

Pharmacology Notes
A

Pp 1-119



**Pharmacology Notes A
(1985-1986)**

A Bit About This Document:

While undertaking the work of investigating the chemistry and pharmacology of many varied psychoactive substances, Alexander “Sasha” Shulgin kept detailed notebooks. His documentation covered not only on his own personal research, but the research of friends and acquaintances. This book is the start of a new series representing a change of direction, stepping away from his personal work-ups, this book contains only the reports of others. It covers mostly 1985 through 1986.

The Creation of This Document:

The project to undertake the transcribing of Shulgin’s Lab Books was started in 2008 by a team of volunteers and staff at Erowid, along with members of Team Shulgin. Various books were transcribed without a clear idea of how to present the information as a final product; eventually this format was chosen and a volunteer began work assembling the document. Each page was painstakingly transcribed from scanned images. All the hand-drawn “dirty pictures” (molecule drawings) and graphs were edited from the original scans and combined with drawn-in marks, outlines, and arrows to form this searchable PDF.

Most of the names in this document have been redacted and pseudonyms put in their place. Names are presented as much as possible as they were in the original book, for example “Robert Thompson” is also “Robert”, “R.Thompson”, and “RT”. Initials are frequently used, and no two people share names or initials so the reader can keep track of who’s who. (ATS is Sasha and AP is Ann)

Words highlighted in yellow are words that the transcription team could not decipher. If you think you can help us decipher some of these words, please contact shulginlabbooks@erowid.org; we would love your help.

This document is intended to resemble the look and feel of the original lab book as much as possible; minor corrections and clarifications have been made to make things easier to read, and to better fit this format. Words created specifically by Shulgin remain as found, for example: “Tooth-rubby” to describe bruxism. Shulgin uses some shorthand throughout this book; the only shorthand we have made an effort to clarify is the use of the letter “c” with a dash above it (from the Latin word cum, meaning “with”), which had been replaced by “[with]”. Other common shorthand to note: ∴ is “therefore”, ≈ is “approx. equal to”, ≡ is “identical to”, and ≐ is “equivalent to”. Bold text represents typewritten documents that were pasted into the lab book by Shulgin, and bold italic text represents handwritten documents pasted into the book that are not in Shulgin’s handwriting. All other text is Alexander Shulgin’s.

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LAB BOOK DEVOTED TO THE REPORTS OF OTHERS.
INDEXED IN #7 as A-[page]

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REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2-C-T-4

Date: June 5, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

10:06 a.m. Peggy takes 8 m.g., Fred 9 m.g., of 2-C-T-4. Slow, gradual onset, about 20 minutes to first feel. Very smooth, gradual development. Beautiful to sit outdoors in shade, talking over many things seldom have time for. Marvelous ascent -- clean, gentle, smooth. Perception heightened, conversation easy.

11:30 a.m. Reluctant to go inside, but once I try it, am entranced. Find it easy to explore questions, find answers. Go inside the house and lie down, Peggy prefers outdoors. I begin to feel lonely. Examine why I came to Lone Pine, choose to spend many days at home alone. Main search is find self. As I look, I find intense loneliness, but after a while love for myself begins to grow; work at this until finally break free with tremendous appreciation of myself. Most fulfilling Experience.

Peggy and I spend rest of the afternoon in living room, lying down and sometimes listening to music. Experience continues to grow in intensity for over 3 hours, stays at intense level for many hours after. Turns into the most complete, profound, and thorough exploration I have ever undergone. Remarkable material, allowing one to look anywhere, empowering the exploration of any chosen subject. Bodywise, clean and clear. Experience remains smooth and gentle. Even when exploring uncomfortable areas, overall feeling tone still good. Saw clearly into my own functioning, relationships, dynamics of other people I looked at, general philosophical truths.

An important characteristic of this experience was the ease of letting go and flowing with the experience, partly due to the efficacy of this material and partly to my progress in learning. I often found best way to use the material was just let go and follow where it led, regardless of what resistances might build up (sometimes intense body contractions). In time this would usually result in a growing in euphoria, a feeling of clearing out of body residues, and often culminating in profound insight. As the day wore on, thinking continued to grow in clarity, visual perception was crystal clear, and it was a great joy to simply look over the scenery, enjoy the beauty, enjoy the companionship, and ponder whatever came to mind. The feeling of closeness and understanding with Peggy developed steadily during the day. Never before have we enjoyed so much just the two of us being together and relating.

One of the things I worked on the most was the iggy feelings that would come over me from time to time. I never got a real answer to them, but found it best to simply ride them through, even when very uncomfortable. I sensed I might be able to change things by thinking differently, but this often felt like such an effort that it was foreign to my being and I simply rode it out. As the experience wore on, it was easier and easier to change my feelings by changing the focus of my thoughts. However, I never felt like pushing, as it seemed more honest to just go along with what was happening. In fact a major lesson of the day was honesty, to simply be what I am, even with my idiosyncrasies, and not be continually trying to change and be different. I achieved a great state of peace and contentment with myself and the way things are -- a wonderful natural feeling.

At the same time, dancing was very revealing. Mid-afternoon, though tired, I started to move to the High Energy Dance Music. I was soon caught up in it, and expressing myself deeply. I flowed easily with the music, but was amazed at the intensity of the feelings that came up. It was in this process that I experienced my most profound realizations. One was a profound dichotomy that everyone was God and could resolve their own burdens and I didn't have to do anything, at the same time I was Christ and only by being willing to lift everyone's burden could they be helped. Saw more deeply into my sense of mission. Profound realization into the equality of others and my proper relationship. Saw nothing wrong with having high standards if applied them to oneself; my problem is I often hide from them and then judge others if they do not follow them. The experience of dancing is an illustration that movement or focus of attention and energy in other directions can keep experience unfolding fruitfully, perhaps without developing the icky, stuck feelings. Worth more exploration.

The unusual clarity, both body and thinking ability, lasted the rest of the evening, with a wonderful feeling of peace and centeredness. Still felt a lot of push from the chemical at bedtime, causing some tiredness, and glad to get to bed. Very little sleep, as kept working most of the night, just releasing to experience.

Felt marvelous next day, very whole and complete, but more tiredness than expected. Grateful for such an outstanding experience. Following day, very difficult to reach Lone Pine Lake, as still much deep tiredness. The exertion was most beneficial, putting an excellent cap on the experience.

This was an outstanding experience in every way, and 2-C-T-4 appears to be an outstanding material. Except for tiredness, which is most probably the result of the amount of work done, there were no adverse bodily effects.

NOTE: For completeness, add insight about DEA forwarded with previous report of this experiment.

I had an interesting look at the recent action of the DEA. I saw them as the protector of the people, who are very frightened at the prospect of uncovering the unconscious, and are also very leery of the rosy kinds of claims typical of the 60's. They ask for, and deserve, hard data, results of careful research, and assurance that effects will produce truly tangible improvement in functioning, not just dreamy, euphoric claims. We need to be careful that these fears are properly allayed, and move with assurance rather than opposition.

July 18, 1985

2C-N

150 mgs.

Ann 6:20pm

Within 1 hr., a lot of body energy, so to speak. You could call it body load. I haven't decided whether it's useful or not, therefore will suspend final adjective. Anyway, it's definitely a BODY +3, while a MIND + ? About +2, perhaps not that high. This is now closer to 1% hrs. Enjoying it? Not exactly, but am in a good mood. Definitely a plus hearing the Bagwan Rajneesh's first interview in 3 years. Hilarious. "Other religions take care of the poor; I am the rich person's guru." "Sex is everyone's birthright -- and sex is fun!" "Take over Oregon? I wish we could take over the world!" He has a point. The world certainly wouldn't be worse off, anyway.

By 8:30 pm (2 hrs) my body is at ~~leas~~ ease (although the typing could be more expert) and I am generally fine. Watched a docu-

KQED Pledge free august - Why don't we send in money to Ch. 9
 Box 340 Sf 94101 - and help do away with pledge break?

sorry about that... a documentary on Hitler's Germany and How It Happened. Not bad insight. Not the light-filled energy of some other materials (sometimes) but good and friendly. So far, okay. The two sentences above refer, of course, to 2C-N, not the documentary. /// Now about 10:30, not quite. Coming down, still benign. Body feels a bit achy, but it did earlier today. I'm doing exercises now to get back into shape, slowly, gradually. Same quite benign state of mind. Good material. Does not accomplish what I need, but that's something else. Might be able to write with it, though.

By six hours, pretty much baseline. Strange material, but okay.
 Final score: Body +3, mind +2, barely.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-B AND 2C-T-2

Date: July 21, 1985

2C-B -> 2CT2

PEG -> 2CT2

Place: Ivan Brandt residence, Los Angeles

Participants: Vanessa and Ivan Brandt, Jacob and Oscar Frazier, Peggy and Fred; Uma Frazier standing by.

Background: I wish to try low level of 2C-B for monitoring others in more intense experience. Oscar, approximately 45 years old, is a principal in a small community near Guadalajara. He is Jacob's brother; doesn't speak English. Jacob had told him of his own experiences, and Oscar left California last year resolved to try an experience.

11:29 a.m. Peggy takes 110 m.g. Pegasus; Vanessa, Ivan, Jacob, Oscar each take 120 m.g. I take 12.5 mg. 2C-B. Good smooth start for all; everyone flows right into it. I begin to feel in 15 minutes; can feel others expanding. Experience develops very positively with usual good symptoms. Everyone euphoric, in a loving space, happy to be together, excellent communication. Peggy much prefers lower dose as she doesn't get 'zonked out", can communicate well. Jacob takes Oscar into another room where they have extensive and involved discussion. We discuss family and personal matters with excellent insight and closeness. Most enjoyable experience. We enjoy watching our granddaughter, Iris, who makes herself at home with us.

I have some sluggishness develop, which keeps me from being in as intense a euphoric space as the others, although I think clearly and communicate well.

1:12p.m. Peggy, Jacob, Vanessa and Ivan all take 40 m.g. supplement. Oscar has been enjoying the experience, having valuable experience with Jacob, but declines the supplement. I stay with the 2C-B.

Experience continues in same vane. as supplement reaches full strength, Peggy feels very intoxicated, which wish she had taken lighter supplement. Next time, she wants only 20 or 30 mg. supplement, as she liked the feeling of the lower dose where she can stay in communication.

The rest of the afternoon goes beautifully, with all enjoying the experience. Ivan and Vanessa have private discussion. I check on Oscar and find that he has a very valuable experience, with many new things opening up for him and much new understanding. He is grateful for the experience, and thinks it will help him a great deal.

3:48 p.m. Vanessa, Ivan and Fred take 5 mg. 2C-T-2. I find it comes on rather soon, and wipes away all the sluggishness from the 2C-B. I reach a very beautiful, marvelous space, body clear, mind clear, euphoria, great well-being, the best of' the day. This remains until bedtime.

Ivan had felt pretty well down when he took the 2C-T-2, but after a while he got renewed energy. Both he and Vanessa reported later that the 2C-T-2 cleared away all the feeling of being "dropped" by the former substance, felt clear in head and body, some aches and body stiffness disappeared, energy returned. Slight headache Ivan had disappeared temporarily, but returned. We all felt an excellent follow-on to first substance. I am glad to see it supplement the 2C-B very nicely. All in all, it was an excellent day for everyone. Oscar had excellent introduction to the procedure, and wishes to continue explorations. Jacob later had an interesting breakthrough, not yet reported. I ended up having excellent experience, and felt wonderful for the next few days.

As a result of this experiment, I do not find 2C-B an adequate way to join others, and prefer to take same chemical in spite of bodily discomforts it produces for me. 2C-T-2, in light amounts, is confirmed as an excellent follow-on to Pegasus.

6-30-85

Hi Petra

Well, I did some 5-Meo-DMT yesterday. First hits @ 7am - felt my consciousness leaving my body, 1st words - "Liberation, huh?" Felt like I was experiencing what occurs @ the time of death. Lots of sexual feelings, tension/release - tension/release. Hadya & Scott talking, moving around, & couldn't hear them or attend to them. Music, headphones that they were trying to keep in place. I started cracking jokes. All of us laughing. Then I asked Hadya to put her hand on my stomach - started laughing/crying, laughing/crying. Pretty much an even score on both of them. No more moving outward, the rush of ?????????????? consciousness. The outside world dissolving, breaking up. Then returning inward, needing to take a lot of deep breaths. Started carrying on somewhat of a normal conversation @ 7:20. Lying, restfully. Scott offered me the pipe @ 8am. We never expected much left in it. Lots left in it. Uh oh. I fell backward, Scott offered more. ??????, dissolving unprepared. Scared, some thrashing (I think) the dissolving material world. Sinister feelings. Cruelty, paranoia - not in me, but observing
facing abject terror

them, feeling overwhelmed by them, but not partaking in them. I ask Scott to bring in Hadya. I say "there is a sinister, dark side, a cruel side." I felt a vacillation which one to enter. "I have to choose one or the other". Hadya, still holding me, "not one or the other - both." "I don't understand." "Not one or the other; both" "I need to accept both?" "Yes" I curled in a fetal position, felt myself physically shrink, holding Hadya's (my mothers) hands. Sobbing, crying, uncontrollable, my head faced between her leg & the bed, drooling, slobbering, crying. Unspeakable grief ("what is this? Where is this from?") I was very young, very young, hurt, very hurt ("where is this from" I'm demanding). In retrospect, maybe knowing, then, of my fathers basic unavailability. Preverbal/nonverbal. **Cried & ????**. All over. I'm spent. I feel washed through, washed out, totally spent. I'm alone, "basking" in this spent feeling. Wracking sobs, they were. Never, as an adult, older child had I cried so hard. I'm lying there. Genie comes in & we start playing & laughing. 1st hit - continued. Pure consciousness. Lots of hard work to keep in line / resonating with the purity / the clarity. Not defined, not bounded, everywhere. Floating in space is a crude approximation.

Feeling a little shaken. Relaxed, ate some bread, water, fresh air. By 10, I'm up and about. Looking forward to the rest of the day. MDMA @ 11:15am. 150Mg; 75mg booster @ 1:15 (2:30pm?) Redd & Vioana take some 5-meo-DMT. Sail through it. Cruise. Maybe the MDMA, having erased the fear, eased the flight.

So, this is an interesting compound. I need to try it again. Harper should know about it. I think I'll send him a copy of this. Maybe he can give it to some of his NDE people.

Stay in touch. Thanks for the compound
Rick (Strassman) UNM

P.S. Scott & I thought you should move out here, by the way.

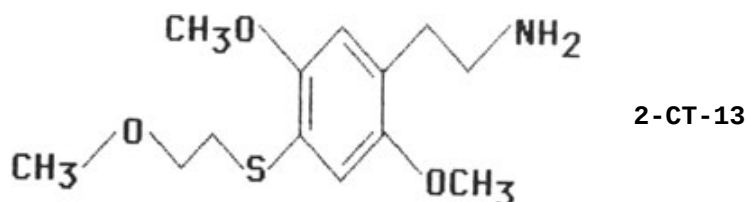
2nd hit - con't- images / senses of sinister types stalking, skulking, lurking around.

[Editor's Note: Pages 6 and 7 have been merged with this page]

July 1, 1985

Dear Sasha,

Here is the report on the 2-CT-13 compound that I took June 30th.



4-(β-methoxy-ethyl)-thio,2,5-dimethoxy-phenethylamine

At 11:30 am, I took 25 mg in water. Tasted more reasonable than some of the other things you have made. Some type of alert in 20 to 30 minutes. As usual it is hard to describe the alert, except of an awareness that something was changing.

I felt it was somewhat noisy as we went into the experience. This noisiness lasted only about an hour, then apparently stopped. At the peak which seemed to be at about 1 to maybe 1.5 hours, some eyes closed visuals appeared. There was a white field with colored visuals, at times geometric in shape. These eye-closed visuals were pleasant and I enjoyed them when I did not concern myself with or listen to the conversation. There were eyes open changes in color; the ivy became a little lighter in color or maybe a little stranger in color. I'm not sure of which. However, I did not have any eyes open visuals at all at this 25 mg level. The eyes closed visuals probably remained for about 1 hour (probably up to the 2 hour point) then diminished (I didn't close my eyes all that much as the grapes were very interesting).

I felt there was a gradual diminishing of activity (whatever that undefined activity was) starting at 2 to 2.5 hours, and coming close to baseline at 6 pm. The descent was very pleasant and I would say pleasurable.

The experience did not lead to any confusion which I sometimes notice in other experiences. I was able to do some measurements for the wiring at 5 pm. I tended not to talk very much during the experience, but that wasn't too unusual. I had essentially no body with this. Though there was noise going in, there was no nausea at all. I developed a tremor noticeable in the hand at about 1.5 hr which may have lasted to 2.5 -3 hr.

There was no problem of anorexia. We ate constantly during the experience. The grapes and other fruit were lovely.

I had no trouble driving home at 9 pm. No after shadows. We went to bed by 11. I had somewhat fitful sleep, waking at times, and dreaming somewhat wild dreams which I don't remember well. I noticed that around 2 am the next morning, I could see an alpha type rhythm in the very low level of the night light in the bathroom.

Overall comments: Not bad, but not exciting material. Noisy going in, though quite tolerable. Nice peak experience visuals with eyes-closed for a short period of time. Pleasant plateau and very pleasant descent. Did not interfere with eating and listening. Some sleep disturbance. Probably won't go too far in interest.

This one of the few times I would say that I would try it at a higher dose. Viewing it from the experiences of others, I would try 30 to 33 mg without hesitation. I suspect the experience would be similar, with just a heightened peak at 1 hour and perhaps a little more body affect. It may well be one to try with one's wife.

Did anyone have exterior visuals? I find that I get exvisuals so easily that I'm surprised that I did not get it with this material.

Love,
Neil

MDMA
plus
2C-T-2

Three experiments -- April and May, 1985

1. Usual amount of MDMA (150 mgs.) followed at 1-3/4 hours by 3 mgs. of 2C-T-2. Result was felt within 30 minutes, and was experienced as a 2C-T-2 effect, at about a +2 level, or to be more exact, between 1.80 and 2.00 pluses. Good, very pleasant energy state in which I found it possible to continue with the work I had been doing before -- sorting papers -- with a minimum of reluctance and increased ability to concentrate.
Down by 5-6 hours, or at least easily able to sleep by then.
2. Usual amount of MDMA (150 mgs.), plus supplement of 50 mgs. at 1 1/2 hrs., followed by 4 mgs. 2C-T-2 one and a quarter hours after that. Within 20 minutes, was distinctly aware of effect, again as a 2C-T-2 effect. The transition, as with the previous 3 mgs. experiment, was very smooth. Energy increase was apparent, along with greater awareness of color and light depth and richness. I found it possible to write easily and with a continuing flow of creative thinking. The energy surge translated without difficulty into a push of expression via the typewriter. Able to sleep by 6 hours, before baseline achieved.
3. Usual amount of MDMA (150 mgs.), with 5 mgs. 2C-T-2 at 1-1/2 hrs. This was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, and within half an hour, I was at a definite 2.00 + and within 1-1/2 hrs, it was +2.50 to 2.75. Hard to pin down, but close enough. The energy was apparent, as usual, and felt comfortable. Considerable euphoria. I tried writing and continued comfortably for several hours. It seemed the most natural and positive way of channeling the energy. Completely pleasurable experience, totally benign, as it always is for me. Able to sleep without difficulty at about 8 hours.
4. Usual amount of MDMA (150 mgs.) with 10 mgs. 2C-T-2, May 20, 1985. This after a day of overwhelming sleepiness and considerable depression because of this. Took MDMA at 5:30 p.m. and 2C-T-2 1-1/2 hrs. later. General discomfort -- although absolutely benign -- due to effort to sort out reasons for sleepiness and other escape efforts and failures. Energy push as usual, but felt differently, since it was combined with negative thoughts and emotions, for about 2 hrs. Discomfort not serious, more psychic than physical. Resolved when I got to the typewriter and began writing. Entire experience became benign, comfortable and even good-humored. Easy sleep at 6 hrs.

May 6

(1985)

Dear Sasha and Ann -

Report on 2CT2 from three of us: It was very colorful and psychedelic; time was variable. To Jace four hours passed like one. Kade and I commented at one point that a great deal seemed to have happened in a short time, so I guess you'd call that slowing. I had a little nausea.

No unusual psychic experiences or insights. Pleasant body feelings. One intriguing effect for all three of us: warm, candle-light-like flares at the periphery of our visual fields. It was as if someone was coming up behind you with a torch. A pretty and disconcerting effect.

It didn't have the unusual peace and beauty or new wisdom one typically gets from 2CB, but the colorful psychedelic effects were reminiscent of 2CB at a fairly high dosage.

It was interesting. We aren't positive about the amount but Jace thinks it was 20 milligrams. We would be interested in checking it out again. And we would be especially interested to discreetly experience the other new material.

We also talked about your sending the literature and sampled of MDMA to Ilbert Caperton for research in his Stanford lab on its effects on animal behavior and learning. Ilbert's home address and phone number:

123 Avenue
San Jose, CA 95130
(415) 555-9876

All the best,
Lacey

February 27, 1984

Celine 2C-B, I believe

A tough Monday, after a wonderful weekend of love and sacrament. Fred asks that we write of our experiences. Probably a good idea, but hard to sit down and do. OK, here are so some thoughts, memories, feelings.

The substance seemed not so hard on my body this time. Some nausea, less wired, I slept better (still not great). I was not hyper for 2 days afterward like last time. But it still tired me. Today I couldn't work a full day. My digestive system is not tops. I was very constipated the day after. Fred says it gets easier on the body the more one uses it, as the body clears.

The experience was a beautiful, intense journey for me and Benton together. We opened, communicated, touched, loved.

Commitment--mine grows. Our relationship I see as Saddhana, or path to my inner self (that's my definition).

I told him I'm ready for monogamy (!) I know it doesn't work to have outside relationships if that's really not ok with him, not freely given. I told him I may still need to struggle with it, maybe even try it someday to be sure, but this is my current understanding and feeling. (even thoughts of marriage in an extreme moment)

The experiences (2 now) have greatly accelerated our relationship I experienced myself as Woman, as Midwife, as Goddess, Earth Mother, Wise Woman. I had some of my crystals there

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REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH MDMA AND 2-C-T-2

Date: May 26, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Tammie, Jacob, Peggy and Fred; Uma observing

Background: Tammie has left Kenton and has been going through some trying experiences. However, she is handling them beautifully, and is very honestly looking at her life to make the best decisions. She has excellent clarity, and readily learns from our discussions. She wants an experience to confirm her decisions. Jacob is not anxious for an experience, as he prefers to wait until he actually makes the changes in his life that he knows he should. He agrees to MDMA only.

10:16 a.m. All take 120mg of MDMA. Beautiful development; usual wonderful symptoms, everyone in a very nice place. Outside on deck in sun, scenery magnificent. I feel dropping a heavy load from last week. Feel much more clear in this group. Everyone enjoying immensely. Tammie looks at her situation, is very content with her decisions. Jacob very happy for the experience, getting a lot of clarity, enjoying very much.

11:46 a.m. Tammie, Peggy and Jacob take 40mg supplement, I take 50mg for somewhat more intensity. Supplement does a lot of clearing out, puts everyone in a wonderful space.

1:25 p.m. Everyone is very happy with their experience, feel clear and still at good level. I feel unusually clear, and ordinarily would be content to let this ride. However, I am anxious to try the new combination, so I take 5mg 2-C-T-2; others decline.

I feel new material in about 20 minutes; feels very good, more energy, very smooth, not at all intense. Slight thinning out from MDMA (not as intense a centered feeling). Continues to develop for 2 hours; very beautiful, wonderful space, not intense, very little drug feeling, but produces great clarity, lots of energy. Enjoy dancing with the kids to beat music (Tammie's, of course). Rest of day for all of us is wonderful, great family closeness, great to be together. Enjoy a walk, playing with the kids relating, food, moonlight. After settling her situation, Tammie spends rest of day getting reintegrated with J, whom she feels she has neglected a lot lately by being so wrapped up in herself. Enjoys immensely.

I keep feeling push of 2-C-T-2 rest of afternoon and Evening; it is demanding attention, and I build up a little tension by being otherwise occupied. In evening feel tired, but wonderful tiredness, not drugginess often feel on down side of MDMA. All body effects have cleared up, body feels wonderful, head still very clear. Great to get to bed, let go to experience. Wonderful love making.

Most fruitful part of experience comes next morning when I wake up. Feel very clear, easy to work. Get back to excellent connectedness with my center. Realize I had lost it previous week after heavy session with the Althaus'. Drugginess all gone, marvelous euphoria. Also, very tuned into Peggy, marvelous flow of energy between us. The world looks great.

We all take a hike. Weather marvelous, our bodies feel great, feels marvelous to stretch the body, integrate experience. We are all unusually happy. Tammie is very grateful for the experience; Jacob says it is his best MDMA experience ever. Many things have fallen into place for him, including seeing how to improve his functioning in his job.

I find the 2-C-T-2 an excellent adjunct to MDMA, providing a marvelous prolonging of the experience without opening up psychedelic territory. It did an excellent job of resolving the kinds of body discomforts and aftereffects which have been my only criticism of MDMA. Excellent clarity and good energy, very refreshing following day.

from p.12

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and my connection with them was very strong. I came to a realization that my life, my work, my path does not have to be hard. My medicine comes easily. Even if I don't work with my pipe and crystal and feathers every day, my connection with them remains strong. I had 2 small crystals with me, for Benton and myself. Benton blessed them with prayer for love, truth and wholeness.

Benton and I talked of his manhood, of "Iron John." I encouraged his expression of the passionate primal man, suggested he was not doing so. He came to an understanding of his reluctance to disagree with me and assert himself and learned it's OK to do those things. I won't reject him. "I want you, Benton." It opened his solar plexus and his hands became warm! He was much more open and strong physically than our last experience. I see it in the photos. He realized a tremendous amount of guilt and inhibition around his body and sex. (Perhaps my nakedness helped bring that out) He shed much of his Quaker upbringing in our sex in the next 2 days.

I talked and talked. I had wise perceptions, intuitive things to say. about myself, about others. Benton and I did some good work with Peggy and Fred, facilitating their communication, their relationship. Our being there, very affectionate and in love had a very positive effect for them, it seemed the affection was catching

Peggy and I made a wonderful connection, and reaffirmed the kid sister relationship. I feel I have found a strong woman friend with whom I can be intimate.

Fred and I feel a strong love and attraction for each other, that we are careful to find the right balance of expression and limits. We explore the struggle for balance openly in front of Peggy and Benton.

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"I don't want Sunny to come live with me." Not a good choice if I am living alone and involved so in my work.

My work comes first, and always has--before Sunny. Before Benton. I carry guilt and pain around my motherhood. I cried.

Fred helped me to explore my feelings for my father. I found I have blanked out a lot. I discovered:

Anger and resentment re expectations and life plan that I could not live up to.

I did not know who I was or what I believed in because he had done the thinking for me.

His stern-ness, rigidity. I must have been a very sensitive child. It was hard to live in a house with all the emotions going unexpressed - I perceived them, must have felt ~~them~~ to blame a lot. No way to talk about them.

Fred asked if my father had sexual fantasies about me. Benton asked if I'd been molested. No. Fred talked about my father transferring his love for a wife who didn't live up to expectations to me. He thinks there is more here and waits for me to discover it myself.

There is still blank-ness, but also I feel love. And am going to tell him. Boy, is that risky!

I removed my clothes at the beginning of 2CB. A good choice for me, as without clothes I live with the real me. I accept all of me. I danced. Cuddled with Benton, talked. With 2CB, Benton and Peggy and Fred all get quiet, physically still, introspective. I move a lot, dance and want to talk. "Talk to me, Benton." and he did.

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I was very appreciated and complimented (which is sometimes difficult)--- my beauty, intelligence, inner light. I feel we've been taken in a family by Peggy and Fred. Peggy invited me to put the tipi up there. Oh, I hope so" Fred offered us some MDMA to use ourselves, as it will be over a month before we can get together with them again. We are honored. Fred indicates he believes we will work with the substances and other people ourselves in the future.

My love for Benton has new strength and depth. I no longer resist, hold back to be single, but embrace him and our life together with joy and commitment. I thank Great Spirit, dear Goddess, for all. Ho.

First Journey: December 1983

Celine. MDMA

I wrote the Sweet Sir William story after this first journey, and find that it reflects a lot of what the experience was for me. A few days later it was Christmas, and I wrote the following journal entry:

The rain falls gently on this dry land. I am full. I am alone, as I realize I sometimes am afraid of spending Christmas alone. It's always been a time to be with family, and what if I'd chosen my path so much for my own needs that I'd end up with no one to share Christmas with? But of course I had Benton with me this morning to open presents with. And then I chose to let him go off to his other activities on his own. And the solitude I find nice. Quiet, soft, introspective. Sweet. Rare and priceless these days.. That for which I yearn at times. A day empty of plans and only myself to answer.. Some music, a good book, and the pen, to write and find out who's in there today.

I have a growing sense of "coming in to my own." Other people also have this sense of me. How important it is to me to be on my own. To find my own rhythms and balances of: solitude and company, spiritual, mental and physical. My own tastes and timings. My own rituals and routines. I see my beauty in the life I create from knowing my inner self. That life is no more beautiful or amazing than that created by anyone else who lives from the heart. Is this self (*selfish?*), this seeking quiet and solitude and inner knowledge and peace? Perhaps, but it is essential to my health and balance. At times I get busy or caught up with my work or passions or the friendships or escapes and don't turn inward and I feel not quite all here.

