

Pharmacology Notes C

pp 239-363

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Pharmacology Notes C
(1986-1987)

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 the end of 1986 through most of 1987.

The Creation of This Document:

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

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

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

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to clarify is the use of the letter “c” with a dash above it (from the Latin word cum, meaning “with”), which had been replaced by “[with]”.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

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The original version of this document and supporting files can be found here:
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November 12, 1986

Report on Ethyl-Lad. Group, at V's house. Aaron G. and Tina, Umar and Peggy exempt. G's because of Aaron's blood pressure. We checked with the nice electronic cuff, taking everyone's pressures. Aaron is over 200/150? Tina had pressures of the following day, unquote, nobody objected, obviously; we wanted their company. Mel P. and Tina reconnected, obviously at a true and open level. Aaron G. asked a few questions, but none of them truly penetrating or liable to elicit real and sustained followup. He managed, while deeply into being Aaron G., to relax and open himself to the energies. Only at the very end of the day, in one of those circles in the kitchen, just before the two of them took off back home, did he mention Neogel's appearance at PGSP, and Sasha says it was without any particular hilarity. He's still taking it seriously. I muttered, unheard in the background, that I figured they'd finally made it (whatever "it" is) when I read about Mrs. N appearing at PGSP in the Chronicle's Society Column. I kindly did NOT cut it out and send it without comment to the G's. That is what Aaron wants, and he is willing, apparently, to pay the price he is getting busy paying. All one can do is look at the spider's web, nod one's head, and say to an old friend, Okay, that's the way you want it. We won't judge. But we very much wish, for our own selfish sakes, that you could stop for a moment, look at it yourself, give it all back to the spider, and step back into living. You've been a good companion, good friend, good enemy, good traveler and fellow soul, and we're selfish enough to want you with us for a quite a while, yet.

At this point, I suppose it's quite possible he wouldn't understand what we were talking about.

I think that, for me, this was the best day I've ever spent with the group. Interactions with Peggy and Fred the best ever. A roaring +3+, yet grounded, with distinct and crystal clear insights and perceptions; beautiful inflation state, any time you wanted to take off into it, but mellowed and flowing in interactions with others. One of those days that must have, I'll swear, raised the general energy of the bloody planet by a couple of degrees.

Among things that got tackled on the outside terrace just at my table: Peggy's description of their recent weekend with the couple - D. and U. - where U. is throwing her lover and her awakened sexuality with that lover, at her husband, D., who -- as Peggy described him -- is spiritual, insightful, loving, understanding. Both of them want to get the old passion back into their marriage, and everyone had figured that the wife was the problem. As Peggy described him to Tina and to me, both Tina and I caught it at the same moment -- we both understood. Tina said something about the husband being out of touch with his own whatchamacallits and I rounded on Peggy and exploded with what I had realized. Pointed out to her the seduction by the spiritual, the heart, the head, of this man. All of him living above the waist. Neither of them, by the way, had allowed themselves to consciously respond to a very powerful dosage level of 2C-T-2. Told her that the angel, the spiritually developed husband, was the problem, not the wife. Illustrated forcefully, unto poking fingers into holes, etc. Get him back into his balls, which means back into repressed anger along the way, which is what scares him and explains his repression of everything else that goes along with the inadmissible anger -- male potency, life-force, primal male everything.

Peggy told, open and with great humor and full acknowledgment, of her learning from her Intensive Weekend, what it entailed, what they did to her, and how she came out, obviously not liking the people who taught her, and but having learned anyway -- and as she said, for the first time, fully empowering Fred, and thus truly for the first time fully connecting with him in love and in sexuality.

Glorious! What a woman is Peggy-bean. What an alive, powerful and celebrating woman she has become. And what an artist! Magnificent work, and all within the past two years. It's enough to make you believe in people.

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Talking intensely with Fred about foregoing the banner and white-knight role. Told him why consciousness cannot be allowed by the power structure -- rock and flowing water. Reminded him that the only way consciousness can do its thing is one-to-one, and pick your people with a deliberate eye to their effectiveness. I did not mention what occurred later as a side-thought, that it is, indeed, an Aquarian conspiracy, and that it has always been a conspiracy under one name or another, and that thus it must always be.

Alerted him to his loop. He described an experience of great importance, in which he had sunk deeply into the dark, and found his way out the only way there is -- by deciding he didn't want to stay in the dark anymore. Then he negated his own learning by telling himself that he owed, that he was obligated, to "know" that dark side, that he did not have the "right" to simply step out. Pointed out to him where the loop began, and made him go back, step by step, to the first part of the experience, and told him how to stop it there, and why. He cried and so did I, I think. It was that kind of day. I told him how I'd discovered my way through that one, with my day of eternal sorrow. Sasha taught me the way out, and I told Fred I've been relearning that one, over and over again, ever since, but I know the lesson now, I know the truth of that choice, so I don't get caught anymore.

One of the greatest materials, Eric. If you ever decide to make a bloody bucket of it, let us know. A medium-sized bottle will do.

Good sleep, good energy next day, which is good, because I had to go to Los Gatos for a 6 hour session, and I needed all I could get.

Thanks, Dr. Holland. You've done your bit for humanity, you have.

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 apparent that conscious dreaming imprints itself firmly on the memory, whether you wake up or not. At least, this one did. I'm delighted, because I've been telling myself recently that I really want to have more conscious dreaming. Vwah-LAH. The rest of the night was the usual hard work full of people and emotions and changes etc, including some frustrated tears, at one point. Nothing remarkable. Waking up in the morning was good, expect for awareness of my increasingly painful toe (again). 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 smidgen 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 murderously difficult experience. Too much energy, too long a time (between 15 and 20 hrs., we are assuming).

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 also 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. Wendy 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.

Begin

40 mg 2CT8

3:05 pm - Starting to paint

8-2-86

45 min Aware

4:50 My head is split in two
Right sinus hurts

my head is split in two

tis this s this is not being two or three different people--

this is one person with a head living in two different universes at the same time

11-15-86

Not a crisis experience, but one of extreme and prolonged discomfort. Hypersensitivity to light, noise, motion, with belief that it would not go away when the chemical wore off.

Visual and spacial perceptions divided in two along a vertical axis, with both halves moving in uncoordinated ways. A feeling that the eyes were working independently of each other.

Much stimulation, not relieved by tepid bath, pacing or talking. Unable to paint by 5:00.

Nausea without vomiting, even when I tried to. A feeling of having been poisoned by lunch (roast beef) or the 2CT8 or both.

Vertigo became intolerable if I closed my eyes or lay down -- therefore the opinion that I would never lie down or close my eyes (sleep) again.

Problems with "boundaries." The outside environment seemed to be getting inside my head. The parts of myself seemed to either separate uncontrollably or run together into someone I didn't know.

Early in the experience, I attributed everything to preexisting vertigo and bumpy onset, expecting to have a good experience after plateau. Between 6:00 and 7:00 pm I gave up on that and complained bitterly for the next several hours. Wasn't checking time, but probably around 11:00 to 12:00, was aware of discomfort diminishing. Able to watch late movies by 1:00 - 2:00 am until about dawn. Tranxene and a little sleep (lying down).

Buzzing in the head, uncertain balance, out-of-it feeling for about 3 days, decreasing somewhat but still noticeable for a week. The pledge lasted until 8-31, when Nora, Jana and I took 2CT7 and had a very positive experience, with no increase in the vertigo which was still present at times lying down or when moving my head quickly.

The poem is pretty true to the flavor of the experience, if not the details necessarily. I did long to be myself in Carlsbad Caverns.

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Caverns

A respite might be found
within the Big Room of Carlsbad Caverns
if all the tourists were gone,
and the lights turned off.

Any suggestion of light
induces visions--
spinning pinwheel patterns,
lashing strings
of flashing Christmas lights.
Every whisper
penetrates the eardrum
and echoes through auditory canals.
Footfalls pulsate.
Impressions phosphorescence.
Volleys of neuro-synaptic shots
ricochet inside the skull.
Cross-wired to dilated, non-tracking eyes,
the dual hemispheres of the brain
disconnect.

What is needed
is to rest my head
between the stone teeth
in the petrified jaws of the earth
and breathe with its black breath,
hidden from the organic crush
and the Guides
with their probing torches.

BN

On November 23, 1986, I took 140 mg of ketamine injected intramuscularly. I entered the session physically and emotionally drained, and psychologically lost. It was the first time I had used ketamine, and my expectations were limited. Ketamine had been described to me once as producing a mental world of mechanical and monochromatic images; nevertheless, in this session I was hoping for a degree of introspection that might allow me to see some sign of the roots of my existing problems.

During the session I was lying blindfolded on a bed, listening to music (primarily Jarre's Oxygene). The session fell into three phases: a first, acute phase in which my consciousness was stripped down to a bare minimum, and I felt a process of very powerful transformation; a second, in which I moved in and out of a series of purely visual images, but with a reasonably complete conscious persona; and a third, during which I lay recovering my strength and balance and chatting with my guides. The three phases were approximately an hour each. The first phase was interrupted once when I sat up and took off my blindfold for a moment or two-- apart from that I had no contact with my guides during the first phase, and only occasional contact during the second.

My memory of the session increased steadily during the first six hours, after which I wrote down a detailed description of it. Since then, although I have thought about it frequently, no other details have come to mind. My memory of the first phase feels somewhat fragmentary, although I am sure I have all of the main points. In particular, and perhaps because of the brief period in which I woke up, the transition to consciousness at the end of that phase feels somewhat disjointed.

There was nothing pleasant in any part of the experience--the first part, in particular, was oppressive, disturbing, and sometimes agonizing. The visions, while multi-colored, were largely drab in tone and substance, like faded tapestries. Nevertheless, I emerged from it feeling much stronger, and calmer, and centered--wiser. That feeling has persisted since the session, and it is most welcome.

I was on a track that ran around the outside of a large, disc-shaped structure. The track had a curving roof, and a solid fence on the outside; the walls and the fence were red, and beyond them was an amorphous, reddish space. I was an intelligence occupying a large blob of red, striped or veined material on the track. The floor of the track was of the same substance as me, but separate from me and not conscious. Some powerful force was rolling and pushing me end-over-end down the track. At the outset I had some memories and a sense of past, but I knew that whatever was happening to me was irreversible and that I could not return as I had been. As I was turned and toppled I sensed that outside the track people and experiences were disappearing from my life. At the end, I think, I sensed that my son and daughter--separate entities and free to move around--were circling outside the track, watching me with love and concern. I knew, as the pressure built upon me, that I could never rejoin them. I was sure that I would die from the pounding and turning.

I passed from the track into another zone in which I was simply an awareness, with no real memory or sense of personality. The feeling of motion, of being thrust through a process, continued, but I had no real idea what it was. I thought I was dead, but I could not remember life. My surroundings were very confusing--a sense of dim light, and substance, and energy, and perhaps of an outside to this process that I was in, but nothing clearer than that. While I couldn't feel pain, I knew an unbearable sense of pressure and constriction. While I had no sense of a body, I did associate my being with some vague sort of substance.

* * *

I became aware as an entity, without form or substance, suspended in a mass of clear liquid, moving down a narrow, dark tunnel with soft red walls. (The liquid wasn't really liquid, but it was substantial; the walls weren't really walls as much as a zone of change in texture and color of the substance; I was part of the walls and yet not; the walls themselves were moving down the length of the tunnel.) As I moved I knew that I had only the slightest trace of a memory of the past—that I was once an animal of some advanced kind, with a family and history of some kind, and that I'd lived in a world attractive in some way. Slowly, as the sense of pressure increased, I felt my sense of personality being stripped away. I lost any sense of past, except the sense that there had been a before. I lost any sense of body except that there had once been mass. I lost any sense of world. I was merely a scrap of energy scattered around and through a few atoms of the substance I was in. Not only was I being transmuted, but the atoms themselves as we moved into a new universe, a new reality, a new physics. I consisted only of three frozen questions: Would I still emerge as some sort of conscious intelligence; if not would I simply disappear completely, or would I merge mindlessly into some much vaster being. The sense of pressure and torsion was so overwhelming and agonizing that I would have welcomed any of the three options.

* * *

I think I lost consciousness briefly. As I became aware I sensed the sound and tracheal movement of my breathing; it was vast, and very slow. Color and light appeared, and slowly I associated the sound with my breath. The sound and movement were very slow and irregular, and outside my control. [As I write up these notes, six days later, I am listening to the same tape, and I realize that I may also have been hearing an interlude of wave sounds on the tape.] I panicked for fear the breathing might stop, and began unknowingly to flail at a scarf that had been covering my eyes, on top of the eyeshades, and had slipped over my nose. I suddenly became aware of a room, with me on the floor and another person, whom I did not recognize but took to be female, crouched in the opposite corner of the room. This person moved over toward me, and reassured me, although I could not hear the words. The scene ended abruptly, like a dream within a dream. (It was actually Cleve, changing the tape that had run out. He laid me back down and replaced the eyeshade.)

Self-awareness began to return—more sense of light, and an awareness of my tongue and lips. After first feeling my lips with my tongue, I realized what they both were. I began moving my lips, shaping the word "who" over and over. Then I began to shape the question "who am I". Soon I could hear my own voice, but blurred and fuzzy, and coming from outside me.

* * *

I was sliding rapidly down a slope or chute. I appeared to be, or be in, a lozenge-shaped mass of brownish, loose material. As I slowed, I could begin to focus on my surroundings—brown, baked hillsides, dry earth and dry grass, scatterings of small, purplish bushes. I was on a dirt roadway, moving faster and faster in some kind of vehicle. Cleve was with me, and I said to him: "Cleve, aren't we moving fast!"

I began to remember who I was, and what was happening--that I had taken ketamine, and had revived somewhat, and was lying blindfolded on a bed. I began to look for images. First I saw a drab, brown space that resolved itself into the ceiling and walls of a large, primitive building. The building grew larger, and then the scene shifted to a birds-eye view (looking up through the top of my head!) of a small formal garden, with a hedge around it and a few topiary figures (grey-leaved plants) in the middle. I thought I could change the figures, and decided one of them should be Dorris. I knew immediately this was not a good idea (but didn't know why). I watched a little longer, but the figures didn't change or become clearer, and I couldn't make them out.

* * *

I was looking at a brown fog, out of which loomed huge high-rise buildings (as with most of the images, I couldn't see either top or bottom). The buildings each contained thousands of rooms, most of which had pale-colored balconies. I knew that these were office buildings, and that their inhabitants were trading in power. I felt a very strong revulsion, and slowly dropped away and down beneath a large wall that shut out the buildings from my view. As my focus shifted, I was in a sort of huge labyrinth, with vast walls of stone and earthworks--no two the same, but soon becoming very drab and oppressive. I tried to move down one, but only got part way when the image began repeating itself, like a broken movie film. I moved to the top, but found I couldn't get quite high enough to see over it, nor could I move right up to it. I decided I'd seen enough walls, and began to dissolve it. It started to fade away from the top, like mist. Encouraged, I decided I wanted a beach scene; instead, I saw steep, wooded hills, with green coniferous trees. I had a brief glimpse of distant, blue waters, but the hills shifted and cut it off.

As I moved closer to the woods, I found myself in a baroque water-garden, with elaborate statues and plants growing in pedestals above the surface of the pool (I could not, of course, actually see the water, but I knew it was there.) My focus wandered among the plants and statues, each of which became more detailed and elaborate as I moved closer to it, then slipped out of my vision. I could never see an entire plant or statue, only portions of them. One or two had human features or outlines, but as I approached they became increasingly elaborate and distorted.

* * *

I tried to create human images. I could see Dorris, naked--cream and pink and gold, and very desirable--but out of focus, as if seen through corrugated glass. I tried other figures, but without success.

* * *

I was looking at the top of a wooded bluff, with fir trees on the crest, dry grass on the front edge, and a steep, rocky cliff. I recognized it as the bluff that runs along Village Bay, on Mayne Island, and knew that the ocean lay at the bottom. I tracked down the cliff, but again got stuck before I could reach the water. [Cleve told me later, before I had described any of this, that at one point he had seen unfamiliar woods that he assumed were somewhere in the north. He described the top of a rounded bluff, with conifers and dry grass underfoot.]

* * * *

What did I learn, and what value did it have?

I feared being alone, and I learned what it was like to be absolutely alone, without even knowledge of another.

I feared losing part of my past, and learned what it is to have no past, no memory, and even no concept of what past is.

I feared for the future, and learned how it feels when the future is completely unknown and inconceivable.

I feared death, and knew a state in which death was part of me, and welcome.

I feared change, and what it felt like to be part of a transmutation so profound as to have been previously unimaginable.

I feared being weak, and learned what it is like to be totally powerless, and in the grip of vast, unknowable and impersonal forces.

I have been in a place where I was the least that consciousness could be, without past or future, memory or hope, moorings or bearings, power or significance --an awareness of no-self.

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

Date: November 13, 1986

Place: Edson residence, Weed, CA

Participants: Hudson Edson, Fred

Background: On this visit, we had no plans to share an experience, as Keira is going through a period of abstinence, and we felt Hudson was too bruised from his last encounter with us, where I was quite directive. It turned out that Hudson wanted another experience, and a chance to get into the creativity which he dearly loves. The girls did not wish to join, and went to visit Ashland. At Hudson's request, we agreed to not get into any discussions of personal problems or relationships. I felt it important to share an experience with Hudson on his terms to heal the scars of our last encounter.

9:42 a.m. Each take 1/2 square of potent toffee. Begin to feel in 1/2 hour; comes on smoothly. By one hour, quite intense, very much like LSD. Lots of imagery, mental flow. Lay down on floor, amazed at intensity of experience. Very beautiful -- colored imagery, constant flow of ideas, quite releasing. Very enjoyable, feels delicate, smooth, gentle and euphoric. Memory poor for what experienced -- nothing of profound moment. Played with letting go completely, directing experience. Always seemed better to focus on something, such as love, healing, prayer, although after a period of this some tension would build up, and it felt good to simply release. Did some excellent thinking just watching the superbly beautiful Mount Shasta, there being a full, marvelous view from the Edson living room window -- more thinking than I've done in a long time. After another hour, felt deeply in the experience, little need to take anything else.

11:42 a.m. Reach a +2 level; begin to notice scalloped thinking effect. Instead of steady flow of thought, it felt like a series of scoops. Almost lost track of first one by the time third one came along. I felt with a little more dose there would be complete breakup of thought, totally forgetting beginning of thought train, as experienced once before with what I considered an overdose.

12:16 p.m. Each take 12 m.g. 2C-T-2. I am afraid it will be rougher than the delicate beautiful toffee. It comes on with lots more power, opens up new dimensions. I enjoy very much looking out of window at Mount Shasta and thinking, or lying on floor listening to music while Hudson works on his creativity projects. Thinking about nuclear disarmament, I have been so totally committed to complete elimination of nuclear arms that I really had never before thought through the consequences. Now I could see that the instant elimination of nuclear arms would leave Russia with huge regular armies that we could not match. Are we willing to pay the price for elimination of nuclear weapons to build large countering regular armies? Is Russia willing to cut down their regular forces? What are their real intentions? I felt I didn't have enough data, and couldn't think through to any resolution.

From time to time I felt a very heavy burden in the room, and used everything I have learned to lift it -- prayer, affirmation, healing, seeing Hudson whole, dropping my judgments, etc. These things worked with moderate success, but again I never achieved any level of real breakthrough.

Hudson enjoyed the experience very much, dropping his problems behind him and having a lot fun with his creativity. We bonded very closely, and got into some hilarious states, very much enjoying our time together.

3:34 p.m. Each take 8 m.g. more of 2C-T-2. Hudson requested, and I had been feeling very sluggish. We both expanded considerably with the supplement and continued to enjoy each other. I became very, very high, most pleasantly, but very restless. I wanted to stay in touch with Hudson, rather than go inside, look out the window, or think. Hudson began to look at Keira, and realize what a wonderful person she was, how caring and nurturing, and how lucky he was to have her.

After a while, the girls came home. We shared some of the fun we had been having, especially the thing that had cracked me up the most. Hudson had been asking me why I was so serious. I said it was because I didn't believe that everything was o.k. I asked him for his assurance that everything was o.k. Hudson added this to the definitions of stupidity he had been accumulating: Stupidity -- To ask Hudson if everything is o.k.

At first I could feel a bristly attitude from Keira, as she was very skeptical that Hudson had learned anything of a nature that would improve their relationship, and you could sense that she felt that just plain having fun was a sacrilegious use of the materials. However, after a while she blended into the loving atmosphere, and we developed a very close, loving state for the rest of the evening. I had one more major breakthrough, listening to Linda Ronstadt, where I was so moved by the beauty of her voice and all of its implications that I moved into a state of wonderful exaltation.

The next day we drove to Reno, and I felt very bogged down from the weight of the session. It took a couple of days to recover, and being in Wendy and Neal's atmosphere was most helpful. I feel that Hudson's and my relationship is quite healed, and that we can move on into much more honest relating in our future encounters.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH ETHYL LAD

Date: November 9, 1986

Place: Private residence, East Bay

Participants: Clare, Neil, Peggy, Fred, Ann, Sasha, Mike, Mel; Aaron, Tina, and Sable observers.

11:16 a.m. Participants take ethyl LAD: Ann, Sasha, Mike 80 mcg.; Mel, Neil, Fred 60 mcg.; Clare and Peggy 40 mcg. Comes on rapidly, very smooth. Very nice feeling, quite comfortable, good energy, rapid expansion.

An unusually enjoyable and productive day. Good discussions, clear thinking on reasonably intricate subjects, none of the clouding of feelings welling up often experienced in this group. Easy to relate to other group members; feeling of bondedness, openness, clarity of perception which led to insightful and meaningful discussions. Very satisfying day from standpoint of clarifying my personal position and goals; feel better about my position and future activities than in a long time.

Some highlights of the experience:

1. Talking to Clare, observing changing personas in her face as she encountered different feelings.
2. Talking to Ann, clarifying the power structure, direction for our work, aspects of doing therapy, and most particular, a real breakthrough realizing at deep level that I have choice to turn away from painful experiences.
3. Talking to Sasha, getting further clarification on research directions and publishing.

Body left clear, psyche in an unusually clear space in following days, excellent feeling of well-being.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: November 29, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Vanessa and Ivan Brandt, Uma and Jacob Frazier, Quinn, Peggy, and Fred, Zabrina and Tammie standing by.

Background: Our first Thanksgiving with my entire California family, including all four grandchildren. Quinn and Zabrina came with some trepidation, having in the past felt not appreciated and supported by the L.A. contingent.

10:33 a.m. Fred takes 8 m.g. 2C-T-2; Vanessa, Ivan, Uma, Jacob, Peggy, and Quinn take 120 m.g. each of Pegasus. By one hour, all Pegasus imbibers well into it; great feelings, much energy, wonderful good will. Experience going beautiful. I am exception, as feel very little, and quite sluggish, not able to get into the beautiful space of the others. I seem to be aware of all the disharmonies in the group.

12:03 pm. Uma, Ivan, and Vanessa each take 40 mg. supplement of Pegasus: Fred and Quinn each take 8 m.g. 2C-T-2. Peggy and Jacob abstain. Experience carries on beautifully for all, including those who didn't supplement. Quinn feels no difference in character of experience. I begin to feel, and it grows steadily for several hours, clearing away the sludginess and steadily growing into a more and more profound experience. Highlight of the day is extended discussion between Vanessa and Quinn. Quinn is in extremely clear state, clear and fast thinking and very centered. Vanessa is her usual honest self, which brings everything out on the table. Quinn is very insightful and helpful to Vanessa in some of her feelings with her step-daughter, who is soon to return to L.A. with her family, and which will probably exacerbate difficulties of the past. Quinn gives excellent advice, but Vanessa accuses him of not being authentic; she doesn't feel what he is saying is coming from the heart. Quinn handles it beautifully, at the same time cleaning up uncomfortable feelings of the past and they keep working through to a beautiful expression of love for each other. Ivan and Vanessa have their first chance to see a side of Quinn they have never before seen - his warmth, his genuine love, his mental adroitness. The closeness and good will continue to grow through the rest of the day, and is very present the following day. All agree we have made a wonderful step forward in bonding our family. It was a huge step in growth for Quinn to confront those who he felt were his critics and win their support. We all felt it was a marvelous get-together with lasting effects.

The experience lasted well into the evening for me, and I became quite philosophical. I was not overly participative, but felt great the next day, once more feeling the wonderful strength that grows as a group integrates. I recognized more than ever before my tendency to be aware of all the pain and difficulty around me, and found again the importance and value of focusing attention on the present, the new, and being open to new experience, rather than ruminating over the problems.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: November 23, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Celine Deputy, Petrina Foote, Rodney Imler, Peggy and Fred

Background: Celine came for a visit and wished a journey. She also wanted to visit her two good friends from Truckee and have them join us. No specific problems were set forth, and much has happened since we were last together. Petrina moved out, but still sees Rodney; Rodney has made some wonderful changes in finding a spiritual base for his life which is helping him enormously, including a more satisfying vocation (finished wood-working) and teaching a form of Tai Chi. Goals: Each for more self-realization.

9:10 a.m. All take 2C-T-2, Celine 18 m.g., all else 14 mg. Comes on slowly; I feel a complex mush of psyches, much more nausea than ever before with this substance. Turns out Petrina is quite nauseous. As time goes on, our psyches begin to harmonize, I begin to feel better. We share from our personal lives, stay in touch. In two hours, pretty well full on, but climbing. Petrina is feeling most, gets most attention. At one point goes outside to vomit after her mother came into the picture, but nothing comes up, nausea goes away. Close communication continues, bonding in group grows steadily, feel more strength, more euphoria.

Celine suggests to Petrina to work with me on focusing. This is quite successful. At first, working on neck tensions, Petrina discovers here extreme rigidity, which as she releases changes to softness. Working on uncomfortable stomach, turns out to be profound fear. She works off quite a bit. I feel profound breakthrough, riding on "There's nothing anywhere in the universe to be afraid of," but it turned out I was the only one who experienced this.

I had intended to set aside some time for testing cognitive enhancement, but in the intensity and dynamic of the experience, it seemed entirely inappropriate. Quite a blow, lots to think about.

The day progresses beautifully with growing closeness, bonding. We all accept each other more and more and are at peace. Celine does some good work on her personal situation, Peggy has a very enjoyable experience, reaching a high state that was hard to maintain in the group, but staying happy and enjoying the company. Rodney is in a very good space and getting a lot out of the experience. Petrina works a lot with her rigidity, her fears, her demands. Feels through the focusing she dropped quite a load.

We enjoy a walk outside where it is quite beautiful, come back to a fire and music. Good food, good camaraderie till bedtime.

Next day, I am surprised how much I gained from the experience, as I didn't feel a great deal had happened. Feel much strength, energy gained from the group, that we have all learned from each other and are somehow much more than when we started. Liked the comedown and good feeling without taking a supplement. This shared experience led to a wonderful following day when we all enjoyed being together. Tuesday morning (Nov. 25), just before departure, Petrina broke out with some deep feelings relating directly to her situation with Rodney. She got some valuable catharsis and further understanding which should prove helpful to them

both. She is torn between her drive for independence, her need to have things her own way, and her attachment to Rodney. She wants Rodney to stand by this winter while she lives in her own place and works things out, yet is unwilling to give him freedom during this period. Hopefully they will work it out.

They still hurt each other with little rejections, and have not yet learned to truly acknowledge, affirm, and support each other.

Sunday, December 14, 1986. 22 mgs. 2C-B, Ely Q., Los Gatos

Ely and Faith up from Santa Barbara, the only time they can come -- weekend -- and while I had 150 mgs., Faith, had 120 mgs., while Sandra and Ely had the 2C-B. I believe Sandra upped hers at the 1-3/4 hour point, as did Ely, from 18 to 22 mgs.

Excellent day with a great deal of ventilating of old and continuing loops and wounds between the two of them. Faith allowing herself to feel happy and good about her triumph at her school, getting what she wanted, while Ely did some reluctant but finally successful work with old beginnings of fear. He hit a memory of being in his crib, afraid of the rats which his mother had apparently told him were all around. He had had years of a dream which showed him huge, immense threatening, sadistic rats. Sandra and I had him become the baby, surrounded by these monsters, then switch to being one of the rats. It worked. He began to allow himself to drop beneath his intellect, and deal with strong imagery.

