

Pharmacology Notes  
B

pp 120-238

B

Pharmacology Notes B  
(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 most of 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](mailto: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to clarify is the use of the letter “c” with a dash above it (from the Latin word cum, meaning “with”), which had been replaced by “[with]”.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.

Credits:

Erowid Project Lead: Shawn Corrado

Transcription: Brian Davis, Dante, GoronZero, Hand, Jessica, Jo, Zelig Kopel, Saucer, Shawn Corrado

Image Editing/Redacting/PDF Assembly: Shawn Corrado

Team Shulgin: Sasha & Ann, Paul Daley, Tania & Greg Manning

Erowid: Earth, Fire, Spoon

The original version of this document and supporting files can be found here:

[http://www.erowid.org/library/books\\_online/shulgin\\_labbooks/](http://www.erowid.org/library/books_online/shulgin_labbooks/)

For any questions or comments please contact [shulginlabbooks@erowid.org](mailto:shulginlabbooks@erowid.org)

Projects like this one are made possible by your continued support, please visit [Erowid.org/donations](http://Erowid.org/donations)

TABLE OF CONTENTS	PAGE No.
<b>Ann Shulgin:</b>	
2C-T-2	X17
2C-T-4	<u>124</u> <u>176</u>
2C-T-7	<u>125</u> <u>126</u> <u>153</u> <u>158</u> <u>175</u> <u>181</u> <u>190</u> <u>199</u> <u>203</u>
2C-T-9	<u>228</u>
LSD	<u>162</u> <u>164</u> <u>165</u> <u>168</u> <u>174</u> <u>195</u> <u>204</u> <u>219</u> <u>222</u>
DOPR	<u>186</u>
$\beta$ -D	<u>193</u>
Freddie	<u>201</u> <u>203</u>
MDMA	<u>216</u> <u>X20</u>
Ethyl-LAD	<u>238</u>
<b>Fred Brandt:</b>	
2C-B	<u>121</u> <u>169</u> <u>213</u> <u>221</u>
2C-T-2	<u>135</u> <u>171</u> <u>178</u> <u>208</u> <u>226</u> <u>230</u>
2C-T-4	<u>140</u>
2C-D	<u>137</u>
HOT-2	<u>144</u> <u>151</u> <u>156</u>
Pegasus	<u>145</u> <u>178</u> <u>211</u> <u>217</u> <u>230</u>

TABLE OF CONTENTS	PAGE No.
<b>Miscellaneous:</b>	
5-Tweetio	<a href="#">120</a> <a href="#">132</a>
BOD	<a href="#">123</a>
Flea	<a href="#">127</a> <a href="#">X25</a>
2C-T-2	<a href="#">129</a> <a href="#">149</a> <a href="#">173</a> <a href="#">226</a> <a href="#">233</a>
2C-T-4	<a href="#">133</a> <a href="#">147</a> <a href="#">148</a>
2C-T-7	<a href="#">146</a> <a href="#">147</a> <a href="#">163</a> <a href="#">235</a>
2C-T-8	<a href="#">X23</a>
HOT-2	<a href="#">138</a>
2C-D	<a href="#">143</a>
DVC (Death Valley Chemical)	<a href="#">178</a>
Ethyl-LAD	<a href="#">236</a>

Dear Sasha and Ann,      May 8th, 1986

Here we were again together on a great experience on May 4th.

35mg of 5 Tweetio, identical to the dose in Lone pine. (11:15AM). Something was noticed in 15 minutes. Very slow rise over an extended period of time. Probably maximum at 3-4 hours with very gradual descent. Very pleasant. Very hard to describe aspect. No open eye visuals this time (previously, it was beginning to be like Lucy but never got there).

Lots of visuals with closed eyes. Somewhat hard to do because of the crowd. At plateau, could go inward easily. Somewhat hypnotic material. Not anorexic. Felt good almost all through the experience, though I had a slight depressive feeling for a short period at near 4:00PM. Not sure what that was about. (I have had some mild depressive episodes in the last couple of months, probably related to wine and workload, otherwise everything is OK).

This experience was pleasant, and I would repeat it again. In smaller company, I would use 40 or even 45mg to get the Lucy effect.

At the end (about 6:00-7:00PM) was still near +1 (maximum was probably +2). Took a few glasses of wine. Washed all the dishes and cleaned up. Got a good night's sleep. Was reasonably refreshed the next day.

Have the rest of the material. Will either take it at a higher dosage with Clare, or split it into 25-30mg quantities with Mel when he is here next. Mel would have liked this material.

Love,

Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-B

Date: May 10, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Abner Quimby, Fred

Background: Abner is a member of the men's intensive I underwent in February. He is 32, a very bright electronics engineer, just breaking up with his partner of 10 years, Starla, has participated in the Los Gatos men's group and 2 intensives, some experience with psychedelics. While this was primarily a social visit, after exploring our positions, we decided on this experiment.

9:32AM Both take 20mg 2C-B, after setting our intentions. want to free myself of back pains that have hung on for 2 weeks, more certainly establish myself in the place of heightened perception I have been experiencing more and more lately, especially since I've been alone, and to support Abner in his endeavors. Abner's intention was to review the dynamics of his early childhood, release his relationship with Starla, and support Starla in her intensive to release Abner. Also to support Fred in the day's endeavors. We timed ingestion to coincide with the start of the Woman's intensive that Peggy and Starla were attending. We had a very smooth takeoff Abner talking about his family. I follow intently, and find us getting closer and closer and I begin feeling his feelings in increasing intensity. There is none of the negative or uncomfortable feelings I usually experience on entry with this material. We work very well together, with increasing intensity of feeling, with Abner reaching some very deep feelings. He discovers how very alone he was in his childhood, his parents being incapable of supplying much love. His parents fought constantly; his mother lived for the sake of appearances, and his father was alcoholic He remembers little if any closeness. It becomes more and more apparent how he retreated into himself, walled himself off emotionally, and developed his intellect and electronic skills from age 5. I see many similarities in our dynamics. We both felt empty and no good inside, although I seemed to have suffered more from less cause as my family situation was much better. Although he did not have an older brother to bully him, but a younger brother with whom he was not close. Abner was able to reach deep feelings of loneliness.

After some good work and considerable uncovering, the attention was focused on my relationship with Peggy. Abner was very sharp and helpful, and while I felt I understood our relationship pretty well, many areas came to light where I was derelict as a suitable partner. A lot of this was approached by finding out what I missed from Peggy, and then being asked if I was giving those things to Peggy. A fascinating experience. My greatest breakthrough came for me when Abner suggested that I let her in. I saw that I was continually trying to flow love to her, but not letting her in. It felt absolutely marvelous to do so. And no effort! Quite a switch for me, as I always feel I have to do everything through my own might.

11:30AM We take a break and go outside, where everything is beautiful. Abner Wonders about a supplement, which feels right to me.

11:58AM we both take 10mg more 2C-B. It develops quickly, and immediately puts us in a better space with more energy flowing, allowing the renewal of deep work.

Abner has been very helpful in helping me become aware of some of my limitations in my relationship with Peggy, so I turn the same issues on him. The easy, insightful confidence experienced while focusing on me dissolves as he struggles and discovers his own shortcomings. He gains a lot of understanding of how he has shorted Starla in the relationship. He is beginning to comprehend his inability to love and works from his head as a substitute. He looks more at his inability to feel love for his parents, or to forgive them. This is a very, very hard place for him.

We continue the rest of the day in close discussion, enjoying walking around the outdoors, looking at plants and flowers, and easily exchanging ideas. We have many many insights, and stimulate each other in creative thinking and becoming more aware of ourselves and how we function. The day is beautiful, and in our closeness it becomes more and more euphoric. I am amazed how wonderful this material is - beautiful and gentle and yet permitting excellent work. It is an absolutely wonderful day, and we feel bodily cleansed and very close. I have been aware of my pain a few times, but in general, it feels as though it is dissolving away.

The first time we went outdoors, we followed Joah's advice in our intensive of going barefoot and relating to everything around us. We are both amazed at how soft the ground feels -- even rocks, some of which have a velvety texture. I am surprised to feel concrete seemingly flow and gently conform to the shape of my feet. I have never felt such sensuousness and textures through my feet. The second time we went on a longer walk Abner insisting on going barefoot to prepare himself for the June intensive in Hawaii, where there will be some body testing. He went a long way, but it finally became so painful that he got dizzy. I brought his shoes, admiring his tenacity. We discuss the value of discrimination

Food was marvelous, but by early evening we were entirely bushed. Abner retired at 7:30PM, and after walking Spatzy, I was too tired to shower. We slept long and hard and awakened the next day very refreshed. We had a hearty, tasty breakfast, and went for a beautiful hike in the Sierras. We climbed 1,000 feet almost effortlessly, with stimulating, creative conversation covering a range of subjects, mostly relationships and personal sharing. It was a marvelous day. Driving to town for dinner, we both noticed that we felt exactly the same as at the same time the previous day during our descent.

This was a thoroughly satisfying and rewarding experience, one of my very best. We had an excellent relationship and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of our time together, learning much about ourselves and each other. Abner found the experience most valuable, comparable to the 2C-T-2, although wishing it were longer acting. There was no real discomfort other than facing up to some realities, and the 2C-B was an excellent facilitator. We might have gone deeper (Abner never reached the level of understanding why his parents behaved as they did) but I felt we did a great deal for one day. Reports from Peggy and another companion participant kept us up quite late in intense discussion and review of the functioning of the intensive, and I awoke the next morning with much resolved and feeling very complete and whole.

October 15, 1983

Subject: BOD

On October 15, 1983, AG ingested 20mg of BOD with tap water. The taste was mildly alkaline. About 20 minutes after ingestion, there was the first inward alert consisting of a pleasant visceral feeling with a slight chill. This feeling of inner excitement together with a growing chill continued to grow very gradually and always pleasantly for about two hours at which time the experience reached a plateau for about 8 hours.

It was almost compulsory to seek the heat of the sun all afternoon, to the point of near-sunburn on the face and forehead. There was a continual and very pleasant flow of talk, with fluid free-association, very easy humor and highly agreeable affect. The conjunction of past memories and present ideas came with continuous facile words.

Around ten hours after ingestion, AG, drove home - a distance of fifty miles. The driving went well; no interference from traffic lights and no feeling of loss of responsiveness. It was hard to sleep for about two hours after arriving home, but then sleep came peacefully and deeply. The day after was a languorous one but mentally clear.



Sunday, May 25, 1986

2C-T-4, 20mgs Sasha and Ann

12:20PM

This is highest level taken, previous time at 18mgs. having been excellent. Wanted to set possible highest limit, guessing it might be 20 or, if this is a bit uncomfortable, back to 18mgs.

My mind-set was a bit removed, pleasant but not emotionally engaged. The transition -- over 3 hours, began with alert in about 1/2 hour, slow and gentle climb up until around 1-1/2 hours, I believe, at which point the climb was noticeable and began to be felt distinctly. I found it difficult, not physically at all, but mentally, since I was for a while locked into the illogical and disconnected aspects of human experiences and expressions, particularly laws and pronouncements and unseeing prejudices, most of which I was picking up from reading the Sunday paper book reviews. Illogic, failure to achieve objectivity or to even apparently desire it; the usual and continuing nonsense of the human interaction.

I knew thisceable and began to be felt distinctly. I found it difficult, not physically at all, but mentally, since I was for a while locked into the illogical and disconnected aspects of human experiences and expressions, particularly laws and pronouncements and unseeing prejudices, most of which I was picking up from reading the Sunday paper book reviews. Illogic, failure to achieve objectivity or to even apparently desire it; the usual and continuing nonsense of the human interaction. I knew this

Later on, I managed one magnificent orgasm, full and almost out of body. We spent time enjoying the Pihkal book and Sasha reading some of my notes on the machine. As time went on, all became less pushy than it had been (around fourth or fifth hour, the back of my neck had been sore, and I figured slight overload at 20mgs) and I had feeling of true connection with areas that one wishes to be connected with.

Around 9th hour, felt very hungry and found some food, not too much, very welcome. Slight gas in bowel. No physical problems at all.

Very lovely and true feeling material, but better perhaps at 18mgs for full utilization without slight overloading. During the 11th through 13th hour, very much at ease and very positive feeling about everything going on. No self-rejecting aspect at all. Good, clear thinking. Wonderful warmth of love-making.

Easy to write, at this point (13th hour) and I think it will not be hard to sleep. Entire experience is, of course, +3+.

Thank you, Sasha love.

Next day -- sleep was excellent. Energy next day began to flag a bit for both of us. We napped for a couple of hours. It was also, for me, quite humid and hot. Generally okay.

5:30PM, Saturday, May 10, 1986, 25 mgs 2C-T-7, Sasha & Ann

Slow and gentle onset during the first hour. About 2 hours to 2.5+, and about 2-1/2 hours to full +3. Transition not difficult for me, although still somewhat interior, as I've been all day. Excellent, basically positive and peaceful space, with a great deal of enjoyment talking, fooling around in bed and out, although at this level, full sexual performance pretty much out of the question, but s'okay. Talked about Esalen and the coming MDMA conference weekend, Sasha's two talks in two days, one to the CAC and the opening salvo of the MDMA conf. We indulged in being catty about everybody we knew, reminding each other that we have, we hope, learned to confine our bitchiness to each other, sharing it with each other, and never falling into the trap of doing it outside the team. We learned that one several years ago, and hope we never slip up. Talked, of course, about the people we know and love, and some we know an coming

MDMA conference weekend, Sasha's two talks in two days, one to the CAC and the opening salvo of the MDMA conf. We indulged in being catty about everybody we knew, reminding each other that we have, we hope, learned to confine our bitchiness to each other, sharing it with each other, and never falling into the trap of doing it outside the team. We learned that one several years ago, and hope we never slip up. Talked, of course, about the people we know and love, and some we know and respect and trust in her, and we talked about ham radio and we talked about the 3% of the population -- or 2% or whatever % -- which is driven to any kind of consciousness. S. saying that it cannot be higher than that, or it begins to intrude on the various power structures that have a lot of investment in not being intruded upon: church and state and etc. So that any attempt at a foundation or institute or whatever it is that the Esalen idealists think they want to set up is successful, would be successful, only if it managed to be overlooked and ignored. To become the focus of serious attention would be to invite attack and destruction. It's a wonderful ideal to work towards, especially if it gives the network an excuse for planning conferences and meetings and seminars. Looking down the list in Berkeley's Common Ground is enough to make one think seriously. All those gatherings of people under all those titles, all proclaiming their interest in awareness of one kind or another -- hundreds of them, bless their hearts -- and nobody outside of the Bay Area has heard of a single one, or ever will. And better not, if they are to survive.

Nine hours and still +3, going strong.

#### Afterwards Note:

I don't remember at exactly what hour we found ourselves able to drift off to sleep, but I do know that the entire night's sleep was one of the best of my life. Remember it as a gentle Samadhi state all night. Woke with humor and balance and energy, continued feeling that way all day. Lovely experience.

5:30PM, Saturday, May 10, 1986, 25mgs 2C-T-7, Sasha & Ann

Slow and gentle onset during the first hour. About 2 hours to 2.5+, and about 2-1/2 hours to full +3. Transition not difficult for me, although still somewhat interior, as I've been all day. Excellent, basically positive and peaceful space, with a great deal of enjoyment talking, fooling around in bed and out, although at this level, full sexual performance pretty much out of the question, but s'okay. Talked about Esalen and the coming MDMA conference weekend, Sasha's two talks in two days, one to the CAC and the opening salvo of the MDMA conf. We indulged in being catty about everybody we knew, reminding each other that we have, we hope, learned to confine our bitchiness to each other, sharing it with each other, and never falling into the trap of doing it outside the team. We learned that one several years ago, and hope we never slip up. Talked, of course, about the people we know and love, and some we know and don't fully love, who've gotten themselves into various forms of pickle by being catty or hostile behind people's backs. It always, always returns to haunt. Better never to do it. Besides, the person you're catting about will inspire absolute love and trust the very next day, and you'll breathe a sigh of relief that you didn't say to anyone else what you were tempted to say, just for the sake of being superior and quick-witted, for the moment.

Talked about my letter to Sybella and my respect and trust in her, and we talked about ham radio and we talked about the 3% of the population -- or 2% or whatever % -- which is driven to any kind of consciousness. S. saying that it cannot be higher than that, or it begins to intrude on the various power structures that have a lot of investment in not being intruded upon: church and state and etc. So that any attempt at a foundation or institute or whatever it is that the Esalen idealists think they want to set up is successful, would be successful, only if it managed to be overlooked and ignored. To become the focus of serious attention would be to invite attack and destruction. It's a wonderful ideal to work towards, especially if it gives the network an excuse for planning conferences and meetings and seminars. Looking down the list in Berkeley's Common Ground is enough to make one think seriously. All those gatherings of people under all those titles, all proclaiming their interest in awareness of one kind or another -- hundreds of them, bless their hearts -- and nobody outside of the Bay Area has heard of a single one, or ever will. And better not, if they are to survive.

Nine hours and still +3, going strong.

Flea 4-6-86

I felt the initial onset of flew about 1/2 hour after taking it. As it came on, it was gradual (much "easier" than Freddy) and even at first seemed more head oriented than body. I was eager to get to the heart of what things have been happening with me lately. I was searching (waiting) for that feeling of the doors opening and my vision (inner vision) being cleared to look objectively at people and events. I found this a frustration, probably because of my expectations, not really feeling like I could get into my soul, my body ever was hard to focus into what Tanya helped me focus on areas that (that in my body itself) might be harboring negative (or positive) feelings, using concentration, breathing, visualizing, it became easier and I did actually find dark areas that during the experience did feel tight and pressured. The pronounced area was around my uterus, it was dark and I could feel it very tight, like someone was pressing hard onto that area of my abdomen. But I'm wondering now if that might have I felt much more of reaching a place of "non-reality" where with Freddy, was getting back into the feeling of the experience. This was almost uncomfortable, perhaps eating something would have helped, but one very strange thing was the next day, I had ~~good~~ pretty good energy - could have been better, when I went off to school I got a bad dull headache, then in class (which was art history-taking a lot of notes) I had the hardest time writing. I would mix up words and letters, have to stop and think about exactly what I was trying to write which usually I don't have to do, writing a word my hand would take over and not write what it should, the way it should. It was frustrating. Driving, talking, everything else was fine.

Overall I like it, I would be interested to see if there's a difference in conjunction with Freddy, if a difference at all. Thanks very much!

Dear Ann & Sasha -

5/22/86

Following is our critique of 2CT2:



Or, in other words, it was quite well received.

5/18/86 5:10PM - ground zero. Dosages BJ 12; EJ 18; HTB 14; MAA 15; NI 12mg orally.

5 first alerts in 10 to 30 minutes. Full effects at 1-3/4 hrs for all. Dinner at midnight; sleep at 930 (8-1/2 hours into experience). One rating +2; one rating +2.5; three ratings +3.

Blood pressure and heart rate were noted at ground zero and again at 2hrs. Point. Changes were as follows:

Systolic	+2	+7	+2	+4	+13
Diastolic	+4	+14	-4	+15	+5
Pulse	+3	+30	-4	+10	-11

Subjective effects were unbridled hilarity, totally energizing - balanced mentally & physically, easy conversation, wit, insight and confidence. All subjects were too contented.

*to seek the hot tub (unprecedented!). One subject on the first day of her menstrual cycle found her usual discomfort gone and flow increased. Some visuals were noted: eyes-closed sparkly glowing waterfall, colorful auras, electric molas. One subject had a ravenous appetite throughout; he raided the refrigerator alone. All subjects were delighted and would willingly & anxiously repeat the experience at same or slightly higher dosage.*

*NI*

*PS. All slept quite well and were of sparkling good spirits the next morning, although a little tired.*

## A day at the Farm with a new friend

Jeffery  
Anderson

4/6/86

Ant

Took 1:25 <sup>110</sup> First alert 1:55, my eyes seem to be slower than usual, I suppose nystagmus has set in, 1 Hour: Lot of Jaw, not so much body energy but shaking (hands) Ease w/ talk. Wanting to express ideas. Lots of inner acceptance, strength + understanding-general good feeling

1st sup 3:25 - <sup>30</sup> Jaw clench-good talk, lots of time to express

2nd sup 5:20 - <sup>40</sup> Jaw clench, good mind flow,

7:30 coming down nice and easy. When I close my eyes I get somewhat violent and unpleasant images. I have to concentrate and direct thoughts to get good visual images. <sup>9:00</sup> Lots of body heat after I have come down I seem to be able to produce heat over most of my body - I'll see if I can keep this active at will. 4/7 I woke up still tired, slept from 11:30-7:30. But I feel fine and in good spirits. I feel somewhat lethargic though. Writing is free flowing + comfortable.

I wrote a 500 word essay in a very short time with a lot to say, so my thinking is clear and uncluttered. I feel with a little concentration I can create the body heat which was so apparent during and after the experience + good energy flow means food spirits. ♪And that's what its all about♪

AG and TG with 30mgs and 25mgs respectively on 4/4/86

Twenty-five is a more sensual material than I thought that it would be. It came to its potential very gradually, almost insidiously. During the climb, there is a pleasant affective tone, which leads to fine flow of language, and fluid association of ideas. Both TG and I were agreed on the lack of anorexia. I mention this because it is very easy for TG to lose any desire for food with most psychoactive materials.

During the entire experience which lasted for about nine hours, not counting a long slow graceful descent, there were no perceptible body strains. The socializing was without effort throughout, with the conversation kept to a subject readily. When we drove home, the oncoming lights were no problem and sleep came on without effort.

All in all, this looks like a fine psychotherapeutic substance, if the first experience holds up consistently on repeated trials. The only additional thought is to try it at somewhat higher dosages, to see if the intense exhilaration of other substances could be captured.



Vera T4: My experience with T-4 has been intense to say the least. I have tried it at 6, 10, and 12mg. I find it comes on much slower than the T-2, almost agonizingly slow at times. On one session I got brave and tried 12 mg to see if it would come on a little faster with a quicker release. And yes it did, but it was ultimately too strong putting me through some emotional changes for a few hours until it eased up at about the six hour point. None the less I always seem to learn things about myself from all of these experiences. To sort of summarize my feelings about T-4 ~~though~~ I would have to say that although I can sense certain of it's possibilities, in general I find it a rather long and taxing experience and not what I am really needing at this point in my self work.

taken  
3x

Nolan T-4: I've explored T-4 in a couple of different ways, taking it inward in meditation and focusing it outward interpersonally with Vera. My last session I took 12mg. with Vera which I found very strong. I ended up spending the first six hours in the inner sanctuary just sitting in eyes closed meditation. I am just very trained in that way you might say, and I found I had no choice. One thing I have noticed on each of my T-4 sessions is that the most delicate stage for me is right at and through the peak from 3-6hrs. At that point I find I need to be still and vortex my concentration without distraction or outside stimulus, but after that I am open for anything, anything that merits my psychedelic attention that is. I, like Vera, definitely prefer the T-2 energy and as long as it is available I would choose that experience over the T-4.

taken  
3x

Vera T-2: My limited experience with T-2 has been somewhat mixed up to this point. It is definitely a more comfortable and integrable energy for me than the T-4. My best experience was at 14 mg. the strongest dose I have taken, at which I had very good results, one of the most integrated sensory experiences for me in a long time. I did one session at 12mg while my shoulder was still quite tender. That was a mistake, it was painful and distracting during the entire session - live and learn. It was also a somewhat emotionally trying experience for me that day which was no doubt connected with my physical problems. I have communicated to you my struggles with LSD and my search for an integrable psychedelic sacrament which was in large part the motivation for out seeking you, your research, and these materials out. I seem to be going thru a particularly fragile period in my life right now and need to proceed onward, but very cautiously with my psychedelic explorations. It will just take further experimentation to see how well I can integrate the T-2 energy as it to is definitely intense for me at this time.

I want to emphasize that I am still very interested in exploring the 2CB for my needs. I liked the shorter experience and it seemed to have a very benign quality about it that felt very good and "safe" to me. Would you let me know when that might be available, I would really appreciate your sending us some. Thank you again for sending them and I will continue to keep you informed of my experimentation.

Love Vera

← taken x3

← taken x7

Nolan T-2: I have taken the T-2 seven times now. I believe the main thing I like about it as compared to the T-4 is the quicker more dynamic release. Also something about just the general quality of the energy feels richer to me. Like you Ann, I have found the 16-18mg. range good. I haven't gone above that but I plan to push it up 2mg. at a time and see how far I go and what happens. I like it best inside our sanctuary rather than outside. It brings out the most beautiful phosphorescent glow in the rug, the rock and the coverings in there I think I have experienced. I find myself spending much more time, in fact most of the time with eyes open just enjoying the beauty, which is very different than my usual inward focus on LSD. It provides a very nice contrast in experience for me. It is definitely part of my psychedelic recipe at this point - thank you.

Love Nolan

In summary - as we each indicated, neither of us feels like we'll be doing much of the T-4. We have plenty of that for Nolans rare experiment. But we would both definitely like to get some more T-2 and 2CB if possible. Also at this point we would like to be able to offer these experiences to a few close friends. Do you think we could get enough for this purpose also? We would have each person who tries it write up reports and send them to you. We'll be looking forward to hearing from you again.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: May 26, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Zabrina and Quinn Brandt, Fred & Peggy

Background: Quinn and Zabrina arrived for a 4 day visit in a state of near crisis; their business is not working, and Zabrina refuses to put time into it and Quinn doesn't have the management ability to operate it himself, so he must dispose of it and find other work. Their relationship is in sad repair. They both leveled with us as to their state as never before. We spent Saturday critically examining Quinn's situation and what might be done. It was very heavy going, as Quinn is very resistant, and it was very tiring. The next day, Quinn resolved a lot and we spent a marvelous family day together with Uma and Iris, generating more warmth than this group had ever experienced. Things seemed very ready for this experience as an overall integrator.

10:32AM. All take 2C-T-2, Zabrina 8mg, Peggy 12mg, Quinn and Fred 14mg. Smooth takeoff, coming on nicely for everyone. Zabrina finds it very relaxing, peaceful, insightful, learns a lot about herself and relationship to her two youngsters. Peggy discovers some self-hatred, works through it and has a thoroughly enjoyable day. The main action is between Quinn and I, where there is still a great deal of loading. The intensity of the experience climbs steadily for 2 hours, where we have access to deep feelings. At times we function beautifully, with great honesty and wonderful exchanges. At other times I feel much lack of understanding between us, which builds up a lot of tension and makes me uncomfortable. I become quite aware of my judgmentalness, my lack of faith in Quinn, and a real harshness toward him which has been very hard for him to bear. I also am aware that I still have a strong pattern of focusing on the other person and wanting to call the shots, when I would be better off to release them and explore my own feelings more deeply. Quinn reaches an exalted state where he perceives with great clarity, which makes communication interesting and exciting, but not always in areas that I think would be most fruitful.

2:06PM. Quinn and I take an additional 6mg of 2C-T-2. We have reached a pretty good level of resolution, and I look forward to this smoothing out the experience and achieving a more heightened state as it has done in the past. Instead, it increased my discomfort, indicating more to be worked out. I explained to Quinn and Zabrina why I had never offered them financial assistance (his mother has given a great deal), and what I would expect if I did. This hit them pretty hard, and I could see more clearly my anger and lack of trust in Quinn so that over the years I had really never given them anything. Responding to a deep-felt intuition, I gave Quinn a substantial gift, declaring it a symbol of a new life, with the judgments and criticisms of the past dissolved, leaving him free to start anew, with our blessing and support.

Toward Evening, we all went down to a special rock with a kind of crater, where we could all sit, enjoy a marvelous view and the evening breeze, and enjoy some picnic snacks we had prepared. I was still feeling tired and draggy, with very little of the elevation I am accustomed to with this material. Quinn showed us a way of leaning over the edge of the rock backwards so that you could look at the horizon upside down. This was an amazing experience. The mountains, green valleys, and nearby rocks took on an amazing aspect, full of light and color, as though

seeing a whole new world. How marvelous to break the usual patterns of perception! Looking at the sky above the mountains, which were full of light clouds and energy patterns, I was able to let go as no time else during the day. I became aware of my patterns and inhibitions melting, and energy from the cosmos pouring into me. What a wonderful feeling! This is where true learning takes place. I reached a marvelous state of love, with wonderful closeness to my whole family gathered around. This was indeed a turning point.

Back at the house, there were many chores, completing dinner, and helping Quinn get things packed for an early morning departure. Zabrina had a bad headache, and I spent some time directing her in a focusing session, which temporarily relieved it, although it came back later.

I retired very tired, and unable to maintain the breakthrough. I worked a lot during the night, but awoke the next morning still feeling I was carrying a heavy load. However, the inner feelings were good, and it was marvelous to go outside and feel the peace and oneness with nature. I conclude that I did a great deal of work, and that I feel well centered and whole, and very content to be around the house. I am still puzzled by the magnitude of the load and how hard the work with Quinn was, but conclude that there was simply a great deal to be cleared up and it took a lot of work. I hope that we are both much better off for it.

Zabrina and Quinn both found this an excellent working material, and that they were able to accomplish a very great deal and achieve an outstanding experience.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-D

Date: May 19, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: Peggy is just a week back from her intensive, with some remarkable breakthroughs. We wish to use this experience to further the integration of her discoveries, to deepen our relationship and extend it to new areas, and to once more check 2C-D after 6 years.

We set our intentions, each of us to continue our growth and understanding, and to drop the patterns which restrict our authenticity, to support each other in this endeavor, to be honest in the expression of our thoughts and feelings, and for me, to learn how to be free of the loaded feelings I still get to some extent.

9:54AM. We both ingest 25mg. of 2C-D. Sitting outside, the experience comes on gently and easily. I feel some dragginess, but not uncomfortable. In about 45 minutes, we retire and explore erotica, which is outstanding. After this, I feel very passive. I hold Peggy, and suggest we both be very still and open. I feel in touch with my guide, and surrender. We move into a place of profound, all-encompassing love, another dimension. This is what I have always longed to share with Peggy, and I tell her how marvelous it is to have her there with me. She is overcome with love. This is a fantastic experience for the two of us.

After this, I feel full of energy, and as though the experience is over. I am disappointed to feel some logginess. Looking at it, I see where I was blaming some of my problems on Peggy's lack of acceptance; now that is no longer true, I see that the problem are mine and I am going to have to make some changes.

We go to the pond, having a delightful time in the cold, refreshing water. We remove almost all the new cattails and swim. Sitting on the big rock, looking at the other rocks and sky, I move into my "space" and am filled with a healing energy. It feels like I am a healer, but am still picking up residue in the process, like the intense 2 days recently spent in L.A. with Nigel and Odetta. Just opening up to this wonderful light is cleansing, purifying, and healing. I feel much better. Later we drive to town. Sitting in the car, waiting for Peggy I look at the mountains and create beauty. I find that I have to focus on it and do it, a recurring theme in this experience. When I do, I become free. During the very high experience with Peggy earlier, I saw that beauty already existed everywhere, but did not reach its complete fulfillment unless I joined in and created it from my viewpoint.

In summary, this was a very nice experience, with a marvelous breakthrough with Peggy. Peggy found the material very complete and helpful. It seemed to me quite light, especially compared to the 2C-B the week earlier. I found I had to use my volition and intention continually to get good results, but on doing so, it was most satisfying and left me in an excellent space. It did not take this kind of effort with the 2C-B. Peggy and I will repeat 2C-B again soon for further comparisons. All in all, a very rewarding experience, but so far nothing to indicate the use of 2C-D over other substances we have.

HOT-2

June 19th, 1986

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Here is my report on N-hydroxy-2,5-dimethoxy-4-ethylthiophenethylamine. Sunday, June 15th, 1986.

12 mg orally at 10:40 am. Tastes OK. Some activity noticed in 30 minutes. Very smooth rise with no body load for next two hours.

Got into a conversation with Mel about personal problems and how we view them during drug experiences. Mel said that we are very similar in nature with a 'loner' type approach to life as caused by our parents (my mother for me and Mel's father for him). He talked to me for some 20 minutes straight. After some 15 minutes, a little confusion set in onto me, probably from the drug and not from the conversation.

Visuals developed near 2 hours. Very pleasant. The bright spots in the painting over the fire place seemed to move backwards (as if the clouds were moving in the painting). On concentrating on any item, there was perceptual movement with a little flowing aspect. The visuals were never all that strong, but could not be turned off during the peak. I seemed to be at a plateau after 2.5 hours and continued for some 2 hours to about 2 or 2:30. at 1:45 I still had strong visuals (shimmering). It was hard to focus when reading. Additional there was difficulty concentrating (some mental confusion).

At some time (probably near 2), Clare and I took a tour of the room downstairs. The material seemed to allow erotic actions (though we didn't carry it through). There was no problem about obtaining an erection.

We tended to eat well during the experience which indicates that I didn't feel it was anorexic. I ate very well. There were whoopy dips, as well as that fabulous cake of Fern's.

There was a very gentle downward trend; I became close to baseline by 6 or 7 pm (at least +1/2, not 0). I had no trouble driving that evening.

Though the situation did not allow any real introversion, I seem to feel that it would be easy to go inward. Also I think it would be quite erotic. Both Clare and I would like to try it together and alone.

The dosage for me was quite good. I did not want more or less. I don't think there would be any problem going upward to 14 or 16 mg, though I would expect more confusion and more intense visuals. Maybe 15 mg.

How does it compare to 2CT2? I don't know. It is similar. I have not taken 12 mg of 2CT2 for over a year. It would be interesting to compare this with 2CT2 within a short period of time. From what I see, there is not any difference that can be objectively obtained from what I know. I may well try 2CT2 within the next couple of weeks at 12 mg and get a comparison.

It was noted that there was a rise in blood pressure (I had a mild drop the first hour, then it went up) during the experience which returned to normal after 4 hours. My pulse rate seemed to stay up for quite a while. I did have trouble maintaining a mild erection that evening.

I am looking to trying your higher homologs from the ethyl group. Would you expect the activity to drop off as the alkyl group on the sulfur becomes larger? What would you expect to happen if you put a phenyl group or benzyl group on the sulfur?

Looking forward to finishing the electrical work in the next couple of weeks and looking around for more to do (a light in the garage parking area with power to that area?).

Love,  
Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-4

Date: May 31, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Raul Casso, Blake Keicher, Peggy and Fred

Background: Raul and Blake are good friends, and solid members of the "community" involved in the intensives. This was a long planned visit, scheduled after Raul completed his licensing exam for chiropractry, a strenuous procedure.

8:48AM. All take 2C-T-4, Peggy 8mg, the rest of us 9mg. Comes on very slowly. We have good rapport, good communication. Blake and Raul are strong men and impart their masculine energy. They are concerned about me putting energy into places where I am not getting anything back. I feel this very heavily from the last weekend with Quinn. Experience develops steadily, reaching peak in 2-3 hours. It is for me a very long, intense day. Raul has an extremely enjoyable, insightful day, Peggy has a delightful day, very much enjoying the male energy, and getting a lot of insights after once getting over her self-doubts. Blake does not have an intense experience, but is very quiet and contemplative for most of the day, seeming to be working at a deep level. Both Raul and Blake are extremely perceptive in their observations.

While we had good communication ad saw much beauty, I kept falling back into my doing it wrong, no self-worth trap I could see that I still have a great deal of trouble in not wanting to acknowledge and appreciate others, and wanting to be the center of the show. I always seem to have to relate in a one-up position. I could see that I had a hard time taking from Raul and Blake, and I had a particularly hard time acknowledging Joah, which bugged me all day. I am aware of his talents, but something powerful inside me revels at giving him full acknowledgment, despite how I could see the enormous benefits I have gained through him and his activities. Toward the end of the day, I finally called him and told him of my resistance, which he took very good-naturedly. After this I felt considerably better, and moved into some much more rewarding spaces. We were privileged to see some outstanding beauty, getting caught in an afternoon walk in a dramatic, soaking cloudburst. That evening, at Quinn's "crater rock", we had a very transcendental experience of much beauty, opening, and understanding. I made great progress in learning to quiet my mind, and relinquish controlling the experience, and simple drinking it in. I am learning how to get in touch with a whole new part of myself by simply being at peace and listening. I learned a lot about this from Blake, who lives very much at this level. He is very interested in birds, and as he observes them, it seems they draw close to communicate with him. He taught us a great deal about birds and bird-watching.

I don't want to forget one striking experience, mid-afternoon. I was lying on the floor, letting go to music, and it felt great. It struck me that everything starts with the breath, so I started watching my breathing. I have chronic clogging of the sinuses and stuffed breathing, and hoped to clear it up. But I found out I couldn't even enjoy breathing! The more I tried to enjoy it, the more painful it got. Finally it seemed that the pain compounded from the energy I was pouring into it, so I let it go. Later, I noticed that breathing was much easier (although today, at this writing, my nose has a lot of its old stuffiness. Sudden insight -- drop examining the past, and use energy to create a better future. Feels good, and head clearer. Go for life! I became very aware of my single-mindedness--I have to find the best way, choose it, and make everything else wrong. So I have a great



conflict between Joah and Sasha, whose styles are practically completely opposite. But I saw there is no need to choose, I can have both. Just relay and go with the flow. I don't have to compartmentalize.

Realized I had let my body run down considerably. Raul called me on this. On the hike to the Ashram on Sunday, I struggled the whole way, fighting terribly for breath. However, next day hiking with good gang (3 good women joined us) I took a strenuous climb very much in stride and felt better physically than any time in the last six months. Also, with Peggy having left for a week water-color workshop (the day after selling a painting at an exhibit, and being requested to commission another!!), I got good insight into a problem that has been plaguing me for some time. These are the uncomfortable feelings I often get sleeping with Peggy. This morning I got the same feelings alone, and discovered it was unprocessed data. With Peggy, I tend to focus on her in a way that retards my processing. I discovered a number of painful areas I had been refusing to look at, particularly with Uma and her family. I see that I have to stop trying to solve her problems and release her, and just be a good friend. Awareness does not always bring joy.

All in all, we all agreed that this was a most valuable day and get-together. For me, despite the hard work and discomfort, it was a truly outstanding experience, with much important learning. The long action intensified the learning, and finally brought resolution and fulfillment in a most wonderful way. It's a great workout, and one that I would not choose to do frequently. The next time I might try a slightly lower dose to see how that goes.