My son will be here soon. As usual, I'm a little nervous about myself as a mother. I feel so inadequate at times. I am afraid. Of what? Of being unhappy. Of failing.. Of Sunny having problems I don't know how to help him with. How can I cope with his coming to live with me?

Love. Unconditional love. And honesty. Don't push him away. Let him in to your heart. He was such a burden at other times. Forgive him.

Love is the God in me reaching out to touch the God in you. And the God in me is light. I am so thankful today. For my life, my work, the love in my heart and that which surrounds me. I am so at peace with myself, feel that I'm choosing the ways that work for me, giving up the frustrations and pains that prevailed in past times. Rereading old journals makes me realize how much pain I've let go. Vision Quest, the Inner Journey of this era in my life, has brought me much peace and joy. I am letting go of those things in my life which are blocks to inner peace and self fulfillment: manifesting the strength and grace and beauty and wisdom of my inner being. And the balance. The seed seeking fulfillment and immortality in the blossom. The soul seeking expression in the personality of a lifetime.

Working with Peggy and Fred: I'm very excited about the possibilities. Last Saturday was a renewal of and another step upon the path chosen through my vision quest. I have a very expansive feeling about it, but not too many words. I look forward to our next journey together.

All in all, I love my life. And I know that when that thought comes to mind spontaneously, with enthusiasm, that I'm doing something right. Ho!

[Editor's Note: Page 19 has been merged with this page]

April 7. 1984

Celine MDMA

Benton and I did the sacrament yesterday. Just the two of us for the second time. We did it about 3 weeks ago, MDMA only. A very high, intensely intimate day. We worked on our relationship mostly. And especially our sexuality. We made love throughout the session. I told Benton my "sexual history", including one episode which I've told about only once before. (I think to Martie). I was physically shaking after the telling. Benton encouraged the shaking, and then all of a sudden I saw a diamond shape of white light growing within me. I stopped shaking and watched it overtake and fill me totally, and said I'd experienced a healing from the goddess.

The experience lasted all day. We were still high late in the afternoon as we went to see Peggy and Fred. We were tired and slept about 12 hrs. Yesterday's experience was quite different. I was feeling a bit shaky. I took the tipi down the night before which had me sad and exhausted. In the morning I was still feeling badly, slight stomach upset. But went ahead with the experience. Again we had just the MDMA. We spent the early part of the experience communicating, working on our relationship. Benton is working on becoming more assertive in our day to day lives. I encourage him and try to hear him better. I have been working on letting out and healing the fragile self inside so that the outer self need not be such a tough shell..

With the supplement I found an intense physical rush, perhaps even more than with the original dose. More jaw clenching, nystagmus, and spasms in my neck muscles. All of a sudden I was reminded of my experience with the Hawaiian wood rose seeds and I said Oh--this shoulder--this is birth trauma. (I've been in great distress these past few days with a sore left shoulder, had gone to the chiropractor Wednesday). And then I experienced my birth.

I came out LOA, and my shoulders were stuck. I was handled roughly to be gotten out.

I was handled roughly/ I heard loud noises, the clang of the O2 tank. Distress in the background--my mother's distress--what's wrong? Is she going to die? Where's my mother? I've cried and cried. My shoulder hurts when they touch it. They're all so rough. This nurse, though. Look she does care--she gave me a nice pat. I feel better when I quiet down, lie really still. The loud noises aren't so bad when I hold that feeling of being loved and secure and become quiet.

I'm with my mother now. She's holding me now. She's weak and not all there. I feel her, hear her, smell her. I look up and say, where are you mother? I look for her face with large eyes. I am in the awake alert state. She tells my father it's another girl and is afraid of his disappointment. I begin rooting. There is nothing offered me. I find my fist and suck on that. It is pulled away. A couple times. I suck on my lip. Then a bottle is offered. I don't like it at first, until I learn the taste that comes from sucking it. Then I suck and I'm content and fall asleep in my mother's arms.

After this I felt very tired. Benton turned inward, dealing with some "negative" feelings around the museum. I missed him, was restless and finally settled down and closed my eyes and "drifted". After a while I realized I was sleeping--I'd wake occasionally, still MDMA effects, but was sleeping heavily -- about 2½ hrs. (starting about 6 hrs. after initial dose) I got up, made soup, took a bath. Benton wanted intimacy and I couldn't. We wanted to go share with P&F but they weren't home. We went back to bed and slept--very drained, exhausted, sore in upper back, neck and shoulders. Upon awakening, still sore, still unable to respond to Benton need for intimacy. Up for breakfast and a walk. Very low energy still. We both felt that 2CB would have been helpful yesterday to keep from diving so deep with the exhaustion. Fred agreed. We went up there after breakfast. He says the MDMA has a lot of punch but it does not last long enough to "clean out the dregs" and the 2CB is helpful that way. He gave us some for next time. He had not previously, feeling Benton was a little unpredictable with it, but saw me as a stabilizing influence. Fred was fascinated by my account of the birth, and says he has not known anyone to come to a birth experience with MDMA--that it is generally not an "uncovering" agent.

Report of Experiment with MDMA

Date: May 18th, 1985

Place: Residence of Nia and Astor Althaus, Bishop, CA.

Participants: Nia and Astor, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Nia and Astor are school teachers in Bishop in their late 30's. They are the most involved participants in the meditation group I led in Bishop, and attended the first Bartholomew workshop in Lone Pine. They both live intense, busy lives, and are looking for ways to discover more of themselves and arrange their lives in a more fulfilling way.

12:09 p.m. All take 120 m.g. of MDMA. Atmosphere is good, I feel in about 12 minutes, others in 20. Great takeoff for Peggy and I, wonderful feelings, good company, soft skin, mellow voices. Both Nia and Astor develop some body discomfort, nausea. Takes about an hour for them to work through it, feel better. They are disappointed that they do not break through to euphoria. Peggy and I are having a great experience, enjoying their beautiful home high in the hills west of Bishop, beautiful view of the mountains, beautiful clouds. They do notice increased awareness of colours, and the fact they both look younger.

1:40 p.m. All take 40 m.g. supplement. Astor declines at first, then changes his mind. We sit outside where it is lovely in the sun, beautiful view. As supplement comes on, both Astor and Nia feel better, but not great. We have great discussion, which they enter into intently, reviewing their roles as teachers and teaching in general. Astor notices that Nia is still and relaxed all afternoon, the first time this has happened in a long time. Also that she listens intently and focused, without having to go do something.

The rest of the day is very pleasant, relaxing, with good communication. Beautiful walk outdoors, good food, and evening in the hot tub. Next morning we have a meaningful review. Time will tell how much they get from the experience. They are both so deeply steeped in their activities that they may not notice much effect, despite the fact that I felt a considerable crumbling of walls and structures which should leave them freer. They are both very grateful for the experience and have taken a deep look at their lives, and know that they will benefit considerably from re-examining their priorities and pulling into their lives more what they want to do and will enjoy.

I had two very meaningful experiences early the next morning. The first involved being totally masculine, converting the beautiful, though passive, euphoric feelings I feel lying close to Peggy to erotic activity. On the following morning, I found this an effective way to dissipate some of the load I picked up from this session (despite all I have learned lately about not picking up stuff, I felt quite tired after this experience, despite being in a very beautiful space and very much at peace with Peggy).

The second experience involved my thinking about my relationship with God, which I usually think of as other. I decided to think about God as me, and fell into an overwhelming situation of experiencing myself as God. The enormity of what God has given us is beyond comprehension, and expands even further my concept of God. We had a beautiful drive home, and returned to ever-increasing peace.

Had the least trouble with my urinary problem, by flooding myself with water.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH MDMA AND MEM

Date: April 26, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Keira and Hudson Edson, Peggy and Fred

Background: Keira and Hudson have made enormous improvement in their state of well-being. They have become sensitive, competent workers with others with MDMA, working primarily with Quinton Tabone and Orrell, the graphic artist next door. Hudson is learning very well to use the sessions to foster creativity, and has come up with some clever and intriguing products. He and Keira are busily setting up a company to manufacture and distribute their items. It could well become a lucrative business. The night before we review the 7 steps of creativity, and share our aspirations for the experience.

9:47 a.m. All take 120 m.g. of MDMA. Smooth takeoff, good relaxed feelings, close companionship. Hudson develops little more slowly. Beautiful experience, with much love and closeness. Hudson likes to go inside and work on his creative projects. The rest of us enjoy the beauty, euphoria, and closeness.

11:33 a.m. All take 20 m.g. of MEM. Develops smoothly, for Peggy and Keira a continuation of MDMA. Hudson doesn't feel much for a while. I feel expansion, more energy, and after a while develop some tension. I go inside, and start to let go to the feelings, then realize I am following my old habit of going into the pain. Using some of the creativity steps, I redirect my experience into positive, enjoyable channels. It works fairly well. The session becomes pretty heavy going, as we all work through some heavy things. We separate for a while, and Peggy and I have the most wonderful exotic exploration of our experience. We reconvene, and Keira finds that her experience has turned completely off for her. She later realizes that it was because she did something she didn't want to do, but only to please Hudson. Peggy and I massage he, and her experience comes back to life. She also realizes that it's high time to start doing things for herself. Later we massage Hudson, and it is a wonderful experience for all of us.

Toward evening, we develop a wonderful mellow glow and bond among us all, richly enjoying the beauty of the scenery, our fellowship, and the increased intensity of our bonding and appreciation for one another. We retire early; Hudson and Keira sleep well; I sleep lightly, staying focused most of the night but enjoying the experience. The next day, we are tired and languid, but spend the day very enjoyable in communication and integration.

Report of experience on Friday, April 26, 1985 – Keira and Hudson Edson included. MDMA for all, followed by MEM

(This from Peggy.)

Edson arrived Thursday (we thought they would come Friday) and we had no idea what we would be doing Friday. All wanted an experience, and we were in good space. So, around 9 am, we took some MDMA and an hour and a half later some MEM. The onset was delightful with Keira and Hudson in very good spaces. They were fun, and having fun with their new project. The MEM just continued the euphoria and intoxication, and when Hudson suggested to Keira that they go into the bedroom, Fred and I decided it would be a good idea to go into our bedroom and make love. We had an incredible erotic experience, listening to Emerald Webb's Valley of the Birds. After that, and a lovely shower (very sensuous) we dressed and found Keira in the living room, and Hudson was in the RV. Keira explained that the MEM seemed to turn her off, but later she realized that she was the one who turned it off when Hudson wanted her to do his bidding, but she really didn't want to herself. So she had some resistance and realized that she did it for him but not for herself. She learned that she has to be honest about it. I gave her a massage, which helped bring her back to feeling good about herself, and knowing that it is o.k. to do things for herself alone, sometimes. She found out a lot about herself during the experience and I found out how good it is to massage someone who really appreciates it. It made me feel good.

Fred and I had reached a new peak of intimacy during the experience, I might add. It was truly glorious, and I had decided to let him in all the way.

After some soup, I massaged Hudson, and he was in ecstasy during it. Certainly is nice to have an appreciative audience. The day went simply great for me, and I didn't have any negativity during the day. Slept well and woke up in good space and feeling good.

It was a leisurely day Saturday and we shared a lot about the experience of the day previous. Took short walk in evening, had great dinner prepared by Hudson. Hudson wanted another massage so we agreed to massage him. Keira was too full.

Woke up leisurely Sunday having agreed to do something "mild" around 11 a.m. So had light breakfast of grape nuts and banana. Around 11 a.m. Keira, Hudson and Peggy too some "satin" material, which had been so very smooth when we had it once before. Well, it took about an hour or so to come on, and when it did, it had a sledgehammer with it. So I have renamed it "Satin Sledgehammer." Fred had a light amount of 2CB.

We were all sitting in the living room, chatting, and then the material started to give us some signals, so we turned on the music. First, we listened to "Country" and that got me into some familiar, comfortable places. Then Kitaro's Ken Tai was played. I was stretched out on the floor in a comfortable position, covered by a blanket. I got into the music, and I had the most incredible space travel I've ever had. The music enabled me to go with it to unexplored planets, outer galaxies, unknown caves, uncharted seas. It was frightening and exciting, and ALL NEW. Nothing was familiar. I got in touch with my fear of the unknown. Also my "knowing everything." I decided I knew nothing. My cowardice was apparent, and my dependency on my mother to protect me came to light. I clearly saw Tammie courage. I cried a lot. I could see Keira and Fred were in a safe space. I felt their support.

I realized I was alone in my travels – that I had to summon my courage to explore new places without fear. That I had to learn to trust completely. That in order to let Fred all the way in, I had to let all of him in, and he was incredibly vast. I verbalized this to him.

I came up against my resistance to anything new. My resistance to taking materials, even. My resistance to acknowledging anybody who is different or who has different ideas than I do. I cried lots of tears. Keira and Fred were very supportive, and appreciated my sharing myself with them. Hudson was in and out and not with us much.

Later in the when things settled down somewhat, we all sat around the living room, and Keira shared her incredible, spiritual experience with us.

After I shared my experience of knowing I would have to give up my prejudices and judgments, and that Fred's complexities were difficult for me to comprehend, and said it wasn't necessary to understand them to "let him in". I agreed to let him in all the way. I cried again -- in fact, it didn't take much to get me crying again. I realized I would have to change and indeed that I was changing at that moment.

I prepared from leftovers for dinner, and food tasted good. We were all a little pooped so went to bed very early. Fred and I walked Spats, watched the Johnny Carson special, laughed at it. Then, Fred gave me a message, and I relaxed completely, went to bed. Fred joined me later, enjoyed erotica, slept like a rock. Up at 6 a.m. to say goodbye to Edson's. Stayed up... Feeling good but slightly slowed down, which is o.k. with me.

2C-T-4 14 mgs. each Sasha and Ann Saturday, August 10, 1985

10:40 a.m. we took the material. No taste apparent in juice. Previous level was several months ago, at 12 mgs. That was a +3 for both of us. (The exact date was April 13, 1985.)

Sasha, shortly before that, had experienced a +4 on 12 mgs., by himself, and was needless to say wondering if by any chance... but of course, +4's aren't (yet) to be found consistently in any single drug.

(Interesting to speculate about what would happen to the social fabric if a single drug were found which would consistently zap every person taking it into a +4 state. Probably end of the world as we know it, to begin with. Oh, well...)

Now, at 12:40 – two hours exactly, (shoot, I can't use a comma AND a dashes in the same place) --,-- we're at about a 2.75 and still climbing. Gave me time to do the dishes and I'm about to take a bath. Very rational, benignly good-tumored. The insight and calm perspective common (so far) to all the 2C-T's is present, with less of the push of body-energy which makes 2C-T-2 difficult for some people.

No particular visuals, but then, we tend to screen them out consistently, except in cases of mescaline and LSD and psilocybin, so we can't judge what other would experience in the visual area. Sasha just came back into the room and said yes, when you concentrate on seeing visuals, they are there.

Duration: we expect about 16 to 18 hours before sleep.

11:30 p.m.

Now about 1.5 level. The onset is gradual, gentle, almost imperceptible. So is the decline. Fully capable of making phone calls and other normal stuff. Lovely fooling around with music. Body feels comfortable throughout. Clare and Neil T dropped in to pick up Clare's glasses. Visit happy and fun. Good humor at all times. Lots of talking.

Eyes closed imagery very good without being compelling.

My feeling is that S. and I could well try higher, gradually. Early in the day, I couldn't even think of food. Later, got quite hungry. I had a tendency to looseness as usual, but no stomach trouble.

Erotic fine and funny and easygoing and successful, and – what did you expect? It's a Shulgin compound.

At 12 midnight, feel quite capable of sleeping, but could be wrong. We'll see. Will note tomorrow the nature of dreams and sleep.

Next day: Sleep easy by 1:30, which is when I tried it out. The dreams were strangely flat, slow, yet quite scripted. Was not that eager to stay asleep. However, mood quietly pleasant upon waking, and continues that way.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: August 3, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Petrina Foote, Rodney Imler, Peggy and Fred

Background: Petrina, 32, and Rodney 31, have been living together for 5 years. Petrina is a dear friend of Celine, who introduced Petrina to MDMA in a very rewarding experience. Later, Celine shared MDMA with Petrina and Rodney in their home in Truckee, and again with Rodney and a male friend in New Mexico around March, and with Petrina and Rodney in New Mexico in May, after Petrina had completed a vision quest. All the experiences were very rewarding, and in his first one Rodney made some real breakthroughs in spiritual understanding which greatly heightened the relationship between he and Petrina. They have made steady progress in their experiences, but this summer things have fallen apart. Rodney has a lucrative business in Truckee doing concrete footings and foundations, but his body is giving out on him and he is in constant stress and pain. Petrina is entirely fed up with their living conditions, an uncompleted house which has been under construction for several years, and is now approaching completion, and with what she perceives as Petrina's rigidity, lack of acknowledgment, being completely tied up in himself and his work, and carrying a huge burden of heaviness which she no longer enjoys being around. She openly discusses leaving him. We spent the evening before thoroughly examining the relationship, their positions, their goals, and whether there was any point in having an experience. Petrina, who is the most dissatisfied, agreed that she could not leave the relationship harboring so much resentment, and wished to find love of herself, love for Rodney, and examine critically whether she really wished to break up with Rodney. Rodney wished to renew his sense of himself, drop the heavy burdens and stress he has been carrying lately, and examine how he can leave concrete work, where he has established himself and is sought after, and get into finishing wood work, which he loves.

8:39 a.m. All take 2C-T-2, Petrina and Rodney each take 14 m.g., Fred and Peggy take 12 m.g.. We sit outside, and it comes on gradually and pleasantly. We have easy conversation about many dynamics of life. Petrina is very sharp, alert, clear-headed, and a joy to talk to. Petrina is quieter, pleasant, strong, likable, hard-working, but in over his head in both the relationship and projects he is trying to get accomplished (building his house while conducting a heavy business that can only be done in the summertime). Petrina talks a lot about her family and how she looks at things. We all feel the material develop, and as it reaches higher intensity Petrina, Peggy and I feel nauseousness. As the intensity increases, I feel a lot of discomfort, which I associate with the pain of the problems we are dealing with, but have no trouble staying focused on the discussion. The intensity increases steadily to the 3 hour point, when we move inside. Petrina has fairly thoroughly reviewed her family dynamics, and we have discussed her reluctance to have a child.

I suggest we lie down with our heads together, medicine wheel style, and listen to Niles Deiter, Sounds of the Shaman. This is a very intense experience for all of us. Petrina confronts her fears, and experiences what it feels like to proceed from the frightened mouse to the eagle, and from the untrusting coyote to a position of trust. I have a very profound experience, identifying with the Shamanic action of Niles, and learning to mobilize healing energies.

I have a great sense of healing taking place in our group, and leave my discomforts behind effectively for the rest of the day. We are all deeply moved and listen to more music, working things out within ourselves. I look at areas where I still develop resentments of Peggy, and realize that if I am to be truly effective in this work, I must leave such childish satisfactions behind, and create a truly clear space of love and centeredness. I was also very grateful for the use of 2C-T-2, realizing that it is much more profound and effective than MDMA, but requires more determination and centeredness on Peggy's and my part to support others through the experience.

The rest of the day went beautifully, with excellent communication, clear insights, powerful euphoria growing in all of us, love and trust, and gratitude for the beauty and wonder of life. Rodney and Petrina reached a point where they felt good being together, and both felt they had cleared up a great deal of negative stuff within themselves. They talked openly and honestly, and with a great deal more understanding of each other. Petrina in particular found many fine qualities in Rodney that she was unwilling to look at before. Petrina felt that a heavy load had been dropped, and that he could approach his tasks at home with energy, fresh attitudes, and understanding. He was unsure whether his body problems resulted totally from his work, realizing that there was a lot of stress from their deteriorating relationship. He found that he enjoyed concrete work more than he realized, but nevertheless he is sure that this will be his last summer working in concrete. He began to review ways he could approach starting his new work in woodfinishing.

Food was wonderful, but did not reduce the experience. We all were still very much in it at 7 p.m.. We took a beautiful walk, and then feeling extremely tired, retired early.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, Petrina, Rodney and I took a stiff climb at Whitney Portal, which our bodies very much rejoiced in and seemed very necessary. They departed for Truckee on our return, much happier, with a great deal more understanding, much freer, and a willingness to face their situation. Petrina is not sure if she will stay, but at least she will leave knowing that she loves Rodney. They will keep us informed of their progress.

The experience was a very beautiful one for Peggy and I, despite some heaviness from the weight of the problems presented. It was one of Peggy's best days. We find 2C-T-2 a remarkable and most beneficial material, and believe it will have a central place in this kind of work. It allows people to look, but does not force them. Petrina, when faced with dark problems, knew she had the choice and could have dropped what she was doing without discomfort, but her honesty compelled her to keep examining and make the best use of the situation. At this point, 2C-T-2 seems to be one of the most valuable tools that we have.

August 17, 1985 2C-P 12 mgs. Sasha and Ann 5:15 p.m. Sat.

Background: I've been indulging in slight irritability most of the day, again connected to the fact that I haven't felt free to write my book since Monday - and all the psychological problems that such delay entails. Not serious mood, and no true depression - just willingness to get angry if there's an excuse. Read somebody else's MSS yesterday (one of two greatly overdue ones) and wrote responsive letter to author (Sutherland?), and could not bring myself to read second one (which I suspect will be a true gem) today, but will give a try tomorrow. One of the reasons, of course, is that as I read, I note those thoughts, those approaches which connect with what I am writing, should write, or want to write, and it continually stirs up the frustration of not writing. Unavoidable, but today I've been reading for fun, and love it. Len Deighton's *An Expensive Place to Die*, about spies in Paris. True escape.

2C-P is G.C.'s material, long-lasting (16? hrs) and we've taken it before at 9 mgs., +3, so this time we're pushing it to what might turn out to be a maximum, but we need to know the outer limits. Next group, if the Gates' are willing to have possible overnight guests, this could be tried. (S. Says it's close to 2C-E, the Great One)

Slow and even rise. At 5 minutes to 7 (suddenly, the clock time makes no sense at all) -- I am +3 and not quite plateau'd yet. Have been happily reading until now. Now I'll have a bath and give up the reading for a while. Typing seems okay.

Next day: Slept easily by 4 a.m. Sasha a bit longer before sleep, but not much. Sleep very deep, good, altered place for the most part.

Erotic fine the evening before. Music good. Eyes closed imagery very different place than usual experiences. Slow, calm, strong images from an area that has no connection apparent with usual taking world, yet underlies all of it. A cool, wise place which has its own rules. All emotions and feelings available, but there is a cool perspective which informs all thinking. Talking superb and fun, and it was possible to feel our bodies healthy and full of determination to remain so, despite obvious faults and self-indulgences. Felt pleasantly knit with Sasha, he with me. Our individual selves strong and well-contained, but the tie with him as unquestioned as was the reality of the area we were tuned into.

Not a group material. As Sasha said, indeed, very much like 2C-E, very much the same landscape, the same area of experience. Could do a lot of learning with this material. Only a very few people at a time should take this. More than a few, it would lend itself too easily to strong hypnotic power-games. It would be too easy to open up the common consciousness level, which would be frightening to a lot of people and bring about necessary escapes such as sickness.

Excellent feeling the next day. Good humored, balanced, a bit sleepy.

Saturday, August 25, 1985 2C-T-2 18 mgs. Sasha & Ann

9:00 p.m.

Background: Previous day, I had done Fred therapy with Thane Linkert, followed by 25mgs. 2C-B; Sasha had the 2C-B only, at 30 mgs.

Effect felt within 1st half hour, smoothly and pleasantly, as usual. No body difficulty except for my need to keep reasonably un-bouncy during the first hour, as usual, until stabilized. We sat on the bed and talked for about 2 hours, mostly about the questions involved in the coming Thurs. meeting with Sandra I., a psychologist (?) who met Sasha years ago, and who has done much work with trance and hypnosis. She phoned S. about her need to find someone who won't consider her "psychotic," because of recent experiences, including unusual and persistent imagery of archetypal kinds, and her difficulty in dealing with a "possessed" patient, including a clear vision of the devil-figure supposedly involved, and what sounds like some degree of adoption of the state of the subsequently recovered patient. Not clear about all this, although I made long notes on the other phone while she talked.

I will probably do most of the talking with her on Thursday, although we can't tell that ahead. Discussed with S. the inevitable need, when facing a problem like this, to sort out as clearly as possible one's own belief-structure. If she's coming to see us - me I have to be responsible for giving her some kind of guidelines, and the only ones I can give are my own. Will, of course, make clear that they are strictly my guidelines and my truths, and that I will not claim them to be anything else. But, in order to do just that, I have to know pretty firmly what my guidelines and my truths are.

We discussed the God-view of the dual nature of the psyche: that they are equal in value -- no good and evil -- as I was clearly and repeatedly shown during my crisis week, in the two nights of conscious dreaming. And my conclusion (confirmed in a brief talk about this with Umar; at least, Umar had come to the same conclusion) that this view is the God-place view, and that while one acts and thinks on the human level, which is what we have chosen to do during our lives, choices MUST be made.

I outlined what I feel, what I've concluded so far. That yin and yang is perhaps one of the most completely satisfying symbols to use for the illustration of this basic but difficult "truth," in that both the yin and yang (positive and negative, male and female, plus and minus, good and evil, life and death, et cetera) are of equal size and fit together to make the whole, the One, and that within each side is contained a small island of the other. Also, that there can be no life without death. And that, in order to keep life going, there has been a strong program woven into the structure of a living thing which makes that thing instinctively avoid anything which threatens death. Up to a point. The little child cannot be allowed to regard the open mouth of the tiger as an alluring thing, or the human species would soon be extinct. On the human side (as in the animal) we resist instinctively anything which presents us with the possibility of destruction and death.

Up to a point.

I remembered again the lesson learned during crisis week while I was watching the documentary on African wild life, when I saw the wildebeest migration; the naturalist waded out to a place where a pile of animals had stalled at the edge of the river, and most had died. One of the younger animals had its head above the water, and watched it resist. I realized that the young animal had already slid into death-state, a dreamy contentedness which would end in death very soon, and it was clear that the prospect of continuing the struggle did not appeal to it at all. So that it became quite apparent that, at a certain point in life, death can indeed seem attractive, and that peacefulness and serenity which comes which you stop struggling can exert a pull quite equal to the pull of life.

Also strong within every human being is the attraction of the destructive side. We all feel it, to some degree, during the progress of a normal day. The more aware we are, the faster we see the spurt of fury, and flare of anger in response to a car cutting in ahead of us in a dangerous way, or a person in the office who fails to do a job which he is supposed to do, thus making our own work harder. The more aware we are, the faster we acknowledge the anger we feel, and the more practiced we get in making quick decision as to whether to express it, control it or let it smooth out completely. Each person finds out on his own the method which is best for his own well-being. Some people learn that a brief explosion gets rid of the anger, some find out that their bodies, as well as their minds, feel better if they become aware of anger or fury and withdraw for a few minutes until they have smoothed it out and allowed a peaceful perspective to flow into it. There can be no over-all rule applied to everyone, except the rule (at least in my universe) that the only dangerous part of us is the part we keep unconscious.

We talked about the fact that the most difficult spiritual step is the one where a great many spiritual seekers turn back and give up. It is the simple, and terribly threatening, realization that there is, ultimately, no Good and no Evil. Ultimately meaning in the place or state where one sees or senses the Source, or the God-energy, or whatever you individually choose to call it. It helped me a bit to have had the very brief (2 or 3 seconds?) vision of the Kali, years ago. Not the black, vampire-toothed demon of the Indian paintings (which is Kali seen from the point of view of her opposite) but brilliantly beautiful vision of a seated female figure (not clearly so, but I feel it was a She), seated amid blood and body-parts, absolute destruction and death, radiant, full of bliss. The bliss was the same as the bliss of the opposite state.

To accept this truth is to have to accept a God or Source which is not only what we call "good," but also what we call "evil." This gets easier (a bit) when we understand that, for instance, a human being living in Iran (at this particular time in history) sees the Americans as devils, as the people who are evil and who do evil things, the un-Godly people, the menace. And that the people who grew up in Nazi Germany learned that gentleness, compassion and empathy were wrong, bad, meant weakness in a people who were meant to be above all strong, fearless, merciless, full of power. So one man's good is another man's evil.

But always, within each side, there is an island of the other side. I'd had a brief, intense discussion with Thane Linkert, the other night at our party for Dr. R. Strassmann. We talked about that particular awareness, and he disagreed that there had to be choices made; he felt that only awareness was necessary. My point was that awareness had to lead to choosing, that as human being living a human life, making choices was a continual and necessary result of being aware. Choices between what? Well, first one has to start with an image, a concept, of what one wishes to be. I have to decide, throughout many times of decision and wondering - perhaps others can make the decision once and keep it in mind continually - what kind of human I wish to be, am determined to be. The image undergoes many changes

as one learns and grows and ages, but the "side" I've chosen does not basically change. I will be, wish to be, have decided to be, a nurturer, helper, lover, and truth-seeker. The truth part of it means that I must be as aware as I can possibly be of the second, or other, side within myself, and I must remain aware of its presence and must accept its validity.