I took only one dose of F., and found myself strongly affected during the afternoon by the contact high. The session began at 10:15, time of ingestion, and by 4:15 Faith was feeling Well-grounded and able to drive.

Vanham Cordell
P.O. Box 123
Bowling Green, Ky. 42101
March 27, 1980

Alexander T. Shulgin
1483 Shulgin Road
Lafayette, Calif. 94549

Dear Dr. Shulgin:

Since I was released in parole from the United States Penitentiary in Atlanta two days before last Thanksgiving, I thought I had better give you my new address.

While incarcerated I gained some information that may be of academic interest to you. For instance, have any DOB fatalities due to its illicit use been reported in the literature? I met an inmate from Texas who was serving a sentence for the possession and sales of illicit DOB. He was arrested in one of the mountain towns in western North Carolina. He told me he was dealing in MDA and DOB, the latter coming from an illicit laboratory in Dallas, Texas. He told me that a girl acquaintance had stolen some crystal DOB from him, thinking it was MDA. She had transported the stolen DOB south to another southern city, and she and her boyfriend had taken the DOB, thinking it was MDA. Now this was at a time when illicit MDA in North Carolina generally had been cut in purity down to about 40 per cent, and the more abusive users were getting away with taking a whole gram on occasions. The boyfriend took what the owner of the DOB figured was 800 doses, and from what the inmate told me, I would estimate the doses to have been approximately 1500 mcg. Thus, the boyfriend would have taken about 1200 mg. of the DOB. It was a fatal amount, but I think it took over 24 hours for it to kill the boyfriend, during which time he was given emergency treatment for an MDA overdose. Apparently the girl has also taken quite a large amount of the DOB, but not nearly as much as the young man. She survived.

Sometime during 1974, a laboratory in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, was raided and the operators charged with the illicit manufacture of MDA, DOB, and DOI. The DOB and the DOI were not even illegal at the time and it is my opinion that the alleged MDA was actually PMA, also not illegal at the time. The female PhD chemist who ran the lab turned State's evidence, swore she had been making MDA, and her non-chemist backers entered "guilty" pleas. The interesting thing about this operation was what was said about the DOB and DOI. A solution of DOB had been absorbed on water-color paper and squares penciled off to delineate the doses. Each dose appeared to contain from 3 to 3-1/2mg. of crude DOB hydrobromide (yellow to tan in color) which had never been crystallized. She made the statement that if she purified the drug through crystallization, it then would take 5mg. doses to satisfy her customers and even then, they preferred the impure DOB "because it was more speedy". The DOI also was uncrystallized and was made by the action of iodine monochloride on DMA-2 in acetic acid. It was on paper, coloring it a very dark brown color -- near black. Judging from the size of the DOI squares, it appeared to have a potency about half that of the DOB. Do you know whether there are any published potency figures for DOI relative to DOB? I've seen the paper by Coutts et al, Can. J. Chem. 51, 1402 (1973), but they claimed they didn't test their DOI for potency.

The products of this North Carolina lab were said to have been distributed clear to California and I believe a Californian was arrested in the case, but they had charged him with the transportation of large quantities of marijuana instead of MDA. I met this Californian inmate in prison, as well as others involved in the case. I was told that the effects of the DOB lasted 25 hours, then quickly went

away - that is 25 hours from the time it was taken orally. It was said to vary from 15 minutes to four hours after taking the drug for the effects to begin. I have heard similar stories about TMA-2 in regard to the variation of the period between oral dosing and initiation of the effects. Is that a common nature of 2,4,5-trisubstituted amphetamines?

The DOI was described to last for 36 hours, but qualitatively to be very similar to the DOB. From questioning these individuals, I could see no evidence of true hallucinations, although there seemed to be eye-closed imagery quite often. But I was told about one individual who had taken both DOB and DOI together, and he obviously was totally hallucinated, unable to cope with or distinguish reality, and described as "crazier than a loon". This same individual had done DOB and DOI separately on many different occasions and had shown no tendency to hallucinate at all on the single drugs. Therefore, it would appear that DOB and DOI may be synergistic with each other. I also heard stories that suggest a psychotomimetic synergism between DOB and MDA, but not to the extent as was reported between DOB and DOI.

PMA has been a much maligned "street drug" during the mid- and latter '70s and perhaps rightly so in the context of its having been sold as "MDA", "mescaline", and other less potent and less toxic drugs. But during the latter '60s, PMA was commonly available as a "street drug" in North Carolina, sold as PMA, dosed as PMA (25mg. of its HCl salt) and, although I have heard of several individuals who abused its use to the extent of taking several lethal-dose-quantities spread out over several hours in smaller doses, nobody back then, to my knowledge, ever was hospitalized from a PMA overdose. During the year 1976, I am almost sure that the vast majority of illicit 40% "MDA" sold in North Carolina was actually 10% PMA, although I have no hard evidence to support that opinion.

While I was incarcerated in Atlanta, I read in the local newspaper that a huge "MDA" lab had been "busted" in the outskirts and vast quantities of anethole seized. Now who are these people kidding? But it occurs to me - maybe these illicit laboratory operators bought directions on how to make "MDA" from anethole and they really don't realize that actually they are making PMA. And as long as they think they're making illegal MDA, the law is obliged to let them plead "guilty" to an MDA offense. Well, the world turns over and a few "fall off".

By the way, have you ever heard of German Patent No. 274,350 granted to E. Merck just before World War I (Chem. Zentr., 85[or35], I, 2079 [1914])? That little patent is on how to make MDA and MDMA from safrole via α -pip-eronylethyl bromide. That little reference seems to have escaped all of the modern bibliographies of MDA source material.

I read with interest your latest paper in the Journal of Medicinal Chemistry (J. Med. Chem., 23, 154, [1980]) on what I call aepphetamines or just ephetamines (using the same nomenclature derivation as that used for "amphetamine"). Just what is dimoxamine supposed to do medicinally? I noticed JAMA had it listed as a "performance restorer". Do you recall my once having written you that about 1969 I made a little of the α -ethyl homologue of MDA, α -ethyl-3,4-methylenedioxyphenethylamine? It seems to show activity antagonistic to that of MDA. It may have been a vasodilator.

Back during the late '60s, I did a little work with the resolved optical isomers of MDA. You know, I don't have any data to prove the validity of the following opinion, but I just have some sort of gut feeling that R- and S-MDA are synergistic to one another. If that is true and I don't know that it really is, if one limits his studies just to the R-isomer because that is the isomer with the predominant

"psychedelic" effects, one might miss an important aspect of a drug's actions --- and, right now, I am referring to all ring-substituted amphetamines. It's just something to consider that could be of importance, although I may be dead wrong.

In regard to your recent paper, I am interested in your use of titanium tetrachloride as a catalyst for extending the useful scope of the Friedel-Crafts reaction. Have any papers been published on the limitations and scope of this modification? I was surprised that the reaction could be carried out in methylene chloride as a solvent. Doesn't it work for alkylations using alkyl halides?

You referred to some of your recent earlier work published in the Journal of Medicinal Chemistry. Unfortunately, the Science Library at Western Kentucky University does not have J. Med. Chem earlier than Volume 20. Would you be so kind, please, as to send me copies of the papers to which I am referring?

Well, I thought maybe you'd be interested in some of this information, as any form of data on the toxicity of esoteric "street drugs" is often hard to come by. Of course, the data is not from a controlled source. I am quite certain as to the proper identity of the DOB, however, due to its described potency, its qualitative effects, and to the fact that I read that a large, illicit DOB laboratory had been seized in Dallas, Texas.

Respectfully Yours,

Vanham Cordell

January 19th, 1987
Lamide, 200 ug.

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Here's my report on yesterday's Lamide experience.

I was beginning to feel some effect within 10 minutes after taking the 200 ug near 11 am. Whatever activity there was had increased but didn't seem all that high even after 30-40 minutes (others were saying then "I'm at +3"). Shortly after that though it seemed to take off and I probably was a +2 or a little more. I remained at a plateau for at least an hour (perhaps to 1 pm) and then there was a slow decrease in activity.

The material was absolutely friendly. I had no body noise whatsoever, either going up or coming down. The material did not have the mother's strong push and visuals. It seemed entirely separate in character. As usual it is hard to describe the activity. As I said, it was friendly and no fears arose. It almost seemed that there was an MDMA component to it. I found it difficult to go inward with it, though probably not because of the material but because of the number of persons talking and the radio and television noise. During the plateau I could develop a mild visual element, such as a waving ceiling. For a while I thought a black spot on the ceiling was moving around rather quickly; Clare informed me that it really was a spider that was walking around (upsidedown no less). The visual could be found if pressed and without too much trouble, but it didn't jump out at you. Eyes closed visuals were immediately there, though even now my memory of them is not very good (some free form colorful visuals; no real memory of geometric shapes). I had a minimum of nystagmus, which struck me as unusual for me.

I had a good feeling about myself with this material. I usually don't get into too many dark places with some of the materials, but this struck me as being a particularly happy material with no negative component. A feeling of MDMAish kept coming to mind. Perhaps it is only the positive aspect of Lamide that I see.

The material was not anorexic for me. I ate well of the soup and whatever else that came along.

By 4 pm (5 hours), I seemed close to baseline. On the drive home at 8 pm the lights seemed a little brighter. There was no problem with writing this letter that night nor with sleeping.

I felt full of energy the next day. Though we slept late, I was able to write part of a report and cut back both the kiwi and the part of the back hedge. There were no after effect.

I felt that I certainly could have taken more than the 200 ug amount. I would not hesitate to take it up to 250 ug or even more. I regret that there is so little in the world. I feel fortunate to be one of the lucky souls to have tried it.

Love,
Neil

Okay. We had a research group on Sunday, the 18th, at the usual place, and we celebrated Clare's birthday. Alan was missing, being in Baltimore or Bethesda or somewhere on the East coast that begins with a B. The Gates couldn't make it, but Umar did. The material was a gorgeous new one, created by Eric H., called LAMIDE, a cousin of some sort to the Death Valley material. Sasha had tried it out at low, then increasingly higher levels, and I'd tried it just once, earlier that week. It's a relatively short material for most people - about five hours. I am apparently the exception. I was still happily feeling the effects until about 8 or 9 hours.

My first experience of the lamide was very interesting indeed. Sasha had hoped that maybe it could be useful in therapy, due to the short duration and the lack of visuals at low levels, but at 300 mic, which is a full +3 dose, there are more than enough visuals to make it definitely not another Freddie. However, I detected something very intriguing, and was glad to see in Neil's written report a mention of the same thing. Neil said something about a certain quality that reminded him of Freddie. I had detected the same thing. That particular quality was a sense of deep acceptance, affirmation, peacefulness in the center of oneself, very reminiscent of Freddie. I had also had the feeling that perhaps, if one put one's energy in that direction, it might just be possible to go very, very deeply into the interior cosmos.

Unfortunately, I gather the stuff is very hard to make, but I'm going to write a nice note to Eric, a wheedling note maybe, a begging note perhaps, to the effect that it would be terribly nice if somebody could make a couple of gallons of it, and that I wouldn't mind taking one of the gallons off his hands.

Most reports, so far, are of excellent energy the next day. I remember being tired the next day, but apparently I'm super-sensitive to it, and it's a small price to pay.

AP.

2C-G-1 The prototype of the new family, 2C-Ganesh's.

Today is Sunday, February 8, 1987. The experiment begins at 11:20 a.m. Dosage level for Sasha and me, 32 mgs.

Sasha took this up by himself, the previous session being on 28mgs., which gave him a +3 level. This experiment is my first time on this material.

The report from Sasha's previous experience was that the material lasts about 15 hours, but that there was a faint residual during the next day. My guess is that the duration of the effects will turn out to be a lot closer to 30 hours - broad guess - with sleep being possible after perhaps 15 to 17 hours, depending on what kind of hard head one has. The time at this moment, by the way, is 2:30a.m., and I really have to admit to still being a +3, but that is a +3 as opposed to what it was earlier, which probably rated as a +3.95, so we have dropped.

Two unusual findings, in this first time. Quite anorexic. Finally figured it was time for some broth and bread, at around 1 a.m., but a little bit went a long, long way. Second, although Sasha was aware OF strong sexual drive during the first hour or so, it dropped sharply after that. Since I usually do not feel sexual during my transition period, I simply was not aware of any strength of sexual drive at all. Closeness and complete satisfaction in touching and skin contact, but no true genital response. Unusual, for us, and not necessarily something that will continue. I suspect that, if one were to become better and better acquainted with the material, this would change.

Also, I feel that my own transition period lasted for three hours, not less. Considering the length of the experience, as it's appearing to be at this point, three hours is not surprising.

The mental effects are as follows: immediate and very good insight, complete connection with feelings and emotions, cosmic connection right there from the beginning (the so-called cosmic connection is what creates the frame of mind most conducive to insight), peaceful and good-natured center. There was, at the very beginning, a certain feeling of non-physical heat in the upper back, very briefly - but that small bit of feeling reminded me of the onset of various indoles, which this aint. The general body energy was quite strong throughout, but somehow the body was generally at ease. The energy push, however, is something to consider carefully in giving it to another researcher. Anyone who has nausea 2C-T-2 just might, MIGHT find this difficult. At lower levels, perhaps easier.

Superb material, to be classified as a "true psychedelic", unless one is publishing, in which case it could be best described as an "insight-enhancer", and obviously of potential value in psychotherapy (if one should wish to spend 30 hours in a therapy session!). I suppose it would be best to simply stick with the insight-enhancing and skip the psychotherapy. Just too, too long. There was not any particular visual impact, although for some people it would probably be highly visual (Neil, for instance).

The non-sexual and the anorexic aspects might indeed change, with increasing familiarity. Remains to be seen. The length of the experience is against its frequent use, of course, which is a pity, since this one is well worth investigating as often as possible.

We have yet to explore ease or not-ease with falling asleep, and tomorrow's energy level will have to be looked at.

LATER: This is now Thursday, which tells you something about the pressures of the week. The sleep report: we were able to sleep without any difficulty at 4:30a.m., still +2. Next day, Sasha was aware of threshold and so was I, until about 3p.m., Monday.

Perfect fine the next day, but very tired by evening. This was a somewhat physically depleting experience. Would strongly suggest a handful of vitamins and minerals before and after this material. Anorexia continued pretty much next day, which was absolutely fine with me.

Except for a really too long duration, this is an excellent and challenging material. I like it very, very much.

AP

Saturday, Feb. 14, 1987, Valentine's day, thank you very much, and I know - this is the second most-hated day in the nation, after Christmas, - because it's Lonely day for so many.

This time, we ingested out customary 300µg., only without having indulged in its equivalent within the past seven days, with somewhat interesting results. I, for one, within 15 minutes, had neglected to pass through +1 or +2 on the way, and was thoroughly into a +3. Plus. Slam, bam, thank you ma'am indeed. Perfectly fine. Saw me own odd way of keeping balance: every now and then, probably depending on the amount of energy transference there's been during the past week, perhaps not, I go into a need for sleep for a full half-day. A complete half of myself into the comfortable death-place, entirely letting go. And when the sleep hours are even with the wake hours, I can decide on the awake side again. Because I always do.

It's a lot easier to get familiar with the two faces of the universe, from this vantage point. As hard as usual to connect it in a workable way with human life.

Having boxed ourselves into a nuclear death or what kind of life, we are indeed creating our own rescuers, from outer space. The hive-intelligence, if that's what they will turn out to be? As good a guess as any. Hive-intelligence whose shadow side is individual intelligence. Why not? Whitley Strieber's Communion is a lovely new and different look at aliens. Aliens who keep a somewhat sloppy saucer, and dusty corners in a spaceship? Huh? Well, they're getting more and more like us, aren't they?

Okay. It's now Sunday. Last night was simply one of the happiest and best evenings in a long time - at least a week. No last week's 2C-G-1 was wonderful, but lacked the fun and delight of true erotic stuff. Last night was pure delight. After a very superb etc. for Sasha, we watched the old classic, The Maltese Falcon (computer colored, ugh) which Sasha had not seen before, and I just enjoyed myself and himself thoroughly. Sleep was excellent and energy this morning was great. We worked on Sasha's first chapter of the lecture book. We took 80mgs. of the new batch of Freddie, with strange results, for me. My energy dropped a bit, and I suddenly felt very introverted. Bit disappointed, because I hadn't expected that. It was okay, though. The good natured energy returned pretty much after the F. wore off.

This coming week is going to be pretty much of a push. Monday, Friday and Sat. long sessions. Wed night dinner. Tues. and Thurs. lecture, but at least the rest of those days will be free time to catch up. Don't know quite where to go with book now and must decide, otherwise I'll begin to regard the whole thing as a problem. Will think it over during drive tomorrow.

Week following will be just as bad. Monday and Friday sessions. Levine workshop. After that, relative freedom.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-B

Date: February 12, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participant: Fred

Background: On two previous occasions, 8/4/86 and 10/6/86, found it very fruitful to take 2C-B and do ordinary tasks. Wished to repeat today, especially since Peggy not yet ready for another experiment, wanting to integrate her Yucatan trip, and wanting to break into some new ground in my writing.

9:20am. Take 20mg. 2C-B, liquid after light breakfast of cereal 1 hr. earlier. (Noticed no deleterious effects, and improved bodily comfort later in day). Feel coming on well in 1/2 hour, some jitteriness, otherwise well. As reached full intensity in 1 - 2 hours, was able to write satisfactorily, but not totally comfortable.

12:00 noon. Can function OK, but still uncomfortable - inner tension, some jitteriness. Decide to take an hour out and see if I can get comfortable. Want to feel Presence, benefit from expanded state of awareness. Study clouds and mountains, realize I have to love myself. I sit on sofa with mirror, enjoy spending time with myself. Peggy is nearby, doing tasks. A number of important realizations occur to me; I see I am in the habit of repeating to people certain concepts which I now see may not be true; I see utter importance of really knowing and being with the truth. What do I really believe? is a great key for examining different propositions.

It occurs to me that I am planning to try a breathing experiment with some volunteers downtown following Grof's Holotropic Therapy. Why am I doing this if I haven't even tried it myself? I begin the slow, accelerated breathing recommended and follow his suggestions of attending the breath, etc. I begin to get in a very exalted state. I keep this up for a while, working through some inner discomfort, and reaching a state of mild euphoria. I see how this works, and am confident with carrying out my proposed experiment.

12:30pm. I feel done with mirror, feel I need to go inside. Peggy leaves for class, after offering to stay. I have already seen that her not joining me was wise decision, as it was important for me to have a day alone. I sense it will be good to be alone, so suggest she doesn't miss her class.

12:30pm. I lie on the couch and go inside. I realize that I have hardly ever released completely to the Inner Teacher, I usually have something in mind or some special direction. I decide to do this for the next 1/2 hour. I first feel my usual apprehension on letting go. I ask what this is; it comes to me that I am afraid I won't get others' approval. I can see that some of the patterns I have developed to gain acceptance, like being wise and being an authority, don't win much approval; being truly loving does. I could now feel this love for Peggy, about whom I have had some judgments. It feels very good to release; don't now recall any other important realizations, but continually feel better.

1:00pm. Feel enough work inside; now feel like being outdoors a while. Agree to myself to postpone getting back to writing for another 1/2 hour. At first outside, feel loneliness, emptiness I have often developed in past. Am disappointed because previous experiences of overcoming this are not permanent. I decide to ignore and

use past lessons of redirecting my thoughts. Begin to pay attention to foliage around me. Sure enough, they soon begin to light up, become full of energy and beauty, and my feeling of emptiness disappears.

I cross a ridge and sit among the rocks, with a view of the ranch below. I enter into the most comfortable space I have ever experienced alone. Find it utterly delightful to sit here, look around, ponder things. Should devote a whole day to doing this. Am intrigued with thought, "do I generate love?" as has seemed so often in past. Is it there, or do I generate it? I see that it may be already there, and I simply focus on it. I saw that I could focus my love to everything in the world - individuals, peoples, regions, etc. The more I focused on, the more I got back from all of these things, until love could grow to huge, fabulous dimensions by just being willing to love everything and receive love from everything. Then I experienced love as an endless, bottomless source, from which could draw without limit to spread out to all of creation. Feeling satisfied, I started to return to the house and my writing. Still felt intrigued with whether I generate love. For example, could I light up the bushes around me with light and energy? Is my concept of the central furnace of the universe, unbounded in light, love, and energy, accurate? I decided to light up the space around me with energy. At first I immediately felt empty, depleted, and that this was an improper, ego thing to do. But then I remembered all the times of success, and decided to risk draining myself (if this is what I was doing) and see what happened if I persisted. So I continued to do this, and began to feel a change. I looked up to the clouds in the sky, and was amazed to see them blazing with light. I knew that at this point I must let go and surrender to the experience - I had initiated it, and now I must let the deeper forces take over. The sky lighted up to a degree of brilliance and beauty that was beyond description, and I felt the internal furnace flowing within myself. This was an overwhelming experience, and I was deeply, deeply moved. Now seeing the enormous significance that I could generate love, I wanted to go inside and generate it as I wrote - to write with this fantastic feeling of presence and awareness. I had a twinge of remorse heading for the house, as I felt that now that I knew what I was doing, I should stay outside and see just how bright and intense I could turn everything on. But I decided it was more important to learn how to bring this into my ordinary activities.

Back at my desk, writing went fine, but after a while I lost the exalted feeling and returned to a more ordinary state. Within an hour or so, I felt that there was no more effect from the chemical. But I felt very good, warm inside, energetic and alert. Also, the passage I wrote was, I felt, more inspired than if I had not had the experience. I finished my writing and went on to other tasks, somewhat disappointed by not being able to enter a special state of high, creative awareness, yet realizing that I was in a very much better place than at this same time of the previous experiment, October 6. Things were fairly normal as Peggy came home and I shared with her. But stepping outside to walk Spatzy with Peggy, just before bedtime, the heavens opened up again into the vastness I had experienced earlier.

The aftermath was a bit strange. The next day I was clear-headed and energetic, as before, but I was very preoccupied with myself and did not relate well to Peggy. Then I caught a bad cold, which developed into a fairly severe illness over the weekend. I have not been ill in a long time, and felt certain this experience was the cause of it. I find myself still pondering the wisdom of solo exploration, and whether in being over-zealous in generating love, I somehow deplete myself. But overall, now recovering from my cold (5 days later), I feel great, have learned important lessons, and am eager to continue the process of life.

For a day or two following the experience, I found myself in uncomfortable spaces, wondering whether the experience had been worthwhile, or whether I had done the right thing by being alone, and whether I had run down my energy in some way. At these times, I reminded myself that each one of these experiences is a release of enormous energy. It is then up to us to decide how to use the energy. Getting into negative thoughts, it seems to me, can pour more energy into them and make us more uncomfortable than before. The same energy can be directed positively and constructively. I found that simply realizing this and redirecting my focus rapidly pulled me out of the uncomfortable feeling into a good space.

The main conflict I now have as far as the next similar experiment is concerned is the issue of how far I can go alone. In some ways, my whole existence in Lone Pine is to settle the fact that when I am truly myself, I am complete regardless of the surroundings. Yet I am haunted by the experience of the Intensive where I was assured that I could not make it alone, and found how valuable it was to have the support of others. During this experience, I saw no reason not to have both - both the complete inner strength I can have being alone, doing whatever I wish, and the wonderful energy and support in being with others. Yet my temporary illness has raised questions, even though now I feel better than ever. Did I drain myself in some unknown way? If so, was it in the experience, or in my attempt to be a healing presence for Jacob over the weekend or our very sick friend Gabe whom I also visited? Both very very good to me at the time, but I was heavy and feeling poorly over the weekend. Or is all of this part of some deep healing process which is beyond our ability to completely track and understand? I certainly cannot quarrel with the overall results, despite the desire to understand the specifics better. And how would it be to take a whole day off and do nothing but listen to the Inner Guide? Room for more exploration.

2C-B 22 mgs.

Session # 4

(HQ, IK)

I experienced much less physical fatigue and was able to exercise the next day. Very different from my previous experiences. There was a minute trace of jaw tension that was completely gone by Saturday afternoon.

I felt very centered following the session and more trusting in my intuition. This balance is with me as I write this report. The ability to find out that I can "be" without a judgment call and that I enjoy even my negative thoughts as being part of being. My perceptions are fine in the moment and I reserve the right to keep them or change them. I am Feeling very content and work from the space of the core the seed.

LADs.

See page 794, 796 for all studies from Indiana.

2/23/87 propargyl LAD way down from allyl
methallyl. also down.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: March 7, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Rosella and Jimmy Patillo, Peggy and Fred

Background : Rosella and Jimmy, in their early forties, moved to Lone Pine to be with the Richard Moss Three Mountain Foundation. Starting as a volunteer, Rosella has become the top administrator next to Richard. Jimmy works as a Substance Abuse counselor for the County. They explored having an experience over a year ago, but things were brought to a head when Jimmy a few months ago got involved in a romantic relationship, which has opened things up between Jimmy and Rosella. Jimmy particularly wanted to have this experience to increase the bonding between them.

9:25 a.m. Rosella, Peggy and Jimmy each take 120 m.g. Pegasus; I take 10 m.g. 2C-T-2. Nice smooth ascent, the feel of very good people. Jimmy and Rosella begin to feel in about 40 minutes, after Peggy and I have noticed. Jimmy has about 15 minutes of discomfort, with high pulse rate, and then smooths out. We quieten down, become fairly still. Intensity climbs to hour point, everyone well in it.

Rosella feels different parts of her body letting go to the effect, then feels letting go of various things within herself. Gets into beautiful, centered space. Jimmy begins to relax and enjoy. Peggy is in beautiful space; I feel as if I have the same material, euphoric and deep feeling.

10:58 a.m. Rosella, Peggy and Jimmy take 40 m.g. Supplement of Pegasus; I decide to stay as is. Rosella is having profound experience, experiencing the exalted state she is used to. She had been concerned that she might get so high that she would lose her boundaries, something that happens to her at times in the Three Mountain Workshops. She reports feeling very centered, and able to look at and handle things. We discuss relating the experience to everyday life. Jimmy discusses some family issues, and some personal things with Rosella.

Several times during the day I become aware of vast dimensions of Rosella. I have always admired her, but was surprised to see the amazing depths I experienced. She is a very dedicated, knowledgeable person with considerable gifts. At one point, as we held a steady gaze looking at each other, I felt I could explore a great deal of her depth. I felt the pain she feels with people who are cut out off from their center, and don't know how to get there.

I didn't comment, but it seemed to me there was a barrier between Jimmy and Rosella, which I hoped they would work through during the day and the time following. They did not appear to me to be affectionate. I felt that Jimmy did not see and understand her, and did not express a lot of appreciation. I felt that she was extremely patient putting up with some of his immaturities, but held more resentment for his lack of acknowledgment than she was aware of. As the day wore on, they did experience more and more closeness with each other.

By late afternoon, we had developed a marvelous closeness among us, and very much enjoyed being together. Rosella does not verbalize much; she has held it as unnecessary, but sees that it would help if she came out more. They left around 5 p.m. To pick up their ten year old son and spend the evening together. We were very reluctant to part.

Peggy and I both had a very wonderful day with Rosella and Jimmy. There were some very interesting firsts for me: The experiencing of the layers off Rosella's vastness, an exceptionally strong feeling of centering and euphoria as though I had incorporated them into my being -- a feeling that has not gone away. It was for me a very profound experience for such a light dose, with many deeply emotional breakthroughs of deep understanding and beauty. I not only felt the same as with Pegasus, but even the aftereffects -- dehydration, a certain kind of languidness, a deep feeling of inner peace, has stayed with me (now two days later). Peggy is also in a wonderful space, and we are very much at peace together.

My only concern is that I felt I never got a handle on where Jimmy is. He very much needs to tap his inner strength and self-confidence. I was not able to perceive what is blocking him. He felt that he got a great deal from the day, and that he and Rosella established a close bond, and I hope that the experience will keep unfolding for him.