2C-T-2

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT AT ESALEN

Date: June 10, 1986

Background: Not caring too much for night experiences, or large group experiences, and not feeling ready for a deep, intense experience, I opted for a light amount which I felt would help me tune it to what was going on.

Approximately 6:15PM. Took 8mg of 2C-T-2. Came on smoothly, had excellent connection with Channing Klavon. By 2 hours, feeling very sluggish, uncomfortable, very little happening. Add 8mg more, around 8mg.

At first, new material coming on feels very freeing, euphoric. Then begins to be uncomfortable again. I go down to big room where most people are. Feels extremely uncomfortable, sluggish there. Aware of all of my inadequacies. I decide to ride it out, see if I can get in a better space. Hard going. Only relief was when Gena worked on me for a while. Saw light when she leaned over me, very loving hands and touch. She relaxed me, got me to a place where I felt good. I was astounded at the crud I threw off - stubbornness, powerful fear, anger, deep pain. Reached peaceful space but couldn't hold it, but felt better rest of evening. Some good conversations with Ann, Sasha, a few others.

Still uncomfortable when retired, expected to stay awake thrashing over my ill feelings. Instead, shut off my mind, listened to my body. Felt good, and fell asleep right away. Next day felt amazingly refreshed and renewed.

Driving home Friday afternoon, very depressed after leaving Esalen. Felt nothing to go home to, all the projects I had been interested in seemed useless. Asked myself, what do I really believe? I am source, so began to change experience. Within 1/2 hour, began to enter exalted space. Felt "morphogenetic fields" of Monterey, past experiences. This kind of listening led to higher and higher experience, until I became my universal self. Aware of very sensitive, delicate energy inputs, more than ever before. Must be very clear and still to receive on this wavelength. Reviewed conference, what we needed to do. Felt I was thinking with a single group mind, the same as all the other conferees. Wonderful feeling, great feeling about the future.

Monday, May 19, 1986, Fred and Peggy - 2C-D

It wasn't long after the onset that we examined the erotic propensities of this material. And we can both attest that it is excellent 00 they are excellent. Spent some delightful hours in the sack. So this is what sex is all about! Shared with Fred that he had been married to the wrong woman for 15 years. He likes the new one. We didn't even listen to much music, which for us, is rather unusual. It seemed to be such a normal, non-drug-like experience for me. No sense of intoxication or going out of control or even blissing out. Just very normal, totally pleasant.

We went downtown later in the afternoon, and it was such a delight to see Dayna Pachla at the post office, and also to meet Salome and Kim. All hugged strongly, as if they knew where I was. It was extremely powerful to be in the presence of those ladies.

Oh yes, before we went downtown, we went to the pond to take a swim in the cool pool. It was around 62 or 63 in the water, but after cold plunges in my intensive, the water felt really good and I did not experience the shock of earlier swims. We enjoyed the water so much. I stayed in for quite a while, pulling out more reeds and trying to clean it up for a bit.

Food was excellent and retirement early was awfully nice. So very close. Feels good to be with Fred and to experience love for him, rather than jealousy and resentment.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH HOT-2

Date: June 15, 1986

Place: East Bay, California

Participants: C & NT, A & SS, PB, and FB

10:40 All take HOT-2, CT 10mg; NT, PB, and FB 12mg; A & SS 18mg

Comes on smoothly, nicely. In 40 minutes, I feel nice euphoria, feel home again.

Talk to girls in kitchen about intensive, begin to get uncomfortable feelings. Gets more and more uncomfortable, feel I am sitting on a big problem. Blood pressure, pulse go up considerably. Have hard time communicating; lay down for a while, get insight that most important thing for me to do is learn to listen, pay attention to what is going on. I do this the rest of the day, at first with considerable difficulty, then easier and easier.

Discomfort stays with me for several hours. Yet when others say it is a gentle, very smooth substance with no body load, I concur, and see that this is the way it would be without the weight of my particular problem. I like Sasha's notion that we can help define the characteristics of a new drug. Perhaps also with new incidents in life. I get more comfortable toward the end of the day, but never animated and euphoric. I feel very disappointed in myself, and wonder if I am getting into a bad place using these materials. I feel very humbled, and that I have a great deal to work out in my life.

The next day I feel very strong and empowered. The cause of my doldrums seems crystal clear: I see that I have been carrying a very pronounced value structure, and that I use the energy of these experiences to warp my experience into confirmation of this structure. This effort leaves me tired and empty, with a lot of body strain. Instead, all I have to do is let things be as they are! This felt marvelous, and a whole new way to be - much more relaxed, accepting, being in the moment. No more axes to grind. While I have been working up to this state for some time in dribs and drabs, it seems as though I suddenly see it in its completeness, and that I can be free.

The visit with the Tusa's the day after the experience was marvelous, as was the ride home the following day. I was in touch with my higher self as never before, with some unusual experiences occurring on the way home. I had no occasion of tiredness all day, arrived refreshed, and my body was very clear.

Within 24 hours, I encountered a whole new set of problems which set out some very important areas for me to work out. I feel that I am encountering the very core structure of my personality, and am making it my highest priority to deal with this and get resolution.

I see very clearly how extremely important these experiences with the research group are to me, in breaking out of my individual structures, learning from other members of the group, and obtaining a great deal of healing from the warmth and power of the other members.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: June 19, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Ebba Offner, Peggy and Fred

Background: Ebba is an elementary school teacher in Bishop, and was an active member of the meditation group I conducted in Bishop last year. For some time I kept getting a feeling to see her and let her know of our research. When we got together, I learned that she is a very serious spiritual seeker, and had just gone through a long period of living alone in a secluded area in the mountains establishing her inner strength, which she took to the classroom. She has used some psychedelics, and had read about MDMA, and felt she was now ready for this kind of experience. The timing of our visit was perfect, as she is just ready to move into something new. We set a date just before she is to leave on an extensive trip that will take her to Alaska, and felt this would be a perfect sendoff.

9:06 Ebba, and Peggy take 120mg Pegasus, I take 8mg 2C-T-2. Ebba begins to feel in 25 minutes, then it comes on rapidly. She moves into wonderful, animated experience, Peggy also. I feel perfectly tuned in with the 2C-T-2, and share their experience. It turns into a perfectly delightful experience, Ebba becoming full of life, very articulate and youthful. Peggy and I also having marvelous experience. Ebba explores the relationship with the men in her life, which is starting to get a little complicated. She clarifies a great deal for herself. She has an excellent mind, and was careful to keep things in order in our discussions, as well as taking care of things around the house. Peggy and I were both uplifted by her wonderful energy.

10:37 Peggy and Ebba take 40mg supplement. The day continues wonderfully, with good energy, close bonding, sharing. An excellent experience for Ebba and Peggy. Before the experience Peggy had been upset by some of the intense problems raised in our relationship, but was now at peace. As the others were coming down, I got into some alight areas of discomfort. One withdrawal into my feelings helped; mainly it became quite clear that I had powerful habits of misdirecting the energy, and needed badly to learn to focus the energy more positively. For example, I suddenly realized that I had never asked for joy, and I was able to bring a lot more joy into my experience.

The day ended beautifully with Ebba having a most fruitful and valuable experience, and a good send-off on her journey to Alaska. Our friendship was considerably deepened, and Peggy and I both gained considerably from the experience. However, it is clear that we need to continue these explorations with just the two of us.

This is the second time I have used 8mg of 2C-T-2 to join a Pegasus session and it has worked extremely well both times.

5-22-86  
2CT7  
OH

13:30 15mg - practically no taste 3x  
2C-T-7

40 min aware

1hr 10 min Zowie

2 hr Checking in. "Bolero" intriguing +  
not much interest in doing two thing at once  
at this point. Poetry - well in  
progress - put on hold.

2 hr 50 min (tough calculation) starting up  
computer to type poem. Computer easier  
to use than the clock is.

3 1/2 hr called Ted. Food. Stabilizing.

7hr Coming down.

11 hr Easy sleep.

5-24-86  
2CT7

17:00 18mg  
Considerable chilling first 2 1/2 hrs.

3 hrs Stable, warm.

5-31-86  
2CT7

3:00 pm 21mg

2C-T-4

Dear Sasha,

Notes: I am now evaluating 2CT7 at 3 hour stage of 2CT4 @ 14mg. Right now I can't remember why I haven't been munching down the 2CT4. Never mind.

2CT7 has the window, insight and clarity of 2CT2 without the agitation. The body is at peace with itself, either to be aware-sensuous, or not. It's more voluntary in the mental space. I can let it go and go to sleep feeling safe afterwards. Whatever was stirred up found its own conclusion. <- Ann. Whether or not this would be considered therapeutically useful, I don't know. I think it's good for me, because I'm awfully hard on myself, and insomnia never gives me any answers.

I certainly recommend it to Nora + Jena, although I don't know if they will like the laid-back quality. I can't remember the visual, so suspect it's not noteworthy.

This (2CT4) is.

7-12-86

14mg 2CT4

12:00 14mg

1 hr Have been writing Ashland notes, but onset occurred some time ago. Awareness above stomach, visual is patterned overlay.

1 hr 40 Persistent cold feet. Uncertain stomach when moving around. Out of gum.

2 hr I think this +++.

2:45 It's a lot of trouble to keep getting up to look at the clock. I might stabilize here.

Brilliant colors, trails reminiscent of 2CB. Must remember to note that for Jena the visual is what counts. For me insight, poetry, or window - all the same thing. Nora likes to describe her sensations, talk.

Later. Can't talk myself out of it. Dark corners, this level with other people apt to bring out the worst in me - which is pretty bad.

Sleep at about 19 hrs.

Good experience. Very laid back. Everything is so much trouble. Must remember to prepare food ahead. Ted saved me from starvation. Was able to play cards at 11 hours, until then unable to do much except talk. Watched TV, movies coming down. Okay, but felt tired. Maybe not as tired as last time.



6-28-86 Ashland, Or.

2CT-2

N., female, tall, medium build, age 35, well-coordinated, recovering from flu with head cold, feeling well, but with considerable congestion in head. Has tried 2CB at 14-24mg and loves it.

J., female, medium height + build, age 39. Has tried lots of psychedelics, including 2CB 14-24mg.

Me, having tried 2CT2 at 8-18mg range a number of times, with very positive responsive except for occasional bumpy onset.

N. + N. first time 2CT2  
15mg each at 13:00

At about 40min N. wants to go eat. She is getting hungry, wants to eat while she can still deal with a restaurant. I agree to go out against better judgment and suggest she keep "checking in" on appetite and feasibility of food.

N. has onset halfway through reading the menu, but eats with pleasure except for some difficulty swallowing at end (soup + roll). J. eats a little salad, reports no effect. I have tea.

One hour +, N. has visual perception of everything being at a great distance, including her hands and feet. Sensation in hands + feet still okay and motor abilities unimpaired except for some slowing down. She is able to walk, get things from her purse, drink, by not looking at what she's doing. By two hours, she's pretty much figured out how to live around this perceptual alteration, but it didn't go away except by gradual decrease as the experience ended (decrease began about 5hrs).

All this accepted as challenging, interesting, and fun. Good open talking, etc.

In the mean time J. reports no effect, + at about 2-2 1/2 hrs takes 6 more mg., total 21 mg. I notice a little opening up in her conversation (J. says contact high) and some deliberateness in walking on uneven ground.

At about 5 hours J. says she has had no visual, some body awareness of "having taken something," doesn't feel any stimulant effect, and wants to take 2CB. I talk to her about accumulated stimulation and possibility of two kinds of perceptual alteration at the same time, and ask how much to pipette, "Not as much as yesterday (24mg) but more than museum." 20mg 2CB.

5-1/2 hrs, N. and I have dinner. I see J. elevating and too high to eat for the first time ever. We are with non-travelers at dinner. In private later, J. reports best visual ever: undulating, brilliant colors in the sidewalk. Extremely positive, different and more visual than straight 2CB.

About 7 hours N. and I, in extreme jealousy (2CB all gone) take 9mg 2CT2, my normal museum level, for evening performance. I experience stimulation (N. also) and good focusing of attention, but no visual, which I usually experience at this level. 9 mg 2CT2 after 15mg + dinner is not as effective as 9 mg to begin.

Sleep at about 13-14 hrs. J. and I with 1 Tranxene each. All have good energy next day. J. recommends combination 2T2 + 2CB.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH HOT-2

Date: June 29, 1986

Place: Brandt Residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: I have developed very uncomfortable feelings after returning from my trip to Esalen, June 16. I feel I am pouring my energy into negative attitudes and feelings, and am determined to learn how to direct the energy positively. I feel I have made excellent progress with this during the last week, dropping judgments and resentments, and learning how to remain centered in my higher self by simply an act of the will. I look forward to practicing and confirming this in this experience.

10:03 Both take 12mg of HOT-2. Comes on slowly, smoothly; notice only a little after an hour; more so when get up to move around. By two hours it is full on - some color enhancement, increased energy, both internal and external, beauty in the surroundings. However, I begin to develop my usual sluggish feelings, and these get worse as time goes on, despite my intention to alter them. They feel just too heavy to try to change, and it feels better to simply accept them and flow with them. Peggy and I discuss some aspects of our relationship, and she lets me know that I am free to do whatever I wish. This feels good. She is coming from a strong, clear space, and remained there all day. For her, she finds this material most enjoyable, very LSD-like, including eyes-closed vision, and an excellent working material. It is very MDMA-like in her ability to discuss things without rancor or defensiveness, but simply be very matter-of face and with excellent insight.

21:00 I am growing very annoyed with my inability to alter the heavy, uncomfortable feelings. I feel very deep resentment. I look at myself in a mirror, and am astonished at what I see. I exclaim to Peggy "This guy is on the way out!" I looked absolutely horrible, and as if I were dying. Looking carefully in the mirror, I am consumed with self-hatred, probably as deeply as I have ever felt it. Couldn't pin it down, except for my almost complete preoccupation with myself, lack of acknowledgment of others. I decided to play the role of healer, and that all this junk I was feeling was what I picked up from others. However, I didn't know how to dispose of it. I asked how; the answer came, don't see it in the first place! It seemed clear to me that a lot of the pain, suffering, and troubles I saw in others was a result of my judgments; if I saw the true inner person, then everything was all right, their problems were only steps in their evolvment, and I needn't pick up anything, because nothing was wrong.

Peggy comes back from the bathroom; has felt sharp pain in stomach; finds it is rejection from her father. She explores some early feelings and relationships concerning parents.

Not too much changed during the next hour; enjoyed swimming in the pool, looking at nature, but still carrying my load.

4:00 p.m. Sitting on the deck with Peggy, reviewing the day, I realized I didn't get into such uncomfortable spaces when working with others. Maybe is my role. I begin focusing on Peggy, and suddenly feel her begin to expand and expand. She is without limits! No need for judgments or criticisms, simply observe this marvelous potential! I see that my past unwillingness to see these new possibilities has been one factor holding her back. I relish in expanding the boundaries, seeing how far we can go. My freeing her frees me, and it feels absolutely marvelous. My whole

experience is turned around. the rest of my day goes beautifully. I get a feeling like one who has taken the Bodhisattva Vow; many times I have seen who I am; why must I keep looking? I seem to trap myself in my self-involvement. Instead, my role seems to be to help others find who they are. It is quite clear that as they expand their being, me being is likewise expanded, as we are all one. My putting limits on them limits me (Judge not, lest ye be judged!).

Delightful remainder of day. High point came around 14:30, lying down listening to Tchaikovsky 4th Symphony, brilliantly played and reproduced. We are listening through super headphones. Holding Peggy's hand, I feel the most wonderful love flowing between us, cleansing and purifying and strengthening. Just absolutely wonderful to be together.

Over the next few days, there are some lapses in terms of negative feelings that develop. More and more I learn how to deal with them. First I look at critically to see the cause. Then I decide what I want to do about it, and invoke the appropriate power within to either help me bear it, or take the necessary appropriate action to eliminate it. This has been working quite effectively, and I am now in the best steady-state space I've ever been in. (As of this writing, July 4.)

This has been an excellent working material for us, and this experience has been most rewarding. It will be good to have a few more experiences like this, just the two of us.

This is the evening of July 17. Material is 2C-T-7, 25mgs.

1986

Sasha is at the Grove, and I've been working hard all day, sorting, throwing out, rearranging books, sewing materials, fabrics, etc. The living room is piled high with ironing, stuff to be sorted, the big easy chair is full of fabrics which have yet to be assigned space on the new shelf that was put into the closet today. Total mess, but I feel relatively comfortable about it all.

Fern phoned this afternoon from work, and said that Glenn is in a state of depression which she feels is truly dangerous. I asked, did she mean that she was afraid of his becoming violent with her, and she said no, worse. Oh. She means suicide. I asked, what does he do when he gets home from work? She said, he sits in his chair, he just sits in the chair. Oh, dear. I had a vivid picture of Glenn just sitting, and it sounded very bad. She said, I want Sasha to phone him, please, as soon as he can. I reminded her that Sasha's at the Grove, and that he phones me every night, but that it might be very late when he got the message and Fern said, it doesn't matter how late, and I don't care if Glenn knows that I've phoned you - this is desperate. I said, okay, I believe it. I'll tell him to phone, no matter how late it is. Fern said, the only person he'll listen to, the only person who can get through to him is Sasha. All right, I said, and thanked her for letting me know.

When Sasha phoned, it was midnight, but I conveyed the message and he said he'd phone right away.

During the evening, I watched two documentaries on Channel 54, both of them deeply moving, in quite different ways. The first was about Bolivia, about the people in the living in the high mountains, about a small village which - perhaps alone among all the places in the country - maintains the old Inca ways, the old traditions, the old language. Which I gather is against the law in Bolivia. It showed a yearly meeting of shamans and it was quite clear that hallucinogens played a major part in this meeting. The shaman faces were startling in their intensity and earthly depth. The Virgin Mary is worshiped as another version of the ancient Pacha Mama, the Earth Mother. Wonderful, dark, vivid look at places and people who are not usually to be seen or even known about.

The next documentary was a repeat of the beautiful Congo River segment of the series, Great River Journeys, and as I watched it, in tears some of the time, I thought, if only Glenn could gather up Fern and go journeying down the Congo River, just to remind himself what he's drifting away from. This is a place, this river, of life. And death, everywhere, of course. But it is life, being lived fully and without apparent reluctance or withholding by the people in the tiny hamlets on the banks of the Congo. If Glenn could be reminded, strongly, that his job is the unreality, that what's at stake is his life, his LIFE, right now, and that for all his immense value to us in the position he has, being the right man in the right place at the right time - his greatest value to us is in being alive, being our brother. We want him alive and out of pain. And I, particularly, want him to look at Fern and stop shutting her out and putting her down; she is his mate, his closest and most loving friend, or would be if he would let her be. In shutting her out as he often does, in putting her down with sarcasm and sometimes contempt, he is negating part of himself, rejecting an essential part of himself. If he would open himself up to the vulnerability of truly allowing himself to love her, he would open up a strength within himself which would be his greatest ally at times like this.

I wanted to say, Glenn, for God's sake, don't look for your missing self in your children - they aren't there for you, that isn't their job, to fulfill you. You have your missing other part in Fern. She knows how to love without defending against vulnerability. She will do anything for you except betray her own integrity. Open yourself to her and to what you can have with her. And decide you're going to live. It may indeed mean that you'll have to give up a pension, that you'll have to sell the house, that you'll have to start everything from scratch, or almost that. Sure, it would be scary. But we're talking about your life, now. Break with the paranoid, bitter, hostile people you work with. It would be wonderful if you could continue there as an island of rationality and intelligence and integrity, but if things are getting too hostile, too negative, too deadly, get the hell out.

It's called survival, Glenn, and it's the first rule of life.

Earlier today, late this morning, Alan phoned and talked a bit about Milly's death, and how hard it was for Oliver to sign his name to that request to turn off the life-support systems. He said that Sasha had spoken of how incredibly hard it is to do, even when you know, intellectually, that the beloved person is already gone. He went through that with Mandy, and I remember when I first knew him, two years later, when we talked about that experience, we were in the kitchen and he cried like a baby, the grief still strong, the guilt still there. He had been the one to say, take everything away and let her be dead. Alan said he didn't know when the funeral was going to be - either tomorrow or perhaps early next week, since it's a coroner's case in L.A. and they take their time - so he'll let me know as soon as he knows. He spoke of Fernando Eligio, who happened to be in on the disaster, by sheer coincidence, because he was working down at Diablo Canyon and phoned over to the Kimoto's place, knowing that the family was visiting there, and wanting to propose that they meet for a drink of something, and found out what was going on. Instead of being in the way, as might have been expected, he turned out to be of immense value to everyone, running errands and driving for distraught people, and being supportive and sweet. I told Alan I was very glad to hear that that had happened with Fernando, bless him. It must have made him feel good to be able to help.

As for the rest of my T-7 experience, my darling, it is as good and friendly and wonderful as I remembered it. I think it's going to take the place of T-2 in my heart. Which is too bad, considering the fact that it's obviously not easy to make. But it's a truly good material.

I won't say I miss you, at the moment, because I'm too involved in this immense sorting and rearranging mess, and am very much enjoying the unfamiliar lack of negativity. I don't seem to have the shadows, the feeling of having to wrestle with myself all the time, that I had before when you were at the Grove. None of that, this time. There seems to be real focus, now, and perspective, and humor. But having you away is a good thing in one respect: I can look at us as the team we are, and as the team we are increasingly becoming, and I'm able to feel deep quiet pleasure in it. In us.

Oh, yes. Gavin Gerding phoned. Asked about recent happenings on the MDMA front, like extensions of the one-year scheduling, and I told him we haven't heard or seen word yet, but that perhaps it had already been put out in the Fed. Register and we hadn't been told yet. Said we'd let him know the instant we knew. No mention made on either side of the five-year stipend. Very friendly and nice conversation. Strange thing, though. For the first time, I heard him talking exactly like Aaron G. His intonation, the spacing between words and phrases, the words themselves, and

even the sound of the voice, was almost a twin of Aaron G. Rather weird. (I remember thinking for one brief moment, I have to remember this is Gavin, not Aaron G. Mustn't slip and forget.) It is to reflect. To think and ponder, even.

Since this obviously will not be a Pihkal, I may as well bring it to a close as a note for your book, even though the evening is not closing yet. I love you. I love even the unlovable parts of you. Quite indiscriminating, really, this kind of loving, but that's the way it is, kid. Sleep well.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH HOT-2

Date: July 18, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: Since last experience on June 29, despite not being able to escape my negative feelings in the experience, I have made lots of progress in redirecting my energy into more positive directions and feelings. There are still some areas I tend to get loaded up, but all in all, I feel good about my progress, and am anxious to see what develops in this experience. Peggy has felt more ability to feel her deep feelings.

9:48 a.m. Both take 12 m.g. HOT-2 on empty stomach. Comes on slowly; feel lightly at one hour, more intensely at two hours. Peggy has started with some cold symptoms which she hopes will dissipate; wants to be quiet. We sit quietly listening to music and I enjoy looking and thinking. I am very glad that my usual sluggishness does not appear; this is a much more pleasant experience. We are pretty much at peace with each other and have nothing pressing to explore or discuss.

11:51 a.m. I take 6 m.g. More HOT-2. I go outside to check the pond, begin to feel the supplement immediately. Returning to the house, I feel a deep yearning of loneliness inside; I tell Peggy I wish to be alone for a while and go down under the cottonwood trees.

I mentally review my position in a lot of areas -- the support of Joah and Raula's community versus finding your strength within, whether I am violating some important deep inner feelings by working so hard to change my surface feelings, why I seemed to pick up such a load from Sydney during Thursday's hike with another couple for the first time. While I realized I was in my "head," it seemed important to review everything as thoroughly as possible mentally before releasing to inner experience. After a while all of these issues seemed to become less and less important as the inner yearning dissipated and I became more and more preoccupied with the beauty around me. It was glorious being outside. I asked to see my soul, and became aware of that marvelous, shining, delicate, superbly wonderful feminine presence that is ultimate fulfillment and yet indescribable. Everything began to become brighter, and I was drawn to look at the sun through the treetops, but felt I should protect my eyes. In the past I would have felt guilty for not having faith and surrendering, but now it felt normal to protect my eyes. The beauty grew everywhere, but I felt separated from the final breakthrough of complete fulfillment. After a while I felt that I was too self-involved in attempting to explore more deeply the beauty of my own soul, and that I should explore the beauty in others. So I went back to the house to join Peggy. I had a number of wonderful realizations under the trees about the wonder and beauty of life, and the importance of honoring and supporting others like Sydney in their approach to life without judgment or resentment when their positions are much different than my own.

Back at home, it is good to be with Peggy, although no real breakthroughs. We go to her new studio where we can appreciate all that's been accomplished there, listening to music on the ghetto blaster. I have a number of profound realizations.

First, I remember something Gray once said, and relax to feel our connection. Then I realize why it is so hard to stay connected, as if I do I will start to feel her pain. It is very difficult for Peggy and I to feel each other's pain, because our feelings of rejection and betrayal are so similar and we don't want to have to go into our own pain. Realizing this, I was able to stay with her through it to a marvelous sense of release and inrush of love, at least on my part. I see once more with considerable reinforcement that one reason I get uncomfortable with others is the lack of willingness to feel their pain. Now I feel I can do so and transcend it, keeping focused on the higher being. Peggy had said earlier that we probably needed a third person present to work through the stuff between us. I told her that a third person was always with us, and realized that as long as I was fully aware of this third person, I would be in the state of love and compassion which made it possible for us to benefit from experiencing together just the two of us. Again, dancing to music allowed energy to flow through us and release deep feelings. Her mirrored closet doors added considerable interest to this activity. We had good rapport and discussion, but neither of us felt like being intimate. Around 3 p.m., I felt extremely clear-headed and energetic, but almost remarkably normal, without the feelings of exaltation I had toward the end of the previous experience. I felt very much at home with myself and my feelings, perfectly free to express my feelings regardless of whether they were positive or negative, very much at home being myself without any need to please. In fact, it felt like we had completed any necessary interaction, and I was ready to go start the window-washing I was planning to do the next morning. While I did finally do one side of the house, I took time out to sit with Peggy for a while back in the house while she withdrew inside listening to music. It felt good to just be quietly with her. After a refreshing swim, and with the sun lowering in the skies, I sat naked on the deck in the sun and looked at the mountains. I became very still, and my perception became remarkably enhanced. The beauty was outstanding, and I felt my enormous love for this place and these surroundings. I felt a deep sense of surrender, and realized that by surrendering and being still, this allowed God to fill us and become alive. Through our willingness, he can enter and behold His works. This felt remarkably good, and I wanted to stay in this state always. I have never felt more keenly and appreciatively the inner play between myself and the Supreme Teacher, who is always there and always giving if I but observe and let Him in. Later, Peggy was feeling muscle tension, and I gave her a massage, Gena type, which gave her a lot of release.

That evening, feeling tired, we reclined and listened to the Berlioz Requiem. It was as though we had never heard it before, superbly played and sung and inspiring. The horn fanfare alone we agreed was worth purchasing the compact disc and Peggy said, even the player.

Despite the increased dosage, this experience was in many ways less dramatic and intense, yet somehow much more real and meaningful. Despite the lack of intensity and profound "breakthroughs", it felt that important work was being done at a very deep level, and though I was somewhat unaware of changed, I feel sure that significant changes will materialize. I somehow feel this experience was more "real," without my trying to manipulate intensify it. I even wonder if as my steady-state position improves, the effects of these substances will be less dramatic, perhaps even less noticeable. Since the experience, I feel soundly normal, quite unruffled, and much more honest. But a deeper strength and euphoria seems to be quietly growing. Hope it continues. At this moment, my efforts in redirecting my energies away from negative feelings into more positive spaces seems to be paying off well, and I am very much encouraged to continue this process, although I feel it will be happening more and more naturally.



This is Friday, July 25, 1986. 25 mgs. 2C-T-7, taken at 6.p.m.

This report is being written at approximately 9.p.m., or about 15 mins. after. Washed hair, thinking as usual. Not very contented thoughts, since Scott N.'s phone call re the D.D. Bill developments. Thought to myself, not exactly for the first time, why is this happening, and what is meant to be done -- where is wisdom, where does the wise path lie? And one of the answers, of course, is that it's more than the right time for our book. That is going to become increasingly urgent. It must be done perfectly, exactly as we want it, or not at all. But, then, that's silly. How else would we write it, except exactly as we wish to? I decided, for the moment, on my favorite title, or subtitle, "The Learning." And, besides, it's what we're doing.

As we keep being reminded.

Fred's lovely letter, with that urgent question: what is body load? Or -- to rephrase it my way - why? That's a whopper. Okay, Fred, here goes. Body load is, first of all, some amount, however small, of physical impact on the physical body of a chemical. Usually minimal, I suspect. In the case of LSD, for instance, you take an amount which can barely be seen by the body at all, yet 200 micrograms -- if you aren't used to it -- can be experienced as a major reorganization of the entire physical body, along with the psyche. I will never forget the day when Sasha and I took Benton's gift at what we thought was a very reasonable, even uninteresting, level of 200 mic.s. We had experienced the good old Sandoz material at that level, not knowing that it had deteriorated. We thought we knew 200 mic.s very well indeed, but felt that, for the sake of being true to the spirit of research in which it had been sent, as a way of evaluating Benton's other developments, the cousins, we should be good little scientists and take an amount which was well known to us, and thus titrate it correctly.

Within the first 15 minutes, Sasha had begun some quick calculations around the possible errors that might conceivably have been made by over-eager graduate students. He came into the living room and sat on the hassock across from where I sat, slightly frozen, on the couch, and looked earnestly at me and said, "I have to tell you, it is just possible that a rather important error might have been made. I don't know for sure, but a decimal might have been misplaced. And if it was, you and I are in for a rather interesting day. I suggest that, while we still recognize things like doors and windows, we do a careful check of our surroundings and secure everything, and then perhaps retreat to the bedroom and simply ride it out, okay?" I said, with what I remember was a very British nonchalance, the kind that does me credit in my own eyes, "I have my tape recorder right here on the table, and I think I will start recording everything, just to leave some message behind for our kids if they have to find our bodies." Sasha said, fine, and he was going to go outside and see if he could vomit up some part of something, although he still wasn't absolutely sure that it was a misplaced decimal. "There's another very real possibility, you know; it's quite possible that our Sandoz material has deteriorated a great deal. We would have no way of knowing. But this might well be a genuine 200 micrograms. I mean, this might well be what 200 mikes is supposed to be. Okay, said I. That's a very interesting thought. It certainly would mean a lot of rethinking an re-evaluation of past notes, wouldn't it!" We were both, I think, proud of ourselves for being so very rational. What was happening to me, at that time, was simply that my whole body felt as if every molecule and corpuscle had been, essentially, turned inside out and that it was all changing, or attempting to change, from what it had been to something different. It was very much as if I had turned into a body of pure energy, and the change had been so rapid, the whole system was trying desperately to keep track of itself and assimilate the process as it happened. I was not, for some reason, frightened. There was no sense of

poisoning, no sense of toxicity at all. That would have frightened me, but there wasn't anything of that kind being experienced. It was just immensely rapid change, too fast to deal with properly on all levels. However, one didn't exactly have a choice. So I located all the proper buttons on my tape recorder and started quite efficiently taping our last will and testament -- well, not exactly, since all I was leaving for my heirs was information. But at least, I would leave the best information I possibly could.

Having failed to vomit anything up outside the front door, Sasha came inside and locked the lock, and began walking around the living room and we talked rapidly and continuously to each other, with the tape recorder on, pretty much forgotten to both of us. We described our states of body and mind to each other, comparing notes, I sitting on the couch while he paced. After a while, I think some part of us recognized that we were indeed going to live, and that it might turn out to be an incredibly interesting experience, and we began to enjoy it. It certainly was pioneering, in the true sense of the word. We began to speculate on the amount of deterioration that must have occurred in the Sandoz material, Sasha getting enthusiastically into the numbers and percentages, even allowing himself to sit down again, although he only perched on the edge of the hassock. He hadn't yet got to the point where he could allow himself to relax into the easy chair -- he was ready for flight at any time, off the seat and back into the walking pattern -- but we speculated that what we had believed, until then, was 200 mikes had probably been the equivalent of about 130, or something like that. There was something he explained, or tried to explain, that had to do with thirds or two-thirds. I listened with great interest, while attending to what was happening to my friendly old bod, sitting there on the couch, checking myself over on all levels to make sure I was still among the living.

By the time an hour had passed, we realized we had reached some kind of plateau and were no longer shooting up and up. So we didn't have to worry about decimal points or not being able to make sense of doors or windows. We checked each other out and had some fun trying to pour ourselves juice in the kitchen while making silly observations about what we were attempting to do, and while all this was going on, each of us was observing the general level of voice and energy and health-sense in ourselves and each other. We made it to the bedroom, our friendly nest, and there was some more idiocy about how to turn the radio on and which dial was which. By that time, we both knew we could manage this level perfectly well, now that we knew what it was and what it was going to be. Now that it had stabilized. We looked at each other, sprawled on the bed, and said things like, "Wow," and "Well, what do you know!" Sensible, scientific things like that. The tape recorder, I remembered somewhere along the way, was still going in the living room. No matter. I wasn't about to go back there and turn it off. We settled in to what I remember as a superb and excellent and beautiful experience, for the rest of the evening.

Back to your question, Fred. What is it that one feels as the body-load? Well, here goes speculation. One thing that it can be, in some experiences, is a way of keeping you anchored in your body. Perhaps, on a very deep instinctual level, it is a communication you have with yourself which says, yes, I'm still in here. I'm still the human me. A reminder.

Another possibility, of course, is that it is your own private acknowledgment of your failure to truly give yourself permission. Which is an old, old program for most of us. An old familiar program. The most important thing I think you said in that letter was how good you felt when you were writing to us, the day after the experiment, I gather. Doesn't matter. I think you hit on something right there. It was also reflected in what you said about Hobert P. You described him as old,

getting older rapidly, hoping that somebody else would write the book that he would never get around to writing. You were describing your own deepest fears, Fred. And I suggest that you pay attention and do something about it.

Remember, there is no end to things to do around the house. There never will be, as long as you have a house. But now is the time to write your book -- yours and Peggy's. Change names and locations to protect the guilty, but the rest -- let it be the true story. What do you have to lose? None of us is 25 years old. We can say what we wish, now, and not worry very much about the opinions of the rest of the world. You and Peggy can begin now (as Sasha keeps telling me, start anywhere, definitely NOT at the beginning of your story, anywhere in the middle) and do as Hobert did not. The story of this kind of research, this kind of journey, must be told in this century as it has been told in past centuries, each time with new vocabulary, new insights, new applications, new definitions. Don't be a Hobert, my dear beloved friend. Peggie-bean should either be writing her own account or writing the same book with you. Don't let all this richness go to waste. Don't worry about publishers. There's no problem. If you have to, you can publish yourself, with the new desk-top technology available. But tell it. Tell all of it.

I suspect that if you start doing this, and make it part of each day's essential activity, you will begin to experience your body load differently. What you are doing now, I suspect, is a bit too much navel-watching, and not enough form of art, which after all has been used ever since our species began, and since she has emerged as a truly gifted painter, this could very well be part of her contribution, but she writes too well for art to be her only communication. She must write her own view of the world, her own experiences, which are infinitely rich. I don't know if you're aware, Peggy, of how vividly you write. You will simply have to discover it by writing a lot of something and then putting it away for three days and taking it out again and rereading. Then, you'll know.

One last word of advice (are you kidding?) -- don't set out, even subconsciously, to write another Castaneda, or another Lynn Andrews. Write the Fred and Peggy journey. Separately or together -- it doesn't matter how you do it. But do it.

I think body-load is a barrier, within oneself. Barrier to full self-enabling. Get around it. Start the writing, and continue it as an essential part of your daily life. I think your body-load will change. In fact, I can guarantee it.

-

200 mic. Lucy, Saturday July 26, 1986. FIRST NIGHT AFTER GROVE.

Also one night after a fantastically good 2C-&-7 for me. This is good confirmation of my previous assumption, suspicion, conclusion, that taking any of the 2C-T's before LSD does not in any way affect the LSD, although the reverse is not so. LSD before most other psychedelics does tend to reduce the effect of the others, within 48 hours.

Dragons and delights. Especially gorgeous, sensual Bach. I had trouble with my dark side for quite a while, but fought through. Then we did some discussing of the national dark side, as expressed in the upcoming D.D. Bill. Had a discouraged call from Scott N., and a really depressed one from Ira D., saying that he was contacting all his fellow legislators who might be sympathetic, and we agreed to exchange any new information that came in.

Sasha explored worst-case scenarios, and concluded -- and I think it's a good way to proceed -- that the best thing he can do is simply continue doing exactly what he's doing, openly and honestly.

I began to feel a bit better. It means, though, if the law goes through as now written, that the country is on a slide into gradual repression, and we have to prepare for that. It means that our kind of research will go underground in succeeding generations, as it is in most countries. At least, in this country, for a while, we will have freedom of the press. And if that begins to be compromised, the existence of the computer and the new desk-top publishing systems will allow a very vital and influential underground press. And more and more, it's obviously the time to write, as we are doing.

It's good to have you home, love. It was a good, weird and quite productive two weeks, and the productivity will continue on all fronts, and dark sides will be dealt with, again and again, but it's much better to have you here, even if I can't watch television all night long, or even write all night long. S'okay. I'll wait til next year's Grove. Unfortunately, this year, there wasn't anything on TV worth watching, but I did get a lot of writing done.

Is it possible that the only way, after all, that the society will allow for psychedelic research will be if it calls itself a religion?

2CT7 @ 9:50AM

J. 18mg  
 N. 16mg Thursday  
 Me 16mg July 17, 1986  
 Buck's Lake

N. 4mg  
 > Me 4mg @ 3:00PM

J.. said we were coming down @ 2:30PM  
 8:00PM J. left to drive home  
 9:00PM Coming down for sure  
 11:20PM Close to baseline  
 12:30PM Easy sleep.