To accept the validity of the other side (power, control, structuring, destructiveness, the desire to sink into non-action, the resistance to energy or life) is to have it available when needed. For instance, walking down a street as the self I've chosen to be, the loving, laughing, energetic nurturer, I must know that if I pass a dark alley and find myself face to face with a person coming out of that alley with a knife or gun, I am going to have available to my consciousness the capacity to act as a destroyer, a killer, a controller, and that I will have available the intuition or knowing which will tell me what part of myself is to act. This is an illustration of a certain kind of situation in which only one aspect of what I designate as my other, or dark, side might be needed.

The uses of power, or the use of power-energy from within oneself, can take many forms. The use which is acceptable to me is perhaps best found in teaching, in all its forms, and in guiding people who need and ask for help. With awareness of one's own power and acceptance of the feelings that come with it, one can keep a necessary reign on it, modifying and modulating it to the service of one's desired self-image.

These are some very brief examples.

In helping Sandra I. I can't of course anticipate what will seem to be the right thing to do, but I'm prepared to give her the guideline that I've learned, doing the kind of research Sasha and I do. Then, depending on what the situation feels like at the time, I can send her on to Umar or Hurst or Ulrich E. or Thane Linkert - all being psychiatrists who will not regard her as "crazy".

S. and I discussed my general idea of what I would tell her. One thing she said, I will disagree with strongly, and that is the matter of losing her ego, her self, while in therapy with a patient. She said she's trying to teach others how to do it, and I will tell her that I consider it to be dangerous and that she should, in my opinion, strengthen her core, her center, and understand that being at her own center will not in any way mean less sensitivity to the patient. On the contrary, she should remember that the difference between a healthy and whole person opening up deeper levels of the psyche and a person not healthy and not whole being caught without control in a world of images and archetypes and forces and energies - the difference is a strong center, a strong "I am" - and that if she is to help give people structure, she must most certainly have it herself.

We talked about (I stating what I thought was so, and getting S's agreement or otherwise) the fact, as I see it, that within each person's psyche there is, literally, everything that exists, including all other realities, and that, as has been said many times, one of the most important functions of consciousness is to screen out 90% of the contents of the psyche, so that the human being can go about the business of shaping himself and his environment without what would otherwise be incredible distraction, to say the least. To Miss Sandra I think I intend to say (if circumstances make it seem appropriate) that it is the job of the conscious mind to structure and give meaning to whatever does appear in the field of awareness. And it certainly is not the job of a therapist to get caught in the web of seduction offered by a patient in the form of archetypal imagery or demonic imagery, or whatever. It is the job of the therapist to present strong guidelines in the matter of being a complete human being with a strong central core, to a patient who has come for help and communication, and for guidance.

To each experience of the psyche's wealth, she must learn to ask, is this necessary to me in the role I choose to play? Or is it self-indulgence and distraction which will, in the long run, make me useless as a helper to other people?

Later on, after these sorts of things had been gone over, we settled down to serious stuff. Love making went on for hours, as usual, without any possibility of orgasm. I finally managed the beginning of one, but it diffused before the peak.

Eyes closed images were rich to the music, and the emotional openness was total joyful.

Sasha felt for a while less than +3. Until he got up to walk to the bathroom, and realized he most certainly was +3, as was I.

Sleep excellent, as it usually is after this material. Good energy next day, though a bit sleepy from too few hours. The feeling of open energy and serenity lasted throughout the following day.

Beautiful experience and beautiful sharing of it.

EXPERIMENT WITH BOD

Date: January 6, 1984

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Fred, solo

Background: Despite the heavy, seemingly unfruitful experience with 20 mg. of BOD in the group, the after-effects were remarkable that I wished to try it again without the group setting, with a smaller amount. Peggy and I had set up this date for the experience, but the day before Peggy found that Iren needed a ride to Bishop to see the doctor, and agreed to take her. I was at the point of searching for answers deeply within myself, so decided to go on alone.

8:25 a.m. Took 15 mg. Of BOD. In ½ hour, I begin to notice. It feels good to "ride the edge." Peggy reports her placebo working. Feels energy rush, her slate is clean, everything wonderful.

9:10 a.m. I feel generally good, feel a slight squeamishness in stomach developing. Over next two hours, this intensifies considerably. Walk outside helps, feels good to sit in sun. Feel desire to go inside, decide I might as well do this in the house, see Peggy before she leaves.

11:00 a.m. Peggy departs, I sit on sofa in the sunlight. For next two hours, sit and think, not desiring music. Look in mirror, get much insight about myself, how I treat Peggy. Internal discomfort very much present but not disturbing. I accept, realize I will work through it, am matter-of-fact. Main insight: see I function by deciding a goal, plod toward it ignoring all inputs. Shut others out, very insensitive to their being. Particularly Peggy.

1:00 p.m. Have thought about everything could think of, decide to listen to music. Put on Stravinsky's Petrushka. Lie down, gripped by fear. Realize I have been listening only to my self, no communication from deeper level. Now find it frightening. I get involved in the music, listening for details. As I begin to develop capacity to listen, I am awe-struck by beauty, depth, variety, and creativity of the music. Tremendously engaging. No words to describe. I remember Sasha wondering if what I experience as fear is what he experiences as excitement. I turn my fear to wonder, take off on exhilarating, exciting, marvelous journeys. Asking what I am afraid of, answer is love. I find that consciously directing love requires exertion; I feel too tired. Decide to force myself; energy begins to flow. Love is never tiring. Hit several key dynamics in myself: Tremendous need to be right. Also, love to win. Reason I like football, choose a team and exult in their winning. Miserable if they lose. All of this stems from not accepting who I really am.

2:00 p.m. I feed Spatzy lunch. My withdrawals have filled me with energy. I am extremely intoxicated, yet can function pretty well, handle tape recorder. When I am up I feel very jittery, restless, want to pace. Select tape from Ann and Sasha, by Orff. At first a little morbid, then I get into it. Realize I have to turn on love. Do so, and at this point a joyful passage appears. Wonderful. Strong sense of having to create love; when I stop, uncomfortable feeling develops inside. Think about flowing love to other people. Wrong concept. Assumes something is wrong with people. The world, people are already perfect. Some don't know it. Help most simply seeing them as they truly are. Thought of Beno Crittendon's statement that when he first takes LSD, the first thing he does is to heal himself. Also, Felina saying how important it is to love self. So as discomforts develop in body, I flow love

into them until they feel good. Marvelous, marvelous experience. At one point, I felt I was born again. But this time, I am extremely grateful, glad to be alive. Later I got into the experience of the breath, a meditative technique some use to become aware of God, as the breath is always there, we don't have to consciously do anything. Marvelous experience, very much felt God's presence and the wonder of the breath and being alive. Also the eternity of breathing. Then I thought, but what happens after the breath stops? Felt afraid, then realized you can learn nothing except with trust and love. Flowed love, reached a state of utter stillness, becoming so quiet that energy could flow in from the deep mind. Marvelous experience, healing, cleansing, euphoric. Could hold it only a short time, but was able to repeat it several times. Drove home importance of reaching that quiet, still space. Developed feeling that I had violated a compact I had made before entering the body this round. Seems I had promised to come to the earth plane and hold steady who we really are. Instead, I have been swayed all over the map by my own people's problems. Must recommit to holding reality steady, best thing I can do. Became aware of how badly I felt in getting in argument with Yasmine and Sydney (our guests after Christmas) who are staunch Reagan supporters, I got a little hot about it. Realized my judgementalness. Our only hope is that there is a human side to Reagan that will respond to our affirmation. A job of enormous responsibility, he must be affected by people's wishes and aspirations. Hold the vision.

2:30 p.m. Eat some soup and bread. I am famished, body empty. Feel flow of replenishment. Start to eat second slice of bread, realize my compulsiveness to clear the plate. Sense body, does it really want it? Yes, take it outside, but halfway through begin feeling uncomfortable. Give some to Spatzy. Few minutes later I realize that it is the butter weighting me down. Seems right to lay off butter! Walk is beautiful, nature beautiful, but notice that I still have to turn on the love. Occasionally have to stop the flow on my head and specifically observe and listen to nature. Wonderful. Exercise is invigorating.

3:30 p.m. Drop by to see Quincy have nice conversation, feels good to be in his presence. He recites a favorite poem committed to memory. It describes him perfectly.

4:30 p.m. Peggy returns as I am in shower. We have a delightful evening. She is very happy that I am content to be still on couch as we watch the dusk, listen to sounds, no music, no TV. We have nice discussion. After supper, I am feeling very tired, ready to retire. Feel I have become unconscious, so sit down in front of fire to pull myself back into reality. Fire is absolutely beautiful; my energy returns. Could have spent 2 or 3 hours looking at fire in height of experience. So much symbolism and beauty.

7:30 p.m. The power goes off. We take Spatzy for a walk. The loss of power is a godsend. Never have the stars shone so brightly and clearly, with so many visible in the absence of reflected light from downtown. You could even see the lake by starlight. Off to bed for a very relaxing sleep.

Next day, somewhat languid, but marvelous feeling of peace and euphoria, feeling of inner strength. Afterglow of last 2C-B session was marvelous, but this feels more solid, more strength, down to earth. I am pleasantly surprised as I have been inclined to attribute this strength to energy derived from the group.

There is a drastic difference between this experience and previous BOD. Cause? Who knows. Could be (1) smaller dose (2) effect of group (3) changes in myself. The most radical difference is that with the first experience, I could develop no sense of volition, felt propelled by experience no matter what. I had no insight, and could find no reason for all the discomfort I was experiencing. Hard time thinking logically; I remember I couldn't even deal with a question Aaron asked me that required recall. In this experience, there was continual flowing of idealization, much like LSD. I had a continual stream of insight, and maintained a continual conversation with my inner self. Also, there was complete volition. In fact, I was surprised to find out how much it was up to me to make the conscious decision and effort to love. This kept turning my experience around all day long. This was an extremely valuable, rewarding day.

P.S. Overlooked an interesting incident. When came in from first walk, before Peggy left, lay on sofa, looked at what was keeping me from God. Answer: thoroughly tied up in my own will, needed to surrender will to God. I did so, and immediately was told, go with Peggy and Iren to Bishop. Still felt queasy, uncertain, not very able to go, but it appeared that if I really trusted God, I could pull myself together, get on top, and enjoy the day in a good state. However, wasn't ready to commit myself to being in a car all day in confining circumstances, and Peggy not too keen on it either. So I decided to stay home. For next ½ hour, felt very guilty, but had to honestly admit I wasn't ready, perhaps at a future time with an easier material under less confining circumstances. Looked into forgiveness deeply. Found I was forgiven, but I am not a very forgiving person, lots of room for improvement.

Dear Sasha,

Sept. 15th, 1985
2-CT-4

Here is the report on 4-Isopropyl-thio-2,5-dimethoxyphenylethylamine which we tried on September 14th.

I took 8 mg in water at approximately 10:40 am. No particular taste. A first alert (whatever) occurred within half an hour. By an hour something was occurring. Whatever the phenomenon was there was an increase of it for the next couple of hours. Activity continued to increase until about 3 hours when it leveled off and stood constant for an awfully long time.

Some mild visuals occurred at around two hours. The visuals were color enhancement - particularly green, and some flowing of colors and reconstruction of the visual image to right itself. Particularly, the bright impressionistic picture of the little girl in the bathroom was particularly good for the visuals to take over, especially when I was concentrating on urinating. In the living room, the visuals would readily come, particularly involving the ferns. The shadows in the large picture above the fireplace would change constantly. I could not control or turn off the visuals in the middle period (3 - 6 hours). Again, though, the visuals were not heavy nor at anytime threatening. The visuals were fun. Some aspect of flow of color, particularly in the bright painting in the bathroom, continued on up to 1 am (some 15 hours later).

Entry was pleasant and quite subtle. However, someplace along the entry, probably 2-2.5 hrs, something didn't quite feel right. Later, the something that didn't quite feel right became more physical. Both of my lower legs tended to feel asleep. This seemed to spread to my lower arms and hands. It was uncomfortable. I felt apprehensive about it at first, but since it didn't get any worse with time I tended to ignore it. However, it always was there to remind me that something wasn't quite right and the material was not all benign. I had no nausea at anytime.

I found it difficult to concentrate at the plateau period. I had a little bit of trouble focusing on reading material (it did not move). I felt I was on the edge of mild confusion (but not quite). I enjoyed the group interaction and listened to the discussions of Bob for a while, but then sort of got tired of hearing all this. Could almost be introspective with the material, though the group got in the way.

I wouldn't say that this is one of my favorite materials. Though the feelings of the material were alright and the visuals reasonable, the physical aspects of the extremities tending to fall asleep were distracting enough. Additionally, I felt distant of distal from my feelings. The feelings are not quite like 2-CT-2, which I like much better - I do keep my dose down on 2CT2 considerably, like at 6 mg without Freddy. The other aspect which I definitely don't like is the extremely long time for the effects to wear off. I really get tired of the whole thing after such a long time.

Sleep was difficult that night. Very spotty. Somewhat tired then next day.

If I was to do it again, I think I would settle for 4-5 mg. It may well cutout the extremity problem and still allow for a pleasant experience. The longevity of the experiment is a pain and I'm sure there are other materials that have a shorter life.

Love,
Neil

14 Sept 1985
CT

10:40 a.m. 8 mg. 2CT4 taken with water - almost no taste.

1st alert at 30 to 40 minutes.

Very gradual climb, but felt definite increase in effect at 2 hours.

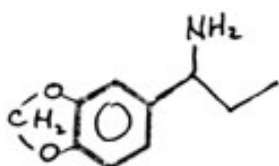
No nausea or stomach discomfort - Minor pains intensified - slight dull headache off and on all day. Glasses felt strange - as if I had picked up someone else's glasses. I was able to write (but did not want to), get in and out of hammock, use a knife, remove hot pan from the oven, and swallow food and liquid without difficulty. At one point during the day, probably at four hours, I felt an anesthesia around the mouth e.g. upper lip and base of then nose.

There was some color, sound, and smell enhancement. At about 6 hours, while looking at photographs, I saw cartoon images in the photo. Once the cartoon image was there, it was difficult for me to switch back to the real photo. After dark, there was some imagined shadow and peripheral movement.

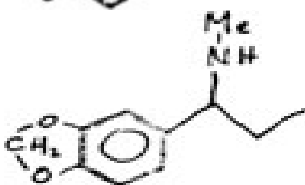
Not having eaten since 8:00 p.m., I began to feel hungry about two hours into the experiment. At 3 to 4 hours, I was able to eat very comfortably. Flavor of food seemed enhanced. Once started, I nibbled for the rest of the day.

Time seemed distorted e.g. slowed down. I kept feeling it should be much later than it was.

From about the 2 hour point to the 6 hour point I felt a very strong detachment (aloof and unable to empathize) with others. There was some introspection when I was apart from the group. At times, I felt rejected. I felt the need to lie down and rest my back two or three times during the day, but stayed up 3 to 4 hours beyond my normal bedtime with good energy. Had some difficulty falling off to sleep, but slept well. Felt centered and had fair energy the next day.

**"Alpha"**

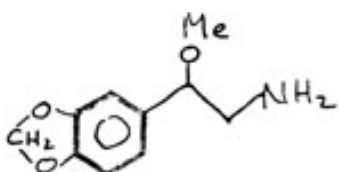
This one from original German patent 1912 describing MDA, MDMA, etc. Active >40 Mg., still testing.

**"Meth-Alpha"**

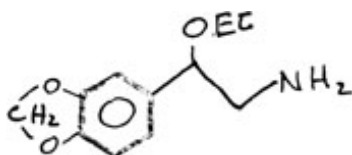
Not described in above patent but made by same general method. Active >50 Mg, still testing.

**"Gamma"**

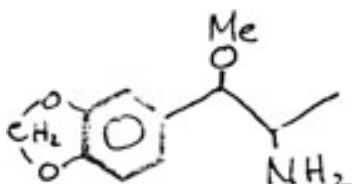
Active @ 40 Mg, tested to 150 Mg so far, mild.

**"BOH"**

Fully active @ 130 Mg. Too many body effect to be useful.

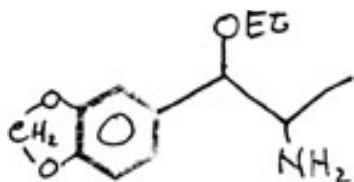


In preparation.



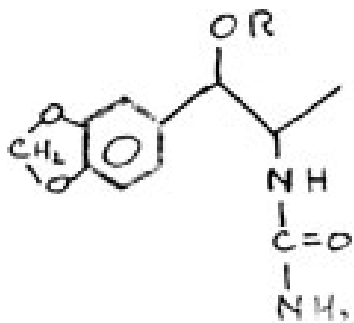
Synthesized, but not tested.

And the N-Methyl Analog.



Synthesized, but not tested.

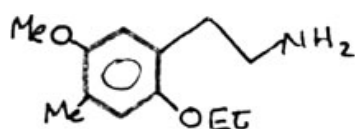
And the N-Methyl Analog.



R = Me, Et

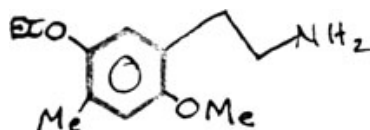
Substituted ureas: several prepared and simplest one partly tested. Found to be centrally active. Threshold ~10 Mg Tested to 40 Mg so far, interesting; will continue.

<- And the N-Methyl Analog on terminal nitrogen.



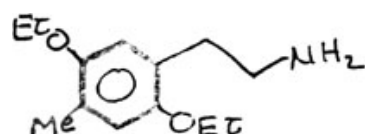
"2CD-2EtO"

Fully active @ 25 Mg, 6-7 hour duration. Very nice experience. Seems to allow closeness between partners, very tactile, good communication. Very different from 2CD and 2CD-5EtO (below).



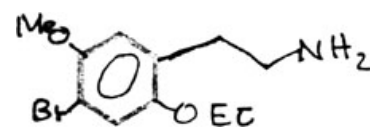
"2CD-5EtO"

Fully active @ 35 Mg, 10-12 hour duration. Very nice experience, more introspective with some subjects - some good insights.



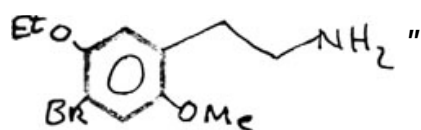
"2CD-DiEt"

Threshold at ~15 Mg, +1.75 @ 40 Mg pleasant subtle material Still testing upward dosage. Least potent of the 2CD series.



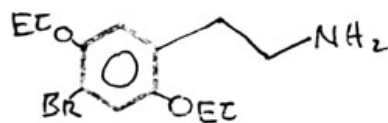
"2CB-2EtO"

Synthesis part way along.



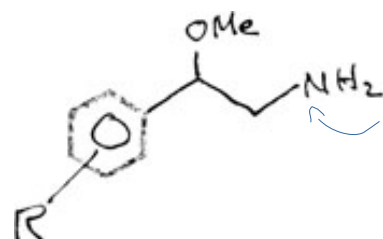
"2CB-5EtO"

" " "



"2CB-DiEt"

Threshold @ ~10 Mg, tested to 25 Mg. more testing to be done.



The next obvious step would be to prepare these compounds with the above ring substitutions.

R = any of the above ring substitutions.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: October 17, 1985

Place: Neering residence, Roswell, NM

Participants: Carlisa, Peggy, and Fred

Background: Carlisa is a good friend and very much interested in spiritual development. She has wanted to try this experience for some time, and we had set it up for this visit. She and her husband, Adrian, both a few years younger than we, have an excellent relationship, although Carlisa is disappointed in not being closer to their children. Carlisa is a gracious, loving person with exquisite taste, which is reflected in her beautiful home. Adrian is very open, bright, and likable. They have used pot together but had a couple of occasions of concern at higher dose levels, which caused Adrian to hold off from this experience. Carlisa was eager to proceed, and Adrian had no objection.

10:57 a.m. All take Pegasus. Peggy 110 mg., Fred and Carlisa 120 mg. Comes on smoothly, euphorically for Peggy and I, although Carlisa does not feel for a while. Takes her about an hour to feel, at which time she feels quite good. Remarks that she wishes we could all feel this way all the time. We have a very pleasant experience, enjoying very much our conversations, getting better acquainted, enjoying her beautiful home. Peggy and I become quite intoxicated, but it does not get very intense for Carlisa.

12:29 p.m. All take supplement, Peggy 30 mg., Carlisa and Fred 40 mg. Experience continues in same vein, good feelings, close bonding. Carlisa points out my jitteryness, wonders why I can't be calm and relaxed, feel it adversely affects others I am with.

While experiment was not dramatic for Carlisa, it was a good introduction, and I felt she worked through some sluggishness which should free her up.

Adrian joined us around 5 p.m., and his wonderful energy was immediately apparent. We had a good visit together, increasing our bonding, and he was pleased that things had turned out well.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: October 25, 1985

Place: Residence of Celine Deputy, Los Alamos, NM

Participants: Celine, Dyson Nitcher, Peggy, Fred

Background: Celine is now a midwife in Los Alamos, and shares conducting Indian ceremonies and therapy sessions using the sacrament with Dyson. Their relationship is one-sided, as Celine wants a deeper, committed relationship, while Dyson is satisfied with a bi-weekly meeting (he lives in Albuquerque) and seeing other partners. Dyson, age 50, is an engaging, intelligent, sensitive, likable family counselor. He has been unhappily married 3 times, now single, and reluctant to be entangled again. He is very articulate, but somewhat intellectual and is fairly well defended against expression of his deeper feelings. Celine's 14 year old boy Elias is living with her, and absent for the day.

1:19 p.m. All take 2C-T-2, Celine 14 mg., the rest of us 12 mg. I felt already in the space that morning, and felt light dose would do. Peggy feels in 10 minutes, I slightly, others develop gradually. Comes on quite slowly for Dyson. Dyson and Celine retire to separate room to work on their relationship. Peggy and I join at times, feel close to them, have some good discussions.

3:17 p.m. I am surprised that I feel quite sluggish; take 3 mg. more.

3:31 p.m. Celine takes 2 mg. more. Celine and Dyson intently explore their relationship; Peggy and I have a good discussion together. Experience grows in intensity, beauty of surroundings heightens.

4:26 p.m. Dyson takes 2 mg. more. We are all feeling more and more intensely, but are not really fully intoxicated. Dyson yearns to get deeper into his feelings.

5:00 p.m. I still feel a barrier between myself and freedom, despite several momentary breakthroughs of deep feelings. I decide to take 2 mg. more. As I go to the kitchen to prepare it, I realize that it is not the material I want, but I realize that so many times I have prepared dosages just going through the motions. This time I wish to be fully aware of what I am doing! I examine the pipette with great reverence and appreciation; my skills and actions; the marvelous gift of the elixir; the wonder of being allowed entrance to the world of the Source of Life. I become totally unglued as I appreciate this procedure in all of its depth; the last vestiges I feel of separation are washed away.

5:30 p.m. I feel tired. I lay down with my head in Peggy's lap. She strokes my forehead. This touch becomes the most magnificent thing in the world. There is nothing in the world more beautiful or more satisfying than the touch of her fingers on my forehead. I suddenly see why I have never opened myself to this before, because it was clear that if one became so open as to fully appreciate this kind of touch, then being deprived of it would be utterly painful. So I close myself in to prevent the pain of being deprived of the magnificence of this touch. I feel that Peggy and I both function the same way, often ignoring each other, and thus becoming possible sources of great pain if the other becomes too vulnerable. I could see how important it is for two persons in a relationship to agree to meet the others needs when requested, and to be committed to this or else the trust would be broken, and they could not open up to each other. I felt an enormous enhancement in my understanding of relationships. Later I discussed these things with Peggy, but our minds did not mesh too well.

Peggy had an unusually insightful day, seeing herself more clearly than ever. She spent quite a bit of time exploring how to unleash passion in life. I realized that it is a tremendous disservice to your partner if you cannot live with passion; in fact life without passion is a form of dying.

7:00 p.m. Experience is still almost full on. Peggy and I feel great, closer than ever, much wiser, and much closer in our relationship. After some food, we take a walk, enjoying the beauty of the moonlight and of the town, full in fall colors. On returning we chat with Celine and Dyson. Dyson feels he doesn't want to lose Celine, and agrees to work more on their relationship. Feels he should have taken 20 m.g. We have general discussions about relationships, some sharing of our experiences. I find Dyson wonderful to talk to; we seem to agree on most issues, but I am not sure that his actions always follow his principles. Celine is still somewhat sad, as the relationship must develop considerably before it fully meets her needs. But they agree to keep working on it.

Next day, we all feel great in the body. Peggy and I feel we have had a tremendously valuable experience in terms of our relationship. We delighted in sharing our deep love with Celine, and were happy to have a new friend in Dyson. Everyone agreed that this was a profound experience, and that 2C-T-2 is a wonderful working material.

REPORT OF DEATH VALLEY EXCURSION

Date: October 31, 1985

Participants: Keira and Hudson Edson, Peggy and Fred

8:30 a.m. At Ingest D.V.C. - Keira and Hudson, 100 each; Peggy, 50; Fred, 25.

Drive across Owens Valley almost obscured by dust; finally break out as approach Panamint Valley. Everyone feels by Keeler; Hudson quite squeamish; Peggy and Keira also, but less so. Beauty begins to develop despite discomfort. For me, it is best drive ever; no discomfort, feel in complete command, immensely enjoying drive from beginning. Descent into Panamint, the most difficult part of the drive, is easy, enjoyable; I am able to notice and appreciate beauty everywhere, previously overlooked because of concentration on driving. Beauty of surroundings continues to increase markedly.

Climbing up Panamint range, the colors and intensity grew to limits of apprehension. Put on Mozarts' Requiem; Keira goes into profoundly deep death experience, is quite shaken.

Stop at Sand Dunes; still windy, too dusty to want to explore outside. Everyone is having a profound experience. Keira is quite shaken by her experience, realization of how much is beyond what she suspected. Hudson is having very humbling experience, realizing limitations of views and values in contrast to the overwhelming dimensions of Reality. Peggy is having ecstatic experience, seeing the wonder and beauty of her own creation. I take another 12. Feel it take effect very rapidly, freeing and euphoric

Ride towards Artist's Drive, listening to Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite. Music, scenery, overwhelming beautifully; everyone more and more aware of the Celestial Presence. As we approach Artist's Drive, I have powerful sense of the privilege of being the recipients of God's revealing his wonders and beauty to us, how extraordinarily fortunate we are. Could think of no music more fitting than House of the Lord to show our appreciation. Music, scenery, fabulously beautiful; all but Hudson in tears. As we approach Artist's Palette, listening to "Were you there. . ." I saw every individual as God personified, and how I usually behave with people unaware of their profound nature. Looking at the Palette, I became aware that my self-rejection was so deep that I abhorred everything that I had touched or created. Instantly, all the magnificent, wondrously beautiful hills and mountains around me became grotesque figures. This is the most dramatic demonstration I have ever had of how my thoughts instantly manifest in reality. I found it quite funny.

The rest of the day was filled with remarkable beauty, closeness and profound awe and gratitude for the wonder of creation. This experience had an enormous impact on all of us, discovering the limitations of our puny self and the grandeur and scope of our vast self. Earthshaking. Time and again as I wandered off center and began to feel a slight discomfort, I returned to center by concentrating on the love and beauty surrounding us. In fact at one point realized that our role in life is to observe God's beauty, as it seems that this is the only way that God can be aware of and admire his creation. This thought and approach has been most satisfying subsequently. Drive home was effortless, and body felt cleansed and energetic subsequently.

2C-D Two sessions.

75mgs. Sasha and Ann Date: 1985

This was the first time in many months, and this was the highest level taken as one dose. The last time was a split dose, total 77mgs. One of the reasons for taking this is the report from Germany of a psychiatric clinic - Leuner's Clinic - which is using 2C-D as their psychotherapeutic adjunct, much in the way that MDMA was used here. Another reason is that we're planning to use this material at the Grove on Sunday, the 17th, with most of the research group gathering together for Neil's birthday. And Sasha just made a new batch, since we were out of it, and others are showing interest.

Sasha and I rose rapidly within half an hour and by one hour we were at +3, and I kept saying things about weird clinics in Germany. This is highly psychedelic, and at this level, my familiar visual patterns were certainly present, and I was glad we hadn't taken any higher than 75. Perfectly comfortable, except for my usual transition body unease, which was not truly uneasy, just cautious for a little while.

I gave up on the idea of writing, reading or anything else intellectual and we repaired to our usual place of comfort and combat. Elaborations were not appropriate. We both talked with great enthusiasm, and that means both of us. Delightful talking and speculation, and great ease of body. There was little erotic push, which was quite noticeable, but didn't bother us. As it turned out, the erotic became more possible toward the last quarter of the experiment, at about the 6th hour, I think. Completely satisfactory.

All in all, tremendous fun. Just plain enjoyable and good humored. Not anorexic, but a little food went a long way.

Sleep easy by around 8? hours.

Next day, very good-humored, well centered, well balanced feeling. I felt nice choice for Grove. But at what level?

Monday, Nov. 11th. Ann 6:15PM 60mgs. 1985

I told Sasha I'd like to try 60mgs. to see if it led to easy insight or writing or thinking or whatever. In other words, could this be a successful therapy tool?

Within first hour, 2.5+ and rising, soon +3, and although I persisted for a while in trying to complete the editing job on Sasha's lectures, I had to give up after a while. Probably because it was harder than usual to do three things at once, which is not normally a problem.