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

Date: February 28, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Todd Quirino, Peggy and Fred

Background: In his first experience with us, April 6, 1986, Todd had a good breakthrough and opened up considerably to other people. This ultimately resulted in a torrid romance between Todd and a lovely lady from Canada that he met while she was attending a Richard Moss workshop. After several months of idyllic romance, visiting back and forth between Lone Pine and Canada, it became clear that it would not work out on a permanent basis, and Todd recently returned from Canada reconciled to the outcome but wounded. Unfortunately, his beloved dog died the day before he left on his last trip to Canada. We felt it was a good time to get together and consolidate his position.

9:10 a.m. Peggy and Todd each take 120 m.g. Pegasus, I take 10 m.g. 2C-T-2. We soon move into a beautiful takeoff, feeling Todd's wonderful energy. He is a deeply loving person. The experience develops beautifully. Todd moves into it much more easily and sooner than the last time. I feel a wonderful energy, and in 1/2 hour, we are feeling good, and the energy level and euphoria increases steadily to the hour point. Todd feels the pain of his losses, but bears them well. We all move into a deeply loving space, very much enjoying just being with each other.

10:38 a.m. Peggy and Todd take 40 m.g. supplement of Pegasus; I take 6 m.g. more of 2C-T-2. We continue in the beautiful Space we are in, very much enjoying the experience and each other's company. Talk is free and easy, the day is beautiful, and we are very comfortable together.

11:44 a.m. I take 6 m.g. more 2C-T-2. Peggy and Todd are in a very comfortable space, with everything pretty much in a state of resolution, so I decide to use their support for a more intense personal experience. Peggy is having the smoothest and most enjoyable experience ever; Todd is delighted with the smoothness, ease, and euphoria of this experience. I feel the supplement rapidly. The vestiges of dragginess I had been feeling are quickly dissolved, and I move into a very wonderful state. For the most part, it is very euphoric, smooth, and comfortable, except for a few bouts where I slip into some heavy feelings. Those do not particularly bother me, and I work through them with good results. My mind is very clear, and thoughts flow readily and easily, as does my articulation. Peggy and Todd are very quiet, and seem to enjoy my at times elaborate discussions on a variety of subjects. Outdoors is beautiful, and from time to time I rise into a very exalted state, with a clear, transcendental vision of things that is very rewarding, understanding the supreme power of love. At one point, I held very still, which was an exalted state, and allowed, it seemed, the whole universe to come flooding in. I was able to verbalize this as I was experiencing it.

I found this day's experience most valuable and rewarding, as I discovered that I had sunk pretty deeply within myself, and was becoming cut off in many ways. This experience is the most rejuvenating one I can remember. It was like I dropped tons of garbage, and was now breathing fresh, clean air. I saw that I had not made some of the changes that I previously had recognized would improve my relationship to Peggy, and determined to do better. I could still feel that part of me that resists giving in to recognizing how much I want and need Peggy.

Outside, although rather crisp, the wonder of being in nature flooded in. More and more I am sensing and appreciating the contact with outdoor living things. One interesting incident - Todd was making his way up a big rock. I looked at it - it seemed that normally I would consider it too steep to try. Yet as I looked at it, it now seemed perfectly doable, and I scooted right up it without a thought. I could feel the Knower within me take over, realize it was doable, and simply take off without a doubt or concern, with complete agility.

We discussed Richard Moss's new romance, leaving his wife Pat. He believed in flowing with the Cosmic Energy, which would open up new areas in life. My position is quite different, seeing the necessity for commitment to keep you facing the things that need to be confronted and resolved. Sometimes this is very hard, but important gains are made. At one point I closed my eyes and went through a paroxysm of muscular tension, releasing a new burst of energy, like getting born. I laughed because I had always thought Stan Grof was fixated on the importance of the stages of birth. Now it seemed I experienced one of the stages, and I owe him an apology.

Back in the house, I lay down on the sofa with my head in Peggy's lap. I was aware of my deep feeling that something is wrong, and that whatever is happening needs to be changed. I wanted to feel for even an instant that "everything is all right." This was enormous work, and a tremendous struggle, to try to get that feeling. I felt that I was working off some very deep programming. I again spent some time just releasing to the Inner Teacher, and found that trust is a big issue with me. It is very hard to let go and just trust whatever is going to happen. Again I could see a powerfully established program that what was going to happen was not going to be good, and because of this program I kept creating it this way. It was wonderful to keep building the ability to trust, and I kept feeling better and better inside.

At one point an enormous rage swelled up in me, like the desire of mankind to destroy the world. I wondered if this could be converted to love, and by working on it, was able to do so.

It's impossible to relate the continual flow of thinking and insights that was a running flow all day. I caught myself in all kinds of interesting little programs and observations. I can't remember when I've learned so much, and when it was so valuable, and at the same time so enjoyable.

Todd and Peggy were wonderfully supportive. I was able to completely let go, and experience my thoughts and feelings freely. At the same time, we were wonderfully bonded together, so that everyone got a great deal from the day. Todd felt quite rejuvenated also, and that it had been a very valuable day for him. Peggy was extremely pleased with the day, and we were in a wonderful space with each other.

On February 28, 1987 I ingested my old friend, sometimes known as Freddie, with Fred and Todd Quirino. It was Todd's second journey. I hadn't had one in two months.

Since I had been to the Yucatan with such a rather enlightening group of people, with much exposure to the Bartholomew energy, I've been in a peaceful state, enjoying quiet, enjoying painting more, and beginning to do some sculpture with Drew Wickman each Wednesday night. Fred and I have never gotten along so well. We have been able to give each other plenty of space to do the things we want to do, and we have been communicating much better at all levels.

So, on this wonderful morning, it was without fear or trepidation that I ingested 120 of the material. It was not too long after that an energy began to build in my body and I could feel myself actually expanding. There was no real intoxication - walking, talking, serving coffee or tea was easy. It was almost normal - nothing dramatic, but on , so loving and tender. Todd is very quiet and maybe that was why I felt so peaceful all day. Nothing was threatening to me, I was contented with my world.

I could feel Fred's struggle with his "feeling something is wrong" and I cradled his head in my lap and kissed his forehead frequently. It was a lovely, nurturing sort of thing. He was forthright with Todd about his major concerns, and it felt good for me to be with him during his confession. I was not the least judgmental, and really enjoyed being with him and Todd. It was a lovely experience.

We took a walk, enjoyed being outdoors on the local rocks. Fred and I danced to the Talking Heads later on, to get some more energy going.

Soup tasted good around 6:30 p.m. and we enjoyed talking til around 9 or so, and all retired early. Love-making with Fred was great and sleep was peaceful. Getting up after 9 hours of sleep was easy and we all enjoyed a leisurely breakfast and talk.

As soon as Todd left, Livia called. We had just been talking about her. We arranged to take a local hike on the "Indian Trail" with Karter and put on our hiking boots and took off. It was absolutely gorgeous, and exciting For me since I had never been on this trail before. A most delightful day-after.

I can't remember a more peaceful, agreeable experience. Good to get in touch with the love energy in a very positive way.

Peggy Brandt



2C-D

LE-25

DMM-PEA.

See QJ-17

for add'l details
pages 165-167.

International Conference on New
Directions in Affective Disorders.
April 5 - 10 (1987)
Jerusalem, Israel

PSYCHOTROPIC EFFECTS OF A NEW ORALLY ACTIVE PHENETHYLAMINE (DMM-PEA) AND ITS USE AS AN ADJUNCT TO PSYCHOTHERAPY - A PILOT STUDY

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In the past various psychoactive substances (mescaline, LSD, psilocybin-derivatives, amphetamines and ketamine) had been studied as useful adjuncts to psychotherapy (GRINSPOON, BAKALAR 1979, LEUNER 1981). In search of safer and more tolerable short-acting compounds new orally active phenethylamines have been developed (SHULGIN, CARTER 1975). In this non-comparative study the psychotropic effects of DMM-PEA (2,5-Dimethoxy-4-methyl-phenethylamine) were evaluated in 14 volunteers and 4 selected neurotic outpatients.

Methods: DMM-PEA was administered p.o. in single doses between 0.5 and 1,4 mg/kg body weight to 10 male and 8 female individuals, mean age 28 years. 66 trials were performed as individual sessions in a therapeutic setting. Neurological status, adverse reactions, blood pressure and heart rate were assessed. Personality profile, Semantic Differential, symptom-sign questionnaire, self-reports, tape recordings and clinical observation were used for evaluation.

Results: Onset of subjective changes were noted in about 30 minutes, peak effects were achieved at between 1 1/2 and 2 hours and were clearly subsiding over the next 2 hours. The subjects became passive and relaxed. The balance was slightly impaired (astasia) - No significant deviations in blood pressure and heart rate were found. - The body awareness and receptiveness of inner stimuli increased. Individual affective dispositions and emotions were enhanced. Eyes-closed imagery, emersion of dreamlike subconscious material and diverse phenomena of age regression occurred. The consciousness remained clear and enabled the Subjects to control and to communicate their emotional experiences. No hallucinations, delusions or psychotic reactions were observed. All subjects recovered completely within few hours and showed no adverse reactions or after effects. Psychometric tests and clinical evidence revealed a marked decrease in depression and irritability and an improvement in emotional insight, self-esteem and ego-strength.

Conclusion: This pilot study suggests that DMM-PEA provides an intense emotional, biographically determinated experience of short duration and good tolerability. It may therefore serve as a useful adjunct to conflict-centered psychotherapy. The results justify further clinical studies.

GRINSPOON, L., BAKALAR, J.B., Psychedelic drugs reconsidered.
New York (1979)

LEUNER, H., Halluzinogene. Bern-Stuttgart-Wien (1981)

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Psychopharm. Commun. 1.93-98 (1975)

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V.C.

Date: January 14, 1987

Place: Lone Pine to Death Valley and return

Participants: Willa Essarry, Marc Nessel, Peggy and Fred

Background: Willa, dear friend and former nurse to Dr. Kempinski, has participated in two experiences with us, MDMA when it was legal, and 2C-T-2. Although enjoying the experiences, she has in a funny way shied away from them, refusing to accept them as a path for learning. I had offered the Death Valley Journey some months back as a counter to her rather intense corticalization, and she finally accepted. She is now involved in a relationship with Marc, a very interesting loner. Very sensitive, he early decided to make his way independent of people, finding it hard to accept the level of honesty usually encountered. He has had a lot of experience with psychedelics, is pretty much at home with high level experiences, and has a solid, basic refreshing kind of honesty. The night before, Willa was having some anxiety, and both were resisting spending so much time in the car under the influence. On awakening, both were ready and looking forward to the journey.

7:30 a.m. Marc takes 200 mcg. (he felt he needed a lot, since he has mastered overriding high doses), Willa 75 (she didn't wish to take the full 100 that I recommended), Peggy 50, and Fred 25. We depart immediately. Clear, sunny day, excellent visibility, the cold wind of the previous day has disappeared. By Keeler, all are starting to feel. Comes on very nicely. After some initial rush, Willa loses her anxiety, and settles into a beautiful, euphoric experience. Peggy expands into a lovely beautiful experience, seeing the great beauty of our surroundings. Marc gets into a very heavy experience, says it is the most intense he has experienced in years. I find the company marvelous, have a smooth, not too intense expansion, very stable, comfortable, driving freely and competently, very much enjoying the drive. We stop at the lookout and Crowley point, enjoying the cold wind and everyone in an expanded, joyful space. The ride down into Panamint Valley is beautiful. The Subaru handles beautifully, allowing me to note the surrounding beauty with the greatest intensity I have ever experienced. Very joyful drive. Beauty continues to expand as we climb the Panamint range. Music is difficult because of the diverse tastes. I very much enjoy Peer Gynt Suite, Marc not so much. We turn to Lucia Hwong, a tape from a disc Willa borrowed from Three Mountain. This music is superb, and greatly enhances our descent into the Valley, leading to deep feelings and experiences. We stop at the Sand Dunes and enjoy stretching and running. It is cold, but wonderful to be outside.

11:30 a.m. We resume our drive, Willa and I each taking 25 more D.V.C. Marc reports that he is on the edge of psychosis, but is staying centered which keeps him feeling fine and safe. He is having a turbulent experience with much variety and depth of feeling, but doesn't share. After the Hwong ends with some intensity, he doesn't want any more dramatic music. We proceed to the Devil's Golf Course, and Artist's Drive. I find the latter, as always, profoundly moving, and am somewhat disappointed that the others do not appear to notice anything exceptional. We have a problem settling on the music, finally selecting the French Connection. I put it in, but only the Hwong plays, and I can't get the cassette out again! So we are stuck for the rest of the day with the Hwong. We stop at the Artist's Palette, and spend some time climbing in the canyons, remarkably beautiful.

3 p.m. We go to Desolation Canyon for lunch. Up to this time, there has been little sharing or discussion, but simply drinking in the view.

For Willa, it is a completely different mode. She is usually very cerebral in experiences, and this time her mind has been still and the input has been almost completely visual. I ask Willa and Marc the nature of their relationship, which leads to some discussion with Marc and I feel much closer to him. I privately wonder what the future holds for them. I see Marc as quite a loner, extremely sensitive, cruelly rebuffed in his early life, and having carved out for himself a path with little human interaction. It seems to me that Willa is a haven of warmth that he has probably never experienced, and he hardly knows how to deal with it. From Willa's standpoint, I don't know what she expects. She is following the Buddhist principals of no desires, no attachments, simply flow with what comes. Today she has deeply experienced the Source, and how everything flows with life. To her it is important not to interfere or interrupt this flow, and particularly not to engage the intellect which will only distort it or interfere with it. I see her as a beautiful soul, very attuned to this inner flow, and content to pass through life staying in touch with it, going wherever it directs, spreading it's light and joy wherever she is, without any thought of herself or her future. It is quite foreign to my position, as I like to analyze, set goals, and do what is necessary to accomplish them. I spend some time on the drive home studying this free-flowing approach, and see that one could be quite contented and at peace as long as he/she was truly tuned into the Central Energy.

We spent until sundown climbing around Zabrisky Point, then had a lovely drive home in the full moon, and immensely enjoyed an excellent soup and hot french bread that we prepared. I went to bed feeling somewhat uncomfortable with the differences I was experiencing with Willa and Marc.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we had an excellent discussion. I was able to air my position fairly well, and felt much better for it. Without criticizing the position of Willa and Marc, I see them as quite willing to forego civilization, and be quite at peace (or so it seems to them now) with a quiet, rural, peaceful life, honoring nature and their friends. I, in turn, although seeing many of the evils of civilization, see the enormous creativity, energy, and benefits, and am committed to the idea of preserving and expanding it through growth in wisdom, good will, and creativity.

I had hoped Willa would see more of herself as Cause, and might even see more clearly how the use of these substances is an important area of work. She still seems far from this. She did appreciate the Journey very much. She felt very cleansed, as we all did. Marc had a very intense experience which is still jumbled in his mind, but he promised to share it in a few days as he gets things more sorted out. Peggy has a truly wonderful journey, immensely enjoying the beauty of the ride and the wonderful closeness with our companions.

For me, it was a very enjoyable trip, the driving was simple, effortless, even joyful, and I arrived home after hours of driving with no fatigue. The Subaru proved an excellent vehicle for this journey, very steady, stable, comfortable, and easy to drive. It was one of my most comfortable days, although not too much in the way of profound realizations. The next day I felt my body totally cleansed and rejuvenated. All traces of the bursitis attack following my return from Hawaii disappeared; I am alert and full of energy. We all feel it was an important, profound day; it will be most interesting to see what comes from it.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: January 27, 1987

Place: Kyner residence, Hemet, CA

Participants: Vesta and Graham Kyner and Fred

Background: Both Graham and Vesta have reported a rather dramatic change in their lives stemming from the previous experience in Lone Pine. Their relationship has considerably deepened, and life is much more peaceful and content. Vesta is quite concerned not to repeat the previous zombie state, and we agree on 60mg for her.

8:51 am. Graham and Vesta take Pegasus, Graham 120mg, Vesta 60. I take 10mg 2C-T-2. Beautiful onset - Graham and Vesta soon reach wonderful space. Vesta had no repeat of former freeze-up. She lies on couch, has very pleasant experience, thinks and talks freely. Graham feels he continues from where left off on previous trial. Feels extremely wonderful, in great space, full of love. Both are most happy for the experience.

10:27 am. Vesta declines the supplement, Graham decides to stay with her. I feel somewhat sluggish, take 6mg more of 2C-T-2. We have free-ranging discussion; Graham is very bright and has thought a great deal about almost everything. I feel extremely close to him, very much enjoy our talk. With Vesta, we discuss plight of her daughter, Nina, who seems to be in a wonderful marriage but doesn't appreciate it and has a lot of growing-up to do.

I feel supplement most helpful, get into a wonderful space. This is one of my most pleasurable journeys all the way through. I discuss my relationship with Peggy, and get a lot of help from Vesta and Graham's perception. They feel that Peggy does not feel really acknowledged by me.

Day continues beautifully, marvelous feelings, excellent communication, wonderful closeness. Our friendship is truly deepening.

2C-B 22?
 2C-T-2 18
 2C-T-2 20+10 ~~-(0+24)~~ @+[0:24]

HQ

3/6/87 2 C B

Strong Internal images. The sharpest and most vivid scenes are those projected on a screen behind my eyes. Two significant scenes. I am alone on a prairie, sitting inside a giant rib-cage. It is night time with stars and various galaxies. It is blacker than black and reminds me of a Douanier Rousseau painting. I am very peaceful/playful and alternate climbing and swinging from the ribs. Looking out as far as I can see.

I am alone and very loving/lovable.

The second scene is finding a spirit hole and sliding down a waterfall to bath in serpentine pools of water. The only sign of life are some small fish, similar to minnows and yet, not minnows. ~~I bathe, sit~~ I bathe, sit and splash in the water. Exploring the waterfall. I discover a cave behind it, illuminated by a natural light. There are glyphs on the wall that are very old - scenes of animals, symbols and a series of letters, an old old alphabet. In the back of the cave a shaft of light points to a spot on the

~~ground. Digging there I~~

ground. Digging there I find a cloth. Inside is a crystal half polished and half in its natural state. It is very warming and fits my hands like g gloves. My energy level is good, no discomfort and able to do my next days activities without fatigue.

3/28/87 PM following WTG 2-T-18

I feel a natural affinity for this material and find that I am immediately in the sense that I could use my Nordic Track machine or do a mundane project such as taxes and feel an energy release. I listened to/watched Philadelphia Story with Orina. I find the humour even more delicious just appreciating the fact of an excellent screen writer and first rate acting. Feelings are more - intensified. Some visual changes. Feeling very open and ready to experience more. I describe 2-T as my smorgasbord. It has something of everything for me.

3/29/87 AM 2-T-20 (9:00am) + 2-T-10) 1:00pm **

First awareness is the enjoyment of the control of the car as we drive over Summit Road towards Santa Cruz. Feeling the energy of the driver and car as one. A mastery of each curve and driving the road to its fullest within the margins of safety. At the flea market, I am aware of a great deal of patience with the crowd. No changes in visuals. Orina aside - "You are a hard head". Supplement at mid-day. Still no changes with the exception of a tightening in the right trapezius muscle. It feels like a large walnut. Shopping at Macy's an INTENSIFICATION OF NOT LIKING crowds. And people. Energy level very good. No let-down on Monday during practice. My own personal feeling is that I prefer using 2-T in the quiet space of home and not on the outside.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-8

Date: March 27, 1987

Place: Brandt residence

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: It has taken a long time for Peggy and I to find a day together to try this new material. Peggy has had a severe cold with both ears infected and hurting, taking a decongestant and antibiotics. I had a cystoscopy the day before and learned that my prostate gland was swollen, and needed to be partially removed to provide a clear path for emptying the bladder.

10:48am. Peggy takes 39mg., I take 40mg of 2C-T-8.

11:33am. Beginning to develop. High energy. Good feeling. Peggy is making Spatzy out of clay. I decide to write at computer while waiting. Looking at where I had stopped, I felt heavy, like a dense wall between me and the subject. I have felt this for several days, which is probably why I haven't progressed beyond the difficult point I had left off, although I did give higher priority to getting the new computer running. I sit and focus on the plot. I begin to feel the wall dissolve away, and become aware of various aspects of the characters, and possibilities opening up in their lives. An enormous choice for continuing development of the plot! Wonderful! Seeing this possibility, I give up writing to relate to Peggy.

The day continues into one of the most remarkable experiences I have ever had. Good feeling, no below the line, tremendous opening of insight and understanding, a real awakening, as though I had never really used these materials effectively before. For the next several hours, it was an interior journey for both of us, neither wishing to relate consciously for a while. The day was so rich that it's impossible to recall all the details. I'll record here some of the outstanding dynamics. For the next several hours, I lay on the couch either looking out the window or with eyes closed, letting go to internal experience. Peggy lay on the floor.

1. Richard Moss. I am reading Richard's latest book, THE BLACK BUTTERFLY. I find myself very critical of Richard, and continually holding conversations with him in my head. I sense his arrogance, but realize it bothers me because it is a reflection of my own. He is very anti-ego, and claims we can do nothing of our own but surrender. I, on the other hand, believe that nothing happens without our intent. I examine these positions critically. I try to totally surrender. I find that what makes things happen is my holding a central thought, which then allows things to unfold. Finding this, I try to eliminate all thought to pass to some Supreme Level beyond. Nothing happens. I realize this is hear-say, I don't really know anything about this. I fond that what I really know, beyond any doubt, is that I AM!! This is a fantastic feeling.

I appreciate Craig (of the Intensive) deeply at this point. This is really all we have to work with. The other things are concepts. What is most important is to know what I really am and express it as fully as I can.

I see myself as a fantastic computer. I perceive my infinite being, with all resources contained in its vastness. If I want anything, I just punch the button, and the file is displayed on the screen. In this case, punching the button is focusing my attention. An enormous wave of gratitude to Sasha flowed through me, for encouraging me to update my computer and learn how it works. I am delighted with holding a central thought in my mind, and letting it unfold. Perhaps there is a higher way of complete surrender, but for now, this is where I am at, and I am enjoying it immensely. I will pursue this until something tells me I should do something else. For now, this is me.

2. Some of the key words I focused on:

a. LOVE. I looked at the beauty around me, and felt the warmth build up inside of me. This is a key goal - I want to learn more how to love. I looked at Peggy, and could feel some resistance. I watched her for quite a while. I realized that loving is not just seeing God in the core - God is part of the whole being, including the ego and all of one's idiosyncrasies. Peggy got up and moved around, and I delighted in all her little movements. I directed love at myself, also encountering here a lot of resistance. I kept holding love until I came at peace with much of myself. I did the same for Nelson, and realized I should go see him soon. At one point I got a glimpse of my soul, or Anima - that fantastically beautiful figure of radiance and light that fills everyone with wonder. Hard to stay in touch with.

One of the things that was very helpful was focusing on the title of Jampolsky's book LOVE IS LETTING GO OF FEAR. Whenever I would experience fear, which is usually when I would first let go to inner experience, I would let the fear go and feel it being replaced with love. A good way to work through fear. Also anger.

b. PEACE. Wonderful to feel out and experience.

c. GRATITUDE. One of the most amazing things of all. Gratitude affirms the reality and beauty of the focus of attention, which might otherwise dim and escape. For this beautiful, outstanding day, for the wonder of the way things are, for Sasha and Ann for making this day possible, for the beauty of our surroundings, for all good friends. At one point, I was overwhelmed with gratitude as I realized that Peggy was a perfect partner for me. I was contemplating that we often do not talk to each other, but we each enjoy our silence. I realized my own contemplative nature, and how much I enjoyed my inward experience, especially when driving. And Peggy is a perfect companion, lending her support but not interrupting. I could see how I could be driven crazy by someone who always wants to do something or go somewhere (I know some). I felt the richness of what we had together and was extremely grateful.

3. COMPACT DISC PLAYER. We put on Berlios Requiem. We know there are bad skips in it. I had purchased some wax to correct this. Despite my intoxication, realized that I cause a lot of trouble for myself by putting things off for later; DO IT NOW! So I waxed the disc. It played well except for one bad part. Peggy goes into very deep experience (the music is profound for both of us). On second disc (not treated), it skips again. I am annoyed with machine. I realize my annoyance stems from my own irresponsibility about correcting it. The service contract has been on my desk two weeks without action. I realize that I can help create manufacturers who are concerned about their products, and anxious to help. I decide to call for technical advice. Takes 3 phone calls to reach technical services authority; I must wait for him to call me. (Hasn't called yet). Calling isn't easy; I am somewhat shaky, but realize the issue is mastery. It's important for me to do. Fell good for doing it, despite lack of completion.

4. PEGGY. Peggy goes into deep struggle about whether she wants to live or die. Afraid to die; afraid to be alone. We talk more openly and honestly than any time before. It is so wonderful to share this experience with her; not have anyone else around. We acknowledge our need for each other. I feel that she is doing the deepest, most profound, honest work ever. I find it very easy to comment and expand on her comments. She doesn't like this. So I become still and feel where she is. It feels good. I need to acknowledge her a great deal more.

We discuss loneliness. Earlier I had looked at that, realizing the need to come to terms with loneliness, discover that one is never alone, yet at the same time realizing the wonder and joy of being with another human being and sharing their energy. Quest is now struggling with this, being deeply hurt over Fulton's moving out, and realizing he wants to be so centered that he can handle it.

We also have a very extensive and honest discussion on how we hurt each other by shutting the other person out. While we recognize what the other person is doing and decide to accept it, in accepting we can harden ourselves and unconsciously build a wall which shuts us off from life. We agree to open ourselves to each other.

She goes into her study to paint, wants to be alone. I go to the computer. I feel lonely, a little shaky, not confident. I center myself and define myself as confident, able, and enjoying my work. I soon feel a wonderful feeling of freedom. It is as though I released my dependence on having company. It felt wonderful for Peggy to be in her studio, doing what she wished, and for me to be at my computer, working with it. Wonderful sense of freedom.

5. PROSTATE. I focus on my condition. It seems that my problem is that I don't dispose of waste, which is symbolized by my bladder not emptying. In working with people, I hold on to difficulties. I pick up garbage and have a hard time dropping it. In my life it shows up with a cluttered desk full of papers not dealt with, much of which can be thrown away. I determine to discard waste, both my body's and otherwise. I'm going to throw away the stuff I don't need, I am going to stop dwelling on problems and difficulties and move through to solutions. It feels that if I do this, my body will adjust. We'll see.

The day was extraordinarily rich and meaningful with both of us. I had very high energy, great clarity, and much new learning. Not hungry; Peggy ate about six, I had some soup around 8 and didn't particularly relish it. Good appetite next morning, good space, but languid. Later in day felt quite tired. Today, the next day, I feel energetic and alert, continuing to get insights. Am very much enjoying writing while Peggy is away for the day with the sculptor class.

An OUTSTANDING experience

Monday morning, 3/30/87. Marvelous meditation. I want to try and articulate by experience, which is a common early morning experience for me.

I awake early, about 5:30am. I usually awake with a feeling of discomfort; this is when I am the most out of sorts, as if everything that is wrong is now right in front of me. (Sybella confessed to me that she wakes up the same way). As soon as I am awake enough to focus, I feel drawn to a center place where I should concentrate my attention. It is like looking God right in the eye. At first this is always quite difficult; I am too tired, it feels like it will take too much energy and drain me, or I begin to feel fear or intense bodily tensions. I have learned to ignore all these symptoms and stay with it, as soon as things begin to clear up, and I feel euphoria and energy begin to fill me. So I maintain this focus with all of my ability. It's like gathering up the totality of my being and holding it focused on this one spot, which I always recognize as the proper spot by the way it feels. Sometimes I have used the analogy that it's like scanning back and forth over the bands until I find the spot where I am "tuned-in".

This morning, as I held this spot, feeling some fear and tensions, I soon began to get relief. Then to my amazement, I began to feel intense anger. Amazement, because I thought I had thoroughly dealt with anger previously, and was surprised at the extent that was still there. I encouraged the anger, and went deeply into it. I realized that the fear that I often feel when letting go to new experiences is the fear of discovering the extent of my anger. With this realization I let go even more. In the process I had several realizations of the source of anger. They mostly root in being deprived of intimacy. Then I generate enormous anger at myself for the steps I take to try to prove I don't really need intimacy, and can exist self-sufficiently on my own. And anger at Peggy for avoiding intimacy. And myself for turning away from intimacy.

