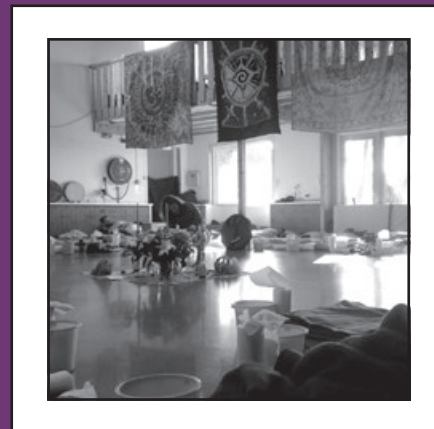
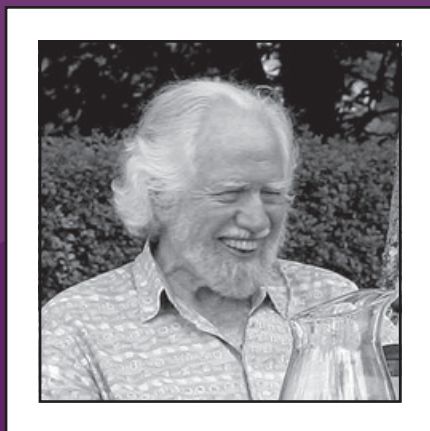


Erowid Extracts

DOCUMENTING THE COMPLEX RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HUMANS AND PSYCHOACTIVES

July 2014

Number 26



Roadtripping to Colorado's Post-Pot-Prohibition Cannabis Cup
We'll Miss You, Sasha! • Psychoactive Zeitgeist • Teafærie: Let There Be Light

LETTERS & FEEDBACK

I was delighted to read "Novel Drug Briefs" in issue 25 with its descriptions and reports of two ergoloids that are intriguing me these days. I hope to find in-depth analysis on other compounds, for example bk-2C-B, in future issues.

Teafærie's writings are always interesting, mind-moving, and entertaining, and her "Tastes Like Candy-flipping?" is a brilliant example.

Yet I found Erik Davis's reflections on the atmosphere of the latest Psychedelic Science conventions and the goals and philosophy of the MAPS organization particularly important and deserving of attention (and possibly debate).

While I acknowledge the important and difficult work to "legitimize" psychedelics (and find cures for ill people!) made by MAPS in the last 25 years, I share Erik's doubts about the (exclusive) "medicalization" and "domestication" of these substances. As we all know, the use of psychedelics in a medical and therapeutic setting is just one face of the "kaleidoscope" and not necessarily always the best. I consider the future possibility of the legal use of psychedelics only under the authority of licensed doctors and therapists or a state-sanctioned church a little disturbing to say the least.

The lively and productive mix of scientific knowledge (even erudition in some cases!), underground expertise, correct and unbiased info, and brave, "outlaw" spirit found in *Extracts* is what prompted me to become a proud member of Erowid.

— ANDREA SCIARNE
Erowid member in Italy

As a psychiatrist I am often challenged to find accurate information about substances used by my clients. And as the mother of a teenager I also frequently seek clarification on what is "out there" in the teen community. Erowid, in my experience, is a measured and informed source that gives chemical/scientific information and helps professionals to understand the draw of psychoactive substances.

— BURKHOP
Review on GreatNonprofits

As a recreational drug user, I'm understandably apprehensive when taking a new substance. Your site has been extremely helpful to me for understanding the full positive effects and risks involved with taking these substances. Trying to research what a drug's effects are on other websites, such as government drug "fact" sites, was not helpful.

— CHEDIAK
Review on GreatNonprofits

I've used Erowid to research every substance I've ever put into my body and on more than one occasion it has saved me from making terrible mistakes about dosage or even what to expect from a substance!

— CHRIS
Email to Erowid

In a world with so much false information being spread about drug use by fear-mongers, the political right, and the DEA, it's nice to have a place to go for truth. Erowid is a great resource for information about drugs regardless of their legal status. You do an excellent job separating factual information from anecdotes and are a great resource for harm reduction.

— LITCH1000
Review on GreatNonprofits

I discovered your website quite by accident a couple years ago while researching the possible contents of "bath salts". This is the best site I have ever come across! It's perfect for an inquisitive guy like myself, and its information is priceless. I pass on what I learn to the other 999 who would never bother to read it. (I figure for every one that's willing to study and learn, there's 999 depending on them to get the word out.)

Thank you for the way you present our culture as well. I'm glad to see Erowid isn't just a druggy site that encourages foolish, harmful actions, but remains open and shows all angles. It's easy to tell that you take this seriously and that the site is run by professionals.

— D.M.
Email to Erowid

Erowid treats people as intelligent beings capable of understanding the risks of drug use, by providing high quality information and a vast amount of data on psychoactive drugs that are very hard to find in other places.

— OCTAVIO
Review on GreatNonprofits

Erowid is the fundamental and more serious source for all the people who—for whatever reason—need precise and practical information.

— SKYWALKER108
Review on GreatNonprofits

Erowid is a respected and trusted name in the drug culture. My only comments/concerns is that the website is rather outdated in the design aspect. Some simple aesthetic and usability updating would serve you very well.

— VOODOOWILD
Review on GreatNonprofits

We know the design needs updating! It's an unfortunate fact that the development of Erowid on a small budget over the course of 18 years has resulted in an infrastructure and design that is challenging to upgrade. But we're working on it!

Send correspondence to:
extracts@erowid.org

Please include a name, title, and city/state/country of origin to be published with your letter. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

ERRATA

The article "Novel Drug Briefs" in *Erowid Extracts* issue 25 incorrectly identified 5-IT as a tryptamine. Although 5-IT has a tryptamine-like chemical structure, the nitrogen-containing amine chain extends off the opposite side of the indole double-ring structure compared to tryptamines.

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Know Your Body
Know Your Mind
Know Your Substance
Know Your Source

A Legal Green Giant

Roadtripping to Colorado's Post-Pot-Prohibition Cannabis Cup

Rev. MeO

Tasked with exploring the United States' first legal recreational marijuana scene in nearly 100 years, what I encountered was a mix of red tape and jubilant celebration. Despite traveling to Colorado from the Deep South—a deeply conservative region still resistant to medical marijuana—the reality of purchasing the newly over-the-counter psychoactive substance with the express intent of using it to get stoned wasn't nearly as surreal as anticipated.

The Border Shop Scene

It's generally understood that you don't buy fireworks from the first fireworks stand across the state line. Although the quality might be as good as those sold 10 miles farther down the road, selection is often limited and prices high. The same seems to apply for recreational cannabis in Colorado.