Highly visual, as before, pleasant and good-humored, complete connection with emotions and feelings. Good watching TV, because there were a couple of excellent things on tonight.

This time, I noticed quite startling time-distortion during the first three hours. One hour of Channel 9's history of Man - with glorious views of the paintings in Lascaux, and other caves, etc. - seemed to last at least two hours, to my absolute delight.

Had eaten nothing all day, and decided I'd finish Fern's French onion soup. Almost cleaned out the whole bowl, so I wasn't anorexic this time, either.

Was not inclined or particularly able to write, although during fifth hour, it became easy and more attractive to do so. Am now at around 11:45, and have easily completed this page.

SUMMARY: Would like to take 50mgs. on Sunday, probably consider 30 for sensitive people. Good material, anticipate good talk.

REPORT OF DEATH VALLEY EXPERIMENT

Date: September 26, 1985

Place: En route, Lone Pine to Death Valley and return

Participants: Clare and Neil Tusa, Peggy and Fred

9:00am. All ingest Death Valley compound, Peggy 40 mcg., Clare 50 mcg., Neil 73 mcg., and Fred, 25 mcg. We embark from Lone Pine, and all begin to feel within 10 to 15 minutes. Everyone is taken with the scenery, and we all become absorbed in it. There is some discomfort, more or less, with all parties, and we welcome a stop overlooking a canyon where we meet our friends. Continuing, I feel better at driving than usual, although the curvy downslope is the most demanding part of the drive. Neil finds the compound more potent than previous experiences, and Clare is a little unsettled by Neil's unrest. Peggy is having a hard time, and not very comfortable, feeling the heat and discomfort of the back seat. Things smooth out for me, and everyone begins to enjoy the scenery, the drama of the formations and the colors more and more. I find my usual welcome at the grotto, inviting us to partake of the wonders in the Valley. I have a powerful sense of the Transcendent, and ask for guidance, healing, and a beautiful and joyous experience for all. As the day wears on, I become aware of how these requests are realized. As if transported by the beauty of the brilliant colors of the western slope, I find myself becoming closer and closer to Clare and Neil, and we are all harmonizing into one. The visions grow more and more beautiful, and Clare and Neil are enthralled by the enormous scope of the Valley.

We stop at the sand dunes and explore a bit, but it is terribly hot out of the car, and we do not tarry. Peggy still feels uncomfortable, and feels that it was a mistake to cut down her dosage. I offer her the remainder, about 12 mcg., but she refuses. Nobody wants it, so I take it, about 12:00 noon.

We continue our drive, listening to music. I feel a nice boost from the supplement, and since I have worked through the discomfort stage, it turns into greater and greater euphoria. I feel the marvelous closeness of my companions, the beauty of our surroundings, and a kind of celestial guidance. I feel strong and empowered, very competent, and very much enjoying driving the car without any trace of tiredness. This feeling continued through the rest of the day and evening.

As we approached the Artist's Drive area, both the beauty and our enhancement of perception increased until the beauty was almost overwhelming. Entering the Artist's Drive, we were overcome by the magnificence, and I couldn't keep from crying. We stopped at the Artist's Palette, and drank in the beauty for some time. Clare reported that it was as though all the formations and innards of the earth had been turned up and exposed to us by God so that we could enjoy the beauty. By this time Peggy and Neil are thoroughly enjoying the beauty. From this time on, all feelings were very positive and we were filled with awe and gratitude, appreciating in turn the Devil's Golf Course, Zabrisky Point, and the drives through the valley. The euphoria and closeness continued to grow.

After stopping in the store, and meeting others in our party, when we resumed our drive, I felt pretty much out of the experience. I decided to see if I could turn again, and by focusing on love and being aware of the surrounding beauty, the enhanced perception returned and stayed.

The get-together at Mozaic Canyon was wonderful, and we enjoyed the additional energy of our friends, as well as the remarkable beauty of the canyon. The drive home was effortless, despite the darkness, very much enjoying the closeness of the company and the music. I arrived home feeling very strong and complete, with no feelings of tiredness. It was delightful to sit on the deck in the moonlight, thoroughly enjoying all of our friends and the beauty. A most remarkable and fulfilling way to spend the day. In addition to enjoying the company and the great beauty, there were many insights and realizations for realizing more and more who I am, and my appropriate relation to others.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-D-5ETO

Date: September 29, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Clare and Neil, Neal and Wendy, Peggy and Fred

8:57am. All take 35mg of 2C-D-5ETO. Everyone begins to feel in 15 minutes. After that, the rise for me is very slow and gradual, although very smooth. Very nice material. Takes a couple of hours before I begin to feel intently. Heightened perception, good feelings from others, easy conversation. Continues to climb, and I can tell that it is going to be much more intense than the 2TEO. We are sitting outside in the shade of the silk trees, very much enjoying the outdoors, the beauty, and each other. Wendy and Neal are wonderful people, and Clare and Neil are very much enjoying getting to know them better.

As the intensity increases, I begin to feel more and more uncomfortable. I find this most puzzling, as I feel I am in excellent shape after the ride to the desert. I go off to myself, and then decide to go inside and lie down, listening to music. I work inside for about an hour, and this is most rewarding. I feel that something is wrong with me deep inside, and start to look at it. I realize that this is just following the same old pattern I always do. Remembering the tape on the Alpha State that Neal had played the night before, I decided to change the program to "I'm OK". I kept thinking this, and it was a great struggle to overcome the very much deeper feeling of something being wrong. But I kept it up until the latter disappeared, and I began to feel better about myself. I felt that a lot of the difficulty was coming from my relationship with Peggy, and took a fresh look at this. I took a look at all of our activity, and realized that we are seeking nourishment that we are not getting from each other. I sensed that we are both afraid of intimacy, and need to be open to each other and nourish each other, and delight in our home and its upkeep. I saw many ways in which I could do this better, and resolved to do so. I explored some other areas and feelings, until I reached the point where the direct reality was better than what was going on in my head. At this point I rejoined the group.

The rest of the day went beautifully, with wonderful feelings, greater and greater feelings of warmth and closeness with the others, heightened beauty and clear perceptions. I made considerable progress in improving my listening ability. For example, at one point Peggy was describing childhood scenes in her home, and I realized that I had never heard them before. I was enthralled. I was also able to drop my self-absorption, and become more deeply absorbed in what was going on, appreciating more and more our common oneness. The experience kept climbing and increasing in euphoria and beauty and our appreciation of one another. Food was wonderful, and after eating, one of the best experiences of the day was all of us lying down in the living room listening to Silk Road, which was superbly beautiful. It was a long but fruitful day, which I enjoyed enormously. Neil is not so happy with such a long experience, and reported to getting close to some dark edges. He felt the material was much like the most potent one, and would be quite intense at a somewhat higher dose.

The next day everyone left, and we felt happy but very languid. After a hike the next day, Peggy and I felt superb, and had a wonderful interchange. We felt much growth and power from the combined experiences. An insight the second morning after:

Doing my back exercises, the music felt sad, and I felt a twinge of loneliness. As I felt the pain, an inner voice said "I am there too". With this, I let the pain come on, and as the pain got deeper, the presence also became stronger, until the pain died away completely, leaving only the feeling of the Presence.

Getting up during the night of the experience, I have never felt so tired. It was better by morning, but I could work only slowly on not too involved things. I did notice, however, that when splitting logs, I struck the wedge with the sledgehammer much more accurately.

By the second day after, both Peggy and I felt better than normal, and today, the 3rd day, and after yesterday's hike, we feel superbly, and closer than ever.

Report of 2CT4 experience on September 14, 1985 in Lafayette

The material came on nicely, allowing for a lot of cheerful conversation with the group. It was a beautiful, outdoor day for me, and I spent most of the day on the patio talking with Ann, or whoever happened to be around. Mostly Ann. Conversation was easy. A high point was when Clare asked Fred something and I shared with her the fact that she always asks for and talks to Fred and although I know she loves me and is including me in the conversation, I wanted her to know I felt hurt because she didn't mention my name. This has to do with a feeling I've always had with Fred - the fact that he is in charge of everything and sometimes I feel left out, of the decision-making. A few tears and some hugs, and all was well. I feel I have made a new inroad into my friendship with Clare.

I talked with Fred about what Raula had told me to do earlier in the week - that is, to empower him. I shared that it was difficult for me to empower him because I still wanted the credit myself, but it felt good to talk about this feeling, and it seemed that all was well, and then I felt better about myself and not needing to take the credit so often. Knowing that I do have the credit whenever Fred accomplishes something -- and knowing that we are "one" is reassuring. After all we do empower each other whether we know it or not.

The day was long, and I tried to go "inside" later in the afternoon, but didn't do it for very long. It was too nice to be with everyone.

Food tasted o.k. but not much was needed. However, the cracker bread was difficult to pass up. I don't remember what time we went to bed but it was good to stretch out.

It was with some sadness that we left Sunday morning. The group meetings are few and far between for us, and so very special.

A very nice material, one that I would like to explore further if the time permits.

Peggy Brandt
remembered on October 4, 1985 -- almost 3 weeks after the fact.

Peggy

11/18/85

11/17/85. 2CD. 2,5,dimethoxy, 4-methyl phenethylamine. 30 mg.

Cold day. Not raining. Nice surroundings with the best of friends. There was a fairly rapid onset (though with little noise). Into a +1 to a +2 quite quickly (probably within 30-45 minutes). Maximum no more than +2 near an hour.

Though I wasn't cold, I tended to seek heat (probably for good reason, it was cold outside). Heat was by far preferred.

I seemed to be sluggish or just plain lazy during the experience. The conversations were easily followed, though I noticed that I did not become overly involved. There was no confusion at all except possibly near the peak period near an hour. I did not notice any visual aberration or enhancement. I think I may have noticed some shadow effects in darker light, but I am not quite sure of that.

The experience was enjoyable. However, I seemed to notice a sharper edge to the material during that day. I don't think the edge was somewhat akin to apprehension, but I'm not so sure. It may well have been more of an irritability. Socially it was easy to throw off, but it seemed to be in the background. The effects seemed to continue into the early part of the next day, but then decreased.

I had said that I would be willing to increase the dose to a slightly higher level. Now, I think I would be unwilling to try it much higher than the 30mg. I would not see much purpose to try it at lower levels, except for the report that it aids in concentration. I would be willing to try some type of objective examination of this material at 10mg.

I seemed to be somewhat neutral about this material. I would not go too much higher in dosage; but because of other reports, I would not mind trying at a considerably lower dosage in different circumstances.

As for comparing it to 35mg of the 5-ethoxy compound, the effects have some parallel. One felt lazy during the experience. The 5-ethoxy compound was much softer in effect; there did not seem to be any sharp edges at all.

The 5-ethoxy compound, however, did dominate everything during that particular experience. It seemed impossible to break out from the experience and discuss more earthly things, which was more possible with 2CD. The 5 compound at this level seemed to have visuals with a touch of a LSD aspect. The 5 compound also lasted longer than almost any other compound I have tried - it went on forever. I am very startled by the difference in activity and the time scale in these two compounds.

I would be interested in trying the 5 compound at 40-45 mg, and the 2CD compound at 10 - 15 mg again. Obviously, the proper circumstances would be necessary.

I seemed to have combined two reports here. No, it isn't true that the 5 compound lasted longer than other compounds—but it lasted a very long time and it came down ever so slowly!

It was a great experience with all being there!

Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: November 9, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Umay and Walton Werner, Quest Bilden, Barry, Fulton, Peggy, and Fred.

Background: Barry and Fulton are beautiful young people, around 24 years old, who help Quest in facilitating experiences for others. They are very sensitive, open and very much at home in these experiences. They have both assisted Quest in working over a period with Walton and Umay. Walton and Umay were anxious to return to Lone Pine, and this get-together had been planned for several months. Both of them, and particularly Umay, have benefited from their work with Quest. Walton is less obtrusive, and can be made to stop and listen to others; Umay has gained a great deal in self-confidence and in her ability to appreciate and handle Walton. Their relationship seemed much improved. They both seemed ready for a broader spectrum material (they have experienced 2C-B), so we agreed on 2C-T-2.

9:46AM All take 2C-T-7, Umay and Barry, 12mg; Fulton, Walton, Peggy and Fred, 14 mg; Quest 16mg. (Quest had 14mg his first time, which was quite satisfactory, but he wished to explore the upper dose range).

Quest is almost fully into the experience in 15 minutes, the same as his first time. He is radiant. The rest of us develop quite slowly, feeling quite strongly in an hour, and continuing to rise for the next hour. Barry and Fulton are absolutely radiant, beautiful souls, and are most gratified for the experience. Peggy also is very euphoric and intoxicated. Walton does not feel very intently. Umay falls deeply into the doldrums, goes outside to be alone. Peggy joins her, reports to me she wishes a supplement, I go to investigate. She is wallowing in her old self-deprecation, finds herself doing everything wrong, and feels particularly badly that she has lost her recent gains and is right back where she started from. She is very jealous of Peggy, whom she feels has everything, including self-assurance. She wants more material to help her, and I agree after making sure that she understands that it is not the material that will put her in a good space, but herself; the extra may help if she feels blocked.

11:29am. Umay takes 2mg more of 2C-T-2, Walton also takes 2mg more. Everyone else is content with what they have. I feel I have a quite adequate dose, moving much more freely than with Celine and Fulton. However, I am quite uncomfortable, and am very exasperated that I can't find a way to get out of it. I had made some opening remarks before starting, mostly for Walton's benefit, concerning careful listening to our inner self, and that if we truly turn to the Source our wishes will be granted. This now seemed to me very pompous, and an intrusion on others' free will. Also, when I took my own advice it didn't seem to work, although as I persisted during the day it worked more, and the effort filled me with strength. It was as though there was a great internal obstacle that must be overcome. For the most part it was a strange day for me, in that I seldom understood what was going on inside of me. At times I would sob deeply as I released deep feelings, and I was very much aware of Walton's and Umay's pain. At times I would see with great clarity and understanding, but never reached that plane of uniform peace, beauty, and wisdom, although I would move in and out of it from time to time.

Shortly after the supplement, we all went outside. Everyone enjoyed the enormous beauty outside, and it was remarkable. A storm had come up the afternoon before, filling the air with dust. But overnight the wind subsides, and it was a clear, beautiful day. With the fall colors in the meadows and trees at their height, so that it was truly magical. It did get chilly, so we went for more wraps.

Peggy decided to stay in the house, in the sunny living room, listening to music. Quest went off to himself, and I stayed with Walton and Umay. I listened carefully to Walton and began to understand him more. I found that he ceased his repetitious stories when you truly listened to him, and something inside of him knew you had received him. At times he spoke with supernatural clarity. Down by the pond, I snuggled up to him, and it felt very good to be close to him and simply love him. I had a rather thorough meditation on dealing with the insane, how you had to love them and reduce everything to simple agreements they could understand. And that one must take on an enormous responsibility to be an example and model for scrupulously keeping agreements and being absolutely honest. And with enormous patience, being willing to listen carefully and always acknowledge the person. This way the person may be slowly and carefully led back to sanity. Looking at Walton, I didn't think I was up to it. I could see that Umay was a saint, having taken on this chore as a lifetime task, and the utter goodness that was behind her decision and caring. Her problem is getting tired, fed up, and exasperated, and giving up before the job was truly done. So she needed ways to gather her own strength and renew her determination and good will.

Umay was lying on a rock above us, feeling desolate. I wanted to sit beside her, and asked Walton if he could be alone for 15 minutes. He agreed, so I moved close to Umay, maintaining silence. Walton immediately jumped up and started to leave, looking for Barry. I reminded him of his agreement to be alone for 15 minutes. He caught himself up, but paced about in utter misery. Umay and I watched him, observing his discomfort. He sat down on a rock, but was amazingly fidgety, as though the last thing he could do was be alone with himself. Dink appeared, licking Umay and I all over the face. Walton called Dink desperately, and Dink wanted to go to him, but somehow seemed to know Walton was supposed to be alone. He paced back and forth on an arc at a constant distance from Walton, struggling with the decision. Finally his compassion won out and he went over to Walton, who looked like he had been rescued. After that Walton settled down, and was able to maintain a still silence for the last 8 minutes.

3:00PM We went down to the stream, and listened to the flow of water, each deep in our own experience. Peggy and Quest joined us. Quest had had an extremely rewarding, cleansing, and enlightening experience being alone, something he seldom gets to do. Then he joined Peggy and they had an excellent discussion. For the rest of the afternoon, we enjoyed more and more the outside beauty, and the ever-developing closeness among us all. It simply gets beyond words to attempt to describe the physical beauty of the landscape, the warm feelings emanating from all the others and the wondrous feeling of oneness that enveloped us, the beauty of listening to music, the wide range of thought, clarity, and various dimensions that substance afforded. Everyone was most pleased with the experience.

The next morning, we reactivated the sweat lodge Celine had left us, and had an enormously rewarding sweat. We all felt cleansed and renewed, and our bodies felt marvelous. When Quest had prayed for our bodies to be healed in the sweat, I felt a rush of warmth and energy I had never before experienced in the sweatlodge.

I had awaked that morning feeling tired and loaded, and wondering how good the experience had been for me, since I felt so much stuff was unresolved, including things that I thought I had learned. I got up early to help prepare the sweatlodge, and found it marvelous to be up and active. After the sweat, and today the day after, I have felt simply marvelous, completely renewed and full of energy. I have no way to explain it, other than to report that it was all most worthwhile, and I am left with the feeling of much good was accomplished for all present. Quest has an excellent crew, and it was most worthwhile for us to deepen our relationship. They have done excellent work together, and I feel confident they will continue to do so.

2CT2 experience of Peggy Brandt - November 9, 1985

Since so many things have been happening in experiences lately, I had toyed with the idea not to take anything, but just sit. However, when the group arrived Friday night and started talking about dose levels, I twerped that I would take 14!

So, after 14, and possibly 45 minutes, things began changing, energy seemed to be flowing within my body, colors became enhanced, noises were louder, and my general sense of well-being increased. I began to feel very positive. We were all in a different space -- Quest noticed changes immediately. He was tingling all over. Gradually we all began to feel something. I was mostly enthusiastic about my "creation". I had in the past, felt that I created the whole universe, and it was beautiful. I heard a strong message on this day to "create a beautiful world for yourself" and I shared that with everyone. I felt as though I had created a beautiful world for myself, and acknowledged the help that Fred had given me.

I was overjoyed with my creation, and shared this. However, others did not look at it the way that I did. I tried to convince Quest that it IS a beautiful world, and one can see it very easily from our vantage point, and how could anyone even think about blowing it up and destroying it? What we need to summon is our trust! And our trust in our intelligence to come up with a solution to defusing the bombs and putting the energy to good use! All this is coming from my simple mind. Sometimes I strongly feel that it would be wise to go back to the land and live off the land and live in harmony with all nature. Live simply.

Outdoors was gorgeous, but a bit cool, and so I chose to stay in the sunny living room while everyone else went out for a walk. I listened to Sibelius Second Symphony, and got in touch with the passion he displayed. Then, for a change, I played DEEP BREAKFAST which is rather new age and quite charming, and has a different pace. It was delightful, and I got into a lighter mood. I saw Quest outside sitting alone, having a deep experience. He was crying. Pretty soon I felt it was time for me to go out to him, and be with him. I brought Sweet Sir William (our teddy bear). Quest needed a handkerchief at this point, so I let him have SSW's kerchief. That was a real gift. We had a lovely conversation during which Quest shared a lot of himself. Eventually we met up with others -- Fred, Umay and Fulton. Slowly we walked back to the house -- detouring to the Sweat Lodge first.

We decided to reactivate the Sweat Lodge, and have a Sweat next morning. Meanwhile, we all made it to the house, and Walton and Barry were preparing toast, as they were rather hungry. Now, I am not used to eating during these experiences, but I must confess that my appetite was becoming quite intense so toast tasted delicious. And I think we all had some. This was around 3 or so. And we had only been going since around 10 a.m. So, at the five hour point, it seemed to me that I was leveling off, had already had my "peak" while I was alone listening to music. And it seems that this material is very sensuous -- colors, audio, feeling-touching, tasting -- all enhanced. I wouldn't be surprised if erotica was extremely exciting, if one had the chance to be alone with partner. We listened to music -- Fred was anxious to have people hear some classical music. Then, we listened to SOUNDS OF THE SHAMAN by Niles Deiter. It was most meaningful. Then we had soup, etc. which tasted delicious.

Sweat Lodge next morning was wonderful. I was so pleased to have a chance to use the Lodge again. It had been many, many months.

We were all a bit wiped out, came home had breakfast and sat around the table and talked.

It seems that 2CT2 can be used easily to work through a particular space you happen to be in. Since over 6 weeks ago when I experienced a death in Death Valley, I have been steadily progressing to know myself, to experience myself as the Goddess, the Earth Mother, the creator... And learning to accept everything the way it is. And the way it is, isn't always easy to accept, except when you realize that we should all take the responsibility for having it good.

I am blessed, having everything, and having everything good. Gratitude!!!

Back into the practical world, I still feel blessed, still enjoy my vastness. Still feel positive about my creation.

Los Alamos, New Mexico -- October 25, 1985

Introduction to 2CT2 -- for Celine and Dyson. Peggy and Fred attending, too.

The ascent was very mild and tender. Celine and I sat outside for a while - reminiscing a bit, and acknowledging the love we share for each other. It was a good connection.

But, it became a bit cool, so we went inside to be with the boys. Fred and Dyson were into a very interesting "psychological" conversation. The day kept opening up more and more to many viewpoints. I saw clearly that with the window material, it is possible to get into a negative state, but with this material, it is possible to get into a negative state, with no defenses.

I forget the sequence, but at one point in the day, I realized that I lacked PASSION. Ferverce! Enthusiasm! I felt passive, and verbalized this to the group. We were listening to "Odes" by Vangelis and were dancing to it. I began to feel the music and conjured up my passion for it and danced to it. It was extremely powerful, and we then sat down to listen to the end of it, when pow! The speakers blew -- or the amplifier, I don't know which one. Fred and I were just getting into an intense discussion of how we used to feel for each other, and Fred expressed his love for me at that moment. It was extremely prophetic to have the music stop at this point, as the energy in the room was heavy - intense. I realized then that we had been having an extremely productive day, and for me, it was time for a sort of "comedy relief", if there was such a thing.

I felt Celine's sadness. At least, her working with Dyson all day was not a barrel of fun. There was some tension for me but at the same time a lot of new openings.

We talked about "unconditional love". There is no such thing.

Dyson mentioned earlier in the day when there was some laughter going around, that levity is a way to avoid looking at the truth.

It was a long day - we went to bed early after a nice walk to 31 Flavors and some decadent World Class Chocolate. And a nice walk to see Canyon, but it was too dark.

Music was nice. We listened to some new ones that we hadn't heard before. All in all, a very pleasant day, even though I felt we all worked hard on relationships.

Death Valley journey of October 31, 1985 with Keira and Hudson Edson.

Weather was very dusty as we looked out towards the Valley, but we drove through the dust or whatever it was, and it seemed never-ending. We thought by the time we passed Keeler it would be clear, but it wasn't. However, we were turning on so fast, or at least I was, that it gave the whole area a feeling of mystery, and of oriental pictures. I began to feel a surge of loving energy through my body, and I was completely relaxed and accepting all. In fact, even though my companions were talking about some uncomfortable feelings, I could feel just a little stomach discomfort but it soon went away, and the surrounding beauty was overwhelming.

I've been to Death Valley several times before, always loved it and found it magnificently beautiful. Today it was even more beautiful even though there was some haze or mist around. Eventually it cleared up on the East side of the valley but it was incredible to see the mountains unfold, and the shapes become real animals or beings.

I had realized that I created it all, and now it was time to accept my creation. At one point we passed some colorful mountains with many shapes, and the shapes became suffering humanity. I had a difficult time accepting the fact that there were suffering humanity in the world. It just didn't seem right, somehow. However, that didn't stop me from continuing to see my universe open up. By the time we got to the sand dunes I was pretty zonked, I mean pretty intoxicated. We were all a little disoriented.

I must add that at no time did I worry about how Hudson handled the driving. He was superb, and I trusted him completely. There have been times in the past when I had some fear about his maneuvering the sharp turns and grades, but this day I knew about TRUST.

We stopped briefly at the sand dunes and decided we were too stoned to stay there, so drove on to Artist's Drive. Hudson selected some special music for this drive, and it was most appropriate. After many visits to this place, it is still one of the most sensuously fantastically beautiful places, with many many many dimensions -- all of which kept unfolding and unfolding. It was truly a spiritual experience, as my spirit soared and became one with all of the geological formations. The colors blended and became a symphony -- the shapes became castles and dinosaurs, masses of humanity, flowing robes of the Goddess. Artist's Palette was incredibly intense. We sort of stumbled out of the car, at my request to stop for a while. I was having a marvelous experience with all of it. Feeling the vast spirit of the place. Knowing that it is special, but then everything is special when you are in the spirit.

I was so grateful and full of love and appreciation, and at that point I accepted everything. How could I not? We drove on to Desolation Canyon, and passed a spot where we had lunched another time. However, Hudson our driver, did not stop there; instead he found the other side of the canyon where we were all struck by the intensity of the flowing robes of the Madonna... It was so impressive, we all cried. And cried some more. It was as tho we were at the foot of the sacred Madonna. And then I knew the Madonna and Goddess were one and the same, and I was also one with all that surrounded me and the spirit which I felt was this magnificent BE-ING. Wow! What an experience it was. I can still feel it 6 days later.

I took a little walk, mostly to see if I could walk. And also to look around. When I came upon a clump of Desert Velvet, in perfect condition, in the dry wash where there was no evidence of moisture. It was perfectly beautiful, and I called to Keira to come see. She was overtaken by the presence of this plant. She had her peak experience at that juncture. Keira will have to report on her feelings. I was so into my own experience that I did not think to get into anyone else's. Although I certainly felt the power of the four of us. And I felt certainly part of us, I mean one with the group. But I did not get into the dynamics of why you are feeling what you are feeling. Only the dynamics of the essence of the fantastic universe that I had created for all to appreciate. Yes, appreciate -- that's the word. And I certainly did appreciate everything. I may not have understood it, but I did appreciate.

Lunch tasted excellent, although we had eaten a little bit earlier. Ham sandwich never tasted better. We were all overwhelmed at how good the food tasted. I'm glad I fixed two extra sandwiches. Keira never ate hers, tho.

Leaving the area was not easy, as I could have stayed on and on, but Hudson wanted to drive back in daylight mostly. The drive was truly marvelous, and the colors at that time of the day were exquisite. We stopped at the sand dunes -- just along the road -- to take some pictures of them with their long shadows. I want to paint them...

Beer tasted really good, and seemed to prolong the experience, as by now we were all coming down. So we stopped at Dedicks for a six pack, and I had another beer, but that seemed to fill me up. Steaks, mashed potatoes and salad were delicious. My goodness, we are all so hungry, which is most unusual after a day such as this.

Bed early, erotica sensational, sleep magnificent. All of this on 50. Debriefing next day -- excellent clarity, everything fine and I am whole again. Or perhaps for the first time.

Not the usual feeling of sadness when Edson's left, but a feeling of accomplishment, and a feeling that I can really do a lot now, as my energy level is simply perfect. No feeling of being rattled or pressured. Just level -- centered. Mmmmmmm! I do believe this is my best trip ever.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH BD

Date: December 4, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:50 a.m. Peggy takes 200 m.g. B.D., Fred takes 275 m.g. On empty stomach. Cold, overcast, foggy day. Listening to Berlioz Requiem. I begin to feel in 15 minutes, stomach getting squeamish. Looking up into clouds, becoming absorbed in them, watch light grow in intensity, stomach feelings disappear. Wonder whether to direct experience in a positive direction; this requires a lot of effort, builds up tension. Finally decided to just go along with what is happening, accept whatever comes. Am pulled inside; spend best part of the next 5 hours lying down flowing with the experience. Hard work, but tremendously rewarding. It's what using psychedelics is all about. Have some great, inspirational experiences; also good looks at myself. Day-to day life in Lone Pine seems very empty; must bring some life into it. Listening to Boito; he spent his life to write just this and one other piece of music. I appreciate being filled in; it makes the music even more powerful.

Laying on the couch, the music continuing, (Prokofiev: Cinderella) I am filled with enormous power. I realize that raw, male power is pouring through me as I have never before experienced it. I am wild, totally self satisfied, and completely oblivious of others and their needs. I want to strike out, to win, to conquer. I feel what conquerors have felt in the past, and the unbridled passion to vanquish everything. I could see how such misguided power could lead nations to war. Wanting still more power, I was about to find out if God would grant me the power to destroy the world if I wished it, when I felt a gentle kiss on my brow. Peggy had leaned over just in time to bring a fitting conclusion to this experience.

Continuing laying on the couch, I begin thinking about sex. I realize some of the greatest experiences of my life are with Peggy; yet afterwards I don't seem to appreciate this. I tell her that some of my greatest experiences have been with her, and continue to ponder some of the iggy feelings I sometimes feel after lovemaking. I realize that sex for one's own personal gratification is just another form of masturbation, that sex without love is a desecration. Then I see true lovemaking as the most wonderful thing in the universe, and that two persons who love each other and wish to give each other joy can go on and on indefinitely. I have changed the music to Stravinsky, which manifests lovemaking in every possible direction. I could see that the world would be much safer if the world leaders had good wives and knew how to make them happy. Inadequacy in bed is woe to other nations!