Very good experience. Continuous talking, as usual. N. was somewhat lethargic, J. active, me in the middle.

Visual is a mottled overlay (N. "like having hand lotion in your eyes"). In sunlight, trees (needles) seemed to glow from within - very beautiful but not overwhelming, some visual ground motion early in the experiment. N. seemed to have a second pair of eyes on her forehead. All this was less noticeable after about 3hrs.

N. says this is less agitating than 2CT2 and prefers it. J. "got off" and didn't beg for more (she had little or no effect from 2CT2).

N. contemplated an out of body experience at about 2 hours which I said sounded like fun, but then said she wouldn't have to worry about breathing (her standard complaint during onset is difficult breathing, says she "forgets" to breathe) and I said fairly didactically that she would have to continue breathing, so she decided against.

Time flies. I would be completely at a loss to estimate hours without the clock Gentle decline.

Lucy, 250 micrograms, 7:45PM. Tuesday, July 29, 1986.

Sasha and Ann.

Background: good day, following Monday down at Sandra's place with Kurtis Platero and his first Freddie, 120mgs. Very good experience. And this is the day before the resumption of WND, expecting around 25 people including Seth Julock and author of The Final Choice, coming with Elata, who will also bring (!! ) enough lasagna for 20 people. I will add ham and peanut butter and a birthday cake for Foster. Umar is bringing enough goodies to feed an army; the Tusa's are bringing him. Tanya J. and Grant, Helen's new friend, plus Alan's China slides and on and on. Should be quite an evening. Elata got to meet George Lucas. We may yet see Skywalker Ranch.

We decided to try 250 tonight, since we've got pretty damned casual with 200. Lovely dragons and a superb Sasha organism. I will attempt later. This is the level, Sasha says, that we took when Eric sent it with his LADs, and we got blasted out of our skins. Tonight, it's absolutely fine and comfortable. It's so good to have you home, love. Time to go back to bed. See you there.

LUCY, 250 micrograms, Saturday 8-2, mistakenly listed as 8-1. Sorry about that. Sasha and me. 9PM.

Background: 2C-T-7 yesterday, 14 hours long. Does not affect this at all; none of the 2C-T's do.

At least, not so far.

And not as far

as we can tell.

Difficult entry, transition, whatever. Lots of anger, directed at myself and some other people, none of whom deserve it. In fact, I don't either. Waste of time and energy and good heart. Sandra teaches me a lot. How you can love somebody and yet allow yourself to actively reject some aspects of them, yet still be sufficiently tuned in so that you can accept both the love and the hostility, be at peace with both. She is continually teaching others how to hold their boundaries, while acting, being sometimes the embodiment of the kind of person against whom one must learn to hold one's boundaries. But that's fine. Good lesson. She's a good soul and urgently needs a life mate and cannot find one. Tried to tell her some things that would have to change a bit - which all came out to "be more like me," as they passed through my censor, so I modified carefully, and ended up feeling that whoever comes along will have to be strong enough to handle the Great Sandra the way she is, period.

At least, she's always trying to learn, and I respect and love that in anybody, as I love it in myself.

I think I'm ahead of several people I know in one virtue: patience. I think I've learned a lot of it, and boy is it a wonderful thing to have, to fill in otherwise wasted time.

That's one of the things causing some disturbance, this past week: I've been aware of impatience. I've felt it as irritability, annoyance, feeling grim. But there's a good deal of just exasperation. Which isn't a tremendously constructive thing to live with. I think it's part of the transition to focusing on writing, which is a very concentrated solo journey, and tends to want to devour everything else, or discard. The prospect of innumerable cartons of past life to sort out, the battle between holding on to all the symbolic bits of past me and wanting to throw the whole damned pile out, is mentally tiring.

It's good to have the big dumpster sitting out there next week. It's put up or shut up time. Let's get it done.

Vegetable garden today, reminded me of Fermin's story, via Sandra, of napalming miles of jungle in Vietnam, only to fly over it two days later and see no sign whatsoever of the damage - just jungle again. Here, it took a bit longer, but the young oak trees are competing with the blackberry vines for what used to be nice productive squash and tomato plots. Sometimes I'd like to be well off, just to be able to hire a devoted gardener whose novels and essays take the form of peppers and eggplants.

Maybe all the grass and vines and jungle will refresh the soil for our next brave attempt to grow magnificent veggies.

What I really would like, right now, although it wouldn't be what would be best, would be to just write, day in and day out, with evenings devoted to making love and endless talking with Sasha, and occasional breaks for WND's and beloved people and with an occasional evening of isolation with good, thoughtful,

sensitively done documentaries - the kind that give you a +2 all by themselves - and then more writing. And an intercom between Sasha's desk and mine that WORKS ALL THE TIME. Best of all possibles. But, in a way, that would almost be like stopping learning, because when you write you're distilling what you already know and think; you're not learning new things as you do in therapy or meeting and engaging with people.

Guess I'll take it the way it is (without the cartons).

I do need the ocean for one single day, though. I'm truly starved for the sea. One day would do it nicely. Dig in the sand for things that roll in the fingers and for bits of wood that are works of art, etc.

Here's Sasha:

Oh, well, no.

Hell, now I'm back in victim role. Feel hurt and angry and that's a waste of time, too.


Okay. Back on track. Lazy Man's Guide to Enlightenment did it. Think I'll give that as a gift to everyone I know. What a lovely man. Wonder if we can contact him?

To bed. Some more loving is needed.



## The CNS-activity of SAM

**ART HOPPE**



*S.F. Chronicle  
Aug 3 1986*

## The Ultimate Drug

IT WAS INEVITABLE. With so many inventive drug designers turning out so many designer drugs each year, the perfect drug simply had to be produced sooner or later. Its name was simethylene-amitrate-metabolyxite or, as it came to be known, Sam. Here is its story:

It was a dark and stormy night in the designer laboratories of Yves St. Blass. As lightning blazed against the mullioned windows, the great designer druggist held up a small, white pill. "Here, Igor, try this," he said to his assistant.

Igor obediently swallowed the pill. In seconds, a smile suffused his dour features, and the hump on his back seemed to shrink. "Man," said Igor, "that's the real stuff!"

"At last, I have created a drug that will make everyone happy," said Yves confidently.

★ ★ ★

AT FIRST, it seemed Yves was incontestably right. In case after case, without exception, Sam made the user feel not only happy, scintillating and sexy, but it also improved his or her backhand — all without any aftereffects whatsoever.

Unlike alcohol, Sam had no calories. Unlike heroin, Sam required no nasty needles. Unlike pot, Sam didn't smell up the house. And unlike cocaine, Sam didn't destroy the nasal passages or induce self-immolation. Sam required no boiling, mixing, sorting, chilling, diluting or dangerous matches. Moreover, Sam tasted good and thereby appealed to dogs and small children — a quality that radically reduced the national incidence of ankle biting.

But best of all, Sam was absolutely legal and therefore incredibly cheap. In no time, Sam pills were being sold three for a dime in 7-Eleven stores or for a nickle apiece in sidewalk bubble-gum dispensers. Surveys showed that 8 out of 10 people and 7 out of 10 dogs were now swallowing Sam. It appeared the human race was embarked on a new era of happiness.

Then — oh, so gradually — a reaction began to set in. People would laugh happily at some little joke and then look at each other guiltily. One would say something like: "You know, it doesn't seem quite right to be this happy this easily." And the nagging feeling prevailed that something that made you feel so good couldn't be good for you.

★ ★ ★

SO PEOPLE began swearing off Sam. In six months, scarcely 1 in 10 was still taking the stuff. But that was still too many for the Good Christians to abide. "If the Good Lord had meant for people to be happy," their preachers thundered from their televised pulpits, "he wouldn't have given us frown muscles."

Politicians were quick to go along. Congress speedily declared Sam to be immoral, indecent and illegal. The Mafia immediately moved in to corrupt law enforcement officials; smugglers brought in tons of simethylene, amitrate and metabolyxite from Colombia, Bolivia and Cosa Nostra, respectively, and Congress was forced to appropriate \$13.2 billion to confiscate 1.3 percent of this illicit trade.

The price of Sam soared to \$10 for a quarter of a pill in a back alley. The media made it clear that gulping Sam was the rage at all the fashionable parties. Overnight, Sam became expensive, dangerous and glamorous. Soon, Sam was as popular as it had ever been.

"At last everybody's happy," said Yves St. Blass proudly. "Those who don't take Sam are happy that they can now lock up those who do in the slammer, and those who do are just plain happy."

"It's a miracle, Master," said Igor.

"Well," said Yves modestly, "I couldn't have done it without the Good Christians and Congress."

LUCY 8-7-86 8:13PM 250mcg. Jerusalem documentary, National Geographic, by the time it was through, at 9PM, blazing +3, of course. What a way to end a day of sorting through cartons. This has been the week of the sorting-out, the throwing-out, the crystallizing, the beginning to pull into focus, et cetera.

Also the week when Sasha was invited by head of Chemistry Dept. at State to give a Spring semester course, two hours a week, which means two days a week, called, "Drugs and Society," or subtitled, "Putting fox in charge of chicken coop." Ah, well. Probably funded by the war on drugs.

Beginning to plan a history of the human spirit as told to a reluctant class of undergraduates. That is 30 lectures of 75 minutes each.

Drugs equals society. Society has been built around the things which we've taken into ourselves and have learned to share, have used for equilibrium, for communication.

Abuse is someone else's drug problem. It's never your own, unless you have come to a point in your life where you have become aware that you are acting against your own interests, or what you believe are your own best interests. Then you go looking at yourself and at all the ways in which you avoid doing what some part of you knows you must do in order to accomplish a goal. If your escapes from responsibility to yourself include too much sex with too many partners, with the inevitable health concerns and emotional entanglements that arise, you will perhaps blame the difficulties of finding your own directions on modern society's moral morass, or some such.

If your favorite escape includes bombing out on pot or cocaine, you will decide you're a victim of the drug culture.

-----  
 Making love with Sasha, to the music of Ernest Bloch. Stone fountains, stone petals, sliding and slippery with clear water flowing, small whirlpools where the tongue draws the soft penis into the depths, drowning for a moment in the throat, sunlight glistening on the edge of honey-colored stone, surfacing for air, hands grasping the smooth ledges on either side, body sliding up between grey satin buttocks, dove-grey stone petals, massive, water-licked, touching an edge of diffused light, sinking down again underneath the carved lily-pads, legs clasped around chest, streaming clear water, fingers imprisoning soft lily-buds beneath penis shafting, crystal water glinting, drowning, smiling, sliding.  
 ---couldn't be done without you, you nut!!!---

And I, on the other hand, was making love to my other half, my Ann. The tempting, probing finger tip that stays then strays then stays again with a touch then a turn and then a touch but always the tip on the tip and the tip until there is a capitulation in which the thrust can be a real and wanted and needed part of the approach. To grip the thigh between your legs, to cup the neck and pull the body together towards the center, to put the mouth against the breast and let the breath come wetly, to catch that thread of the life force, to surely hear the music disappear and only the structure of fantasy remain and replace the outside world forever.

And to let the music come back in again and reintegrate with the magic of the mind - a completely private God-place but one which, as its richest blessing, can only be shared.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-B

Date: August 4, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Fred

Background: Have been feeling tired and draggy since experiment with Felina. Realize could probably throw off with another experience, yet feel important to learn how to get out of this state without aids. Early this morning, almost recovered, decided it ridiculous to waste so many days not really efficient. Decided to have experience without interfering with work; got real interested in seeing how it would be to spend a day doing my ordinary tasks. Big change, as hard to break long-held belief of using experience for most profound learning, apply later.

10:09AM. Take 20mg. 2C-B, after light breakfast of fruit and grapenuts at 9AM. Could detect no hindrance from having eaten. I get to work, flow into experience easily. In about an hour, I am getting somewhat jittery, but feel my articulation is somewhat enhanced. No trouble functioning

11:30AM. Start letter to Nigel Himmons, coming next weekend. Find I have to stop and look at situation. See deeply and clearly into what's going on; see my role much more clearly; must abandon need to teach and heal, let them find themselves; good preparation for our meeting. See Odetta might be miffed by addressing her through Nigel; I sit down and write her a separate letter.

Started letter to my brothers in forwarding monthly check. Experienced deep sense of loneliness, task distasteful. Looked at why. Answer: I see tasks as a chore, not putting me into it, no life, no feeling. Putting me into letter to older brother, Don, I find a lot of conflict in turning down their invitation to their big bash 30th anniversary celebration because of commitment to Quinn. Am I still getting even? I get all sludgy. I finally write a satisfactory letter, but all of sludginess not resolved. I opt for supplement.

1:55PM. I take 10mg more 2C-B. Go down to pond; feel healing Mother Earth, let her fill my emptiness. Go back to garden, pick weeds. Marvelous analogy to life. I am destroying life, which abounds. Yet I choose to grow what I want, despite bountiful obstacles. Must be firm in decision to get results. Inside, analogy applies to Peggy's interest in a new recording. At first I don't want to interfere with her freedom, then decide to stick to objective: add to library with compact disc if good one available. She agrees.

2:30PM. I am able to carry on all normal functions, but am not euphoric, a slight draggy feeling persists. Supplement was felt rapidly, dropped a lot of the sludginess, good effect, more clear, more energy, although a bit wired. Reviewed state of the body; aware of stress, how I push it around. Start to write checks; must bring bank balance up to date. Find compelled to take time out for a deep look. See that in sessions, I don't reach up enough for the Light. Feels good to be a while with God. Experiment with being God. If I were God, I would surely very much enjoy my company. Discover I put great value on what a person does. Find it very hard to like myself when I am doing nothing. See others have difficulty with this opinion of them. I try liking myself doing nothing. HARD. However, if I am still and allow nothing, I see that I open the door for all kinds of hidden qualities to come out. Important lesson in relating to others.

Back to adding machine. Find I am very careful, check and recheck. Much wasted effort. I don't TRUST. Look for notebook to record; irritated when I can't find it. Saw this a demonstration of not trusting myself to remember; cosmic joke. Have been taking good notes with interest; usually I get so zonked out I ignore note-taking

Finished another letter, addressed a package; we go to town. Beautiful ride, easy relating and functioning. After a wonderful swim on returning home, still felt a little tense. Flaked out in sun, marvelous peace. A light within grew brighter and brighter. Instead of encouraging it and enhancing it as my usual practice, I just let it grow on its own; marvelous feeling.

After good supper, felt tired, decided to lie down and listen to music. On doing so, thought about Ann's advice of pouring energy into new direction. Decided to get up and write this report. Tiredness immediately left; write this report easily and with interest and no tiredness.

Evaluation: wonderful valuable day. Much learning. Proved original objective, that I could function in normal tasks all during the day. Some discomfort, not the ease and enhanced skill and well-being I would like some day to feel, having to take time out once in a while to center myself. However, feel I have made good progress, and handling materials better, and liking very much the increased amounts. .pn2

Two days later: got up at 6AM, full of energy, feeling super, raring to go. Best I have felt in a long time.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: August 9, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Odetta Dipalma, Nigel Himmons, Peggy and Fred

Background: Nigel and Odetta arrived Friday afternoon in horrible shape, scrapping and deeply resentful of each other. I suggest they take a vacation from each other for 2-3 months, break their dependence on each other and learn to stand on their own to feet. They both thoroughly air their positions, and we explore possible ways to reconcile their positions. These include taking responsibility for their own feelings and not blaming the other, finding their own inner strength so as to not be thrown by perceived rejections and criticisms, how to deal with pain, how to empower each other instead of tearing down, the meaning of caring, refocusing energy into productive channels. Things seemed quite thoroughly reviewed by bedtime, and everyone ready for the next day's experience. The next morning, there was more ventilating, and a discussion of the power of prayer.

11:02AM. All take 2C-T-2, Nigel and Odetta, 16mg, Peggy and Fred, 14mg. Onset is gradual; Odetta feels tight band around chest. She agrees to focusing, gets into some very deep, painful feelings which she discharges. Then Nigel gets into some very rotten feelings, very miserable and uncomfortable. Nigel makes a very significant breakthrough when I ask him to be in Odetta's skin, see how it looks from there. Has a profound realization - how very much Odetta's kids mean to her, and he is selfishly trying to grab her for himself. Was shattered by realization that his own perceptions could be so inaccurate. Later talking to Peggy, he had another profound realization of not being able to do it alone, and the importance of viewing from the group or "we" point of view, rather than the individual viewpoint. These breakthroughs brought him through his miserable feelings to a realization of harmony and unity and love.

Odetta was in a good space after discharging her feelings, and getting some clear looks at herself. Despite her fine mind, she is ruled a good deal by feelings and impulse, and she looked at ways she could use her mind more effectively. She recognized the need for a great deal more discipline and organization in her life. For several hours, we were all in a very clear, insightful, compatible state, communicating quite freely and creatively with growing understanding. For example, the "black box" idea. If certain inputs continue to evoke certain responses, determine what this tells you about how the black box functions, and how to change the inputs for a more favorable response. And if one becomes the black box, how to change the inner response to the stimuli.

2:42PM. We all take supplement of 2C-T-2, Odetta, Peggy and Nigel 3mg, Fred 6mg. We walk outside, very much enjoying nature and a growing storm over the mountains. Our bonding and closeness develops considerably. Back to house, marvelous experience with Berlioz Requiem. Nigel is looking worlds better, much more alive. He has an excellent mind, and we have some very good discussions on practical matters. He is recovering his youth, demonstrating the fearlessness, cleverness, and determination that led him to be an innovator in so many areas.

Food is marvelous. We try Quinn's upside-down view at sunset, most striking. Sitting on deck, watching Milky Way, we relish our closeness, develop so much energy that no one feels like retiring until it gets fairly late.

Next morning, have good review of session. Both Nigel and Odetta have a great deal to take home with them, are very gratified for the experience. They are in a very harmonious state, and will concentrate on maintaining it.

Both Nigel and Odetta have been on very strict diets, Nigel to cure arthritis that was so bad that the doctors say he will have to have a hip operation to walk, Odetta for various allergies and a recurring yeast infection. Through diet Nigel's arthritis has improved enough so that he wished to take a hike. He was totally free of pain on session day, and on the next day, we took a mildy strenuous hike and he experienced no difficulty whatsoever.

This has been an excellent experience for Peggy and I. We both felt the heavy burden of the sluggishness of the early part of the experience. I was a little apprehensive facing this session, as I felt it unlikely that the profound breakthrough Nigel experienced last time could be repeated, especially when he arrived in such poor shape. However, getting into the experience I found the natural flow and inspiration took over, and the experience flowed beautifully of its own dynamic. It only requires being totally present, and the remarkable opening the material provides presents its own guidance. So I was able to proceed with complete confidence, and developments were most rewarding. I developed quite a bit of heaviness, but this was countered by a very deep and powerful internal strength that grew during the day as our bonding grew. I functioned well throughout the day, and at no time were my feelings sufficiently uncomfortable to interfere with my functioning. Today, three days later, I still feel some crust to work off, but also still feel the increased internal strength.

Nigel and Odetta felt this material is too long acting to use in therapy, because you can't focus your attention for this many hours to keep working. While this was very valid, and we concluded our intense interchange at supplement time, I personally feel that the supplement and additional time allows for a lot of internal working through and integration apart from the confrontation.

Peggy learned a great deal from our interchanges, and was in a very beautiful space both during the experience, and in the following days. All in all, I think that this was a very valuable experience for all of us.

2C-T-2 experience of August 9, 1986, with Peggy, Fred, Odetta and Nigel.

Peggy reporting that a first alert happened within a half an hour, and then it sort of tapered off and began to climb very slowly for about another hour or so until we were all experiencing a lot of energy and Odetta was experiencing some deep pain in the diaphragm. Fred volunteered to take her through a focusing session and she stretched out on the sofa - and there was much crying - and this went on for a while but I don't recall that she ever got rid of that pain. She knew she was holding on to ~~si~~ something and that she wanted to get rid of it, but nothing specific came up. Then Nigel began to experience some deep emotional feelings and shared that "I can't do it alone". He has always wanted to do it alone but now realizes that he needs help./ \*\*\* Excuse me, the sequence is wrong here. Nigel first shares that his getting into Odetta's skin is excruciating - after Fred suggests he become Odetta. He has a dramatic realization of what she has gone through - and the love she feels for her two daughters. This is an incredible scene in which Nigel shares that he never knew what Odetta had gone through.

At the same time I was experiencing the "oneness" of the group, and I too had some abdominal pain. It was a learning session for all of us. Odetta feels I should express my anger more often, and tells me several ways to do it. For example, going out in nature and discharging it, so that Fred doesn't have to experience it with me. In discussing this with Fred he said later that it would be all right if I were to discharge anger with him so long as I told him of my intention ahead of time. Odetta wants me to attend her "Feminine Warrior" workshop next month. Am thinking about the possibility of doing it. Mostly for curiosity, and perhaps for getting help - or even giving help. Odetta and I became quite close during the day. I could see her loving self.

But Fred had questioned her being centered - not to her, but to me. And I have thought about it and wonder if it isn't true that she is not in her center when she is expressing her deepest feelings. It is a learning experience for me, as I wonder about being in my center at times. However, I certainly felt centered the whole day, and even the day after. I can only say that my interpretation of centeredness is that of knowingness. A natural knowing.

The drama of Odetta and Nigel is just that - a drama. What a show of emotion - especially from Nigel. But he was also very insightful and thankful of everything we did for him. A most profound day!

Sleep was as delicious as soup. After love-making with Fred which was very sweet. Woke up refreshed - food tasted extremely good. This material has a nice afterglow and life is continuing to glide without too much turmoil for me (we have had nothing but company for a week). Am not too upset at the fact that I haven't done any painting.

Seems this is one of the most intense experiences of my life. Wonderful working material-

Peggy Brant - Good grief, I can't even spell my own name. Brandt!

LUCY, 200mcgms

7:40PM, Tuesday, after a 7 hour session with Fatima H., with Gena dropping in for an hour and staying for several. Wonderful to watch her doing her thing with Fatima. Told Gena about the desire among a few of us weird whatever's to get together once a month or something like that, to share patient experiences, personal experiences and learning. Archer Wolf very much needs a support group like that, so does Sandra, and I believe Gena belongs in it without any question. I think I'll send a note to Hunter. Who else? My God, isn't there anyone else we know. Well, it's a good start.

Ah well. At least the music was excellent. As Ann said, the classicists do love long straight lines.

(The above is Sasha's note in reference to Channel 9's Cinderella, music by Prokofiev and choreography by someone on the edge of well deserved retirement. Charming but not inspired.)

Finally, got Crisis Week chapter finished, at least for now. Will take a lot of tightening up, less repetition in places and more vividness, more punch to the whatever. Think I'll attempt the Loop next. Someday, will have to do the first and greatest peyote experience. That may be almost as long.

Along with the loop, will redo Hunter. Music to be purchased, asap, La Peri, by Paul Dukas.

At 7AM this morning, we have to drive to San Jose for Sasha to appear in court. When we get home, after getting fresh fruit, decaf coffee, cheese, we will go back to bed and sleep.

Until Hunter's mother wakes me up with a phone call. Oh boy. I'd better stay awake until then.

Rostropovich, Leningrad Phil. Tischenko, Boris, cello concerto.



Saturday, August 16, 1986, Sable and Archer W., 2C-T-7, started with 20mgs each. 2:05PM. New blood pressure cuff, used. Within 35 minutes, everyone was aware. Takes about 2-1/2 hours for full effect. By 2 hours, Sable wasn't feeling much effect, so Sasha measured out 6mgs more for her, and 3mgs more for me. Results were not very definite, but she was enjoying where she was. Very gentle. Archer went into difficult transition place for a few minutes, came through.

Everyone easy with talking, all of us doing so continuously. Moved outside for a while to the barbecue area, on the mat. Iced tea and fruit. Later soup and good sourdough bread.

Much discussion of problems with over-eating and smoking, etc. Dark side problems. Patients and their problems. Wonderful flow of thoughts and feelings. Now at 11:00PM, Sable pretty close to baseline. Archer says also close. I am still around 1.5. Very smooth, easy descent. Not the driving energy push of day with Sandra. Much less intense and less tiring. (P) Sasha was particularly on, with the warmest twinkle in his robin's egg blue optics exhibiting a range of interest SO BROAD AS TO RIVAL THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS. And lo we might stonily arrive at grand new schemes, perceptions, and omelettes of ideas, Sasha would pad off to his steel idea shacks returning with perfectly codified files of all that had been plotted in our feebleness but to exponential heights of elaboration. Much learning, joy and a vast measure of welcome affection. Thanks so much dear friends.

And thanks to you both - a new chemical is of no value outside of a warm body attached to an active mind.

(S)

Warm and gentle with lots of wonderful conversation. As usual it took me longer to come on and then not as much as Wolfie, but after the boost warm and floaty but still completely conscious and with it. A wonderful day and a wonderful time. Thanks to you both. I really love you. (A)

Ann: Both Sable and Archer leaving around 12:30. Good feeling, except that Sable's early backache returned - suspect remnant of her flu earlier this week. It had disappeared during experiment. Sasha said yes to Tahoe weekend on Labor Day. Am very pleased. It should be a very nice and welcome break.

Note: Checked with Sable this morning (Sunday) and she still had bad backache, worse than before the experiment, but had enjoyed a good sleep. I'd had a rather bad lot of dreams, which is very interesting, considering the fact that it was after one of the earlier 7's that I'd spent a whole night in Samadhi, some time ago. However, felt perfectly fine today. Sasha fine.

This is Saturday, August 23, 1986, on 19mgs 2C-T-4, supplemented by 6mgs 2C-T-2 at exactly 6 hours.

For other notes, see under Research.

Leonard Bernstein conducting West Side Story. Oh, brother, that's a +3, for me, all by itself. Oh, man, there'll be no typing for a while. I think I know every note. Have to get this recording. Yesterday. First time Leonard the Great has ever conducted one of his own greatest! This is showing the 1985 rehearsals and the goofs and the sweat. There is, indeed, oh indeed, something to be said for television. How else could one ever hope to be part of an audience for such an event as this?

Okay. Back to where we were. Almost. Now Peter, Paul and Mary, grown older along with the songs we all sang. Where Have all the Flowers Gone - and an audience of grown-older people singing Puff the Magic Dragon like earnest children, and probably crying along with me. It's good to have lived through the 60's, and to not be in them now. Now, there's a new song about El Salvador, and it's the battle all over again on a different field, but it will always be so, until and unless. Now, in the 80's, I don't get really angry any more. I am more warrior than angry protester, and that's a much better way to be. In fact, I am quite happy to be where I am. I know a lot more about the game and what it is and why it is played, and I have a good idea about our part in it, and I like the part we've chosen.

The other night, Sasha said something that was very important to me. It was one of those things you hear and think immediately, Why, of course! I knew that! But I hadn't quite defined it that well, that clearly.

It was about the two ways of being in the spiritual world, epitomized by the ketamine experience, or the other drugs which take you out of your physical body and into the cosmos where there is no Self, no personal center, no ego, no you. Your consciousness participates in that world (as I believe I understand it) without any sense of personal existence. And Sasha pointed out - that's the ambition, the objective, of those who follow the Eastern training, the Eastern path. The highest experience is that of loss of Self, total immersion in the God Being. Their ambition, as they have written many times, and said, is to stay there and not return to another human incarnation. And it's a valid objective. Unless you choose the other way.

The other way of being in the spiritual world is the exact opposite of the first. It means being in your physical body and in the physical world and infusing it with the spiritual dimension, so that the earth and everything on it is seen as the spiritual reality it all is. Not dividing body from spirit, but bringing the vision of the spirit, the knowledge of that spiritual world, into the molecules and atoms of the physical, experiencing all dimensions as reflections of one another. That is our way, and it is the way that our preferred chemicals allow us to experience ourselves and everything around us. It is the LSD, the mescaline, the 2C-B experience, not to speak of 2C-E and 2C-T-2, 2C-T-7, and everything that will yet be made in Sasha's lab. And Eric's lab. And other people's magic labs. And it is the way we learn to see and hear and feel all the time.

This last is the Western way, I suppose. Those of us who prefer it should know, first, what the other way is, how it is, and why we do not choose to live it, to pursue it - if we don't.

Only then can we begin to define our chosen way. While honoring the other way as it must be honored.

Both ways know what is important; that I am you, and we are both what God is.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH COMBINED SUBSTANCES

Date: August 20, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: Since attending the ARUPA conference at Esalen and the subsequent research group meeting, I had decided it would be worthwhile for me to have an experience with 200mcgs of the DVC. This was further bolstered by the claim of good friends to handle this amount nicely on all levels. However, I was reluctant to do this with Peggy, being afraid of what I felt was an inordinate amount of inner hostility that she might not be able to handle. So I kept this wish at the back of my mind, waiting for the right opportunity. The day before my birthday, Peggy and I were doing some effective clearing, and she thought it would be fruitful to have a Pegasus experience. We were both busy in preparation for a house full of guests arriving the 21st, but in confronting it, deciding we could really clear the afternoon after accomplishing some morning chores. And why not celebrate my birthday?

1:17PM. Peggy takes 107mg Pegasus, I take 14mg 2C-T-2, both in powder form. In 1/2 hour, Peggy is aware she is going to have an intense experience; I progress much more slowly. I work outside for a while, doing ordinary tasks. Find this is a great way to start; keeps me from focusing on self, allows experience to develop naturally.

Just as we are both beginning to feel more intently, Quincy comes to use the phone. He is seriously ill, and we spend about ½ hour with him. Fortunately the doctor will see him and he leaves for town. I felt we handled the situation well with him, and after he leaves, I feel the full impact of the material. Peggy is in a marvelous, totally positive place. She looks absolutely wonderful. I am in a good place, with only a little bit of dragging; it is very intense for both of us. I go inside, find every place where I hurt is a place where I don't care. I go through my body healing all my hurts with caring. Cleared up a lot concerning last session with Nigel and Odetta, general process of healing. Must keep working on dropping judgments, seeing more clearly the inner person. Peggy is finding the 107mg just as strong as 120. We both feel unusual intensity without others present. Peggy finds the whole world cares.

3:05PM. Peggy takes 40mg supplement of Pegasus. I am getting far more from the experience than I anticipated; very happy we decided to do this. All my little "must do's" seem very insignificant. I am having a lot of fun discovering that when I see something wrong, instead of brooding or stewing about it, simply see what to do to correct it. Feels especially good when I see something I don't like in Peggy, to see her how I would like to see her, hold this, which helps her to get into that space. My verbalizing my dislikes only reinforces them.

4:00PM. We are having excellent experience, good communication, enjoying beauty from the deck. I decide, why not have a real birthday celebration and add a hit of DVC? Peggy reminds me that Quincy will be back, and in fact he arrives shortly. I forbear, as I want to be sure I can handle his visit. He has good news; the lump he thought was a tumor is his gall bladder acting up, and not stomach trouble. He has only a little stomach left, and abhors the thought of further surgery there. He was given some medication, and he is feeling much better. We visit for almost an hour, very much enjoying his company.

6:30PM. I take one hit (100mcg?) of DVC. Shortly after I think, why not go all the way? So 10 minutes later, I down another hit. Sitting on the deck with a beautiful view of the mountains, it begins to come on very intensely in about 20 minutes. I close my eyes, and shortly enter a world of intense pain. Blood, hospital birth scenes, though nothing really clear cut. I am thinking, is there some core past experience at the bottom of my feelings of unworthiness that I have not been willing to experience? I search and the pain grows more intense. I become the most frightened I have ever been in an experience. I accept and look into the fear, wondering what it is. Nothing reveals itself; it slowly abates. The pain intensifies. I begin to feel that my focusing on all this pain is making it grow worse. I ask, don't I have free choice? If so, I choose not to have all of this pain. I look up at a beautiful cloud. I choose to experience joy. I hold this, and joy begins to appear, still enmeshed in pain. I become aware of the Buddhist view concerning desire; if I pour a lot of energy into wanting one thing, it automatically creates the opposite. In some kind of way, I have to let go and allow. Be willing to experience things as they are.

In time, the pain begins to relent, and things become more and more beautiful. I look at Peggy; she is incredibly beautiful. Yet as I look, her face changes into incredible ugliness, and back again. I don't get any meaning from this, but flow with it, allow it to happen. For the next few hours, I see the most astounding beauty I have ever witnessed - unbelievable details laced into the clouds, colors, mountains, wonderful hallucinations and no hallucinations. From time to time ugliness would creep in, accompanied by uncomfortable feelings. The only message seemed to be to accept all aspects of life, the pain along with the joy. As the night wore on, the beauty, joy, and love became more predominant, although I never had the feeling of breaking clear into wholeness. I never reached a sense of peace and content with myself that I have often reached lately in other experiences, although there was a profound flow of insight. The profound message that came back over and again in different forms was my lack of appreciation of Peggy, and really honoring her and empowering her.

Peggy was in a magnificent space; I have never seen her so beautiful, so complete, so wise and all-knowing, so full of fun and life. My doldrums did not disturb her, and she was able to give me excellent comments and feedback. Like, "Fred, I know everything too, just as much as you do". I could see her hurt from my attitude of not paying close attention to her contributions.

One of our best conversations was about my father. I hadn't realized how much Peggy disliked him. I asked her to verbalize his traits that I was manifesting without realizing it. I got quite a laugh at her descriptions, which were quite true and uncomplimentary to her. I felt this cleared the air a lot between us. She was not so open to looking to her Mother's traits in herself, and I realized clearly that each of us can only be responsible for our self and our own growth, and have no right to project onto others what they should do. I saw more clearly than ever that my critical attitude towards others is rooted in the fact that I am not really facing my own conduct in that area. In fact, the whole experience emphasizes over and over again the importance of honesty.

A walk in the moonlight was unbelievably beautiful. A cloud in the sky became a fish, with the moon for an eye. The fish was hollow, and I could study the texture of his insides, and the beautiful detail surrounding him. Magical, unreal. As were many wonderful images - often fireworks, flashing lights, marvelous effects from backlit, moonlit clouds. Really an incredible visual experience.

The experience left me with a stronger commitment than ever to express my love to Peggy in meaningful ways, and I have never felt our love so deeply. However, the next morning I was aware that I had received quite a jolt, and was fairly spacey. I didn't have a sense of strong resolution and rejuvenation that I always experience after lower dose sessions of DVC. Most disappointing was the fact that I got no relief from a painful muscle spasm that had been bothering me for a week. Usually DVC clears up my body ails, but this experience seemed to intensify them. The pain from the spasm descended into my left testicle, and has made it almost impossible to sit in a chair. For several days now I have had to be mostly on my back. Similar to a large dose mescaline experience of some time ago, I feel pretty much normal, without much post-session drama. Now I am into a whole new dynamic with Quinn and his family and friends, mostly trying to recover from my incapacitating back pains. This is being concluded on August 25, five days after the experience.

Tuesday, Aug. 19, 1986, 4:10 p.m., 2C-T-7, 25mg Ann

Background: Very hot day. Sasha off to play viola at The Family with Iren Emile. Lab inspector for radiological matters was out today, very nice young man determined to do things properly. Poor guy. He hadn't met Shulgin before. They must have warned him at the office, though. ("This one ain't gonna be like any other one you've ever met, you hear?") He seemed to leave perfectly happy, however. Sasha impressed by the so-called pancake detector. It does not detect pancakes, only radiation. They found a previously undetected sample from somewhere, hiding in a corner of the lab, waiting patiently for a good machine to be turned its way.

Am writing this at about 7:15 p.m. 25mg is quite strong, but I don't mind, because I'm open to whatever seems good to do at any particular time. Right now, instead of rocking in place, reading Omni and Smithsonian (gotta read them sometime!), I'm seeing how writing notes feels. Watching Channel 7 news. Very fascinating report on surgical prosthesis creation via computer. Space age technology being used in the most constructive way. The scanner-camera gets a 3-dimensional picture of an affected joint, like the hip, sends the information to a computer in Southern California, which translates the information into blueprints for a titanium joint made exactly, precisely to match the patient.

And a Soviet music conductor conducts an American orchestra, while an American conductor from Louisville, KY., conducts the best symphony in Russia, and the human language of music, as always, allows contact and mutuality. Music is always allowed, at least in most societies, because its power does not appear to challenge other kinds of power. In those countries where the power resides in an intuitive dictator, music is controlled, as is sexuality both being understood as expressions of individual wholeness. The old church understood perfectly well the power of the sexual act. Whether unconsciously or not, they knew that in the act of love-making, the individual human being finds his way without mediators or go-betweens to his Source, his Godhead. Just a fractional glimpse, if he is unknowing about the process of love-making, achieved in the orgasm, the "little death."

The old church knew damned well that its own power depended upon making its flock believe that without the magical intervention of priests, contact with any part of the God powers could not be achieved. It made sexual intercourse for any reason except the creation of children a sin, for a very long time. Now, with its powers waning, the Catholic church has allowed for sex for the purpose of alleviating physical and emotional tensions, which is a step in the right direction, but far too late.

And the Soviet dictators, being Russian, knew the power of music in their own lives, therefore in the lives of others. They made valiant attempts at controlling the sounds that composers created, not knowing how to keep hold of a slippery eel like sound-emotion-image, yet understanding far better than any American power-center has yet understood, the soul language of music, and the way in which unsayable and unspeakable things can be said and spoken directly to the heart, without intervention by the rational intellect, simply by using music language.

At times when I want to feel negative, I can remind myself of how very few people, relative to the population of any particular country, are able to hear classical music. Some of the best and most honored musicians, as Sasha discovered at the Grove encampment, do not really love or need music. It's a job, it's work, it's what they DO, not part of what they ARE.

Yet this is silly. All music, like sexuality, originates in the human psyche. Doesn't matter who or where the person is, or what his physical condition, music and rhythm are intrinsic to the human psyche. The deaf are as responsive to rhythm as are the hearing. And the music we hear, now, is the music of what we are, now. I remember Sasha and my surprise at hearing an old recording of George Gershwin playing his own music. We both agreed it was awful. To our ears. Realized that Gershwin is never played in our time the way it was in his time, and the reason, of course, came clear. He was playing his music in his time. We play it in ours. The sounds are different, because the psyche, the consciousness, and therefore the ear, is different.

