

*I grew up in the mushroom cloud*



*'The bird fights its way out of the egg.  
The egg is the world.  
Who would be born must first destroy a world.'*



*I grew up in the mushroom cloud*

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Psychedelic, what a fascinating term! It was about five years ago when I met Psychedelic. I was doing research on the psychological structure of depression and our mental function. Psychedelics are well known as part of the hippie subculture, as recreational drugs. The more I investigate, the more I discover that psychedelics also have tremendous potential as therapeutic agents. Like what art does for us.

I remember the first time I made something that can be seen as art. At that time I was receiving psychological counselling, and the psychologist told me to make some things with any objects and drawing or painting. So I put it all together to the materialistic reality as a form of physical creation with my vague, complex, and invisible consciousness. Everything became clear and clean. The art of materialising immaterial qualities from inner psychology is the art that I want to talk about. To speak out toward society and listen to the centre of individuality through art. Now that I think about it, the physical matter that I made was my part of the unconscious. Artwork in which such conscious forms are embedded can read and convey a particular consciousness, belief, desire, ideology, and personal philosophy.

I'll call this Art.





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*Art  
practice*

*as*

*Spiritual  
Journey*

*"You may not believe in magic but something very strange is  
happening at this very moment,"  
Leonora Carrington<sup>1</sup>*



Any form of art is a reflection of the artist's unconscious, that we were never aware of or had known but forgotten. When I look at artworks, I have always imagined and observed what kind of unconsciousness was latent and manifested. Why did it come into existence as matter from consciousness? What kind of psychology is behind it? Psychedelics and Art play the same role in liberating the world of unconsciousness that is dormant deep in our inner mind. It is important to apprehend the mental health problems caused by capitalism, patriarchy, misogyny, racism, social media, hierarchy, and discrimination that are prevalent in contemporary society through the lens of art. Art practice for me is to break out from the trauma of restrictive customs and structures of patriarchy, especially the roles of women and racism through a sense of body and a method of psychedelica uncanny fantasy.

*"Art-making accesses the same sensory areas of the brain that encode trauma... it works through [one's] experiences in a non-threatening way, so it allows them to come to grips with their trauma... The power to create is very closely linked to the power to destroy. Now science is showing us that the part of the brain that registers a traumatic wound can be the part of the brain where healing happens, too. You sort of just zone out into making, and it releases the block, there is going to be an image, key, point, cause, the part of the puzzle"*

1) Leonora Carrington was a British-born Mexican artist, surrealist painter, and novelist. She was one of the last surviving participants in the surrealist movement of the 1930s

By exploring the unconscious we can contemplate more profoundly the true value of life we should seek is. I dream of the surreal in reality with peculiar, absurd, non-ordinary states of consciousness and an altered cognitive sense.

You can find elements of the surreal, spirituality, and magic in every art form such as digital art, sculpture, video, painting, and so on. The juxtaposition of reality and surreal situations is in my practice as a form of physicality. Art expands our perception of the world and reveals hidden secrets of ourselves. When you think about 'Thoughts' can exist not only in language but also in images and forms. Conceptual art is an expression of what you believe in, either metaphorically or directly, through satire, etc. Presenting an unusual concept in a specific contemporary art way is also a means of expressing one's own beliefs whether it was conscious or subconscious.

The psychedelic experience can represent  
embedded desires such as

*Fantasy,*  
*Emotions,*  
*Instincts,*  
*Fascination,*  
*Personality,*  
*Alternative cognitive abilities,*  
*Ideals,*  
*Attachments,*  
*Relationships,*  
*Conflicts,*  
*Behaviours,*  
*Political utopia,*  
*Wounds,*  
*Memories,*  
*Dispositions,*  
*Symbols,*  
*and Dreams.*

I believe this act of exploring value deep down into the subconscious as an artist is a spiritual journey. The subconscious can be manifested through psychedelics. Art has the same function. My love eats things I love, vomiting them out into art. I had to be sublimated into art through sacrifice. Altered reality can be obtained through psychedelics. I'll look into the commonalities between spiritual practice and artistic practice, and how surrealism is related to psychedelics, revealed through these practices.





