anything. It was the perfect time to do this drug.

TIP: A basic form of meditation helps. It's as simple as focusing on one spot and controlling your breathing. Once you do that, you can feel yourself getting focused. That's the first level of what we know as Mamba Mentality (RIP KOBE); the highest form of meditation and breath work that transforms focus to become a "different animal, but the same beast."- Kobe System. It's confusing for some, don't worry about it. More than likely, Kobe learned it from the "Zen Master" himself, Phil Jackson, who did acid all the time.

1st REALM

- FEAR IS THE GATEKEEPER TO ALL OF YOUR ANSWERS-

Experience- I laid there and watched the kaleidoscope of shapes and colors dance around on the ceiling. I noticed when I moved, my trance would stop. Sirens, Helicopters and Fighter Jets flying by would pull me away. Once I was still, I could see images that might normally be frightening. This time, the hallucination was a spider lady (it was a light fixture). She would come down to get me, but she wasn't evil like I thought. My fears were made up, and I was aware. I'd normally shy away and ignore anything that scared me, but I kept my focus intact, leaned in and entered Mamba Mentality.

The 1st realm I entered was my fear of death. A close friend that passed away was there to greet me. It was both painful and beautiful. He was happy and dressed in his native African garb (he was Nigerian, not Nancy Pelosi). I cried because I realized he was guiding me, but I left the trance because I missed him. If you see people you recognize (dead or alive) during your trip, they are probably your guides. *Follow them.*

I got up and paced, but my guide told me to lay back down. There was more.

Yes, I did it as close to Goop Lab as I possibly could.



2nd REALM

-THE ONLY GOOD ART IS BROKEN ART-

Experience- After locking back into Mamba Mentality (I can do it immediately) and getting over my fear of death (NBD), I entered the second realm. This time it was more vivid. I was at the Louvre in Paris, France. a Glass pyramid with white people art, stolen artifacts and a gift shop. The French hollowed out the ideals and purpose of a pyramid and displayed their worldly crimes in high fashion. It's a glass shop, like in the Alchemist. They show you what they think IT is. I'm not mad at the French. If you know me, you know that I fuck with France heavy because it's where I fit in stylistically, culturally and politically.

The Louvre is the home of The Mona Lisa, and to be honest I was disappointed when I saw it(IRL). It's small and she's ugly.

Images of 3 American Figures that lived in France landed in my head; Josephine Baker, James Baldwin and Andre Leon Tally. At one time or another, they studied or lived there to evade the atrocities of America. They came to France to be free; a freedom prohibited in America. France provided an environment that allowed complete realization, because they weren't as dismantled, displaced or disheartened.

They are Literary, Fashion and Entertainment Alchemists.

I came to and heard the sounds of helicopters flying close by.

3rd REALM

-WHEN YOU SEE IT, YOU'LL BECOME ANGRY BUT IT WILL BE SO CRYSTAL CLEAR, THAT YOU'LL BE CALM. THAT IS FULL REALIZATION-

Experience: Sirens were louder and the helicopter was directly over the house, I locked into Mamba Mentality x 2 (It's how Kobe scored 60 in his final game. He rarely did it but I can with ease) and went back. This time we landed in Washington DC, my hometown. I saw the Washington Monument and the National Mall and thought my calling was in DC. Perhaps politics. It wasn't. My trip there was brief, I was already onto these colorful lines in the shape of an electrical plug. The picture panned out to the United States. Los Angeles was also a plug. Essentially, every industry is its own plug; its own power source. The people who pay attention watch the plug, rather than what it is plugged into. The colorful lines formed a cord that went upward towards the black sky. There I was, shaking, as if I was being electrocuted. It didn't hurt; it just wanted to connect with me. Mamba mentality probably eliminated any pain if there was any. (There was not)

As I connected, I began to float upwards (spiritually). There were currents of energy, just radiating. I saw another pyramid, this time in Egypt. In modern day times, the pyramids are used incorrectly; primarily tourist traps. But in my vision, it was the base of an antenna that signaled electromagnetic frequencies. Floating above the pyramid was a similarly-colored octahedron (a diamond, on God I didn't know that word). The frequency traveled towards the octahedron as if it were a satellite, and then connected to other pyramids. The pyramid frequency rings almost like a church bell, and acted like a metronome, getting people in tune so they could play their correct note (purpose). There were 4 pyramids total. I was in the middle, finally in tune with the infinite. I laid there, shaking, calm, smiling and fully realized.