There was great relief in running off this anger in its various forms, so that soon the anger began to be replaced with love. Cuddling with Peggy, allowing myself to feel anger if it was there, I was soon in a wonderful, loving space with her. I arose well rested and very much at peace.

We had both been under the impression that 2C T8 was a short-acting material, and around 10:30 Friday morning, March 27, we ingested some. It was a very pleasant onset. We both felt relaxed, a bit cold though, since the wind had come up and cooled the air. So we started a fire which helped a lot. There was a nice energy arriving, a sort of opening in the middle of the solar plexus, and I requested Berlioz' Requiem. So we played wht requiem, more than once, I believe, since the CD player seemed to be malfunctioning and skipping. So we started it over again. I slunk down on the floor with Sweet Sir William (the teddy bear) and got into the most profound experience of my career. I was hovering between life and death. I knew I had the choice to live or die. (recently I have had a terrible cold which has resulted in two painful earaches and hearing loss. I am still on antibiotics). At one point in the music I got in touch with deep part of myself which recognized there was only one thing that mattered. And if I could get in touch wht that one thing - my own soul - then all would be well. And the only thing standing in my way was loneliness. The loneliness comes from not finding my own soul. And when I find my soul - which I realized is alive and well in Lone Pine - and right now having fun with Mephistopheles (At the conclusion of the Compact Disc, there is the Boito rendition of Mephistopheles). And I love that music, so I was having fun with it. It was pretty powerful.

During this time I reviewed all the times I felt left alone, or lonely. I thought it would be nice if we could always be around for someone, to comfort them, just to be with them. And then I thought that would deprive them of learning who they were. However, I did get a glimpse of my father telling me to "don't bother me, leave me alone". That's a form of rejection - hell no, it is rejection! Mother also used the same language. "Little children should be seen and not heard" God! I heard very loudly that I should surrender the fear of not being heard. Does that have anything to do with the fact that both of my ears are stopped up and I can't hear very well? I guess so. However, the healing that we did so far has not improved the situation. So I must have an horrendous block.

I told Fred about my "death wish", and we took a walk to get some fresh air. Spats was most attentive to me all the day and I never felt closer to that dog. It was up to me to decide that I wanted to live, and I made the choice to do just that. However, by this time the day was getting longer, and longer, and longer. What about this short-acting material? We were both very open and stretched the day out as long as we could. At one time, I did a painting in my studio - which I'll give to Ann and Sasha. I had fun doing it, and it's sorta crazy, but very colorful. Earlier in the day I did a clay rendition of Spats.

Well, so much was happening, and it was intense. A little bit of soup, only to discover the seasoning was extremely salty. Mmmmm, let's look at the stuff we put into our stomachs! Maybe it's time to go for the health food way. That should be easy, as I do have several good vegetarian cook books.

We were both tired when we went to bed. Sex was marvelous but never ended in the big O. Neither of us felt frustrated. Next day we were both a little tired, but did the chores and got ready for company that night. Nobody was a ball of fire, but the evening was pleasant. Early to bed, good sexual experience, good sleep and a feeling of closeness. Today I went up to Independence to my sculptor teacher's place, where we did some Raku firing. A totally new experience for me. But perfectly delightful. My ears still stuffed, hearing is difficult. And I go to the doctor tomorrow. Strangest doggoned sensation I've ever had.

I have forgotten a lot that happened. I know I will remember some key incidents when I'm driving in the car, or digging in the garden, or watching television. It was great talking to Ann and Sasha in the evening. Thanks so much you two!!!
Love from Peggy

April 16, 1987

Dear Sasha and Ann,

What a pleasure this trip was. Though I'm not really into food that much, I must say that one of the highlights of the visit to Death Valley was that lunch at Furnace Creek Inn. When you think of the miners of yesterday year hauling out borax, they would never have thought it possible to have such elaborate fare in such circumstances. In 50 years all this has happened? But of course!

The DOET trip on April 11th was something else again. Two milligrams at near 9am. I thought the progression was slow. In a 1/2 hour, I was able to detect something. After one hour, I probably was +1 or maybe +1.5. At the end of 2 hours, probably not much more. The effect was pleasant, and I felt I was going to enjoy the experience considerably. The pleasant aspects of visuals were barely beginning, even after 1.5 hours. I decided that perhaps in the intermediate years I was able to accommodate to the drug a little more, so I asked for more (1.5mg) after 1.5 to 2 hours.

The experience picked up after that, and certainly got stronger near the 3 hour mark. The physical aspect of the experience became dominating, diminishing some of the pleasures that I was feeling as well as detracting from the rather exciting visuals I was getting. Actually I was beginning to become very uncomfortable with the physical aspects. My legs seemed to be going asleep (or not feeling) while a strong stimulus was there to cause me to move. I have felt this aspect of going to sleep in the peripheral extremities (more pronounced in the legs) in other experiences, but it seemed to be particularly intensified in this experience. I suspect that I do what I usually do in experiences of this type; I see to withdraw and close down my mind. I come up for air at times, but I still withdraw until I become more comfortable with my body (which may take quite a time).

The nerve endings of the extremities seemed particularly sensitive. At times I had a crawling sensation on my body. The material seemed hypnotic. I noticed considerable well retained afterimages when persons moved their arms quickly. It did not seem to be anorexic.

Anyway, I survived the experience. I was a +3 for a very considerable amount of the time. Even early in the next day I was possibly +1. I seemed reluctant to relieve Fred of driving the next day, but he didn't seem to mind.

All in all, it was not my greatest experience. Though it started well, the overpowering aspect of the physical experience simply dominated the period and did not allow me to enjoy the strong visuals or the rather pleasant aspect of the first 2 hours. I can honestly say that my experience in the last 7 years still did not allow me to get around that 3.5 mg. Though I am not reluctant to try it again, I will stay at the 2.0 to 2.5 mg level.

With Love,
and Viva La Experience!

Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH DOET

Date: April 11, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine, CA

Participants: Peggy, Fred and group

7:48 a.m. All start. Distribution of dosage: 1-1 m.g.; 4-2 m.g. including me, 3-5 m.g. Comes on very slowly, but steadily. At 1-1/2 hours, feels like it will not reach full development.

9:45 a.m. Take 2 m.g. more. T's each take 1-1/2 m.g. more. Feel fairly soon, keeps climbing. Develops steadily for next 2-3 hours to point of immense energy. Not totally comfortable with the energy; restless. At times break through to feelings of euphoria, great sense of presence, and beauty, and real enjoyment of everyone present. But there is underriding discomfort that grows steadily throughout the afternoon.

At times, as when walking outside, would move into space of great beauty and marvelous feeling, which indicated the potential of the material. expected that as with other substances, that when the effect began to wear off, the negative feelings would diminish and I would move into a more and more positive state. This didn't happen. The fact that it didn't happen concerned me, and made the discomfort worse.

I found the energy very difficult to handle. At one point, I picked up some clay, and began to compress it in my hand. Enormous anger arose in me, and I squeezed the clay as hard as I could. I was amazed at the extent of the anger, but it felt wonderful to express it, and for a time I moved into a very good space and was free of the negative feeling. However, this lasted only a while.

I began to get into a very black mood. I felt like a frustrated, angry five or six year old. I found myself making thoughtless, often derogatory statements to others. I hurt Peggy by suggesting we use Ann's soup after she had worked very hard to put the lasagna together. It felt a lot better to me; yet I wasn't hungry and didn't eat any. I seemed to myself to be extremely self-centered and thoughtless of others. In fact, I was surprised when some of the others had not noticed I was in a bad state, as I was afraid that my negative feelings would pull down some of the others.

Was very surprised when Ricky Kopps arrived, wanted to bring his family in to meet us. I felt it inappropriate to disrupt our experience, decided to walk out with Ricky and meet his family. I met his wife and several kids; she felt my resistance (or, so it seemed to me) and seemed to be quickly rejected, turning away. I felt I had hurt her deeply, something that the community had probably done often because of the local prejudices which would reject her as an Indian, and their mixed ethnic relationship. However, I was willing to take full responsibility for my actions.

There were lots of good moments, in relating to other individuals and enjoying being with them. Yet it was hard to get away from the discomfort. A couple of times, looking at the computer with the intent of understanding some of the new programs that had been entered, it was impossible to hold my attention and function rationally. I felt an enormous sense of failure.

In the early evening, tension had built up very uncomfortably, and I put on the Talking Heads and went into the most unrestrained, spontaneous dancing I have ever done. It felt absolutely marvelous, again with a great release of discomfort. I noticed S. left before the dancing and returned when it was over. I felt he did not want to lend any approval to this form of sensual release, as though it were pure self-indulgence, whereas I would be much better off to use the energy to expand my being and capabilities. (A reality check two days later revealed this to be pure projection.)

By bedtime, I was very tired yet still very hyper and agitated. It was a relief to crawl into bed, snuggle up to Peggy, and release to the experience. But first, I felt I had to verbalize to Peggy that I hated her. This crushed her, and she turned away in deep anger. I knew I had hurt her deeply, and immediately regretted it. Yet it somehow cleared the way for me to open to the opposite side of feelings. I began to feel her warmth and our closeness and how much I needed her. I told her, but it was a while before she could accept it. I realized that she had been hurt a lot in her life, and that I had added a lot of hurt to it, which would take a great deal of assurance on my part to overcome. It would take lots of patience and persistence, which I felt quite willing to provide.

I turned inside with my attention, and began to release to the experience. Relief came almost immediately, with marvelous visuals, flowing, beautiful plastic materials and liquids, beautiful blues and other intense colors. I soon found that the most important thing was TRUST. I turned over my trust to whatever would happen in the experience. I would approach an edge that would seem to be terribly frightening; yet when I gave my trust it developed in an important, meaningful way, with dissipation of discomfort and a growing feeling of aliveness.

It soon became apparent that there was a magnificent, beneficent force behind this whole process, and the best thing I could possibly do was turn myself over completely to this wonderful energy. As I did, wonderful things happened, and profound realizations would emerge. It felt marvelous to give myself to this energy, which I experienced as the Self, the central all-wise, all knowing teacher, totally concerned with my well-being. As tension would build up, I would turn it over to trust, and it would be dissipated with an understanding of what caused it and how to be free of it.

It became clear that my need to be right, my fear of making mistakes was a severe block to proper, functioning. By giving these things up, I got into a relaxed state of comfortable functioning. As I continued this process, it felt that inappropriate behavior patterns would come into view, and I could drop them like deleting on a computer. I would immediately feel the increased energy, aliveness, and well-being. I erased defensiveness, concerns that changes didn't happen immediately, but that I must give them time, that it's all right to be uncomfortable -- just trust what is. A great deal of my difficulty comes from straining to make things different than they are -- I need simply to trust, stop using so much energy, and discovering from deeply within me what is really appropriate.

Thinking about my prostate trouble, I felt the enormous fear I had of having an operation, and realized that this would be o. k. if I had to do it - just trust my way through it. This brought up lots of past feelings of injury and injustice I had felt on early operations in my lifetime. I got into the space that these people were really doing their best to help me, and to trust them. Then a very marvelous realization came: All normal body functions feel good. For several years it has been hurting to pee, a procedure which should feel quite good and bring a wonderful sense of relief. I saw that my urinary problem and prostate trouble resulted from a

great distortion of life. In fact I was dying, withdrawing from life. I saw that I had to vote for life, and this meant letting old structures drop away and focus on and make way for the new. Only this way could new life, new energy enter. This was a profound realization, and seemed to wipe out huge sets of programs in my being. I came out of this with a marvelous sense of renewal, a wonderful appreciation of my body and its functions, and how truly wonderful it felt. For the first time, I felt an internal healing was really possible that might make an operation unnecessary.

As I confronted each uncomfortable feeling, and turned it over to Trust, I became more and more free and ecstatic. I realized the Self who was my Teacher was the only reality that was important; that achieving the intimacy of knowledge and communication I had achieved this evening was the most important thing in life. I saw my feeling for the necessity to "save the world" was a defense to escape what I had to do to realize myself. The world didn't need saving; anyone who wished to be saved had only to turn to the Source for full guidance. Everything was in the best of all possible hands. Being united with this Self was the most wonderful thing that could possibly happen.

I didn't need to say anything to anybody. The need to talk about experiences and feel that I needed to teach was an ego distortion. Those who really want to know can find out. In fact, I didn't feel it appropriate to write this report. What is important was to put my discoveries into action and live them, BE them. They will speak for themselves. It felt as though writing would somehow dissipate the energy and take away from intention to change.

I looked at Richard Moss and Craig, and understood them much better. They are both right; it is the surrender in trust to the Higher Wisdom which brings about the ultimately desirable changes. As for Craig, I am too much in my head. It is clear that aliveness is being Right Here Now; a lot of mental speculation that I do is simply time wasting and has no point. It also takes me out of what is happening. I committed myself to eliminate this wasteful speculation. But I still don't approve of Craig's approach, and feel good about the stand that I took. But I feel benign about their freedom to explore their own path.

I reveled in ray feeling of love for Peggy, and know that things will go well here. It was wonderful to be close to her, and I know our life will be better than ever.

I worked all through the night. From time to time, I felt I had done enough, and asked for peace and sleep, but it would not come, so I kept working. In fact, I did not sleep at all during the night. But the experience was so rejuvenating that I felt rested. I felt completely whole and at peace inside, as though the struggle of a whole lifetime had come to a marvelous, fabulous fruition. I was astounded at the quantum leap in understanding, the amazing amount of wisdom that came to me, and the enormous speed at which it came. I felt that I was beginning to use these materials properly for the first time, and with this understanding, there was no end to the learning that could be accomplished. I lost all interest in thinking about participating in other programs such as Richard's. At one point I was examining computer operation, seeing how everything was built up from the primary programming commands. I immediately saw the analogy in living cells I felt that if I really went into this, I could understand how material reality is put together, and how living organisms are constructed. (Sasha told me later that I was looking at the DNA code.)

As morning approached, I felt like getting up quite early and getting the day started. I began to develop some anxiety as to whether I would be able to hold onto all that I had learned. Again, Trust was the answer; I would have it as I needed

it, I shouldn't try to have it all at once, but be willing to let my being grow and develop with it's new knowledge. If I get stuck, I get out of the hole the same way I have been learning all night.

As I showered and greeted the others, I have never felt so whole, so centered, and so confident in my life. I felt egoless, and simply ready to deal with each moment, whatever it demanded. It felt good to get things ready for our trip to Death Valley.

The drive to Death Valley was a continuation of the experience. Using the same approach of surrendering to Trust, openings continued to develop and my being continued to be cleared. The beauty reached incredible heights, and continued throughout the day, although the intensity began to subside after the Artist's Drive. At the height, I found that I could think in an entirely new way. I could surrender into a place where I entered gnosis, where everything I looked at seemed utter truth, directly from the Source. As I explored realization at this level, the feeling of union with gnosis became more and more powerful until I was literally merged in the wonder of this central light. It confirmed everything, all of life, and gave complete assurance that absolutely everything was being beautifully taken care of. At that level, everything was perfect -- absolutely clean and pure. No dross could be carried into this area. In this light, one was perfectly cleansed. I need only be open for complete instructions of what is the best thing to do, and this knowledge will always be forthcoming. Everyone is part of this wonderful whole, and pursuing their own course in life as they wish. Each person can partake of the whole to the extent he or she wishes. Again, I need not be concerned about the progress of others, other than to be helpful when requested, as they move according to their own choice. And each is free to explore their own diversity of experience.

The day was full of wonder, beauty, and the remarkable closeness of our good friends. My awareness to color made everything perceived rich in beauty, and textures and formations were fascinating. Taste also was quite enhanced, so that food was a great luxury.

At different stages of the drive, I felt I would be getting tired. However, driving and letting go to experience recharged and revitalized me, so that driving was effortless. The energy from food also helped.

This was a truly outstanding experience in every way. It brought more learning, more internal changes, more realization than any previous experience. It was rebirth into a new life.

PROGRESS REPORT ON D.O.E.T. EXPERIMENT

April 14, 1987. Almost two weeks after experiment, want to set down progress before diluted by another experience.

This was the most outstanding, change-producing experience I have ever had. I have been delighted and amazed by the potential for change, for really resolving the difficulties of my life and moving toward mastery.

From the beginning, my greatest fear is that I would lose what I learned. Consequently it was with considerable trepidation that we received my son and his family on the heels of this experience. I was afraid I would wash out the benefits before I had a chance to learn how to consolidate them.

Sure enough, it was a very sludgy time with Quinn and Zabrina, and I was afraid that I had relapsed back to my old self. But after they left, I found that the underlying strength and changes were there, and quickly got back into a wonderful space. Most gratifying.

The next test came last Wednesday, my first day alone all day and writing. I found the writing difficult, and was beset by loneliness, leading to an empty, walled in feeling. Once again, I thought the experience was "worn out," and I was back to my old self. Then I realized that this was just an old habit pattern that had come up, and with my new understandings, I could change this. I simply stopped resisting these uncomfortably feelings, understood that they were flowing out of me and I simply needed to go along with the flow without resisting, and sure enough, the feeling ended. The next day I was whole, and stronger than ever. Hallelujah!!

Sex. Another interesting change was in the sexual area. Although sexual pleasure has grown steadily over the last few years, I was getting impotent, and more interested in the interior, warm feelings of closeness than overt expression. I now find that overt expression is far more meaningful, recharging, and renewing than it ever had been before. A most wonderful expression of love. Interest is considerably heightened.

I now know that as a result of this experience I have a priceless thing that I never had before. It may get eroded and need polishing, but there is no denying the importance or the strength of it.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V.C.

Date: April 5, 1987

Place: Death Valley and return

Participants: Raul Casso, Quaid, Peggy and Fred

Background: Raul is making good progress in the "Community". He was coming with his girlfriend Palin, but she was unable to make it so he came with Quaid, a young, tall, good-looking, very bright, very sensitive man. An expert in his field of computer programming.

9:40am. All ingest DVC - Raul 100, Quaid 75, Peggy 50, Fred 25. We set out. Comes on fairly fast. Pretty well developed by Keeler. All have good takeoff. I cry as feel deep meaning and beauty develop.

By stop at gorge, everyone having a good time. I begin to feel heavy as reach Panamint Valley. Put on bright New Age music. I keep feeling worse. Descending into valley, I stop to share my feelings, try to resolve them. Everyone else is in great space. Raul says I don't accept Craig, whom he and Quaid have brought with them. I agree, decide to work on it, and continue.

Fun at sand dunes. I begin to feel enough better (fairly sludgy by now) to take 25 supplement. Quaid also takes another 25. It is noon. At sand dunes I see Raul's enormous strength. Has marvelous perception, often clairvoyant, excellent sense of responsibility and keeping us on intention.

We drive on. I find I can't establish any communication, complain they don't listen when I talk. Want to know more about Quaid's wife; they wave this off, say I should meet her.

At Artist's Drive, put on Beethoven's Ninth, which we had agreed upon night before as profound music. We make pee stop; I tell Quaid about my prostate problem. Going into drive, I am in awful space, like Heaven turning into Hell. Music is terrible, I feel awful, everything going wrong. I stop at Artist's Palette, share my experience. It's good to stop and look around, but it's too hot. We leave for Mosaic Canyon. I have shared that it is as though Raul and Quaid have preconceived idea of what is acceptable speech, behavior; I don't qualify.

Driving to Mosaic Canyon, I work hard to turn my sludgy feelings into love. It begins to work, enter wonderful experience. I realize that I have had many doubts about my rejection of Craig and the Community; I haven't stood firm in my own convictions and experience. Begin to do so; feel much better.

Good stop at Mosaic Canyon, further sharing. Raul says I talk too much. I massage him when he is laying flat on his back relaxing. His chest feels like a steel plate, which I verbalize. I feel his aura which ends about 1 foot out. Good experience with him.

Good drive back. I begin to feel their closeness, strength and energy.

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Next morning, I tell Raul I can no longer support the community. I recognize the strength they are developing, but feel it divisive. Though I still don't understand my great pain of yesterday, feel it has to do with our great separation in values. I feel they have developed their own structure of right and wrong, what's appropriate, which leaves out other people. Raul is hurt; he feels I should take another intensive; I could be much helped. During the day we have good, open discussion. He at first feels my position will interfere with our friendship. By day's end and next morning, he prefers to stay open on it. Claims he was pissed off at my negative response on the drive, doesn't want to go through that again. I share my feelings that listening to others is really important, a way of honoring them. I feel much better after airing all of this; slept like a log Monday night. Awoke feeling great. I feel very good about Raul and Quaid; hope my disagreeing with their program won't interfere with our friendship. They are both always welcome here.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: April 25, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Sia Kutzer, Richie Pardue, Quest Bilden, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Richie, 53, is a psychiatrist in Los Angeles having experience with psychedelics (including a journey with Quest) and currently teaching workshops in Stan Grof's holotropic breathing therapy. Sia, 23, is his very attractive girl friend and assistant in the workshops. Coming from Britain, she too has had psychedelic experience, including 4 experiences with ayahuasca in the Brazilian jungle. She is an excellent practitioner of body work. We met and planned this get-together some 3 months ago.

9:08 a.m. All ingest 2C-T-2, Quest and Richie, 20 m.g.; Sia, 18 m.g.; Fred, 16 m.g.; Peggy, 12 m.g. Comes on gradually except for Quest, who is well into it in about 15 minutes. Excellent setting; excellent people; we are well at home with each other. Reaches full impact in about 2 hours. Sia has a number of things she wishes to consider and spends a good deal of time with herself. Richie feels a great deal of energy, which requires a lot of body movement on his part to work through. We relate well, enjoying the experience and each other. Peggy, Quest, and Richie in good space, very much enjoying experience. I am too, except feel some dragginess and tension, pretty hyper with the energy.

We take a walk; wonderful to be outside. Sia is alone, working inside. I join her. She is concerned with her future, some romantic considerations. Get feeling she should see herself. I offer to be mirror. As we look at each other, I keep seeing sad, young boy; can't explain it. Am taken by her beauty; feel on edge of sensing the magnificence of her being. Hold this for a while. She sees some of it but no real break-through. Abandon after feeling have put enough energy into it; rest is up to her.

Richie gives me demonstration of breathing work. I quickly tire of accelerated breathing, find resistance in me that is unwilling to put out the effort to breathe! Interesting. I continue; Richie reaches over and presses on my body. I begin to cry like a baby. He cradles me in his arms, and I continue to wail. Feel his enormous strength and warmth. I have no particular recall or upset; cry without helping it and the release feels wonderful. Not a complete breakthrough, but I don't wish to take up more time at this point. Richie says it usually takes at least two hours of accelerated breathing for resolution.

Find dancing to Richie's Klaus Schultz most enjoyable and releasing. Quest hands me a feather wand, remembering a previous experience. I become a Shaman and begin to bless everyone with the wand. I rise to high level of realization, realizing I am a super-shaman, the whole world is mine, and I bless it all to show my love and appreciation. Can't quite hold this as it feels too arrogant. Sit down and meditate to music, getting realization of the need to assert who I am. Music stops just before breakthrough. I jump up to turn tape over. Quest suggests silence. I find in silence I cannot continue the experience. (Later I discuss with Quest his reasons for wanting silence; he was not aware of where I was but was considering others. I had chosen to go along with him, thinking he had a better reason.) [As I proofread this, I see the irony of my realization vs. what happened!]

1:49 p.m. Quest wants 10 m.g. more. This is a higher total than I am familiar with, but he has handled it so well I agree. At this point, Richie also takes 10 m.g. more 2C-T-2, I take 8, and Peggy and Sia take 6. I bless the supplement, and give thanks to our good friends who make all of this possible, as well as calling my friends and loved ones into the experience.

Both Quest and Richie feel a renewed rise in energy for a while, then settle down pretty much to where they were -- smooth and enjoyable. Quest has felt wonderful all day, and inclined to look at everything with humor. Richie has gotten into some wonderful spaces, confirmation of himself. For both Peggy and Sia, the supplement was just a smooth continuation of the good space they were already in. For me, things smoothed out beautifully. I dropped the remaining tension I was feeling, and felt calm and peaceful. The rest of the day was most enjoyable.

5:00 p.m. He took a walk over to the sweat lodge. The outdoors was incredibly beautiful. We had achieved a great unity of love and camaraderie, and everyone was immensely enjoying the experience. We climbed on the rocks, enjoyed flowers, the cattle stampeding, etc.

Food was great and restoring. Quiet time in shade on deck, watching sunset, amazing clouds, some rain showers with rainbow. Even induced a few drops on ourselves.

7:30 p.m. All day, it had not felt right for me to abandon the group and go inside. Now I felt tired, a slight amount of tension, and decided to do so. I got into my Trust and letting go phase; it was magnificent. I got into what I called a "listening" mode. When I opened my eyes, I simply let everything come to me, and it was all incredibly beautiful and wonderful. I felt enormous gratitude. Peace and joy stayed with us until bedtime.

The next day we drove to Death Valley. Descending into Panamint Valley, we agreed to stop our animated conversation and listen to the Grand Canyon Suite. I found it instantly deeply moving, and continued my experience. Actually the experience for me in the next few hours was better than the previous day. I had been puzzled over my inability to get free of uncomfortable feelings, or discover where they came from. This morning everything cleared up. I experienced that the reason my releasing to trust had not worked earlier on the previous day was because I had already gotten the message of who I am; now I had to put it into effect. I had sort of expected that the experience would bring this to me; I saw that I had to really work for it. I had to be willing to assert who I am and hold it in the face of conflicting evidence. I saw that a lot of the uncomfortable feelings were coming from others, and that I had a great propensity to tune into them. This is all right, and I must simply accept it. However, if I truly hold my own center, those feelings can be sluffed off. My whole trouble was that I was unwilling to put out the effort to maintain my position. I practiced this now, and while it was a great deal of work, it succeeded beautifully. I became continually more open, loving, comfortable, and ecstatic. God revealed Himself more and more in the surrounding beauty. So the drive over and back was most rewarding.

Great brunch, though not quite as good as the first time. Richie and Sia saw Artist's Drive for the first time. It was an incredible journey, enhanced by the choral movement of Beethoven's ninth, which both Richie and Quest threw themselves into. Magnificent beauty. Great thrill to walk through the colored walls of the narrow canyons by the Artist's Palette.

Peggy helped drive over, and I drove home with no strain or tiredness. Richie and Sia left soon after returning. It had been a most valuable, weekend for both of them, and Richie wants to support the work. He has notes on treating patients with MDMA which he will be glad to make available when it is appropriate. They will both remain special friends, outstanding people. A most wonderful weekend.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: April 17, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Quint Brandt, Peggy and Fred

Background: Quint has not had an experience since he was here last fall, but has been integrating his discoveries into his personal life. He is now ready for another good experience in the place he loves most to have them.

10:17 a.m. All take 2C-T-2, Peggy 12, Quint and Fred 14 m.g. Have had only a Joshua shake about 2 hours earlier. Comes on slowly and nicely. Find it very nice to recline outside and go inside - great to release to inner experience. Reaches a fairly good intensity in 1-1/2 hours. Feel some strange sluggishness hard to overcome -- otherwise everything fine. Decide to supplement.

12:00 noon I take 6 m.g. more 2C-T-2. Helps overcome some of sluggishness, but persists through the day. Other than this, everything goes well. All relaxed, appreciate being with the Quint and Zabrina and the kids are utterly delightful. Good talk with Zabrina when she becomes willing to talk about her work.

Peggy and I go outside to take Akido lesson from Quint. Find it amazingly grounding. I make a valuable connection -- discoveries and experiences at heightened state of consciousness must be brought down and activated in ordinary functioning. Must be balance between discoveries and application in life. Quint is very good Akido teacher.

Discussion opens up a lot when I share my experience with Raul Casso, as they come in contact on the edges of Craig's community. This opened up a good area for discussion.

3:43 p.m. Peggy, Quint and I share a tab of DVC. Feels good coming on, reduces sluggishness, more alertness and energy. Otherwise not very intense.