1:00 p.m. A brief walk outside. Cold, crisp, and refreshing. I am a roaring +3, intensely intoxicated. Not a lot of enhancement outdoors, perhaps because of the cold. I talk easily about my feelings, feeling no need to guard what I say. Peggy and I do not communicate well at this point, as we each interpret the other differently. I decide not to be concerned, but continue my inward journey. We return and lay down before the fire. We both feel an extremely deep repugnance. I do not understand it, but it feels good just to go into it and release it. Then I begin to get into a lot of negative experience, feeling all kinds of pain in the world. I wonder how to get out of it. It came to me to take on all of this pain to myself, so everyone else would be free. As soon as I did this, all the pain dropped away, and I felt a great exultation.

We decide to play the Boito again. I read the beautiful poem describing it, an inspired salutation to god. Somehow I don't feel it's beautiful, and don't feel reverent. I decide to experiment, what if the poem is written to me? I feel that daring cockiness to try it out. Immediately it becomes most beautiful, and I feel all of creation turning and worshiping me. It is a marvelous feeling, and there is a rightness to it. I find that I have always striven to be God, and was jealous for not being God, and this is what has kept me from actually being It! Delighted with my new discovery, I began thinking, how did I create females, how did I create my body? Then I realized that while I was God, that I was just a small part of Him, and I saw his vastness and wonder extending far beyond my comprehension. Never have I had such a magnificent appreciation of God. It was clear that if I minded my business, and turned to him to learn as I had been doing today, then I could continue to grow and learn in a most magnificent way. In the meantime, I saw the wonder of being in charge of my own little kingdom that I had been given responsibility for. I looked at it and was not overly pleased with how I was taking care of it, so I realized I have lots to learn. Again it became crystal clear that I didn't have to help anybody or heal anybody, as everyone can turn directly to the source for their needs. An earthshaking experience.

Listening again to Boito, it was incredibly beautiful. I became the composer, and was filled with joy to find such incredible singers and instrumentalists to put my composition into expression. I've never heard anything so beautiful. I became the magnificent tenor, singing out to God. Then I became aware that I was putting in energy to maintain the wonderful feeling of love and peace. I slacked off, willing to experience whatever came. Then came the most profound, deeply poignant, exquisite pain, the deep, deep yearning for God that tore me apart. And then came the answering love that only He can supply, an unbelievable filling. I was filled to the brim!

After recovering from the music, we put on something lighter, and Peggy and I danced, freely expressing ourselves and our feelings. It was so wonderful to have God in the house with me, expressed through Peggy.

We decided to have a party in front of the fireplace. We had a welcome dish of ham and eggs, and then I became uneasy. It was as though we had nothing to say. I seemed to have lost the wonderful experiences of the day. Realizing I had told Peggy very little, I recounted my experiences of the day, and she hers. The verbalization restored the balance, and we completed the day with great wonder, appreciation, and delighted with what happened and each other.

P.S. Early evening, Peggy made a phone call to her friend Gail, just out of intensive care with a new knee operation. Talking to Gail, I got all caught up in her pain, her severe arthritis, her disappointments in life, despite my resolve to leave others alone. Pondering it, I gathered up all of her pain and freed her, which in turn greatly relieved me. I saw this as a profound act of forgiveness.

On November, whoops! I mean December 4th 1985, Fred and I spent the day together, having ingested some B.D. around 10 a.m. (I had 200)

The weather had been cloudy and threatening and it was a bit cold in the house, but we got a good fire started in the old wood burner and the fan helped distribute the warm air. Mostly I don't like that fan because it is so noisy but today it was certainly welcome. The onset was very gradual and very gentle. In about an hour-and-a-half I was pretty high, rather out of my body (at least I wasn't aware of my body, it felt so light) and we were listening to Berlioz Requiem followed by a piece of music I'd not heard before. The Berlioz was beautiful, melodic and moving. I was feeling exalted -- and moving into ecstasy when this new music struck me. It took me to the highest realm. I was totally caught up in the magnificence of this music, the genius it took to compose it, the love it took to complete it, the [...] and devotion of the composer. I felt as though this music had been written for me. Arrigo Boito's PROLOGUE TO MEFISTOFELE with John Cheek, Bass 00 (The Morehouse-Spelman Chorus, The Young Singers of Callanwolde). Incidentally this man was the person -- poet -- who composed the librettos for OTELLO and FALSTAFF for Verdi. However, Mefistofele was totally his and quite beautiful. We only heard the prologue, so I am anxious someday to hear the rest...

I was so moved that I cried for a while both during and after. It was as though I had never heard music before. This was indeed a first in the passion that I felt for the music that I heard and became.

I became the Ave Maria, The Divine Mother, the feminine essence of Peace, Acceptance, Love, Power.

What came next is hard to remember because I was so taken with this experience which came only 1-1/2 hours after ingestion. I wondered what time it was and how come I was having a "peak" experience so soon, because this material is supposed to reach its peak after two hours. Well, now we can revise the records, heh?

We continued to listen to mere music -- this time CINDERELLA SUITE by that most fascinating genius, Prokofiev (Thank you Ann and Sasha for reinforcing our interest in his music, as it is indeed fabulous).

Feeling once again the power of the music, I began experiencing much feminine power. The suite has 20 scenes and the 18th is MIDNIGHT whereupon the clock chimes (chimes is a definite understatement -- it bongs loudly and dramatically, but beautifully!) The dynamic range is brought to light by our new compact disc player -- as this is a compact disc, digitally mastered. It has such feeling - and when it was midnight plus a minute or two, I kissed Fred on the forehead -- not realizing that he was about to blow up the globe!! How's that for timing? After the Prince finds Cinderella and they go off to his castle and her new fireplace, there was a great feeling of peace. Fred shared his feelings of power.

I had wanted all of my friends to be with me right then, so I summoned Ann, Tina, Fern, Clare, etc into the room with me. Then I realized that I had left out the men, so I brought Sasha, Aaron, Glenn and Neil, etc. into the room. Then I seduced the men, feeling proud of my feminine powers.

Then I felt a great deal of love for EVERYONE, at that point. I spread it out through the land... wanting everyone to experience it.

Fred and I exchange a few words about what we are experiencing. Communication is good, and we both work to understand what each one is saying.

Listening to Stravinsky was a totally different experience as I began to feel a great repugnance for Fred, then myself, and wondered what this was all about. I saw Fred as a shrunken dwarf with many physical handicaps, and shared this with him. He admitted he was deformed, but I spoke up and told him that if he stood up straight he wouldn't be deformed. Then he went through a little skit where he was a little boy and his mother was telling him to stand up straight. He didn't like being told what to do, so continued to curl up into a fetal position.

I continued to experience my feminine power and felt if I could love this shrunken dwarf, then all would be well. I wanted Fred to be his large, masculine self.

During our walk (Poor Spats wanted to be taken for a walk, and it was not exactly warm outside, as that sun never came out, except for a few moments) I asked Fred to describe his feelings of masculine power, for me to understand.

At one time during the day I reassured Fred that God loves him, now and always, no matter what. Now that I look at that, I wonder what gives me the authority to say that. Anyway that's what I said at the time, and that's what I felt. After talking to Fred about his concept of God, mine is quite different. I feel that God is always with us - no matter what we are doing. And it is up to us to make our universe balance so that all is well.

We talked about "mistakes" -- I feel there are none, only lessons. But Fred says there are mistakes. So we are left in the paradox of right versus wrong, and is there a place where right and wrong are the same? I believe there is, and I believe that I experienced it, but at the same time I have a hard time verbalizing it.

Anyhow, In MY universe, all is well. However, now that I know that I have the power, etc. I feel I should be doing something creative. The universe moves on creativity. That's what makes the world turn.

I spent the next day sort of muddling around, picking up this and that, All I could create was something to eat, but later on when the sun came out, I created a space for an addition -- a studio with guest bed, so we can have three bedrooms to accommodate all our guests. Now, I have to get out my paints!

Incidentally, this material is WONDERFUL. Really good for "working" whatever that means. It was a magnificent experience -- one of the best!

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: July 30, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Harriet Ogawa, Peggy and Fred

Background: Harriet Ogawa, 54 years old, divorced mother of four grown children, is the daughter of Rikki Ogawa, well known author and white pipewoman. Harriet has been flirting for over a year participating with us, but has been held back by apprehension and her general uncertainty about making decisions. She is a very bright, open-hearted woman, but has great difficulty in focusing her energies in a steady direction. She lives in the shadow of the fame of her mother, and although skilled at writing, acting, and teaching, has not been financially productive in any area. She is torn between living in the Owens Valley, which she loves, and San Diego, where she is more likely to find employment, and is eager to find a partner.

10:04 a.m. Peggy takes 110 m.g. Pegasus, Harriet and Fred 120 m.g. We sit outdoors, an unusually cool day, brilliantly clear air, nice breeze. Harriet has considerable apprehension, but she trusts us. Nice takeoff, very smooth, no evidence of dragginess. Experience develops nicely, and everyone begins to feel euphoria. For Peggy and I, it is a beautiful day, with all of the usual rich symptoms. By one hour, Harriet is in a good space, has left her fears behind, and is quite intoxicated, enormously enjoying the experience. She feels deep relaxation, and begins to talk freely.

11:28 p.m. Peggy takes 30 m.g. Supplement, Fred takes 40 m.g. Harriet feels extremely high, a little nauseous, and concerned that the supplement may increase the intensity of her experience. She defers.

Harriet opens up considerably and talks continuously. She talks through her problems. She and Peggy develop excellent rapport; she advises Peggy to use her talents and wisdom to do some writing to encourage women, feeling the women of their generation are somewhat lost.

12:16 p.m. Harriet takes 30 m.g. Supplement. Experience continues beautifully and productively, with Harriet clearing herself of past distractions and growing in energy. Peggy and I are having marvelous experience, buoyed by Harriet's good energy. We all enjoy peace, beauty, and continually growing closeness.

Harriet is very grateful for the experience, finding it most valuable and rewarding, and not at all frightening. She experienced none of the mind-loosening she was afraid of from a light experience she had with peyote.

The next morning we all awoke renewed and refreshed. Harriet felt she could make a fresh start and move in a positive direction. Peggy and I felt clear in mind and body, much better than in any previous use of this substance in some time. We are very pleased with Harriet's response.

5-METHOXY-METHYLISOPROPYLTRYPTAMINE SESSION
December 7, 1985

SN

I took 20 mg of Inderal about 25 minutes before smoking 20 mg of the 5-MeO-MIT at about 11AM, in a pipe with some tea leaves. I was listening to free form electronic music with eyeshades and headphones. Most all of it was smoked in about three or four inhalations before I felt it coming on so strongly that I lay down. After the second inhalation, there was quite a bit of the visual distortion characteristic of tryptamines. With-in less than a minute after I lay down, with my eyes closed, my visual field was filled with brilliant geometric patterned lines of different colors that were slowly moving. There were several sets of parallel and curved lines superimposed upon each other.

Soon after that, probably within a minute or two, I became extremely disoriented from my normal sense of being a person in a body. I never lost complete touch with my external environment, as happens with 5-MeO-DMT, but I was lost in an undifferentiated mass of feeling and non-specific sensation. I remember spitting up some saliva, and almost vomiting, but I never actually vomited. I was aware of my sitter when I thought about it, but in the peak waves, it was impossible to engage in any coherent thought process whatsoever.

The feeling was similar to the overwhelming feeling of 5-MeO-DMT in quality, except that it was not quite so strong, and there were some formed visual perceptions, much like 4-OH-DET. It would be fairly accurate to describe the experience as between smoking 5-MeO-DMT, 12 mg, and 4-OH-DET, 25 mg, in intensity, rapidity of onset, content, affect, perception, and cognition. The total duration, though, was more like that of the DET, though the peak phase lasted less than 30 minutes like the 5-MeO-DMT. (Peak < 30 min.)

After the initial peak, I had another inhalation from the pipe, but not much more happened. A little later I asked for more, but was told that the pipe was empty. I did not want to add any more until around 2 hours, when another 10 mg was added, and I had one good breath, probably around another 5 mg, for a total of 25 mg. There were some more of the visual patterns, but much less in intensity this time. I took another 20 mg of Inderal soon after that.

After the first half hour, I was able to think more coherently. The intensity would return in waves every 5 to 15 minutes or so, and in between, my perception and thinking would be fairly normal. The waves consisted of being swept up in imagery or memories heavily laden with emotional content. A few themes emerged which had quite profound emotional and spiritual impact for me. I remembered being in love with a girlfriend in college and felt more clearly how I had placed her between myself and God, to serve as my savior. I felt I released a lot of the projection and loss I experienced in that relationship. I thought of the Course in Miracles and how several of its teachings were so accurate and helpful in the state I was in. Being present in the moment, and free from the past and future; not holding myself to any beliefs that place me in any position of guilt for anything, especially the work I have been intensely involved in recently; and the fact that the world has actually been saved, if anyone chooses to realize it. The latter was a perspective that I believed, but had not actually felt for a while.

After two hours, I was joined by my wife, and I was able to talk briefly to her at times, but felt it was too difficult to coherently explain what was happening. We spent some very intimate time together, and I remember asking her who she was, and she replied, "Your wife." This was very powerful to me since I did not really know what it meant, except that it seemed to be the best combination of lover, mother and friend; and that it was an entirely new kind of relationship that we would be creating for the rest of our lives together.

After three or four hours, the waves had virtually stopped, and I remained oriented to the present and my immediate surroundings, though still did not feel like talking or relating very much. But occasionally, a wave of feeling and/or memory would sweep over my out of the blue, that would have profound psychological meaning. One concerned a memory of my father and I traveling to a nearby town for him to do a new kind of work he was learning. I was 7 years old, and it was the first time I remember him leaving our hometown to do any work. That memory had come to me earlier in the day when I was sitting for my future sitter and doing some stretching. I found many parallels to my undertaking a new kind of work in my life, and felt a strong feeling of being in a similar situation to him at a similar stage in his life, as well as appreciating the major differences between us.

The other major insight came later, when I suddenly felt very sleepy, and with that feeling, felt that it was alright to just fall asleep without completing any projects I was working on, feeling any obligation whatsoever, or danger from being off guard. I could not remember allowing myself this kind of escape from the problems of everyday life, but I realized that I could have faith that I could go to sleep and let go of all responsibility. It felt somewhat like my personality was giving up and dying, leaving those to whom I was committed to take care of themselves. I felt, physically and mentally, like I was actually falling asleep, but I was still aware of my environment. My daughter came into the room, and I moved a glass out of the way, all without changing the state. It was like being asleep in a hypnotic trance in which I could observe myself. I have never experienced anything like it before, because on one level, I believed I was asleep. This was the most new, unique and important insight of the session, and felt like a great relief. After a little while, the sleepy feeling passed, though it came once more. I felt very rested after the second one passed.

One other insight came before the sleep, that felt like a deeper understanding of what hypnosis is and how it works; giving oneself permission to imagine any situation as if it were completely as real as the physical world, in order to maintain a mindful perspective of the relativity and insubstantial nature of all worldly situations, therefore not feeling imprisoned by them, but being able to create them. It seemed much like the perspective I had first gained doing intensive Buddhist meditation.

I stayed under a mild influence until I ate supper, around 7 hours. I felt tired, and a little headachy, until I had a snack around 10 hours. I had trouble falling asleep, and took 2 doses of 1-tryptophan, 1500 mg, and then a mild sleeping pill around 12 hours, and slept for 7 hours. I awoke refreshed, but felt tireder than usual until I took a hot bath in the late afternoon in order to make myself sweat. I felt virtually normal after the bath, and shifted my belief that psychedelics deplete neurotransmitters, causing a feeling of tiredness, to a belief that some sort of metabolic products collect in the body, from prolonged physical and emotional exertion, and are then excreted. Probably both are true, but I was very impressed with how good I felt after the hot bath. I did take 2000 mg of 1-tryptophan the second night in order to sleep. The day after that (today) I felt more refreshed and energetic, but quite calm, than I have felt in two to four weeks (though they have been quite hectic weeks). I went to the spa and had a very good workout with weights.

I am quite impressed with the therapeutic facilitation of this compound. It seemed valuable that the initial peak did not totally remove me from the world, making the relationship with the sitter quite significant during the acute depersonalization. Experiencing and surviving such an experience I always find to be therapeutic, and being aware of another person made it less fearful. Then being able to spend several hours contemplating the meaning of what had happened, as well as reliving important past experiences and letting go of old traumas and negative attitudes, seemed like the best of what 5-MeO-DMT and the more common indoles like LSD and the long acting tryptamines have to offer. Physically it felt quite safe, and I feel no problematic after effects today, which was a busy work day for me.

MDMB SESSION, NOVEMBER 16, 1985
(1-[3,4-Methylenedioxyphenyl]-2-methylaminobutane Hcl)
Written November 28, 1985

SN A68

I took 200 mg at about 11 AM on a Saturday after no food for about five hours. The setting was in a home with three close friends taking the same compound and one taking ETHLAD, and my wife was the sitter. The onset was a calm, warm heavy feeling after half an hour or so. I lay down and listened to music with eyeshades and headphones. Soon afterward I began having some new thoughts about some personal situations and psychological issues. They felt true and less grandiose than the kind of thoughts I usually have had with MDMA. I had been busy working and planning on getting the Analogs bill amended, and thinking about the lobbying and feeling anxious about being involved in, for me, high level political power. During the same period, I had been having more compelling sexual fantasies from time to time, and, intellectually, had observed they had more a power theme than an affectionate theme. I had expected these sexual energies to intensify during the session, but they never did. Instead, I was preoccupied by the political power issue almost the whole time. At one point, I had the thought that the sexual fantasies with women were simply a more comfortable way for me to experience the power theme than to deal with it in relation to powerful men. The sexual theme seemed to be a distraction from my difficulty in dealing with confronting the masculine, conservative and authoritarian power structure that I was going to be challenging.

A specific idea came to me about amending the bill: to simply give all power to approve IND's to certified institutional review boards at the local level, rather than require the FDA's approval. I felt that legislators would be more comfortable with that than approval by a handful of scientists. I envisioned this arrangement for all of the controlled substances, too, thereby making them available. However, on sharing this thought with someone in Washington, changing the Food and Drug Act was out of the question from a practical point of view. However, the approach still may be a workable compromise for the analogs. If I had had this idea on MDMA, I would probably have experienced a physical and emotional rush of enthusiasm, but this time it was more a quiet and calm feeling about it, without a lot of emotion to it, though there was some excitement.

Another set of thoughts concerned what I would do if the research with new compounds was banned. It occurred to me that I could get some training in bodywork and psychic abilities from two very good teachers in my area, and that I would find that work just as interesting, challenging and meaningful as the psychedelic work. That came as a great relief, and I did not feel so trapped or threatened by the upcoming political battle, less desperate and driven, nor did I feel at all like giving up on the current struggle.

All of these ideas came within an hour, and I felt very "caught up" with the issues that had been pulling at me over the past few weeks. I felt very impressed with the rapidity and ease with which all this occurred, and felt the experience was most valuable. I especially appreciated the marked decrease in grandiosity compared to MDMA. I did not feel stimulated, but relaxed and solid. I did not feel very altered in my state of mind, either, and my flow of thinking seemed quite normal. I felt content and centered and solid with myself after all of this.

It was fairly soon after that when I began to feel the effect wearing off. There were some mild sinking spells: feeling low energy and decreased ability to carry on an inner verbal dialogue. I was surprised at this, because I had not experienced this the first time I had taken this medicine. After a while, the waves became stronger, and were similar in quality to the wearing off of MDMA for me, except the peaks were much lower in stimulation level than with MDMA, and the lows were quieter and with less panic. There were two such dips that were somewhat overwhelming. I would be thinking about engaging in some activity in the world, I think related to my work with these medicines, and suddenly would feel the energy drop out of the thoughts so that I was unable to really think about anything except my current state of mind. I would usually then think that there was no need to fantasize or plan future activities anyway, and trust that I was being brought back to the present moment because that's what needed attending to.

During one of these episodes, I asked the sitter to ask one of the other group members who had been learning some sort of psychic healing method to come help me. That person was unable to come, and another, the most intense wave came. My body was very comfortable, but I felt an almost total and existential paralysis of my will. Emotionally there were no strong feelings, nor marked absence of feeling, but more an absence of power, or willpower, to affect my experience at all. I moaned a little out of fear I think, but it felt more strange and new than dangerous. After just a few minutes, it began to subside, and within ten minutes I felt very content, solid and centered again, and somewhat cleansed.

I felt that I had dealt with both ends of the power spectrum: having a lot of it and having almost none of it, at least in terms of my own individual power. The power of the spirit, or awareness, was entirely unaffected by any of this, as is always the case in my experience. I felt quiet and "caught up" again and for the rest of the day. I then went to be with another group member who had had some extremely intense abreaction earlier during her MDMA session, and who was still processing that material. I found it very easy and comfortable to be with her, and I was not bothered or threatened at all by the intensity of her pain. The experience was nurturing and healing for both of us.

When I felt mostly down, I took 20 mg of 2C-B, followed by another 4 mg and 2 mg, all within about 45 minutes. I felt very sleepy and intoxicated in a quiet and comfortable way, but no other experiences or insights different from my ordinary state of consciousness occurred. The sleepy phase was followed by a very quiet and alert stage. I had some abdominal cramping later on, especially after eating a small amount of toast a few hours after the 2C-B, but by late evening, I felt fine again. I slept well that night, and did not feel overly tired the next day, and even did some writing for work. I felt more tired than usual on the second day afterward, at work, but did fine.

I have not had any of the preoccupation with the sexual fantasies since the weekend. Some of them had concerned one of the group members, the one who had the abreaction and with whom I felt I established more closeness and "heart" feeling, mostly just before the 2C-B and toward the end of the day. We affectionately comforted each other, and there just wasn't any sexual energy available, anyway. I really don't know if it was the MDMA session by myself or the contact with the other person that resulted in this, but I have not been bothered by the issue since. I have also not been bothered by the fear of political power, but have also been too busy to be bothered by it.

In summary, I am very impressed with the psychotherapeutic potential of this medicine. The first time I had it, it was in a large group and I had no real problems at the time. But when I did have problems to be resolved, it was most helpful. This was my assessment of it the first time, too, but I was surprised during this last experience at how helpful it was, and I would equate it with MDMA as to its therapeutic potential. Part of this conclusion comes from my observing the other group member getting in touch with feelings connected with severe childhood trauma that she had never come nearly so close to before. It was the kind of thing that Stan Grof reports in his LSD research: very emotional and physical and to the point, only there was not the hallucinatory component, only the emotional and physical.

I also did take my blood pressure around the peak effect of the MDMB, around two hours I think, and it was about 138/80, which is higher than normal for me.

REPORT OF FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH 2CT2

Scott Nader

On October 19, 1985 (two weeks ago) I took 17 mg of 2CT2 around 11 AM. I had had a protein shake at 6 AM. The onset was gradual as I listened to a hypnosis tape about a journey into "inner/outer space" on headphones wearing eyeshades. I felt a general relaxed and warm feeling in my body. I began to listen to some music, but became bored with it around 1 ½ hours after ingestion, and decided to spend some time with Nadya and Seanna. My visual perception was just barely altered so that shapes were slightly distorted and moving. Around this time, I spoke to an old friend on the phone who had called and who had been talking to Nadya. I was a little slow to talk, but we had an enjoyable conversation. He asked me to interpret a dream of his in my altered state. (He is about to become a father in January, the result of an unexpected, but now greatly desired, pregnancy; and he was the best man at my San Francisco wedding and is a quadriplegic (almost) from birth, and loves to write satire rich in metaphor.) "I dreamed that Zaka [his girlfriend; his nickname is Scott Replica] was giving birth to a baby through her mouth. I saw her neck swelling and the baby just about to emerge from her mouth." The dream ended. I suggested the metaphor of the "Birth of the Logos" or "In the beginning was the Word," or "the Word made flesh." He liked this interpretation very much, and told Nadya he was impressed. During my conversation, the roofer who had been patching our roof came to the door, and I spoke to him briefly and appropriately about the roof. I soon tired of talking on the phone, and decided to do some Vipassana or mindfulness sitting meditation.

After sitting for a short time, I felt that the experience was intensifying. I was peering into a darkly lit inner space with vague shapes and meanings. I had a desire to have taken more, or to take more at that time, but decided not to because I did not know how long it would take to have an additive effect, nor did I know what physical price there would be. I felt that this time, around 3 hours after ingestion, was the peak effect period. After sitting a while, I decided to listen to more music with headphones and eyeshades and lie down, as I felt physically tired, but comfortable.

As I began to feel the effects wearing off, I began to think about taking some ketamine. I had taken my blood pressure around 45 to 60 minutes after ingestion, and it was about 130/80. I had not taken ketamine for a few months, and had desired to have a more dramatically altered experience that day. I also had the thought, during this period, that if I had allowed myself to let go into the psychedelic state, that I would only set myself up for frustration later because I had just heard about the proposed legislation outlawing possession of all drugs like 2CT2, and would feel more of a loss at not being able to use it and work with it if the law passed. This was only an intellectual insight and was not accompanied by any feeling confirming or disconfirming it.

Around 4 hours after ingestion, with Nadya's approval and assistance, I took 100 mg IM of ketamine in my deltoid. Within a very short time, and when my perceptions were barely distorted at all, I felt a sudden shift in perspective to one which I identified as "beyond death." That is, I experienced my consciousness as having transcended the 1 imitation of physical death, though I was still "in the room" in terms of my perceptions (I was wearing headphones and eyeshades, listening to modern instrumental music that I like very much, and which is the sound track to a movie about an eccentric soldier who becomes psychotic and is finally brought out of it through the relationship of his best friend, "Birdy.") That shift always occurs when I take ketamine, but not until my perceptions have become radically

altered. The content of the experience was indistinguishable from a typical ketamine experience for me, except I felt that my body was physically more present, though in a formless way. I felt as if I were carrying more of a material "payload" with me on the journey. I was a very powerful experience, one that I would rate +4, but virtually every Ketamine experience I have had I would rate the same. One insight I had as I was returning was that, in regard to the political and legal conflict between psychedelic researchers and government, God is unquestionably on our side, and equally on their side. In other words, there is only one side because there is only one Being experiencing it all, and that all human, at least, are part of that one Being. That sort of insight is common during ketamine, and other, experiences with psychoactive medicines, but it was specific for my current situation.

For the rest of the day, I felt very peaceful and noticeably unworried about the new political problems. I was somewhat tired the next day, but not uncomfortably so. My stomach did experience some cramping around 3 hours after ingestion, so I took some antacid. It began again a little right before I took the ketamine, but did not bother me after that. I slept well that night. Two days later, at work, I felt at a loss for words briefly as I was interviewing a patient during a case conference. However, the interview went well, and I felt I flowed a little more with the patient than usual, and had less of a plan in mind. I was complemented on it by one of the psychologists afterward.

I feel that when I take it again, I will probably take 25mg.

5-MeO-MIPT

12-8-85

RS
Azul Dr

About 8:10 or so.

Smoked about 10-12mg in a bowl with some tea. I was able to take about 4-5 puffs, able to hold off the rush until then, [and] then couldn't anymore. Powerful, tremendous rush, but all along maintaining body-ego awareness, unlike 5-MeO-DMT - where the world appears to utterly dissolve.

I was aware of doing a lot of groaning, writhing shaking around. Headphones [and] eyeshades kept it completely internal. Not much visual stuff at all. Lots of disorientation. Moving into personal, psychological issues. For ejaculation - feeling the physical aspect of my need for my g-f. Feeling the need to hold on physically to people, to hug, fuse, etc. I held myself, held a pillow. Reached out for Harper's hand once or twice, which was good.

Lots of twitching, **occ** total body twitches, even [with] in the space of an hour or so [after] smoking. Taking off eye shades revealed the usual shimmering "melting" visual aspects of tryptamines, but pretty mild.

Some perinatal stuff - intercourse leading to disembowelment, leading to omnipresent excrement, a sensation of having a mouth full of excrement - some of this had to do [with] the taste of the compound but that was a minimal aspect of it. Having had the 5-MeO-DMT experience allowed me to experience all this [with] "relative" equanimity -

Early on was a lot of emotional liability - laughing, crying, "oh god" kind of outbursts.

Let me explain the set [and] setting a bit, too. My g-f had flashed out about coming up to Santa Fe - I hadn't heard from her at all and was in the dark about if she'd be coming or not - so, I assumed she wasn't and left to go to S.F [without] word from her.

So I was pissed at her. Also, [with] no baby sitter for Genie, one of us (G or me) needed to look [after] her. With my going 1st, I felt a great need to "hurry it [and] get my trip over [with]" so H could trip without having to worry re Genie. So, I didn't feel I could completely let go. But, also feeling cranky made it difficult to let go, too.

At about 1-1/2 hour, I smoked the remainder of the bowl, got a little more, [and] became very quiet [and] "trippy." I was finally able to settle down physically, no more twitching, [and] a sort of mild psychedelic relaxation occurred. For about another hour, I had to pee but couldn't mobilize my will enough to get out of bed, so I listened to another album or so [and] then got up. I played [with] Genie a little, saw I wasn't quite ready and rested another half hour. My pupils were almost [normal] by then. Got up in a half hour. I ate a big breakfast and felt essentially [normal].