Upon exiting the freeway at the first cannabis shop most out-of-state visitors encounter, I am thrilled but also quickly

turned off. The establishment is a worn, whitewashed house with a dinosaur on the roof and a greenhouse out back. It's located in a setting where one might expect to find a body in a burned-out car, not jars of legal recreational marijuana. A light rain begins to fall as I stand in line outside for 20 minutes before entering.

Once inside, a security guard takes my ID and quickly hands it back. Now I can sit inside in the waiting room, behind perhaps five other customers. The person who came in with me shows the guard her ID, which he demands must be scanned through a machine to tell if it's authentic. "It's the law", he says.

"Calm down, we don't give your info to the FBI or nuthin'. It doesn't leave this building."

UPON EXITING THE FREEWAY AT THE FIRST CANNABIS SHOP MOST OUT-OF-STATE VISITORS ENCOUNTER, I AM THRILLED BUT ALSO QUICKLY TURNED OFF.

She had seen that my ID wasn't scanned and asks the others in the waiting room about their experience. No one else had had their ID scanned.

"The machine was down when they came in, but it's back online now so I have to scan your ID." That certainly suggests the scanner is connected to other systems, yet the muscle is claiming that customer data doesn't go anywhere. Good luck with that.

"Well then don't you have to scan their IDs?" she persists, pointing at the drug tourists that fill the waiting room.

"I already looked at their IDs," he says. "Now, let me scan your ID or you'll have to leave." She leaves.

The one local in the room proudly exclaims that his ID has been scanned numerous times before and he didn't care who got his information. The out-of-staters, including a schoolteacher from Louisiana, don't seem to have the same



casual mindset about connecting their names with the purchase of a substance that is illegal federally and in their home states. There are surveillance cameras everywhere—on the front porch, in the waiting room, and in the salesroom.

These data-collection actions are an affront to privacy and freedom, but many people argue that they are growing pains that will work themselves out over time. Indeed, Amendment 64, which permits the recreational use and regulation of marijuana in Colorado, does contain text regarding customer privacy—but it leaves the option of data collection up to individual businesses.

IN ORDER TO ENSURE THAT INDIVIDUAL PRIVACY IS PROTECTED, [...] THE DEPARTMENT SHALL NOT REQUIRE A CONSUMER TO PROVIDE A RETAIL MARIJUANA STORE WITH PERSONAL INFORMATION OTHER THAN GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION TO DETERMINE THE CONSUMER'S AGE, AND A RETAIL MARIJUANA STORE SHALL NOT BE REQUIRED TO ACQUIRE AND RECORD PERSONAL INFORMATION ABOUT CONSUMERS OTHER THAN INFORMATION TYPICALLY ACQUIRED IN A FINANCIAL TRANSACTION CONDUCTED AT A RETAIL LIQUOR STORE.

The amendment makes a liquor store analogy, but I've never encountered a liquor store that *requires* customer data be recorded (including two visited in Colorado during this trip).

Despite my concerns about the data collection, I'm dying of curiosity about the shop and the whole scene, and after a 30-minute wait it's my turn to enter the single-customer salesroom (yes, even three months after sales to recreational users became legal). "It's usually not this busy," the local shares, "Sometimes I walk right in."

It's been an exceptionally busy mid-week day, according to the security guard. "It's usually only like this on the weekends when the tourists come in. I dunno, maybe this is because of 420 or something." Yes, 4/20 (April 20) is just a few days away and I'll be spending it at the Cannabis Cup in Denver—the first time the event has ever been held in a location where marijuana is specifically legal for recreational use.

Entering the salesroom, my awe-struck eyes widen at the profound novelty—I'm looking at legal recreational marijuana that I can buy and smoke! (Legal to smoke in a few places, anyhow.) Despite that novelty, I feel a bit ripped off after waiting so long, to be given a choice between only three strains. Plus, the only *indica*-dominant option is almost sold out, and that's the variety I wanted for that evening. So there's one choice, no edibles, and plenty of uninspired glass pipes.

I jealously look at the unstaffed "medical" counter, with its eight full jars, each a different strain. The budtender explains that they have to maintain a reserve of cannabis for medical customers—even though there didn't seem to be any. He glances at my ID, weighs out the amount selected and prints a label, which he affixes to a solid-black plastic bottle.

The Denver Shop Scene

The next day, in Denver, I visit a shop that I was assured would blow the first one away. It was a moderate improvement. While it doesn't look like much from the outside (which is normal for cannabis shops), it has lower prices as well as a greater variety, including edibles and concentrates. The legal recreational prices in Colorado, mind you, are on par with black market marijuana prices in many other states. But the peace of mind...ah. Easily worth the tax I'm paying to the state.

This shop in Denver also enters customer information into a computer. I ask why. "It's our policy", I'm told. They specify that it is meant to catch fraudulent IDs. I keep my critique to myself, but really? They need to type my info into a computer to determine that the plastic ID in their hands is authentic? Though not required by Colorado law, some have suggested that county or city jurisdictions have tried to enforce specific data-collection rules. This would be a non-issue if the shops simply examined each person's ID, but they seem to be logging individualized information tied to each purchase.

This shop, like the first, claims customer information doesn't leave the building. "If you don't comply with our process, there are other shops you can visit", the hostess says bluntly behind bulletproof glass.

Despite disliking the ID scanning policy and the "take it or leave it" attitude, I'm on a mission to explore a variety of these shops, and again the budtenders in the salesroom are helpful. This shop has a larger salesroom with salespeople working with multiple customers. The shop's medical customers use a separate counter that has more strains and more quantity than the recreational side even though recreational is where the business is right now.

Take three. I arrive at a shop in Boulder, about 15 miles outside of Denver. Based on appearance alone, one might expect this to be a handcrafted soap store, or some other small, independent business. Even with a large, boisterous crowd (like at a coffee shop), I'm quickly escorted into the salesroom, after my ID is ever-so-briefly glanced at while remaining in my own hand. There are approximately ten different strains from which to choose. The entire staff is

I JEALOUSLY LOOK AT THE "MEDICAL" COUNTER, WITH ITS EIGHT FULL JARS, EACH A DIFFERENT STRAIN.

pleasant. They have edibles. They have fair prices. I'll gladly spend money here. Paradoxically, I also see a young couple handcuffed and being patted down by a police officer in a small park. If I were profiling them, I'd suspect they were busted for smoking marijuana—a no-no on public lands.



Samplings from the Free Market

I purchased four different strains from three shops to experience a variety of what the legal, recreational cannabis scene in Colorado has to offer. All around, the quality was leagues beyond that typically found in black market marijuana in the Deep South.