Like Carcassonne. Too lazy to look up the damned spelling. We visit Carcassonne, the great walled city, and look out over the old brick walls and try to imagine what it was like then. I got close enough to the feeling of THEN to know that I wouldn't want to go back there. Sensed that the average level of consciousness was equivalent to that of a ten-year-old, in the technologically developed countries of this time. A not very kind or compassionate ten-year-old, but then -- one doesn't expect much in the way of compassion or empathy from a child of ten. It barely existed at the time of Carcassonne. Peasants were animals, treated like animals, never seen as human beings like the real human beings, who were those with power. The terrible old legend about how the place got its name said it all. The lady Carcass was engaged in a power and pride struggle with the invading whoever, and as you read the legend, it becomes quite clear that the deaths of all the others in the walled city touched the lady not one whit. The tragedy only served to highlight her own courage, her own great character, her own noble determination, her own wonderful self-image, in other words. The lady Carcass was a ten-year-old child playing Queen of the Hill, and when it seemed that she might actually win her game, and the invader was about to abandon the siege without ever knowing how valiant and resourceful and clever and noble and marvelous she was, she made sure he got word of the truth. What was all that bloodshed and tragedy -- not hers, of course, but that of the ordinary people around her -- good for, if nobody was around to admire and praise and make up songs in honor of the one magnificent, brave, resourceful survivor?

Oh well. She got a walled city full of dead people named after her. It's a much better place to be, now, full of admiring, respectful tourists, the descendants of peasants, no doubt.

It's now after 9 p.m. and the moonrise is spectacular, with dark designer cloud-groups arranging themselves dramatically before its face and around its full radiance. A wonderful, wicked full moon.

So what else is new? Now around 10 p.m., and I remember another nice thing about T-7, and that is the time slowing. It seems like a very long time since 9 p.m. The energy which had me, for the first couple of hours, fidgeting, rocking here and there, now and then, is mellowed out, gentled out. Or perhaps, and this is probably the real reason, it's because the energy is being directed and focused into writing.

Channel 54 and the final Fred Astaire special. How good, to see a master fully acknowledged, with love and admiration, while he is still alive.

Must send this report to Fred and Peggy, and with it the message that we were discussing with Archer and Sable Wolf, last weekend, during a great Saturday on this material -- this is what Sable wished, before her dive into Hastings Law School the following Monday, a day with Sasha and me and Wolfie. I feel very



touched and honored that she wished to do that. It was a great day, although I was surprised at the fact that 20mg was as mild as it was. So much depends on the energies surrounding you, when you take these materials. We feel so comfortable and loving with both of them; there is complete trust, no need for games or withholdings, and somehow, the energy simply flows, as does the talk and the laughter. It is less an experience of a drug than an experience of each other and ourselves, as it should be.

We talked about Fred and his questions about the Omega Foundation and whatsisname in Los Angeles. Boy, am I blocking that name. Strange. Better get up and put more ice in my iced tea, and let it come back. Probably because I feel quite antagonistic toward him, and even more so because Fred is getting drawn into his web, and I don't want Fred and Peggy to be undervaluing their own private experience and wisdom, thinking that a -- ah ha! I had to go and look up Fred's letter (it's about time, thinks Fred; wish she'd look through my letters before writing hers a BIT more often) to find the name of Oscar Janiger. As for the Omega Foundation, I don't see why not. As for Janiger and anything he wants to set up, or wants Fred and Peggy to be part of: my own very humble opinion (okay, okay, I'm not THAT humble) is NO. Also, to phrase it differently: UH-UH; otherwise expressed as: NO WAY, JOSE.

Why? My feeling is that Janiger is not aware, does not feel out the world he's living in now; he's stuck in the past glories, not wanting to see that things change and evolve and the battle takes new, fascinating forms, not really listening to what's around him right now, probably not following the MDMA battle, the Drug Analog Bill, the new faces of the shadow-side. No matter what we privately do with LSD, and feel about it (Sasha and I are using it much the way we used to use 2C-B, about once or twice a week when we're really self-indulgent, just to play with each other), no matter what we understand about the power of that experience, it has taken its place as the bad thing, the archetypal lose-your-soul drug, and one does not try to talk the public into seeing it differently. One uses different tools. I don't think Oscar heard a thing that was said to him, or around him, that time at Esalen. Bob Lynch, dear naive seeming soul that he appears to be, did hear, was seduced, allowed himself to be opened up to the new game, the new players, the new strategies. Janiger stayed in the old glories, the battle which is old news. He's missing a lot of the fun -- and the dangers, and the anticipations, and the maneuvers -- because he needs to be a big fish in his own little respected pond. I don't for one-minute wish to convey less than deep respect for what he has done, and what he did fight for. I think it's just that I have learned from Sasha, as I learn many things from Sasha, that the way you stay young and active and functioning is to be in the present, to adapt, to evolve.

So my own private and personal message to Peggy and Fred is: I think the Omega idea is great, and I like the people involved, but the most important thing RIGHT NOW is writing your own book or books. Both of you. You are full of experience, and you keep growing, and you have much to communicate. Please start doing it, NOW. Please -- you don't need a Janiger. He hasn't, I'm willing to bet anything you can think of, half the wisdom you two have accumulated. And what he hasn't done with his notes and his experiences, is not for you to do. You have your OWN to write.

My new learning experience, being co-therapist in Archer W's new group, is stupendous. I have to sort of unlearn everything, practically. All the intense personal one-to-one involvement of therapy with a single client has to be changed. The job of a group is to allow the participants to connect with each other, with

the Mommy and Daddy therapists sitting by to keep things on course. I'm learning. This last Monday, things really began to make music. We were all in tears, with one dear man (of course, one falls in love with all the clients) letting himself breakthrough to his grief over his mother's death. The Kleenex was all over the place. One of my gifts to the group, a classic Yes\* Butter girl with lots of pain (all these people are depressed, with most of them suffering chronic physical pain), got out of herself long enough to pat the grieving man's knee - something absolutely un hoped for, gorgeous - and Archer was apparently mulling over a question in his mind that he wanted to put to the group, when they had all expressed their utter depression, and death was sitting all over the room, and his idea was to say, "How do you see yourself as being, acting, feeling, if you were to know that you were going to die in one year?" Instead, while he was thinking about it, I had the same question and I came out with it, only I put it as one day to live. Archer whooped (well, not exactly, but the feeling was there) and thanked me for having had the same thought, and we compromised with one week to live. That got them going. Death began to lift, and alternatives began to take shape. Wow.

Also, the experience of getting to the group location, Archer's office in Noe Valley, is a wonderful new adventure, since I take BART and then a bus, and I'm in this exciting neighborhood where McDonald's has the menu on the right side of the wall in Spanish, with strange dishes nobody ever saw offered in English. It's a family neighborhood, and everyone is Oriental or Spanish or a mixture of the two. Bewildering, and awesome, to be waiting to buy a cup of coffee in the Mac and see an utterly Oriental looking lady with her kids, chattering in rapid Spanish. Huh? How'd that happen? Little bookstores and espresso coffee shops and cleaners and grocery stores, and I'm thinking to myself, next week I'll come here an hour or so early and really explore.

No more clients at home, now. Or almost none. Of course, there are old friends and people one can't refuse, but they are exceptions. The income from the group will be minimal, since Archer, like the good practicing former socialist-present idealist he is, charges only \$25 for each 1-1/2 hour session, which seems excellent and proper to me. But it means that until we have the group number up to eight, there won't be much to take home. However, I was aware of that going in and the money wasn't a consideration. The experience and the learning certainly was, and is.

Sandra calls me down to work with her once or twice a month, which is great, because not only does she present me with fabulous people, she tends to pay me immediately for the six or so hours, which is a relief. Next Monday, I'm going to spend four hours, at her request, with a severely depressed patient she's got stuck with and can't seem to move. No chemicals, just Ann and her variations on swift kick in pants. Haven't the slightest idea what I'll do, but that's okay. I've learned that there's no sense anticipating. You know when it's time, exactly what words to use, exactly what to do. As long as I don't get trapped in thinking that me, myself and I are doing the therapy or healing or whatever it is, there's no problem. The words and actions come through from elsewhere, with the rest of me sort of sitting there and wondering how I ever came up with that, how marvelous! I understand now very much why people who are called "healers" usually use expressions like, "Not me, but God in me," or some such. When you sit there, facing a soul who is trying to break through some barrier, and just let yourself be a conduit, or vehicle -- I mean, you're in there, as yourself, but there's no ego thing saying, I must come up with the right words, I must prove that I know what I'm doing. You just open yourself and know that what must be done will get done, and what needs to be said will form itself into the words that will be heard. That's why the failures, the tough nuts, are the most interesting. They force you to battle with your own ego, your pride in your ability, and they teach you over

and over to open yourself and not get in the way with your private resentment and frustration at someone who will NOT get healed.

Yes, Fred, even though I often do not reply to what you've said or asked, every time you describe an encounter of your own, especially when you and Peggy are pulling a difficult person through something, not being sure what the resistance is, and being forced to search inside yourself, I'm with you, BOY, am I with you.

Enough for now. Love and hugs and nag, nag, nag to you both. Start your book. Now. No time to waste.

Smooch,

Ann and Big Man

DOPR

Here I sit, an (almost) empty file on the action of Dopr. 5 mg orally at 11:15 AM on a Saturday in early September. You can always tell when Sasha begins one of these notes. It's - it's Just ahh -- DIFFerent. Anyway, here's myself again. The one and only.

We are now at midnight, and still strongly +3. This is certainly maximum dosage, at least for a long time. Faint intimations, imitations, intimidations, initiations, insinuations, in certain situations, as they were wont to say -- (sorry, that was Sasha coming in unexpectedly, while I was carefully and obediently reading a part of a book he put in my lap -- please ignore. He's stoned.) As I was starting to say, there were faint intimations of nervous system scrungies, for a while. You know, the kind of thing that makes you figure it's going to be a while before you'll try to relax into sleep. But we knew that going in. This is a nigh unto 22 to 24 hour job.

This is my first experience of the DOPR, one of the (except LSD) -- but in this area of what S. calls chemical simplicity -- most potent babies in existence. Only three others are in the same area of potency: DOB, DOM, DOET. I am impressed by the potency thing only because I feel I should be. Chemists always are, and I'm surrounded by chemists. Or that's the way it feels. Being with a Shulgín is being surrounded by chemists. Don't forget DOI, a weird one, too. (Thank you, Sasha Baby.) You see, every time I go to get something good on the music station, I come back and see my gorgeous man hunkered over this report, but now and then it IS useful. Hmph,

Erotic absolutely stupendous, at least unto the ultimate for Sasha, and not quite yet for me, but the evening is young, and so is the morning, come to think of it. Sasha's chin is now plonking on the top of my head, so I can't see what I'm writing, but who cares....

Yes, back to proper scientific research details, which will benefit the rest of humanity and stuff. Seriously, now....

As a matter of fact, there's been a good amount of heavy stuff going down. Fascinating. This material, like all the other DO's, is a heavy-duty psychedelic, the kind that says to you, "Never mind all that stuff about screening out visuals; you won't screen out THESE visuals," and then proceeds to prove it. Sort of indole-like in that way. Your body as well as your mind tell you you're into it, baby, and better relax and enjoy the trip, because you've left shore way behind. That's pretty much what I wanted to let us in for today. We have behind us a couple of frustrated two weeks -- actually only one week, but seemed like two -- during which we were not able to do our usual bouncing around together, because the latest medical fad for middle-aged sexpots, in the form of a new pill, to balance the estrogens, has turned out, this month for the second time, to give me not only my periods back, but hemorrhagic ones. I mean, too much. So the entire weekend at Tahoe with the Wolf's was spent in annoyed irritated anxiety trying to make sure I didn't embarrass myself in public or private, and I now have a long and vehement essay composed, ready to tell my doctor at the next exam exactly what he can do with the new pill. I'll be nice. Really, I will.

This, in other words, was our return to wild normalcy. One of the things that happened was that we got into exploring some of Sasha's more esoteric treasures in his bookcase. A fabulous, and haunting and very dark and very seductive book by Artaud called the Peyote Dance. about the Tarahumare Indians of Mexico, who are a universe unto themselves, and thank you, I think if I see them at all, it will be on a fast trip by horse in and out. Completely different use of the peyote.

Essentially, they use it the way the Huichol use the peyote plus the kiri. In other words, they evoke both the dark and light aspects of their universe, and they are into a lot of power, and not in the way I choose for myself, Artaud's book is a powerful thing to read while opened up by a material like this, and I had to keep a strong hold on my boundaries. The author failed to keep hold of his own. He ended up fragmented and in mental hospital, and from the very beginning of his journey, the way he would go was not hard to see. A tremendously gifted writer, he takes you into the experiences as deeply as anyone possibly could on the printed page, and I got a very full flavor, smell and feel for what is up there with these very isolated people and their particular use of the peyote. I could regain my own world by going back to bed with Sasha for a while and talking my head off.

The phone rang and I answered it. Can't say I shouldn't have. It was a desperate cry for help from the mother of the young girl Doria, Leon's friends. Hadn't talked to her in over a year, I think, and she was in a bad place. Doria off on her own, thank heaven, mother finally realizing, at some level, that the girl would pull her completely down. Then nephew appears from Oklahoma just when mother is out of job with Commodore computers, trying to survive. Nephew penniless, lets mother write resumes for him, find jobs for him, feed him, until she finally catches on that he's going to play, not work. He takes up with Doria's not very constructive friends, staying on for the free ride with mother. Then one day he hangs himself in her basement.

I was in a very resounding +3. I spoke forcefully to her, telling, ordering her to give back the murder to the murderer, reminding her that suicides are killing the entire world with themselves, telling her to refuse the death and give it back to the sender. Yours, kid. Not mine. Don't want it.

Told her (slash of whip) to go out and buy a small, inexpensive book called by a funny title, The Lazy Man's Guide to Enlightenment. Told her to read it seriously, begin to understand what it was saying, and then call me back. At end of call, I was caught up in tears choking and managed to tell her I loved her. Got back to my own world immediately. Confirmed again how very much I love that little book. It's one for immediate emergency rescue. It gives love and affirmation immediately. There is a sense of it having come from the true place, and it heals very fast, if one lets it. Have to thank Helen all over again for giving it to me.

Funny thing is, everyone I mention it to says Oh, yes, I read that a long time ago. Charming little book. Meaning they read it and didn't take time to read it again and yet again. I'm going to put out my fishing line and invite the author to Wednesday Night Dinner, soon. If he doesn't recognize Sasha's name, he knows somebody who does. I keep saying to myself, That's the book I wanted to write, but now glad to say, no, not quite. I wouldn't have used the particular terms, the expansion and contraction, he does. I'd say it differently, and will. But I love his way of saying it.

Oh, well, next year there'll be another Annie-fad. Another favorite author, favorite key to the universe. It's my way of kicking myself in the posterior to keep myself going on the Pihkal.

Yesterday, first meeting of the Weird Therapist Mutual Admiration and Support Group. Archer Wolf, Sandra, Grady, and Marina, he's an old friend of Archer's who taught him family therapy, and Gena, whom I wanted into this, and am glad I decided to ask her. A couple of prospective members missing, one with broken arm. We will add as we go along. Meet once a month, in different homes each time. Subject this

first time got into the experiences three of them have had with multiple personalities who are strongly psychic, and the overturning of long-held belief structures which happens when you're up against manifestations like these people provide. Gena, Archer, and Sandra had had the experiences. Fascinating. Got into the really spooky stuff, and we all had a blast. Wine and cheese and fruit etc. and everybody agreed (Grady and Marina sans experience but game for it) that future meetings would be longer (next is a Sunday) and might sometimes involve Freddie, for instance, for those who wished. And that we would bring in people visiting the area, who would like to participate and talk about some of their experiences and ideas and questions. Fred and Peggy, Seth Julock, Luke, whoever.

Will meet once a month, from now on.

Speaking of Luke J. He's in love with a 26-year-old anthropologist-author who works with Enfort and is writing a book (my God, not another one!) on the history of consciousness. Oh boy. He sounds happy. I think Helen escaped by the skin of her teeth, probably with regrets. His vote (said to Alyssa and Troy on the drive back from Esalen) for the favorite person encountered at Esalen: Helen Anderson. Chuckle. Of course.

I forget who and where somebody said to me: I have complete trust in what you are and what you can do. I've met your children.

Wow.

On the negative side - there's got to be a bit of dark stuff in any good report - is a desk full to overflowing, with letters and notes waiting to be answered, and very overdue. Guilt all of the place. Got to tidy up my three shit piles, bedroom, barn, and desk. Got to rewrite all the stuff I thought was superb, for Pihkal, until I read them over and knew they weren't. Uhm.

Dear Peggy-Bean and Fred: Notch Callaway, M.D., head of research at the VA Hospital in S.F., John Buffum and another conspirator, Don Wesson, have been GRANTED THEIR IND FOR RESEARCH WITH MDMA. They very cleverly phrased the protocol as intending to establish the fact that MDMA is not a valid psychotherapeutic tool at all. The government bit. They can't wait to see a completely respected group of people actually shoot down the Naders and Shulgins and Wolfs, etc. Wonder what the hell they'll do when the results read -- ah, well, maybe it does have valid use, after all. Shucks. What a surprise. Certainly didn't expect these findings. Great help in depressions. Maybe we should do some more studies. !!!!!

Time for bed. we have a long way to go. Miles and miles before we sleep. May as well enjoy the Journey. GOODNIGHT.

Note: This is written late on Thursday following. About the Great IND, above - someone said on the phone (Scott N.) that he's not sure, from the description of the government document. that it is a final okay. I think I won't ask. quite yet. Or maybe I can ask Debbie. Scott said they give you a number and they tell you to wait 30 days until further clarification or something, but that that's usually where it stops. Hope it ain't so. That would mean all this joyfulness for nothing.

Okay. To continue with the DOPE report. Sasha had a bit of a hard time getting to sleep. By 4 or 5 a.m., I found myself drifting pretty easily into sleep. He had some dartings, and stayed up for a couple of hours. My dreams were excellent, Ted and Manon. I was fine except for the simple fact that I couldn't stay awake. The

urge to sleep was so strong, it was a terrible battle for me to even stay upright. Finally was able to fight it off by talking a blue streak with Helen and Milo. Thoroughly enjoyable time with Milo, who was finally relaxed. We talked spiritual stuff, drug Stuff, sex stuff, everything stuff. He leaves for professional guitar training in south at end of this week. and he had wanted to see the farm and us before he left.

I was aware that I was still carrying the DOPR in me, and that baseline was definitely not there, during Sunday. But it was okay. No problems except the sleepiness. Sasha and I went to bed that night at around 9 p.m., which is UNHEARD of for me, but by that time. Sasha had caught up with the sleepiness. We had a good night. I slept easily for 13 hours, give or take.

The DOPR session reminded me, again, of the wonderfulness of the 2C-T family. They don't overload your body (well, they don't overload mine, anyway), and when you wake up next morning, you are full of energy and you're back to where you wish to be. And yet, with each one of them, there is full access to the cosmic. I'd almost forgotten what a heavy psychedelic can be like. A bit lumbering. But it's nice to be under the influence for a long time. That part, I like. You can do a lot of exploring of many different aspects of everything. I hope Sasha recreates some 2C- E, which we haven't had for a year or two or more. That's one of the great ones. I want to see how we are affected by it, now.

Fascinating compound, but I won't go out of my way to take it again soon.

DOPR/4

Saturday, August 16, 1986, Sable and Archer W., 2C-T-7, started with 20mg each. 2:05 p.m. New blood pressure cuff, used. Within 35 minutes, everyone was aware. Takes about 2-1/2 hours for full effect. By 2 hrs., Sable wasn't feeling much effect, so Sasha measured out 6 mgs more for her, and 3 mgs more for me. Results were not very definite, but she was enjoying where she was. Very gentle. Archer went into difficult transition place for a few minutes, came through.

Everyone easy with talking, all of us doing so continuously. Moved outside for a while to barbecue area, on the mat. Iced tea and Fruit. Later soup and good sourdough bread.

Much discussion of problems with over-eating and smoking, etc. Dark side problems. Patients and their problems. Wonderful flow of thoughts and feelings. Now at 11:00 p.m., Sable pretty close to baseline, Archer says also close. I am still around 1.5. Very smooth, easy descent. Not the driving energy push of day with Sandra. Much less intense and less tiring. (P) Sasha was particularly on, with the warmest twinkle in his robin's egg blue optics exhibiting a range of interest SO BROAD AS OD RIVAL THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS. And lo we might stonily arrive at grand new schemes, perceptions, and omelets of ideas, Sasha would pad off to his steel idea shacks returning with perfectly codified files of all that had been plotted in our feebleness but to exponential heights of elaboration. Much learning, joy and a vast measure of welcome affection. Thanks so much dear friends.

And thanks to you both -- a new chemical is of no value outside of a warm body attached to an active mind.

(S)

Warm and gentle with lots of wonderful conversation. As usual it took me longer to come on and then not as much as Wolfie, but after the boost warm and floaty but still completely conscious and with it. A wonderful day and a wonderful time. Thanks to you both. I really love you. (A)

Ann: Both Sable and Archer leaving around 12:30. Good feeling, except that Sable's early backache returned - suspect remnant of her flu earlier this week. It had disappeared during experiment. Sasha said yes to Tahoe weekend on Labor Day. Am very pleased. It should be a very nice and welcome break.



REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: August 31, 1996

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Zabrina and Quinn Brandt, Peggy and Fred

Background: Zabrina's principle source for channeling, Yuctuswar, has said he is leaving. The replacement sources have been difficult and slow to tune into. I suggested that an experience might be helpful in opening her channel of communication. Also, we wished to share an experience before Quinn and Zabrina leave.

11:35AM. All take 2C-T-2, Zabrina 10mg, Quinn and Fred 14mgs each. Develops slowly; Zabrina feels first in about 20 minutes. She is very sensitive to these materials. We listen to music, go inside individually. In about an hour, I begin to feel intently. Eyes closed, I encounter fear. Examine; see fear as being afraid to love. Wonder why. Think about Zabrina, and her timidity to open up her femininity. See her mother's reticence, and how it affects all of her daughters. Decide to ask her, as I feel I am picking up her feelings. However, that isn't where she is, and she doesn't want to communicate at this level. She is off into the cosmos, getting profound realizations.

We all reach a good level. Quinn is at cosmic center, which he reaches easily and he functions very well from this point, with clear head and clear vision. I want to interact with him, but find it very difficult, as he insists on seeing everything from a cosmic level, and the kind of talking I want to do is simply all games. He doesn't want to get caught up in that, but simply stay centered. Example: in my experience, I see how wonderful it is to have his friends out (they are now gone) and what a marvelous opportunity to bridge the generation gap. I see that such visits offer me a chance to communicate my values by example, which I did poorly this last time. I want a place that reflects what I stand for, and have it in proper order when people arrive. And why not start now? I went around the room, picking up and straightening up the mess. Quinn concluded that this was a guilt trip. We shared some perceptions of some things, and find that we are miles apart. Zabrina is most insightful in getting us on the same wavelength. However, it becomes clear that they only want to stay in the cosmic space, and not look at details of communication or relationship.

Quinn takes the position that I have missed the boat by not being in that space. I ask him to describe how he wants me to be. It involves a lot of positive affirmations, which boil down mostly to loving myself. He says I threw away something vital when I discarded the Knowledge imparted at the initiation ceremony for Guru Maharaja. This involved staying on the breath, which is always just one breath away from the Holy Name, or God. Through the breath, Quinn claims he stays centered at all times. I felt this through, and it felt good. Quinn wanted us to hear a Guru Maharaja song, which for him represents the highest expression of truth. We listened to it carefully. At one point the words "I live through your Grace" struck me. At that point it was very hard for me to feel gratitude. I still felt deep down that life was a mixed blessing, and I wasn't sure I was all that grateful. Why is there so much pain? Especially this last two weeks, when I have suffered hours of excruciating pain. I was really pissed off at God. Yet I could feel my stubborn pride, and though we have free will, there is no way to beat the system. Love or else.

The rest of the day went beautifully. I moved into areas of broader understanding and wisdom, and great beauty looking at the mountains. I had taken no medication for my back since morning, and it felt great. The others return from their hike.

3:55PM. Uma and Jacob decide to join us with 120mgs of Pegasus.

4:16PM. Peggy joins us with 120mgs of Pegasus; Quinn takes 100mcgs DVC. A great feeling grows among us. We are all in a wonderful space.

5:00PM. I lay down by Quinn and hold him. Realize that when he was young, I had never really taken care of him. Felt good to have those feelings now; we are close. Quinn says from his standpoint, we blended into one. I could see that youngsters who are not nurtured and learn to take care of themselves are very dangerous people. They don't know how to accept nurturing. Part of Quinn's and my problem is that we are both like that. See Quinn and Zabrina as being very naive, but having great trust in God, so that God was taking care of them. I prayed He would continue to do so. I saw this trust wasn't such a bad idea; I could do better with it myself. Looked at Zabrina's channeling. Saw a vision of the heavens opening, light being channeled down. Felt deeply that if people didn't have sense enough to look within themselves for truth, the next best thing was to find it in some clear people.

Wonderful evening with marvelous closeness all round. Jacob and Uma made an excellent communication breakthrough, were very happy. Uma and Quinn spent some time together on the deck watching the stars, probably the closest they had ever been. No-one took supplement, but it felt as though we were all energized and carried by Quinn's supplement. A perfectly wonderful day.

Next morning, meditating in bed, I wanted to feel God's grace. Felt it overwhelmingly, and just as strongly as I granted grace to others. Felt what I learned from Quinn in this experience was extremely valuable, helping to more easily stay centered and to see others more clearly and lovingly. Feel that all I have learned recently, including all the meditation time fighting my back pain, has done a great deal to wipe out judgments and preconceived ideas. One big one is about exercise, which I always thought essential to survival. I've had no exercise for over 2 weeks, spending most of the time on my back, and yet my body feels great. And I am learning not to pick up extra loads in sessions! Hallelujah!

This was an excellent session for Uma, Jacob, and Peggy. It was a great opening for Zabrina, who learned a great deal. She realized Yuctuswar is leaving because we already know all that he was teaching. Quinn said it was his greatest experience, being centered in his Godself more than any time before.

B-D.

Equivalent to 500mg of the sulphate (actually 446mg of the hydrochloride) at 12:05, taken over a 20 minute period which might and which might not make any difference. (S)

Beta-deutero-mescaline, I believe this is. (This is now A.) At 1 hour and 45 minutes, haven't had any nausea, but am still careful not to bounce around. +3.37 or thereabouts.

Ninth hour. 9PM. Completely easy. This is equivalent to the famous 500mg which bombed us - at least me - out several years ago. I am surprised at how un-bombed I am now. Am absolutely grounded, even at a rolling +3. No more that state in which it is possible to seriously consider trying to rise two inches above the floor and skim, as I do so expertly in dreams. As a matter of fact, I haven't had those dreams for some time now. In order to consider doing skimming or levitation, one has to straddle several realities. Now, neither of us do that. We know where our realities are, and reality is, basically, where our center is - where our centers are? - so that we are always grounded in the physical reality even when the doors are open to non-physical levels. We both choose to anchor ourselves in this particular reality level, since we enjoy and honor the physical world and like playing in it. So we don't find ourselves dispersed any more. I don't know if Sasha ever did find himself dispersed between levels the way I used to, but I certainly used to. There was never serious difficulty in finding out where the way home was, there never was more than a momentary forgetting of what home base meant. But there was enough to acquaint me with what it must be like to be truly lost, for instance for a person who has never taken psychedelics and finds himself suddenly having sipped the laced punch he didn't know was laced, or even worse, finding himself in the middle of a spontaneous so-called psychotic break. I can understand a lot about such states of confusion, having learned my way through several of them during the past six years. Or seven. Or whatever.

It would be kinda nice to experience that straddling of realities again, just once or twice a year. Wonder if we've lost or relinquished that, in learning as we have? Our perfectly adequate explanation of where we now are, in relation to high doses of things like mescaline, is that our baselines have changed considerably. Which is true. They have. Several times in therapy sessions, when the other person has taken something and for some reason I have not (okay, that doesn't happen often) I have had to remind myself more than once that I had NOT taken something. And very often, when nobody has taken anything, the state arrived at is absolutely equivalent to a drug-helped state. So our ability to move into those other levels has increased.

I keep playing around with a fantasy story - thieves take over a bank by aerosol distribution of LSD throughout the building, while they, of course, are wearing gas masks. Ha! Only the experienced psychedelic journeyer or the visiting Tibetan monk have any idea of how to deal with the situation. Sasha is trying to distract me by dancing to atrocious music. Boompa-boompa type. Time to go back to bed.

Now after 1AM, crawling down the TV dial, stopping now and then to allow Sasha to experience television as she plays nowadays. He still can't tell stories from commercials, but it won't be long, it won't be long. I help him out as much as necessary. We caught some of Saturday Night Live. Earlier on the radio we got a recording of Father Guido Sarducci -- great. The gossip columnist for the Osservatore Romano, which I believe is the newspaper for the Vatican.... never mind. You hadda hear it.

We are now trying to get back to bed, the hard way. Another crazy movie and besides, I have to finish this note. If we can stop laughing, we may make it to sleep. GOODNIGHT...!!!!!!!

Level at this time (scientific note) is approx. 1.5+.

Later note: Sleep fine. Energy next day fine, at least until I'd spent 3-1/2 hours on the phone with various people who were phoning with various problems. After which I pretty much lost my track of myself and wasted the day, but still felt okay, as far as general energy level was concerned.

Lucy, 250 each. 9/19/86 6:20 p.m.

This is new batch, therefore re-orienting ourselves as to familiar levels, not being that sure of the exact amount of deterioration which can and may have occurred during the shelf life of the last batch. NOTE: "Learning from Mistakes," under Conclusions and recommendations in "Licit and Illicit Drugs," Consumer's Report editors, Little Brown. Remember for the State lecture.

Watching the reviewers on PBS, Blue Velvet -- now I don't have to see it. Must see A Man and a Woman - 20 yrs. After. Some truly good movies coming, but Blue Velvet isn't one of them.

Some good trains of thought tonight, a while ago anyway. Some of the remnants: the use by Channing K. of 10 mgs. of ketamine every two days, unquote (meaning, "I'm in control,") along with an undefined amount of pot -- this is in the morning, presumably after meditation, before going to work -- the pot, in my mind, being a way of softening the rather grim reality of sticking himself with a needle (ugly, you know), because pot is okay and it's a friendly sort of thing, mellowing by association the somewhat heavier implication of the K. What he gets from this experience is interesting, as he describes it: an ability to watch his own mental processes, watching the computer at work, as it were, seeing the associations being made, seeing how they are made, observing. Very interesting kind of experience.

Sasha says he simply does not trust ketamine, at any level, when used chronically, for whatever reason.

I talked about the difference between being able to observe oneself clinically and accurately that way and the way one thinks and puts things together with Lucy. For me, at least, Lucy gives information in gestalts, lumps of imagery plus feeling, intuitive leaps. It's even annoyingly difficult to plot the movement of a thought through its transformations. One is not primarily living in the level of the observer self or working out of it. Not the way the ketamine -- as Channing K. described it -- makes possible.

I had a wonderful inspiration, underlined. Next publication in the willing Proust of Barcelona -- if they are still publishing after this magical and ghostly issue, which we keep heating about but never personally can get our eyes or hands on -- the next article we should write is one observing the difference between the kinds of people who are attracted to ketamine and other such dis-integrators (PCP? scopolamine? what others?) and those who are drawn to the integrators -- our kinds of drugs. The distinction between the perfectly valid but completely opposite ways of achieving the ultimate whatever -- Eastern and Western -- and some kind of intelligent observations of both kinds of people, both kinds of journeyers. I said we should be completely objective and Sasha said, quite truthfully, nonsense, we can't be, and we should make quite clear our bias. He right. As long as we define our understanding of the opposite way and our respect for it. Okay. We would certainly involve a great many interesting people in telling us their experiences in detail, which is something people love to do, and it would be fascinating to write and undoubtedly to read. It certainly would be no more outrageous than our Protocol paper. Which, by the way, has already inspired quite a little pile of request postcards. Which we cannot fill. Because we don't have reprints. We've never seen it in print. We are still waiting. WAITING.

Another thought I shared with the great patient pair of ears. What we are doing with our experimentation with slowly increasing levels of Lucy, among other things, is learning how to do what we want to do on each level. Such as, for

instance finding out how to reach orgasm, which tends to get increasingly difficult due to the temptation to diffusion of awareness. The higher you go, the harder it is to focus strongly in any one direction -- wait a minute, have to make a note for the lecture:

Franklin P. Adams, in response to Pres. Hoovers Commission on Alcohol Prohibition (in the 20's) --(defining Adams as a famous humorist):

"It's left a trail of filth and slime,  
It's filled the land with vice and crime,  
It don't prohibit worth a dime."

This from Bakalar & Grinspoon, "Drug Control in a Free Society." To continue previous train of thought (it's now about midnight, by the way) still +3+, needless to say.

In order to focus sufficiently all of oneself to find the Grail, one learns the ability to focus despite temptation to unfocus. (This is known as giving oneself power, yes.) In so doing, we are not just establishing our own core strength and reinforcing our sense of Self, we are also reaffirming our own personal commitment to our own way of living, which is pretty much defined as being in and of physical life, the earthy level of reality, as well as being familiar with and knowledgeable -- as much as we are able -- of the non-physical levels. We prefer to weave the physical and non-physical together. All this, of course, is what we aim for and are constantly learning to do, and it's a learning which, obviously, will never end.

There are a great many people we know and more that we hear about, who prefer the diffusion of the Self; they love the loss of central control, the loss of what they feel as the burden of responsibility, self-censoring, self-judging, which comes with the use of drugs such as ketamine. Sasha pointed out that most meditation also teaches this loss of Self.

I asked him if -- in his opinion -- a man who had achieved a high state of integration of the various worlds met a man who had achieved an equally advanced state of Self-loss, would they meet as equals? Sasha said, of course. They would have to acknowledge each other's difference of way, the difference in the path chosen, but there would be no need for opposition. Okay. Makes sense. They are both achieving the same level, but have chosen different kinds of awareness, different kinds of relationship to that level.

Remembering, or trying to, one of the things Rosella said in her phone call of Wednesday. I have understood, she said, what it is I have to teach Sandra. She was right, and I can't pin down the memory of what it was. I can only remember that it was the same kind of thing I have been trying to convey to Sandra that she needs to develop now, specially if she is to have a mate who is a true match. It had to do with the quiet place inside. The listening place of absolute patience. To be patient is to feel a form of loving. Patience is allowing, giving space and time to another, which is another way of saying yes, affirming another person. Take your time. Take what you need. It's all right. You're accepted loved, given space.

It has to do with bending to the wind. Being pliable, while your center is unshakable. The wind being, often, another human being's world, likes and dislikes, demands and needs.

Sasha finding superb books, all of which are going to be listed as recommended reading for his poor State students. It's going to be quite a course.

The title, "Drugs and Society, has been pre-empted, so we will title ours, "Drugs in Human History." As of now, that is. The course may not even be approved. But if it isn't, we'll still write the book.

I've got to find a way of distilling a particular thought or thought-form. Which is (attempt no. 1 or whatever) that in trying to achieve a state of change in yourself, in trying to "see" around the corner into what you're going to become next, what you sense, intuitively, you will become, you have to remember that there is no established truth or thing or state or level which you are aiming for. It isn't there to be attained, outside of your own soul. It is what you will become when you transform in whatever way you will transform. The goal is not outside you, in a spiritual realm of some kind. The goal is yourself. In whatever realm that self will inhabit, and what that reality will be will be a product of the self that will live in it. You will create your own butterfly out of the cocoon you are in (or think you're in) now. The form you will take will be of your own making, not Somebody Else's. Although, being realistic, since that form will be created by your unconscious psyche even more than by your conscious self, its purposes and its objectives and its ultimate shape might as well be dictated by some God-thing outside of you, for all the conscious knowledge you're liable to have of the process and of its goal.

Which why I say to people who are in a spot of trouble, "Ask for help." And tell them it doesn't matter what form they give that which is being asked. I say you can call it your guardian angel, or God, or your Wisdom Self, or whatever else suits you. It doesn't matter. You are giving over your problem to an aspect of yourself which knows the answer, and that aspect of you doesn't give two figs what you call it or how you visualize it. What you must do, though, is truly give over to it, the conscious mind saying, "Here, You take this; I've done all knew to do; I have to rely on you from here on." Usually, this is done before sleep, so that the part of yourself that knows can communicate through dream language.

Another inkling: being limited by the conscious mind is very much like being confined to a play's script. Except that in this life-play, there are many different outcomes, many different endings. There's something too neat about that formulation. Let me rethink that. The script is, in a sense, what you start your life with. Genes, family constellations, traditions, larger society's input and structures -- these form the outline of the script. Certain forms of language must be learned; certain words can be said and others must not; certain movements are acceptable to the company of dancers, others break the harmony and are not allowed to continue. It takes many years before one can understand that the play is being written as you play it, and that you can, indeed, change certain stage directions. You learn, very gradually, to the accompaniment of hisses and boos or applause, which changes you can get away with and which ones you can't. If you're a real maverick, you may eventually walk off the stage and sit behind the curtain and write your own play (the man who lives alone with a dog in an Alaskan hut), or you can say to hell with the theater and take the exit, to return another day, another century, when both the theater and the play have changed sufficiently to entice you again.

Saturdays: After-note. The descent last night was relatively sudden, with an awareness on my part of a loss of the colors inside my head. Everything had gone gently grey, rather quickly. Not negative, but somewhat abrupt cutoff. We talked about possible effect of three days ago Lucy. Hard to say, though. After all, three days ago we were different than we are today, and our bodies have eaten different things and we've think different thoughts. Et cetera. Can't expect to understand and have to be content with guesses.

The previous time was extraordinary, on Tuesday night. All Wednesday, I had amazing energy, and was still zapping with light and radiance, to the point that I had to deliberately tone myself down a bit, going shopping and to the doctor. An early call from Rosella was a rich experience, and I found myself locking into her world with an ease which allowed me to do some good insight work with her. Lovely day.