Later on in the night, after deciding to stay [and] not drive home, more of the post psychedelic afterglow, trippiness emerged as if the responsibility of Genie [and] the idea of driving home kept that feeling otherwise at bay.

Probably about 12 hours after the smoking, H had 2x dose, however, [and] had a much more detailed [and] full experience - you'll most likely be hearing from him.

[Editor's Note: Page 74 has been merged with this page]

So, in summary, I took too little, in a bad mood, in a "rushed" (at least in my mind) environment. Being as that was the case, it seemed like a hybrid between CZ-74 and 5-MeO-DMT, with the trippiness of the former and the rush (although not as intense) as the latter.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: December 21, 1995

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Lizzy and Tal Omar, Peggy and Fred

Background: Tal is from India, a Ph.D. in physics, teaching at the University of Oregon. He is author of THE SPACE SIRENS, a book explaining the principles of physics using illustrations from science fiction. His major interest is to establish the validity of transcendental experience through the principles of quantum mechanics. We met Tal and Lizzy a year ago when they visited Dr. Kempinski for a month. Last fall Tal had an affair, which shook up their relationship. They reconciled, and when we met them at Dr. Kempinski's final services in October, they asked for an experience, which we set during his vacation from school. They had no previous experience.

9:05 a.m. All take Pegasus, Peggy 110 m.g., all others 120 m.g. I start to feel in about 15 minutes, and then it rapidly gains in intensity, the exhilarating start typical of a group of very good people. I rapidly get quite intoxicated, and keenly feel the beauty around us. In 1/2 hour, all are getting into it. Tal looking out the window sees the mountains with great clarity and beauty, and in depth, which is unusual because he has only one good eye. Everything then melts into one, and he experiences an enormous peace and harmony. He wishes to continue into a transcendental experience, but feels he should go over to Lizzy. Lizzy was a little unsettled to start with, and felt things swirling around her. Then she was amazed to find herself experiencing an incredible love for Tal. When he joined her, they fell into each other's arms, and experienced an overwhelming love, and deep bonding. They were deeply engrossed in each other, and overcome by the depth of their love.

10:34 a.m. All take supplement. I have felt some resistance in Tal and ask if he wants to adjust dosage. He is quite content, so I feel it may be me, and take a 50 m.g. supplement, all others 40 m.g. After the supplement Tal and Lizzy retire to their bedroom for the next several hours. She has been overcome with sexual feelings, which she experiences throughout her body. They have the most beautiful lovemaking, exploring all dimensions other than direct sexual contact, which was incapacitated in his state. Tal found himself as a 17 year old, alive and full of courtship. He felt egoless, and able to say all kinds of endearing things to Lizzy that he had been unable to say for the last few months. Despite having committed unconditional love. They were enthralled with each other, and deeply connected. After a while their friends came into consciousness, and were invited into their circle of love. Later Tal experienced Jesus, Buddha, and other dignitaries joining them and supporting them.

In their absence, Peggy and I were able to relate directly and deeply. We became more bonded than ever, deeply feeling our love for each other. Peggy was radiant and astoundingly beautiful. We enjoyed listening to music, and then sat on the deck in the sunshine, a very warm, bright clear day. I enjoyed looking at the mountains, and found I could use this substance as great thinking material. I enjoyed eyes open experience, but finally felt drawn inside. I usually do not enjoy this substance eyes closed as much as eyes open, but I went inside and found work to do which felt marvelous and very beneficial, bringing me ever closer to Peggy. Her warmth and tenderness were the greatest I had ever felt.

Around 4 p.m. we reconvened, shared experiences and wonderful conversation. Both Lizzy and Tal are very well-informed and bright, and we had exhilarating conversations. Food was marvelous, with music in front of the fire we could view. We retired early with even further bonding growing for each couple during the night.

This was an outstanding experience for all of us, and has established deep friendships. It was a marvelous reconciliation for Tal and Lizzy.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-P

Date: January 1, 1986

Place: East bay, California

Participants: Peggy and Fred plus two other couples

7:52 a.m. Peggy takes 6 m.g., I take 8 m.g. of 2C-P. 3 others take 6 m.g., one takes 9 m.g., and two others take 12 m.g.

Comes on slowly, not feeling intently until into 2nd hour. First drawn to listen to music, Berlioz requiem. Music is beautiful. I feel slight discomfort, but override it responding to music. I take in air, directing it inside to heal uncomfortable places, open up my clogged sinuses. Wonderful experiences of clean, fresh, healing air. Join group for a while, can't get interested in cross-word puzzle, go back to music. Find that discomfort zone is places where I think there is something wrong with me. I dissolve these places with the feeling I'm o.k. Look at whether I like myself enough to be alone with me and enjoy it; as I explore this, find some reasons why others don't look me up. Mostly my dedication to my own point of view. Like myself better and better, and find more reasons to enjoy and appreciate myself. Wind up with powerful feeling that I'm o.k.

Peggy is not feeling well, and Sasha suggests we spend some time alone. Marvelous suggestion. Peggy most uncomfortable; sees that alcohol is no good. We caress. The act of lovemaking dissolves the bodily discomforts for both of us. Heightened sensitivity makes appreciation of each other grow. I move into very deep hunger for Peggy's love, see how I have still resisted acknowledging it. We let it flow with deep appreciation of each other, melting into each other. Marvelous love-making experience, breaking through to profound expression of our love for each other. Appreciate the importance of a total commitment to Peggy, being completely willing to take care of her, help ease her burdens. Again saw the energy in my Save-the-world complex, and how this energy can best be directed toward helping the person you are living with.

Rest of the day spent inter-acting with others. Everyone in good space, very open, good communication, lots of fun. I am aware of my habit of internal introspection, and feel this is a good opportunity to learn to listen carefully to others and follow their thinking. Still have hard time getting interested in the jigsaw puzzle.

Experience is long drawn out, lots of energy running. Good feelings, marvelous to be with group, creation of universe program (about 8 p.m.) very inspiring under these circumstances. Began to tire and retired at 10 p.m. very gratified to get a sound night's sleep, have sinuses open up. Strongly feel the bond with Peggy.

I find this material powerful, and an excellent working material. Under other circumstances, would probably spend more time working alone inside, where there were great openings, and some of the most beautiful visuals I have seen for a short time. (I usually do not get a lot of visuals.) I like the long action, and feel this substance will be most useful.

UPDATE: January 10, 1986

This has been the longest experience that I can recall. I felt this material working for a good week after the experience, with internal processes taking place, many insights, and energy running. At times the energy was a little uncomfortable, but could always be quelled by taking a moment for deep relaxation or looking directly at the internal process. It is now much easier to get into a state of deep relaxation which rapidly overcomes tiredness (about 15 minutes), into profound meditative states, or into a feeling of heightened awareness by just taking the time to concentrate. I feel much good internal work has been done, a lot of it unconscious. The result is a greater feeling of peace, a good deal more contentment being active around the house without the need for other things to go on, and a new kind of joy in doing simple tasks and repair jobs around the house. There is also a much heightened bonding with Peggy with much more joy in our relationship. This has all happened in spite of a deep, tenacious cold which has affected us both all week. I feel that my new level of functioning has prevented me with being incapacitated by a serious case of the flu, as all of the oncoming symptoms have been present, but fortunately did not fully develop. I can't help but wonder what the past week would have been like if I had been in full good health.

Because of the very long time frame, I would be careful about repeating this experiment, and would have to make sure that adequate time was available. Also, I am eager to know whether this jog experience was in any way physically debilitating so as to prolong the recovery from the bad cold. My instinct is that it helped heal it, and helped prevent it from becoming worse. Overall, this has been a most valuable and fruitful experience.

After a night of over-imbibing of wine, we were awakened earlier than I wanted to be, and invited to join in the group with 2C-P. Reputed to be long-lasting, we started early in the mornings - around 7:30.

I was not feeling so good. Hangover, I guess. The material was gentle in coming on and soon my body became jangled. My back hurt and then my legs hurt. My lower back was in spasm. At first I did not particularly like what this drug was doing to my body, but took a good look at it and decided that I was the culprit. Took a good look at my drinking so much, and announced that I didn't need it and would go off alcohol for two months. I shared this with Sasha and he felt it was a darned good idea. At the same time, I decided to lose 10 pounds over the next two months. A good new year's resolution.

I discussed many things with Ann on the porch. Thinking was easy. Verbalizing was easy. Being comfortable with my body was not. So much energy was going through me I didn't know what to do with it. Ann and Sasha both recommended Fred and I spend some time together in the bedroom, and use our energies that way. Well, we went to the bedroom, took off our clothes, and had a most marvelous sensory experience. Sheer delight, and a lot of truth-telling. We both found our unconditional love for each other. Both feeling grateful for one another. This went on for hours. Finally, spent, we showered and joined the others. The jangling diminished, but the low back pains were still with me and I had a hard time getting comfortable. This is a new pain for me, although I have had pain in the same area, the intensity was different. I was really caught up in my body and worked on it all day, trying to find some psychological reason for it. Sasha came up with some good suggestions about using it in a comfortable fashion, instead of a fashion one is supposed to use. Meaning, slouch if that does it. Obviously I am not using my muscles the way they are intended. I worked on that and it helped, but I still had a hard time being physically comfortable. The whole day was spent in physical discomfort. Food tasted good, and we nibbled all day. My stomach was bloated. It was enjoyable being with the group, tho. There was much humor and laughter. We all watched "Creation of the Universe" and were all fascinated. Ann and Sasha left around 10 and then we all went to bed. It was so good being with our old friends, and we hated to see them go. Next day we were more or less like Zombies. I was wiped out. Heard later that Ann was also.

Would I try this material again? At first I thought not, but then decided if it were available that I would again. However, not after a night of imbibing wine. It is a very long day (16-18 hours) and one does not always have the opportunity to take that much time. After a day of taking it easy at home, the next day we felt more comfortable and were not as tired.

2CT-2 with Merle, Willa, Fred and I - 1/11/89

Lovely material, smooth take-off and no body discomfort. I am anxious to see how our guests like it. Willa says it is very nice, but not psychedelic. Merle has had more dosage and is enjoying the closed-eyes visuals, but prefers to stay with the group. We discuss many things, finding out that we all look at some things quite differently. This opens up more discussions and everything is friendly even though we don't agree on everything. This material is not at all anorexic, and within three hours some of us are hungry so we nibble on toast, bananas, etc.

My heightened state is very pleasant, very "knowing" and accepting. Whatever you have to say is o. k. with me, and I will listen to it to see if I can really get it. My listening powers seem to be heightened. It is interesting to have four such different personalities together. Our one vote veto creates some problem in that Willa wanted to listen to Niles Deiter's tape on Shamman sounds and Merle didn't think it would appeal to him. So we didn't listen to it.

I have found in the past that this particular tape is very good with this particular material. But we listened to laser discs, and enjoyed the music very much.

I have a few good insights about the decisions that Merle should make and share them. Realizing that I don't want to tell him what to do but feel the suggestions are valid. He looks at them, and whether or not he will act on them is up to him. At least he will look at them and possibly handle them without action. This can be done with change of attitude about the problem.

The day was most pleasant and we took a brief walk. Weather perfect. Spats spent the whole day with us, only going out twice. We took her for a walk before bed, around 10:30. Usually she is out and in, in and out, like a two-year-old. This day she was content to be with us.

I began to descend around 4 and took a piece of candy. In about an hour or so I could feel the candy beginning to take effect, and it was most pleasant. Hard to describe, as it was very gentle. I felt no dragginess at all, and it was easy to clean up the dining room and kitchen while the rest watched "Dune".

Energy level remained up, and sleeping was a little difficult, but I finally fell asleep and woke up in the morning feeling "normal". Food tasted exceptionally good and watching the football game was nothing bad or good, it was just there. It wasn't a very good game, unfortunately, so we didn't have to give it all of our attention. We enjoyed talking to Merle at length. Took a walk to the rocks, and to the pond, and loved being outdoors. Merle left shortly thereafter. Very interesting and loving guy and had so much to offer but is a little stuck on himself. Self-centered, sort of.

No body effect at all, the day after. Feel really good and quite normal. Had a hard time sleeping next night though. Had just finished reading "Medicine Woman" and it got to me. Am now confused as to which path to take -- know that all paths lead to the same place but I do want to understand and be able to articulate at least one of them.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: January 11, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Merle Reel, Willa Essarry, Peggy and Fred

Background: Merle, approximately 65 years old, is a genial, somewhat large, fascinating person of greatly varied background. We met through his interest in Dr. Kempinski. He has studied Eastern religions, mystical experiences, the occult, has taken psychedelics on numerous occasions, has traveled extensively, has been married 3 times and is now single, has done many things including teaching in public schools, surveying, mining, and currently computer work. We felt a great rapport on meeting and arranged this get-together several months ago. Willa is the nurse who took care of Dr. Kempinski still lives in his house, working in the hospital part time downtown. She has shared MDMA with us on one occasion. She and Merle are good friends (not romantically).

9:02 a.m. All take 2C-T-2, Willa 10mg, Peggy 12, Fred 14, and Merle 15. Willa, Merle, and I begin to feel 9:21. By 9:39, Merle feels quite high, and I am fairly well intoxicated. Good group, wonderful start.

9:53 a.m. Willa felt the energy start in her stomach and chest area, and now feeling it in her head. It is a fluttering energy. We are all developing nicely, with good feelings, good harmony, excellent discussion. The energy continues to grow. The discussion is profound; Willa is very set in seeing everything through Eastern type teaching on the illusions of duality. Merle and I both feel she is stuck by making up such rigid rules that she denies herself joy. For example, if she desires something good, then something bad must automatically appear. She feels she must be totally free of desire. I say nothing happens except through desire.

I have some difficulty for a while staying with the conversation as I have some internal discomfort. However, I very much want to apprehend completely what is being said, and focus entirely on it. As the experience grows, a wonderful bond develops among us all. This energy is so powerful and feels so good that I have no desire whatever for internal exploration, which is the first time this has happened with me with this material. The discussion continues at an intense pace, and we are enormously enjoying the relationship. Merle keeps bringing up incidents which indicates his obsession with his sexual desire. We have a great deal of fun with each other, and at the same time are learning a great deal about each other. This seems to me to be the essence of what it's all about. Merle experiences internal imagery, and energy flowing out his hands. Merle encourages Willa to take a supplement, as he feels she needs to break through the intellectualism she is expressing. She does not wish to do so.

1:58 p.m. After unsuccessfully encouraging Willa, Merle decides to take a supplement of 5mg I join him at this time. We discuss our pros and cons of supplement. I verbalize my feeling to Willa that she may feel Merle and I have picked on her for her belief system, and may be unwilling to submit herself to further criticism under a heavier load. She denies this, but wants to ride this through, despite commenting that she has not had the transcendental type experience that she is familiar with on other materials. She finds this very friendly and euphoric and highly social, but feels an amphetamine-like push in energy. I feel

the same type of energy push in myself, and am somewhat concerned that a higher amount may increase this discomfort. I already feel in quite a good place. However, I want to see if this will happen as well as explore a new higher range for myself. It feels good to accompany Merle despite the lateness of adding a supplement.

We listen to Boito's Prologue to Mefistofele. I am profoundly moved by the music, crying deeply at the utter beauty. The others are also quite moved. Looking at Willa within, I see her in her early life as never having been given anything for herself alone or without some kind of price being demanded. It appears to me that she has built a tough shield of determination, as well as devising a system that will prevent her from feeling too much joy.

3:00 p.m. I begin to feel the sort of jittery amphetamine-like push subsiding. I smoothly glide into a higher plane of realization which is simply wonderful -- more euphoria, more vision and understanding, more peace. Merle never feels anything extra from the supplement, but believes it halted the coming down he was starting to experience.

The rest of the day was spent in great camaraderie, excellent communication, enjoying food (appetites, except for me, bordered on ravenous), and enjoying music. Later in the evening, we lay quietly listening to music. It was so beautiful and enjoyable that I felt enormously self-indulgent. I distinguished two ways of listening to Horowitz playing Chopin (superbly reproduced on Compact Disc), one just being very still and let whatever feeling wished to come up appear. I detected my reluctance to allow uncomfortable feelings to arise, and saw how I would counter them. By letting go completely, and letting come what may, the traces of negative feeling would be followed by ever-deeper euphoria and peace. Then I experimented with being the pianist, visualizing myself playing the piano and producing the music. This active participation produced powerful feelings within me, bringing out all nuances of the music. I find this a much more enjoyable way of hearing the music. Thinking about it, it seemed that I was expressing greater appreciation to the composer by being willing to more actively participate in the reproduction of the music.

Retired very peaceful, wonderful state of feeling. Sleep was very sound. Next day, felt my body was very rejuvenated, free, full of energy and euphoria. The cold which had gripped me all week had broken in the experience, my sinuses clearing out for the first time in two weeks. This has remained since the experience; I feel the cold has been completely squelched, and my head is comfortably open. Wonderful feeling of alertness, aliveness, very much in contrast to the aftermath of the 2C-P experience. My fear that an additional experience might be hard on the body and weaken my defenses was unfounded; instead, this was a very healing, rejuvenating, as well as marvelous learning experience.

Peggy had a most enjoyable experience, enjoying our friends and participating in the communication. Merle also very much enjoyed the experience and being with us, although he said that he did not experience anything very profound. Willa also enjoyed the experience, and has not yet been debriefed. Despite the absence of specific, profound insights or realizations, I can't help but feel that something very profound happened in this experience, and I have been in a remarkably good space for the 3 days following. I attribute this to what seems to me to be the very deep energy bond that we all created together.

ORAL 5-MEO-DMT AND HARMALINE SESSION
JANUARY 11, 1986

I took 100mg of harmaline in a capsule about noon after a 4-5 hour fast. 30 minutes later, I took another 50mg of harmaline and 25mg of 5-MeO-DMT, stirred up in water. I then lay down and listened to instrumental music ("Blue Danube" for a few minutes, followed by a Tangerine Dream piece, "Rubycon"). After about 15 minutes, I began to feel the typical effects of 5-MeO-DMT, gradually building emotion of solid, somewhat boiling, turbulent feeling. The onset built up for about 20-30 minutes. I began to feel like vomiting and did so several times. The physical feelings were the primary experience, along with being so overwhelmed that I could not really think many thoughts other than noting what was happening. Waves of the inner feeling would approach completely removing my awareness from the physical world, but never reached that point, as it does when I have smoked 12mg of 5-MeO-DMT.

Though the experience was quite intense, I never felt a great deal of fear, just some anxiety beforehand and during initial phase because I really did not know what would happen. Other than the above, there's not much to say about the hour, except I consciously debated whether or not to smoke 5-MeO-DMT in order to break through this "middle" level experience into a completely transcendent state as I had experienced in the past. (I had arranged to have a pipe ready with 12mg in case I found the transition too difficult to endure.) However, a combination of both the physical difficulty of asking for the pipe and of managing to smoke from a pipe, even with assistance; along with the feeling that I was surviving and would survive without harm; and the reluctance to intensify anything or to put any intention into escaping or interfering with what was already happening prevented me from ever asking for more.

I started to come "down" into more differentiated consciousness, and the first thing I felt was a powerful, aggressive sexual feeling. I had my clothes removed, and spent a long time, over an hour, writhing around, occasionally uttering phrases of one to three or four words of a very hostile and/or sexual nature. I was emotionally identified with what I said, but was aware that I did not realistically identify with it. I thought about an upcoming meeting with a powerful member of the political establishment, and felt a lot of aggressive energy surrounding the issue, in a very general way.

I remember saying I hated my sitter (a female) and God, but was quite clear that it was the sexual/maternal image of the sitter that I hated as something that I desired and felt dependent upon while resenting that I needed something I did not have within myself. The sitter encouraged me to find the power within me. It was, likewise, the image of God as the creator of a world in which I experience separation and hunger, desire, etc., and resenting this fact. I was aware that I was mainly expressing very primal feelings. They felt as if they were mostly archetypal male feelings, that were no more mine as an individual than any other man's. I had few thoughts or formed memories of my own personal life at this phase. I remember feeling excruciatingly cold for a long time, and pleading, over and over: "I'm cold and I want to be warm." My enunciation mimicked my two-year-old daughter. My sitter again told me that my "fire" was inside me, I accepted the words, hoping they would help, and, though I do not remember how, the cold feeling passed.

The next phase found me feeling physically calm and quiet. I felt thirsty often, and drank water. From time to time, erotic memories of old lovers would return in which I would recall sexual experiences that are normally unavailable to my normal waking memory. At one point I remember thinking that I could purposefully spend some time indulging myself in the pleasurable memories, but saw no point in it. It was similar to the feeling of seeing no need to smoke more medicine.

Finally, after probably four hours, I felt calm and sleepy and relatively comfortable, except that I could not find a comfortable position for my head. I had had some bodywork done the day before for an unusual intermittent mild spasm in my back, and had an adjustment done on my neck. I felt like I did not know how to hold my head. Later, I was told that I spent a lot of time on my knees supporting my upper body by the top of my head. I was also told that I was moving around so much that padding was placed between me and the nearby furniture so that I didn't hurt myself. One of the sitters also suggested that whoever takes this should trim his or her fingernails because I was scratching at myself, though there was only one small place on my elbow where the was actually broken. I was heard to say, "I want death" in a rather demonic and pleasurable tone, as I said other things, and one of the sitters said I looked as if I was possessed, though I never felt that way at all. I felt I was more an observer of a process that was happening to my body and emotions, primarily.

After over five hours. I noticed the sun was going down soon, and I got up and took a short walk outside. I felt a little unsteady on my feet, and I noticed the visual details of the natural surroundings more than usual, and there was no distortion. I felt good, though a little tired the rest of the evening, and ate well. I enjoyed the company of the other people and was in a good mood, and did not feel very "spacy" or emotionally drained to any degree. I was awake much of the night, but spent part of the next afternoon in a park with my wife and daughter, feeling more energy than I would the day after an MDMA session.

My back problem was noticeably better during the next week, but worsened again after a few days. I really cannot definitely attribute the change to the session since I had been getting treatment, but the problem certainly not worse. I felt noticeably less anxious about meeting the political figure, which was a positive change, but the emotional issue of power is certainly not resolved. I essentially had a normal, but busy week, especially on the second and third days afterward, with plenty of energy to do what needed doing.

I do not feel that taking a higher dose of the 5-MeO-DMT orally would necessarily have pushed me through to the transcendent state achieved by smoking because the onset was so slow. I'm sure that some dose could be taken to achieve that, but getting there could be quite a bit more horrendous than my experience. For this reason, I don't think I'll repeat this combination, since the benefits, though real, were only moderately substantial. However, for someone suffering from some psychological conflict such as depression, this kind of experience could result in difficult but major progress due to the emotional energies of sexuality and aggression that were released. I do think I will probably try taking 150mg of harmaline orally and then smoking 12mg of 5-MeO-DMT after 30-60 minutes. I also think, on the advice of a friend, that I would do some deep breathing during the intensely difficult parts to move the energy through me more fluidly, though I'm not sure what would happen.

Log Record:

9:00AM Monday – October 14, 1985 – Kalapana, HI.

2CB - Outer Sanctuary

Vera 16 mg. - Nolan 14 mg

To refresh your memory, you had given us a total of 36 mg of 2CB – 20 mg for Vera, 16mg for Nolan.

We both tend to be very sensitive to the specific sympathetic neural action of drugs with that characteristic. In past experiments with MDMA, on certain occasions above 100 mg, we found ourselves experiencing a kind of sympathetic overload which was ultimately irrelevant and distracting to our psychedelic aims. Therefore, with these considerations in mind, we decided to go conservative on our first experiment with this, to us, unknown substance.

It would of course be extreme folly to think we could say anything conclusive after only one experiment with any of these complex substances. All we can do is attempt to give you a few of our initial impressions:

One, we liked it very much! We experienced some mild but unproblematic sympathetic action - far far less than MDMA. We found the general quality and intensity of the energy very smooth flowing, in fact it felt like we could have easily channeled considerably more. The energy felt to us like sort of an extension of MDMA, with many of the same characteristics of heightened interpersonal emotional-warmth, empathy, and communication, and enhanced sensory-somatic awareness, but of a more intensified psychedelic quality. Even with the small dose that we took it was clear that 2CB accessed more visionary material, whether with eyes closed or interacting with the external sensory environment. Although stronger than MDMA, our visionary perceptions were relatively mild by our experience. Our feeling is that we didn't take a sufficient enough dose to access near the full potential of this very intriguing energy.

But we were anything but disappointed. It was a very relaxed "easy going" pleasant experience on the deck and lawn of our outer sanctuary - merging with the soft sweet grass-earth body, bathing in the penetrating healing rays of the tropical sun, tempered by the gentle trade winds, talking and sharing our experience, sharing warm fond feelings for Sasha and Ann – we loved it!

There was one aspect of the experience that was considerably different for us than we were expecting. Whereas with MDMA we both tended to become very erotically stimulated, making love for hours, with 2CB neither of us felt erotic in the least. When we tried making love, Nolan was vaginally desensitized, in fact almost anesthetized, she could hardly feel Vera inside of her, and he too was desensitized, although not to the same degree??? We wonder if this would change with a bigger dose?

With MDMA we tended to find a definite kind of emotional letdown quality to the experience starting around 3-4 hours which seemed to be connected with what we also felt as uncomfortable sympathetic symptoms. We noticed none of this syndrome with 2CB, and thus re-entry was very smooth and pleasant. That evening and the next day we felt very good energy with none of the extreme tiredness and anorexia that we always felt off of MDMA.

We both feel very positive about 2CB and would like to have the opportunity to explore it further. We have felt the need for a more interpersonal energy to compliment the intense transpersonal energy of LSD. 2CB feels very good to us on that level.

Log Record:

9:00 AM Saturday – October 19, 1985 – Kalapana, HI.
 2C–T–2 - Outer Sanctuary - Inner Sanctuary Vera
 Vera 15 mg – Nolan 12 mg.

You had given us a total of 33 mg of 2C–T–2, 18 mg for Vera and 15 mg for Nolan. Once again, even though we felt like we had under dosed on 2CB, we decided to play it a little conservative, entering from the shallow end and getting a feel for this energy.

You're talking much stronger medicine here. As with 2CB we started in the morning on the deck of the outer sanctuary. It became obvious within about an hour that this was going to be a somewhat different quality and intensity of energy with more dissolving of the ego structure. It was a very windy morning and by about 1½ hours it became enough of a distraction for Vera that he moved into the inner sanctuary, Nolan stayed out on the deck. From there we had no contact with one another for about the next 3 hours, that is until about 4-4½ hours of the session. At about 4hrs. Vera came out of the inner sanctuary and we had some verbal communications about our experience to that point. We discovered that we apparently had different levels and types of experience, due, we're guessing, to the differences in dose and setting. We'll each describe our own experience:

Nolan -

At about 45 minutes after ingestion a strong and familiar energy began to slowly envelop my being. My ordinary ego structure was loosening and a gradual sensitizing of my somatic nerve endings was taking place. In short – I was turning on. It felt strong enough that I lay down and called forth certain meditation techniques for centering the surges which were now quite psychedelic with eyes closed. I released to the flow and then sat up at about 1½ hours experiencing wonderful somatic sensations. No doubt now I was definitely turned on, turned on in a very unique way, so integratable. I felt fantastic - intrinsically happy! Vera was in the inner sanctuary and I didn't want to possibly interrupt him, but it felt like interpersonal contact would have been exquisite. The most heightened sensory phenomena was tactile. Everything I touched felt like molten silk - epidermal ecstasy! My body felt very erotic and slow movement felt good. I got up and walked a short distance but as a strong numbing of my fingertips occurred I sat back down taking that as a sign that I was perhaps going to go beyond sensory-motor functions, but that never happened. At 3hrs I went out on the lawn and did a few minutes of Tai Chi. Then for the next hour a sort of primal vocal energy was spontaneously coming thru me. I found myself making loud instinctive sounds and chants - uncontrollable vocal ejaculations – a wonderful release! After this stage, at about 4 hours, although still very energized, I felt the energy beginning to descend. I felt a strong erotic potential at this point but because I was in a fertile day of my cycle we abstained. With the first stage of re-entry, from 6-8hrs., my body resisted somewhat the transition by becoming a little kinky and achy, but that passed by 9 hours and all went very smoothly thereafter.

This subsequent week I have definitely noticed a general amplification of positive energy and integrated emotional equilibrium leaving me feeling very good about my meeting with this magical substance. Both 2C–T–2 and 2CB appear to open up profound possibilities for me which I want to share with you!

Although we have lived it together for 18 years, in all honesty the "Psychedelic Yoga" LSD Sacramental vision (see essay we enclosed) has primarily come thru Vera - a vision I deeply honor and share to the level I am capable and one which has, and continues, to spiritually transform and enrich my life immeasurably. But the simple fact is that high LSD energy is an awesome energy to channel, for me, or for anybody. Vera is very unique in his relationship to LSD as Yogic Sacrament in which he can perennially channel and integrate that energy at very high levels. I have never been able to receive that Grace at the levels and frequent occasions he does, and for years we have been looking and hoping for a milder more manageable psychedelic Sacrament for me, another Sacrament that I could receive on a regular basis without being shattered. Such a Sacramental connection cannot be fabricated but must come from the Heart - a connection that is my Hearts desire - and I feel my Heart rejoice in the Sacramental Hope of 2C-T-2 and 2CB. Only further experience can ultimately confirm my Hearts Intuition, but hope springs eternal in the Heart of Gratitude.