Kool Aid Kush (shop 1) — Induced internal contemplation. Listening to conversations was great, but I didn't feel inclined to speak much. Although this was supposed to be 70% *indica*, 30% *sativa*, it wasn't a physical knock-out high, rather leading to deep mindfulness. An incredibly clear head considering couch lock was expected. The buds were very well trimmed. (\$136 per ¼ ounce.)

Headband (shop 2) — Exactly as it sounds. This zapped my brain, making me stupefied rather than sleepy. It was difficult to do anything at a normal pace. Labeled as a *sativa*-dominant hybrid, definitely heady stuff. Perfectly trimmed nuggets with no stems of significance. Much stickier than Kool Aid Kush. (\$120 per ¼ ounce.)

Skywalker OG (shop 3) — A high-quality, general-use strain for any time of day. It didn't swing too strongly to *indica* or *sativa* in effect, though the budtender described it as an *indica*-dominant strain. The buds did have some thick stems. (\$115 per ¼ ounce.)

Strawberry Cough (shop 3) — This put me down. To shut off and sleep, this was the strain for me. Confusing since it was labeled as *sativa*-dominant. The strength of it made me feel like a teenager getting really stoned for one of the first times. (\$115 per ¼ ounce.)

The BIG Industry Show

I was attracted to Colorado at this specific time by the historic marijuana-industry events in Denver. For the first time, High Times' Cannabis Cup partnered with the BIG Industry Show to create a five-day, multi-event marijuana celebration. This maneuver ensured greater attendance for each of the individual events. In early February, event organizers announced they were anticipating 15,000 attendees. Less than a month later, in what felt like marketing spin, their estimate had doubled—“Sure you're going to draw 30,000 people. Keep on dreaming, stoner.” Yet, on April 15, four days before the event began, tickets were sold out and the estimated number of visitors had grown to 37,000, almost four times that of the 2013 Cannabis Cup in Denver (and even that year was record-breaking, at an estimated 10,000 attendees). This was to be the largest Cannabis Cup in history, including all of those held annually in Amsterdam since 1987.

The BIG Industry Show kicks off the epic pot weekend on April 16. This closed-to-the-public event is organized by the *Buyers Industry Guide*, “the most complete listing of manufacturers and wholesalers in your industry”—a catalog that goes out to more than 5,000 head shops and related businesses nationwide.

The event itself is much like any traditional business-to-business trade show, with rows of vendors in booth spaces trying to get the attention of passing “buyers”. The difference: Every exhibitor here represents a piece of the medical, recreational, or “grey” (think head shops) marijuana industry. Some less cannabis-related businesses are represented but in the minority; the most prevalent are booths promoting e-cigarettes, “e-juice” and nicotine vaporizers.

Along with other legal-across-most-of-the-US products (psychedelic posters, kratom, etc.) they have just enough of a presence to stand out as foreign. That adds to the surreal nature. For once marijuana isn't the outsider, it's the loud and proud star,

IT SEEMS EVERYONE IN ATTENDANCE TAKES AT LEAST ONE TOKE OF THE GORGEOUS STICKY EXTRACT; SAMPLES ARE GENERALLY AVAILABLE FOR FREE.

as attendees (predominantly male) conduct business while consuming a drug that hasn't been legal for recreational use in the US since the 1920s.

I had a good idea as to what I was getting into, so my raised-in-the-Bible-Belt sensibilities don't suffer a major shock. But entering the building is like walking into another dimension. Imagine an early 19th-century carny hawking: “Reefer for sale! Come get your reefer! I guarantee we've got the finest intoxicating smoke this side of the Mississippi River!” Exhibitors also buck trends by including scantily clad “booth babes”, a practice that is almost nonexistent at mainstream trade shows in recent years.

Going into the show, I'd heard warnings from the mainstream media about the possible dangers of smoking or vaporizing super-potent cannabis concentrates, alternately called “dab”, “wax”, or “shatter”. The concern was that people could pass out if they consumed too much, and yadda, yadda, may hit their head upon falling and then die. Yet it seems everyone in attendance takes at least one toke of the gorgeous sticky extract; samples are generally available for free. This includes thousands of people who had likely never heard of “dabs”

before. Pleasantly, people tolerate the concentrated materials well and I learn of no injuries attributed to them.

Not only are dabs readily available, so are countless accessories: non-stick mats, containers, metal tools usually seen in a dentist's office, dab vaporizers ranging from discreet portable e-cigs to gaudy plug-in contraptions, butane, and devices across the spectrum used to manufacture the concentrated end product. "It only takes 15 minutes to make!" says one salesperson peddling a simple plastic butane-based dab-maker that reminds me of a caulking gun.

Still stoned from a half a joint in the morning, I'm curious and enthusiastic about dabs. I inhale three within an hour or so, on offer from two booths. For several hours I walk around the show floor, interacting with people while incredibly high, but details of the remainder of the day exist only in notes and photographs. Memory of those hours is lost to wisps of an outstanding legal medicine, consumed recreationally.

I do remember a nice touch at the onsite ATM: the surcharge fee was \$4.20.

The Cannabis Cup

April 19. Tremendously long lines of humans wind around several buildings at the Denver Mart (including a local sheriff's substation), along the edges of the filled-to-capacity parking lot, beyond the fenced entrance, and down

nearby sidewalks. Pleasant, but not entirely helpful, security personnel occasionally walk along the lines to holler, "You cannot bring more than one ounce of marijuana into the building!", like bouncers telling the assembled queue at a concert that recording devices are not permitted.

The difference between the BIG Industry Show and the Cannabis Cup is immediately apparent. Since the Cup is open to the public, the event quickly transforms into a sea of stoned humanity. Multiple indoor exhibit spaces and a parking lot with long rows of booths are packed with people, including a larger percentage of female attendees and more "booth babes". It's not mosh-pit crowded (I could see the ground), but I have to maneuver through streams of people. When an area is especially crowded, it's inevitably because a nearby booth is doling out dabs. "Spin the wheel, win a dab" is a new take on an old trade show game.

At one booth promoting high-quality concentrates, the salesman explains that their butane-based extraction is 83% THC, the solvent-free version is 80%. "Which one would you like to try?" That's what these magical days surrounded by tens of thousands of cannabis fans are like. If you attend any part of the festivities and aren't offered free dabs, then the universe is against you.



The buffer day between the B2B trade show and the Cannabis Cup featured "the Galleria". It showcased the art of glass, with live glass-blowing sessions and displays of pipes so stunning one wouldn't dare blemish them with resin.