Today was fine, but Sasha was a bit tired-from having slept too short a time. I spent the day reading Lynn Andrews' new book, *Star Woman*, which I didn't find disappointing at all, unlike the critics I've read.

Sasha's finally nerved himself to do the second step of the 2C-B synthesis, about a year overdue. He hates to do it, and it's a difficult piece of work, but maybe -- he says, hopefully -- if he makes bit for Umar and everyone else who wants it, he won't have to make more for a while. I reminded him just how many people have asked for Just how much, which wrecked that hope. We haven't taken any for many months now, and it's going to be interesting to experience it again.

We've been learning the Lucy instead.

Lovely letter from Fred and Peggy, with report. We must ask them what their supply is of what stuff, and do they need more of something. Should send some 2C-T-8.

To bed.



2C-T-7

September 28, 1986

Research group at our house. Several missing due to flu -- Barney G. and thus Tina, and Reyna, had flu, but Barney came.

Material is 2C-T-7. Mel takes 12 (following the pattern of dosage set by 2C-T-2; Clare trying 4 mgs., to be upped later if needed (she has a full committed day tomorrow); Neil taking 7 (he's sensitive to the sulfur compounds); Barney. takes 20, as does Sasha and myself. Clare and Mel haven't tried it yet, but the rest have.

Soup, salad, bread, fruit. Beautiful day, sparkling and sunny and clear.

Time of ingestion (sorry about that) 11:25 a.m. It is now five minutes to 1 p.m. and I am +3, faintly edgy, preferring to talk little and just focus on reading or writing. Very interior at the moment. Stomach, as usual, wants to remain undisturbed.

Mel is having fairly light effect, will wait a while then perhaps up it a bit. Mel. Decided to go up a little. Clare is low, but waiting -- Barney, was playing with the computer program that Sasha got for him, Hitchhiker's Guide etc., and when he left the machine, he felt more effect. Sasha seems fine where he is.

I've switched to iced water. Juice too heavy.

Now at 4 p.m. The upping of level (non-scientific term) was as follows: Clare up by 3 mgs., Neil by 3 and Mel by 4, at 1-1/2 hours for Clare and Mel and close to 3 hours for Neil. Both Barney and Neil felt that they had gone up (Barney without any additional material) upon ingestion of food. Probably the spinach dip (editorial comment note). Much idiocy about yellow-jackets and where their half-dead bodies had or had not landed after Sasha's wild swipes, and cutting horse buckles (Sandra's world) and some juicy gossip about the usual people we love to gossip about (discretion, please) and assorted nonsense. Also discussion of the absolute unreliability of the T-7 (which has supplanted the T-2 for many of us as our favorite material, or at least favorite 2C-T-material) as far as predictable response to specific dosage goes. Today, at 20 mgs., for instance, I am a roaring +3+, yet have taken the same amount before and had a very mellow, barely +3m and others have had equivalent experiences. While the T-2 is quite reliable, the 7 cannot be pinned down.

Ted and Manon dropped in, comfortable and bringing the copy of the local paper which has an article about their poetry book.

We should send some of this material down to Gates'. Must remind Sasha.

My orientation toward writing, today, is not very strong. The earlier turning inwards has become thorough extroversion and enjoyment of interaction.

Clare had a superb suggestion which I first immediately turned down as a joke, then realized it had more than a little merit: have our Xmas party at Sandra's place! No cleaning, no dusting, and she has a dishwasher! And ROOM, SPACE!!!!

No one has taken blood pressures today. Yet. Must remind S. No, it doesn't count unless you start before the experiment.

Now, 7:30, and Mel Clare and Neil have left. Clare will do the driving. Neil on his feet much of the time with edgy legs.

I advised calcium. Then it became apparent that what was on his mind was not calcium, but hormonal expression, and that's a nice way to end the day, yes? Mel was baseline, never having reached above 1.5+, and not completely satisfied with what he had achieved. Barney doin' fine, and is right now back at Sasha's computer, playing with the Hitchhiker program again. Not quite highway-ready. Sasha is fine, he says at baseline level. I am happy, having dropped way down to a +3. Yeah.

Watching the story of Churchill, I find that I am very easily moved to tears. The feeling of that time, when a few people saw, some in actual imagery, the coming of the most terrible war in history, and could not make themselves heard, is very immediate. Everyone in Europe and everywhere else, for that matter, wanted it not to be happening, therefore did not see it as it happened, and went about their lives and political maneuvers in the ordinary comfortable way, as if that in itself would deny reality to the force that was gathering itself under Hitler. Like the Americans were when we landed back here and had the utter misfortune to be stationed in Nuevo Laredo, living over the border in Laredo, Texas. That was when my brother and I learned, from our mother's utter frustration and despair, to hate Texans and, for a while, all Americans, because they wouldn't believe, kept denying, laughed at talk of horror in Europe. None of our business, don't believe everything you hear (dismissing completely the eyewitness accounts of events, tragedies, suicides out of the Consulate window) and that was when we echoed our mother's spoken curse and our father's unspoken assent to it, "The day will come when Americans will know this horror on their own doorstep, and then they'll believe, then they'll stop telling us we're foolish and hysterical." We wished for bombs on America, not understanding -- we children -- what it really meant to have bombs fall. We only knew the dark fear, mixed with excitement, that had lived with us in Italy, when our governess sternly forbade mention of Mr. Mussolini or Mr. Hitler out loud, when we went on our daily walks. We referred to them as Mr. Strongarm and Mr. Strongheart, and it was a game, although we knew, at some level, that it was more than a game, and we obeyed.

I remember the impact of the red paint on our black iron gate, one day. We had to be told what the words said, because we kept asking. The paint said, "Jew! Jew!" and it was the first and only time that any kind of direct attack was directed at our father, who was the American Consul, and a Jew. Children love excitement, but there was a darkness to this excitement, and when the dear old man who lived across the street disappeared one night, and nobody knew where he had gone, we were told that he was a Jew, and it was not good to be Jewish right now in Italy.

Especially when you didn't have diplomatic immunity.

Now 9:30 p.m. and Barney was finally given up on the computer thing, for the moment, and is having a try at going home. Good day, with a lot of laughter and good food and enjoyment of each other. Only six of us, but absolutely fine.

continued, see  
[page 206](#)

September 26, 1986, Friday

THERAPY SESSION NOTE

For the first time, today, I met one of Sandra's favorite people, her co-therapist in seminars, a psychologist named Nelson Jafari. I was struck, in the first moment of meeting, by his resemblance to Fred. He has a very Fred-like face, with the same wide, wide smile, balding head, but lacks Fred's deeply engraved facial lines, and of course his speech patterns are entirely different. The soul, however, is not unsimilar. Heart open, curiosity and enthusiasm. His problem has been a lack of affirmation for himself, a tendency to give away his power, which is done for two reasons: his dark program, from father (very financially successful dentist who always found fault, and died of a heart attack at 55 or thereabouts), the program which says, basically, "You can't succeed, you'll never amount to anything," etc. Second reason is very simply that he believes himself incapable of completing anything, and that he is spared responsibility for completion by working with others who are able to complete projects successfully.

Freddie was used. He is familiar with marijuana, but nothing else. Has a great time with pot. I started him on 100 mgs., and after half an hour, during which time he began to feel "wonderful," I gave him another 20 mgs., believing that his tolerance was going to be excellent.

Long discussion of his difficulties with feelings towards Sandra, alternating exasperation, anxiety and love. The usual. He understood when I suggested that his problem was not with her, but with allowing himself his power. We worked on this most of the afternoon. His insights were excellent, and he heard whatever I said. Talked about his rejecting and unsupportive father and his own adoption of the self-rejection program and the critical judging observer, Daddy's stand-in.

At 1-1/2 hours, supplement with 45 mgs. for him. I had taken 150 mgs. initially, and supplemented with 50 at the same time. He worked with rich imagery while looking in the mirror, calling out to me his observations and associations. His general state was one of peaceful joy and delight and self-affirmation. He was able to see the rising up of censoring barriers and could follow and track them down, understanding where they came from.

Sandra came in several times, basking in the energy, until finally, when she was due to return to her seminar group, Nelson started to ask her about something that worries him, her relationship with another therapist, and I saw him biting on his comments, and challenged him to express the thought. Which he did. He also passed on criticisms of various kinds from some of the participants, who are somewhat afraid of her sharpness and find Nelson easier to talk to. Sandra became extremely defensive and her child took over the stage completely; sulking, hunched shoulders (Nobody appreciates me; fuck all of you/them) and both Nelson and I stayed in our adult and continued to tell her we loved her, which she failed to truly hear.

After that, Nelson told me it felt great to be entirely honest with Sandra, and that he was no longer afraid of her sharp edges, realizing that her responses were her responsibility, and that he had to attend to his own determination to be true and truthful.

He requested a second supplement, 40 mgs. From his position lying on the couch, he could use the white ceiling as a mirror, and he described many faces and one possible past life memory, and Sandra got him a cold washcloth to chew on. He said the mandibular joint was "frozen," but kept insisting that he didn't mind it.

Tremendously rewarding day with a heart-opened, kind man of complete integrity. He wants to continue working with me, at intervals which I told him he would discover as he assimilated this first experience. I said, when you're ready to set up another one, just let me know through Sandra (I would just as soon do sessions at her place, and he would like to be there, too, so that he can spend time with her during the visit). He lives in Southern California, but says he doesn't mind flying up and is quite used to it.

I was paid by check, and hugged him strongly, finding an opened person with no appreciable fear, and full of light.

That evening, I took a me-reward of 80 mgs. just to round out the evening, and it upped me to about 1.75, perfectly okay, but I was still aware of being quite tired, and was ready to sleep earlier than usual.

Next day, (today), Sandra phoned to let me know everything went very well yesterday; she had bared her soul a bit to the session people and they and she decided that 15 minutes every morning would be spent on airing problems and grievances, and it eased the entire atmosphere so much, she's going to incorporate it into every seminar. Superb idea, I said. She apologized for having been a bit bratty yesterday, and I said I was sure she'd figured out that two things were going on at the time we gave her the criticisms -- one was that Nelson needed to be truthful with her and express negative views as well as positive, and that he wanted to eliminate a bit of fear he has about confronting her, and that he had been able to do so right then and there. She said they'd talked about this, and she understood. She was feeling great and talking about plans for next year. She's suffering a good deal of burnout, right now, feeling that "I could teach this stuff in my sleep," and needs to change something to that there is excitement and new learning, and the idea of having the three of us as teachers (leaders? whatever) in a one- or two-week intensive for therapists only, about 8 very good ones who might be ready to make use of Freddie as part of the training, is giving her a new feeling of enthusiasm.

Good session yesterday, the kind that makes up for the ones that are very hard and frustrating.

September 7, 1986

During a session at Los Gatos with one of Sandra's patients, while I took Freddie at usual level with the patient, Sandra took 2C-T-7, at 20 mgs., to see if it locked her into the patient's psyche as well as Freddie does. Results: after an hour and a half, approximately, Sandra said she was barely feeling anything at all. At about 3 hours, she took an additional 10 mgs., to up it to something. Result of that was finally a +2, but no higher.

She also said that although it was a pleasant experience, she didn't feel that the T-7 helped as much with the bonding and empathy, etc. as Freddie.

October 1, 1986, Wednesday.  
6:40 p.m., 200 mic.

Interesting evening. First thing I had to work through was why the weird experience of the T-7, including my own chosen and successful answer to it via the Freddie. Sasha helped with that one. Very simply, it was my communication with myself, saying, in effect, It's time to begin the change which you have to make. The irregular heartbeat is my own psyche-body code for things out of balance, warnings, alert, not necessarily life-threatening, but serious yell across the footlights, "Hey, Dodo-brain, remember you decided to change the script at the fifth line down?" I intend, but intention is not doing, to write my own program for the hypnotist at Hershelle's center, to write my own new version of the script. No smoking, no need to escape focusing by using food or sleep. Now is the time to focus the energy and the Self and begin acting and being what I intend to be. Do what I teach so well. It was just my kick in the pants to myself. And, having assigned to Freddie the ability to re-establish balance when balance has been lost, I used it to do just that.

We talked intensely about taxes and professional versus non-professional, in relation to where we stand and wish to remain in the income and tax picture. I will continue doing what I do, but absolutely non-professionally. Don't need the social acknowledgment. I know what I do, and others do too. For now, that is more than sufficient. Must have a certain amount of the interaction with others, to learn. But don't need more than I have now, with the group and Sandra's stuff. Must have the time for the writing. We have the money we need, not what we might want, as S. points out, but all we need.

I remembered that the way to live without fear (as I teach others very well) is to live with death all the time, thus living every moment as fully as one can and should (with occasional lapses for simple vegetation and self-indulgence, but not escaping, as I tend to do) and basically ignoring anything but the fact that one is alive now and here. I teach it well, but I haven't made the next full step yet, although I assigned myself the first homework two months ago: learn to give permission at all times, at all levels, to completely be. Am still struggling with it. Every interaction with a patient reminds me of my own direction, and I hear and watch myself teaching myself what I must learn, and I'm beginning to get to the stage now where I'm turning inwards, because I'm waiting to fulfill my own knowing. Need help to make that next step, and will use Gena's friend.

Strange, how successful one can be with other people -- and I have been. Must pass my own exam, very soon now. Ugh. How nice and friendly all the old dark programs are! As I've reminded countless other people, yeah.

And I have all the same fears others have. How will I be changed, if I become fully myself? What will I become, and will I like it? And will others like it? The child with quivering lip, saying I don't want to be a grownup. Nuts. Wanna stay here.

Aw, shoot. Can't postpone it very long, because I've got myself programmed for the change and dissatisfaction is beginning to ravel at the edges of the old patterns. Halp!

Next job: write the program and go do it.

Program: I am here to take the next step in my life. I am ready to relinquish an old program that said, I am not allowed, I am not permitted to be and to live as I am at my Center. This nay-saying I do hereby relinquish. With it, I relinquish my

fear of being destroyed, destroying myself. I am Life. I will live my life and I will live in my life, until such time as I will know this round must be brought to a close. I will live with courage which is life-affirmation. I will not use fear as a barrier to being, from now on. I will not live with fear. I am not a smoker and I do not desire to smoke. I am not a person who needs food for satisfaction. I am me, and I give myself permission to be me, in full, from now on.

Well, that's one version, or a start anyway.

Fascinating business about the letter from Russia. Young (my guess) chemist writing a fervent letter in English to Sasha about a great many interesting things. Listing many psychedelic drugs which are on the street or the USSR equivalent of the street, including the real chemical identities of some and their street or sale names. Apparently -- we gather from this four page scribbled note (probably stoned when he wrote it) -- there is a thriving underground of psychedelic drug makers and users in Russia. At least, in Leningrad. Strangest of all -- on the back of the envelope was a message, written down one side of the flap and up the other side, God Help Me - If You Is. Very moving. Especially when you consider the fact that it makes the letter stand out in the USSR Post Office like a naked lady with red bells in her ears. The letter had, of course, been opened and resealed, and without any particular effort or subtlety, either. Thus my guess that he's very young, and is probably wanting some attention, and is waving very red flag at bull, hoping somebody will invite him to battle in the ring. Heaven knows. Good chemistry, though, and an awful lot of information which he may not have fully understood he was conveying. Sasha is carefully considering his response, which I have no doubt will be read and re-read about 27 times to and by a group of friends and fellow journeyers who may, if they keep sending interesting envelopes like this through the mail, not be heard from again.

Hope they learn a bit of self-control and decide they want to live long and happy lives. It's going to be an interesting correspondence, if it continues to be one at all, after this first exchange.

Wonder how chemists in Russia get chemicals and chemistry labs to play around in like this?

continue 2C-T-7 from [page 200](#)

Next Day: Very interesting night. When I tried to get to sleep, I fell into brief vivid dreams involving the transformation of a pleasant person or image into a menacing one, with my awareness of being in a dream quite intact, and no fear at all. When a face turned into menace and attack, I yelled it out of the room with strength, aware of my own lack of fear and refusal to be trapped by the negativity of the dream. However, each time this happened, it was accompanied by a sort of electric wave through my system, and my heartbeat went totally wonky, and I would wake up immediately with strong awareness that my heart was misbehaving and after a few times of this, although I was quite tired, I got up and sat in the living room until my pulse was calmed down, although it never did seem to maintain a steady beat.

When I finally slept, at around 3 a.m., it was with vivid dreams, most of which I cannot remember, but I do remember that the scripts were long and continuous and very clear, The ones I did remember are as follows: being in a house (not this one) which was MY house, and getting increasingly angry at many people who kept coming in and walking through and making conversation, and Helen and Jeffery were both there and somehow they, too, for all the best and kindest of reasons, were letting people continue to come in and invade me and involve me with problems and questions, Finally, I yelled in fury at one persistent visitor who could not get the hint, "GET OUT OF MY HOUSE." Woke up.

Interpretation pretty obvious.

Second long, clear dream -- at least the last part is clear. I am the stranger residing for a short time in a village where I know no one and no one knows me. I walk through and up and around half-finished buildings and down a street at night, and I see a fire at the end of the street, a field which is half on fire (only half of it) and I look around and no one is there, and I remember that I must be the one to alert people and look for help, because nobody else knows about it. As I go back down the main street and call out, people respond from the windows with contempt and indifference, because I don't belong there and they're not going to pay attention to a stranger yelling that there's something wrong. Woke up undisturbed by the dream, but quietly alert to the fact that the heartbeat was still not as it should be. My first thought was that, for some weird reason, yesterday's T-7 had affected the electrical control of the heart, and I said something to Sasha about "right bundle branch," which was a memory from long ago when Donnell had had heart trouble, I thought of the Inderal, but couldn't find it.

Since I hadn't had enough sleep, I caught up during the morning.

Continued through the day aware of being still in a slightly altered state. During the group, was alert to a couple of moments when I could have spaced out, but refused to allow that, of course. By the end of the session, was finally focused and had my center back for the first time fully, that day. This day, that is.

Did something which might sound very weird, and was really a dicey experiment, but I had past experience that led me to believe that Freddie. along with the other things it does, has one more completely unrecognized use: it can straighten out irregular heartbeats. I measured out 150 mgs., along with 100 mgs. of phenobarb., which I kept separate in case. Sipped the Freddie in lemonade over one entire hour. As I had suspected, the irregularity, for the first time today,



disappeared. Heartbeat absolutely regular. Hmm. No supplement. This was strictly medical experimentation, not turn-on. Nobody's going to believe this one, though. I mean, no one outside this house.

Am tired, but normally.

May switch back to T-2 for a while, until I figure this experience out. Maybe it's my equivalent of Manon's strange T-8 experiment.

Is there something to be learned from all of this? Are unpredictable materials somehow less reliable in other ways, too? Do we keep a very careful watch on materials which have different effects at the same level in the same people? Or doesn't that have anything to do with anything?

Fascinating.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: September 27, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Jay Aiken, M.D., Peggy and Fred

Background: Jay has made enormous progress since we saw him last spring. He has confronted his drinking problem, and is solidly into the AA program, not having had a drink in 9 months. He has lost 40 pounds and looks superb. He is extremely alive and alert, and has matured very considerably. The cost of malpractice insurance has caused him to abandon his OBY practice, and several successful malpractice suits against him have forced him into bankruptcy. He is now putting his life together on a much more solid basis, and hopes to find a way to practice with psycho-active agents.

9:36 a.m. All take 2C-T-2, Jay 16 m.g., Fred and Peggy, 14 m.g. each. We move pleasantly into experience; Jay is a love, and we are very close. Comes on very rapidly and with great intensity. Jay has made it known he doesn't want to be center of attention, but wants us all to participate equally. Jay is excellent with body work, and helps ease Peggy and I into the experience. I begin to develop a lot of sluggishness. Jay goes for a walk, and I talk to Peggy about what I feel is the cause of my sluggishness, which doesn't sit well with her. Jay returns, and helps moderate our discussion, returning to a place of understanding and acceptance. He is family.

We go out on the deck, and in talking to Jay, I become aware of the enormous pain he felt when his father died when he was age 10. He goes off to himself, and allows himself to feel the pain of loss, and also the pain of his malpractice suits, which he previously avoided.

Back in the living room, knowing that those who do body work liked to be worked on, I give Jay some deep massage, which puts him in rapture. I decided to leave the sensual and see if we can move into the sublime, and put on the Berlioz Requiem. I am uncomfortable, remembering that Jay had offered to remove the heavy wax load in my ear which had been bothering me, and I said we would do it before listening to music. He now agrees, and as he does this, I experience what it is like to be his patient. He is extremely caring, loving, and sensitive. However, I realize that in addition to this what the patient really wants is skill. I didn't get a solid feel of trust in this, perhaps because he was not used to this operation and didn't have the proper equipment, or because of my own over-criticalness. I experienced another very strong and surprising feeling: I could see that some patients are actually committed to defeating the doctor, and that the doctor must have enough confidence in himself to override this and proceed with successful treatment. Afterwards I communicated my impressions. Although he removed a lot of wax, some water got in my ear, perhaps through a hole in the eardrum that I have, and I have not been able to hear well at all since this procedure. (Thorough treatment with my regular doctor on 9/29 proved this to be simply change in the position of wax, and was completely cleared up by flushing with the right equipment.)

11:45 a.m. Jay and Fred take 6 m.g. supplement of 2C-T-2; Peggy takes 4 m.g. We go to Peggy's studio and work with water colors. I open to Peggy's world as never before. We have a great time working together, and I reach heights of intense, exquisite beauty.

Later, Jay begins to talk about his aspirations. As I begin to view the suitability of his taking this move, I become aware that I have become very lax about my own goals. I find that I have been drifting a good deal lately, and have lost the clarity of my intention. I see that I need to carefully think through my own situation and what I really wish, and also become clear on my interaction with Jay and the forthcoming visit of the psychiatrist, Bruce Lamison. I became very serious for the next few hours, thinking through my own situation. This put somewhat of a damper on the others, especially Peggy, but we worked through it together. For myself, it kept me from some of the exalted realizations I like to experience, but was extremely valuable in terms of getting my life straightened out. I could see the dying process starting in several areas of my life, and also that the many hours I have devoted to contemplation over the last few weeks were not productive from a practical standpoint. I feel much more comfortable taking charge, ego or no, and putting my energy into productive output. I determined to do this. I also saw that a lot of the stuff I was blaming Peggy for was the expression of my own feelings of being out of sorts with myself.

With regard to Peggy, I agreed for the next week to not offer any suggestions to Peggy, but be willing to do it her way just to see how things go. In other words, stop trying to change her. And Peggy promised to speak up when she didn't like what I was doing, and not swallow her resentment.

The rest of the day and evening were spent discussing Jay's future activities and possible approaches to using psycho-active chemicals. He did a great deal of reading, and took a lot of material home with him to work on. This discussion continued the next day, when I felt superb, very clear-headed, and much surer of my position. Jay agreed to do the following:

1. He will read the material I gave him with lots of background on the MDMA situation.

2. He took Judge Young's brief and the DEA brief and promised to make a summary and comparison of their key points.

3. The most logical place for Jay to work in this field, it appears now, is in a program run by Kenny Ninke. Kenny is an old recovered alcoholic, and was very active in the early days of LSD research. He offers a service to industry in rehabilitating persons with alcohol or other addictive problems, for the benefit of both the company and the individual. He has been quite successful. Jay will verify this. He will attempt to proceed as follows:

- a. He will see if he can join Kenny's staff and work with him in the program he is now conducting. Jay feels his own experience as an M.D. who was an alcoholic will be very valuable, and he likes this arena.

- b. As Jay finds he can contribute to this work, and builds up a rapport with Kenny, he can approach Kenny on considering an additional phase to his treatment program, using psycho-actives.

- c. If Kenny agrees, and if they establish suitable rapport with well-chosen clients, Jay should run a couple of sessions strictly underground to gain experience and make sure they are getting results. When they are ready for this step, he can approach me for possible help in obtaining a suitable material.

- d. We agree that any ultimate work in this field can best be done with a substance like MDMA, and this will depend on our successfully appealing the DEA ruling so as to get it placed in Schedule 3.

4. Jay will also prepare a research protocol for working with a substance like the one we used here, and have this to me by November 1.

5. Jay is anxious to visit Sasha. I told him I would let him know about this when I return from the Bay Area.

6. One of the major obstacles for Jay is his roommate Percy. Percy does not approve of Jay's work with psycho-actives, and Jay realizes that Percy could be dangerous if he knew of this work. Jay states that resolving this relationship is a first order of business. This is extremely difficult for him, as they have been extremely close, and Percy at least exhibited the fortitude to break his drinking habit, something that I would not have predicted. However Percy has refused to become self-supporting, and Jay has given him notice he will no longer support him financially.

The day after the experience was a wonderful, integrating day for all of us. Jay feels that he has gotten a great deal from this weekend, and is very clear on his next moves. I find Jay extremely bright, learning very quickly, very warm, sensitive, and enthusiastic, and feel that he has matured greatly. He has done a great deal to overcome his boyishness, and is much more capable of taking on responsibility. How he proceeds with the above program will tell a lot.

Peggy got some hard knocks, but is handling them. She liked the extra supplement, staying in the experience longer. For me, it was a most significant experience. Much of it was not pleasant, but it was very revealing. At first I thought the supplement only prolonged the agony. Now, however, it is clear that it was deeply cleaning, and allowed me to clear away a lot of debris. The next day I felt wonderful, clear in mind and body, and full of enthusiasm for getting back to work. We all agree that 2C-T-2 is a marvelous working material. Jay stated that it combines the best parts of many different substances. However, he felt the experience too intense for anyone who has previously had no experience.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: September 10, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Graham and Vesta Kyner, Peggy and Fred

Background: Graham is an old friend from the Hubbard days. We were especially close, kindred spirits, with that strange kind of intimacy that seems as though it had been for all time. Graham became president of 3 different Teledyne companies, which kept him so busy that we've had little contact through the years. He is now retired, and so he is able to come and visit and we can renew our friendship. Vesta worked for his company, and they fell in love. They each divorced their mate in order to have a relationship and to marry. Since Vesta is subject to epileptic seizures, we were concerned about her participation. However, she has had the DVC 3 times up to 150 mcg. with no ill effect, and she was quite prepared for this experience. Graham has been an extensive explorer of these substances, but not this particular one, and he was quite anxious to try it.

9:07 a.m. Vesta, Peggy, and Graham each take 120 m.g. of Pegasus; I take 8 m.g. of 2C-T-2. We begin to feel in about 20 minutes; in 30 minutes Vesta is heavily struck and lies down. She turns totally numb and cannot feel her body. She lies quietly, and I assure her this state will pass in another half hour. I suggest she watch her breath as in some of the meditative techniques. She looks o.k. and I am not concerned. Everyone wishes to be still, so I put on Debussy's Trois Nocturnes. The music was beautiful, and we all go deeply into the experience.

Toward the end of the music, I stop it so I can share. I report that the first thing I did was to go into considerable pain, feeling deeply the hurt of my mate deserting me for someone else. I experienced this pretty much from Clair's position, Graham's former wife whom I knew well, although I didn't say this, as I felt the pain was coming from both Graham and Vesta. I realized that if I loved my mate, then I would want for them what they wanted, but that this was a hard, hard place. Also, that I hoped the new found love justified the pain involved. My remarks seemed to hit Graham who was feeling great love for Vesta.

10:35 a.m. Peggy and Graham take 40 m.g. supplement of Pegasus; Vesta feels she has plenty. Graham and Vesta retire to the bedroom. Feeling that they would be there for a while, I decided to go deeper into myself, and decided to take more.

11:22 a.m. I take 8 m.g. more 2C-T-2. Peggy is having a wonderful experience, is very loving and beautiful. As we snuggle together, Graham and Vesta join us. Graham embraces me, says I might have saved his life. He was able to see that he had held so much guilt over leaving Clair that he wasn't able to release his full love to Vesta. Recognizing this, he was able to do so, and felt the full love as when he first fell in love with Vesta. He was full of joy and very filled. I was able to see a deep flow of life that brought us all together in this very meaningful way.

Vesta is now feeling much better, free from her frozenness. She feels that 40 m.g. would have been adequate. She moves into a state of euphoria which lasts the rest of the day.

For the next couple of hours, we listen to Vesta's account of joining Graham's company and the development of their relationship, and the review of her daughter's families, as well as Graham's daughters from a marriage twice preceding. During this recitation, I became the most uncomfortable of the day, seeing nothing but sorrow, disappointment, missed opportunities, inappropriate decisions and actions, as I listened to the actions of the children. I checked my perceptions of this the next day, and confirmed that this was indeed the way Vesta was feeling about her kids and her previous husband. Seeing pictures of Vesta's daughters, who were quite beautiful, and her wonderful grandchildren, seemed to change the tone, and from this point on I felt the feeling tone improve steadily, especially my own.

The rest of the day went beautifully. The bond of love among us grew steadily. Graham and I totally reaffirmed our special friendship, and were delighted to find each other again. We had many wonderful conversations, reviewing our adventures with Hubbard (Graham was one of his major supporters, besides myself, having expended a great deal financially), exploring concepts of government and politics, warfare, etc. Graham has a very lucid mind and is a very clear thinker, and has thought deeply about many important matters. Our conversation was one of the most exhilarating I have had in some time. Graham was also very keen in recognizing some of my stuck places, and helping me to get free. Particularly the futility of holding grudges, as I still did toward Hubbard.

This turned out to be a most rewarding, as well as enjoyable experience. We have a deep friendship, which in their present state of retirement, we can pursue. They live in Hemet. They are a wonderful couple and we have an excellent rapport, and common interests. We will see much more of each other. We all are delighted that things have worked out as they have. We have gained much from each other, and look forward to sharing more.

Vesta understands her frozenness could be an unwillingness to face some of the hurts in her life. She is a very sensitive, but strong person who has pushed things aside to function effectively, (she is most competent). I personally feel that the strength of her repression may be responsible for her grand mal seizure she had 3 years ago, the first in 15 years. She is very honest, and quite willing to clear up her situation.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH MDMA AND 2C-B

Date: July 20, 1983

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Benton McQuiston, Peggy and Fred

Background: Benton has had 6 MDMA experiences, the last January 15, 1983. He has integrated them well. Recently he has made a decision to become the interpreter for the local medicine man at the latter's request, a very key position in the Indian work. It represents for Benton going back very thoroughly into the Indian path, which he has a deep feel for. I questioned him whether this was compatible with our plans to work with the chemicals, and he saw no conflict, if used infrequently.

7:34AM All take 120mg MDMA. In 15 to 20 minutes, we are beginning to feel effects. Good takeoff.

8:14AM Benton feels slight nausea, very slight. Benton feels the drug is loosening his spirit from the body, cleansing, purifying. His bowels and eyes are holding on points for the body. Peggy is aware she ate too much last night. I am intoxicated. Benton quotes Si Babba - mind is determined by what you eat. Benton misses his 14 year old son.

8:20AM Benton is experiencing a block around his neck. Sees his spirit helper as a wood nymph with diaphanous robes. Goes insides - moves past many friends that wish him well. His neck is relaxing. Needs to work on relaxing body. Fear causes tension, fear of death, apain, pleasure. Not fully accepted being in a body; must accept and live on earth. As time develops, we all become euphoric, much good humor, enjoy touching. I hold Benton, feel his strength.

8:49AM Benton's heart beat feels natural; it's usually constricted. Must open heart. This is a very smooth experience for him. Feels the world with Jarvis (the medicine man) has been very helpful. Peggy is having marvelous experience; we are very close.

9:00AM We all take 40mg Supplement of MDMA. Benton reports his heart is heavily armored; energy goes around it into his mind. He must relax and let his heart shine like the sun.

9:10AM I feel supplement taking hold. I had been coming down by supplement time. I seem to be coming down faster, lately. Benton experiences fear in his throat, which is the last holdout. Peggy feels very gentle, no attachments. Benton states that the moon (reflected light) rules the mind. Needs more experience in the sun -- direct contact. Feels slight nausea again. The supplement is taking effect. He is grateful for the trust that he can have a non-judgmental experience.

9:24AM Benton is still having some problem with his throat and some jaw clenching.

10:12AM Peggy feels tongue-tied. She has been quiet, but enjoying experience. Looks great. Benton experiencing lots of jaw clenching. Recalls using marijuana with Wonda. Felt it was cleansing. Sees he could get into negative experience but won't. Feels some self-sorrow.

10:16AM Benton feels he is still going up. Feels biofeedback would be good for muscle tension. We are all well into the euphoria and good feeling of the supplement.

10:44AM Peggy finds that she can enter into the Dickman painting. She is beginning to feel coming down. From this time on, we all feel the descent. Benton feels more and more problems with negative feelings, feels some body tension, but is aware of a universal feeling. We listen to Pachelbel, which I find very uplifting. Benton feels sense of loss on descent. We all get somewhat languid, lose the sharp energy of before.

12:17 1PM. We all take 20mg of 2C-B (the night before, Benton felt that about 17.5mg was right for him, but after getting into the MDMA, felt that the 20 was appropriate. Since this was my original assessment for him, we proceeded with this amount.) We all seem to feel very shortly; the languidness goes away, Peggy experiences color enhancement. She had had images in the corner of her mind during the music. Quincy, who has been working on our refrigerator down in the shack, comes by. I handle very well, as I am not yet well into the 2C-B. As the 2C-B comes on, Peggy finds her tongue-tying clearing up. Was hard for her to talk under MDMA.

12:44PM Benton hears a voice; feels a healing angel is present. Angel is Hillarium. Is going to heal Benton so he can heal others. Benton has prediction that this trip will not be ecstatic but beneficial.

1:01PM Benton reports that MDMA often has left him in a down, negative state; this experience will heal. It is slow acting, searching out one control panel after another. Peggy is enjoying very much. Benton is gradually relaxing and the headache is going away. He is aware of knots being loosened that were untouched in previous experiences. This is his most ecstatic rise. Has image of a ball of fire in his hand, light shooting out. Finds part of himself is criticizing and denouncing his psychic part. He is becoming more reflective; his mind is becoming clear. Senses that other beings are around; that he could sense them if he dropped his fear. Getting some visual distortion; the dining room table legs are twisting.

1:16PM Benton feels warmth and cold swirling around his body. The ache he was experiencing in the small of his back is gone. Feels you can never go back, like passing a switch on a railroad track. He feels this material going into brain cells, dispelling the first substance, flushing out wastes.

1:45PM We agree to listen to music. Benton reads Fenelon's prayer (from Umar), I put on Mozart Requiem. Becomes a very intense experience for Peggy and I. I feel a block which I spend a lot of time working through. I feel Benton's load. Find flowing love so others most successfully works through block. I end up in exalted space, although not totally free. Find I could have used a heavier dose, but didn't want to get too disconnected from Benton. Peggy finds she is full of doubts, finds herself denying God at every turn. Finally the power of the music overwhelms her, and she realizes there has to be God. After the music, I find her radiant, lovely, beautiful, very secure, whole, and lovable. Benton came out of the music depressed. Claims that helper (as he calls it) was working its way up his body, healing. Music drove him off into a totally different experience. Was pushed, not his own experience. Resented the power of the music, its churchiness, although he realizes he agreed to it and could have spoken up. We listen to MUSIC FOR ZEN MEDITATION which he likes better, but he is still very uncomfortable, lots of body tension, nauseousness. Peggy massages him and he feels better.



4:30PM We eat some soup which hits the spot, go outside for a walk. It's very beautiful out. Benton very reflective. As day wears on, the symptoms leave him. Aspirin for his headache also helps. He feels stronger as day and evening wear on. He is full of doubts, but doesn't verbalize much, and I am careful not to interfere, as I understand his various conflicts, want him to work them out.

Peggy and I feel marvelous, have a wonderful walk in the moonlight, and enjoy going to bed. We feel great the next morning. Benton feels good, stronger than ever, but obviously still full of doubts. He is leaving the next day on a 2 week trip with Jarvis, the medicine man, and we agree to talk when he returns, as I am anxious to see how he puts it all together. I offer my opinion that 2C-B has very little toxic effect and has in general been found to be a good cleanser, so that it is unlikely the direct cause of all his body discomfort. Benton left in good spirits, but with much to think about. It will be interesting to see if this experience turns out to be helpful for him. He may be able to proceed more comfortably and effectively by sticking strictly to the Indian path. The aftermath for both Peggy and myself has been excellent. There was some uncovering for both of us, which led to some intense discussion. I can't help but feel that I picked up some of Benton's weird thinking, as I found myself the next morning going through uncomfortable places which didn't really feel like me. I disposed of them in an hour or two, and spent the rest of the day feeling a great deal of strength.

Wednesday, July 20, 1983 - MDMA experience with Fred Peggy and Benton McQuiston:

Starting with 120 early a.m.. Very nice, gentle ascent. Peggy feels quickly and enjoys energy with feelings of ecstasy. Nice intoxication ensues and handles telephone call easily. There was no time I was not able to perform a function without difficulty -- in other words, I was always able to handle anything that came up during the day, with ease.

The beginning of the experience was a talkative one, but the talking diminished as the day expanded. We shared feelings and experiences with each other for a while. The time seemed to evaporate. Hard to believe it was 1 1/2 hours and time for the supplement. Expanded color enhancement and awareness of body functions -- very cleansing in all respects. Physically and mentally.

However, when 2CB was taken, there appeared some doubts on the horizon -- later. Doubts about God, and doubts about faith, and doubts about love. We listened to Mozart's Requiem and at first I was amazed that this music sounded so beautiful, since I had doubts about all that in the first place. I listened to the beautiful voices, and the energy that emerged from this piece, and really flowed with it and then realized that God does exist for all those who can listen and feel and see. When the music was over, I exclaimed "What a powerful experience - what powerful music - what powerful voices!" and went out on the porch to sit. I became a bit lonely when the others did not join me so went back into the living room to be with Fred and Benton. We talked briefly, and listened to what all had to say about where we were at the time. I was in ecstasy - and remember saying "God loves me and I love God!" I had some closed-eye pictures. Very beautiful, colorful, and non-descript in every-day reality. Inertia set in. We drank lots of liquids and finally around 4 p.m. we had some soup and then took a walk. I felt quite elevated. The stream was flowing fully and we appreciated it for a while. Right now I don't remember the conversation but things were going beautifully for me. I believe Benton was having some body problems and he verbalized them freely. After a while, his body felt fine as he worked through some stuff. Later on we listened to Iren Marik's music and felt her very strongly, as we did Rikki Ogawa's spirit all day. Rikki seemed to be everywhere and we remembered her with a great deal of reverence.