*Mandala*

*and central  
core:*

*Balance  
out the*

*Gravitational*

*force*

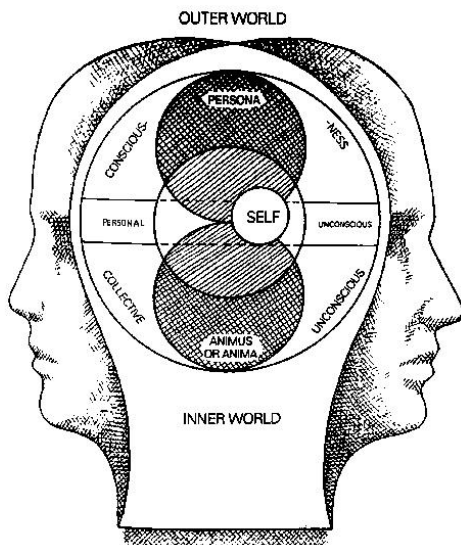
*"One's task is to become conscious of the content that press  
upward from the unconscious." Carl Jung<sup>2</sup>*



Art has several roles for me. One is generating connection, one is healing for the individual, one is a belief like a religion. Art and spirituality have a similar value. I believe spirituality and art is a practice that generates an inner invisible world. How can we reach this inner world through art? Inner identity is becoming a golden light as a permanent artwork and will be forever there like a star, because it is our legacy that reflects our consciousness influenced by contemporary era. I personally evolved and overcame and managed life until now through making art, I survived because I had the will to do art, and I was able to know more truths about what is actually going on in the world politically and spiritually. It's not about healing, it's about making it happen, the event, awareness, and will of my action. In my opinion, like spirituality, art creates a connection or experience that unites the community and collective consciousness. When I see people in an exhibition, I think to myself that we are all, in actuality, doing meditation in front of an artwork respectively with their own unique way. In a way, it makes us realise something to our inner side or memory and provoke certain things or sympathize. I'm really curious why we have such a strong belief in art and spirituality even though it's not a science. Maybe because we are experiencing something magic in our mind ?<sup>3</sup>

2) Carl Gustav Jung, was a Swiss psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who founded analytical psychology.

3) L. Art can heal PTSD's invisible wounds | Melissa Walker, 2016, Ted talk



*"Jung's model of the psyche"*

Carl Jung theorised three stages of consciousness. One is the ego, the others are personal unconscious, and the collective unconscious. The personal unconscious is a product of the interaction between the collective unconscious and the development of the individual (ego) during life. Consequently, the personal unconscious is a memory that was once conscious of my senses, and also fragments of repressed memories and desires. It is very frozen, hidden inside of itself. Performativity of art is an exercise in bringing out and analyzing these subconscious minds, for that purpose, you can gradually melt it through your art with patience. Carl Jung used mandalas to grasp and treat the psychology of patients. Everything is set out in a circle, there is a reason: when things happen equally in all directions, they form a circle. It is indeed most balanced figure in the universe. This mandala practice makes us aware and breaks down our beliefs that stem from our social and political environment.

Here is the reason why psychedelics are necessarily connected to art. Psychedelics distort the default reality we see, breaking the traditional notions of the world, revealing a new world of perception just as contemporary art deconstructs the structure of society and reveals a new social ideology vision through a critical and utopian vision. Artists create visualisation and concepts that represent visions of the world not comprehended with eyes.





*a format  
of*







Throughout our lives, we experience constant events. If we have the ability to choose the event we want, what kinds of events do you want to have or need? I would like to say that the format of life and movies have similarities. It has a starting point and endpoint, a black-out scene before the beginning and after the end, time duration, speeding up and down, zooming in and out. It is a series of tons of still-frame images. Video is one of the ways to explore the unconscious like psychedelic because it materialises moving images or stories of consciousness visually and auditory. The cognitive and sensory extension of psychedelics is comparable to the video formats. Movies and videos are a combination of continuous photos. They usually contain 25 frames per second, but we just accept them as if they were moving because it's too fast to perceive each frame individually. Humans perceive around 60 frames per second. In this way, all movements in video we perceive actually are still photos.