The exhibitions are much more cannabis-focused than at the BIG Industry Show. Rather than all-things-head-shop, this is all-things-weed. The nicotine e-cigs are gone, as is the kratom, replaced with, among others, a company promoting 10-pack tins of filtered cannabis cigarettes. These stoke a special interest for me because of a story a family member once told me: He claimed that during the Vietnam War, he saw fields of cannabis being grown by US tobacco companies, as



4/20 on Hippy Hill in Golden Gate Park



By Earth and Fire Erowid

It seems that we've passed beyond the tipping point for cannabis legalization in the United States. Rev MeO's experience at the Cannabis Cup and our visit to Golden Gate Park on April 20th solidified that this shift has occurred.

A friend had told us that the “4/20” celebration at Hippy Hill in Golden Gate Park (San Francisco) had become an amazing spectacle over the past few years. At her insistence, and after reading local news stories that the police might be enforcing the law, we sauntered down to the park on Easter Sunday to see what the annual unpermitted, informal cannabis gathering had become.

In California, cannabis possession of up to 28 grams (one ounce) is a ticketable, non-arrestable infraction. In tolerant areas like San Francisco, even the risk of a ticket is minimal. Further, medical-use cards enable legal possession of larger amounts. After backing down from earlier threats of blocking the event, local city supervisor London Breed said she didn't want “to be a buzz kill or judge anybody's recreational activity [...] but if you break the law, we will enforce it.”

We were offered pre-rolled joints and pipes before we even passed through the Haight Street tunnel entrance to the park. But as we walked towards the warm and sunny Hippy Hill, we joined a packed crowd of people slowly weaving through a chaotic open-air market towards fields of people dancing and hanging out on blankets. The air was filled with the smell of pot smoke and the joyous din of dozens of sound

systems competing to share Grateful Dead riffs and hip hop beats.

Hundreds of vendors had set up under canopies, behind tables, or with portable trays to show off goods. Pipes and bongos of every shape and size were for sale along with t-shirts, cans of soda or beer, snack foods, stoner-oriented toys, and random art fair goods. More historically notable were the open offerings of live cannabis plants, buds, concentrated extracts, pre-rolled joints, and a varied selection of pot-containing edibles. So many people had brought homemade edibles that many people were giving them away for free.

The upbeat festival atmosphere included shouts of “Joints for a dollar!”, “Dollar bong rips!”, and “Free dabs!”. We stopped at one table to speak to one of the many vendors selling vaporizer pens. He sold two types, one designed for bud and one for wax/oil. He gave a practiced sales pitch as we eyed his open bowls of bud and vials of oil. He offered free tokes to try his \$20 devices, but we declined, citing further Easter responsibilities.

As we finished our walk through the park and headed out, we saw nearby police get in their cars and drive away. Apparently 20,000 people smoking pot and hundreds of vendors selling illegal cannabis products wasn't of much interest to law enforcement. ○



Let There Be

LIGHT

The Teafærie

I like to take drugs in the daytime.

I know that I'm in the minority on this one, but I find that a warm sunny forest is generally far more conducive to productive psychedelic exploration than the inside of a dark, loud, crowded club packed with tripping and/or tweaked out strangers, undercover police officers, and well-intentioned entrepreneurs cheerfully charging all that the market will bear for a tiny little bottle of freaking tap water.

It's not that I fail to appreciate the upside of nocturnal adventures. Many of my more cherished psychedelic experiences have taken place under the cover of darkness. Most of them, actually. Evening is when things typically tend to get rolling, especially in Festival Land, which kind

[...] I was a Rainbow Gathering kid before I was a Burner. I've certainly spent more than my share of endless summer afternoons frolicking around in alchemically enchanted meadows full of wildflowers.

of makes sense, particularly in environments like Burning Man where it's often too uncomfortably hot to do much of anything in the daytime. Playing too hard and forgetting to stay hydrated can easily land a discombobulated day tripper in the medical tent. Or worse. Besides which, most of the best dance scenes are at night, and the beautiful light-up stuff is far more impressive when it's actually turned on. Frankly, you probably look a whole lot sexier in the dark, too. Especially if your eyes are kind of bugging out, and you can't stop trying to chew your own bottom lip off.

But I was a Rainbow Gathering kid before I was a Burner. I've certainly spent more than my share of endless summer afternoons frolicking in alchemically enchanted meadows full of wildflowers. If you've not yet been fortunate enough to sample such diurnal delights for yourself, then the Teafaerie is here to tell you that you're missing out.

Contrary to what you may have heard from certain suspiciously sparkly vampiric types, the rays of the "deadly day star" do not, in fact, blind the eyes and burn the skin.

Well, okay, I guess that they actually do. Do not look directly at the sun. But the epidermal immolation happens fairly slowly, and for the most part it can be warded off by the judicious application of topical sunscreen. Indeed, so long as you stay hydrated and establish a shady refuge, old Sol can be a surprisingly powerful psychedelic ally. It is the ultimate source of all life on Earth, after all, and various cultures everywhere and at all times have worshiped and revered it. It certainly does light up the world. And it feels really nice on my skin. Plus if I look at the sun with my eyes *closed*, it often activates an intensely compelling aspect of my internal fantasia that is entirely its own; one that differs distinctly in both style and content from the familiar suite of psychedelic imagery that tends to arise for me from within the fecund void of primeval darkness.

Jam of a Lifetime

I've been thinking about psychedelic sunshine a lot lately, mainly because of a truly incredible series of ayahuasca ceremonies that I was recently privileged to attend. They took place in the Netherlands, where ayahuasca is provisionally legal under certain circumstances. The event had been billed as the "Jam of a Lifetime". Three days of live music, community, and healing were promised to the lucky participants, and a few special scholarships were to be made available to particularly talented musicians who could not otherwise afford to attend. Plus they chose to offer an additional scholarship to a certain rather musically inept Teafaerie, who just so happened to be in Amsterdam anyway, and who was planning on trying *iboga* for the first time on the following weekend. (But that's another story to be told another time...)

It all kind of lined up so effortlessly that I figured I might as well check it out. I was intensely preoccupied with anxiety about my upcoming *iboga* journey, and to tell you the truth I didn't really give much thought to what the Jam was going to be like at all, except insofar as it seemed like a fortuitous opportunity to straighten my inner house up a little

bit before the cosmic cleaning lady came over to disinter all of my deepest darkest dust bunnies.

When I arrived on the evening of the first ceremony, I was somewhat taken aback by the number of mattresses that had been laid out. Places had been set for something like 40 participants! The room was large enough to accommodate that many people sitting side by side around the perimeter, but just barely. I took a spot in the corner near the door, wondering what I'd gotten myself into, and chastising myself for not having taken the time to research this outfit at any great depth before signing on. Why do you always do this to us, Faerie? Granted, a few dozen people on ayahuasca trying to play music together might be...awesome. But then again, we could be getting ourselves caught up in a totally cacophonous shit show.