Love, Nolan

Vera -

At around 1-1½ hours I was finding the strong outdoor winds distracting so I went into the quiet of the inner sanctuary. For the next three hours I sat quietly in the half-lotus meditation posture, centering and focusing the energy in various ways using psychedelic navigational techniques I've developed from my moderate dose LSD work. I spent time with eyes closed, channeling visceral energy from the "NeuroSomatic" interoceptive heart and respiratory circuits. After a while, still with eyes closed, I channeled the visceral energies up the spine into cerebral visionary patterns and rhythms. These were not the pristine symmetrical mandalic visionary patterns and archetypes of deep "NeoCortical" ecstasy, but earlier stage soft glowing neon phosphorescent energy flows that also permeated the room with eyes open. The multicolored lava rock walls of the inner sanctuary glowed and pulsed to the neuroelectrical rhythm and my somatic boundaries melted into the soft oriental rug design.

At about 4 hours, as you indicated, I began to feel the energy descending and I came out of the inner sanctuary and reunited with Nolan, who I discovered was having a much more exteroceptive level of sensory-kinesthetic experience. I seemed to return thru this level of experience between 5-8 hours. At this point I began to feel a very enhanced erotic potential, but since Nolan was possibly fertile and good lovin' makes babies, we abstained. My re-entry was smooth other than I did experience a mild headache around 8 hours. that persisted until I went to bed. The next day and thereafter I have felt very good energy from the experience.

I found the general quality of the energy to be higher and more refined than 2CB, a stronger psychedelic energy with more frontier for exploration - a smoother more manageable mescaline type energy. As with 2CB I felt I could have channeled considerably more of this energy and that I did not take a sufficient enough dose to experience the full potential of this magic molecule. But I definitely got a sense and feel for the energy which was my principle aim in this initial experiment.

I am very enthusiastic about this psychedelic and I hope to have the opportunity to explore it further.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: February 10, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participant: Nigel Himmons, Odetta Dipalma, Peggy and Fred

Background: Nigel is a psychologist, 65, who in the early years had lots of psychedelics. He developed the nude marathon in water, where he developed effective techniques based on breathing, bio-energetics, and massage to get people to release repressed feelings. He has done quite a bit of work with Porter. Although he has a deep spiritual center and orientation, he has lots of problems. In addition to a very poor self-image, he is powerful, controlling, pedantic, and a poor listener. We met he and Odetta at a Bartholomew workshop a year ago in our home. Odetta is 43; they have been involved in a relationship for 8 years. When we met them, it was very destructive, full of much anger and resentment. Peggy and I spent some time with them which they felt was helpful. They used MDMA together for a while which considerably helped their relationship, but Nigel was still demanding and smothering, and Odetta not strong enough to break away. They wanted an experience with us, but I referred them to Quest, with whom they had several good experiences. Finally, Odetta, who has a practice specializing in empowering women, finally broke away on her own, and wanted freedom. Nigel was devastated, but in a 2C-B experience they had with Quest, Nigel saw that he had to let her go. This enormously improved their relationship. Nigel kept after me for scheduling an experience, and I felt the time was right, and agreed on the basis that he would make a contribution to our research.

They arrived Sunday afternoon, February 9, and we spent the better part of the afternoon and evening reviewing their situation. They are both committed to the relationship. Odetta has made enormous progress since we saw her a year ago, having developed considerable strength in freeing herself from Nigel's smothering and establishing herself in her own right. She is much freer and outgoing, has learned a great deal, and is functioning very well. Nigel's willingness to free her has deepened her love for him. Nigel feels he has made a real turnaround, and wants to pursue greater self-knowledge. He has remarkable, high level experiences, where God talks to him profoundly. He always records his sessions, transcribes them, and delights in sharing his insights and the beautiful poetry that comes to him. I asked him to consider not recording this session, as the point we would work on is his expressing himself out of his own center, live, rather than reviewing and studying recordings. I also confronted him rather powerfully on some basic decisions, as I perceive him as accumulating a great deal of knowledge without acting on it. Example: I asked him whether he believed the transmissions he had been getting. He hemmed and hawed and finally said, yes, he did. Then I asked him point blank why he had to keep going back and getting confirming transmissions, when he already had the data to act on. Just before starting the next morning, I got agreement from both of them that they would use whatever they learned from this experience to raise the level of aliveness on the planet. While they are both already committed to this, I wanted our agreement verbalized.

9:48 a.m. All take 2C-T-2, Fred and Peggy 14 mg, Nigel and Odetta 16 mg Peggy and Odetta begin to feel the energy in about 1/2 hour; Odetta feels unbalanced, with less energy flowing through her right side than her left. Nigel feels vulnerable.

As the material comes on, Nigel begins to shake and experience intense feelings. He is quite uncomfortable, and cannot shake his feeling of being separate. I feel he very much needs my support, and stay steadily with him, to the point of ignoring the others. Odetta is doing beautifully, expanding nicely, full of life and beauty. She and Peggy get along very well, so I continue to concentrate on Nigel, simply holding things steady so he can work through whatever is bothering him. at times he was full of tremendous fear, and I maintained a reassuring steadiness. At times he would look deeply into my eyes, and I simply held a steady mirror for him to look into. His

feeling of separation was desperate, and I asked him what he really wanted. This he later reported was very meaningful to him, to force him to make up his mind. I also ask him what he is mad at, which he found very beneficial to examine.

11:39 a.m. Peggy and Odetta take 3 mg more of 2C-T-2; Nigel is quite happy with what he has, as am I. I am holding well, not experiencing any negativity or difficulty in being whatever is required for Nigel, Peggy and Odetta find extra energy coming on almost immediately. I ask Nigel what he is afraid of. He replies, lots of things. I ask him what he fears most. It is going insane. I tell him to imagine that this living room is a padded cell; I will be the padding and prevent him from doing anything destructive. Therefore he is free to do whatever he wished. Nigel begins to yell and scream like a madman. He removes his teeth, and continues to release deep feelings. He ends up heaving into a bucket; nothing comes up but he has some deep heaves. He says he is vomiting up himself. After this he feels much relieved. He looks in a mirror and finds himself very beautiful. I begin to feel like we could both use a supplement now, and announce that I am going to take one. He decides to join me. I ask him how much; he says whatever I say. I light into him on how can he turn such a vital decision over to me. He decides on 3 mg.

12:24 p.m. Nigel takes 3 mg 2C-T-2; I take 5 mg I feel almost immediately, very smooth and uplifting. We play Boito's Prologue to Mefistofele. We are all deeply moved by the music. Nigel becomes Mefistofele and plays him beautifully, which gestures, facial expressions, and a rich singing voice, singing high level, poetic truths. He is enjoying himself. He says now that he is on the side of God, he wants another supplement. Peggy pipes up, "You can't do it with drugs." I was glad to hear her speak up. He doesn't. We developed extremely high energy, and a wonderful bond of closeness. I have felt very inspired and confident throughout the day, and am immensely pleased with the way things are going. As we are all holding each other, Nigel has a final break-through. He experiences his heart as the heart of God, and the same One Heart for all humanity, feeling all joy, all sorrow, all feelings of everyone. He realizes that he is the creator, and has created everything. For the next hour he enormously enjoys being Source - creating the mountains, nature, people, as well as himself. Everything falls into place for him; for the first time he experiences himself as Source. He is absolutely delighted, ecstatic. We are all full of joy with his break-through, and are all filled with love. Nigel is enormously grateful, as she has been wanting to see this happen for years. She has always had confidence in his inner goodness, and is so happy to see Nigel manifest in it.

The rest of the day has gone beautifully, a marvelous descent, full of happiness and love. Nigel literally feels reborn. We agree to preserve the new world, and not go back.

I cannot help but reflect, as I review the day's events, that I have performed very creatively, beyond any previous capacity, and that working for money has had a much deeper impact that I realized. It not only produces a lot of self-satisfaction, but seems to have helped call out the best in me. I am also aware that I am function at a much higher degree of honesty and self-confidences, which I owe to Raula and Joah for their good work with me three weekends previous.

In the evening, I began to feel quite tired. I wanted to focus us in more on getting back into the real world, but didn't have the awareness and energy to do this creatively. Also, even though feeling this was important for Nigel, as I feel it is the area where he most needs to grow, I didn't want to affect his new -found joy. I slept like a log that night, and was still tired and languid the next day. This is the first time that 2C-T-2 has not been completely rejuvenating for me, but I realized that we had done a lot of hard work with Nigel. We spent a good morning debriefing, and Nigel and Odetta expressed their gratitude for an outstanding day. Nigel has a supply of Freddie, and I encouraged he and Odetta to get some experience working with other key people. Nigel is very interested in keeping up with events in our field, and will keep up informed of his and Odetta's progress.

2C-T-8, taken on 2-17-86, by Ann S., at new level of 43 mgs.

Taken at approximately 7:20 p.m. at the end of a busy and quite stressful day (month's shopping for the cave). Health good and state of mind, by that time, aggressive and negative with overlay of humor, the negativity being temporary and known to be so.

Alert at about ½ hour. By one hour, fully aware of having taken a chemical. By the end of 2 hours, felt myself at about 2½ +. By end of 3 hours, was aware of being +3. Barely but definitely. Speculating that 45 mgs. Was a nice round number for future +3 seekers.

General effect: For the first two hours, as is the case with 20 mgs. of 2C-T-2, for instance, I rocked in place and felt quite happy, not trying to "do" anything useful or expected, but watching some excellent programs on TV, such as Plant Earth, but enjoying them thoroughly. Later, after the plateauing of the 3rd hour, I sat at the typewriter and felt the energy and the opening of the particular kind of thinking-connection that I associated with 2C-T-2. Felt very strong, fully into my own energy, capable of being aggressive if I decided to, very good humored and completely anchored to earth.

The effect was, in general, like the best of 2C-T-2, which is my favorite material to date. And I would not hesitate to go higher although with the usual respect for caution.

The dropping off was extremely gentle and subtly. When I went to bed, at about 2:30 (?) a.m., I felt for a while that I would not be able to allow myself to sleep, since the tendency to go completely out of conscious body was quite strong, and although I am used to sleeping well at +1.5, allowing sleep at 2.5+ is not a habit I've developed. However, before I could get up and continue happily writing, as intended, I fell asleep. Slept thoroughly, well, and woke up the next day with good energy and willingness to get on with the day.

No sleep problems, no body problems (but take care; a naive person would probably react to this with immense discomfort re the energy charge, which is considerable); no next-day problems. Like it very much, as much as 2C-T-2, so far.

ALLAD EXPERIENCE
February 8, 1986

I took 160 µg at about 11AM on an empty stomach and lay down to listen to a hypnotic relaxation tape and instrumental music with eyeshades and headphones. The onset was very gradual over two to three hours. Around two hours, I was feeling a general altered state with some visual distortion similar to LSD, but mild. I had been thinking about recent stressful events in my life and current projects in a richer than usual way. The music was experienced more intensely than usual, but nothing dramatic was happening to me. I decided that this was about as intense as it was going to get, so I decided to lie down in the living room with others.

The experience continued to intensify over the next hour, in intermittent waves. At times I remember having to verify that I was actually in the room, instead of totally caught up in the music, and I would feel more in the reality of the music than the room sometimes. I was unable to coherently process any of my experience, and was content to let it be in control. There was never any fear or panic. I felt almost completely confused in a quiet way several times, and found myself laughing to very unusual and abstract music a little.

Earlier, I had become irritated by some music that reminded me of popular music, and said to the sitter, "Is this a Joke?" in a very blunt way. Later, hearing some music that was more intense and strange, I thought of saying the same, as did one of the sitters, and we Joked about the earlier comment. I said that I was too intimidated by the current music to ask if it was a Joke. He said, "Experience intimidation!" in a Joking manner, and then my wife, also sitting, said, "Get into intimidation!" That bothered me, and, not wanting to feel intimidated, I threw what I thought was going to be a sprinkle of water on her from the cup I was holding. The cup was actually about half full, and most of the water hit her in the face, surprising and shocking her quite a bit more than I consciously intended. She firmly said she did not like that and told me I had broken the "structure" of no physical violence.

we were quiet for a while, and I went back and forth from feeling badly and embarrassed to feeling like I was Justified, though none of the feelings were particularly strong or troubling. we had some intimate contact within a half hour and resolved the incident between us.

Not long afterward, I felt irritated again by some popular sounding music, but another person having a session said they liked it, so I chose not to veto it. I began to be more worried about my being so irritable and intolerant, and decided to go back to a bedroom and be by myself, around 3-4 hours after ingestion. I was definitely less affected than I had been at the peak, between 2-3 hours, and felt cognitively pretty normal, and emotionally normal, except for this background sense of not liking my interpersonal behavior.

Soon after being alone, I started to feel worse as I tried to gain some insight and relief from my negative attitude. I partly related it to having to confront people who have openly opposed the work I do at an upcoming meeting. Finally, I started praying out of a desperate wanting to shift my perspective. My prayer was mainly, "Teach me to pray," and I cried fairly hard during this time. I began to feel calmer, and more positive thoughts about how to deal with the people at the meeting started coming to me, though I was still afraid to go out into the group. I was afraid that my hopelessness would bother them, and they would feel an aversion to me. I eventually went back out, maybe around 5 hours, and the rest of the day was spent pleasantly and smoothly.

I took 2.5 grams of l-tryptophan to sleep, and slept pretty well, waking twice. In talking about the session that night before going to sleep, with my wife, and again the next morning with others, more of the sad feelings welled up, and I felt it all pretty resolved by noon. I developed allergic/cold symptoms with a lot of tearing in one eye and a runny nose, and today, two days later, had to take cold remedies to be able to work. I did not feel any drained feeling like I had had a psychoactive drug the two days after, but did feel a little tired from the cold, though had plenty of energy to do a full day of busy work.

I felt like all of the therapeutic experiences took place when I was mostly "down" from the ALLAD's effects. The only other time I have had ALLAD I took half the dose, and found it mild, but that doors to somewhat repressed feelings were definitely opened up in a similar way to the latter part of this experience. It, therefore, seems to me, that doses over, say, 100 µg, may not be that useful. There was very little transcendent quality to the experience, except at very brief moments when I did some directed meditation on certain thoughts, when a definite clear and very conscious separation from the world around me as well as my thought and feelings took place. There were no profound meanings beheld by much of anything, though the praying was quite intense. There was no real euphoria or deep positive mood, either.

I do not know if or what sort of lasting benefit I have gained at this point, but I am very distracted by my cold and the cold remedies still.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: February 28, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Hudson Edson, Peggy and Fred; Keira Edson standing by

Background: Hudson has a lot of serious physical problems -- chronic sore throat, muscle tensions - and consumes a lot of alcohol which is a real threat to his relationship to Keira. While he has made substantial progress since his retirement 3 years ago, he still is very much out of touch with his feelings, and suffers a lot from fear and doubt. He has been concentrating on developing creativity, and has done some very creative things, but has allowed a magical view to overcome his rationality. The recent failure of the capsule business, in which he hired his two daughters away from good jobs, has been a real blow. We had several days of intense discussion, in which I worked hard to get him to see his position clearly and the kind of choices he needs to make to solve his difficulties. He is extremely invested in his own way and doesn't like to have his perceptions altered. I refused to have a session with him until he agreed to commit himself to improve his own life and use what he learned that we would eliminate self-deception to the extent that we were able, and that he would stay present in the group, rather than go off to himself and into his inner experience as he always has in the past.

8:17 a.m. Peggy takes 12 mg 2C-T-2, Hudson and Fred take 12 mg each. Comes on slowly and smoothly. As we get into it, I spend several hours in intense discussion with Hudson while Peggy relates to Keira. Everyone handles the material well; Hudson does not have the bodily discomfort he has with 2C-B, but his throat bothers him and sometimes his legs hurt. He stays present, as promised. Then we spent the rest of the time together as a group.

2 p.m. Hudson says that he now sees that he is shortening his life, and wants to change this around. I ask him what he is going to do to accomplish this. He wants to speak only in generalities, avoiding specifics. I feel it important to keep pressing him to think about specific decisions and actions and have him share them, but he is tired and wants to rest. Keira feels that it is time for him to integrate, as we have covered lots of ground. I yield to her perceptiveness (she has been right with us throughout the experience, with excellent perception), as she is the one to live with him and I realize that my enthusiasm for my new-found approach may be dulling my perception of how much Hudson can take. The rest of the day was spent in handing out and being easy with each other, and enjoying the space of the descent. We all found this an excellent working material, and feel that a lot got accomplished.

In the subsequent two days that the Edsons were with us, Hudson was quite introspective, and I am concerned that he cannot bring himself to clear-cut decisions for action. Keira thinks that he has gotten more than ever from this experience, and that she will help reinforce what he has learned. Hudson is bright, and he no doubt learned a great deal about relationships, integrity, his own defense mechanisms, and what he can do to make his life better and Keira's life better. I feel that his unwillingness to acknowledge much of this may be an indication of the limit to which he will go. On the other hand, on his own and free from pressure, he may put a great deal of it together for his own and Keira's benefit. Time will tell. I found this an extremely tiring experience, as it seemed that Hudson gave very little back, and it has taken several days to recover. I saw mid-session that there are a lot of traps in being a helper, and having a clear-cut fee arrangement eliminates many of them.

Hi Sasha,

I took a low dose of 2CT2 at 7:50 this morning. It's now 1 PM & I'm still a little woozy but almost normal. In any case, I'm well enough to sit in front of my word processor. My problem with drug trips these days is that I have an ideal--ADAM--& try to fit others into its procrustean bed. So I deliberately went to sleep very late last night, & I then for comfortable this morning in bed with my headset & music. Unfortunately, 2CT2 is fairly activating, so I felt restless. But I didn't feel steady enough to get into any major physical activity like gardening, so I alternated between restless sleep & wandering around the house.

If all this sounds like a bad trip, no it wasn't that. I had some interesting ideas & for the most part have been glad you let me try it. But if ADAM is a 10 & a Reagan State of the Union Address a 0, this rates somewhere in the middle. My guess is that I'll be very happy tomorrow that I tried 2CT2.

Let's get together soon.

Love,
Parker

By 2:30 I felt normal and began nibbling on some food. At about 5 I developed a headache that persisted through the night. I almost never get headaches, so I'm sure it was drug-related. Is 2CT2 an MAOI? (The food seemed safe - salad, coffee, bread, pizza with fresh cheese, apple juice.)

FLEA

7-86

7:00PM

228mg, AS THE BASE, IN A CAPSULE
 \cong 140 MDMA Salt

7:40 [:40] Alert

7:50 [:50] +1 } NOT THE USUAL RAPID RISE OF MDMA - - MORE OF A "JUMP".

8:00 [1:00] +2 } AGAIN A "JUMP" - A SURPRISE EACH TIME I NOTICE IT'S
HAPPENED

ANOREXIC. HAS THE "CONE OF SILENCE" EFFECT THAT I LIKE ABOUT
 MDMA. NO VISUALS EYES CLOSED/EYES OPEN, BUT HAS THE
 BRIGHTNESS OF COLORS OF MDMA. URINATION FEELS GOOD. OVERALL,
 THE SAME AS MDMA!!

11:00 [4:00] +- NEAR BASELINE +2 WAS THE MAXIMUM REACHED
SEX VERY GOOD12:00 [5:00] TEETH CLENCH NOTICEABLE NOW!
POOR, RESTLESS SLEEP.**ONLY DIFFERENCES FROM MDMA**

- (1) ONSET TOOK LONGER, THEN "JUMPED"
- (2) LASTS SLIGHTLY LONGER
- (3) NO TEETH CLENCH UNTIL AFTER BASELINE

FLEA
(CON'T)

3-11-86

6:45PM 120mg EQUIVALENTS OF MDMA.
TAKEN AS A SOLUTION IN HCL.
THE AMOUNT IS APPROXIMATE - I SPLIT A 240mg EQUIVALENT BY
'GUESSTIMATE'.

7:10PM [:25] +1 VERY RAPID RISE - NO JUMP
7:25PM [:40] +1+ STEADY RISE
7:45PM [1:00] +2-
8:00PM [1:15] +2- TEETH CLENCH!!! NOT BAD BUT NOTICEABLE

10:45PM [4:00] +1-

11:45PM [5:00] BASELINE SLEPT FINE.

FELT THE SAME AS MDMA AGAIN - HOWEVER THE PROGRESSION WAS DIFFERENT.
THIS MAY BE DUE TO THE FACT IS WAS INGESTED AS THE SALT THIS TIME.

11-16-85
2CD
30MG @ 8:25

- [:30] *little shaky, stomach & swallower awareness
funny eyes - blind spot?*
- [1:] *planer-visual - large*
- [1:30] *lots of stimulation - somewhat jangly
not entirely physically pleasant
visual "there" not too interesting
slow to change focus
right hand cold, left hot
hearing seems unusually acute
easily distracted - one line of thought to another
unfocused stimulation*
- [2:] *5 more mg*

2-8-86
20 mg 2CD
@7:20
+5mg @ about 2 hours

*Butterflies in stomach whole time. OK
This is about the right level*

*In retrospect, not too interesting. (Where's the window?) Primarily a
stimulant. Positive experience @ 25 mg range. More seems too stimulating.*

*Good energy next day - no sense of having had an experience the day before
(either physical or mental)
Sleep OK*

Water-painting

3-25-86 2CT-8

1:00PM 30 mg. Bad taste, worse smell

1:40PM maybe awareness

1:55PM alert stomach settling itself - my usual

2:10PM taking on definite character - visual undefined, but there

2:15PM Heat in the stomach, some burning in the throat, esophagus. Not unpleasant.
Diuretic, I think.
Flavor of belches true to original.

2:40PM I like it

2:55PM 6mg. Is that taste garlic/DMSO?
As bad as Freddy in its own way.

3:22PM elevation taste wasn't improved

4:00PM great level to paint, etc. Wouldn't hesitate to take a little more next time. This is enough for no one to talk to, etc.

4:15PM Diuretic. Do I have 8 hours of belches of this flavor to look forward to? Seems unreasonable.

Manual dexterity good. This is about how I always write while lying down.
Up close (concentration) visual goes away.

4:45PM Picture finished. Body rather warm, prickly. Wouldn't mind fooling around.

4:55PM Still have a sense of having the chemical in my stomach. Not nausea, but mildly unpleasant. Feedback on the palate. Apple juice is not camouflaging.

5:05PM Small cheese & crackers. Tastes good. Anything better than the feedback (on palate)
Music (torturing myself with Mahler) has a depth reminiscent of marijuana. Also spelling.

10:15PM Maybe starting to comes down.

11:35PM Slowing down.

1:30AM ~~Read~~Tired enough to go to bed, but watching movie.

2:20AM Bed

About 4:00AM Sleep

In retrospect, I think it wasn't diuretic. Frequency of urination, but not much volume. Possibly nerves during onset of new material.
Character like 2CT2, maybe onset smoother, not quite as stimulating.
This is a good one.

Saturday, March 22, 1986
1:35PM CT 90mg of FLEA or MMH
No Supplement

We took the material diluted with water, standing in our usual circle, wishing each other a good journey.

Material tastes terrible: like grapefruit juice that has stayed in a can too long.

Talking and visiting with members of the group, I noticed no alerts, but realized, about 2:00PM, that I was well launched into the experiment.

There was no nausea - no feeling of difficulty in swallowing at any time during the day. I felt a dry mouth and thirsty - sipped water throughout the day.

2:30PM The usual MDMA "Cleansing".

About the same time, I noticed the feeling of irritation in the lining of the skin in the left rib cage. (I have noted this feeling several times recently with MDMA - variously located in chest - possibly muscular.)

The day was pleasant - I floated from conversation to conversation. I felt some feeling of confusion and at times found it hard to talk and to remember words. The things I intended to ask about and talk about were forgotten.

At the beginning of the experiment, there was a glimmer of the MDMA warmth and feeling of comradeship, but generally, I felt separate and isolated. There was no feeling of anxiety - I was just floating around, seeing the beauty of colors and objects in the house and outdoors and listening to first this conversation and that one.

I felt isolated from Neil. He wanted to go inward - felt tired from the weeks' activities. I wanted to be sociable. We had been on different wave lengths all week.

Time was unimportant - I had to look and see what time it was when the rest of the group took supplements. Driving home, I was surprised it was so early.

Colors, Textures, Sounds, Smells and Tastes were all enhanced

Introspection was not clear as it is in MDMA but was dream-like e.g. I could not remember. At least I did not beat myself up.

There was only the slightest hint of my MDMA headache and I only noticed it on the drive home.

Slight appetite at 6:00PM+/-.

Left by 7:15PM and felt essentially base line.

Drove Umar home. Noticed some enhancement of lights in S.F. and Richmond.

After Shower and Aspirin, went to bed at 8:30PM. Noticed some eyes closed visuals e.g. bright colors. No real desire to make love. I slept well until 1:30AM. I was awake awhile, reviewing the experience, then went back to sleep and slept soundly until 6:00AM.

I felt compelled to write up the experience. Felt rested and had good energy all day.

Notes written at 10:30AM March 23

In retrospect, there was a hypnotic aspect to the day - great suggestibility, e.g. Plotting to resign my job at PSC at Ann's suggestion that I find a job elsewhere.

As we were leaving, Fern mentioned that I didn't look as wiped out as usual. I noticed and felt that too. I am unable to access if this was due to the material, the light amount of the material or due to my recent growth from my work association - not taking things so personally and not being so self conscious.

I found the material pleasant - I was happy with the amount took but would not be afraid to take more or to take a supplement. I found it similar but not the same as MDMA.

Dear Sasha and Ann,

March 24th, 1986

Here is the straight poop on Adam's Hadam.

- 1:35PM 110mg. God awful taste. Will never be accepted!
- 1:45PM A quick alert, similar to Adam.
- 1:55PM Strong awareness. Seemingly located in head and not overall in the body but unable to define it. Seemed much more intense than Adam.
- 2:15PM Quite strong with an adam touch to it.
- 2:30PM Probably peaking. Seemed to stimulant talking. Noted some confusion when I was talking to you. Not unlike adam in this case. Didn't feel quite as close with people as with adam, but it may be because of the larger group.
- 3:00PM Supplement of 40mg equivalent. Began to prefer to be alone. It was very easy to relax with this material and let it take over. Had considerable nystagmus.
- >3:00PM Let it take over and be introspective. Almost went to sleep but not quite. I was unable to organize thoughts sequentially in the introspection as I can with adam. However, it took me some years to be able to organize and use my thoughts with adam. The introspection was very pleasant (as in a pleasant escape).
- >4:00PM Probably had had the second plateau (it seemed to stay up there for quite a while). I noticed that I felt quite tired. It had been a busy week and several times I did imbibe too much!
- >5:00PM Coming down pleasantly. No jaw clench, nor were there any twitching leg muscles.
- >5:30PM Began to get hungry. Had breads, liver pate, spinach dip, crackers, and soup. Obviously I wasn't too hungry. Champagne tasted good, but had no wine.
- 6:30PM No more than +1/2 if that. I had no trouble driving home. Lights did not bother me. Umar started to talk about his use of CaMg supplements to decrease the twitching that patients have. When I got home, I tried some Calcium lactate that Clare had around. I didn't twitch at all; but on the other hand, I had not been twitching during the experiment. I wonder if there is any basis to the use of calcium or magnesium or it is some type of placebo effect. I certainly would be surprised if it had a real physiological effect in this case.
- Later I was really tired by the time I got home. Took a shower and landed quickly in bed. The first part of the night was somewhat restless. After 2:00AM, I had almost no trouble sleeping.

Next Day Got up around 7:00AM. Had full breakfast of egg omelet with mushrooms, red peppers, chayote, and other crunchies; and with 2 pieces of toast. Had plenty of energy for the day. However, didn't do anything strenuous. Just played with my data base and Clare's.

A commentary about this stuff:

The material seemed to cause an adam like parallel activity in me. It peaked fairly rapidly and then maintained a plateau for a while. The peak seemed near 1-1-1/2 hours after start. The peak intensity was near +2 or greater. I was quite surprised at the intensity of the effect. It seemed to be a stimulant in talking. I'm not so sure it was as effective in enabling one to become totally close with everyone. The supplement caused the plateau to be maintained for quite a while, just like in adam. After the supplement I seemed to be become much more introspective; for me, this often happens though the degree of inwardness seemed to be more intense. Unlike adam, the thought process was uncoordinated.

I did have a pleasurable feeling throughout the whole experience. Also I had no body problems and no indications of twitches before took Umar's suggestion on Ca.

I would not hesitate to take this material again. As I said before, the intensity was surprising and not really necessary for the experience. I would try it at 100mg equivalent rather than 110mg. I might even consider 90mg with a 30mg supplement.

The material is certainly very parallel to adam, but there are points of dissimilarity. I would not hesitate to do it again especially with a smaller group in order to obtain more data.

Congratulations to you and Alan on this! Patent it. I loved it!

Love,

Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-13 AND 2C-T-2

Date: March 17, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Raul Casso, J. Aiken, Peggy and Fred

Background: We are looking for an ideal combination for group work such as the Los Gatos Intensive. MDMA is ideal but illegal; 2C-T-2 was good, but some people including staff members, had some trouble with it. From our first test of 2C-T-13, it seemed this would be a smooth, non-threatening starter, which might pave the way for a more stable, above-the-line 2C-T-2. Our first experiment with 30mg seemed light, so we agreed on 40mg for this trial. We had set forth our intentions the evening before: Raul, to feel more in his hands; J, to sense the signals his body is sending him; Fred, more aliveness and freedom from certain loads producing tiredness; Peggy to experience more deeply her center.