A video is a virtual transcendental space in which my specially selected memories and imaginations are stored. It's allowing us to immortalise the conscious and spirit. I think it is a special medium that can maintain our legacy most realistically. The lens of the camera is the focal point of our consciousness of insight. The infinite space of digital can represent our vast consciousness. It can be compared between myriad possibilities of video editing, 2D, 3D, technology and expansion of senses. To explain the perception of extension in more detail: just as other animals experience relative reality at different times with different perceptions; humans could have the ability to see reality with different perceptions. It's like adding a special effect to a video. Like all mammals have different perceptions, Psychedelic experience

awakens the expansion of human perception. We can imagine which types of other perceptions and merged senses we could have. Different types of animals each have their own unique cognitive system. For instance, Dolphins and whale bats generate ultrasound, Rabbits have a grainy vision, Scorpions use vibrations to navigate due to poor eyesight, and snakes sense infrared. An example like this inspires us to reconstruct any new cognitive system by fusing our senses. Psychedelic experiences not only change our perceptions but also have efficacy that reveals our deep consciousness to this extent. Even if you close your eyes and block information coming from outside, you can still perceive clearly the abstract lines and vivid colours of the fractal structure, besides your special identity could disappear, and also you could have the ability to recognize a situation from the perspective of a third-person universe observer. In this sense, you can manifest your very clean pure idea, desire, intuition and awareness for the sake of making art. This penetration of mind would be the key for your locked door. All you need is a marvellous key to unlock. In this way, the expansion of awareness to experience the world differently can be found in art and spirituality. It makes us realise philosophical questions about the heartfelt truth and value of life over and over again.

*I would like to throw some questions out to  
you and for me*

*If you want to share your story contact me*

+31625451663

*How can your latent fantasy manifest?*

*Have we ever tried to regain the consciousness  
of a child?*

*Has art ever told you anything about enlightenment and  
awakening already?*

*What is there when you open the door that doesn't open  
from your subconscious mind?*

*How to liberate the boundaries of thought and everyday  
perception without any substance?*

*What can be reclaimed by neutralising the filters of  
customs and ego?*

*How can we create core memories  
(unique excitatory activity)  
in real life with projected elements from our unconscious?*

*How does your mind generate enchantment and metamorphosis in physical reality?*

*How does pain create a sense of transcendence in the act of art?*

*Where is the unconscious stored in our bodies?  
In our brains? In our hands? On our feet?  
In every corner of our bodies?*

*Wouldn't the act of creating and making something yourself be the ritual?*

*Wouldn't it be the core motive for creation to materialise the unconscious by revealing it as consciousness?*

*Which form and colour do your certain thoughts have?*





*Surreal*

*is*

*Everywhere*







This is more of individual practice and has to do with having a sense of what is in my subconscious and psychedelic experiences. It also relates to the process of developing certain beliefs in the art practice. Spirituality is nothing to do with God. Spiritual awakenings are just the soul's cry for freedom. The material is popping up from your subconscious from the unconscious. Writing surreal texts and poem is one of my practices. There are implicitness reasons behind why we gravitated by certain strong images or narratives. If you chew on these materials and spit them out in writing or visualizing. You can't grasp one specific meaning in art and consciousness because is multi-layered and overlapped. For this reason, I believe that every art has a surreal side to some degree. There is no right interpretation, It can be any other interpretation simultaneously. There are plenty of fantastical dreams, a tear drop of pain, mocking jokes, the random things that automatically generated algorithm in your neuron, hint for why you act that way, clues for why did you evolve like that, deeply embedded habits in the personal and collective unconscious in your psychedelic subconscious mine. It will lead you to a very intriguing unlimited future place whereas they are out of control with illogical scenes beyond your awareness and incomprehensible. Actual exciting ridiculous events will be occurring by this inspiration. event will occurring by these inspiration. The most important part is you may never know forever what is hidden unless you try hard to dig bottomless in what's inside of your deep down door. Let's begin to drill it!