The people seemed friendly enough. I was greeted with gusto by my contact who introduced me around to many of the others, all of whom were warmly welcoming. I was relieved that everybody spoke some English. Beautiful hangings adorned the walls and the floor was subtly heated from below somehow, making the space feel full of cheer and comfort; a bubble of protection against the freezing storm that hurled itself against the big picture windows and drummed on the numerous skylights.

The facilitator seemed like a nice guy, too. He was very gracious when we were introduced. He seemed really grounded and present, and he had precisely the right kind of a twinkle in his eye. Nevertheless I was feeling kind of anxious, and when my turn came to drink I indicated that I wanted to start with a slightly smaller portion.

The rain had let up when the music began, and the atmosphere that quickly developed in the ceremony space was truly a wonder to witness. It was more or less darkish in there, but the candle on the central altar remained lit, and people seemingly felt free to get up and move around more than I think of as being typical for ayahuasca ceremonies. Instruments came out over time, but to my surprise and delight there was a distinct lack of musical ego-tripping. There was a woman who sang like an absolute angel, and people seemed to be content to let her do her thing for a little while. Then a haunting flute joined in. Soon other musicians began contributing to the sound sculpture in ones and twos, fading in and out harmoniously (and also leaving room for silence) as if they were all in

some sort of telepathic rapport with one another. Which I suddenly realized was, in fact, the case; furthermore I clearly saw that it was a big part of the *raison d'être* behind this whole event. I mournfully wished that I hadn't been so stubborn about not sitting still for music lessons when I was a kid.

I could totally feel the medicine doing its work in me, but I never really got all that high, not even after I went back

Soon other musicians began contributing to the sound sculpture [...] as if they were all in some sort of telepathic rapport with one another. Which I suddenly realized was, in fact, the case.

and re-upped with a full cup when seconds were offered. Which figured, I thought. Heck, if I had to be responsible for watching over 40 some odd voyagers at the same time, I'd probably cut the dose, too!

I got up and danced towards the end as the music became more joyful and festive. Almost everybody did. Lots of folks started singing something in Portuguese that most of them seemed to know, and there was a generalized sense of familial camaraderie in the air. By the time it all wound down I was sincerely looking forward to the next two evenings. This was turning out to be fun!



But wait, what did the facilitator just say? Meet back here for the next ceremony at 10 o'clock in the morning? At first I thought that I must have heard him wrong. Nobody does ayahuasca in the *daytime*. That's some kind of a sacrilege, isn't it? I mean, it simply isn't done! Oh yeah, and the medicine is going to be about five times stronger tomorrow. This had just been the handshaking and bringing everybody into a mutual resonance ritual. The next day the real Work would begin.

I spent a sleepless night. But come morning I womaned up and took my medicine with the rest of the gang. When in Amsterdam and all... Besides which, I had Work to do. After we drank there were some communal eye gazing exercises and so forth, but I didn't feel pressured to participate. I'm used to spending my come-up time in meditative contemplation (or sometimes just taking an anxious inventory of the sins that I might have committed since my last confession) and I didn't want to be forced to play games or to make eye contact with strangers during that time. This was fine. Several participants went straight to their mats after the Service. Some of them donned fancy-looking eye masks that I later learned were designed to prevent light leakage, thus immersing their wearers in a darkness more total than that which one would encounter in a nighttime maloca.

The medicine was indeed much stronger this round, and the games soon started to break up. The purge was beginning, and some folks shamelessly used the provided blue barf buckets and paper towels in broad daylight, though most of us managed to make it to the nearby bathrooms in time.

And then it was upon us. Full on. For a timeless time I just sat there with my eyes closed, welcoming Aya into my system whilst simultaneously trying to keep one foot on the psychic brake pedal. I wasn't sure if I felt safe to go super deep in that environment yet. Mama didn't give me much of a choice in the matter, though. I soon found myself hanging on for dear life! I was starting to think that it just might be getting to be a little bit too much for me, even. Then that clear angelic voice started to sing again. Oh, wonderful! Yes! Next somebody across the room began tapping melodiously on a hang drum. After a moment a gentle acoustic guitar picked up on the tune, and I imagined that I could feel many of the individual minds in the room beginning to yearn towards the previous night's communion. It occurred to me then that they were preparing for it, in fact. I wondered briefly if the telepathic aspect of ayahuasca might actually be somewhat amplified by having more than the usual number of transceivers in the room.

After a while, I opened my eyes. And that's when things got magical. The storms had apparently passed in the night, and golden sunshine was streaming in through the enormous windows and the skylights, dappling the entire space with a warm luminescent radiance. I'd never seen anything like it. And if you've never taken ayahuasca in the daytime, you've never seen anything like it, either.

My first instinct was that I wanted my body to be inside of one of the luminous light pools, but my traditional training made me rather hesitant to leave my mat. Other people were getting away with it, though. One girl had moved out into the

middle of the room to do yoga, and the facilitator hadn't raised any objections. Little musical groups had begun to form on the open floor as well. And one guy was just lying down by the magnificent altar in the center of the room, deeply inhaling the fragrance of some exotic flowers. I watched rainbow-tinted dust motes dance lazily and gracefully in a sunbeam that was only a few feet away from me, leaving tracers. It seemed to be trying to seduce me. "Come here, little Faerie... There's something that I want to show you!" Eventually I could refuse the call no longer,

and I cautiously crawled into the light.

The moment that it struck me I knew that I was in for something special. The warm brightness seemed to open my heart. My whole body immediately began to feel amazing, as if I'd taken a much more psychedelic version of MDMA. I rolled around in it for a few minutes, then I lay back in Savasana (corpse pose), closed my eyes, and began to surrender. I felt perfectly safe doing so in that moment, which is unusual for me. I'm kind of cagey when it comes to surrender. I somehow knew that it was safe here, though. And the music blossomed into something victorious just as I let go, as if to confirm that the collective link was penetrating, enfolding, and upholding me.