The whole day was an amazingly marvelous one for me. Sleep was enjoyed as well as erotica. Next day things were marvelous also. Good feelings all around. However, day after that, Fred and I got into a locking of horns which was extremely uncomfortable for me and caused a big family discussion of things which we had on our minds. A bit upset for me. Not sure things are smoothed out yet, although today when the Sweat Lodge for Rikki Ogawa happened, it was an elevating experience. Seems that all the resentments cleared away with the cleansing sweat and subsequent splash in the pond with the ladies of the sweat and Fred. Love-making that evening splendid.

However, Fred complains that he is very tired when he wakes up in the a.m. and believes it's coming from me. I feel it's his resistance to my resistance - and what the hell are we arguing about? The analysis of intricate details can drive a person bats.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASIS

Date: September 19, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Rosetta Rivers, Ricky Kopps, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Ricky, 38, is a kind of renegade physician from Bishop. He is interested in holistic medicine, and lives with an Indian woman with whom he has several kids. He loves the Indian people, but is locally considered a maverick. He and Rosetta have visions of creating extensive facilities for a Wellness program, incorporating a number of alternative treatment programs.

Rosetta Rivers, 63, lived near and participated at Esalen for 15 years, and is well up on the New Age approaches. She went through several years of severe trauma with a husband who physically and emotionally abused her, and tried to have her committed in order to acquire her assets. She is quite committed to healing the world, and is expert in teaching people healing through imagery. She has used psychedelics extensively, but with much difficulty, and has had lots of therapy. It has been very difficult for her to unload her past. Both she and Ricky have had MDMA in the past. We have met several times, and have established excellent rapport, so that both of them were looking forward very much to this experience.

9:24AM Rosetta takes 150mg of Pegasus (she claims that less is ineffective), Ricky takes 120mg, and Peggy 110mg of Pegasus. Fred takes 8mg of 2C-T-2. Rosetta wants to lie in the sun on the deck, and as it comes on she goes deep inside herself. She stays there for several hours, not wanting to be disturbed. She is having a very intense, deep, profound experience.

Ricky is very easy to be with, and we communicate well. He moves into a good space, but it does not get very intense for him. He is very experienced and handles it well, and is in a good space. We enjoy very much getting better acquainted and sharing our history and values.

11:02AM Ricky and Peggy take 40mg supplement of Pegasus. Rosetta is deeply in experience, doesn't care whether she takes supplement or not. I ask her to decide; she declines. Ricky goes for a walk, and I spend some time with Peggy. She has been relaxing on the sofa, very content to be alone and enjoy her experience. She looks wonderful, manifesting all the best symptoms of this material. We cleared up a couple areas of communication, which greatly enhanced the love we were feeling for each other.

The day proceeded beautifully, with good feeling and communication with Ricky. He shared his aspirations, and confessed his weakness in the area of administration. I offered to help in this area by reviewing their plans. Rosetta continued to stay completely inside, declining my invitation to share her experience. At one point I was feeling sluggish, and wondered about a supplement for myself. I decided to wait, and was pleased when this dissolved into a clear, euphoric space. It turned out that the level of 8mg was quite adequate for an excellent day, something I was glad to confirm.

2:18PM Peggy and I take a shot of vitamin B complex with vitamin C, which Ricky claims often produces an integrating effect at this time. We decide to go for a walk, Rosetta declining. It was absolutely beautiful outside, perfect fall weather, remarkable visibility, just right temperature. Peggy, Ricky, and I enjoy the outing with nature immensely. I notice some effect from the shot, feeling more whole and solid, more confident, more at ease and on top. I don't know whether the effect was great enough to want to repeat in the future, as there was some soreness at the point of the injection, and it's hard to know how I would have felt anyway. Peggy liked the shot, feeling it gave her more energy later in the day.

After about an hour, Rosetta comes walking over to join us. She is still not communicative, but she has been having a very euphoric experience. We go back to the house and have a most pleasant time the rest of the day. Rosetta opens up a little, sharing that she has had a most marvelous experience, dropping huge loads from the past. However, she recognizes her tendency to go it alone and reject group interaction. She feels she will be ready for this next time.

We have an excellent recap the next morning. Rosetta is very grateful for the help I give Ricky in approaching the planning of their enterprise. Ricky is very grateful for the help I give Rosetta in helping her recognize her need to communicate and share with others, be willing to draw strength and help from others, and recognize more of her own worth. Rosetta called the next day enormously grateful for the experience, and aware of many ways in which she has been helped, including feeling much better about herself and much stronger. We agree to get together soon and review the plans for their Wellness center, after they have prepared a brochure.

For Peggy and I, it was an excellent experience. Peggy relaxed a great deal, achieved a high level of peace, and we are glad to have good new friends in the valley.

October 11, 1986

LSD, 250 mic., S&A, 6:20PM faintly compromised for S. by yesterday's +2 on 2C-T-9, but pleasantly so. He had no experience of what I insist on calling the LAMED state, and he insists on calling Gimel. This is going to have to go to a vote of the group, or something.

I had full +3, and certainly at least an hour of the LAMED. Oh, dear, just saw the problem with that word (Hebrew alphabet, Fred) -- it'll be read as "lamed" in English, instead of LA-med. I still hate Gimel. Too quirky, Mickey-Mouse-ish. Shoot. Okay, Sasha, it's the bloody Gimel.

Anyway, the GIMEL (shudder) is the transition period. Not transition from baseline to whatever level you're going to achieve, but transition in the sense of processing where you've been plus where you find yourself, the sorting-out time. Looking over the landscape of yourself and seeing, in Claro's phrase, all the spots in the rug. I usually undergo at least an hour of the damned thing or place or state. It's not particularly pleasant, although not always difficult. Depends on what I've been doing with myself and my energies in the days past. It tends, for me, to be rather strongly judgmental, this state. Not until I've done the necessary processing, examining, rejecting, resolving, etc., is it possible for me to move into the full ongoing experience. It doesn't seem to me a matter of paying dues as much as a necessary self-examination, sometimes an examination of things and relationships outside myself, but essentially still tying back into my own ties, my own responses, to those outside matters.

Later note: Have to agree with Sasha, that "transition" is the wrong word, because for some people, the Gimel is the entire experience. It is part of my own transition to another state, but the Gimel itself is a state of being, a state of relationship to the experience, and is NOT in itself a transition state.

S: Let me give a try to the definition of the Gimel state. It is an easy cop-out to refer to a condition that is difficult to describe, as being a transition from A to B. One can acknowledge the state of A, of being there indefinitely, and of breathing excitement into it, and of living out of it. Ditto for B. But the occasionally encountered Gimel state is most easily apologized for by saying that it is a transition from A to B. I want to look at that condition not as a passage, not as a temporary thing that holds the attention while the scene changes, not as a moving and evolving thing, but as a state in its own right. There is a state G, and maybe one can be there indefinitely, breathing excitement or something into it, and living out of it. Not a evolution period, but as a (sometimes) short-lived evolved state. Then, just what is Gimel?

What is Aleph? It is a state of total power, total control, absolute mastery of yourself and of the universe about you. What is Beth? It is the anhedonic separation from feeling, from caring, from the very substance of humanness. What is Gimel? It is the being held by the nape of the neck by a not too friendly master and having your nose pointed in whatever direction he chooses to point you. A complex psychedelic state of consciousness may have a touch of Aleph, followed by a wave of Beth, and perhaps a dollop of Gimel. Each oil on the palate has its own name, but not all of them need to be used in any given painting. (To be continued.)

A: When we went to bed, before sleeping, or trying to, we discussed a bit more about what Sasha feels the Gimel state to be. In this state, you feel the altered state itself to be something that is other than yourself and what you are. It is there, while you are here. It is not-you, but you are tied to it, waiting to

find out what it is and where it's going and where it's going to take you. You're stuck with it. You think of it as an "it." A "drug-effect." As opposed to what? A good, integrated experience is one in which you don't think of yourself as being acted upon by anything at all. You simply are. You are experiencing yourself and your universe. The fact that you had ingested something several hours before is quite beside the point. The drug was a means of opening your own interior doors, and you know that those doors can open many different ways, and that the means is not important; only the seeing, the experiencing, is of importance. The doors can be opened within you by means of hypnotherapy, learning the trance state, by means of meditation, by other means.

In the Gimel state, you are not one with your own interior landscape; you are aware that it has changed, but you feel yourself being acted upon, not one with the state in which you find yourself. That is the basic difference.

#### MONDAY:

I must complete the notes on the experience of Saturday. Sasha went to sleep relatively easily, at around 3AM, I think. I found myself occasionally darting, quite strongly, and after a while of semi-sleep state, in which I spent a lot of time checking out my own thought-processes, with a view to learning what particular kind of sequence could bring about the tiny explosion of the nervous system, I decided to get up, and stayed up, perfectly content, with two aspirins in my system, reading and listening to the radio, etc. until 7AM Watched the early Sunday morning CBS program, which was interesting, before sleep.

The next day, I woke up after only 4 hours of sleep and felt the usual pleasantness and serenity, fooled around until finally, late evening, when I had a nap, sleeping deeply. When Sasha finally gave in to his sleepiness, I slipped into sleep with him easily. The post-LSD feeling is generally good energy, calmness and contentment, although I didn't feel any great drive, perhaps due to insufficient sleep.

The darting is unusual for me. Don't usually have it.

The 250 mics. Is still a good, complex level for us to explore. I managed two magnificent, beautiful orgasms, the first one with the image of going deep into the center of an exquisite pink flower.

Erotic marvelous, as it usually is, although S. couldn't focus sufficiently for an explosion of his own.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-B

Date: October 6, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Fred

Background: Previous experiment with 2C-B conducting daily activities had been highly successful. Wanted to repeat, with focus on attempting to write more creatively.

10:01AM Take 20 m.g. 2C-B in tablet form. Light breakfast completed one hour earlier. Began writing. In about ½ hour feel increase in heart rate, some nervous anticipation. This gives way to calm. After an hour, begin to feel strongly. Writing is not comfortable; prefer to be outside. Stick to my commitment, continue writing, solving some problems with printout. Am uncomfortable, feel I don't really enjoy writing, but go through the paces. Feel little enhanced ability.

12:00PM Go outside, walk to pond, enjoy being outside. Come back and begin cleaning cooler for the winter. Still some tension; relax in sun for about 15 minutes, get into a good space. Feel much better. Brushing scale off cooler pad frames, study right- and left-handedness. Can overcome advantage of habit by desire and intent focusing. Play with total attention; makes cleaning much more interesting. Also turning attention to appreciating the role everything has to play feels good.

Decommissioned new cooler in Peggy's studio, did some watering. Around 4:30PM, spend an hour with Peggy in "non-erotic sex" as advocated by Jay. Very nice.

At end of day, found day very disappointing. No enhanced creativity or enjoyment in writing, no exalted experiences, great insights or discoveries, not very comfortable. Seems like waste of material, and might have got more done without taking it. (We are leaving 2 days later for 8 day trip and have lots of preparation.)

However, next day, I felt absolutely marvelous! Extremely alert, full of energy, very clear-headed, eager to face any task (my favorite way to feel). Seemed as though my willingness to attend to unpleasant activities despite reluctance and resistance in some way scoured out the underlying resisting forces, so that afterwards I was very clear and able to perform very efficiently. This made the experiment most worthwhile. In fact my clarity and centeredness was so enjoyable that I concluded that it was worth going through a lot of uncomfortable situations during such an experience to end up with this state of freedom and clarity.

October 21, 1986, Tuesday.

LUCY 250 mic., 5:45 p.m. S. and me

Finished Sagan's Contact. Super book. He got away with lots of different kinds of murder, and made it as much fun for the reader as it obviously had been for the writer. The secret of the universe will be found -- among other places -- in the working out of the infinite pi number. If one part of it could in any way be predicted, or if any part of it could in any way fail to be computed, the universe would, at that moment, cease to exist.

Now, that last couple of lines was Sasha making a statement of fact (from "If one part..") Now, here is myself coming back in to ask questions, such as -- is there a key to the meaning of the universe (let's reword that one) -- is there a key to the existence of the universe in the fact that there is a basic relationship (note that we don't say mathematical relationship) which is known as pi. S. says it is one of the fundamental relationships of the universe, just as the speed of light is another. A transcendental number cannot be defined by an algebraic expression. You might say that the relationship itself is a building block of the universe -- there are at least three such well-known relationships, one being the speed of light, another being pi, and a third being the principle of quantum mechanics.

The photon must travel at the speed of light. The photon is an indivisible unit of energy (there cannot be a half-photon).

A photon moves at the speed of light, period. If there is enough energy to create a photon, it will move at the speed of light, and its energy will vary, depending upon what energy went into creating it, but it is always moving at the speed of light.

The interchangeability of energy and matter is one of the truths of the universe. The life process itself is another truth of the universe. A photon is simultaneously a wave phenomenon and a photon. Which means that quantum physics is a very strange kind of physics. One of the hardest things to understand is that the speed of light is not altered by your relationship to it.

Thursday: the rest of this report is pretty much contained in the subsection Transfrm.

The experiment was delightful, as usual. One superb organism each. Good energy next day.



REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: October 18, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Bruce Lamison, Wilfred Fegles, Peggy and Fred

Background: Bruce, 55, is a gay psychiatrist specializing in working with children. Slight of build, handsome, gentle, sensitive, and outgoing, a very loving person yearning to be a shaman. Wilfred, 27, also handsome, very self-possessed and at home in cosmic consciousness. Bruce is openly in love with Wilfred, who is straight, and they have a fascinating friendship. Wilfred is very much at home with psychedelics, and Bruce has had two sessions with Fulton and Kerry, Wilfred participating in the last one. Bruce is anxious to work in this field and Fulton recommended this visit. We spend the evening before getting acquainted, and find that we are a very compatible group with common interests in our personal and spiritual growth. Wilfred is extraordinarily wise for a 27 year old.

9:24 a.m. All take 14 m.g. each of 2C-T-2. Take off smooth, excellent energy field. Bruce anxious to have Peggy and I monitor things he wants to say to Wilfred. He makes no bones about his attraction to Wilfred, and his desire for Wilfred to open up to him in a loving relationship. However, he is very understanding and gentle, wishing Wilfred to work through the areas where Bruce feels he is very shut in. Wilfred seems strong and knowledgeable and able to take care of himself. While Wilfred appears completely at peace with the cosmos, Bruce points out that his cold, sweaty hands belie the state of peace. Bruce moves in very directly on Wilfred, sharing his perceptions of Wilfred's early childhood dynamics. I back him off from time to time to give Wilfred space and a chance to be heard. Bruce appreciates the wisdom of my intercession. Wilfred has had several relationships with girls, all of which petered out, although he is still friendly with them all. This discussion kept up for almost two hours, and we were well into the experience, feeling a powerful energy field and much love among us. I felt we reached the point where Bruce had sufficiently made his points, and that we needed to be still and allow fresh input from within us.

I suggested we lay on the floor, heads together, and put on SOUND OF THE SHAMAN (in deference to Bruce's leanings in this direction). Bruce later shared that he thought this was a usual, procedural device that I used, orchestrating the experience in the book, and was annoyed to be pulled away from the intense personal encounter he so enjoys. Bit recognizing his own overpowering tendencies, he conceded to my suggestion to temporarily change the dynamics. In fact, he enjoys people who stand up to him. It turned out to be a most powerful experience for all of us. Bruce felt that it was an initiation ceremony, with high order beings initiating us into a higher knowledge. He went through rapid breathing, much body release and discharges and movements with orgasmic connotations. Peggy found herself in an extraordinary bright light, totally transcending human feeling, even love, which she discovered was simply a human emotion somehow below the transcendent white light that encompassed all. She found us all merging into One.

When I closed my eyes, I felt some of the familiar discomforts. I opened myself to the vastness, calling down a healing light, which responded immediately. I felt myself drawn into this higher energy, healing the uncomfortable places within myself. Later I turned my attention to Wilfred finding him an extremely sensitive young boy, deeply hurt by much of what happened to him, needing

tremendous reassurance and love, which I poured out to him. Wilfred drank up the energy and love and reached a wonderful state of being.

From this point on, Bruce seemed quite changed. This withdrawal had made an enormous impact on him, and he appreciated the wisdom of the change in procedure and the fact that he needed to draw more on a higher wisdom. For the next couple of hours, he was much more gentle, not pushy, and very insightful. The love bond among us all grew enormously.

1:50 p.m. We decide to supplement, instigated mostly by Wilfred's request, feeling he was coming down. Bruce, Wilfred, and Fred take 6 m.g. more each of 2C-T-2. As it comes on, I suggest we go outside. Bruce again is reluctant to break up the personal intimacy, but accedes to my experience. I feel Bruce is very much engrossed in his personal world, and might gain from additional input from other levels. He doesn't particularly care for nature, but knows how Wilfred and others appreciate it, so decided to give it a try. He is barefooted, and I suggest he feel the concrete, pebbles, and then the ground with his feet. He does, but I see he hasn't really. When he says he felt nothing, I suggest he do it again, giving it his full attention. This time he really makes contact. I myself feel deeply and keenly his contact with other energies, hoping he discovers, as was occurring to me, that all he was touching was part of him. We walk out into a dramatic storm. The wind is blowing, great clouds moving over the mountains, fresh snow at higher altitudes. It is crisp, clear, and cold, but most beautiful, and we all feel the marvelous impact of nature and Her beauty. I feel the supplement has raised me high into a beautiful, exalted area. Much more beautiful than when I took the extra supplement with Jay two weeks ago, when I was beset with more profound personal problems.

Back inside, with a nice fire and music, we continue to relate intimately. Bruce is very helpful with his psychiatric insight, helping both Wilfred and I to understand our relationship with our brothers. He said with each of us the buck stopped with us. We both protected our younger brothers from the bullying of the older brother. I could see this was the outcome, since Ivan is so at peace and content with life, but I was totally unaware I was doing it. Food for further exploration. Another interesting concept: Some of us kill Christ, a sin from which there is no salvation, so that we might as well die. For the one sin for which there is no forgiveness is to blaspheme the one source that can forgive us. I felt it somehow deeply appropriate, but not able to specifically surface it. (As I write this, I am getting more from it.)

Bruce has made almost his entire life being involved with intimate relationships, which he dearly loves to the exclusion of almost everything else. Also, much of his discussion surrounds getting all of us to recognize that homosexual love is part of our nature, blocked out by crippling relationships with siblings or parent of the same sex. On the other hand, Bruce was very grateful that I was able to communicate to him the need to expand his interests and energy beyond his previously held framework, and particularly to allow wisdom and understanding to come in from higher levels. This includes being aware of and appreciating a higher form of love that transcends the erotic.

For over an hour, quietly listening to music and enjoying each other, Bruce carries on a close, private discussion with Wilfred. It is one of the profound experiences of my life seeing them together, a remarkable expression of love in many forms. Bruce openly loving Wilfred and hoping to move toward the erotic, yet clearly understanding that he has to give this up if he is to help Wilfred and allow him to find himself. Wilfred, on the other hand, loving Bruce and fascinated by his aliveness and enthusiasm and gentleness, not being threatened by Bruce's

erotic advances, helping Bruce to see a more cosmic view. A beautiful dance. I learn much gentleness and caring from Bruce.

6.00 p.m. Wilfred wants a second supplement. Peggy advises that it is not the drug, but we who must find the appropriate state. We all accept and continue to work on our interaction, which restores the energy level. We have developed as high an energy field as I have experienced in a group, and spend a delightful evening -- dancing, eating, enjoying the moonlight listening to music. Peggy and I retire early and enjoy each other at a deep level.

Next day, we have an excellent recap. We go to Whitney Portal for what I think will be a short hike, but end up going all the way to Lone Pine Lake, since do not mind driving back to Los Angeles in the dark. It is my first major hike since my back problem. No difficulty, despite lack of exercise. We generate enormous energy. Bruce has a marvelous experience of nature, tremendously appreciating the beauty, and almost wildly expressing his exuberance. Our energy bond grows stronger and deeper. Bruce is very grateful for the extra time, feeling this extended descent back into ordinary life most helpful to him. On previous occasions, after descending and time to part, he has always felt a deep sadness. This time he reports that the love has been so incorporated in him that he feels no sadness. Wilfred also feels great love and is most appreciative for the weekend. Bruce now feels that there will be much merit in his having a deep, interior experience with a powerful substance, accompanied by Wilfred, so that he can open more to his own early childhood experiences and the vaster wisdom.

The aftermath for Peggy and I has been the best ever. We feel the group energy stronger than ever, and are much closer and at peace than ever before. The transition back to normal life and chores is most graceful. Much gratitude to all concerned for a remarkable, truly mind-stretching weekend.

Peggy, Fred, Bruce and Wilfred experience. 2CT2

To put into words what happened the weekend of October 17, 18 & 19, would be difficult but I'll give it a go. But I have to go back...

The activities of my life in the past six months have been pretty geared to great emotional strides. The Intensive, the completion of the studio. The visit with the Santa Cruz energy. Letting go. Surrendering. Forgiving.

Behind all this the energy of Tammie, Jesse and Kenton. And their energies are going in all directions. This has been very upsetting for me, as I am still attached to Tammie. She has, however, been very independent in her decisions -- although on a few occasions she has asked for our advice. For whatever good it has been, she and Kenton have divorced. This has been a shock to Kenton, bright though he may be. He has overreacted in all directions, including having Tammie declared an unfit mother, and has gained custody of Jesse. Well, we all know that Jesse belongs with his mother, but Kenton has enough evidence to prove otherwise. So it has been a hard, growing experience for all of us. And I have been very upset. So, with my hidden upset, for I did not want anyone to know how upset I was, and that goddamned Intensive, which did wonders for me and Fred's relationship, and the completion of my studio, the open house that followed, the mad painting schedule, and the mad art-world showing schedule, I was running a bit overloaded. Then, we went to Tuscon to be with Kia during her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration. It turned out to be a fantastic experience. Kia and I became closer than ever. She's a remarkable woman, and I love her. It was wonderful to see Fred's family again. The weather cooperated and was not hot at all. I was afraid it would be.

You see, I had great resistance to all this, feeling that I wanted to be alone, get some painting done, perhaps even do some landscaping. So, when Fred had scheduled a big weekend with Bruce and Wilfred, I was against it, but what could I do? I surrendered to it. You know -- the timing was just wrong!

We got home Wednesday, spent Thursday cleaning, cooking, etc. Fred was a huge help -- vacuuming, scrubbing, dusting. Friday came, they arrived. It was good to get acquainted with these two. The dynamics are interesting. One gay, one straight. Both very loving. The gay man poured his heart out, leaving little out. The straight man seemed passive, uncaring, but became strong and firm and very God-like.

We had a good talk Friday night during and after dinner. Continued talking Saturday, then we ingested the material, and sat around the table in the sunshine keeping warm. Bruce was doing a lot of talking, and slowly the first alert came about. Fred requested that we all be quiet -- and then I felt a huge surge of feeling overcome me, and I said I know what the quotation means, "Be Still, and know that I am God"... I cried. It was a powerful feeling. I could not have felt more secure or positive about everything. Bruce kept on talking most of the day, talking about the homosexual tendencies we all hide. About the incidents in our childhood which led to our failing to recognize this. Mmmmmmmmm, very interesting... I was not all threatened by this talk. In fact, I could see clearly that it is a choice, an attraction, that on the higher levels there is no gender -- only pure love -- pure light.

The energy generated by the four of us kept growing. It was unsurpassed. Bruce is a psychiatrist and gay. Wilfred is a video photographer for Great Western, and is straight. Bruce is in love with Wilfred and vocalizes this a great deal, opening his heart for all to see, and sharing his hopes and fears with us. We feel he might be dwelling too heavily on his love for one man, and when I become bold enough, I ask why he doesn't love me as much. He has reasons, answers. We listen to the tape of medicine man Niles Deiter in New Mexico. We get on the floor, heads together in the center of the wheel. The vibrations from the breathing and the rattles and the chanting of Niles are powerful, and cause Bruce to breathe quite rapidly in time. I experience a brilliant white light (eyes closed) and also a golden eagle -- I mean an eagle made of gold. It doesn't fly, it just is. I realized that the bright light is the ultimate of being, the oneness we all seek, and feel the four of us melting into one energy. This seemed to be the peak of my experience. The bright light continued and I felt whole, powerful, filled. Getting up to walk after the tape was over, realizing that I did have a bladder (I almost had no body) was a fantastic experience. It was like floating on the surface of the floor. I shared that I probably could walk on water at that point. I remained in a high state most of the day. I think I have experienced a plus four!!

The sexual energy that I felt all day was so refined that when Fred and I were making love that night, it was as though the four of us were together. What a breakthrough for me! I am not threatened by homosexuality. Or sexuality. Women are beautiful in so many ways -- why not love them. And they are fun -- feeling -- smart -- long-suffering, etc. However, I am glad I chose to be heterosexual, as being with Fred was simply great -- tender, exciting, satisfying. I think I am experiencing love as never before.

The afterglow continued through the next day. We all had breakfast, then talked some more, and we were so energized we went for a walk at Whitney Portal. We agreed to continue the walk to Lone Pine Lake, which we did with no effort. We didn't care if it would be too cold or too late coming back. We made it in record time. Two hours up, one hour down. And the energy level continued to be high. Bruce and Wilfred left around 5 p.m. Bruce announced he was not sad but filled with love, and was happy. Fred and I felt a little sadness at seeing them go but felt the love expressed very deeply. It was altogether an incredible weekend. One that I will not forget: Bruce was so free in being himself, as we all were. It was fun for me to have someone like him around -- his sense of humor was greatly appreciated by me. His delicate perceptions and his keen mind were in fine form.

October 25, 1986, Saturday

7 minutes to 11:00 a.m.

2C-T-9, 125 mgs. each, Sasha and myself.

Sasha has taken this up, earlier, to a +2. It's my first experience of the material.

1:00 p.m., 2 hours into the session, my level is strong +2, and will obviously continue to climb to +3 -- that's what we expect at this level. So far, the body has been quite peaceful, without any strong energy push or stomach problems, although my tummy insists on being treated with quiet respect, perhaps out of habit, perhaps not. At this +2+ level, it's best to be physically quiet for a while. But that's my usual pattern.

Background note: Last night, relatively early, I had a short episode of conscious dreaming. It was delightful -- I was aware of moving in a tree-lined garden-ish landscape, and of being aware that I was dreaming and conscious. Looked forward to the next sight and sound, as I walked, or floated. And, since I don't believe I woke up immediately afterwards it became a habit, perhaps not. At this +2+ level, it's best to be physically quiet for a while. But that's my usual pattern.

Background note: Last night, relatively early, I had a short episode of conscious dreaming. It was delightful -- I was aware of moving in a tree-lined garden-ish landscape, and of being aware that I was dreaming and conscious. Looked forward to the next site and sound, as I walked, or floated. And, since I don't believe I woke up afterwards, it became a). Felt an extension of the flow of understanding that began with Lyall Watson's book last night. Must get all his books, now. The understanding applies specifically to writing my (our) own book.

Also from last night, a new view of an old understanding: if a writer like Lyall Watson can be unknown to the public at large, and ignored for so long by intellectuals such as I suppose myself to be, then it would be wise to expect that, no matter how good our book will be, it will be read by relatively few people, and that's the way it has to be. Considering what will be in it, it would probably be very unsafe indeed for it to become widely read. One simply hopes for a continuous and steady quiet sale of such a book, like Andy's Natural Mind.

All around me are not only books I read and have yet to read, which are full of perception and deep understanding, but also television programs which reveal the same thing. A great many gifted people who have learned to think in other categories are working in television, now, and should not be ignored.

5 p.m. Watched the magnificent Day the Universe Changed, and a smidgin of the Nova program on Uranus, the sideways planet. Later, a glorious climb to the mountain top for Sasha. I assume it will be possible for me, also. In the meantime, I can report that this level is a +3.50, at least.

The body energy is strong, much like T-2, with the same choice between focusing it into some specific activity, such as love-making or writing, or having to deal with tapping toes and floor-pacing. Once you know what it's going to be like, you get used to it. For a novice, this would be a murderously difficult experience. Too much energy, too long a time (between 15 and 20 hrs., we are assuming).

*[Editor's Note: Errors on this page found in original document]*

Now in to Muckle TV Night Track

Musk for men

Coca Cola

Silver Eagle Records present Fats Domino

March of Dimes

Living on Love

BeBe

This is the Voice of Sanity again (Ann). The above is the detritus of a stoned mind facing, for the first time, the full truth of music videos on television. This man won't stay for two minutes on a masterpiece, but when caught by music videos, aaaargh..... he froze for at least half an hour. Ah, well -- thus the naive, innocent mind confronted by the forces of Cindy Lauper and heavy metal.

Okay, report on T-9, so far. A bit more body than desirable. Suppose one could get used to it, but we'll decide better when we see how long it is before sleep is possible, and what kind of sleep it is. And how I feel tomorrow. For the moment, writing doesn't seem inspired, nor does reading. The passive watching of TV is fine. Typing this report is fine, but without excitement. Lucy always gives a sense of excitement with the energy, so does T-2, and sometimes T-7.

However, the final word isn't in on this baby yet.

Monday: Despite strong body energy for me (Sasha not aware of it that much) it was relatively easy to get to sleep at about 15 hours. The sleep was a bit boring again -- one basic integrative pattern repeating all through the night. Restful, but not much learned. Next day, energy okay, but for a while I put my head down on the couch and slept deeply for 2 hours. Helen here, lovely presence, and I slept while she studied. Sasha drank quite a bit of the usual Sunday wine, and together with maximum 3 hours sleep the previous night, it affected him quite a bit. He was cute and nice, but wonkled.

The 9, in summary, is just too long, considering that one does not get out of it as much (speaking for myself) as one could from the T-2, at less cost to the bod. And I really was not able to connect with the excitement of creativity that seems to be elicited by T-7 and T-2. If it were the only material available, it would be perfectly wonderful, but it isn't, so it will have to be relegated to okay, but others better shelf.

On the positive side, it is as well grounded as are all the 2C-T's. One is perfectly able to function with phone, computer and other such things, even at a rolling +3. But then, we are somewhat used to the area. A naive person would be clobbered.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2, PEGASUS

Date: November 1, 1986

Place: Brandt Residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Usha and Dean Riller, Peggy and Fred

Background: Usha, 44, and Dean, 47 contacted us on the advice of our good friend Petrina Foote, whom they know in Truckee. Usha -- beautiful, alert, extremely sensitive, intelligent and feminine, making some headway as a writer, and Dean -- tall, handsome, personable, intelligent, strong and capable, who has been successful in the construction business, make a striking couple. They married young, very much in love, but babies came immediately, wearing Usha out as Dean became preoccupied with making a living and seemingly neglecting the family. She found her ideal image of the relationship violated, and lost her sexual response. They have wonderful children, both now seniors in college, and are very close. But Usha finally got fed up and found a man to whom she could respond and share completely. For the last five years, Usha and Dean have come together and separated frequently, while she struggled with her real desires. She has reached the point where she has decided to leave her lover and make things work with Dean. She loves him, and finds him admirable in almost every way except that she cannot respond to him sexually. She feels he is not present, and that there is a wall between them which she cannot tolerate. They came to us with the hope of solving this problem. I was very impressed with their individually stated intention to make the relationship work, and felt we could help them. We spent the evening getting acquainted and thoroughly exploring their positions. They are now in excellent communication, able to share their thoughts and feelings with each other fairly objectively, but have obviously buried the real deep hurts.

8:50 a.m. All take 14 m.g. each of 2C-T-2. We sit and visit as it comes on. In an hour, Peggy and I feel quite strongly, Usha and Dean feel nothing. We begin to talk about their relationship. Discussion is intense, as they are both very aware.

After another hour, I begin to feel Dean's heavy wall, where he has almost completely shut down his feelings, which so disappoints Usha. Usha still feels nothing, which I am at a loss to explain. She seems so very open and responsive, and claims to see nature so beautifully and completely, she thinks perhaps this is her usual state. At this point, I am inclined to agree.

11:10 a.m. Dean takes 5.5 m.g. more 2C-T-2. At this point, I am about as fully turned on as I ever have been with this substance, and function with some difficulty. Peggy is also hard hit and has moved into a beautiful, transcendent state.

We go out on the deck and continue our discussion. Dean has felt nothing but a slight dizziness and nauseousness when he got up to walk just before taking the supplement. We look at a number of questions. We talk about being Cause, the creator of our universe. Usha wishes to look at why the babies came so quickly in their marriage. We go into mutual withdrawal. I experience the young couple as joyously happy, and a child waiting eagerly to come and join them in their joyousness, so that he could hardly wait. And in their love they welcomed the child, forming a bond that surmounted the exigencies of making a livelihood, maintaining a household, etc. I could see where the latter trials obliterated this deep joyousness from their awareness. After the withdrawal, neither of them



reported anything, nor did my sharing of what I experienced make any connection with them.

As we talked, the situation seemed to consolidate more. Usha seems terribly trapped. She is unwilling to forgive Dean for the early pain she feels he caused, yet she is terribly afraid of leaving him. She gets mixed, interior signals from her "guides," one voice saying that she can't make it with Dean, another saying she must. Dean has obviously been deeply hurt by her turning away, has resolutely covered his feelings, but really loves her and wants what is best for her. She interprets his genuine willingness to cooperate for what she most wants as not caring, not being willing to fight for her. Despite airing all of this material, including the importance of forgiveness, nothing seems to come up from a deeper level in either of them to produce any clarification.

2:30 p.m. Being discussed out without getting anywhere, we go into the living room, and dance to the Talking Heads. Everyone responds beautifully with lots of energy, lots of good feeling. We then listen to Boito's Mefistofele. I lie by Peggy; the atmosphere is thick and heavy, and with great effort I work my way though to a closeness to Peggy. I see her need for deep approval and support at her core, and see that I have never been willing to go that far. Now I turn it on, and it feels marvelous to support her at the core of her being. This is the most profound experience of unconditional love I have ever had with her. I see that to hold this support, I must endure hurts and rejections, but they are as nothing besides holding fast this central core of love, which transcends everything. This was truly a blissful state. Usha and Dean enjoy the music, but talk a good part of the time. They become very close. A wonderful bond is growing among us all, even though Dean still doesn't feel the supplement, nor does Usha feel any effect from the chemical. Usha had taken MDMA twice quite successfully with her lover, and wonders if this might be helpful now. I find it an interesting experiment, and agree to try a similar acting substance.

3:51 p.m. Usha and Dean take 120 m.g. each of Pegasus; I take 5 m.g. more 2C-T-2; Peggy abstains. Before giving the material to Dean, I embrace him to feel where he is. I feel great love and energy coming from him as though he is quite expanded; it feels to me that he has found what appears to me to be some slight triggering mechanism that prevents him from feeling it. Usha responds to the Pegasus, and in an hour, she is feeling great. Dean feels nothing.

4:50 p.m. Dean takes 30 m.g. more of Pegasus. We have now formed a very intimate group, greatly appreciating each other and feeling great love for one another. I had mentioned that at one point during the day I would take time to see why I had a recurrence of my back problem, except on the other side. She asked if I would like to do it now. I agreed, and she began asking what I was punishing myself for. We got into my relationship with my older brother. Usha watched me carefully and was remarkably sensitive to what was going on in me, when I was feeling, when I got off the track. She has a remarkable awareness and ability to work with another person. While she felt very clear about her perceptions, I was often unable to feel the changes within myself. She felt that if I could truly forgive Don, the pain would go away. Dean suggested that if I went and spent a day with Don, and very lovingly reviewed our childhood, I could resolve a lot and perhaps be of help to him, if he is open. It was hard for me to warm up to this suggestion.

Our discussion continued, with more openness and closeness. Usha could not move into a position of resolution. Despite our mutual agreement to drop the past, she continually brought up the delight of what she shared with her lover, and her disappointment in Dean. At one point it became clear that Usha had been

involved with a second person that Dean had suspected but not known about, and for the first time deep feeling came from him. He made a summarizing statement for the day, speaking from a position of great clarity. Since it seemed clear that Usha was not going to be able to turn on her approval of him, he suggested that they divorce and completely separate, giving her time to decide where she wanted to be. He made this offer in great love, agreeing to be her friend and support her. I felt his enormous strength in absorbing all his hurts, and being willing to make this move. It is hard for Usha to acknowledge this, and she still doesn't want to accept divorce. We ended the evening on this impasse, retiring about 10:30 p.m.

A feature of the day was none of us felt hungry all day long, until well into the evening, despite no intake. We were eager to stay together until we finally began to get quite tired. Everyone agreed that even if there was no resolution to Usha and Dean's problem, it was still most worth while getting together, getting to know each other at a deep level, and learn from each other.

The next morning, they had come up with nothing new. I took the liberty of sharing some perceptions. First, we had spent very little time at what I call the celestial level, so that we had very little input from this level.

Next, I felt that Usha was completely unwilling to experience the pain she had caused Dean (she certainly realizes it at the surface level), nor is she willing to experience her resentment of Dean. In the integral clarity of the morning, I could see that she was continually throwing barbs at Dean in the disguise of honesty, which no caring person would do. Dean also needs to be willing to experience the depth of his own pain and anger, and release the well-constructed guard he has against feeling. I feel that Dean very much appreciates Usha's attributes, but Usha is not willing to appreciate Dean's. The task for her, it seems to me, is to be willing to take charge of her feelings. Instead of waiting for love to come to her, she must learn how to generate it if she is going to realize her true power.

We parted the very best of friends, with deep love all around, but with no idea of how they are ultimately going to resolve their relationship. They have established that no previous counselors could help them; now they have established that psychoactive chemicals won't help either. It will be most interesting to see what develops.

Report of Peggy Brandt -- 2CT2 on Saturday, November 1, 1986

I began to feel in around 20 minutes, and shared that I could sense a benign presence and a oneness. Everyone was busy talking about the problems they have had for many years. Usha and Dean are both extraordinary people in my estimation and very much alive and not at all afraid to talk about what's bothering each other -- especially Usha. Dean later on began to share his feelings of anger but it seemed to me that he had them carefully covered.