6:00 p.m. we walk outside. I have been flowing with experience, not "creating." I decide to put some effort into creating beauty, good feeling. It really works. Mountains, meadow, trees, become incredibly beautiful. We have the very best time of the day sitting on the big rock looking at the mountains and surroundings, beautiful clouds that have formed over us, Quint's upside-down way of observing the sunset, which was hardly short of miraculous. We go back to the house, lie on the deck observing sunset. Wonderful, close time, family very much at peace. We are hungry, enjoy eating, bringing snacks to the deck.

I get good rest laying on deck. Get up, want to be active. Help clean up a messy kitchen. Shower is wonderful, as is bed. In spite of many moments of exalted experience, still feel a sludgy feeling.

Wake up next morning tired and heavy. Work for a couple of hours lying in bed, clear up much of discomfort. The best freeing came from empowering Quint and Zabrina to be their most capable selves. Felt like I hadn't done this sufficiently the day before. Empowering and appreciating others in my life also produces much clearing, as though energy contacted in releasing to higher levels must be flowed into life. Arose feeling good and well rested.

[Editor's Note: Page 298 has been merged with this page]

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH ETHYL-LAD

Date: April 13, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Group

9:07 a.m. All take Ethyl-LAD: 3-40 mcg., including me; 1 - 50, 1 - 60, 2 - 80. Comes on gradually, very smoothly. Beautiful material. Everything looks peaceful, alive, good feeling.

In about 45 minutes, I begin to feel limited, feel I should add. However, I review my objective for the day, which is to be able to function at the computer with heightened ability. I feel that if I add, although it would be a richer experience, I may not be able to attend to detailed tasks. So I decided to ride it through and see how I function at this level.

Beautiful day, excellent company, moments of wonderful clarity. Yet a continuing feeling of not breaking through. Very disappointed because key procedure I learned two days earlier that produced such outstanding results did not seem to work now. This created some self-doubt, which kept me from functioning completely openly and freely all the time.

Some trials at the computer proved my concentration still not good, hard to follow anything intricate. Some excellent discussions. Will help me clarify my future goals. Finally dawned on me that my previous insight of not wanting to write up the DOET experience was not valid; I should get this down. Spent rest of the afternoon and some of the evening to get this report down. Although not entirely free of self-judgment, was able to recall and record significant facts. Read much better the next morning. Found it valuable to get details down.

Conclusion: This is an excellent material, and I found no merit in the low dose. Much better to take more and go through any possible consequent discomfort in order to achieve a more profound, rewarding experience.

May 16, 1987 2C-G-5 16 mgs. Sasha and Ann
Saturday, 10:30 a.m.

Sasha has taken this one up to a +2 level by himself, and now I join him for the fun of +3. It is a 30-hour material. This report is being written on the 19th of May, 3 days later.

16 mgs. is a perfectly satisfactory level, and there is no strain on the body at all. No indole feeling. No sharpness. For me, there is the not unusual stomach alertness, meaning that I do not challenge my tummy by being too bouncy, for a while.

The first effects are felt within one hour, and full effects between 2 and 2-1/2 hours. Tremendous clarity of thought, cosmic but grounded, as it were. Sasha compared it -- perhaps for lack of anything else to satisfactorily compare it to -- with 2C-B. In retrospect, not a bad comparison, although of course each is unique, and they are in no way superimposable, but 2C-G-5 is more like 2C-B than like Lucy, for instance, and it is mellower than the 2C-T's.

Erotic perfectly satisfactory, and Sasha remarked later that orgasm did not present the little edge of anxiety that Lucy gives it, which I can understand very well.

My eyes were slightly sensitive and exudate was present, but there was none of the Lucy allergic stuff with eyes.

For 16 hours, it was delightful and fun and felt safe and good-humored. Also, not anorexic (sob).

At around 5:30 a.m. Sunday, I decided that sleep might be possible, even though I was still +3. At least, I'd dropped from original 3.85+ to plain +3. I have practiced successfully going to sleep at a +2 on other materials, but never before tried on a +3. It worked very well, without much difficulty. Had a good four hours before the phone rang and I got up to watch David Brinkley. After which I decided to return to bed, feeling faintly irritable and aware that more sleep was needed. I was still +1 at this time, exactly 25 hours after ingestion. Went back to sleep, no trouble sinking into it right away.

Dreams were positive and balanced.

When I finally decided to stay awake, four hours later, I came up slightly irritable still, somewhat emotionally flattened, and decidedly not wanting to interact with all the nice people who had come over -- Ted, Manon, Archer W., and Sean. Did my best, but told everybody how I was feeling, and that as far as I was concerned, the first 16 hours of this stuff were great, and the second 16 hours were a bit of a drag. Just twice as long as it ought to be.

Sasha, on just 4 hours of sleep, was high energy to the point of being his manic self -- having fun and delighting everybody. I could not match, and didn't try. Underneath the irritability there was a peaceful pleasantness, and the only thing I really needed was solitude, which finally became possible at 6 p.m. By that time, I was feeling a bit more mellow, and by midnight, when we went to bed, I was baseline and okay.

At no time did I feel any physical unease or threat, and the active hours before sleep were more than satisfactory. All we need is the same effect cut short by 50%, and we've got a truly useful drug, although not for therapy, of course.

For therapy, it would have to be a 4 to 6 hour duration, no more.

My feeling about the erotic aspect is that this material allows for access to the sensual, but not quite as strongly as some other materials. There is a pull from the mind and heart which is a bit stronger than that from the body, but unlike the 2C-G-1, this material does allow focus on the body if one wishes to put it there. Mind works beautifully, though. No tendency to distraction or dispersion. There is good grounding at all times. This is not a material on which to practice skimming the ground at an altitude of 2 inches or more, but then.....we don't ask for the impossible, only the miraculous.

I look forward very much to further 2C-G's, and if I could plan for a solid 10 hours of sleep, would happily take this one again. Enjoyed it very much indeed, and could learn to work this it. Thanks, gorgeous.

May 19, 1987 2C-B, 30 mgs.
Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.

Today was the last lecture of this series at SFSU, and it ended on a note that greatly impressed Trey Vetrano -- questions, questions and more questions. He felt this was a rousing way to end a lecture series, and so it was.

At home, after errands and phone calls, we took 2C-B for a relaxing evening. Also interested in seeing whether Saturday's long 2C-G-5 might affect tonight's experiment. Concluded that it did have a light effect. S. couldn't quite make contact with fire in the belly, so to speak. Good body, easy and mellow. I managed a rounded, quiet orgasm without much trouble. The last time we had 30 mgs. of this material, it was a wild +3+, and tonight was a quiet +3 without any trumpets at all. Nice and relaxing, though.

May 25, 1987 Monday, Memorial Day 7:25 p.m.
LAMIDE, 300 mic.

Third time for me, more for Sasha. Pretty good transition, with minimal body anxiety, a bit of the sadness during processing, but all normal stuff. Cleaner than Lucy, in some way. Probably, as Sasha suggests, equivalent to 250 mic. of Lucy. Great for the erotic, this time. Good humor. Watched very moving Vietnam Vets program. Then watched a toy submarine zapping a parachute-silk medusa underwater. Never mind. Ya hadda be there.

Eyes slightly swollen, but minimal and nowhere near the Lucy problem.

Lecture 8 finished. Good letter to Sean. Tomorrow, the Venture capitalist again. Maybe see Umar M. in hospital first. Then evening at Berkeley Rep. It's kind of nice to have Tuesdays and Thursdays free. Not that they stay free. They get filled in, but at least we get to sleep a bit later. Until the hearings start again. Wednesday is full attention day. Hakim will be featured. Slurp, yum.

May 30, 1987 Saturday 5 p.m. 2C-T-21, 10 mgs.

During Sasha's weekend with Ted at the Grove, I am trying this for the first time, at 2 mgs. more than Sasha's last very excellent 2.5+ mgs. which he enjoyed thoroughly.

My frame of mind going in was excellent. Good humor, good energy, possibilities of vanquishing the interior enemies. Almost regretted changing the state, until a couple of hours in.

It seems to me that it didn't peak for about 2 hours. Am now at 10:30, and probably dropping, though it's very gentle and feels more like adjusting to the level.

I wouldn't agree that it's not visual or psychedelic, in the true sense of the word. It really is, I think. Neil will get plenty of visuals, believe me. Increase in color awareness, brightness. It's not another MDMA. However, it is quite gentle, and although I don't think I got to more than a 2.75+, I suspect that +3 will still not offer any hardship to body or mind. Would not hesitate to go to 12-14 next time. Would I try 15 mgs.? Probably would. Not anorexic. Energy is centered, not pushy. Thinking is easy, and connection with emotions perfectly fine. I did not feel particularly inspired to clean house or do a lot of stuff, even writing, mostly because I was engrossed in finishing the Zodiac book and then watching some good documentaries on TV, including a piece of absolute poetry called the Chihuahuan Desert. Did some sewing, made a chamois bag. Kind of fun.

Now enjoying both writing and the incredible Discovery Channel, which keeps informing me about all the different ways human beings manage to exist, even on the very tippy-most tip of England.

Insight? Uh -- why, er -- I dunno. Insight. Hmm. Got to think about that.

This would be an excellent material for the 21st research group. Good, safe, friendly and not too bloody long. I hope, of course, this evening to milk it for all it's worth. We'll see how long I can manage to stay above +1.

It is now 2:30 a.m. I am now +1 and all is well and I'm going to quit writing and go to bed. Goodnight....

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

Date: July 28, 1986

Place: Frazier residence, Burbank

Participants: Kia Gotter, Uma Frazier, Peggy and Fred

Background: Kia, age 79, had her first experience two years ago. A person of remarkable integrity, she has worked harder to learn from and make the most of her experience than anyone I know. She suffers from very difficult relationships with her children and their families in Tuscon, and has decided to save herself the pain by staying away from them. She arrived in Burbank looking better than ever, announcing she is at peace with herself and ready to die. She was hoping for an experience with the whole family (Ivan and Vanessa were not available), but Uma wanted an experience so she wished to join in. Jacob has been abstaining from these experiences for some time, and probably will for a while until he clarifies some things for himself. I have not thought his rationalizations particularly cogent, nor has he found my observations particularly inspiring.

9:54 a.m. Uma and Kia take 120 m.g. of Pegasus; Peggy takes 110 m.g.; Fred takes 8 m.g. of 2C-T-2. Kia starts talking immediately, getting into her relationships with her family. We begin to feel in 1/2 hour, with considerable intensity in an hour. I again find the 2C-T-2 an excellent way to go, sharing intimately in the Pegasus experience and being right with the participants. Kia's pulse climbs pretty high; Jacob checks it at 100 and finds it irregular. Kia looks very wan; she is going through very heavy, painful material. I am concerned enough to withhold the supplement, but she begins to turn around and feel and look better. She has a great need to talk, and goes almost non-stop, with little ability to attend others. Peggy and Uma are both in great spaces. Peggy and I give Kia our full attention, and Uma spends her time relating to Jacob and Iris.

11:38 a.m. Uma, Peggy, and Kia take 40 m.g. supplement of Pegasus, Peggy and Uma had originally considered taking 2C-T-2 at this time, but we decided to focus our support on Kia and continue with the Pegasus. Kia continues to remain the focus of attention, and she becomes lighter and lighter as she unburdens herself. I feel she works through a very heavy load of material, and suspect she will feel very much better after this experience. The bonding and love among us grows continually during the day, until we all reach a state of peace and wonderful fellowship for the remainder of the day.

While Kia sees very clearly, and has remarkably excellent standards of conduct, she applies them rigorously to others, which is the cause of a good deal of her dilemma. Some of her standards are so demanding that she notices only whether or not they are violated, and is unaware of well-intentioned behavior of others which doesn't happen to fit into her categories. Both she and her children are starved for acceptance, yet continually fight and find fault with each other because they do not please each other in the specific ways that they demand, and are deeply hurt when the conciliatory moves they make are not perceived as such by the other. Kia is very honest and eager to learn and correct her faults, which makes it a great joy to share an experience with her, in addition to experiencing the marvelous love and aliveness that comes from her.

Peggy had started the day very uncomfortable with a serious cold and congestion in her head and lungs. This cleared up quite well during the day and left her in a very peaceful and loving state. Uma was quite pleased with her

experience, and cleared up a lot of communication in her family. Jacob reported feeling very empty at first from not participating, and then uncomfortable during the sludgy period. He then began feeling very much better, and picked up a good contact high, which helped him a lot in his communication with Uma.

I once more found 8 m.g. of 2C-T-2 an excellent way to go, feeling very euphoric and tuned in. Just after supplement time, I reached a very euphoric plane of grace very much like Pegasus. The activity continued well through the afternoon and evening in a very wonderful way. I had considered taking a supplement if necessary, but was at no time inclined to. Now, two days after, despite feeling quite good and solid inside, I feel somewhat draggy, and wonder if a supplement might have cleared more of this out. Am content to wait and see how this works out, especially after getting some much needed exercise when I return home today.

Peggy Brandt

November 9, 1986

Ethyl Lad was a wonderful experience for me. I got quite high right away it seemed. I remember saying "I'm blissed out" and I felt quite carefree and happy. I sat and talked to Ann on the porch for a long while. We had the best communication ever. Seemed to be on the same wave-length. She was most insightful when I described our recent visit with Usha and Dean. Both she and Ann -- whoops, I mean Tina -- caught the fact that Dean was operating from the waist up. Mmmmmmm, it was a reversal of my original analysis of him. After giving it a few seconds of thought, I agreed with Ann and Tina. Summoned Fred to have him hear the insight, and he was quite taken with the opposite look we gave him. Can't help but be impressed with Ann and Tina's keenness.

Many other delightful exchanges with the group. Good feelings all around. This may go down as one of the very best for me!!

In retrospect I see how I am influenced by being with Tammie, and the very idea that I had seen her and Abner and AB and would indeed see them again for the Thanksgiving holidays, made me soar with delight. I can't quite seem to cut that cord as I still feel very connected with the gal. I remember sharing her problems with Kenton, etc. and Mel Parmeter was a great help to me. Also Tina. I can see now how much I miss that sort of communication. I just don't take advantage of Contel and call people and talk to them.

There was no letdown, no hangover, no physical problems. It was simply wonderful. (So much for the instability factor).

Thanks a millyun!

Peggy

On Monday, December 22nd, Peggy and Fred traveled on the DVC material beginning with 50 for Peggy, 100 for Fred. Smooth beginning for me -- very nice ascent with much to be thankful for. Felt quite good about my life and where I am, and how much I enjoy the environment and all of my possessions, and nature which is abundant. My feeling of intoxication arrived and it was very interesting even to walk to the bathroom. One incident there resulted in a nosebleed which scared the wits out of me. Fred just gave me a love-tap on the nose, and it emitted a stream of blood which wouldn't stop. Eventually it did, though.

As the day wore on the intoxication continued, the visuals were extremely beautiful and sensuous, and I just could not get with Fred's feeling of feeling sorry for the world and himself. I mean it just wasn't there! No sympathy whatsoever. Is something lacking in me that I don't feel it? We listened to music, and then I felt a sinister black snake-like entity swirling around and in back of me, and I shared with Fred that I was experiencing my sinister self, that I was scaring people for no reason and that I was this sort of a thing in a former lifetime, it felt like. I also felt that I had been beaten as a youngster -- really physically beaten, and that it was very difficult for me to trust anybody.

Now, I have no reason to suspect my father or mother for beating me. Perhaps they did spank me and it seemed like a beating. Nevertheless the feeling was there, and I had a hard time trusting anybody. ANYBODY. Including myself. Including Fred.

Another nosebleed while we were making passionate love. It was pretty powerful -- and we stopped making love. But while we at it, it was great.

I felt I should be very still, to quiet the bleeding. I was frightened and thought it would start bleeding again if I moved. So I became very still, got comfortable and shared with Fred my need to find trust somewhere. And that if I found trust in myself, I would indeed find trust in him. He held his hand to me and became a Shaman, and I could feel the healing energies. He told me that he was simply using my own energy to heal myself. It was after this that I began trusting myself and him once more.

But it was a startling experience for me. It wiped me out. I felt weak and powerless for quite a while. In fact, the feeling remained with me for days.

We drove to LA two days later, spent Christmas at Uma's. Ivan and Vanessa came over and it was very nice. Next day we flew to Maui, and I was still feeling rather shaky, and even a little nauseous.

During the experience I felt that I had died, literally. And coming back to life was rather frightening. I guess this accounts for the weakness. I need nurturing, and don't take care of myself and don't give myself credit. I was extremely tired for quite a time after this one. Even in Maui I didn't have any energy.

Peggy

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V.C.

Date: December 22, 1986

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: It has been several weeks since an experiment. After the Thanksgiving experiment, I felt quite loaded, and anxious to have an experience. However, I dealt with this in other ways, and felt I was making excellent progress through normal methods. This began to change in the last week, when I began to feel quite loaded again, running more tired, and having to take much more time to get things done - just not being on top of things, feeling harder to be in touch with my center. Also had put on an extra 5 pounds, very unusual for me. So this experiment was welcome.

9:52a.m. Both take DVC on an empty stomach, Peggy 50, Fred 100. It comes on fairly rapidly, with great intensity. It immediately turns quite negative for me, and is quite uncomfortable. My goal for some time has been to turn these negative feelings around, so I worked on this. However, they were so powerful that I decided the only thing I could do was lie down and flow with the experience. I experienced enormous negativity. It seemed that everything in my life was wrong. I felt the starkness of Lone Pine, felt extreme loneliness. I was fed up with Peggy. I had no interest in writing, which I have recently chosen to be my major activity. I was handling everything wrong. The feelings were very intense. Logically, I couldn't understand why things looked so bleak, so I just let the feelings flow. Peggy was in a wonderful space; everything looked beautiful to her and she was enjoying the experience. She mentioned how she liked to have a neat house. My desk and workplace was a mess. I realized that if I care for her, I would straighten it out and should do it immediately. I got up to work on it, but it was just too uncomfortable. I didn't care to do it, and lay down again.

The pain and turmoil continued, and it began to seem like the state of the world in the fairly near future. It was clear that in such turmoil, you wanted to be with friends you could count on. I looked carefully at Peggy, and couldn't get the feeling she was my true friend. I then looked to see if I were her friend, and saw that I fell short in many ways. I spent some time concentrating on our friendship. We listened to the Berlioz Requiem, and it reached heights of remarkable beauty, accompanied by realizations of the vastness, wonder and goodness of life when one can enter a state of love. At one point I experienced a profound love of Peggy, as though her soul were revealed in all its wonder and exquisite tenderness.

Being so close to Christmas, I thought about Good Will toward Men. It was extremely difficult, but good work to bring about. I began feeling better and better. The waves of exultation would sometimes be followed by feelings of the doldrums, but I took them more and more in stride, accepting and trying to understand them, rather than counter them.

Peggy, in the meantime, began to feel worse. She was exasperated with my being in the doldrums, and then she encountered her stark self, which frightened her. At one point she felt that she had been badly beaten when a small girl.

2:00p.m. I am getting into a good space, and communication is becoming freer and easier. We relate easily about a number of things, and I feel a closeness and

facility of communication developing that we've never had before. Humor begins to creep in.

3:00 p.m. We each take 25mgs more DVC. We lie together to listen to music, which is a marvelous experience. The closeness grows. Peggy discovers her fear of intimacy, her need to trust. She begins to trust me. We find exploring each other's bodies very delightful, heavenly. We work through some differences, growing in intimacy, until Peggy develops a nose bleed which frightens her, makes her hesitant to pursue love-making. I hold out my hand to her face, feel great energy coming from her inner being, healing her. I verbalize what I feel; this increases her trust. We lie on the bed listening to music, the experience continually growing more beautiful with more bonding. Despite the lateness, I am having extremely beautiful, jewel-like visuals in wonderful colors. I find more and more that if I drop doubts, criticisms, irritations, and simply focus on loving her, the love flows beautifully and I feel exalted. It becomes clearer and clearer that the problem of the world is for us to forgive each other, accept our individual idiosyncrasies, and be able to manifest genuine good will. The good will and friendship kept growing. We had nothing to eat all day, and weren't the least bit hungry.

8:00p.m. We go for a walk. It is magical outside. We see two huge clouds that look like eagles. I see them flapping their wings and flying towards us, like great, friendly spirits looking over us. I have never been much for spirits, but feel these keenly, and feel that maybe I am opening up more.

Back to hot soup, which now feels great, and off to bed. Lying in bed, I feel very tired, and like it's time to die, let the new generation take over. I look at what this means - passing out of the body and going to a place for renewal and rejuvenation, then coming back for another fling. It occurs to me, why go through all of that? Why not simply hold still and go the recharging place right now? I do this, holding my mind without thought, and have a fantastic experience of my soul, a most magnificent, indescribably beautiful female who totally nourishes me and supplies me with all kinds of wonders if I have the gentleness, tenderness, openness, to allow it. It feels absolutely marvelous. I then realize that I have been trying to get all of these wonderful feelings out of Peggy, and am very frustrated with her when it doesn't happen. I see that this is all wrong, that they must come out of my inner self. Then my relationship with Peggy is fine, without these demands, and I can love her as never before. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. Right out of Robert Johnson's WE.

The next morning I feel absolutely marvelous, totally refreshed, clear, and energetic. All the stiffness has left my body; I have been rejuvenated. It's a new life. A tremendously valuable experience.

Two days later, driving to L.A., some frustrations begin to develop. I see that the experience was a great lesson in learning to overcome frustrations and generate love, friendship, good will, and genuine support. Now this lesson must be validated in the everyday events of life. The model is there; now it must be carried out.

Peg. -> 2C-T-2

January 1. 1987. To begin a new year, after spending a week in Maui with Vanessa and Ivan, we agreed (after a slight amount of reticence from Vanessa and Peggy) to take some DVC (except that Peggy asked for Pegasus. No, no, no. We ALL took Pegasus to begin with.

Nice beginning, mutual admiration society all round. Vanessa telling me I should find out what I want and then go for it. I should have some center, etc., etc. She would like to see me with a firm foundation. No pun.

I looked at Fred and saw his intelligence that I really like. His energy, his enthusiasm for working with people, his patience with everyone (except me).

And I also saw that he did not pay enough attention to me. When I realized he wanted "LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING" in his universe, I commented that I also wanted "LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING" and would like to have some of his. We talked about this for a while, when Vanessa said that the degree of communication should be "GOOD", and I said - "It doesn't have to be good. It just has to be me, like I am" or words to that effect.

What I really want is total acceptance. Then why do I finagle on totally accepting other people - like Vanessa? Good question. After imbibing the supplement of 2C-T-2, getting quite zonked out of my ability to communicate - collapsing on the floor for a couple of hours - I finally came to life again. By this time Vanessa was exhausted and the men were hungry so went into the kitchen to see about some soup. I did a few things like chop the carrots and generally set the table.

This was a puzzling day for me. Originally I wanted to spend more time on the beach. Later that night, when Fred and I took a short stroll down the beach, I had mentioned that I had wanted to spend more time on the beach. This resulted in a lot of explanation from Fred as to where he had been previously, wanting something to happen that didn't. I was not in the mood for such a description, so I told him that it was a very innocent remark and that I certainly didn't want it to change the effects of the otherwise very nice day we had spent. Besides, why didn't he agree with me? Oh well, we went to bed and had a good night's sleep == also a good love-making experience. Next day was packupandleave day with a beautiful day before us. Realizing the exquisite beauty of the islands at last, I said goodbye. Rather than facing the sadness in leaving, I looked forward to returning to Lone Pine, painting, mountains, etc. In fact, everything that Maui has to offer, except the surf and palm trees.

Jacob picked us up at the airport. Dropped I and V off at their home but did not even sit down, after we took the papayas we had bought. I am still in a state of "Well, here I am" and enjoyed sleeping plenty of hours. Still enjoying love-making with Fred.

---SATURDAY

Rather than go to a movie I stayed home with Uma and Iris. Fred and Jacob went to see Star Trek 4. Iris fell asleep in my arms. She is adorable, and extremely affectionate, and makes all of us feel good. My tiredness continued, and we drove home Sunday after losing that goddamned game. However, it was raining, the Subaru cooperated beautifully with heat, windshield wipers. And we got home around 4pm. In time to unpack, see Quincy,

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS AND D.V.C.

Date: January 1st, 1987

Place: Maui, Hawaii

Peg -> 2C-T-2

Participants: Vanessa and Ivan Brandt, Peggy and Fred

2C-T-2 -> DVC

Background: Ivan and Vanessa like to have a deeper experience about once or twice a year, believing in infrequent intervals. We spent a week together on Maui, which gave us lots of time to discuss various alternatives, discuss personal and family problems, and reach a good understanding among ourselves.

12:14 p.m. Vanessa and Ivan take 120mg. Pegasus, Peggy 100mg. Pegasus, Fred 10mg. 2-C-T-2. Comes on nicely, very intensely. Everyone rapidly gets well into it; I find my experience very intense. Wonderful good feeling, all the usual excellent symptoms - lots of energy, euphoria, intimate communication, youthful appearance. We get into intense discussion of interpersonal matters, everyone very open and involved, so much so that it is hard to get attention for supplement.

2:10

~~12:48pm~~ Ivan takes 150, Vanessa 100 and Fred 50mcg of DVC; Peggy takes 10mg of 2-C-T-2. I am so intoxicated I wonder why I am taking more, but I am interested in the experiment with this combination. It comes on very rapidly for me, rapidly clearing away any previous drug-effect feeling, smoothing things out beautifully and I get into places of such beauty that I cry. In about 15 minutes, everyone gets drawn inside, and I put on the Grand Canyon Suite on our little ghetto blaster. The music is exquisitely beautiful, and leads to beautiful, deep feeling experiences for all of us. After about 1/2 hour, I feel very much like staying inside, but the experience begins to take on a more unpleasant tone for me. I find I must work hard on loving myself and loving Vanessa. I see the judgmentalness that irritates me in her is really just a reflection of my own. I work through quite a bit, and then prefer to spend the rest of our day eyes open. I continually feel better and better, enjoying the beauty of our surroundings and the growing bond of strength among us.

We listen to music for about 1-1/2 hours, then re-establish contact. Peggy has been quite zonked out, feeling the dose was too much for her. She is not very communicative. Vanessa makes lots of suggestions for her to establish a stronger center, which Peggy seems to take without defensiveness. During her withdrawal, Vanessa looks closely at her life and all of her relationships to see how she is handling life. It is a very fruitful exploration, although she is quite tired at the end of the day, and retires early after we eat. Her main problem is Ivan's daughter, who is moving back to L.A., and with whom she has poor rapport. We all agree that honesty is the best policy, but that she must learn to communicate to Valerie in a way that she will be heard.

Ivan has wanted to look into his future, to see what he should do when he retires, and whether he should work with Woodrow, with whom he has been studying for the last 15 - 20 years. He feels that he has made no break-throughs, has no important realizations, and that perhaps it isn't time to make the decision. He still has a few tears to go to retirement. He has enormously enjoyed the experience, but can't get a feeling of closeness to God or that he needs to do anything special for humanity. I find that in discussing Woodrow's program with him, that my mind becomes extremely clear and insightful. However, I don't pursue this, since Peggy is feeling left out and I take time to be with her. Also, I get the feeling Ivan believes that I have made some wonderful achievements that he has

not, and I share some of the difficulties in my own life - mostly my depression over the drug laws and the difficulty of loneliness and settling down to writing. Vanessa is very understanding, and encourages my writing.

Ivan lies down again, seeing fantastic jewels; they come and go 3 different times, each time the central light illuminating them getting more intense and his feeling closer to the source of light. This pleases him greatly, as he feels it is a sign of progress in getting closer to the source. To bring this on, he has relaxed his mind and watched his breathing as we had talked about earlier.

We ended the day in marvelous rapport and intimacy, feeling renewed and strengthened, except perhaps for Vanessa. Everyone felt it was a valuable experience and glad that we could do it. It was a wonderful cap to the week we had spent together, and we left quite fulfilled.