Taking in the Radiance

A deep sense of relaxation overtook me right away. I could feel all of my chronic muscle tension pouring out into the heated floor below me. With every breath I took in more of the radiance and released a bit more of my defensiveness and anxiety. I began silently weeping with relief. I hadn't realized how much weight I'd been carrying. The energy centers in my body that I take to be chakras slowly began to dilate open and I felt as if my body were leaving the ground. It was as if the shaft of sunlight were a tractor beam that was drawing me up towards some unimaginable spaceship. My interior holosthesia was exquisite, too! I was enveloped in radiating

The golden sunshine was streaming in through the enormous windows and skylights, dappling the entire space with a warm luminescent radiance. I'd never seen anything like it. And if you've never taken ayahuasca in the daytime, you've never seen anything like it, either.

rainbows, and I was rising up through a delicate lattice of extremely intricate geometrical constructs towards what might have been Heaven's own portal. I'm not even going to take a pot shot at describing that portal here. Suffice it to say that it was more beautiful than I could bear. Sincerely, I thought that if I got any closer I might well come apart just from looking at it. Which wasn't exactly scary or anything. It seemed like a good way to go.

I don't know if I made it or not. The next thing that I remember was more purging. One of the many truly excellent Helpers had apparently noticed what was about to happen before I did, and when I came around I was sitting up in loving arms and a bucket was right where I needed it to be. For a moment I was shaken and disoriented, and my new friend encouraged me to lean back in her lap while another woman came over and started softly playing one of my favorite Rainbow chants. I soon found that I was able to sing along, as did a number of other people in the room. It felt like my whole tribe was welcoming me home.

After the peak had passed the music became more celebratory again, with many more of the musicians actively participating in what really did turn out to be the Jam of a Lifetime. Almost everybody who wasn't playing an instrument got up to dance, so I busted out with my contact stick and thoroughly rocked it. I truly felt like the entire universe was dancing through me as I twirled my wide-open heart out during the glorious sunset scene, and I suspect that if it had been recorded, most of my friends would agree with me that it was one of my best sets ever.

There's a lot more that I could say about the Jam. The third Ceremony was much like the second one, except this time I asked Mama if I could still have a baby if I wanted to, and she pointed out what later turned out to be a walnut-sized cyst on my left ovary. Of course I was concerned that it might be cancerous, and I started to become rather upset. The facilitator was immediately at my side, though, as were a couple of the Helpers. They all validated that they could feel what I was talking about by palpating my abdomen with their fingers, but their energy was calm and reassuring. They soon had me back in my sunbeam, which was probably the very best place for me to contemplate the matter, all things considered.

By the end we were all fast friends, and I'd definitely go back and drink with them again if I were ever to be granted another opportunity to do so. I very much appreciated their willingness to explore new and promising modalities.

Not that I have any problems with traditional practice. It's doubtless been independently selected for through many generations of trial and error. Certainly there's a lot to be said for just sitting there in the darkness and keeping your mouth shut. But there's also a lot to be said for getting up and moving your body around. And there's a lot to be said for the daylight. It's comforting to be able to see one another.

And yeah yeah, there's the whole thing about how your pineal gland functions differently in the darkness. Which is a perfectly valid reason for wearing a fancy eye mask if you want to. Some people did. Turns out there's something about the sunlight that's magical, too, though. And I feel like it's underappreciated.

One thing that I noticed was that nobody seemed to be getting attacked by anything. There were a couple of fairly demonic-sounding purges that went on and on over the course of the event, but my strong impression was that those people were in the process of releasing something that they had been carrying all along, rather than being harassed by foreign entities. There are a number of possible reasons for this. Maybe it's simply a matter of

expectation or the specific selection of individuals who were involved. Perhaps the energetic ecology is just differently populated in the rural area outside of Amsterdam where these ceremonies took place than it is in, say, the jungles of the Amazon where increasingly untrained humans have been willingly offering up their nervous systems for centuries. Or maybe the facilitator was just really good at holding the fort.

Some people say that the taboo against taking ayahuasca in the daytime is because sunlight supposedly scares the spirits away. But, hey! The Teafaerie considers that to be a feature if it scares off the bad ones! I certainly felt the presence that I've come to think of as the spirit of ayahuasca during those ceremonies. I saw some deep healings go down, and I was shown something very real that needed attention inside of my body. So by my lights the daytime modality has a lot to recommend it. At the very least it's worthy of a bit more research. ○



The End of a Drug Geek Era

Sasha Shulgin, renowned chemist and beloved figure in psychedelic culture, dies at 88.
(Jun 2014)

25I-NBOMe Deaths & Hospitalizations

Despite emergency scheduling last November, 25I and 25B are still making the rounds on blotter. Enough deaths have occurred that Erowid will soon stop tracking individual fatalities.
(Jun 2014)

Damage to LSD's Reputation

With NBOMes being distributed on blotter (often as "acid"), many articles report that LSD is back, and causing hospitalizations and deaths. Rarely is there a correction once identity is established.
(Jun 2014)

Support of Medical Marijuana Grows

Following in Sanjay Gupta's footsteps, daytime television physician Dr. Oz says he now believes "marijuana is hugely beneficial when used correctly for medicinal purposes".
(May 2014)

Silk Road v2 and Beyond

Eight months after the bust of Silk Road, a new version is up with more than 13,000 listings for drugs. Whether it or dozens of other similar sites are law enforcement traps is anyone's guess.
(May 2014)

Bitcoins for Erowid Memberships

We've accepted Bitcoins since March 2011, but we now take BTC for memberships using bitpay.
(May 2014)

10 Synthetic Cathinones Scheduled

The DEA emergency schedules 10 new synthetic euphoric stimulant cathinones.
(Mar 2014)

Choose A Shaman Carefully

The death of a 19-year-old British man following a Colombian ayahuasca ceremony stresses the importance of selecting the right shaman.
(Apr 2014)

4 Synthetic Cannabinoids Controlled

The DEA emergency schedules four synthetic cannabinoids: PB-22; 5-fluoro-PB-22; AB-FUBINACA; and ADB-PINACA.
(Feb 2014)

DEA Increases Legal Marijuana Supply

To keep up with research demands, the DEA approves a big increase in government cannabis, from 21 kg in 2013 to 650 kg in 2014.
(May 2014)

New Zealand Backtracks on Legislation

After enacting innovative legislation on new psychoactive substances, NZ undermines law by disallowing animal testing as evidence of safety, but allowing it if it shows harm.
(May 2014)

Will Obama Grant More Clemency?

Rumors fly that Obama might significantly ramp up grants of clemency for low-level drug offenders.
(Apr 2014)

Medical Toxicologists Love Erowid

While speaking at the annual meeting of the American College of Toxicology, we're reminded that some of the biggest drug geeks are specialists working in hospitals.
(Apr 2014)

DrugFree.org Concedes Cannabis

The renamed Partnership for a Drug Free America isn't campaigning against Colorado and Washington cannabis legalization, as it's "futile".
(Mar 2014)

RIP Daniel Jabbour

PsychedelicSF founder dies unexpectedly, after several years of inspiring work to build an online and physical community in San Francisco.