I had a little difficulty following the conversation as I really wanted to experience what we call the celestial - the bright light and the oneness without solving earthly problems. However, we were there to "help" Usha and Dean to solve theirs, or at least come up with some insights for them to work on. Fred and I were both turned on by the chemical, or at least we were turned on by our own abilities to drop barriers and see some daylight. I was rather surprised that Usha and Dean had no reaction to the compound. It has been my learning that resistance causes no effect. So I thought Usha and Dean had lots of resistance. But when they expressed themselves they seemed to be so out front, hiding little. However, as the day wore on, they opened up more possibly from a contact high.

Sitting on the porch, feeling the winds, experiencing the crisp air was so delightful. We simply oohed and aahed a lot. Usha used shared with me that Dean didn't have the passion that this other man had, and she dearly loved that passion, which she has denied herself for so many years. The early months of their marriage was "hot" but after pregnancy, childbirth, another pregnancy... it died with Usha. However, Dean did not feel any lack of response, so Usha felt he was dead too. The ensuing resentment is the reason for the chill I feel. Usha had. She has not been able to forgive Dean for ignoring her to earn a living -- she felt cheated and frustrated, but at the same time loved him dearly, as well as her two children. Their two children. She kept on repeating that she loves Dean. Dean admits he loves Usha unconditionally...

All during this interchange I am feeling quite high and in a state of love. Dean and Usha notice this and comment on it. They see that I have achieved a state of unconditional love. Hooray for me!! When there is apparently no altered state for either of them, and after the day has been a very intense experience, Usha suggests a more benign dose, so Fred agrees. With some Pegasus (none for me, as I like where I am) Usha reports a delightful feeling that she likes and finds everything so very enjoyable. She calls Fred cute and gets into some delving about his pain. She feels it is caused by Fred's refusal to forgive Don. I have just about resolved the resentment that I felt in the past and continued to sit in my magnificent state, enjoying this repartee that is going on at this time in front of the fireplace, as the day has gone and nighttime is upon us. We ~~xxx~~ sit for hours, close together, sharing our souls...

Dean becomes philosophical and verbalizes some beautiful feelings and insights. He says he would let Usha go, do what she wants, remain friends, still love her... She says she doesn't want to leave him. So we go around and around with Usha wondering what to do. The tug of passion with this other man is haunting her, and the tug of Dean's beauty (he is gorgeous) and solidity and stability make it difficult for her to leave him, and she so desperately wants to create a home with her husband, and children... So Usha is torn, literally. She is on a fence and doesn't know which way to go. Her ~~it~~ intention is to stay with Dean and make it with him. But she keeps bringing up this other man... Well it is very much like a soap opera, but these people are sincere in wanting to solve things.

I see parallels in my life -- I guess we all have similar dynamics or have had them at one time or another. I learned a lot from them. I learned that communications is so important, and to speak up when there's something unbearable in your life, instead of burying it deep so that it's hard to face later on. I learned that forgiveness works. That unconditional love works. That staying in light works.

Fred and I retired, feeling quite tired. I almost fell asleep several times while he was in the shower, but we enjoyed being together and making sweet, sweet love, and then sweet, sweet sleep.

Everyone looked radiant next morning and breakfast was delicious. We talked for four more hours - Fred confronting Usha about her unwillingness to experience Dean's pain. I was a little confused about what Usha's decision would be. She reiterated she wants to stay with Dean, to make it with him, and to experience passion with him. Dean was most philosophical about it, feeling that she should experience loving the unlovable. Experience hating what she hates in herself and in Dean. I think it is new to her that she hates anybody. She bought the bill of goods her parents sold her years ago. Their values. I think she should take another look at that, recognize her hatred for that, and for whatever else is in the way. Because I know from experience that as soon as you look at them, get rid of them, then life works!! We parted really good friends, trusting, loving, positive. Wanting to see each other again as soon as schedules permit.

Felt pretty tired at night. That afternoon we went to a local concert which perked up as it went along. Very nice music at the end. Good friends and neighbors to talk to. Early to bed and a little restless. I think all this has stirred up some deep feelings in me.

# Medical Hypnosis Seminars

## Los Gatos Institute

Sandra Insley  
Director

7

- (1) 1 Trial 1-20 mg - 12 hours of laughter with Ann - totally comfortable experience - stopped cramping (menstrual) - great feeling of openness both psychically + physically
- (2) Trial 2-30 mg - used while working with patient - insight + verbal ability excellent - no next-day fatigue - nice green lights in sky while coming down in hot tub - easy down transition - smooth as silk
- (3) Trial 3-25 mg - feels about the ideal level - again used while working [with] patients - gets more comfortable each time; I like how easily I can stay within my boundaries, merge [with] patient, come back into boundaries again - crisper less melty than Freddie, intellect also feel very clear-edged, less floating off into trance-sylvania. Then [with] Freddie or 2C series. I greatly prefer this heightened empathy alongside strong edge boundaries to more diffusive materials.

All Trial.

- (1) Onset - 2 to 2-1/2 hours - very gentle + working period - around 6 hours; descent - 2-1/2 hours
- (2) generally brings out the very best of Sandra on all levels - no dark side - euphoric + optimistic - "future" anxiety comes way down
- (3) Visuals - pretty much can use it to re-create any hallucinogenic substance I have known + loved [with] open eyes... e.g. can go easily into Lucy "flowing" visuals or stop the visuals altogether eyes closed: Escher-like graphics [with] a lot of chiaroscuro; geometric patterns [with] oppositional play of sculptured light + dark values; green light
- (4) appetite excellent; horniness slightly above normal - turn-on on all levels! Thank you. Sasha for this extraordinary substance!

Trial (4) - very velvety visuals - less hallucinogenic than usual; super munchies but easily sated (no cannabis greed); food tastes extra good-craving fruits + whole grains. Level:25 feels a little low could use 30 probably. --Over

This was different... no peak or rush... just steady-state softness from 2 hrs on feeling like maybe another 5mg would be more what I'd prefer... levels very unpredictable [with] 7

Nov. 10, 1986

Dear Sasha and Ann,  
Here is a report on the ethyl LAD.

60mcg at near 11AM. Within a few minutes I felt something going on. The development over the next hour appeared to be rapid, though it was hard to define the nature of the activity. The activity did not seem to be similar to activities of other materials. There was no real visual aspect, though a sharpness of vision was noted at around an hour into the experiment. There was eye-closed activity in the form of white brightness and colored images. None of the images were well defined. There were no body problems associated with the rather rapid rush (whatever that was) during that time. In fact, the material was quite gentle.

After an hour (not noted, but perhaps 1-1.5 hrs), gentle movements of the house plants were seen. The movements were pleasant and somewhat uniform (Mel thought that they were somewhat cyclical, but I was not convinced.) The walkway of the painting above the fireplace changed as if the bright spots of the walkway were moving ahead. The visual activity became most intense at around 2-2.5 hrs, then leveled off. The activity was never intense like the mother compound, but was quite pleasant. During this period, I noticed that my legs and feet seemed to be asleep. This was a little uncomfortable and persisted throughout the rest of the experience. Though this was the only body discomfort, it seemed to be the most intense that I have had of that type of foot discomfort, and I could have done without it. There were no leg twitches or other types of leg movements (Fred seemed to have a lot of body movement).

The experience began to take on more of the visual aspects of the mother material after several hours (3 hours), though in a very gentle way. The spider windowpane looked 3 dimensional; at first I thought the windows were double-paned (they were not). However, tree bark looked like tree bark. Fern's goodies (stones, rocks, bones, glass) did have a magical look to them. Occasionally, a dark streak (spot) would go through the visual field and a page of a book would move sharply without effort. These aspects were very pleasant to me.

I was never able to become introspective with this material. In a way, I found it hard to maintain a conversation and I seemed a little isolated. In part, I knew it to be the undertones of the Kaiser Strike that was bothering me. I find it very unpleasant to be out of work under these circumstances. I realize that Kaiser has become very adversarial at this time (contract time is always adversarial) and does have a very lot to gain if it obtains some concessions from the unions. I just hope the strike doesn't become a bitter issue. Besides, I was enjoying my job immensely with me being able to reorganize a lot of the quality control work with the IBM computers.

Back to the material. The visual activity decreased after 3-4 hours, and was virtually nil by 5PM. I had no trouble driving home. Headlights did not seem excessively bright. I had no trouble sleeping or making love.

I felt I reached a +2.5 in the experience, and indeed, quite quickly. I think the dosage was quite right for me, nor would I want to take more.

I do not think I would repeat the experience, partly because I just like the mother material more (I like the introspection part). The foot sleeping was more disturbing than usual, though that aspect was tolerable.

As you well noted, the material is not anorexic. I ate very well. That chocolate cake (I think that it was a flattened chocolate truffle) was beyond belief.

In synopsis, the material was pleasant, with limited side effects, and was visual. Outside the visual aspect, it was hard to define the nature of the experience. At this point, because of the sleepy feet, I would be reluctant to increase the dose, nor do I see any advantage to trying it again. (However, I would be happy to try any similar derivatives).

Met with F & PB the next day and had a pleasant lunch at Skates. The menu is good, with considerable variety of fish, and the prices were very reasonable. The vegetables were also very nicely done (not overcooked). It is worth a try for all of us sometime. The newly redone interior is quite good and the view, as usual, is spectacular.

See you Saturday!

Love,  
Neil

November 14, 1986, Friday

Ethyl-LAD, 100mcg for me; 120mcg for Sasha. 12:30PM

Sasha feels slightly compromised by Lucy two days ago, could not quite get to a full +3, even when supplementing up to 120mcg, I hit +3 right away, not aware of any compromise all, but I could talk myself into a difference between this and last Sunday, just because last Sunday was a superb, energy-high day, and today I'm trying to go without cigarettes, and am miserable -- off and on -- with the frustration. Not continuously, but occasionally. So the experiences can't really be compared. However, on Wednesday I think I was slightly more intensely affected than Sasha. Maybe he's psychologically refractory, this week. It's happened me many times; this may be his week for it.

Told Sasha I could not choose between this and Lucy. They are appropriate for different kinds of days; each has its virtues, and I really cannot say that one is better than the other. However, I haven't written as much while on the ethyl as I have on the Lucy, and it would be great to give myself a bit of practice.

Right now, at a bit past 11PM, I think we're both about +1, or barely so, and still nice and pleasant. I would still like to sit and smoke, but I guess that's going to take awhile to forget about.

Inspiration lacking, but pleasant feeling nonetheless. What would give me inspiration? A safe cigarette, yeah. And starting the day all over again, maybe.

But in the meantime, there's a retrospective on the Hungry I on Channel 9, which is great. The Kingston Trio with white hair, and Ronnie Schell unchanged, and Mort Sahl better than ever. There's nothing as wonderful as the 60's, when you're in the 80's. Later: Good sleep, good humor, good energy day following.

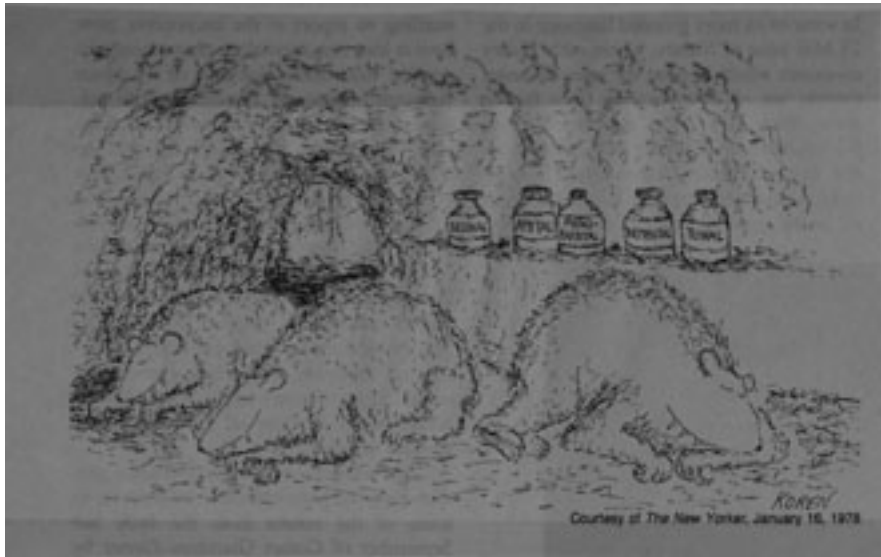




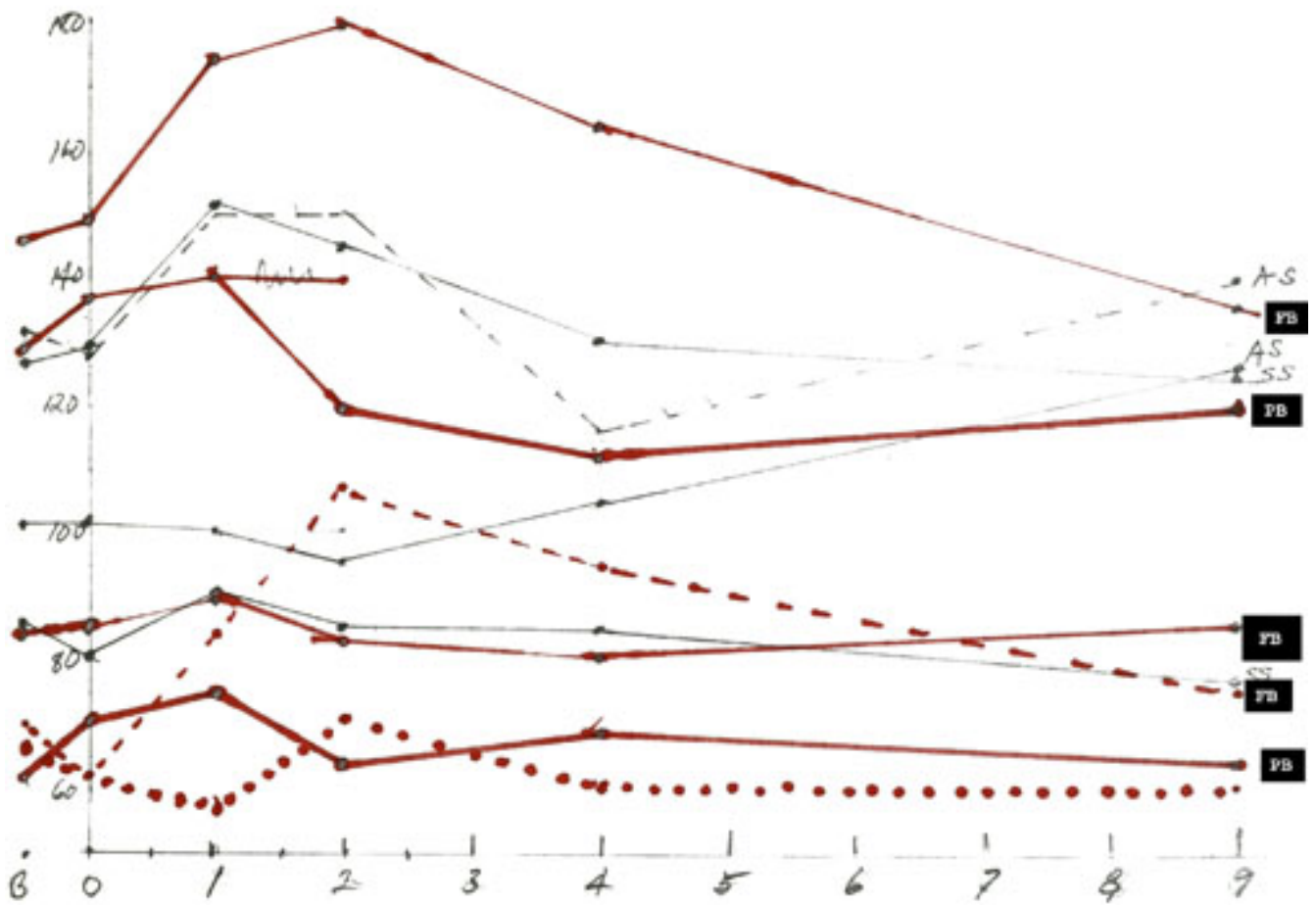
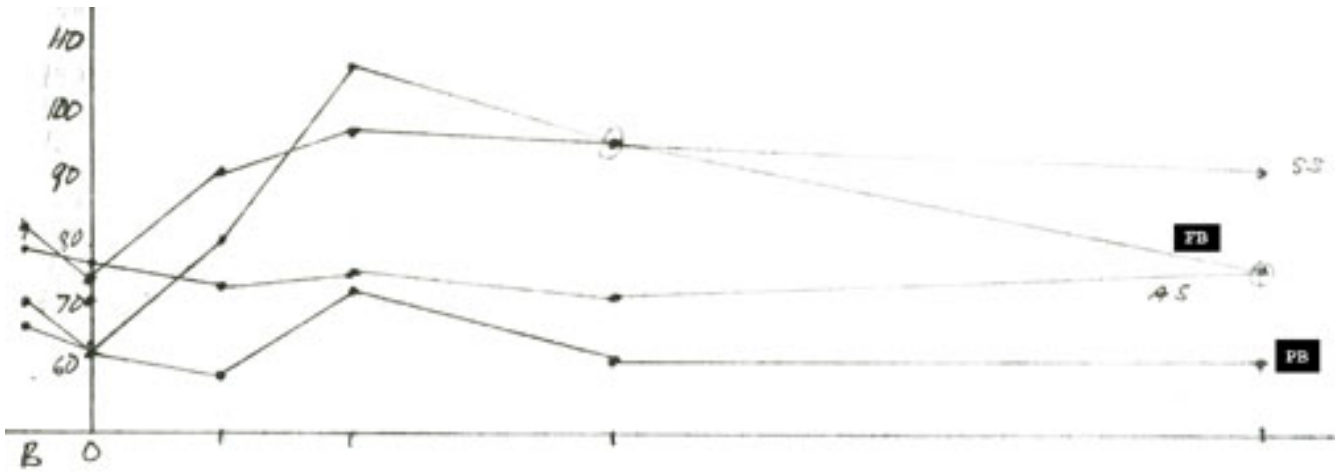
10 And the third angel sounded,  
and there fell a great star from hea-  
ven, burning as it were a lamp, and it  
fell upon the third part of the rivers,  
and upon the fountains of waters;  
11 And the name of the star is  
called Wormwood: and the third part  
of the waters became wormwood;  
and many men died of the waters,  
because they were made bitter.

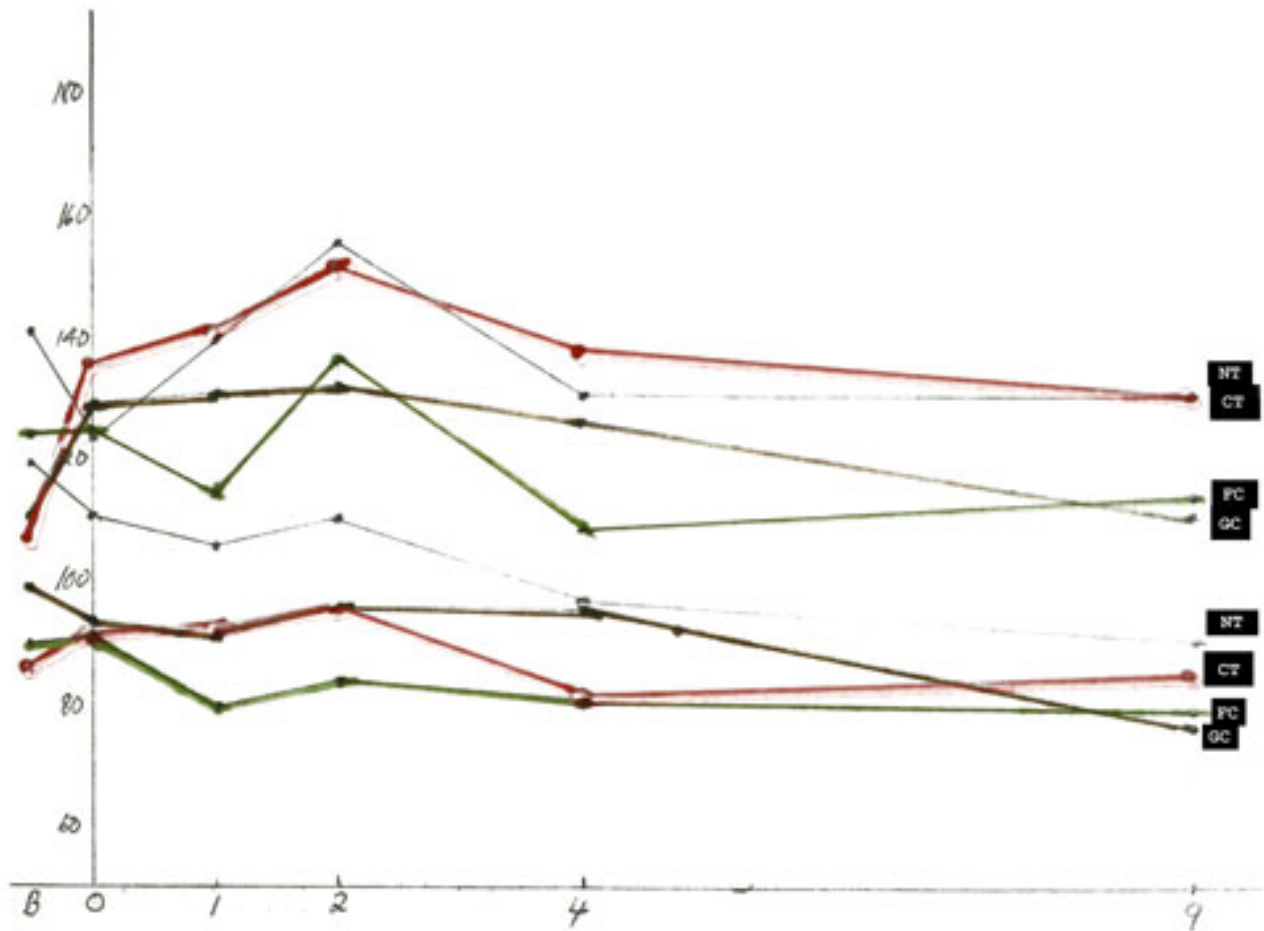
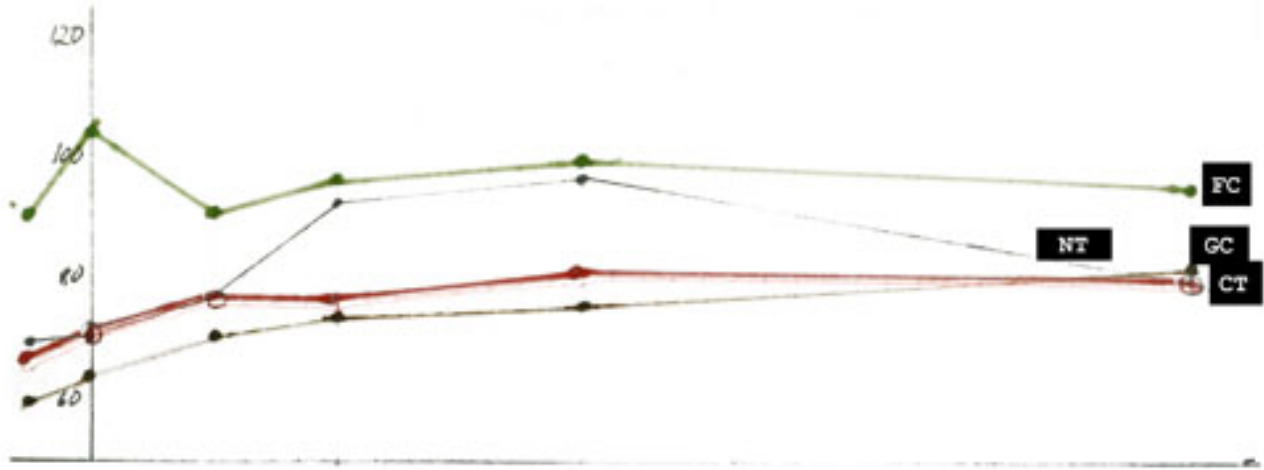
wormwood, — name of the 3rd trumpet  
wormwood (Artemisia vulgaris)

Revelation 8:10,11



*"That's a fairly new degree. It's a doctorate in Consciousness Expansion."*





Hours  
before

Mel

Fred

SASHA

ANN

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM 9:41  
SYS 128 mmHg  
DIA 62 mmHg  
PLS 67 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM 9:52  
SYS 146 mmHg  
DIA 83 mmHg  
PLS 70 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM 9:58  
SYS 127 mmHg  
DIA 86 mmHg  
PLS 82 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM10:03  
SYS 132 mmHg  
DIA 102 mmHg  
PLS 78 /min

0

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM10:45  
SYS 137 mmHg  
DIA 71 mmHg  
PLS 63 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM10:41  
SYS 148 mmHg  
DIA 85 mmHg  
PLS 62 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM10:49  
SYS 129 mmHg  
DIA 81 mmHg  
PLS 73 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM10:43  
SYS 128 mmHg  
DIA 103 mmHg  
PLS 76 /min

1

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM11:46  
SYS 140 mmHg  
DIA 75 mmHg  
PLS 58 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM11:40  
SYS 174 mmHg  
DIA 89 mmHg  
PLS 79 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM11:36  
SYS 152 mmHg  
DIA 91 mmHg  
PLS 90 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME AM11:57  
SYS 149 mmHg  
DIA 101 mmHg  
PLS 72 /min

2

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 1:04  
SYS 119 mmHg  
DIA 63 mmHg  
PLS 72 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM12:54  
SYS 179 mmHg  
DIA 83 mmHg  
PLS 107 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM12:49  
SYS 145 mmHg  
DIA 85 mmHg  
PLS 97 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM12:57  
SYS 151 mmHg  
DIA 96 mmHg  
PLS 74 /min

4

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 2:48  
SYS 112 mmHg  
DIA 68 mmHg  
PLS 61 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 2:44  
SYS 163 mmHg  
DIA 81 mmHg  
PLS 95 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 2:46  
SYS 131 mmHg  
DIA 85 mmHg  
PLS 94 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 3:06  
SYS 117 mmHg X's  
DIA 105 mmHg 2  
PLS 71 /min

9

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 7:36  
SYS 120 mmHg  
DIA 64 mmHg  
PLS 61 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 7:40  
SYS 136 mmHg  
DIA 86 mmHg  
PLS 75 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 7:29  
SYS 124 mmHg  
DIA 72 mmHg  
PLS 90 /min

DATE 6-15  
TIME PM 7:31  
SYS 140 mmHg X's  
DIA 126 mmHg 2  
PLS 75 /min

Fern

Glenn

Neil

Clare

B	DATE 6-15 TIME AM 8:59 SYS 123 mmHg DIA 89 mmHg PLS 90 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM 9:00 SYS 111 mmHg DIA 98 mmHg PLS 59 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM 9:32 SYS 141 mmHg DIA 118 mmHg PLS 69 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM 9:35 SYS 106 mmHg DIA 85 mmHg PLS 66 /min	B
0	DATE 6-15 TIME AM10:54 SYS 124 mmHg DIA 92 mmHg PLS 103 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM10:48 SYS 128 mmHg DIA 93 mmHg PLS 83 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM10:46 SYS 124 mmHg DIA 111 mmHg PLS 70 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM10:43 SYS 134 mmHg DIA 90 mmHg PLS 70 /min	0
1	DATE 6-15 TIME AM11:44 SYS 113 mmHg DIA 79 mmHg PLS 90 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM11:34 SYS 131 mmHg DIA 91 mmHg PLS 70 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM11:38 SYS 139 mmHg DIA 106 mmHg PLS 76 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME AM11:43 SYS 140 mmHg DIA 91 mmHg PLS 76 /min	1
2	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 1:00 SYS 137 mmHg DIA 83 mmHg PLS 96 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 1:01 SYS 132 mmHg DIA 96 mmHg PLS 73 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM12:50 SYS 155 mmHg DIA 110 mmHg PLS 92 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM12:52 SYS 151 mmHg DIA 94 mmHg PLS 75 /min	2
4	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 3:02 SYS 108 mmHg DIA 80 mmHg PLS 98 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 2:50 SYS 126 mmHg DIA 95 mmHg PLS 75 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 2:42 SYS 130 mmHg DIA 96 mmHg PLS 96 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 2:58 SYS 137 mmHg DIA 80 mmHg PLS 79 /min	4
9	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 7:43 SYS 113 mmHG DIA 78 mmHg PLS 94 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 7:38 SYS 111 mmHg DIA 77 mmHg PLS 82 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 7:33 SYS 130 mmHg DIA 90 mmHg PLS 78 /min	DATE 6-15 TIME PM 7:34 SYS 129 mmHg DIA 83 mmHg PLS 78 /min	9

	Over before, 0	N ↓	1		2		4		9	
MP	133	0	140	7	119	-14	112	-22	120	-13
	67		75		63		68		64	
	65		58		72		61		61	
FB	<hr/>									
	147	0	174	27	179	32	163	16	136	-11
	84		89		83		81		86	
	66		79		107		95		75	
ATS	<hr/>									
	128	0	152	24	145	17	131	3	124	-4
	84		91		85		85		72	
	78		90		97		94		90	
AP	<hr/>									
	130	0	149	19	151	21	117	-13	140	+10
	103		101		96		105		126	
	77		72		74		71		75	
FC	<hr/>									
	cont.									
GC	<hr/>									
	120	0	131	11	132	12	126	6	111	-9
	96		91		96		95		77	
	61		70		73		75		82	
NT	<hr/>									
	133	0	139	6	155	22	130	-3	130	-3
	115		106		110		96		90	
	70		76		92		96		78	
CT	<hr/>									
	120	0	140	20	151	31	137	17	129	9
	88		91		94		80		83	
	68		76		75		79		78	
		0	4/ 16		FH/ 17	0	4/ 0			-3

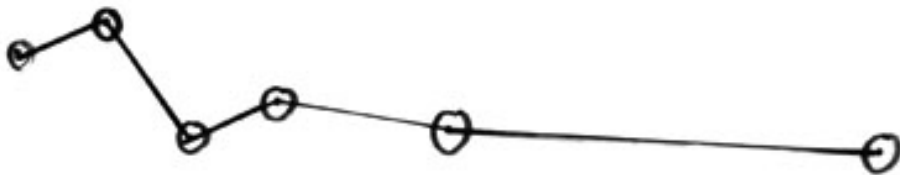
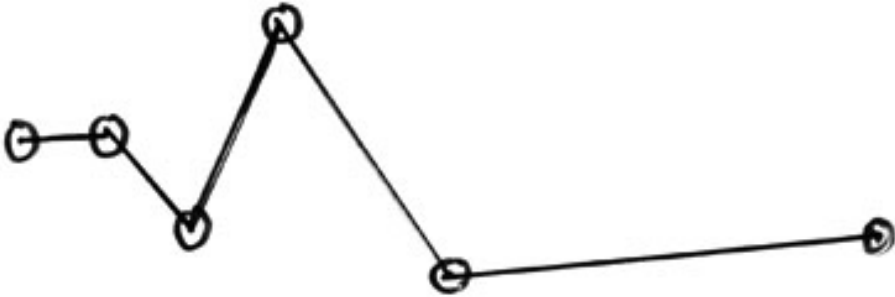
7