Washington DC looks how Egypt once did; manicured, landscaped and beautiful. Our nation's capital was inspired by their architectural style, after all. The Egyptian Pyramids' sole purpose has been lost, and like the Louvre, it is a mere tourist attraction. I became sad again. I wept for the kingdom that had been ruined.

I thought of El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, formerly known as Malcolm X. He became El-Hajj Malik El-Shamazz after his pilgrimage to Mecca, his final transition. Despite how he was painted, we love Malcolm because he was called from his lifestyle, became realized, fought for freedom and economy, then preached peace. He had a calling and his calling led him to the pyramids as well. He was fully realized. When he saw it, something shifted. He was no longer disappointed. He was calm, fulfilled and at peace. Perhaps anger drove him to a calculated serenity.

Malcolm Little was an Alchemist. So was Jesus. They, along with many other fully realized alchemists, spoke the same words. Like most, once they arrive at that point, they are killed. I'm not sure why. It seems like they expect it. They were SO at peace with death, they forgave the people who killed them WHILE being killed. That's why many people become crystal merchants. They don't want to see it. If you see it, you will no longer have a reason to live. Crystal Merchants are afraid of death and stop living because of it.

RECAP

-THE WORDS 'FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM' IS AN OXYMORON-

This trip was the first time I saw why. I now know that I am moved by a frequency. I now know WHAT was calling me. This is why Muslims and Jews take pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Holy Scripture has instructed them to see IT for themselves. Maybe by being there, there is a shift in consciousness. After you see it, your job is to save as many souls as possible.



Finally, I saw the other side of the coin for myself. Usually, I am able to be objective for other people immediately, but for so long I was blocked by my own ego. The frequency causes details to always pour in my mind. I worry about not achieving everything I need to before I die. I worry so much, that I miss things happening right now, in front of me. It's my personal legend feeding me information on how to get where I need to be.

The other side of the coin was my place of death, the resting place of me and my belongings. It was in the desert, with cement architecture. I walked alongside a pool, dressed in all white linen. Fully realized and super fresh. The details are the infrastructure for a pyramid. I saw that even though I am displaced, disappointed and disheartened in my country, the least it could do is afford me the ability to build my own pyramid, here. In America, it has been reduced to 40 Acres and a mule, or a house with a pool if you're lucky. For me, right now, it's just One. Less. Roommate.

I was disappointed because the entire trip was punctuated by the sound of something that doesn't want us here, spending time and resources to hover over our house. They're not protecting us. It's a message of control. All I wanted to do was BE. That's all we ever want to do. BE, and do illegal drugs (the good kind). I understood to the point of tears, a rare occurrence for me.



The 4 historical figures that left America for France and Africa understood and tried to change it. Even after being stripped of their truest glory, they still fought to add value to an American society. I also thought of another African who has seen it: Elon Musk. I thought of how he isn't present and how he's constantly getting details poured into his mind, just like me, more so me. He's been called to save souls as well; he has been granted access to answer his calling and that's why he is trying to take people to space. Maybe the frequency resonates louder in Africa. Maybe the frequency leaves Earth? I'll find out on another trip.



My last lesson was this; there are people who are it (Alchemists) and people who sell it (Crystal Merchants). If you are an Alchemist, be weary of the crystal merchants who try to sell you their ideas to blind you from yourself. If you buy it, you will become a Glass Merchant and live with resentment. Listen to the people who are alchemists. They will tell you how to get there, and how to become it. They will show you, because their job isn't to sell anything, it's to guide your way. It's not an easy task, but rather fulfilling. Don't be angry at those who don't answer it, or can't, or fail to do so, especially if that person has been restricted from access their entire life.

The alchemist is a bible. A guide. A map. It tells you to follow that frequency. It tells you how to uncover your purpose. Its goal is to give you the ability to see it.

THE ALCHEMIST IS A GATEWAY DRUG