P.S. One important aspect of my experience is that at one point I was trying to work with what I had learned before, and trying to open myself up to answers to questions. I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. I stepped out on the balcony, with a full view of the beach, the ocean, palm trees, and Molokai. I felt on top, my full power, as compared to the previous passive stance of being receptive. It seemed so clear to simply determine what kind of world I wanted and create it. In some kind of magical sense it seemed that my deciding and applying effort mobilized forces that would help bring it about. At least I felt much better inside.

June 5, 1987 2C-T-21 (listed as T-21x2) 15mgs.

My second time on this material. Unlike last time, at 10 mgs, it didn't take two hours for maximum effect; only one hour, I think, and we were quite +3. I felt in more in my head than in the body - being aware of slight congestion. Energy good, but Sasha was right - absolutely no hope on the erotic front. Oh, well. It wasn't too bad, considering that I have my period, supposedly almost over, but definitely revived, apparently as a result of taking the material. Of course, not so good for Sasha, but we'll make up for it next week. And even more the week after, when I have no commitments except for writing and sex. Hee hee. Also should commit myself to memorizing the various forms of the word 'commit'.

Good humor. Fun with TV. Must learn to make matzoh ball soup, since the jar of it costs too much. From scratch, it's got to be.

Tomorrow, even though we will probably have next to no sleep and have to rise early, early in the morning, it should be fun, with Sasha presenting whatever for three hours or so, and me bringing up the rear with whatever Sandra has in mind. Then, just before we collapse, Elata's party. Good grief. We will have earned our normal quiet Sunday.

The kids left tonight. Last minute thoughts from Sasha which I will write to her N.Y. Address. About the tendency to trust anyone speaking English when you're in a foreign country.

This material is supposed to be baseline within 6 hours. It is now after midnight, and I am still about +2, a very strong +2, but Sasha is being loyal to the script; he's about baseline. Oh, well.

Oh yes. Physical effects. Increase of flow, considerable. May not last, but there was a distinct effect. Also, swollen eyes, but without the irritation that happens with Lucy. However, it's clear that the psychedelics - some of them, anyway - increase the effect of the mild eye infection I haven't yet taken care of.

This will be excellent for the group. Probably between 8 and 12 mgs.

Now ready to try and sleep, around 1.50+ at around 2am. I seem to milk some of these things pretty efficiently. Which means that others might, too, so it would be wise to plan for some who are baseline by 6 hours, and some that won't be.

June 8, 1987. Monday. 2C-T-21. 12mgs. Ann. 5pm.

After a four-hour intensive with Zada, who is graduating, bless her. Came home and decided that this would be a good day to try a lower amount of this material, which is rather non-erotic, since Sasha would be out all day and evening. It was a chance to see if there would be energy and drive for writing or any other socially acceptable pursuit.

Well...12mgs. is quite enough for a thorough +3, which was established within the first hour and plateaued by the end of the second. Body felt quite safe, again, but there was considerable push of energy. Did not feel particularly interested in doing anything like writing, and in fact preferred to watch television while rocking a bit on the couch, to ease the push. Mood was fairly grim, but not more than faintly. I noted one thing I hadn't seen before; time slowing. The first two hours seemed to last a very long time.

There is no anorexia. I had some soup, not as much for the sake of hunger as for a possible easing of a bit too much energy during transition.

It wasn't until around 10p.m. that the idea of writing had any appeal at all. By then, I was still +3, but a lot more at ease. Wrote two letters, enjoyed the process.

Sleep was fine. Mood next day slightly introverted, not very spontaneous for a while. In late afternoon, lots better.

Still feel this is excellent for group, but I would put the upper limits at 12mgs

There is no way for me to be sure whether the general feeling and mood of this material was due to the drug or to me. My state of mind had been somewhat introverted going in, and I had been mulling over a few matters and trains of thought which were more serious than joyful, although there was nothing serious going on. So I'll be tremendously interested in the research group's responses. Perhaps it would make sense to give rather low initial doses to sensitive people, and up them if necessary at the 1-1/2 hour point. The body is certainly not uncomfortable, but the energy charges can be quite strong.

F 100 + 40

QK-08

35 year-old white female recently separated from her husband of two years. She is a dry alcoholic and an adult child of alcoholics. K is very cognitive and cuts off feelings when she is close to self ~~discos~~ disclosure. She battles with the concept that she is an alcoholic and while attending meeting (AA) she has difficulty with the 12-step program. Focus has been on self-esteem, self-acceptance, and not pleasing others - particularly men.

Initial ingestion - redness in cheeks, shaking in arms and perspiration. Felt warm in upper part of torso, felt "more peaceful" and "at rest". Mind had stopped chattering and there were less negative thoughts. K admitted to blocking some of the positive feelings because they were new and she needed to have reciprocation. Something she feels she has been denied from childhood. No active father, mother and not trusting because people always leave her. Worked on finding a guide for her, a friendly power.

Second ingestion 2 hours later. Reported feelings of nausea about 45 - 60 minutes after that. Increase in tremors. Complexion red in the cheeks, and minute bumps on the right and left side of the jaw-line. Increased fluid intake, some tightening of the jaw. Followed by need to vomit. Nausea and vomiting continued intermittently into the evening and K reported a night of restless sleep interrupted by her need to throw up. Complexion and bumps were evident for 48 hours following session. Skin is currently normal and the last of the bumps receded four days following session. K has been under a great deal of stress. Separation, moving into a new home, financial pressure and an underlying state of anxiety.

Session was conducted with music (Vivaldi and Mozart) in a private setting. Looking at trees and the skyline through a large picture window. Session lasted 10 hours because of my concern for K's welfare. She is only allergic to caffeine and codeine and never has experienced this kind of reaction before. Her earlier background has included experience with recreational materials prevalent in the sixties and she has not experienced them with the exception of some marijuana and that is taken rarely.

It seems that the "experience" was too soon for her stress level and needs to be repeated at ~~ss~~ smaller increments and at a later time. K expressed interest in continuing the exploration.

F 150 = 50

able to track client thought process with patience and more fully explore thoughts and images to their fullest potential. Noticed better tracking and enhanced ability to use hypnotic state to elicit meanings expressed in an abstract form or half stated. Energy constant and no evidence of fatigue afterwards or the following day.

see QK08

F-52

33 year-old ACA. Recently separated from her husband. In a career crisis. Does many things well and does not allow self to excel. Strong mental censor prevents her from connecting with the child within and her own dark side issues which she admits she has. Therapy has progressed well until the last few weeks where we both are feeling stalemated. Client is active and has had Lupus since she was 18. Attacks are minimal and have increased when she is in contact with her husband.

Physiological with F.

After the first hour waves of nausea coupled with coldness in the extremities. "My body is going crazy" feeling turned upside-down. Alternatively experiencing tears and laughter. Expressed concern that she would never be able to stop crying. Feels that there is so much tears, so much uncried about.

Altered perceptions.

Client is an artist, designer. Has always painted in flat dimensional colors similar to the Paris school of painting using rectangles and squares. Implosion of new configurations. Feeling a freeing of form and enjoying shapes, circles similar to amoebas. Strong feelings of wanting to paint 50,000 paintings. Using a multi-colored palette. Seeing colors through a kaleidoscope (I don't hate it I always hated them as a child). "I've never know that many colors existed". Skin was yellow to her. Yellow is least favorite color. Walk in back yard. Hates house - objects (plants and shrubs look dead. Green grass not green enough. Expressed fear of brown - grass dying out).

Content.

Age 4 first clear message not to be. Up to that time felt like a gifted child. Do not accept compliments, do not imagine, taking time for self is selfish. No approval from Father. Always looking for approval never finding it. Never finishing anything because of the fear of having to be accountable. Picking men - two marriages and one L.I. Married first time to get away from home and second marriage can't imagine how she let herself marry him. Picked men for dependability - it's not there. Issue of who can I depend on?

Mirror work.

Seeing self younger, lines of worry and age disappeared. Sparkle in eyes. Is that me?

2CB 20-5

Energy level and awareness excellent. Able to join clients' perceptual realities well. Some afternoon fatigue. No residual effects.

4-11-87 lone Pine, California

Saturday, starting at around 8a.m., DOET. Dosages varying from 1mg to a maximum of 5. LP took 1, the first time she's taken anything in many months. Seems to enjoy the level very much. From a cool early morning, the weather changed to quite hot, with the mountains sharp and clear, rock and snow against the blue sky.

I was persistently around 2.5+, at the maximum, and even the addition of 1mg. At the 2 hour point - making the total 6 mgs - didn't affect it particularly. Very gentle, mild, friendly kind of action, and essentially lazy. Tried writing and couldn't do anything at all. Neil found the same. Peggy brought out clay and eventually I tried making a head, or face to be exact, and that was fun and successful, but any writing was out of the question.

By 10p.m., I was baseline, Sasha was still feeling effects, Neil and Fred were still nearly +3, and Peggy was only slightly affected, while LP and wife were presumably baseline, or close enough. Sleep was zilch for Neil and Fred, but they had a superb nights experience nonetheless. My dreams were tight and pushing, but basically positive. Felt scratchy in the morning, but that's normal for me. A bit more than usual irritability, however.

Sunday morning, Alan arrived just after supper last night. Slept out on the deck with the wind howling, but he has a good sleeping bag and the men had hauled a mattress out to the deck for him during the afternoon, and, most of all, he'd been looking forward to the outside deck sleeping for a long time, with the moon almost full and the coyotes howling at the foot of the mountain.

Sunday in Death Valley. No materials. Went to Furnace Creek Inn, the famous restaurant, for their fabled Sunday Brunch, taking Fred and Peggy as guests. Nobody suspected that it would be as inexpensive as it was. Incredible buffet with return trips. Food marvelous. Chefs and waiters at the ready, large dining room, (at this point 1987 5/16/87 virus struck).

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 345 COMPOUND

Date: June 8, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Quest Bilden, Peggy and Fred

Background: Quest had never tried this substance, and it seemed propitious to do at this time. He had made a deep confrontation a few weeks ago which might be well resolved by such an experience. I also was eager for another profound experience.

9:21 a.m. All ingest 345 compound, Peggy 200 m.g., Fred 300, Quest 400. Smooth start, good feeling, outside is beautiful. No nausea. All have excellent takeoff.

We spend some time talking about Quest's early life. His dad died early of tuberculosis; he was moved out to live with an aunt to avoid infection. There was very little affection in his family (he had 8 brothers and sisters, he next to last), no emotional support from mother; she was always resistant to any new ideas, strongly invested in accepted patterns.

We move out on deck, enjoy beauty of the outdoors. All going well. After a while I begin to feel that I want 200 more. Peggy says it isn't the chemical, I need to confront what's going on. I tried this a while, went inside. At first it felt quite good, then got worse. When I came out, I didn't feel good at all. Decided trouble started when I wanted more and didn't do it.

12:46 p.m. I take 200 m.g. more. Comes on nicely, builds to enormous intensity. I am more stoned, in more intense experience than I have ever been. Not really uncomfortable, but intense energy, restlessness. Almost difficult to handle. Music is welcome. Is unusually beautiful, we all rise to wonderful breakthroughs of peak experience, realizations.

Talking about Richard Moss and others, I catch myself, noticing that I am frequently cutting others down. I look at this, wondering why. I see that I am a failure, and have refused to acknowledge this; I attempt to defend the exalted view of myself by cutting others down. Saw this with much profounder clarity than ever before. Saw that in many meaningful ways I really am a failure; I am far short of the goals I have set up. Looking realistically, I have accomplished very little. Much of what I have done has been opened by others, and I have copied. And I have relied on others to carry on what I often should have done myself. This was not a guilty, fault-finding dynamic, but simply a clear, honest appraisal of what has been going on in my life. I felt very relieved to see it so clearly, and was quite at peace with it.

Listening to end of Berlioz Requiem, experience rises to incredible, uncontrollable heights. I break into deep, anguished, ecstatic sobs of the deepest level I have ever experienced. I am penetrated through and through with the commandment: Love God with all your heart and all your mind and all your soul and all of your strength. I went through each item individually, realizing it on the broadest scale, and cried and cried as I saw how far short I fell of it, yet how utterly magnificent it was to do it. Never felt love so profoundly, or the presence of God so deeply. We were all wrung out.

Rest of session went beautifully. All in marvelous space, wonderful love among us. Everything is incredibly beautiful, very heightened perception. Quest

again and again is very intuitive and insightful, helping me get out of ruts I begin to fall in.

I spent some time in quiet looking at my life and relationships, which I see with great clarity. Most urgent is Kenton, Tammie's ex, who is still causing Tammy lots of trouble. I dislike him because like me he is so needy. See clearly we must approach him with love. Peggy too has a lot of trouble with this one. See we have to spend some time with him on our trip.

This was a marvelous, profound experience. Rich and full, rewarding. Next day felt quite normal, at peace.

DOPR June 17.1987 5.0 mgs. Hippy-hoppy-birthday, as Pooh would say.

My first taking of this, which is an old (22 yrs?) favorite of Sasha's. Previously taken up to 2.8 mgs for 1.5+, and 3.6 mgs. for 2+ and maybe a bit over. More like an indole in general all-over effect, than non-indole. but not really. Absolutely psychedelic, whatever that means. Excellent erotic and good body sense, body well-balanced. Not for first trips. Strong material. Well-grounded, but then, I suspect that's us, not everyone. We were speculating on what it's going to be like, taking 2C-E again, because Sasha has resynthesized it, after how long? about 5 years. I think. That used to be a guaranteed float-above-the-floor cosmic trip. Just as 500 mgs. of mescaline used to be. So, I suspect, 2C-E will now be just another good +3, as our last try at 500 mgs. of mescaline was. Oh, dear. our baseline must have changed!

We've talked about a million things, including Ken Kesey's very interesting 1-1/2 hours worth of documentary, currently airing on PBS. Delightful, and done carefully, despite the haphazard look of it. For one thing, Kesey was described -- by the narrator -- as using pot and occasional LSD. Kesey added in person certain feelings about this and that, but his use of these illegal materials was stated by somebody else. not himself. Message: I have survived a great deal of psychedelic use in the past and am still making use of these drugs at present, and you see before you a stolid. effective. successful, earthy, productive. creative and pretty obviously not too brain-damaged author and farmer. Another message: Kesey and his friends (or group) have figured out that the establishment is not going to pay attention to them to the point of following through on whatever has been said on this documentary; they've figured out, by now. that the establishment will turn its dangerous attention on you only when you directly challenge its power, and that this documentary, being shown on PBS, is not going to reach enough people to be considered a challenge. But the people who are willing to turn it on and keep listening are being told a lot.

We discussed the possible reasons for the computer breakdown. Viruses and worms. It's time for professional treatment, as soon as I've finished the article. The idea of getting a new one was great for a moment, but Sasha says wait a year or a bit more, until the new development, the 386 capacity thing. gets going.

All right, back to basics. The initial activity is apparent within one hour, and by the end of the second hour. I was full +3. The third hour was simply more of the same, I guess. Full plateau by what --? end of third hour? Don't really know. But it's now about 7 p.m. and we started at 11:20 a.m.. and I'm still a good +3.50+. Excellent television, this time. Steve Jobs and other brilliant innovators. the end of On the Road, two phone calls I answered, finally - Rikki saying they're home. And Helen saying everybody's fine. including Jeffery, who will be home Saturday because he's finally running out of money.

She will phone next Wed. at WND. Sounds fine.

Now 5 a.m. and I'm a soft +2, as dawn is showing a smoky rose light over the hills. We watched the Kremlin Letter, which is a superbly done downer. Good but ugh.

Sasha's birthday presents today include Dali book, Voodoo book. Erotic Art book, Chinese Herb book. Sunday will be final thing and party and research group. Oh boy oh boy oh boy I think I'm going to drag him home to bed. NOW. Good night.

[Editor's Note: Page 322 has been merged with this page]

June 22, 1987

Dear Sasha,

Here is the report on 2C-T-2I or 2, 5 dimethoxy-4-(2-fluoro-ethylthio)-phenethylamine. Correct me on naming the compound; at least I can remember the structure from this.

Took 6 mg at 11 am. Noticed something undefined within five minutes which went away. Within 15 minutes, I noticed a definite awareness of activity. There was a progressive increase in awareness of something happening over the next two hours with a plateau of perhaps an hour then occurring.

The nature of the happening, as usual, is not clear. During the experience I was a little more talkative than I usually am. I seemed to be interacting with all others. There was no euphoria. There was no body load or nausea, nor was there any nystagmus. I found little mental confusion at the peak; however, there was some searching in my memory bank for the right chips at times. I lost the entire line of one of my conversations with Tina at one point during the period of the plateau and had to ask her what was I talking about. I tested my visual field on a painting in the bathroom. With sufficient concentration, I could get the field around the center of the painting to move (wiggle a little). Not much! The visual pattern within the face of the painting would have changing shadows. Again, fairly minor. I didn't get much with the eyes closed (I didn't try too much).

Coming down from the plateau was uneventful, but pleasant. I suspect I was near baseline by 6 or 7 pm. However, on the 'way home near 9 pm, both Clare and I noted that after observing bright red stoplights on cars in front of us, there were after images that was strongly blue purple. Both of us seemed tired that evening. My eyes seemed tired or bothered. We both slept like logs and awoke at near 6 am the next day. I did not seem tired that next day. I did not find the material anorexic.

What can I say about the material? The experience was certainly pleasant. It seemed to facilitate a more party like atmosphere with pleasant conversations and a feeling of being high. I certainly got that feeling of being high, but not out of it because of too much. Perhaps there is merit to the use of the material as a party material or perhaps as a positive mood elevator. I wonder if periodic and frequent use (say twice a day) at the 1 or 2 mg level would be a positive mood enhancer?

Otherwise, I did not get a feeling that there was much more to the activity; I didn't get any Aha's from it or any insight (or believing there was insight).

You wondered about my careful approach to the question about would I take more. I wondered about it too. I think I am careful of these compounds. In retrospect, I would not hesitate to take 7 or 8 mg; but I would not go beyond those quantities until experienced 8 mg. I did note a slight undefined edginess at the peak of this experience so that I would like to experience a little more material, but I would prefer to increase the dose slowly. Would I take more material? Yes! But I'm not sure why. Since the material doesn't hit us on the head with a hammer, why should we ignore it?

Love and thanks for the fine day,

Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-2

Date: June 14, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Tuscon and Henna, Vida and Serena, Quinn, Alonso, Peggy and Fred

11:03 a.m. Four participants take 2C-T-2, Vida and Fred a take 14 m.g., Quinn and Tuscon take 16 m.g. The other four participants take 120 m.g. each of Pegasus.

Comes on slowly. Begin to feel at 1/2 hour, grows steadily in intensity to peak at 2 hours. Everyone in a great space, feeling good. After an hour, I begin to feel uncomfortable; discomfort grows so that at 2 - 3 hours, I am extremely uncomfortable. Don't know why. Get considerable relief by Quinn and Peggy working on me on massage table; feel much better.

Vida works with me a while; he is an excellent therapist. Explores with me where my low self-worth comes from. I share my painful birth experience, feeling of causing untold pain, feeling of worthlessness for being hung up in the birth canal. He gets me to see total illogic of this; a natural process I can't control. My fear could not have influenced events. Also couldn't help that my mother wanted a girl.

My older brother was a bully. Vida claims I interjected him, created an inner tyrant. Fascinating work getting me to externalize this tyrant, give him different ridiculous shapes and characteristics, bring him under my command until I felt free.

I feel hatred at myself for not standing up to Don. Vida points out how impossible this was. For the first time, I contact the very deep helplessness that I felt in the situation. Before, this had always been blocked behind a wall of concrete. This was a great relief.

From here on, the experience moved into a wonderful feeling of well-being and closeness to all the others. The groups seems to consolidate into a deeper and deeper relationship, and more wonderful bonding as we continue these experiments. This wonderful closeness held not only through the rest of the day, but the several days later until our departure.

REPORT OF EXPERIENCE WITH 2C-T-21

Date: June 21, 1987

Place: Private residence, East Bay, Ca.

Participants: Research group

11:00 a.m. 2C-T-21 is ingested as follows: three participants, F 6 m.g., 1 -- 7 m.g., 1 -- 8 m.g., 3 -- 10 m.g. Comes on very gradually, slowly. Takes about an hour to feel; reasonable intensity in two hours, +2.

Never reaches a very high intensity. Very pleasant material, enhancing communication, clear thinking, good feeling. Feeling of closeness, bondedness with group grows steadily during the day, reaching a highly rewarding level.

A first: Was hungry only 2 hours in. Usually don't want food till well down, as most often have feeling food interferes with the experience.

Another first: from about 2 - 5 p.m., nibbled constantly. Inside, felt as though there was nothing in my body. Usually I feel a little logy after eating. Wonderful feeling of enjoying eating, feeling only the warmth and energy, with no contrary developments.

Wonderful day of closeness, harmony, good communication, with these attributes continuing into the following days. Also very nice feeling of inner strength and peace.

July 15, 1987 Wednesday

Report on Lucy, 250 mic., somewhere around 7 p.m. on Tuesday,
July 14th (BASTILLE DAY), 1987.

Knowing that we will, almost surely, cross our letters in the mail again, this is being written as a note of some kind to Fred and Peggy, while being also a report on the experiment.

Dear Peggy and Fred:

Just want you to know that us hard-heads who climb up to 350 micrograms, can also drop down. We stayed, at Sasha's suggestion, at 250 mics. yesterday, and it was one of the greatest experiences of my life. I know that sounds like Fred, who always manages to make each experience into a step forward, somehow, even if it looks momentarily like a step backward - but it's true! It was extraordinary.

First, why did we take a lower level? Well, interesting little scene the evening before. I had been in a pretty dark place for a couple of days. Not because Sasha was away at the Grove, but because I've given up smoking, and still am occasionally feeling very deprived and therefore angry, and because sometimes I try to compensate for the imbalance of energy by over-eating, which leads me into an even worse space. Also, it had been very hot and I don't function well in heat. And, on top of everything else, I have an assignment to completely rewrite the Boston paper, called A New Vocabulary, within one and a half weeks, in order to have it as a chapter in a new book being put out by Bob Forte with the help of Stan Grof, in which our chapter would be in the company of everybody who is anybody in the psychedelic world; the decision to rewrite is entirely my own, because it's just too stiff, and we both write a hell of a lot better now than we did then.

Anyway, the whole thing had dunked me in a state of anxiety and vaguely recognized depression. Sasha had returned briefly from the Grove to work Monday at S.F. General Hospital as he does every Monday, and I called him at work and asked if I could be the next person to try out another level of Ariadne. (Quick background note of 2,000 pages): on the 4th of July, at a small gathering of the anniversary people who got married on the 4th down below our house plus Alan & and Ted and Manon and a barbecue and stuff, Alan took a level of Ariadne (Sasha's old anti-depressant which got given to Bristol, and which is being looked at again in case we can get it back from Bristol and maybe make use of it) and at about 12 mgs., Alan changed from a somewhat grumpy person (he had just stopped chewing tobacco and was experiencing some degree of nicotine withdrawal too) to a very upbeat and cheerful one.

So, I thought to myself, this is the perfect time for me to take Ariadne, because I'm feeling a bit low and ugh-ish, so I checked with Sasha and took 20 mgs. of Ariadne.

Three hours later, I was feeling no effects that I could detect; my depression or my self-rejection or whatever had not lifted noticeably; I decided I was going to mix and match (having in mind, I guess, Ariadne as a kind of MDMA, which might boost something else taken later), and took 25 mgs. of 2C-D, thinking well, maybe I'll feel SOMETHING.

About six hours later, Sasha and I were in bed and attempting to bounce around a bit and not quite getting anywhere, although it was comfy, and I realized that I was having a bit of tachycardia. It continued for quite a few hours, off and on, without at all feeling dangerous, but just increased my depression. My feeling was that the whole thing was a message from my unconscious mind, and it was all

psychological, and the only thing that felt right to do, was cry. So I used Sasha's chest for a pillow and cried a bit. Not knowing what at, or for, but who cares? When ya gotta cry, ya gotta cry. For just a few seconds, really. Things calmed down a bit and I had no trouble sleeping, but was aware of hyperventilating quite comfortably during the night, off and on.

So, it was a nasty bit of reminder from the physical world that if you don't open up to what the psyche is trying to shout to you, it'll have to get to you through the body, and that's just what it'll do. I was wondering, the next day, if I still was going to be showing some irregular heartbeats, but they were very minimal, if and when I got any at all. My feeling, during the day, was that the whole thing was psychological and would have to be dealt with in that area, somehow.

Anyway, when Sasha returned on Tuesday from his Donner Lab job (he's decided to be down here for three days, and then remains at the Grove for the rest of the encampment, having obligations to play his viola for the evening campfires from now on) -- around 7 p.m. I voted for an evening with Lucy, and he suggested we drop down to 250, and I thought to myself, okay, that's a nice Wow! level, but lower than the usual Wow! Level, and that wouldn't hurt, tonight.

Well, it turned out to be an extraordinary evening. Not only was I able to gradually feel out my body and understand that it was perfectly fine; I was able to stay on cosmic level long enough to re-establish at least a good part of my energy flow on all levels. At a certain point, I achieved, with the guidance of a rather excellent bed-mate, one of the universe's better quality organisms. In fact, the quality was of the level that requires a full chapter in the Pihkal book. I think. I can try, anyway.

Today, although I still want to smoke and still get too hungry, I am continuing to be aware of a certain amount of spine-energy, which is sort of nice. My heartbeat is about as even and healthy as one could ask. I am madly in love with the Mad Scientist. I am going to write that blasted paper within the next five days. Have concluded the universe is full of strange and weird and magical and odd things. And People.

Okay. I've been watching the IranContra-Gate. It just got dull, today, with Poindexter doing his part in the well-prepared script, which reads, of course: Under no circumstances will President be portrayed as anything but good guy, innocent, virtuous, especially since no one is in position to prove that he knew or signed anything serious. If top people support president, and get into legal trouble, President will return the favor, in time, by pardoning them. There was some tiny question, though not much, as to whether Poindexter would blow his cool and say something about President knowing etc., but of course that wasn't expected and didn't happen.

What remains is the effort on the part of the more thoughtful Republicans and Democrats to build, bit by bit, out of the tiny pieces of evidence, a case that can be made pretty solidly for the Great American Public to show that, AGAIN, the CIA has attempted to build more power bases, to consolidate more power with less accountability, and that the CIA is unable to keep itself from trying to take over the country (tomorrow, the world), and that, sometime in the future, some new laws are needed to keep the CIA director from continuing this sort of thing, and it does seem to infect most heads of the CIA.

Sasha's sending you a copy of the part of the new law which applies to whatever, outlined in red.

Thanks for your lovely letter and report and card and your warmth and -- oh, yes! Elatah is planning a UFO conference on October 21 and 22nd, I think, but don't quote me on the dates. It should be fun, and you should be there, but I'll wait until there's more information. I think it's planned for S.F., with Ken Ring and Baba Ram Bass, and people like us, and oh, well, more later.

Smooch, smerch, hug, fwweep...

Ann and Big Man

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V.C

Date: July 14, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Fred

9:15a.m. Fred takes 100mcg of DVC. Peggy goes to town; I work at writing. Within 45 minutes, experience is too intense to keep writing; I lay down. Experience quite a bit of discomfort; attempt to direct experience into new areas as it seems I have learned recently; unsuccessful. Experiment with co-creating; try to create joy. Only partly successful. No breakthrough, peace, as I had hoped for. In retrospect, felt I was trying too hard.

11:00a.m. Peggy returns. I feel her energy; it feels good. Examine some of the dynamics I have been through recently where I thought it felt better without her. Decide it feels better with her. Became aware of the wonderful nurturing, feminine energy that comes from her. Feels marvelous. I will honor her and keep that flowing.

We spend some time talking. I realize I set out to have an experience by myself and end up talking to her. She is not over-excited by some aspects of my experience. She goes to her studio, I return to writing.

Am very high. and my mind flows freely, but hard to stay with my book. Decide to look at my role as writer. It occurs to me that first of all, I am a lousy typist. I get powerful appreciation that if one is going to be good in a field, he should learn the field from the ground up, and master all details of the craft. I sit down at the keyboard and force myself to write accurately. First I slow down until I can type accurately. I feel that I have stretched time out, and I am now carefully programming my cybernetic system, as one programs a computer. I do it over and over, speeding up when I have it, then falling back in speed as I start to make errors.