+

+

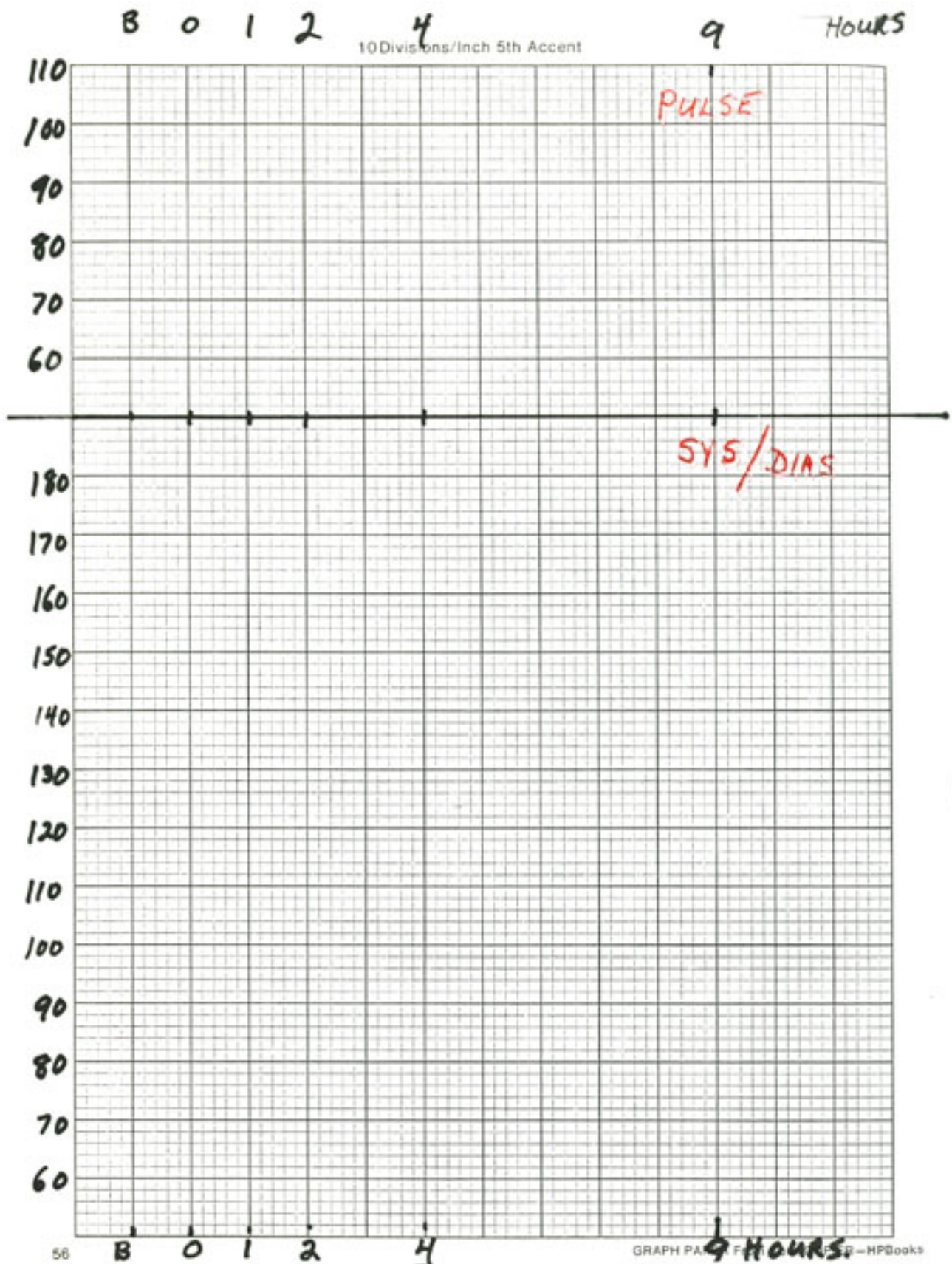
FC



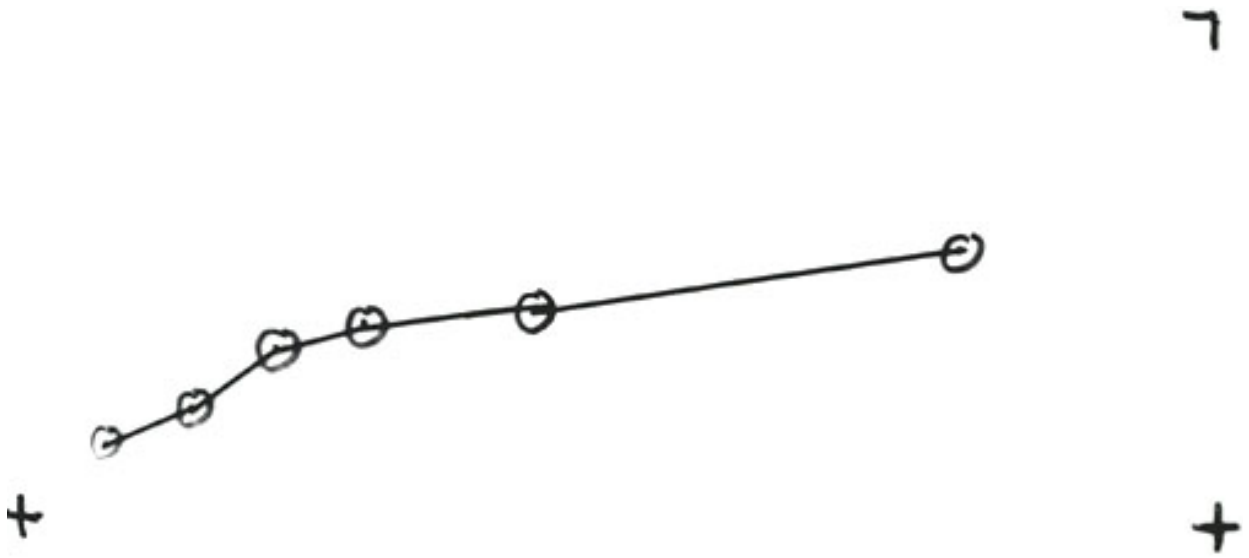
L

L

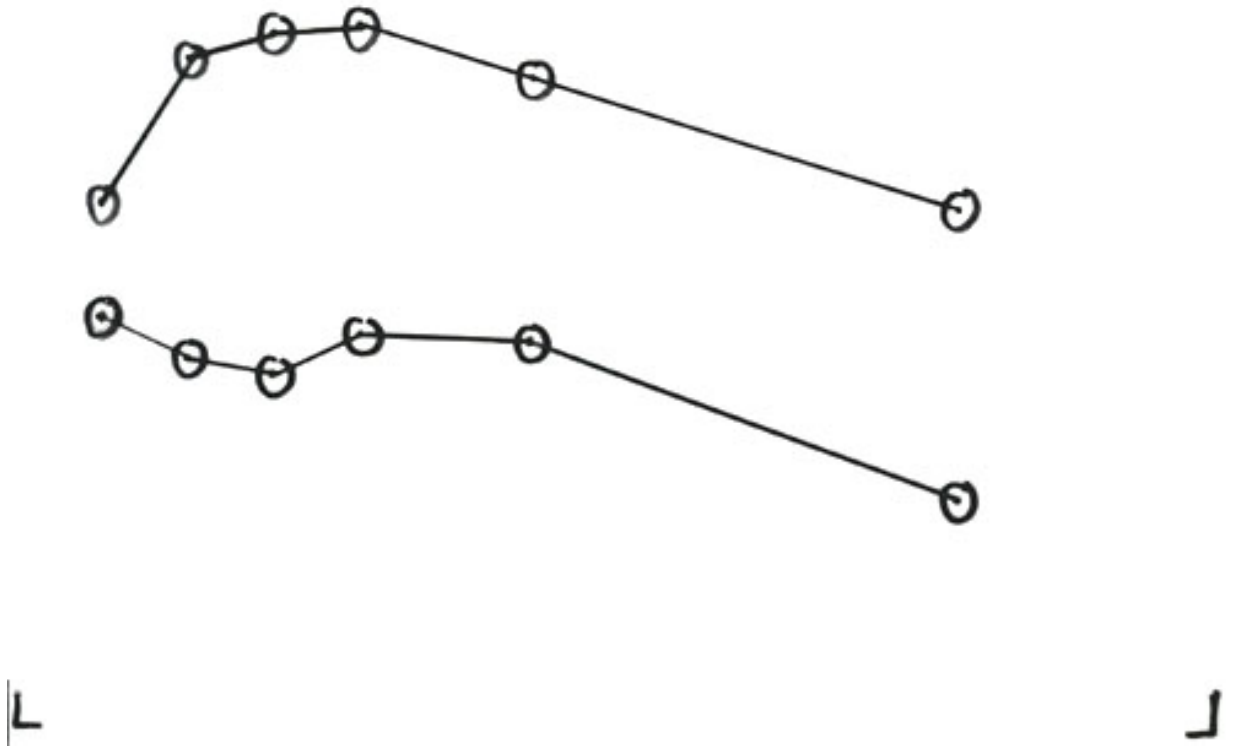




x10



GC



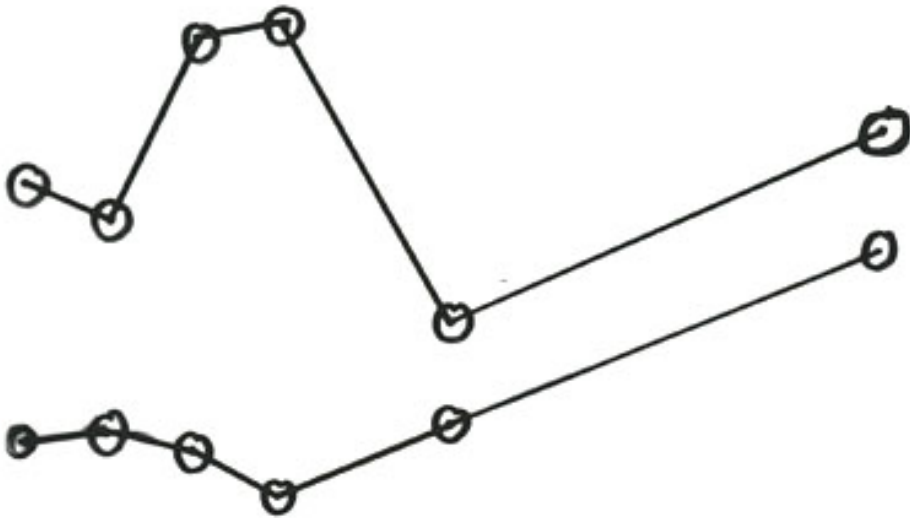
└



+

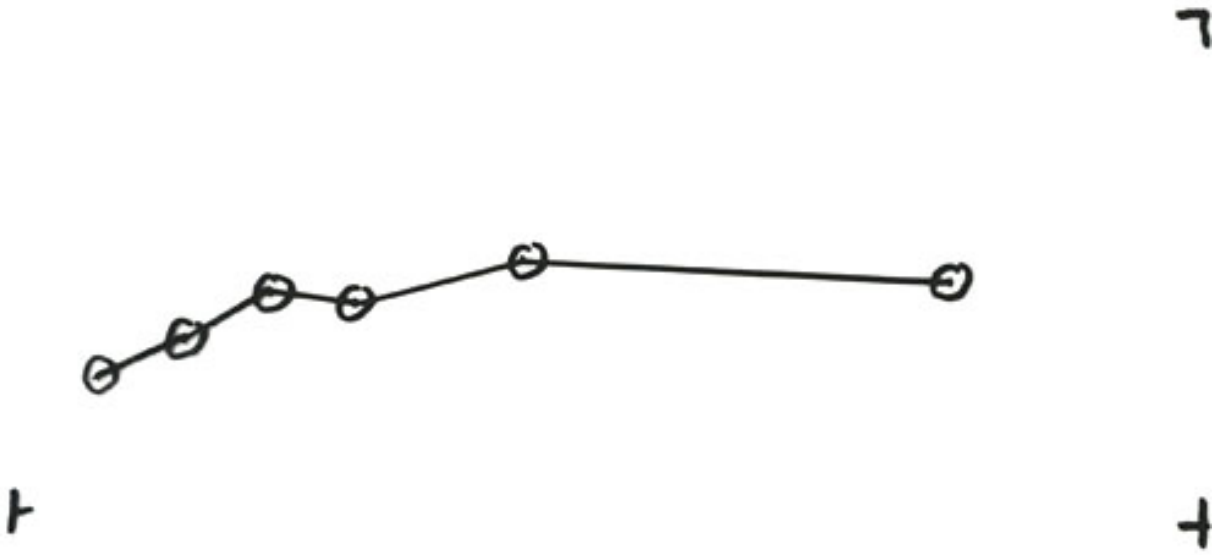
+

AS

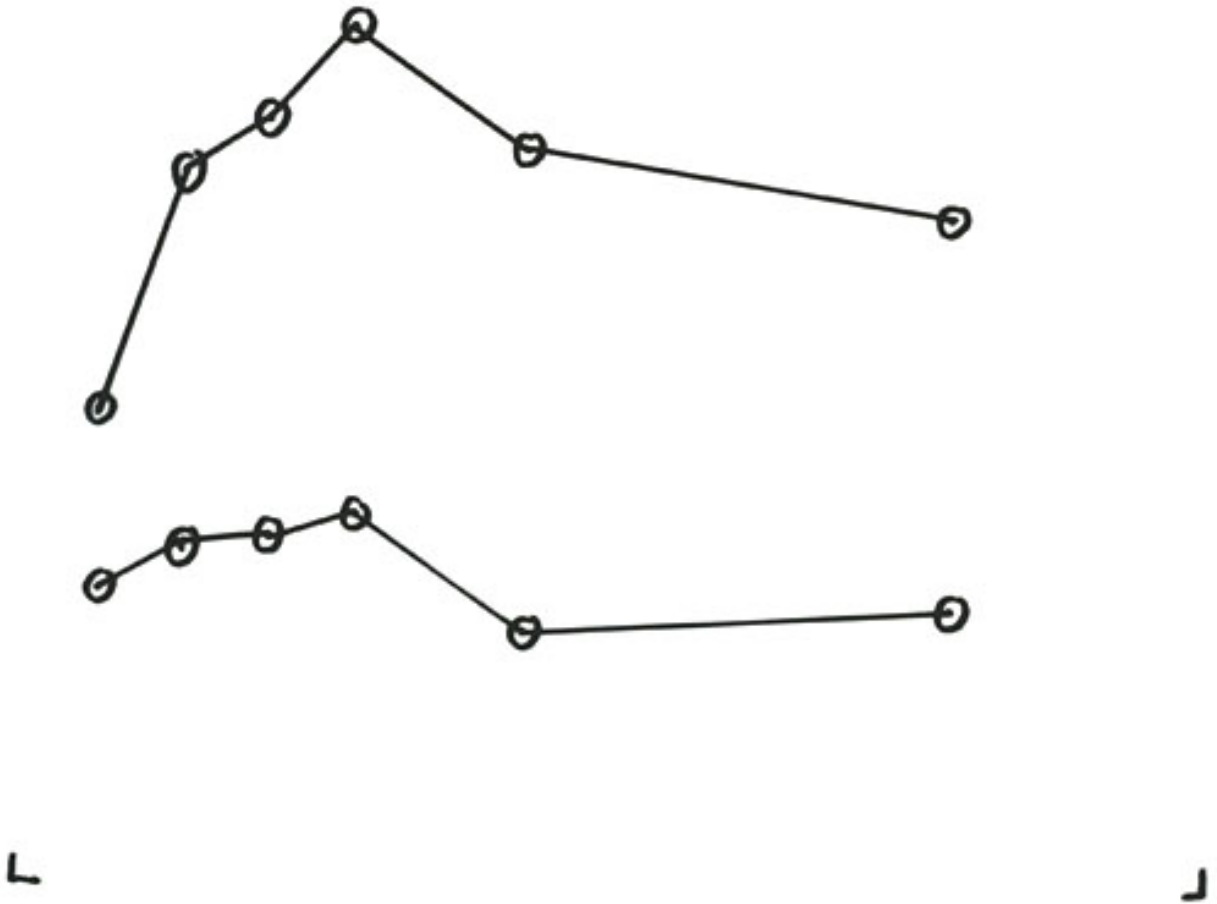


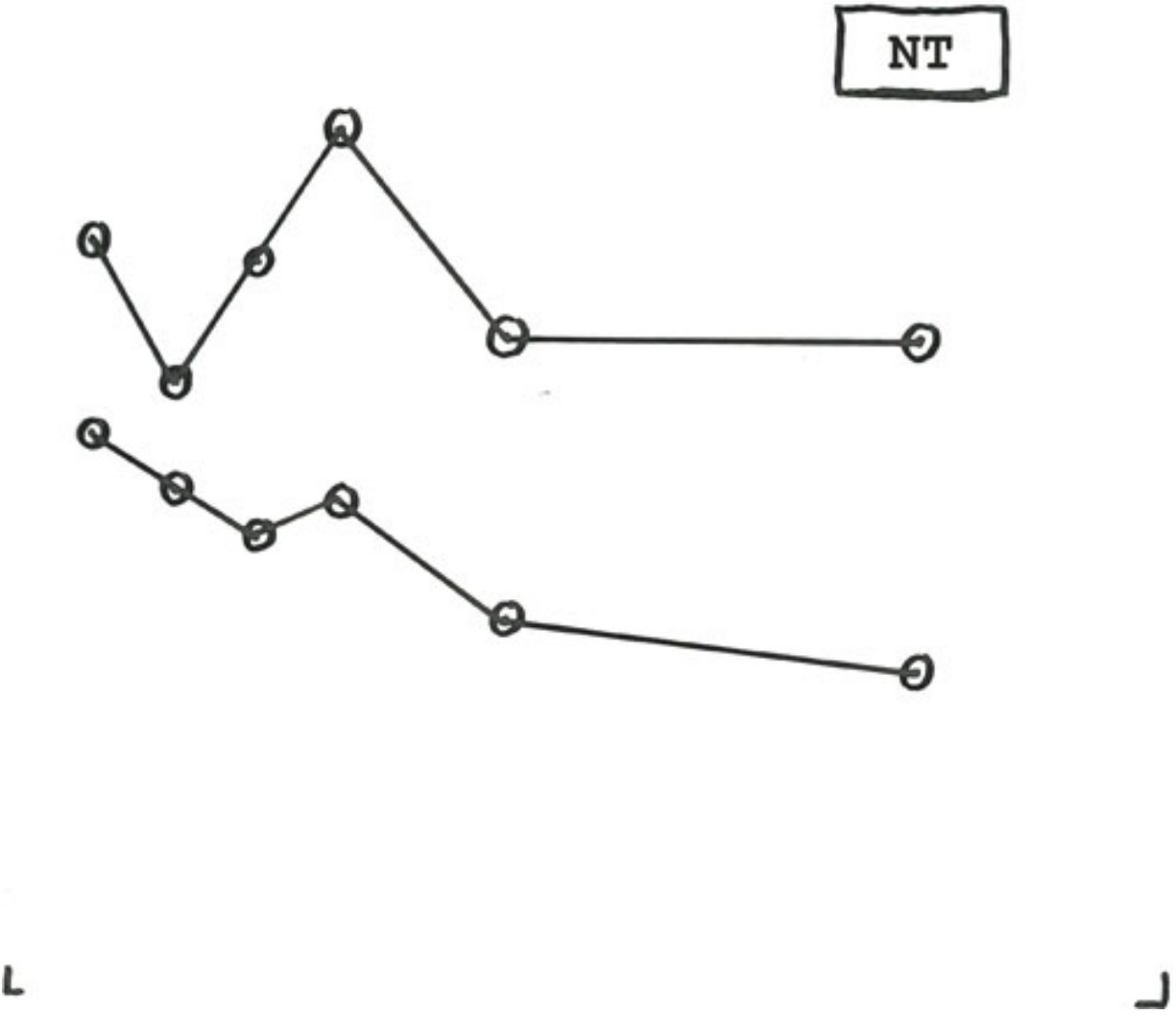
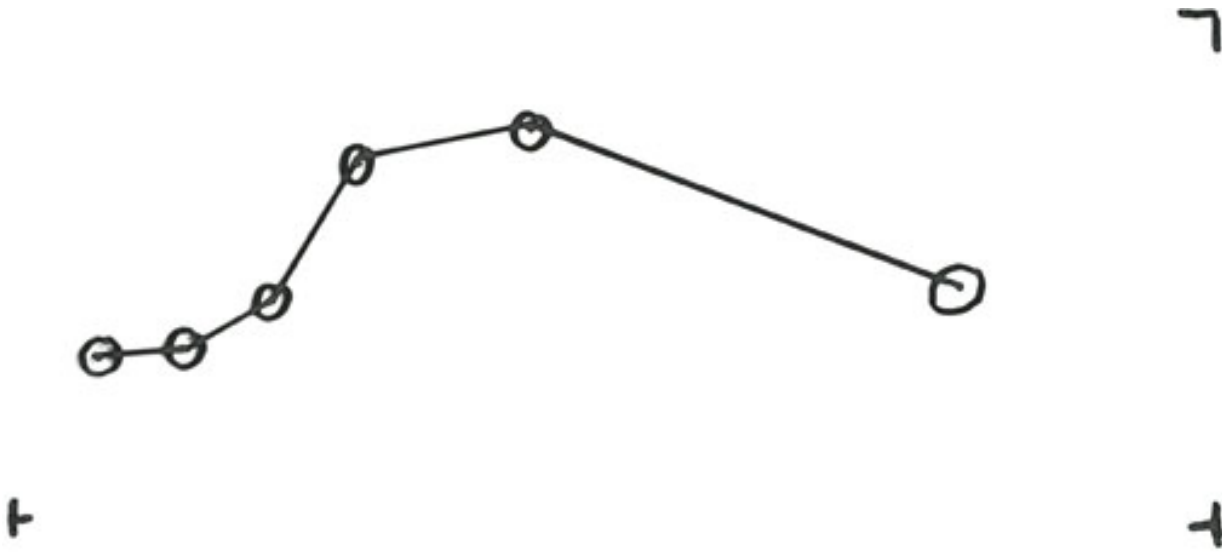
└

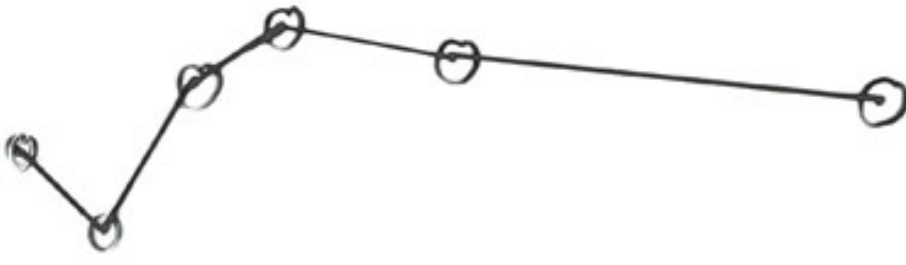
└



CT



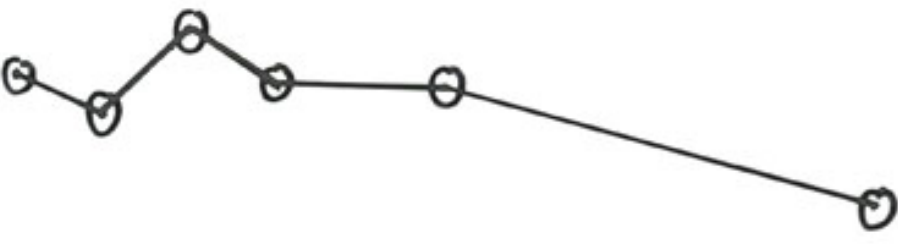
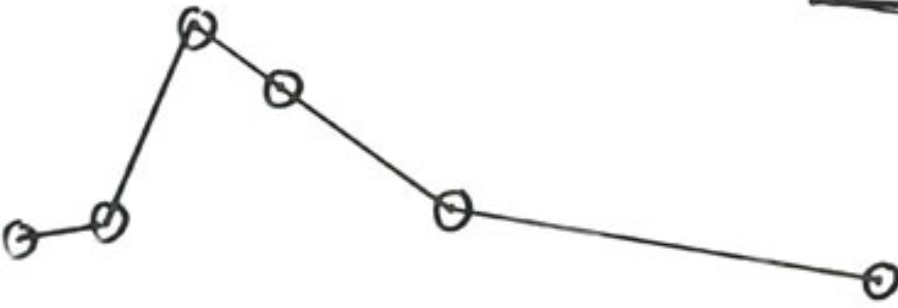




+

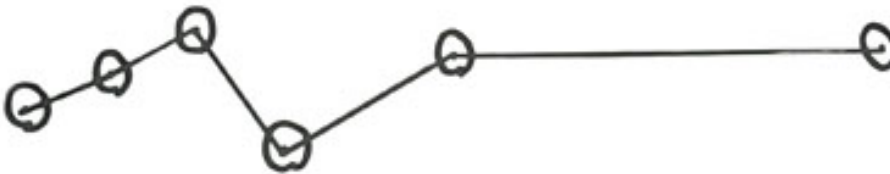
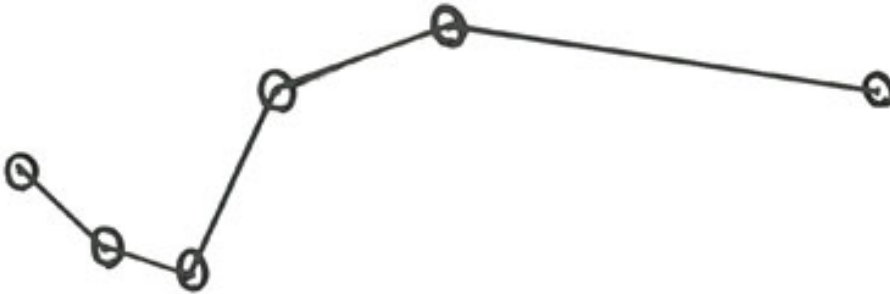
T

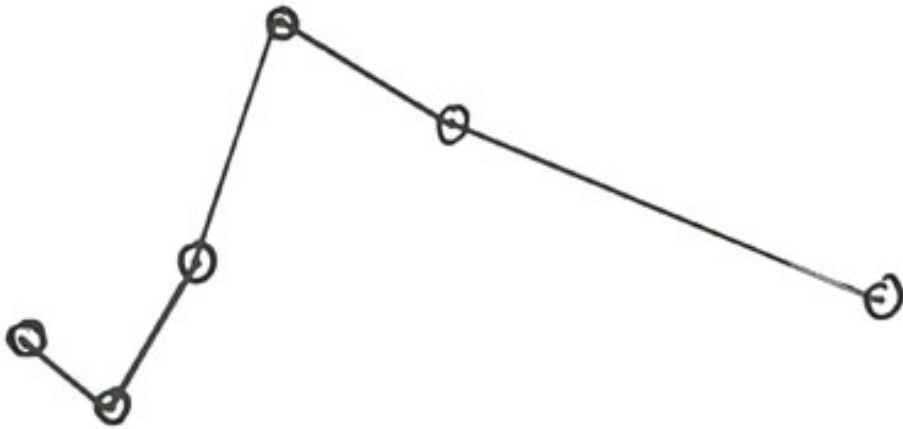
SASHA



L

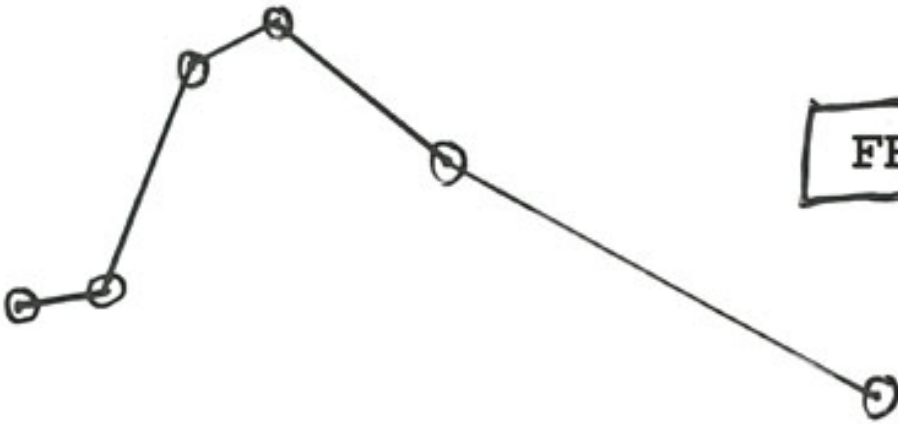
L



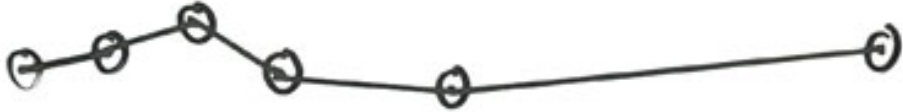


+

+



FB



L

L



July 12, 1986

2C-T-2, 25mg, 8PM. Me, myself, and I. Very mild, considering the level. Perfectly pleasant. Background. Good day, closet clean-out, ironing, none of the previous year's shadows at all. Simply a feeling of being focused and quiet pleasure in the freedom to spread all the sorting stuff all over the place without worrying about guests. Watered plants throughout the day. Weather warm but not too hot.

Thinking off and on about the Newsweek page. Very difficult, but challenging proposal.

#### The Real Dangers Psychedelic Drugs

Psychedelics don't get much attention in the press these days. About the only time we hear about them are when there's a drug bust and among the piles of cocaine or methamphetamine and the bundles of money spread out before the television cameras, a spokesman for the police mentions, almost as an afterthought, that there was some LSD also found. It's almost always LSD.

Nobody seems to find psilocybin or mescaline anymore. And DOM, known in the 60's as STP, is never mentioned at all. PCP is often in the news, but PCP isn't really thought of as a psychedelic, in the classic sense; it's off in a corner by itself, pretty much -- kind of a cherry-bomb, a loud, explosive thing, not truly belonging to the strange, terrifying enchantment that is the psychedelic territory.

The drugs which command the attention right now -- alcohol, cocaine, heroin and marijuana -- are basically escapist drugs. Valium, which is all over the place, is an escapist drug, but it doesn't have as much value to the political power structure as the other four, so it isn't mentioned much. Alcohol is not the focus of much political attention, either, because after all, everyone uses alcohol and it's legal and its use has been woven into the social fabric so thoroughly, there's nothing to be gained in making a fuss about it. Most important of all, no one is making an awful lot of money on alcohol. They're making it on the other three. And, as we've all heard, and as we all damned well know, money is power; money is the kind of power everybody understands. Money is the kind of power everybody wants. Almost everyone. Specifically money that has no tax on it.

The Big Three -- cocaine, heroin and marijuana -- are a Godsend to the people who run, or are trying to run, the country. Thousands of good steady government jobs, Federal jobs and State government jobs, have been created in the interests of controlling the making and selling of the Big Three. The merest shadow of the idea which has been, and is increasingly being, proposed by intelligent and quite conservative observers -- the idea that drugs should be legalized, as alcohol was finally legalized after Prohibition resoundingly failed -- the mere shadow, as I said, of such an idea is enough to send creepy-crawlies up the spines of thousands of people whose jobs depend on a continuation of the present situation, the present paranoia.

Above all, the Big Three are made to order for a government which wants -- as all government want -- control the behavior of its citizens. It's in the nature of people who lend themselves to political and legal power structures to find satisfaction in the imposition of rules and regulations on other people. We all have a little piece of that in souls. For most of us, the satisfaction is unconscious. We are aware of "laying down the rules" to our kids; we belong to a good, approved of family of concerned citizens when we vote for the death penalty; we are patriotic and loyal when we send off our young men to punish another county's sins with bullets and bombs. The satisfaction part of it, the gut pleasure, is not thought of and, if an unwelcome moment of insight should intrude, we do not say anything about it out loud.

So we don't object too much about proposals for urine testing on the job (as long as they aren't going to test for our weekend Scotch and vodka), because some small part of us likes the idea of making someone else toe the line, do what we think he should do, stop doing what we believe he shouldn't do. Get the bastards, we think. Make'em behave. Punish them. For not being like me.

Psychedelic drugs are different. Psychedelics are not escapist drugs. They don't guarantee a pushing of the bliss buttons. In fact, sooner or later, if you really get into using them more often than once a year, you're sure to meet face to face with some very frightening components of your private psychic world. Some people discover their beasties the very first time they take a psychedelic. Taking a psychedelic drug -- plant or synthetic -- is a very ancient and well-known way of embarking on the most complex, dangerous and fascinating journey known to the human being: the journey into self-discovery, find out what you are.

People who achieve a beginning of understanding of their own nature are a true menace to any political power structure, simply because everything you discover about yourself, you are also discovering about everyone else. When you meet your private monsters, you are forced to understand what they are and why they're there. When you've begun to do that, you see clearly the role they play in the psyches of your fellow humans. In understanding what projection means in your private mental and emotional life, you understand what a nation does when it assigns the role enemy to another nation. You see and hear what's really underneath the slogans and hysteria's, and you aren't swept up by them anymore.

And, of course, when you've met God personally and learned what's meant by phrases like The Ground of Being, and the I Am, and know that all that mystical mumbo-jumbo actually makes perfect sense, and you've learned to live comfortably with it, then you know that you don't need intermediaries, and there goes the power of that other great political structure, the church. Or the temple. You can enjoy all the religious rituals, but you aren't buying the scare tactics, and without their ability to frighten and threaten, religious power structures can't dominate you and can't force you to live according to their rules.

Psychedelics are dangerous because self-discovery is dangerous. Living your life as fully as you can is the most danger-filled thing you can do. Falling in love is dangerous, as most of us have discovered. Along with the bliss and the altered state that comes about when you fall in love, there comes the danger of loss and pain and vulnerability. Being a human is dangerous. It is safer to not explore yourself, your own inner landscape; it is safer to avoid all territory marked

"unconscious" or, as on the old maps, "here there be dragons." It is safer to see the world around you as others tell you it is to be seen, and it is much safer not to ask the Great Sophomoric Questions: who am I? Why am I here? What's the Meaning of it all?

It's safer not to remember your dreams.

However, if you aren't enamored of safety, you can try thinking, and you can venture to take a psychedelic drug and open yourself to unexpected learning, and you can start reading a lot of weird and wonderful and strange books written by other explorers with names like Kenneth Ring, Castaneda, Lynn Andrews, Plato and Shakespeare, to name a few. And you can call yourself a member of the human race, and think of yourself as piece of God-stuff, instead of an American or a Russian or Jew.

As for safety, you'll eventually understand that you never were safe, that there's no safety for anyone who is living. There never was, there never can be. And you won't need that illusion anymore. In the place of safety will be something of immensely more value -- excitement. And immense energy.

And the power you'll gain will be the kind that is not accompanied by fear, unlike money-power and political power. It's the power of knowledge, and that, friend, is the best and most exhilarating kind there is.

AP-MDMA.

This is an account of a single therapy session involving the use of the drug, the MDMA, last year before it was placed in Schedule I by the Drug Enforcement Administration. The client brought his own chemical, since I am not qualified to dispense medication.

At approximately 1:30PM, the client, whom I shall call Leon, ingested 120mg of MDMA, reserving 40mg for possible supplement at the 1-1/2 hour point.

Leon is slender man in his middle 40's who works as an engineer for a company which has several government contracts, and his job requires frequent plane trips to other states. He is highly intelligent, reasonably insightful, operates under a certain amount of and drinks wine for relaxation after work. His objective in asking to work with me was to gain insight into a problem which he had suffered from for several years. Every time he had to take a plane flight, he said, he suffered from pain in his legs. The pain varied from a dull ache all the way up each leg to an acute discomfort which forced him to walk up and down the aisles.

I asked him if he used pain relievers, and he replied that he had tried aspirin, but it did no good, and that he had hesitated to use stronger pain relievers because of the necessity of being alert and able to function soon after arriving at his destination.

Medical checkups had revealed no cause of the pain. He added that once he was on the ground, the discomfort cleared.

I asked if he had any associations with leg pain aside from the plane trips, and he said that all his life, whenever anything went wrong, it seemed to affect his legs in some way. During high school, he said, a friend of his accompanied him to a school event, and during an intermission, both of them entered an open warehouse next to the school and began playing around with some heavy machinery. His friend got behind the wheel of some kind of small tractor and started it up. Leon stood against a wall and watched his friend drive the tractor. The friend drove the machine toward the wall against which Leon was leaning, and apparently could not stop it until the front part was crushing Leon on his legs.

Another occasion, he reported, was when he was a passenger in a light plane, traveling with a co-worker from his company, and the plane had engine trouble and had to be brought down in a bumpy field. Both men survived the resulting wreck, but Leon sustained injuries to both legs again.

I suggested he lie down on the couch and close his eyes, and search back to his childhood for any image that might present itself. I emphasized not to search specifically for any particular image, but to relax and allow his psyche to present whatever it might wish to present.

He was silent for about five minutes, then sat up again and "said, "No, I can't get anything," then clutched his hands to his head and covered his eyes, and said, "Good Lord -- I just remembered something." I asked what that was, and he removed his hands from his eyes and looked at me, "I remember when the ceiling fell in on the whole second grade." He looked shocked, and his eyes were wide. He then told me that when he was a child in the second grade of the small school in his home town, the ceiling had given way and fallen to pieces on top of the class. "My dad was principal the school," he said. What do you remember about it, I asked.

The strangest thing about the entire incident, he said, was that he had totally forgotten it, and "How can you forget something like that for almost forty years?" He then painted a picture of himself as small boy, emerging from either a faint or some kind of shock, in the dark, with pieces of ceiling pressing down on him. He remembered, he said, that he couldn't move because his legs were pinned beneath his desk. Oh, boy, said I.

Then, he said, all he could remember was somebody lifting the weight off his legs, and the next memory he had was of a teacher's voice urging the children to stay in line, and he was standing behind another child who had a bandage wrapped around his head. The children in the line, he said, were very quiet.

Leon put his hands over his eyes again and was silent for a few minutes. He said he was trying to remember talking about it with his family, but he could not remember anyone in the family speaking of the disaster at all. "And that's really strange," he said, "Because -- as I told you -- my father was principal of that school, and it must have been a terrible thing for him, specially. For my whole family." Yet, he said, all he could remember was some kind of order being given in the family that there would never be any discussion of the matter. "I think we were told to put it out of our minds."

And that's what happened, I asked, you never talked about the experience at all? Leon said that, to the best his recollection, nobody ever brought the subject up.

Leon sat back against the couch and looked at me. "You know," he said, "I remember something else. I remember that I had a job one summer when I was 15 or 16, and I was supposed to paint the school -- that same school -- with a couple of friends of mine. And I remember that I had a chance to choose between painting the second grade classroom or painting the basement, and I didn't want to paint the classroom, although I couldn't figure out why I felt so strongly about that place, and I took the basement instead, which was crazy, because it was full of pipes and stuff, and it was much harder to do. I just didn't want to have anything to do with that second grade room, even though I had no memory by then of the ceiling falling on top of me."

Boy oh boy, I said. I guess that's what they mean by repression, huh? That's a beauty.

Yeah, that's incredible, Leon said. I really forgot about it completely.

Do you think we might have discovered the cause of your leg pain, I asked. He said, "Why would I be feeling that pain in my legs now, so much later?" I suggested that an experience of trauma that severe (his legs had been badly bruised and hurt him for several weeks after the accident), especially emotional trauma, when repressed that completely, tended to build up tremendous energy in the unconscious, and that the leg pain might well be communication from his unconscious mind, trying to open up the repressed memory so that it could be dealt with, assimilated, aired out, and the pressure of those unremembered emotions relieved.

After taking the supplement of MDMA, Leon continued to explore the memory, the shock, the pain and the fear associated with those moments in the dark with the heavy edge of his desk across his legs.

After this session, Leon reported two things. First, he had taken a vacation to visit his family, his sister and widowed mother, and discovered that neither of them had any conscious memory of the school incident. Second, that for the first time in his life, he had flown in a plane without experiencing any leg pain whatsoever.

It is probable that hypnotherapy would have been equally effective in eliciting this buried material. Under the influence of the MDMA, Leon was able to open his conscious mind to the memory, with a minimum of discomfort and without fear. He was able to remember the emotions of that dreadful day without being drawn into a re-experiencing of them, which made it possible for the images to emerge clearly, without any blurring. The assimilation of this past experience became possible within a few hours, instead of the many months which one must assume would have been necessary for both the uncovering of the information and the emotional working through the trauma.

4-22-86

2CT8

39mg

10:30am

2p.m. excellent painting  
easy ascent  
contemplate talking with Jena & Nora  
must see if there's more available

Solubility @ 6mg/ml questionable

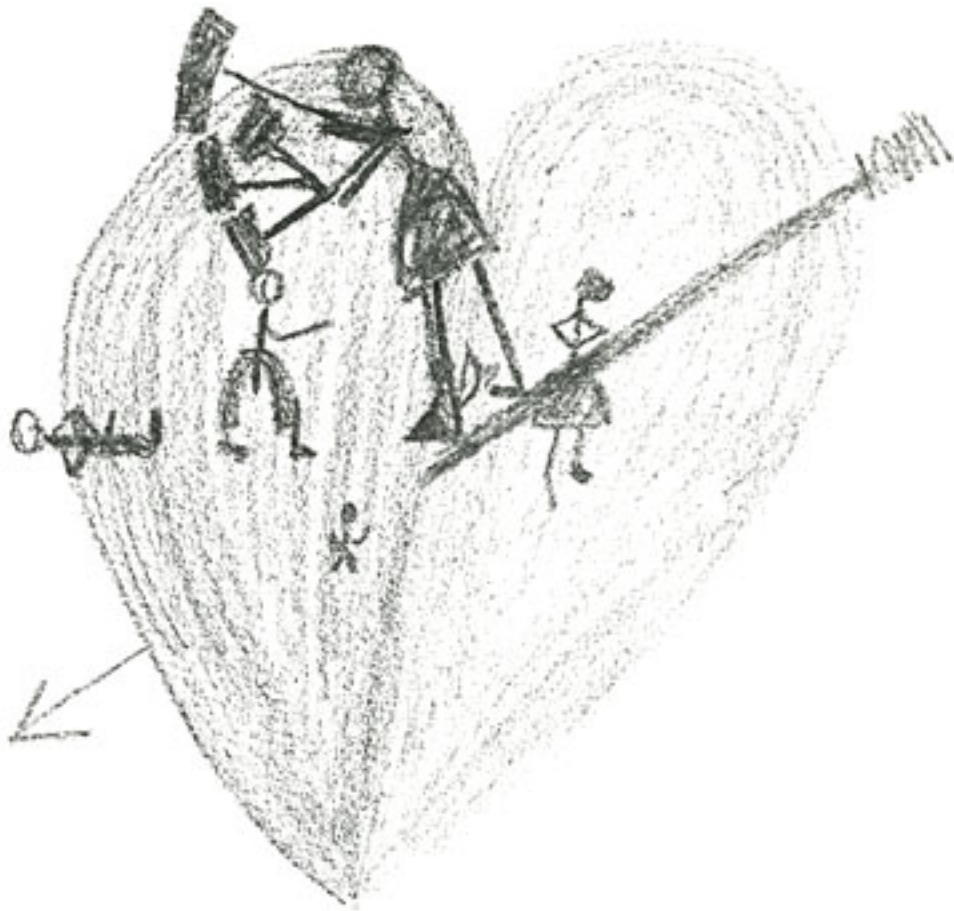
2:15 Wouldn't think 3mg would have  
that much taste  
I've been ignoring the taste quite  
successfully - no belching this time

8:30 food - coming down, I guess  
Hard to pinpoint time of descent, because I got  
used to the space.

3a.m. Sleep - good energy next day

Excellent material. Very comfortable body.  
Not tiring in spite of duration. Amazing coordination  
for this altitude. 35-40mg correct dosage.  
Clean comfortable mental space. Maybe prefer it  
to 2CT2 for taking alone (2CT2 very "talky")

Next day is excellent.





4-13-86  
Flea

5:55pm 90mg in HCL

30 min Alert

40 min Dry Mouth

1hr Jaw clench - not to severe. Gym

2:20 Plateau

3-3:15 Losing interest.

4        Television, Food

          Good energy next day, until about 8p.m. -  
certainly better than after Freddy. Same next-day  
fuzzy mouth.

          I didn't know what to do with myself.  
No interest in painting at all. Small window.  
Not enough for poetry or insight. Flavor of  
Freddy, but didn't develop. Would be more  
meaningful if I had never tried / or didn't  
compare to - Freddy.

          If I were to try again, would use  
a much higher level. At this level, not of  
much interest.

          Don't think it's anorexic. I didn't eat  
for several hours out of habit.

          From this initial trial, I'd judge the  
Jacobamine more useful and easier on the bod.

#B pp 120-238