8:25AM All take 40mg 2C-T-13 on empty stomach. Develops nicely, good feeling. About one hour in, Peggy gets nauseous; J somewhat. Peggy feels she abuses her stomach with too much food and drink. I start to move in on this, but Raul holds me off, does some body work on Peggy which pulls her through the discomfort.

J goes outside to smoke a cigarette; I follow him and ask how he's going to get body signals through the nicotine haze. He agrees to try a test by going without. Raul gives it to him straight, saying he is killing himself. I wonder if there is a correlation between his smoking as a doctor and his malpractice suits. We discuss doctoring. Raul is amazingly perceptive. J agrees to stop smoking, and wants to attend an intensive.

10:56AM We feel the 2C-T-13 has been effective in putting us in a good space, enhancing communication. It feels like not much more is going to happen in depth, so we agree at this point to move on into the 2C-T-2. Not having ever had this combination, and with some of Joah's staff finding 10.5mg of 2C-T-2 excessive following another compound, we had agreed beforehand to go light, and supplement if necessary. J, Raul, and Fred take 6mg of 2C-T-2; Peggy is happy where she is with the 13mg, feeling it is too much, and abstains.

The 2C-T-2 comes on nicely, definitely adding a new energy space. Raul and J find it pretty much a continuation of the 2C-T-13 space, with more energy. I feel a greater expansion, and at the same time an easier tendency to have negative feelings come up, but not uncomfortable; just not as stable as the 13. We move nicely into good communication, close fellowship.

2:10PM Raul, J, Fred take 6mg more 2C-T-2. The first amount proved to be light; this addition turns out to be just right. We continue the day with a beautiful experience. We drop the intense interaction, and just enjoy the day, the surrounding beauty, and each other. I get a lot of insight about my role as "helper;" I agree to be a friend, not a helper, unless I'm getting paid. I find I see very clearly with this material, and get a lot of insights. I find some conflict in myself between previous methods of functioning which I found valuable, and what seem to me to be principles I Learned at the Intensive. This conflict continued to be resolved as I gained more understanding of both positions.

By 6:00PM we are quite hungry, and food tastes marvelous. Both Raul and J have headaches, and retire early, around 7:45PM. I have lots of energy, feel very clear, yet am very grateful to go to bed and release to interior experience for a while.

Next day we all feel marvelous, rejuvenated, and enjoy a wonderful hike in the crisp, cool air. Raul, J, and I like the combination, and feel it should be tried in the intensive. J also would opt for a somewhat smaller amount, so a dose of 35mg might be a good start.

- 10:00AM 10 mg + 1 little lines
- [:40] Alert - General slow-down
- [:50] Comes on fast - visual already developing
- [1:] Slight tunnel vision. Physical - de-stressed to lethargy
- ✓ hours not clock time
- [1:15] Usual stomach flutters. Jaw clench? I let the dog out accidentally.
- [1:40] Starting to have fun. Playing with words, poem ideas. Stomach still uncertain. No nausea. Crackers.
- [2:00] Dog safely retrieved. Floating euphoria reminiscent of codeine, but without any apparent dark corners. I contemplate 2 more mg.
- [2:05] 2 more mg + 2 little lines - oops
after true confessions of pipette user -
13+mg total
- [2:25] "Something" on the palate, too far back to have a taste.
- [2:30] Changed body chemistry on way to get gum. Wow! 5000 added lumens.
- [2:45] Washed windows. Results semi-satisfying.
- [3:] Painting seems like it would be too much trouble but the visual is interesting.
I like it.
- [4:] hard to chew gum & paintbrush at the same time. Otherwise OK, lethargy in memoriam.
- [7:] Lull in painting. Revising "perfect" poems. Either this is great stuff or more rose-colored glasses. Un-altered copies on the computer.
- [13:] Real food. Starting to come down for sure.
Excellent sensuality. Maybe best yet, more experimentation required.
- [17:] 1 Tranxene and light sleep in 1/2 hour
- Not as high energy as T2 or T8, but good direction and very positive.
Very tired coming down but no inclination to sleep.
Comes on like gangbusters.
Good energy next day in spite of not much sleep.

[Editor's Note: Page 108 has been merged with this page]

THE CONTRADICTION VICIOUS CIRCLE OF THE EGO - I

100mg MDMA
Reynard Jacox

The nucleus of the Ego - I is the desire to demonstrate that I am not I.

How do I demonstrate that I am not I? I do this by choosing - doing the convenience of others.

The choosing - doing the convenience of others, makes me suffer and so "gives me the right" to accuse the others.

Accusing the others I try to demonstrate that I am not guilty. Accusing the others I try to demonstrate that I am not guilty of accusing the others. I am not guilty of wanting to demonstrate that I am not I.

To demonstrate that I am not guilty of accusing the others, I choose and do the convenience of others. Doing the convenience of others, I demonstrate that I am not I.

The Ego - I does the utmost to demonstrate until the end, that I am not I. Everything that happens and does not happen to the human body in this life, is no other thing that the Ego - I dreaming that I am not I.

Dreaming that I am not I, I am capable of infinite cruelty. Infinite indignity. Infinite misery. Infinite egoism.

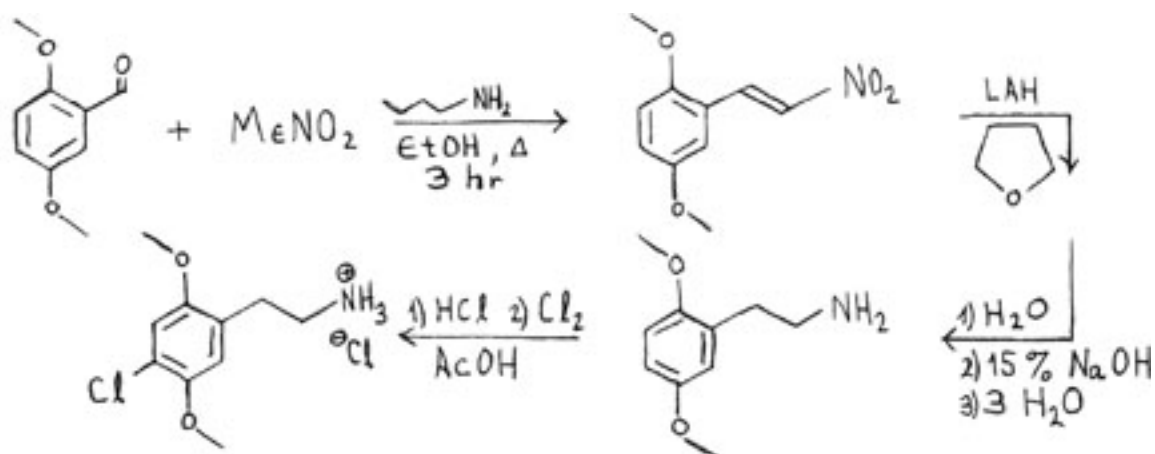
To demonstrate that this is not so, I choose and do the convenience of others. This pattern goes on endlessly.

-0-0-0-0-

RJ

86A-24

Ducotey



The product hydrochloride was twice recrystallized from $\text{EtOH}/\text{Et}_2\text{O}$ and once from $\text{MeOH}/\text{Et}_2\text{O}$. The white solids were dried in an Abderhalden apparatus maintained at $66^\circ\text{C}/19\text{mm}$ for 7 hr.

Appearance: Flat white solid

Melt-point: 226° - 226.5°C ; Mel-Temp, uncorrected

Bioassay: Adult male, age 32, 61.5 kg, prior experience 10 mg is active, 15 mg and 20 mg on separate occasions produced no discomfort

Subjective: Onset ca. 1-1.5 hr after oral ingestion; Euphoria, visual changes, closed-eye imagery with aural-visual synesthesia, skin tingling, piloerection, mydriasis

Duration: Ca. 4 hr with rapid diminishing on effects: ingestion to baseline 5-6 hrs

Five other experimental subjects reports similar effects.

2CT-2 SESSION
March 29, 1986

I took 25mg about 11:00AM on an empty stomach. The onset was gradual and progressive over a couple of hours as I listened to instrumental music with headphones and eyeshades. I felt some mild chills and general body agitation after the first 45 minutes, and asked for a massage and then some Inderal, 40mg. During the massage. I realized I was afraid of being cold, and decided to confront it by getting out from under the blanket I was under. The physical agitation subsided, and I began to think about various current events in my life and their psychological impact. At one point, I was uncomfortable lying down, because the experience had a non-specific intensity to it, so I sat up in a meditation posture for an hour or more, which was more comfortable. During this phase, there was a mild to moderate unpleasantness to how I felt, and I did not really enjoy the music, and felt like I would not enjoy any kind of music. It felt like difficult mind training to simply be with the intensity and unpleasantness without trying to change it, which I felt I was able to do. I felt too much in an altered state to engage in any kind of interaction or activity. Around 3 hours, I went outside and lay down, still with the headphones. By this time I was feeling more relaxed and began to actively enjoy listening to the music more and more over the next 2 hours. I then came back inside and joined the others (2 with 2CT-2 and 2 sitters), but did not feel like talking much. I was a little surprised that the experience lasted so long.

After 8 hours. I had been mostly back to normal for an hour or more, and was feeling tired and somewhat like I needed to eat, but my stomach was not ready. Two of us decided to smoke 12mg of 5MeODMT, as we had tentatively considered before the session. The onset was rapid and uncomplicated. I was told that I moaned some, but I only remember doing that once as it was coming on. The experience was very peaceful, and the world started to re-manifest in a gradual and easy way out of a cloud of contentment. I felt much better afterward and ate a good meal within 30-45 minutes of smoking.

That evening, I had a headache, which continued during much of the next day, off and on. I slept poorly, even though I took 2.5gm l-tryptophan followed by two 1gm supplements at about 1 hour intervals. I went to work two days later and had no problems, though I felt tired until about 10AM. I took 0.5mg Halcion, a short-acting benzodiazapine hypnotic, the night before work to make sure I would sleep, which I did. However, the two nights after that, I had trouble sleeping, but did not feel tired during the following days.

In terms of benefits, I felt the experience of just sitting through the intensity was good mind training. Most of the insights into my present life situation made me realize that things are very insecure and unpredictable in many ways, except for my family relationships, and that I am handling it rather well, though not without experiencing symptoms of stress. This was not a happy realization, but a sobering one, and I was able to accept the more pessimistic scenarios without panicking or feeling afraid of them, though I did feel some let down about them in a somewhat peaceful and sober way. At this point, I do not feel the emotional let down or anxiety so much, and maybe the session has benefited me in the way.

The experience did seem useful for waking me up and forcing me to look very closely at my life and get it into perspective, much in the same way that intensive mindfulness meditation does. It is not fun, but the mind gets very sensitive and aware. My thinking was not that impaired, and there was only a little visual distortion with colored patterns outlining things, but I did not feel organized enough to carry on a meaningful conversation during most of the experience. It was also unusual for me to want to sit up, rather than lie down. I do not feel very interested in repeating experiences with 2CT-2 at this time, since the 16mg I had before resulted in a +1 or so without much happening, and because it took me so long to recover from the "hangover" this time.

(Written 7 days later)

DOC, 2.4mgs. Sasha and Ann 4-19-86 5:15PM (Saturday)

This is the first trial for me; S. has taken it up through the +2 area, so far. Has not given me much input, wanting me to get my own impressions as I go, without pre-programming.

At one hour, definite threshold, but not much beyond that. Very quiet ascent, but my stomach is alerted and the message is, "Stay quiet for a while," as usual.

7:05PM, almost two hours. Definite effect, almost to a +3 level. In fact, for all intents and purposes, it's a +3, but it may not have quite plateau'd yet. S. says it will still develop for another hour, so that should be interesting.

Body okay, although have no desire to run a race or bounce around a lot. Things haven't settled out yet and won't for a while. While writing this on brand-new computer, am watching a Nature documentary on the Seychelles Islands, which is a nice way to wait for developments.

Not any more psychedelic -- in the sense of sparkles and color emphasis etc. than anything else. Not too strongly impacting on any of the senses. At least, not for me. Probably a bit wild for a new voyager, but so far it seems quite gentle, and the mental effects are matter-of-factly pleasant. Will know better when we have a chance to talk and indulge in our favorite activities, but for now, it's adjustment time.

8:00PM -- some time slowing. I think we've plateaued by now. Full +3 and pleasant.

11:45PM. Still roaring (quietly) +3. Established firmly that this material is neither anti-erotic nor anorexic. I had at two different times my often-experienced flushing of the system. The body is very comfortable, and so is the mind. Did some intense talking with S. about restructuring Sean session, which relieved me greatly; decided to back off 2C-B, and stick with Freddie, taking my cue from where he (Sean) is and is not deciding to go. Better not to push at something that's working reasonably well for him.

This is an excellent, common-sense, intense yet well grounded material -- or is that because of the way we use these things now? How the 'ell can we judge what a naive person's reactions to this material would be? I vote to take it to the group for the next meeting on May 4th. I vote twice!

1:50AM S. doing stuff in the office and here and I'm practicing how to write on my own computer while at a +3. Is it dropping at all? If it is, it ain't much. I still call this +3. So much for the strange compound which takes over two hours to plateau and yet only lasts three hours on the plateau. Unquote, (Shulgin, A.T.) Me thinks it lasts a LOT longer. Still completely pleasant.

Interesting aspect, perhaps peculiar only to this experiment, under these conditions: eyes closed fantasy completely dark screen, lovely and seductive, subtle, yet light must be deliberately brought in. Not in any way negative, for being in the dark, but unusual. Must try this in daylight next time, to see what eyes-closed brings to the mind-screen. I don't care when we get to sleep, as long as I can be awake at 8 a.m. to watch Horowitz in Moscow.

2:00 p.m. Sunday. Attempts at sleep at around 5 a.m. not too great. I found dreams tight and defended against trouble -- the nervous system was too alert. I can sleep well on 2CT-2 at a +2, but not on this stuff. Woke in time for Horowitz, which left me happily crying on and off for two hours. Tried to nap later, in very hot weather, but not successful. Still at a threshold, now. Comfortable and still pleasant while not trying to sleep. It's an all day material, obviously. Good humor all through, and still now. Only the slightly negative effects on the nervous system during sleep can be counted as minuses.

Excellent stuff, but start it early in the day.

April 16, 1985

Dear Sasha,

Greetings to you and Anne! Just a brief note on our last experiment. I'm afraid, however, that having waited so long to jot down my impressions of FLEA has given me just enough time to forget some of the details! But for what its worth--here it is.

I didn't record the amount we took; but I believe it was around 109 or 110 mg. with a supplement around 36 mg. Aaron's onset was close to 45 minutes. I think mine was closer to 20 minutes. The onset was extremely subtle, very pleasant, and had a mild amphetamine-like elevation for me (body lightness, cognitive functions seemed clear and clean, heightened visual awareness but and with some enhancement of color). It seemed as though I was on the fringe of LSD-like visual changes; but that never materialized. The affect was very good--friendly, communicative, accepting; but without the profound emotional bonding of MDMA. Aaron didn't notice any visual changes or MDMA-like exhilaration and found it more "cognitive than MDMA". We both liked the gentle onset and smooth descent. I had zero appetite; but Aaron was able to eat around the 5th or 6th hour. The drive home was easy and we both slept well in spite of the huge quantity of coffee I drank. The following day felt very much like a post-LSD day--we felt GREAT! Bodies light, energy good, emotions high, several insights throughout the day, interactions clear and open--a magnificent gift of a day! The following day however, fatigue set in for about 3-5 days and reminded Aaron of post-MDA experiences we were really dragging! I started a menstrual period the day of the experience and it lasted 6-7 days. My period came about 2 weeks early and was considerably heavier than usual--this no doubt added to my fatigue. I have a very favorable impression of FLEA although the body penalty seems high. During the experience I felt that I would increase the amount of material on a second try with FLEA, but the body penalty for me seems too high to use larger amounts. I loved the experience; but wasn't too fond of the fatigue or menstrual changes.

We're curious to hear if extreme fatigue was part of anyone else's experience! No doubt we'll hear on the 4th. We're looking forward to seeing you again--I have a good computer joke for you!

Hugs and kisses,
Tina

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: April 6, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Todd Quirino, Peggy and Fred

Background: Todd is a quiet, kind, gentle soul, 37 years old, who lives alone on the mountain near Dr. Kempinski place and is an excellent carpenter. He installed some bookcases and shelves for us, and became interested in our work. After doing some reading, he wished an experience. He is divorced, and occasionally sees his two kids who live in Bishop; He is attempting to work out a difficult relationship with a girl whom he likes very much who is currently in school in another locality. I decided to use the situation to experiment with a suitable substitute for Pegasus that is not so hard on my body. While a recent trial, after several month's abstinence, was fairly comfortable by flooding myself with water, it still has taken about a week for full elimination of uncomfortable urinary symptoms.

9:23 a.m. Peggy takes 110 m.g. of Pegasus, Todd takes 120 m.g. I take 8 m.g. of 2C-T-2. It takes a while for it to develop in Todd and I am aware that there are some pretty heavy layers for him to work through. At 10:19 he reports first feeling it in his eyes and heart, then in his legs. He has some apprehension from the onrush of energy, but in about an hour it settles down and he is talking freely about his personal affairs. He is a little reluctant to take the supplement because he doesn't want to re-experience the anxiety of the oncoming effect, but when told that would be unlikely, he requested it.

10:56 a.m Peggy takes 30 m.g. supplement of Pegasus; Todd takes 40 m.g. He finds the action of the supplement very agreeable, smoothing out the experience and putting him in a very nice place. He continues to talk freely about himself. I find that I am able to track him very well, experience his deep feelings, and share in the feeling of euphoria he and Peggy are feeling. It is an exceptionally pleasant day of getting better acquainted and deepening our friendship. A very loving atmosphere develops, and we enjoy very much being together and sharing from our personal lives. I develop a much deeper understanding of Todd and learn a great deal about personality dynamics and how they develop from the experiences Todd described. I also have a much deeper appreciation of the kind of characteristics that result from being a loner. For Todd, the day represented an opportunity to experience a completely different set of circumstances than what he had been used to, and helped him to evaluate some of his personal goals. His experience was not intense or dramatic, but more of an exploration of moving out beyond some pretty well formed patterns to experience a new kind of aliveness, which he appreciated,

For me, the use of a small amount of 2C-T-2 to accompany others on a Pegasus journey worked out perfectly. I felt my experience was very much the same as if I had taken the same substance as they; I felt very much in tune with the others, and yet was able to enjoy some additional aspects of experience beyond what Pegasus usually affords by providing a somewhat broader spectrum and longer action, and of course the freedom from body load. This procedure for me was thoroughly satisfying. Peggy thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and it was a profitable day for us all.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V. COMPOUND

Date: April 19, 1986

Place: Death Valley

Participants: Quest Bilden, Fulton Dietlin, Peggy and Fred

8:18 a.m. All ingest D.V.C. at Lone Pine residence: Quest and Fulton, 100; Peggy, 50; Fred, 25. We embark immediately. Very smooth takeoff; Quest fully in it in about 45 minutes, others close behind. Very pleasant, euphoric opening, Peggy very aware and sensitive with very pertinent comments. Fulton feels something hanging in abdomen, otherwise very pleasant. I feel warmth of the group, function in driving very well with no problems, feeling a little bit heavy.

Climb up Panamints is beautiful; stop to examine proliferating beaver-tail cactus in bloom. Beauty is breathtaking, enormous impact from detailed examination of the blooms. Colors in the mountains have become brilliant. Descend into valley on the "flying carpet," with Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite. Music is outstanding.

We tarry briefly at sand dunes. I take another 25, others are content. Everyone is fully in experience, aware of great beauty and significance. I feel additional amount come on with much beauty and clearing, a definite wonderful rise in consciousness. Drive through valley is breathtaking. Quest starts to get into some personal feelings, but consensus of group is to not pull out of experience. Quest re-enters the transcendental experience with no problem.

At Artist's Drive, we are accompanied by Beethoven's 9th, an outstanding selection that seemed perfectly suited. When the choral part came on, I was totally unable to contain myself, being completely inundated in the profound beauty. The rest of the day continued with everyone filled with the remarkable beauty and grandeur of the valley, and the marvelous closeness that enveloped us all. We experienced many openings, some very profound, and a cleansing of body and soul. When I found that doubts arose that took me out of the euphoria, I found that just realizing that everything is already there, and I only need to focus my awareness on it, brought me back into a state of communion. One outstanding insight: it's an insult to God not to accept His free gift, and feel that I have to do something in return. I found that the idea of reciprocating is built in deep within me, and violates the true sense of giving in love. And the gifts that are given us are incomprehensible.

The valley was hot, despite the cool in which we started the day, and we sought out Mosaic Canyon for shade and a picnic. After eating, about 4:45 p.m., we walked up the canyon, and had a completely magical experience following the path of that beautifully sculpted canyon. It was hard to leave, but I insisted on having a bit of daylight to appreciate the return journey. We greatly enjoyed more music and the grandeur of the vistas driving home, complete with a marvelous sunset and the view of the distant mountains through the crisp, clear air. We felt good on arrival, and I felt no strain from the driving.

We had a good recap the next morning, and all found this a most rewarding, rejuvenating, and expansive experience. It has brought us all much closer, and we will continue to have these joint explorations.

Ingesting the DVC and driving to DV was most beautiful. I have never seen it this physically gorgeous. Spring is here in all its glory. The mountains are all colors, the sky is so blue, and the flowers are exquisite. The car becomes a magic carpet.

I start in the back seat with Quest and we have a most delightful exchange, filled with humor and joy. All is magnificent. Greig's Peer Gynt Suite is glorious -- never sounded better. The approach to what we call Fred's grotto culminates in a stop to see the beaver tail cactus in profusion. Glorious colors, translucent, delicate. We are quite taken with this scene, and probably could have spent many hours with the plants and flowers. We return to the car, drive on to the sand dunes and get out. It is quite hot now and I become uncomfortable, looking for shade, finding none. I seem to be losing the positive attitude I had just before. I am becoming irritable and impatient. I don't say anything about it, but Fred notices. I think one of the reasons for my impatience is that Fred and Quest are now keeping the conversation going strong between them, leaving me and Fulton out. We drive towards the salt area called Devil's Golf Course, and I say, "are we going there?" Reminding me that there is a one-vote-veto, Fulton says we don't have to if I don't want to. So I say no. And we don't go. Sighs of relief.

Then, Artist's drive. Well, it's spectacular. Fred has a bit of trouble with the music selection but finally we hear Beethoven's 9th. I find it quite beautiful, but awfully loud, and after how many minutes of this loudness (I am in the back seat next to the speaker) it becomes irritating. So, I do not quite get the impact of the music. Still, the scenery is simply overwhelming and I go with that. Stopping at Artist's Palette, getting out of the car and staring at the colors is an interesting experience. There are quite a few people there, including a woman from Las Vegas who asks us to take her picture with her dog and then we realize that she is really a "dog lady." Quest works with a woman just like her, and realizes that it is Tsmzin paying us a visit. HMMMM, there is a similarity...

The appetite begins to come into play, and we wonder if we should nibble on something. We decide to drive on to a better place for lunch. We drive to Zabriskie point where it is also quite hot and crowded. We walk up to the top, followed by scores of people. I realize that Spats is not with us and return to the car to find her in a state of bewilderment, so I get out some ice cubes and put them in a bowl, and give her some food. I wait for the boys to return, and then we talk about food and decide to drive to Mosaic Canyon for a picnic. So, we go to the gas station, gas up, and on to Mosaic Canyon for our picnic. By the time we get there scores of people are returning to their cars and drive off. We find shade, sit down and have our lunch. It's so gorgeous by now, cooler than before, and the food is marvelous. We then walk down the canyon. It's simply spectacular. We wonder how it got that way. We can picture forces of water and weather creating the scape. We could have stayed forever but Fred wants to drive home in the daylight. Timing is perfect for that, and it is a lovely drive. Fred has done a beautiful job of driving. We stop at the Crowley Point canyon again on the way home. Such a canyon! By now we are all coming down with a very nice decent. Soup and Bagels taste good but I am not terribly hungry. Beer is delicious. Some high energy dance music helps shake out whatever we didn't shake out on the drive. Shower and bed feel wonderful. I am a bit restless which is unusual, and realize there are things I haven't handled or completed. Fred and I get a chance to talk about that on our hike two days later.

On March 12, 1986 Peggy took 110 pegasus, followed by 30 supplement in 1 1/2 hour. I had been wanting to do this, alone, for a while. I was curious how I would feel about being "creative", i.e. painting or writing while on it.

It started off nicely and very smooth. I took it after I had done my "work" for the day, around the house, in town, etc. So I could relax for the rest of the day, do the things I wanted to do.

It was so quiet and restful, I simply enjoyed the relaxation. In fact, I found that I just did not want to do any painting, or do any writing. I simply relaxed and discovered how nice it is to be in that space. And I felt a great deal of love for Fred. I repeatedly told him that I loved him. It was a good experience for both of us, as I know he got a contact high.

I got a lot of mileage out of this one. It remained with me the rest of the evening and night. It was delicious to be with Fred and we were both open and loving. It was good to get back in touch with our old fiend.

Six days later, St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, we all started out with 2C-T 13. See Fred's report.

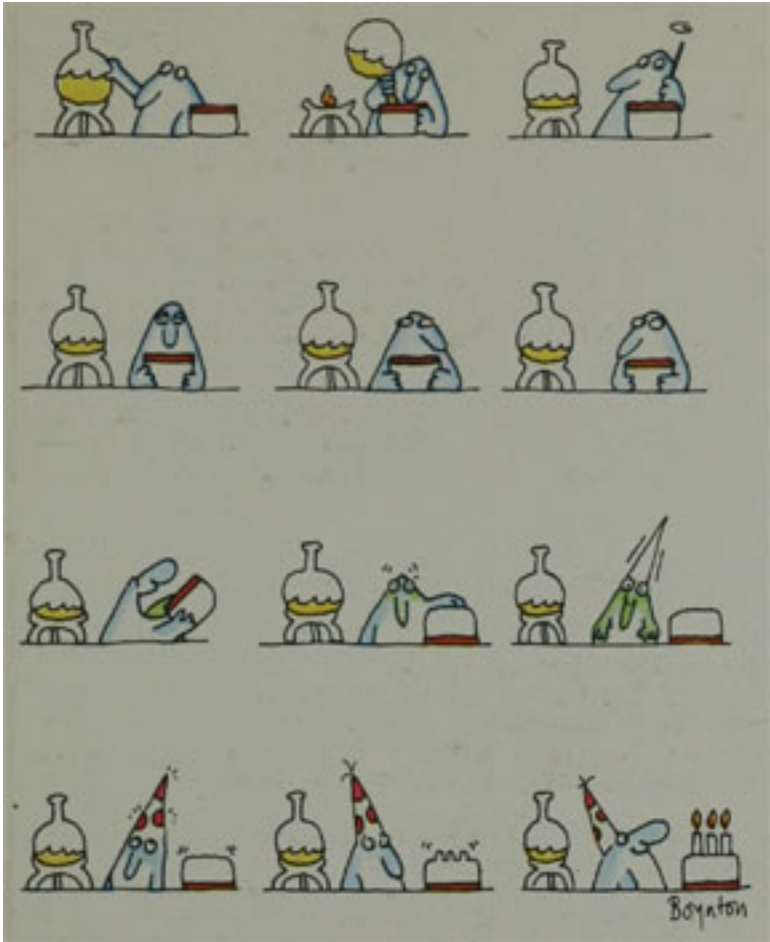
I found out that 40 was a bit much and felt rather gangled and nauseated. Had quite a bit of gas. I figured it was too much food (I had prepared a mexican dish with lots 66 spices the night before, also had some white wine). So, once again I am in touch with my excesses. Also felt it has something to do with opening up my middle chakra.

It was fascinating to be with Raul, WW and Fred, since the "Intensive" and the rather new approach to getting at the truth. Raul was right on when it came to having me experience healing, and taking from someone. He laid his hands on my back and it felt soooo good. He did a few exercises whereby I rolled on the back of either Fred or WW. That was to loosen up the body. It seemed to work.

We put on high energy dance music at 10 a.m. We were that wired. It was great to dance and just let loose. With the volume turned all the way up.

I was in a very good space after the nausea left me. I think it must have taken an hour for my stomach to settle down. Then, things were really nice, pleasant, energetic and since it was still quite high I decided to ride with the 13 material, and not mix it up with the other. I am glad I did this. I can't imagine how it could have gotten better.

Thinking we were pretty sober, we went for a walk, but it was fun to be outdoors in the freezing wind. We found a nice little sanctuary and then Quincy showed up. Had a nice conversation with him about the comet and made a date to see it through his telescope next morning around 4 a.m. I did not promise that I would be there. In fact, I told Quincy that I doubted if I would get myself out of bed and out into the freezing cold that early. And I didn't. But I did see it from our bathroom window, through the binoculars. And WW had brought his telescope which was set up in the living room, and we looked through that, too. However, it was clearer through the binocs.



Birthday Card from Clare & Neil.

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