Something within me is very resistant. Habits are hard to change, It's like there is a free spirit down there that doesn't want to be told what to do. But I realize it is important to restrain this system, and work at it. It helps when I rethink why I am writing, and can see it in the light of the highest possible cause for myself.

For two hours, I work away, paying strict attention to my typing. Despite the resistance, and the appeal of using the spell-checker, I feel this is an important thing to do. And I keep getting better and better, which is rewarding. I am not sure what I want to write, but I feel something wonderful inside of me may one day come out, and I want to be ready for it. I see that there are many, many things I need to learn to perfect being a good writer, but I must certainly start here at ground I. First grade.

I looked at why my mind kept wanting to leap ahead. I hold a self-image of doing better things. Back to first grade. Start at the beginning.

Finally, I began to feel a very warm connection with the keys. The computer is becoming my friend! A warm flow is developing in me, and it feels great to be at the keyboard. Then I discover another thing. Concentration is the key. When I have my total attention on what I am doing, I feel this wonderful harmony, and

everything flows beautifully and accurate. It's like meditation. I see why the monks sit and meditate. In this single purpose focus of attention, the mind is locked still and energy can come in from other dimensions. What a marvelous feeling! Typing becomes a mantra.

At last I feel I have done what I can. Typing is still not perfect, but very considerably improved. And by concentrating, I can make it perfect. Next day, my typing is not only much more accurate, but it is much easier and more enjoyable to type. It has really become friendly. The fewer mistakes make the spell-checker work better, as there are fewer words that result in NONE.

During this operation, I become aware of the enormous potential of these substances. They can be powerful learning devices. I could see that all kinds of doors could open. But it takes work, dedication, intention, and openness. One thing was clear; it helped a great deal to focus outside of myself. I think a lot of my pain comes from being too involved in myself.

I also saw that writing was a very lonely occupation. To do it seriously, one gives up a lot of social contact. Yet when you are really into it, you are at one with your work, and it is joyful. That is one of the important measures of being a good writer.

5:00p.m. I had promised myself to do some weeding in the garden at this point. Was quite an education. Saw life was prolific, undirected. Man decides what he wants, selects the proper plants. This was very appropriate. Also saw it like a battle. Sometimes in pulling the dense weeds, I lost a beet or two. Soldiers fallen in the battle.

Down to the pond with Peggy. Marvelous swim. Back on the deck. Next two hours absolutely perfect, remarkable. We sit together, simply looking and enjoying. Haven't been so peaceful in many months. Again I feel Peggy's feminine energy, let her expand. Her expansion is my expansion. It occurs to me that maybe this is the way it has to work for us. Trying to do it for myself doesn't seem to hack it; at least it didn't today. Appreciating Peggy brought peace, beauty and joy.

Watching a remarkable sunset with fascinating clouds, got into a state of receptivity I have never before experienced. Was able to just calmly watch, relax, let experience unfold without having to do anything. Incredibly beautiful. Simply concentrate attention, as I did when typing. The ISness of everything then reveals itself. Far more wonderful than anything one could imagine or direct.

Very little appetite, but soup was wonderful at 9p.m. After receiving several phone calls. Good sleep.

Next day, body feels wonderful, extremely clear. Writing goes very well. Am typing as good as at end of session. Very remarkable experience.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-21

Date: July 7, 1987.

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Fred; Peggy and Uma and Iris standing by.

9:44a.m. I take 10m.g. 2C-T-21. Comes on slowly. I sit down to write, first time in several days. Writing comes easily, fluently, probably at my best. Have totally overcome resentment of having to rewrite stuff lost in my computer. In fact, it is coming out better this time.

After two hours, feel with greater intensity than with group. Partly higher dose, partly not being bound by other psyches (it seems to me). At peak, approach +3. Have written quite a bit, want to dispel some uncomfortable feelings and explore inside. Uma and Iris have gone downtown, Peggy to her study, leaving me alone. I like it.

I see paradox in me entering a deep, internal experience with a material that has demonstrated mostly social viability, no potential for profoundness. I see that it is the safety that appeals.

Have excellent time for next two hours in external exploration, carrying on from DOET experience - following trust, being open to the new, asking questions I wish resolved and being open to the answers. Quickly get away from uncomfortable feelings, get some interesting perceptions of several issues. Look at death, remembering Graham Ryner's experience, unconditional love (a real hard one; do I really want it? Tried it on for size.). My concept of the Central Furnace. Could feel the furnace, but saw that as I intensified the furnace, I also intensified the Hell, as must stay in balance. Better to reach some transcendent, uniform space that integrated them both.

NOTE: Two days later, reviewed my view of this. I noticed a lasting feeling of a ventral, interior warmth within myself (still feel, 4 days later). Seems to have been produced by my willingness to concentrate on this Central Flame for quite a while; attending it helped bring it into reality. Now I see no harm in using one's energy to intensify the Central Flame; in fact, I think it's quite salutary. The issue is how one does it. If out of one's own willful determination, the result is as first reported. However, I now think the secret is to focus, or ask, and then let the development come from a deeper source within, which takes a kind of surrender. I personally like to think of this deeper source as God, although I know many are more at ease calling it our deeper Self. This seems the key to becoming co-Creator, a dynamic for which Al Hubbard coined the word Consiere. This is one of the key issues I wish to continue to explore in future experiments and meditations.

Decide I wished to talk to Peggy. As I get up to go to the studio, she comes in the door. We go to studio; I see much beauty, aliveness, and femininity in her paintings. We talk for a while. Our mind work quite differently; our values and interests are quite different. I become more and more at peace with her the way she is, realizing a lot of my resentment arises from my wanting her to be different than the way she is.

Just as we each agree to go back to our private work, Uma returns. Spend the rest of the day enjoying her and Iris and Peggy.

As material wears off, I am left with uncomfortable, unresolved feeling. It's really bad when I wake up the next morning, feeling very logy and heavy. But as I get up and around, I realize many good things have happened, feel better, and gather strength. Writing goes extremely well, almost as creative as previous day, but with no agitation. Got a lot done, and feel very good with having dealt with a difficult part of my book.

Over the next two days, my energy improves and I feel that I got quite a bit from the experience. However, at this point, I think the stronger, pushier substances have a great deal more to offer for the time spent. Possible exception: Might be well to devote a whole day to writing with 2C-T-21. However, don't feel motivated to try it, at least until have tried other materials with less success.

Report of Fulton Dietlin: DET/MDA, 6-12-87

It was following a lecture at the Los Angeles Gnostic Society late Friday evening when Quest and I decided spontaneously to try, for us, a new psychedelic - diethyltryptamine.

Approximating on dosage (labeled 6 doses), I took the first hit by holding the flame under the bowl of the handmade aluminum (we were both able to catch all the smoke). Not feeling anything in about 3 minutes, I took a huge lungful more and within minutes was feeling a, kind of, lightness. Quest followed taking more on his initial toke than I had done and felt a mild coming on within a couple minutes. After an hour of what felt to be the plateau of a mild high we both agreed it did not catapult us into euphoria though we maintained a pleasant, peaceful mindedness with subsequent tokes.

The DET left me feeling weak in the appendages. Strength would return slowly only to be weakened again (a sickening feeling, slightly nauseating) with mild headache minutes after the additional toke; very body oriented in a not so pleasant way making this material not my drug of choice.

Desiring for the expansiveness that we're both accustomed to, with visual and mental alertness we pushed onward to, again for us, a new psychedelic - methylenedioxyamphetamine.

We both ingested our tiny white 100mg capsules two hours into the DET experience. The coming on was gradual and pleasant for both taking an hour to an hour and one half to do so. Hours into the early morning night sky, the full moon glowed brightly, a thin rainbow ban encircling it. We were in a place of excited reverence. In the thrust of the MDA, we honored the feminine principle by giving thanks to the moon for revealing her fullness and reminding us of our birth. "When we speak of women's power", I spoke, "we speak in circles for that is her symbol: neither ending nor beginning, she is infinite - the alpha and the omega". There was clarity and brightness all around us.

The trip was euphoric and intense despite beginning naturally depleted from a working day and having started so late. One thing that impressed itself upon me was the feeling I got of seeing the play of events, of what I thought to be the significance of certain people coming into my life and why my "dance", like everyone else, is so unique. I saw my chiropractor coming in with her healing and spiritual encouragement at a time I was feeling uncertain and depleted. I saw that every encounter or event is a potential for growth, is opportunistic for me to realize my completeness as where I am, here and now, not at some future where I must lug the pieces of the past for a final assemblage "there". Seeing this I was reminded of living the moment to its fullest and

I felt that seeing this was indicative that I was on the right track.

And Quest's been praisingly relentless with his honoring my potentials where I sometimes just give up. He has given me repeated confirmation and asked me to trust in a power much greater than myself, a power that beacons completeness. Where I once was like so many people even today who also have passed over the sometimes mistakable beauty and profoundness of the psychedelic state, he has shown me how to utilize altered states, ie. unordinary states of awareness, for the highest purpose for which I am eternally grateful. He's helped me in asking the right questions and to find my own answers that, through his generosity (unceasing generosity) recapitulates wellness, wholeness, unity and diversity as well as opportunity. And Fred and Peggy too have been patiently there for me, birthing me into much higher levels of reality. They have gently carriaged me, like one of their own, into a new professionalism (pardon the -ism); of working and interacting on this material plane where being of service to others is one of, if not the, ultimate expressions of Love. The word amateur comes to mind (F. amare - to love) which I prefer for that's the feeling I got around my heart center when I saw these 3 beautiful people before my mind's eye. We're resuscitating the wounded, I thought.

And as I try to plan my life rightly I am supported with the love and generosity of friends who trust me and wish me the fulfillment of my deepest wishes. The treasure trove of audio tapes at the archive and the books, too, passed my way were seen in arabesque pleasure as tools, as pieces of the puzzle in time/space that, like a living cell, each contain the whole.

At one point I looked at Quest a couple feet away and saw red and green spirals rotating counter-clockwise from the center outward from what appeared to be his solar plexus chakra, but because this phenomenon was so transient and unsuspectingly periodical I was unable to pin down exactly what this was all about. *Very entertaining.*



On our walk we were as high as the hill as we listened to the faint sounds of an early Saturday morning city of screeching tires and drunken language below us. The walk was energizing, however.

After 6 hours of the MDA, exhausted, we lay down and slept lightly, I did that is, and awoke still very high but more rested. Quest was unable to sleep much. I am glad that I did the MDA but look even more so to doing it again - same dosage - with a replenished warehouse of natural energy. The DET I'll leave alone.

Report of Fulton Dietlin (name) Age 27

Date 6/12/87 Compound DET Dosage ≈20-40mg Time started 11:15PM Supplement 1toke/½hr

PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

	none or <u>no change</u>	<u>noticeable</u>	<u>distracting, short-duration</u>	<u>distracting, long-duration</u>
heart rate			x	
temperature			x	
perspiration			x	
nausea		<-x		
vomiting	x			
muscle tensions			x	
eye darting		<-x		
blood pressure		x		
other (name)		heaviness around heart	x	

DEGREE OF INTENSITY

(See description of scale)

	-	-/+	(+1)	+2	+3	+4
overall (circle)			(+1)			
elapsed time to reach:		1/2 hour				

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

	worse -2	-1	0	improved +1	+2
clarity of thought				x	
flow of insights				x	
recall of past events				x	
communication with others				x	
visual perception				x	
perception of high order meaning				x	
physical skills			x		
general feeling tone				x	
general fears					x
energy level		x			
sense of elapsed time			x		
eyes closed imagery	(circle one)		present	<u>not present</u>	
hallucinations	" "		present	<u>not present</u>	

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

See attached

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose ___% More ___% less

Report of Fulton Dietlin (name) Age 27

Date 6/13/87 Compound MDA Dosage 100mg Time started 1:15AM Supplement at hours

PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

	none or <u>no change</u>	<u>noticeable</u>	distracting, <u>short-duration</u>	distracting, <u>long-duration</u>
heart rate		quickened slightly		
temperature		x		
perspiration		x		
nausea	x			
vomiting	x			
muscle tensions	x			
eye darting	x			
blood pressure		x		
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

overall (circle)	-	-/+	+1	+2	<u>(+2½)</u>	+3	+4
elapsed time to reach:		1-1½ hours					

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

	worse -2	-1	0	improved +1	+2
clarity of thought					xx
flow of insights					x
recall of past events					x
communication with others				x	
visual perception					x
perception of high order meaning					x
physical skills				x	
general feeling tone				x	
general fears			x		
energy level				x	
sense of elapsed time			x		
eyes closed imagery	(circle one)	present		<u>not present</u> →	
hallucinations	" "	present		<u>not present</u>	

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment: Lightness & darkness
had sharpened.

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose 10% More 10% less

PRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:
See attached

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the experience: took a couple days to regain complete strength of appendages - real good clarity days following with continued insight into what's most essential for growth.

OTHER COMMENTS:*

Report of Ben (name) Age 16Date 7/4/87 Compound 2CT2 Dosage 16mg Time started 9PM Supplement - at - hoursPHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

	none or <u>no change</u>	<u>noticeable</u>	<u>distracting, short-duration</u>	<u>distracting, long-duration</u>
heart rate	✓			
temperature	✓			
perspiration	✓			
nausea	✓			
vomiting	✓			
muscle tensions	✓			
eye darting	✓			
blood pressure				
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY

(See description of scale) ? Don't have

	-	-/+	+1	+2	<u>+3</u>	+4
overall (circle)						
elapsed time to reach:		seemed soon	1-3 hours	into it		

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

	worse -2	-1	0	improved +1	+2
clarity of thought					+2
flow of insights			0		
recall of past events			0		
communication with others				+1	
visual perception			0		
perception of high order meaning					+2
physical skills			0		
general feeling tone					+2
general fears			0	+1	
energy level				+1	
sense of elapsed time			different but not necessarily better or worse		
eyes closed imagery		(circle one)	<u>present</u>	<u>not present</u>	
hallucinations		" "	<u>present</u>	<u>not present</u>	

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

See attached

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose 5 % More ___ % less

PRESET* Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

Energy anticipation, sense of adventure, enjoyment of companions company.

CHANGES* Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the experience:

An apparently "synchronous" event happened - related to imagery of thoughts during the experience it happened 2 days later in my everyday life. A good surprisingly pleasant change happened in the most fortuitous way. A surprise.

OTHER COMMENTS:

The material also worked to bring me close to others during the experience. Also related to "energies" and personal issues that were usually repressed. Issues spontaneously arose in consciousness and with some attention, resolved themselves as new insight

*Use additional sheet if necessary

and new perspectives also appeared. I was able to view 2 problems or issues in a larger context and from new angles. The new perceptions simultaneously offered two appropriate attitudes or solutions. There was interplay with and acknowledgment of archetypal energies, but no visuals beyond the usual mind pictures of everyday consciousness.

I seemed more aware of energy fields in general. Both in my own body (especially [with] eyes closed and in another's if we were in eyes-closed contact. Also thoughts of other situations involving groups of people - and perceived them in thoughts of memory as energy fields of varying intensity.

However, unlike psilocybin, I was not aware of energy fields in nature, e.g. the sky or plants or birds. All of these appeared as usual. I think the energy I was perceiving in my mind (as opposed to visually) was more of a mental energy - less substantial than the vibrations in nature.

I perceived & was conscious moment to moment. Each moment an eternity of bliss, succeeded by another. Writing about the experience brings back intimations of intense beauty, quiet joy. Words fail to express the sensation. I keep wanting to use the word pleasure but that connotes the senses and a grosser level of what I mean. An intense relaxed good feeling at the core, as all levels. And clarity. This was precise happiness, not the fuzzy ????? of ?????.

Thank you

Report of Castor (name) Age 16Date 7/4/87 Compound 2CT-2 Dosage 18mg Time started _____ Supplement - at - hoursPHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

	<u>none or</u> <u>no change</u>	<u>noticeable</u>	<u>distracting,</u> <u>short-duration</u>	<u>distracting,</u> <u>long-duration</u>
heart rate	x			
temperature	x			
perspiration	x			
nausea		x		
vomiting			x	
muscle tensions		x		
eye darting	x			
blood pressure				
other (name)		INTENSE PHYSICAL ENERGY	x	

DEGREE OF INTENSITY

(See description of scale)

	-	-/+	+1	<u>+2</u>	+3	+4
overall (circle)						
elapsed time to reach:						

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

		worse			improved	
		-2	-1	0	+1	+2
clarity of thought						+2
flow of insights				0		
recall of past events			-1			
communication with others	-2					
visual perception					+1	
perception of high order meaning						+2
physical skills	-2					
general feeling tone						+2
general fears				0		
energy level					+1	+2
sense of elapsed time			-1			
eyes closed imagery	(circle one)		<u>present</u>		<u>not present</u>	
hallucinations	" "		<u>present</u>		<u>not present</u>	

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment: Lightness & darkness had sharpened.

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose 20% More ___% lessPRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

I had tried to resist the material and I think it led to vomiting.

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the

experience: Much more open to new things. Much less thinking and talking more doing. Two days following I meditated for the first time in a year for 2 1/2 hours. A tape of a Buddhist monk that I had heard as I was coming down really sunk in deep. Most of my doubts and criticisms about Buddhism the Buddhist philosophy were dissolved. I learned a lot. There was an incredible sense of present moment. I became very aware of my body (push-ups, floating in water, eating, defecating, etc and came to a better understanding of it.

OTHER COMMENTS:*

*Use additional sheet if necessary

2CT-21

7-19-87
AshlandL. 4mg
S.+P. 5mg
R. 6mg

One hour after lunch about 50 min - alert, wide-awake, and focused. (I was feeling tired and somewhat drowsy after lunch.) Play begins. I noticed no development during next 2 1/2 hours. But when play was over I went outside, was more aware. Very positive, light, & motor-mouth. P. reports about same progression (5 mg) R. & L. - nothing. This is very near threshold for us two. R. is a hard-head.

3hr 55min

R. 4mg total 10mg
S.,P.,L. 3mg total 8mg, 8mg, 7mg

Out for a beer. R. & L. have two or three. Report no effect other than contact high.

~~During next~~ After 2-3 hours P. & I notice some development. Some visual close but not far, maybe slightly auditory. P. says ears feel like she's been up in a plane. Much more noticeable when moving around. Very gentle, positive, natural-feeling. Very easy on the body - no trouble eating. I slept without tranquilizer. @ 11-12 hrs from first.

Want to repeat at a higher level.

7-25-87

5:45PM 8mg 2CT-21
6:35PM Undeniably aware
7:00PM Some visual, de-stressed. Pleasant auditory shift similar to MDMA.
Goose bumps.
11:30PM Definitely coming down
2:00AM Sleep

Very difficult to fix times of ascent & descent. Some chilling during onset, not later. Yawning seems to accompany changes of attitude, as well as ear popping. Easy on the body, non-threatening.

Difficult to characterize high. This time I felt more relaxed and somewhat lethargic, but was quite wound up when I launched. Visual not very interesting, more pronounced in peripheral vision, or when eyes are moving sideways.

Excellent sleep.

At home quiet seemed very different from out-and-about. Not very interesting.

ROMULAR
DF 7/22/87

I recently had another experience which may be of interest to you, in your chronicles of drug research. A friend of ours had discovered dextromethorphan (principle non-narcotic cough syrup ingredient) for medicinal reasons, and, as he suspected it have recreational attributes, decided to look it up in the Merck Index and then do some experiments. He seemed to think the molecule was interesting; the "active" (i.e., psychoactive vs purely medicinal) dose was estimated to be around 250-300 mg., which I personally feel is rather too much. Now, what could have possessed me to do something as silly as overdosing on cough medicine? Well, the substance, although it is essentially a sedative-hypnotic in its effects, is also fairly "psychedelic" (in the broad sense of the term), AND seems to have very strong psychic (i.e., telepathic) effects. Naturally, I'm unable to provide any real evidence of the latter quality; it's pretty subjective, and yet seems to be a consistent characteristic of the experience. I.e., people will have shared visions, etc. Anyway, my friends had been trying to convince me to try this with them. At first I was extremely skeptical. But after I noticed that the bottle contained no warnings or labeling pertinent to overdose, as generally there will be, if this is a potential problem, I decided to consider it. Several people said they had ingested entire bottles of it and had no ill effects at all, so I figured I would probably not be in too much danger. Therefore my innate curiosity motivated me to participate in the experiment, since it might prove to be enlightening.

I took about 210mgs of dextromethorphan in the cough syrup, which also

guaifenesin

contained ~~guaifenesin~~. We had a heated argument concerning the latter ingredient, which my friend said was (essentially) a hydrogenated fat, but which is listed in one of my drug books as an expectorant (which could also be true, I suppose). In any case, if this ingredient contributed any effects, I am not aware of them... About 20 minutes after ingestion, I began to feel both pleasant and unpleasant effects, the latter consisting mainly of nausea, which is really not surprising. Overall, the experience was interesting and not unpleasant, although not nearly fascinating enough to have much potential for abuse (in my opinion). The psychic effects were very nice; my friends and I seemed to share a dream-like, almost total rapport. For the most part, though, I felt lethargic and somewhat apathetic, as one might expect from a drug of this variety. "Hypnotic" seems like a really accurate description, because although I felt very relaxed, I was not sleepy or drowsy in the slightest, and in fact, was unable to sleep until the major effects had worn off after about 6 hours. The state felt very dream-like, similar in some ways to the hypnogogic state between sleep and waking... Personally, I think that the drug probably isn't interesting enough to worry about people abusing it. I, for one, found it informative but not worth repeating. I much proffered those cough and cold remedies when they used to contain codeine, which has nice effects even at very moderate doses. Oh, well.

Incidentally, I feel that the dose I took was probably overkill, even though there weren't any adverse body reactions other than nausea and a vague sense of general discomfort. Heart rate, respiration, temperature seemed fairly normal.

August 1, 1987 Saturday 10:30 a.m. approximately. DOI 3.0mg ±

This is an oldie and goodie, never explored higher than +2 by Sasha, and never at all before by me. Published long ago and of great interest now, since it has a brand-new reputation as 1. a serotonin agonist and 2. a favorite material for radioactive tracers. Whatever. You see (I am now talking to any reader who might be, like me, completely innocent or chemical or neurological knowledge) - anyway, as I said before, you see, there are serotonin antagonists, and most psychedelics are expected to act as - well, perhaps not. Maybe only certain ones like MDMA are supposed to be antagonists, serotonin-wise. What that means to the price of fish, nobody is saying. Anyway, LSD is apparently a serotonin agonist, and so is this. Now if you are an agonist to serotonin, does that mean you get in there to the brain or whatever we're talking about, and boost the serotonin, or do you get in there and take the place of serotonin, and does this mean that the production of natural serotonin drops or increases, and when does that take place, if it does? As Sasha says, "Ah Dunno!". And what does it all mean for humans? AH DUNNO. He just said that all the above is probably nonsense, but I already knew that.

Anyway, we are exploring the unadmitted aspect of this material, the aspect that nobody talks about - its psychedelic aspect - just because the research hasn't been fully done yet. So we've sacrificed a whole day, or what may turn out to be 24 hours of one, to science. Again. Sigh. Groan.

Sasha doesn't have much of this left, and will order some more legitimately from a Chemical Company, this would be nice, since this should be explored some more, and by some others.

Report: This is a clear, clean psychedelic. Excellent eyes closed imagery, with clearly delineated patterns, pictures and colors. Perfect for an artist, and next time I'll devote some time to painting. Erotic superb. Total ease for body. No help for my smoking problem. I still want to smoke. May yet have a single one. Aaaaaaargh. Every person in every movie we've seen has smoked, or been busy trying to not smoke, or just recently gave up smoking. Jesus saves! (That was note from Sasha re Jimmy Sweigert with his wonderful Spanish sidekick in, probably, Puerto Rico.)

It is now twenty to 3 a.m., and I'm at about a 1.50+.

It's a very warm evening, after a quite hot day. Tomorrow (today), after we wake up, it's going to be hot again. Many letters to write, several phone calls to make. Check on Sable and her sore throat. Phone Wolfs. Phone Tusa's and Castro's about barbecue next Saturday, with Daniel and Marisa here. Tell Alan, if AB is back tomorrow.

Time to go to bed. Want to be up in the morning to watch all my great political story-tellers. Iran-Contra Hearings have only one more day to go, then back to normal. It's 4:10 and +1.

Pegasus }
 2C-T-2 } ->

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS AND D.V.C.

Date: 25 July, 1987

Place: Ivan Brandt residence, Los Angeles

Participants: Vanessa and Ivan Brandt, Peggy and Fred

1:01p.m. Vanessa, Ivan and Peggy take 120m.g. Pegasus; Fred takes 12m.g. 2C-T-2. After 20 minutes, comes on nicely. By one hour, everyone in a very euphoric space, usual symptoms - wonderful closeness, excellent, clear communication, faces full of light and beauty. Extremely close harmony, joy in sharing experience. I feel lightly at one hour, good intensity at 1-1/2 hours. Peggy very happy with experience, clearing up some areas and pleased to be back to this substance.

2:49p.m. All take D.V.C.; Peggy 50, Vanessa and Fred 100, Ivan 150 Begin to feel in 1/2 hour, grows to great intensity. By one hour, Ivan and Vanessa in exalted space, indescribable experience, profound vision and understanding, total love and appreciation. Peggy also in very good space.

I find it very intense, amazing energy, amazing possibilities, indescribable beauty. Yet I feel deep pain. Vanessa works on me for some time to accept myself, drop my discomfort. Ivan doesn't understand my negative experience either. Feel it my way to have attention focused on me. I get no particular insight, but wear through it. We are all seeing with great insight and clarity.

Peggy and I look at each other. We see each other alternatively very beautiful, very ugly. She feels deep love, loves me whether ugly or beautiful. When I see her ugly, I flow love to her and the ugliness changes to beauty. I reach [the] point where it appears that Peggy is going to become so supremely beautiful, so totally loving, that I won't be able to stand it. I pull away. I have the feeling I am forcing it, and that is inappropriate. I feel pretty much free of discomfort after this interchange.

We get into a fantastically enjoyable phase of the experience. Our minds are all working with great clarity, great creativity and marvelous humor. Ivan has a marvelous mind, extremely sharp, and we have an outstanding time playing ideas and perceptions off against each other. This goes on for a couple of hours, often with side-splitting laughter. I have never had so much fun in an experience. We are all remarkably close. At one point I see that I can choose one of a great number of roles to play, but prefer non-role. I am very much impressed with Peggy's sharpness and perception under these conditions. I see and appreciate both Vanessa and Ivan as extremely outstanding people, who have a remarkable, loving relationship.

I ask Vanessa to dance. It is an incredible experience. We both feel the music deeply, and respond freely and spontaneously, acting out many roles in the course of our dance. She is superbly beautiful, and I feel marvelous being in tune with the music. Later Ivan joins in, and is equally expressive.

The experience is so incredibly rich, full, wonderful in every way that we have no words for it, but just enjoy it immensely. We continue until bedtime, discussing family matters and relationships, and about 8:30 enjoying a marvelous soup Vanessa had prepared.

I was totally unprepared for the wonder and magnificence of this experience, and we are all extremely grateful. While we always had a good bond, with this experience it was very considerably deepened.

This experience showed me that I live at quite a superficial level compared to what is possible. It was a great eye opener in experiencing depth of love, and being much more aware of what is happening, particularly in other people. I could see the deep, genuine love and appreciation in Vanessa and Ivan which I had not allowed myself to feel before. I also saw that when I become less involved and focus on others, I see them much more clearly, and understand with much more depth what is taking place in their lives.



• 2 HBr

(letter from Zader, July 12, 1987, re new psychotomimetic)

It was made first experiments in humans.

(1) 20 mg of II sublingual have very little effect the main is some sleep disturbance.