Dear, Art

14 Sep 2021

*At the end of the sunny summer, we headed to the Natural Habitat Park. I went through the entrance surrounded by a few little dark green colored trees and looked for a place where there were no people. After walking for a while, we climbed up a small hill and settled down. It was a circular space surrounded by tall trees. We lay down like that for a few minutes, everything started to look really sharp and distinct. The textures of the little bugs and trees looked bigger and everything looked completely alive. So I got excited and ran and turned my body over and laughed. After the laughter stopped, I checked my hand again. Every time I moved my hand, it was scattered layer by layer. Every movement was seen as a still picture, like stop motion. The space was filled by a white membrane. It could have looked like a spider's web, but it existed three-dimensionally. In fact, all the air was filled with nets of spider webs in space.*

*I took a breath and lay down again. I'm so grateful that I'm breathing. A quiet silence flows, and time passed very slowly as if it had stopped. The swaying leaves in the wind stopped as if they were moving, and my consciousness and time felt like eternity. I had this urge to stay forever in that eternity. That moment, an incredibly strong wind blew, and the sound of the wind was superimposed with the tremble of leaves. We were in a space surrounded by trees, so we could hear sounds from all directions. It was a very*



three-dimensional surround sound effect. As strong as the sound was, I could feel something intensely inside my body. At first, all the cold vibrations of sound ran through my body and I got goosebumps, which turned into a euphoric feeling, made me tremble very hard. I felt a very heavy and thick sensation, and my body was rendering according to the flow of strength and weakness of the sound. As if I am the sound. The intense vibrations of the sound and the wind entered my ears and tickled my veins and muscles. The sound of the strong wind formed a very large circle shape in my mind and moved rapidly according to the position of the tree, and my body settled in the middle, following the delicate and sensitive position of the wind by auditory and tactile sense.

Then we started walking again, reached a higher hill and sat on a bench in front of the lake. I observed the movement of the waves that hit the water with the wind for a long time. The shape of the waves and the sound of the wind were equally synchronised. I turned my head to see the light hidden by the branches. It changed to such a bright purple colour, to an iridescent colour, and dyed it purple again. There is still a strong wind noise in my ear. Now I have experienced that all senses are connected and can be integrated into one sense for the first time. I have taken on a fusion of all oversaturated colours, oddly disparate touch sensation, the combined senses, the very intense subtle smell than in the default reality.



Dear, Art

13 Nov 2021

*You and I met when the sunshine is blowing. We walked and walked endlessly. After walking for a while, we sat in the middle of a bench between the three roads, where elderly people, families, dogs, and children constantly passed the intersection. While I was observing them, I imagined I was all of them as well as the intersection of my role, that I could have. There are actually countless possibilities to build a different role within me. I've already lived all of their lives in my head in one minute, I told myself my dream is becoming 6 years old again.*

*Another quest to find goats has begun. The White goat. Colour white overlapped with the smell of poop and became one with a goat. The goat and the child were on the same slide, and it was impossible to tell whether the goat was a child or the child was a goat. I couldn't hold back my laughter at all. Does it really matter if I'm a goat or a human being? They were the exact same things to me. I believe our value of life is to be delightful together and share love. Is this such a big matter being a goat if we could have the same value? Why are you bothered by being a goat? Wouldn't that be enough if you could become a goat that can live 100 years while being loved, fun, and happy in a space where survival is not threatened? Laughter turned into tears, there turned into coughs, and coughs turned into laughter again. Eternal circulation of the emotions that I'll have until I die.*





We started our adventure towards the green grass. A land of deep blue and green that seems to be reachable, yet unreachable. In between water and land, water was flowing, and it was difficult to determine whether the reflected image of the water was land or water once again. The number of leaves on the ground and in the water is almost the same, so I fell into the illusion that I could walk on water. After a long walk, we finally reached our destination and this small goal made me complete. Upon arrival, we threw ourselves on the green ground as if the grass was rippling water. So liberating to lay down outspread, the sensation of rubbing faces that is like flour. I looked north and you looked south, and half of our faces melted into liquid then turned into a solid again constantly.

Oh my God. It suddenly became a totally dark night. All of sudden nothing was visible, colour disappeared to black and white. I have become invisible in the dark as if the transparent energy. Once I realised I'm invisible I started to act invincible, acting like a starving monster jumping and running through this long road of trees. The eternal point was at the end of the middle road as if a black hole. When we were in the hole, we gave a strong and deep hug to the tree, smelled it, touched it gently to the one specific tree, and gave it a last kiss. Well, thirsty enough, the last sip of water tastes like eternal giggles and bubbles.