(Apr 2014)

Old Drugs Called New Drugs

The UN's 2014 report on "new psychoactive substances" claims 348 "new" drugs, but includes any recreational psychoactive drug not under international control (including oldies like *Salvia divinorum* and ketamine) while ignoring those produced by Big Pharma.

(May 2014)

Addictive Chinese Food

Three Shanghai restaurants close after it's discovered they're adding opiates to their food.

(Nov 2013)

BYO-Cannabis Symphony

Colorado Symphony Orchestra offers a "Classically Cannabis" event, inviting attendees to bring and smoke their own while viewing art and listening to a brass quintet.

(May 2014)

Etizolam on Blotter

Research chemical vendors offer the potent benzodiazepine etizolam on blotter.

(Jan 2014)

Cannabis Business Licenses in WA

Washington issues its first business licenses for growing cannabis for the recreational market.

(Mar 2014)

DEA Requests Tips via SMS

DEA offers Atlanta residents a special SMS address (TIP411) to report people they suspect are violating federal drug laws.

(Feb 2014)

Kratom Customs Klaxon

FDA issues warning against importation of kratom (*Mitragyna speciosa*) products, alerting customs agents to seize packages from specific foreign vendors. Some US ethnobotanical companies report problems receiving shipments.

(Feb 2014)

Erowid Kratom Textbook Chapter

Earth and Fire finish a chapter about kratom effects and experiences for the upcoming medical textbook *Kratom and Other Mitragynines: The Chemistry & Pharmacology of Opioids from a Non-Opium Source*.

(Feb 2014)

Psychedelics For Terminal Patients

Scientists at NYU continue fifty years of research showing that psychedelics can alleviate emotional suffering for those with terminal illnesses. Findings from guided sessions using strong doses of psilocybin reinforce results from previous studies.

(Spring 2014)

Swiss Publish Human LSD Research

The first approved research since 1966 to administer LSD to humans. One more study using psychedelics to treat end-of-life anxiety.

(Mar 2014)

Smile.Amazon.com

Use Smile.Amazon.com, pick Erowid as your nonprofit, and Amazon will donate 0.5% of your payments to us. Firefox and Chrome plugins auto-redirect amazon.com to smile.amazon.com.

(Mar 2014)

Levamisole May Enhance Cocaine's Action

Possible answer to the mystery of why most cocaine is polluted with the veterinary immunosuppressant levamisole. Study finds flatworms get stronger effects from cocaine with levamisole.

(Jan 2014)

India Keeps Database of "LSD" Users

Following a supposed LSD-related death in 2013, police in Delhi create a database of 500 "known LSD users" and their friends using criminal records cross-referenced with phone records, and use it to identify and arrest a supplier.

(Feb 2014)

Cryptocurrency Explosion

Hundreds of new cryptocurrencies might fill the need for viable micropayment systems. Erowid adds Dogecoin, Quarkcoin, and DarkCoin.

(Mar 2014)

The Distillation

Organizational updates, statistics, and information about Erowid Center's ongoing projects

EROWID CONTENT

DOCUMENTS PUBLISHED ON EROWID.ORG

63,624

Experience Reports	23,910
Articles & Information Pages	17,953
References	8,315
Photographs & Images	5,810
Archived Site Pages	4,703
Visionary Art	2,021
"Ask Erowid" Answers	600
The Erowid Review	312



TECH SPECS

Erowid Files on Server	156,100
Erowid Disk Footprint	62.9 GB
Average Response Time	153 ms



PLANTS AND DRUGS

NUMBER OF SUBSTANCES WITH THEIR OWN VAULT

346

MOST ACCESSED SUBSTANCES (W/ CHANGE)

1) LSD (↑)	11) Oxycodone (↑)
2) MDMA (↓)	12) Salvia divinorum (↓)
3) Mushrooms (↑)	13) 25I-NBOMe (↓)
4) DMT (↓)	14) Heroin (↔)
5) Cannabis (↔)	15) Peyote (↑)
6) Ketamine (↑)	16) Cacti (↔)
7) Cocaine (↑)	17) DXM (↑)
8) Meth (↓)	18) Morning Glory (↑)
9) 2C-B (↑)	19) Nitrous Oxide (↑)
10) Ayahuasca (↓)	20) Amphetamines (↓)

SUBSTANCES WITH PUBLISHED EXPERIENCES

572



EXPERIENCE REPORTS

Published Reports	23,910
Fully Triaged Reports	37,682
Partially Triaged Reports	967
Un-triaged Reports	17,701
Rejected Reports	22,819

EXPERIENCE REPORTS COLLECTED

103,612

Submitted Each Day	8
Published in the Last 6 Mo.	231
Active Triagers/Reviewers	33



SOCIAL MEDIA

@Erowid Followers	18,868
Tweets in 2014	1,242
GreatNonprofits Reviews	795



EROWID SITE STATISTICS

UNIQUE VISITORS TO EROWID.ORG EACH YEAR

~16,000,000

Avg Viewers Per Day	99,530
Avg Page Hits Per Day	304,907
Avg File Hits Per Day	3,209,778
Daily Transfer	32.68 GB



RANDOM STATS!

% OF EROWID TWITTER FOLLOWERS IN NEW YORK CITY

6.3%

MOST ACCESSED DOCUMENTS (LAST 2 MONTHS)

Alexander Shulgin's LabBook #1
Magic Mushroom Grower's Guide
Drug Testing Basics

Casey William Hardison's New Column

On the one-year anniversary of his release from prison in the United Kingdom, unapologetic LSD and 2C-x chemist Casey William Hardison launched an ongoing column titled *Metanoia: Diet for a Drugged Planet* on Erowid.org. In his debut article "Freedom and Our Relentless Substance Race", Casey presents and explores some of the ideas that originated during his long hours in concrete captivity.

Weaving together a mixture of personal stories, philosophy, history, spirituality, and song lyrics, Casey riffs playfully about the interrelationship between humans and psychoactive drugs.

After serving nearly ten years in jail for his "crime" and being banned for life from his wife's home country, the United Kingdom, he is enjoying his freedom, sharing stories of his experiences, and waxing philosophical about drugs and the human condition.