(2) 50 mg of II in 1/4 ml of DMSO (6 drops) sublingual have clearly action after about 15-20 min. It was mood elevation, and after 30-40 min usual psychotomimetic and hallucinogenic effects that is resembled PCP and small doses STP. It was not any fear, but was funny (laughable) such as natural sun and near it the second sun the blue-violet with green rays as in children colour pencil pictures, then it was other very funny visions: which you can see on street. on sky which was yellow-red. As sun is sunset becomes 3-4. then 6-9 objects that resembles very large clouds from vaporious of Jodum on the factory. Some from it was vertical as smoke. Another horizontal as airship. It moving and change is colours. It was silver-blue, silver-red, silver-green, silver yellow and violet.

In room in what was young morn were not any hallucinations. It was on 100-300 meters from man as firewerke. It was about 20 min. It is some euphoria and feeling that, if it was possible, in this state may be very easy sexual relations, friendship with girls and thought (reflection) to give this substance to girl for this purpose, the effects was abort.

(3) In small doses it was studied intravenously the minimal active dose i.v. is 15 mg of dihydrobromide (8 mg base), it was day, the colours of all objects was intensified. In other male man 8 mg i.v. (4 mg base) have effect as very small dose DET (diethyltrypt). Our aim is full research of TFMPP and synthesis of it 3-methyl analog

β -deuteo-mescaline

7/12/87

YA BB - 300 mg

Duration - about
10 hours

Dear Sasha,

Long transition (over 2 hours), some queasiness (not too bad) during transition, then lovely opening with no further queasiness. I think for me level was about 50 mg lower than I would have liked. Very peaceful jog, light-filled visuals, no loss of ability to communicate or handle transactions with workmen or phone. Very wavy - on and off - from +1 to +3 to +2 etc. without any discernible pattern. Could be opened back to at least +2 by smoking a bit of grass. No impairment to psycho-motor co-ordination, no brain-stem impedance. Appetite normal. Could cook dinner or whatever needed doing. Very connected with everyone and everything without feeling any need to be verbal.

Thank you, Sasha, for a beautiful day.

Y.

7/12/87

YA

BB - 300mg

2 hour transition very uncomfortable. Consistent nausea increased to spontaneous vomiting after about 1-1 1/2 hrs. Nausea continued until about 2° had passed. After about 2°, a long period of euphoria followed w/a change in vision of increased sensitivity and awareness of depth, color & light. Everything seemed very alive and shimmering. This change in vision lasted in varying degrees of intensity for about 10 hrs. During the initial period of euphoria I experience the most intense "high" feeling physically heavy and somewhat reluctant to move much. I also felt sexual during this time.

During the next several hours I seemed to cycle several X's from the euphoria and intense delight in the visuals and sort of inner peace, to sadness, to sort of a noncommittal sort of 'ok' space and back to euphoria. Before the cycle began again, or at the beginning of cycle I again would feel slightly nauseous. Overall it was a great day & worth the nausea. Thanks.

Fred -> 2C-D

This experiment listed as MonNite, because it is Monday Night, the 24th of August, 1987.

Report. At 6 p.m., I ingested 150 mgs. of Freddie, followed at two hours by 22 mgs. of 2C-d. I got the idea of this new -- for me -- experiment from Dr. Z, who offered 10mgs. Of 2C-D to PO after his normal level of Freddie. It was a resounding success, very quiet and insightful and satisfying, so I thought, Hmmm, and decided to try it on my long writing night, Monday.

Result: Excellent. Without any push. Just pleasant and focused and almost like a continuation of the Freddie, though not quite. But perfectly fine for writing and concentrating. Proceeding with the Aachen chapter and it's going well. I think. Hope.

August 31, 1987 Monday Night

Another experiment with 150 mgs. Freddie plus 50 supplement, followed by 23 mgs. Of 2C-D. Finished Aachen chapter -- at least the first draft -- and the entire experiment was excellent. Good feeling and good way to extend the Freddie energy without any really noticeable change between the two materials.

Thank you, Goodnight.

This is listed as Lamide2, and is dated August 25, 1987

This should actually be LAMIDE 2 and 3, because we took it at 250 mic, level last Saturday, which was August 22, and had a great time with it, wonderful erotic., and only slightly affected by a previous experiment a few days earlier - oh, never mind. It sounds too much like drug abuse. How come it feels so nice? And healthy? And somehow productive?

This evening's experiment was 300 mics. and I was slightly compromised by last night, but not to any particular disadvantage. This material, I think, is better than the Great Lucy, just by a smidgen, but a rather important smidgen. It clangs less. It is straighter, quieter and in some ways - no, I was about to say deeper, but that wouldn't make sense. Lucy is as cosmic a path as you could ask for; the Lamide is just a bit less cluttered, and somehow there is more quiet humor, for me, with this material. A tiny bit more anchored in the physical, which is good. Orgasm is easier for both of us, now, and superb, and there is never any sense of taking your life in your hands.

On the other hand, it's probably all in my head.

Anyway, it's a great material and it allows you to get to sleep before sunrise, which is useful during the week.

Heartbreaking and beautiful Leonard Bernstein. Symphony No. 2, The Age of Anxiety. Thank you, Lennie.

Note to Sasha: Should I send Lamide notes to Eric, as a courtesy and encouragement?

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS AND MEM

Date: August 23, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Hudson Edson, Fred. Kiera and Peggy standing by part time.

Background: When Hudson and I last shared an experience in Weed last November, I informed him that although we had a very enjoyable time, I did not care to repeat an experience without directing it toward resolving some of the very pronounced difficulties between he and Kiera, as this situation left me very heavily burdened. They came for a four day visit with no intention of having an experience, and our rapport was excellent. Hudson was very helpful in getting some new programs installed in my computer. However, Saturday evening when Celine's fiance visited, Hudson got drunk and made communication difficult. When we informed him, he was crushed, and asked for an experience. I agreed, on the basis that we would employ creativity (his favorite subject; he expounds at length on how we are all missing the boat with these substances by not directing it into creativity) toward the goal of discovering how we could make Keira happy. He agreed to this.

9:39 a.m. Hudson takes 120 m.g. Pegasus, I take 14 m.g. 2C-T-2. Good take off; Hudson very soon wishes to lie down, go inside. Peggy and Keira stay for a while, enjoying the nice atmosphere; then they leave for the Portal to do some painting, promising to be back at 3:00 p.m.

11:13 a.m. Hudson takes 20 m.g. MEM. I elect to stay with my amount. He continues to work quietly inside. After an hour, he is very heavily into it, quite intoxicated and quite groggy. Wants to go down to pond. We both find it quite beautiful. He volunteers very little; I share what I think are some interesting incidents from my experience. He finally admits how desperately he needed this experience, realizing that he was in very bad shape.

In another hour, we return to the house. He is cold, though sweaty. Still very difficult to draw him out. we listen to Niles Deiter (Hudson has met him and likes him very much), but after a few minutes Hudson says he can't stand the intensity. So we return to quiet. I interrupt from time to time to see how he is, and whether he has anything to share, or to ask him for help about something I have been pondering. Otherwise we stay quiet.

I ask if he is accomplishing our stated objective. He says he is examining himself rather than trying to use creativity. However, he knows that to make Kiera happy he has to stop drinking, and make other changes in his life.

Later I suggest a process which I have found creative; I suggest he hold an image of his son-in-law Hendrick, who is separating from his daughter Kat in a messy situation, and toward whom Hudson finds a great deal of anger. I ask him to hold the image until he can experience loving-kindness, and I would do the same with Marc, Willa's boyfriend toward whom I am somewhat judgmental. We did this for a while, but Hudson volunteered nothing. I shared that what I discovered about Marc is that he is starved for affection, and such people make me uncomfortable, reminding me of my own situation. It's odd that I am repulsed by those who most need my affection. I sat quietly sharing my affection with Hudson, which felt very good.

We spent a couple of hours in silence. I found this a most fruitful time,

pondering many things in a way I haven't had time to do for a while. I explored unconditional love, seeing it more clearly than ever before. As I removed all conditions, love flowed more freely. It seemed that if I held any conditions, what came back to me was limited by those same conditions, so that I would receive in exact accordance to which I gave.

I spent some time reviewing Gnosis. I couldn't quite get back into the same space as I did the day following my powerful DOET experience, but I came close, and the effort felt very rewarding. In fact, the continual focusing on specific objects seemed to continually develop inner strength and a feeling of warmth inside.

Another interesting thought I hit was that I was more important than anyone. I was very reluctant to accept this, but decided to try it on for size. It felt amazingly good, like something I believed inside but always shielded myself from. If I ignored the logical implications, it was a very empowering thought. Behind it was the erosion of a kind of cowardice whereby I don't always stand up and say what I feel is right, particularly with strong people who have differing ideas. The bottom line is that I have to be the most important to me, as that is the one that I am responsible for.

3:00 p.m. I put on House of the Lord, which has a lot of associations for both Hudson and I from the Foundation days. I am very absorbed in the music, seeing a lot of fresh aspects. At first it seemed too elemental, emphasizing the separateness of man and God and man's helplessness before Him. Then as I focused more on man's strength and wonder, and what God has prepared for him, God grew in vastness to the far unknown reaches. Man, by keeping constantly open and seeking, can discover more and more of his attributes and capabilities. This was a marvelous experience.

At this time, the girls returned. After brief welcoming and sharing, in which Hudson participated only slightly, we went back to the music. We spent the next couple of hours listening to music, and it has been a long time since I have heard music so beautifully, supported by the warmth of our group. It would be joyful to spend a whole day listening to music with this kind of awareness.

I put on some High Energy music, in hopes of getting Hudson to his feet and discover what it is like to express energy. I felt this important because of his chronic leg cramps. However, he refused to participate.

The day continued quietly, enjoying music and a visit to town for pizza and a bit of live concert in the park. Hudson was still very much in the experience at bedtime, and retired quite tired, having had a thorough workout.

The Hudsons left early the next morning, giving us no opportunity for debriefing. Peggy found the experience very rewarding, being in a good space and enjoying all the events despite not having taken anything.

I find that I am in an exceptionally good space. I feel very strengthened by all the processes of the previous day, very alert and full of energy. I did have some heaviness hanging on, which I attribute to the exposure of Hudson's difficulties. However, I feel that I have gained quite considerably in the ability to have a comfortable experience (and the entire day was most comfortable and enjoyable) in spite of the presenting problems. I feel I have resolved a lot of my judgmentalness, and have learned quite a bit about how to not get so loaded in these kinds of working sessions. I feel that what I have picked up I will be able to dispose of in short order.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS AND MEM

Date: August 15, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Umay and Walter Werner, Quest Bilden, Fulton Dietlin, Wilfred Fegles, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Walter and Umay, early clients from the Foundation days, have been working with Quest for the last 2 years, often with Fulton's help, and have made much progress. They have been very anxious to visit Lone Pine again, so this visit was arranged. Wilfred was here most of the week camping out on his own, preparing for the Convergence.

I was looking forward to the experience very much, as I had grown quite tired, somewhat out of sorts, and in need of rejuvenation.

9:00 a.m. We listen to the first half of the Bartholomew tape on the Harmonic Convergence.

9:55 a.m. Fred takes 14 m.g. 2C-T-2, rest take Pegasus: Walter, Wilfred and Quest, 150 m.g.; Umay 130 m.g.; Peggy and Fulton 120 m.g. We then listen to the second half of the tape. This is a good way to start, and kept us focused together.

As effects come on, everyone moves into delightful, euphoric space. Much closeness, warmth, energy; Fulton, Quest and Wilfred in exalted space. Experience is beautiful; we are all grateful. Feels like a very special gathering; we are all so glad to be together.

Walter focuses in on me in his old way, not making much sense. I listen carefully, trying to understand him. For a while I try to get him to consider the other person in his communication, but this is hopeless. Quest had hoped he would be better, but Walter is probably too excited and under pressure from these surroundings. Quest is very good at getting me to deal with him better. I see much of my judgmentalness, which I drop and accept Walter. He flowers with this acceptance. Everyone is very complimentary to me for what I have done for them, which I try to get them to see is their own doing.

11:48 a.m. I take 6 m.g. more 2C-T-2; all others take 20 m.g. MEM. Experience flows on beautifully.

1:00 p.m. we move down to pond in shade of the willow tree, beautiful setting. Umay and I have teamed up to learn how to communicate with Walter. I verbalize, first feel the connection, letting the words flow by like a river or a fountain, paying no attention to them to concentrate on the connection. With the connection established, can begin listening and observing, like watching a stream or a work of art. After a while, begin to observe interesting comments. By not resisting, Walter's utterances begin to be more beautiful, have more meaning, and sometimes rise into great profundity. No conscious direction on his part. It teaches us what we have to do to receive his real message. I am very grateful for the learning, grateful to Quest for setting up the day.

We are most comfortable looking up through the beautiful structure of the tree to the sky when Quest calls, "Look at the birds." At first I am reluctant to move, but his voice is compelling. I move out from under the tree to behold one of

the most wondrous sights I have ever seen in my life. Directly above us was a flock of 100 to 200 birds, 2 to 3,000 feet above us. I couldn't identify them; it was like no bird I had ever seen. They were sort of squat and square, with beautiful gold and shimmering blue coloring. But the amazing thing was that they were in a perfect formation, turning and wheeling in the most beautiful, exquisite patterns. They stayed directly above us, and were obviously performing for our benefit.

I immediately thought of the writings about the Convergence, where a number of spirits were going to fly into our consciousness. I have very little hold for the Convergence, seeing no necessity for such events, as the energy is always there in fullness whenever we are willing to turn to it. But I did feel that as long as so many people were involved, there might be a worthwhile focusing of energy which we could find useful. But I was totally unprepared for this sight. It hit me with great impact, and I could believe that it was no less than a miracle, the most profound one I have been privileged to witness.

We watched in awe and amazement as they performed for us. I asked Walter to come out and watch, and when he resisted, I insisted. Shortly after this they wheeled away and went off into the distance. I couldn't help but feel that my actions had somehow caused them to turn away. (Quest and Fulton had been watching them for 15 minutes before calling them to our attention.) I wondered whether this was my usual feeling of being at fault, or something else. I concluded that I erred in insisting that Walter see it. For such demonstrations are for those that want to see them, and insisting that others observe to prove the existence of a miracle was not in keeping with their desire. Anyhow, while it lasted, I felt very much in tune with the birds; it was as though we were supplying them energy and they reciprocated by performing for us.

Continued good communication with Walter. He teaches me some movements, some activities bordering on Tai Chi. I help him try to hold his mind still for longer periods and listen. He cannot maintain stillness very long.

Beautiful, beautiful afternoon, wonderful feelings, wonderful closeness. Peggy found the MEM upset her stomach. Back on the deck, I gave her a reflexology treatment, finding a spot below her toes that caused pain. She breathed through it until it no longer hurt, at which time her stomach felt much better.

Umay felt some discomfort with the MEM, and at times preferred to be alone with herself. The rest of us, except Walter had a marvelous time dancing. And later, the sunset on the deck was wonderful, as was food following that.

Fulton had some discomfort at the height of the MEM, but worked through it. Wilfred goes into Cosmic Consciousness, and was very beautiful and insightful. He established a wonderful rapport with Walter, accepted him completely, and learned from him. Walter gets very eloquent with a good listener, and brings out much fascinating material from his very varied life experiences, searching through the various spiritual disciplines.

The, next morning, lying in bed, I hit a huge pocket of negativity, and realized that this was what had made me feel so bad for the last two weeks. It involved mostly hurt feelings from the distance growing between Peggy and I, and some of my disappointments during Tammie's Visit. It felt good to run it off. Later, we all got into a wonderful discussion in the living room. Quest is gung ho for transforming society. There is little he likes in its current existence. I feel he expects a lot to happen without seeing any way of how it can take place. I observe that what we are doing is ineffective unless people come to trust us, and see value in what we are doing. Going back to wash up, I realize that what I have

told Quest is a metaphor of what is going on between Peggy and I.

I spend the day hiking with Umay, as that was one of her major objectives in visiting. Quest is miffed by people deserting him, and spending time to himself, makes a valuable breakthrough in discovering his own anger, and through this how much people love him.

The next day we all spent the morning at Whitney Portal, and had some very meaningful discussions. I found that I had gathered strength steadily as a results of the experience, and was beginning to find that part of myself that the others were acknowledging. Also, because of the wonderful space they were in, I had no trouble maintaining an extremely clear-headed, aware state, and was able to speak very meaningfully on just about anything that came up. I had a lot of new insights as I talked, which brought understanding to many of the events I had experienced the previous week.

This experience confirmed my previous feeling that the combination used here is at an excellent one, allowing deep experience and resolving a lot at a deep level. Peggy felt it is one of the most powerful experiences she has had, and is still working it through. (She has just returned from a two day painting workshop in Bishop.) I found this experience extremely meaningful and valuable, leaving me stronger, more centered, and more able to maintain this state than ever before. I am more awed than ever at the potential of these substances.

9mg 2C-T-21
 GW early
 8/87

How is your 21.
 level 8-9

Research group report summary:

Not erotic at all. Food fine. Talk vasoconstriction & interaction great. Pretty well - grounded, even at 10-12. 12 is pretty strong.

I find I can use it if I set my energy in a direction I really want to go in. Otherwise, I can just be stoned & self-indulgent.

Not out-of-body cosmic at all. But it's a good material, an ally, not presenting hidden negatives.

Physiology -

more vascular, less muscular.
 Long sympathetic alert (3 hrs ±)
 characterized only by

- no muscular tightening. Opens beautifully between 2-3 hrs - visuals between +1 and +2 and back to baseline. Baseline always available (maybe at this level only) Excellent focus for therapeutic work, grounded, not very "cosmic" or in your words, Ann, more masculine than 7. Some brain-stem impedance - anorexia (not like Fred... I could eat but not of much interest, imagine same would be true of sex... eh, maybe but real **rather???** would be to stay self-contained. Would be interested for myself at 10-12 range. This level seems excellent for therapeutic work. Good steady energy, insight, not at all jittery or distracting.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH DVC

Date: August 26, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Quinn, Eaton Ringel, Peggy and Fred. Odessa and Finley Iron standing by. Also Xavier.

Background: Odessa and Finley had been heavy users years ago; haven't used anything except pot (which they use constantly) for 10 years. Feel they learned a lot, don't need to experience any more. Finley once addicted to speed, broke it. Taking compounds puts him through miserable, withdrawal-like states which he doesn't want to repeat.

10:20AM Quinn, Eaton Fred take one tab; Peggy 1/2. Quinn, Eaton and Peggy take off well, reach high state. Eaton is superb, reaching an exalted state where he stays all day. He is reflection of total love, and remains in that state, choosing not to get involved in other things that transpire during the day. He turns everything into what will help him maintain the state of pure love.

Peggy had a smooth takeoff, reaching a beautiful state where she remained all day. Later in the day, she broke through into many profound realizations, and was the most loving I have ever seen her.

Quinn also rapidly reached a high, clear state. He is very much at home in these areas, and his mind is sharp, quick, and clear. He gets very concerned with my state, and spends most of the day interacting with me.

I soon develop into my usual DVC doldrums. After the excellent experience with Hudson, I expect this one to be trouble-free. Instead, it is one of the most painful experiences I have had in a long time. The pain is deep, and hangs on, and takes several hours to work free.

Quinn sees my state, attributes it to my usual state of low self-worth, and makes a number of suggestions, some quite useful, others interfering. He picks up my concern about prostate surgery, and recommends psychic surgery. He contends that my pain activates a pain he feels sharply in his gut, and every time I sink into discomfort, this pain becomes sharp for him.

He recommends healing oneself, and facing the pain directly until it is gone. I accept this as good advice, and begin to feel the uncomfortable areas within me. As I do, the discomfort grows, but I muster more healing energy. Finally I feel I have mustered infinite healing power versus infinite pain. It seems like a standoff to me, mustering the might of myself against the might of myself, so I relinquish the activity. With my usual guilt, I later wonder if I gave up too soon, and should have been able to totally wipe out the discomfort.

I move in and out of pleasure and discomfort. Eaton's Moody Blues tapes are a riot. Their dialogue is superb, but sometimes I am so wrapped up in my discomfort that I don't catch all the wise cracks.

Finley is giving Peggy a crystal healing treatment. I remember Peggy's back pain. I massage her, desiring to heal the pain. I am overcome with love for her, and realize that I am the cause of some her pain, and ask forgiveness. She is the most tender, loving, and appreciative I have ever seen her.

I go outside to be alone. It feels good to get away from everyone, just be to myself. My discomfort sorts itself out. I had not accepted Quinn's visit with my whole heart, and was running a lot of resentment about what was happening. Much of what was taking place was very much against the way I prefer to do things - know the people better, spend more time getting acquainted, knowing where everyone is, what are their aspirations. I saw that I was exhausted when Quinn arrived, and Peggy and I very much needed time to ourselves. I laughed when I realized I was in overload, when it is usually Peggy that gets in overload. find here I was extremely tired, and I don't even do the brunt of the work! I was also very much aware that I existed on entirely different planes than Quinn and his friends, and found it very difficult to establish any meaningful communication.

Feeling better, I went back to the house. We all went down to Quinn's rock, a large, carved out hollow on top of a large rock. The sky was filled with beautiful clouds, and we had some cloud protection from the sun. I began to move into a wonderful space, very much enjoying all the others, and feeling great love for Quinn.

At one point I looked up at the clouds, and the heavens opened magnificently. The message was quite clear - I can have all the love I want, I need only ask! I pulled in the magnificent wonders of love thus offered, and then immediately remembered Jesus's statement, "Of what man is there of you, who, if his son ask for a loaf, will give him a stone; or if he ask for a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask?" This was tremendously moving. But it seemed Quinn thought something else was happening, and made some other suggestion. I later told Quinn that he had to be more sensitive to what was going on in people, and allow them to listen to their own inner teacher.

A little later, feeling some discomfort creep in, I reverted again to asking, but this time I did not get the same response! I found this puzzling, and something important to be resolved. There is a strange paradox here, as it seems to work fine when it happens spontaneously, but not on demand. Yet the lesson was to ask. What am I missing? Must do some work on this.

Quinn and I were left alone on the rock, and we spent some wonderful time together, my feeling my love for him stronger than ever. I did bring up the subject of his showing appreciation for his mother, who has helped him enormously financially. I shared my own experience of discovering that my hatred for my mother was based on my resentment at needing her help, and not being able to acknowledge and express appreciation to her for what she did for me. We went to the pond and took a dip in the cold water, continuing our integrating.

Back on the deck, I have a marvelous time with Quinn, Peggy and Eaton just sitting and looking at the clouds. I make fun of Quinn's constant activity with the Aikido wand that he keeps moving around. He gives it to me, gives me a few pointers. I discover the ability to go into a dance of worship. Very moving. At one point, anger arises, and I thrash it out. Then back to adoration. I realize how good it feels to just accept whatever feeling I am feeling, instead of trying to change it if it is uncomfortable.

Later we watched the sun set from the mattress on the deck, I lying between Peggy and Eaton and Quinn on the other side of Peggy. This half hour was as glorious as anything I have experienced for some time. I stayed focused on the amazing light being reflected from the clouds, ignored all other comments, and held my mind still. Enormous power and realization grew, as I felt the wonder of life, the magnitude of the dimensions of man, and the powerful love we all shared. True

magnificence.

The balance of the evening went beautifully. I was full of energy, in contrast to feeling almost dead in the early afternoon.

The next morning I felt better than in months. I was clear, rejuvenated, energetic, felt wonderful about everything, and eager to get back to work. All bodily discomfort was gone.

Peg -> MEM

Peggy's Report of pre-convergence experience - Saturday, August 15, 1987:

Preparing for the Harmonic Convergence was not exactly intense, but we did have a visitor, Wilfred, who spent the week camping on the land, and he was very excited about it. I had read only a little about it and have always been skeptical about predictions. But, I liked the idea of this happening, so when we all gathered together on Friday night for supper, I suggested we "celebrate" Saturday, have a sunrise sweatlodge on Sunday to greet the convergence, and integrate from there on...

The offstart, or rather, start-off went very nicely with our old friend Pegasus. Nice to have our dear friends, Quest, Fulton, Walton, Umay, Wilfred, Fred, Peggy all together. My God! There are 7 of us, I exclaimed! Mmmmm, the perfect number.

I had a slight amount of anxiety because of our imposing guests, very knowledgeable enthusiastic, etc. I guess there is still a part of me that wants to impress people favorably, and I certainly wanted to have a good trip this time, especially at such a time in history. I remember all the acknowledgments we gave each other. An hour and a half after the first ingestion, we then took some MEM, which at that time was simply a continuation of the first item. But then a few hours later my back began to hurt, and I became nauseated, and remained nauseated for most of the day. Am I suffering because of my diet? Or am I suffering because I refuse to acknowledge my resentment of Fred? I could not bring myself to verbalize the latter so stayed with the former. Also, this day meant leaving the "old stuff" behind and celebrating the "new". So, I had to change, and perhaps this was part of that hanging on and resisting letting go.

It was a very dramatic day. Part of it was spent in indecision - where to sit where to stand, what to drink - who to talk to - Wilfred gave me a delicious back rub on the porch. He has such a beautiful touch - a real healing, gentle, caring touch. I was very impressed, and overcame the feeling of unworthiness quickly. I deserved that nice back rub! Felt good after that. Came back inside the house, entered into conversations, listened to music - don't remember too much now.

Down at the pond where Quest and Fulton had been watching high-flying birds in beautiful formations - they told us to "Look at those birds!" and we did, and they were absolutely magnificent. I thought they were snowy egrets, but could only speculate. Because of their magnificence, their presence took on a more meaningful import.

In spite of my gnawing nausea, which never became so miserable that I got sick from it, I was able to communicate freely, and even Walton was sympathetic to my stomach and experienced some nausea himself. Later on it ceased, and I had no appetite for dinner at all.

An excuse for the nausea might have been the several bug bites from those "kissing bugs" which make a lump the size of a large golf ball where they bite. I had three of them, all swollen, and in previous experiences of those bugs, I had become somewhat feverish and nauseated. So this might have added to my uncomfortable feelings.

Anyway, in retrospect, I think it was my day to feel under the weather - and perhaps enjoy the attention it gave me. The attention everyone gave me.

Sleep felt good - sunrise arrived early! Sweatlodge time! So we were all there at 7 a.m. when the rocks were good and hot. It was a marvelous, cleaning experience. I

emerged healed, cleansed, in a very good space. I spent a lot of Sunday just resting. In fact, while Fred was hiking with Umay, I slept for two hours in a peaceful state.

Before the sweatlodge we had prepared lists of areas to be dropped. Then we burned the list before entering the sweatlodge. It felt good to drop all that stuff. I felt really good and without pain or nausea the whole day.

We did our own things Sunday - Quest being resentful and then breaking through into the truth that he is loved by his friends and that they can do what they want, and that doesn't change their love for him. On Monday - continuing the convergence - we went to the Portal in the morning, had a picnic lunch at the pond, and then coming back to the house, where we parted. Our friends had to return to their respective homes, and Fred and I were alone in the afternoon and evening, except of course, Wilfred was still with us.

I feel a great need to be alone, and am thankful that I can drive to Bishop the next morning to meet up with my watercolor workshop in the mountains. Spent two days painting, sketching, actually, outdoors. And it was just what I needed. A chance to expand some more. A chance to get out of the kitchen.

I came home Wednesday night, just in time for dinner. Fred had prepared some food, and it was delicious. I told him he was hired. Next day, the Edson's arrived, and it was a rather difficult transition for me, as they don't hike and what do you do if you aren't hiking? Housework. But I didn't feel like doing that, so the day that Fred and Hudson had their experience, Keira and I went up to Whitney Portal to sketch and paint. I did some of my very worse work. Good to get it out of my system. Fred is after me to paint my shadow, and I think I did.

But getting back to the Pegasus-MEM combination, it seems to be this is very heavy working material. Not for the sissies.

P.S. When Fred verbalized to me where he was in respect to me, I became defensive immediately. It is hard for me to drop that defensiveness. Now, after some time and after another experience, I feel I have overcome this trait.

P.P.S. So much happened that I cannot remember it all. Perhaps I will catch glimpses of the events. However, it all seemed to get into the stream of life, and as of right now, everything's great!

Peggy Brandt

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