## *What it meant to be a butterfly woman*

As I was walking down the stairs made of clouds, my feet fell like hail on the ground as if nothing had happened. Wait, I saw a blinding orange key. The moment I picked up the key, it turned black-floating-vanished. Well, it was obviously shining. A bell and a clock sound together from somewhere. I was drawn to the sound and arrived at the plaza and entered the worn-out bar. There was a little glass cup or box in the bar, and when I opened it, there was a very sparkly transparent marble. Suddenly, I picked it up and put it in my mouth. It was just hard glass with no taste. I spit it on my hand to check the growing yellow light again, but the marble was nowhere to be found. I had a pint of beer and went to pee, but the urine was not yellow but fluorescent. Wait, is this shiny pee? It's the first time I've seen pee like this. I went back to the bar, overheard people talking. Someone said "butterfly pee". Butterfly pee? I thought maybe it's the pee I had, is this pee of a butterfly?. Then I approached the crowd and asked what the butterfly's pee was about. They said "Of course, butterflies pee like humans, but the liquid is mixed with poop and urine. Anyway, it is said that when you see a butterfly's pee, you will see the Zhuangzi from *"The Butterfly Dream"*<sup>4</sup>.

4) Chuang Tzu was a philosopher in ancient China, who, one night went to sleep and dreamed that he was a butterfly. He dreamt that he was flying around from flower to flower and while he was dreaming he felt free, blown about by the breeze hither and thither. He was quite sure that he was a butterfly. But when he awoke he realized that he had just been dreaming and that he was really Chuang Tzu dreaming he was a butterfly. But then Chuang Tzu asked himself the following question: "Was I Chuang Tzu dreaming I was a butterfly or am I now really a butterfly dreaming that I am Chuang Tzu?" *The Butterfly dream*, 2022  
<https://www.philosophy-foundation.org/enquiries/view/the-butterfly-dream>

## *Yggdrasill*

The source of human ego enters the iridescent realm through some gate and reaches the root. The trees exist distorted in a circle, and there is a very strong warm dazzling photon that illuminates all perceptions at the centre. The core consists of a circle and the root of fractal structure. The roots are in the sky and the leaves and branches are in the ground. The snake's head eats its tail and takes the form of a Möbius strip. You are in an upside down position to reach that centre, and you can climb through hardships and adversity. The boundary between the inside and outside of the door transcends dimensions.

Another dimension of the world is trapped in an ice mountain. Each path like a maze leads to a single door. I don't know how many doors and how many dimensions there are. It is indeed a continuous countless loop. Everything has a pointed shape and is both menacing and beautiful at the same time, wrapped in warm or fluorescent colours. Everything comes to life in a self-similar pattern.

The distance breaks the illusion of time of ours and the universe's time. The vertex is a mysterious link that connects the sky and the earth. When it reaches the light of the centre, another root grows and stands tall. The tree grows and connects to the tree in the other direction and covers the whole circle. The one tree exists on an island floating in the water. When you come out the door again, you will be directed to the root tied to the snake. A marble-like world covered with a transparent reflective surface.



A world divided in half. How do I get into the core? What could be the key? Light is life at the moment of death, and at the same time, it is absorbed and taken away. There is no voice in the mouth that cries silently. Sucked by great pressure. Sucked in a geometric pattern that moves forever. Centre points to midst to incomprehensible complexity to discontinuity to sharpness, everything is connected, life and death, beauty and eyes that are startled.

The truth of being free from materialism is in nature. Down to sea, mountain, light, root, colour, sky, eyes, tree, sun, moon, and universe. A world in the universe we are not aware of. A world that can be viewed from a different perspective. Once, I opened my eyes under the water, sight was very blurry, impossible to focus on, likewise, we live in a world where we couldn't focus on our value. In fact, the world does not exist clearly in our eyes. Our vision is only seen clearly because of our automatic unconscious. What's your automatic pattern from your fantasy?





## *Knock knock knock*

Humans can't live without fantasy imagination. If so, what kind of world are you thinking of when you open the invisible door? Someone sucks the heart like a liquid. Women get helpless. However, the moment of being sucked is still there, and the possibility of not being sucked still exists. Parasites suck light, what is eating me up? A woman suffers from being abandoned by a loved one. Could it not have been that subject wanted to escape from the world of poison that engulfs and find another world?

Please survive by finding camouflage and hidden prey. Evolutionary methodologies for survival. A time that is captivating because it is so beautiful due to its own gravity, it collapses and contracts, and the density increases, turning into hot heat and exploding. Rooms are full of different kinds of light entering from a dark background.

Here is light and life is born but you better remember light is temporary. All the stars are going to die one day so darkness is the default when you think about it, before the Big Bang. The first light burst from the Big Bang, and the moment the light penetrated into the sea. In the beginning eyes were formed and we could eventually see the world. The burning stars of light float every night. From the light, we were able to regain our memories of 13.7 billion years ago. I was born from the light and I will die in the radiant dazzling light.



## *I spilled milk on the moon*

Humans living in ancient times believed that stars were the souls of the dead or gods. Today, it is nothing more than a mass of plasma and gravity. Perfect beliefs also change with the times. There is no such thing as unchanging beliefs, only various beliefs exist. All mythology was formerly a religion. Not anymore, however, it became just a story. It is like the beliefs in contemporary art change with the times. I would rather believe in Art as my religion than believe in God.

Light has memory. Through light, we can capture the past of the universe and see the world. Can UV or X-rays capture visual images without light? All living things and all planets are constantly moving, expanding, and contracting. What if the world you see when doing psychedelics is the truth? It's fantastic to break the realisation that the world we perceive is not the default world.

The function of psychedelic and art is to grasp the wonder of being alive. What's the evolutionary advantage to having the ability to perceive art and activate psychedelics in part of the brain? What triggers and mediates the experiences of the transcendent in art and psychedelics? Is it the way to the doorway to another realm? Do you indulge in spirituality and art to find my inner love or peace or aggression toward society?



## *My bed, my room*

Sad as 11 p.m. in a mushroom bed. I have been dead. Not fallen, but hunted. No, love is not dead in this heart, these eyes and this mouth that announced the start of its own funeral. Listen, I've had enough of the picturesque, the colourful, and the charming. I love love, its tenderness, and cruelty. My love has only one name, one form. Everything disappears. All mouths cling to that one. I died when you died. Your absence made me see this neon honeycomb, it tasted sad. But as I said, by that point I was already dead. I'd seen the foggy wet clouds.

To cloud,

I already had my funeral for ten months and three years. It's time to wrap it up. The flowing sorrow that comes out from every day was enough, I just want to inhale your sweet breath now, 'cause I'm already dead anyway.

To sky,

I'll set you free, If you come back to me, You can be mine again, If it doesn't, then fly away. I will constantly change as you are.



I am going to scream.  
I can't do this nice girl crap anymore.

I'm insane I'm.  
What sort of creature do you honestly think I could  
be trapped forever in these glorified prisons?

Are you fucking stupid?  
You will never know what I mean.

Are you as fucked up and crazy as you think I am?

What else would you expect?

And the truth is that there are monsters inside of you.

We love you when you're dead.

When you frown we tease you with the hope of air.

The only time you see us for real is when you start to die.

We inhabit the border between a palm tree's shade  
and the sunlight on the sidewalk.  
And after that you become one of us.





*Are you serious*

Your social shell is lighter than dust,

Makes you cough up,

Nasty sticky sputum from your cough is  
even cleaner than you

Did you ever been me?



## *Orange smile*

I think of a face that melts and drips like caramel

Orange smile is like a hazy cloud

Keep wanting to hold the cloud before it scatters

I hope it's getting clearer and clearer

In shy moist eyes, I become a vapor  
The low bass turns warm rustling ash like  
a burning birch

Your wreckage hits my world and blinds me

Your crystallized ashes come in my nose and tickles me

I don't want to sneeze you but snort you



*Spirituality is very personal term for me, I am not talking about eternal life, our continuous consciousness afterlife, or God, However, The Will can be manifested with every possibility through surrealistic art practice in our practical life. Art as a rituals, led by constant curiosity, help personal growth and eventually solidify into life itself.*



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Thanks you mom, Nam sun rye.  
I miss you so much dad,  
I'll see you again in non-existence afterlife