Casey's ebullient optimism, interesting life, and belief in the value of psychedelics promises an enjoyable ongoing series of essays. ○

Erowid.org/metanoia

Psychoactive Photography



PHOTOS & IMAGES

Published Photos & Art	7,831
Image Vaults	309
Viewed Per Day	18,664
New in Last 6 Months	39
Submitted Each Day	1.8
Awaiting Processing	13,370



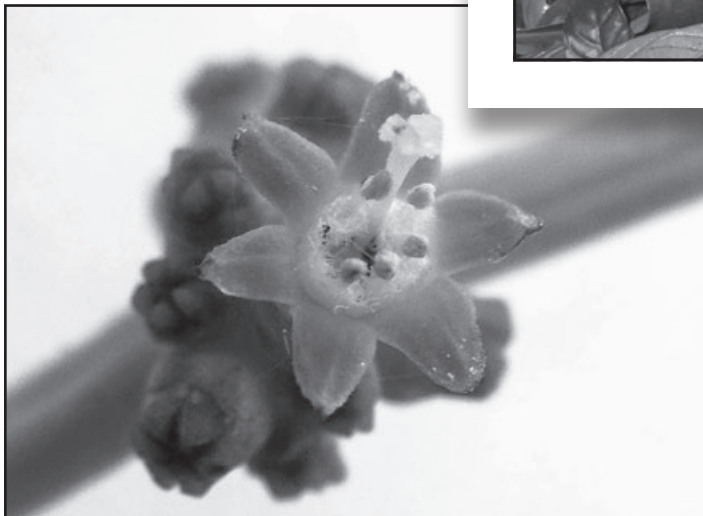
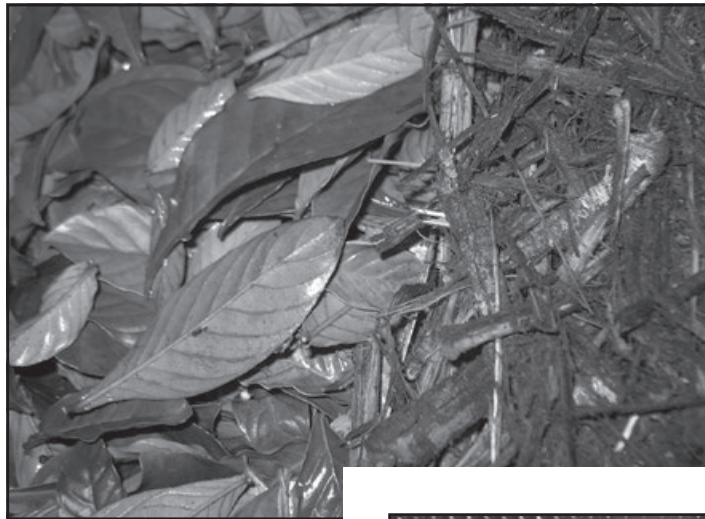
THE EROWID REVIEW

Published Reviews	312
Published in Last 12 Months	11
Viewed Each Day	2,902

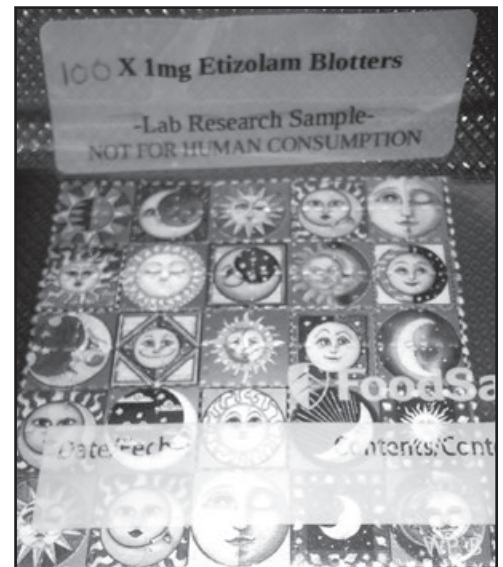
Pharmaceutical Ergot (c. 1920), Photo by Erowid



Psychotria viridis and *Banisteriopsis caapi*, photo by A. Benedito



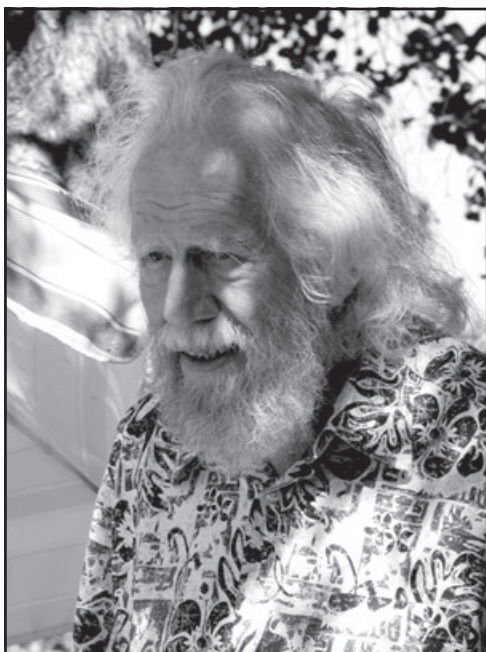
Psychotria viridis Flower, Photo by A. Benedito



Etizolam Blotter, Photo by Anonymous

Moments with Sasha

Alexander Shulgin—July 4th, 2008



Sasha, Ann, & Amanda Chuckling as Earth Describes Benzene Rings—June 2005



Fire & Sasha at Mind States II in Berkeley—May 2001

We'll Miss You, Sasha!

While finalizing this issue of *Erowid Extracts*, we received two calls from Team Shulgin letting us know that Alexander Shulgin had died gently at home, with family and close friends around him. Over the next few days, more than two hundred publications—from the mainstream to the underground—covered his death worldwide, including the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *International Business Times*, *South China Morning Post*, *Al Jazeera America*, NPR, *Rolling Stone*, *High Times*, and *Huffington Post*.

Over the last 15 years, the Shulgins have been incredibly important to Erowid. Sasha and Ann have been role models and mentors to us since shortly after we first met Sasha at a pre-party for the San Francisco Entheobotany conference in 1996. In 1999, we got to know them better while helping transplant cacti to a hillside at their “Farm”.

In subsequent years, we often found ourselves in their delightful company while speaking together at conferences set in locations ranging from New York and San Francisco to Jamaica, Mexico, England, and Costa Rica. Beginning as junior colleagues, we eventually became close to Sasha and Ann, as our friend circles enmeshed and we engaged them to help us understand and document the emerging research chemical markets.

We enjoyed many sunny Sunday afternoons having lunch with Sasha on the Shulgins’ patio before Peyton Jacob, Paul Daley, or others arrived for their near-weekly wine-and-chemistry meetings in the lab. For years, Sasha made himself readily available to us for technical assistance via email or phone. We’ve missed his online presence in recent years since his eyesight and other health issues made communications more difficult.

One of our fondest memories is of a visit to England with Sasha and Ann in June 2005. We were there for a conference in London, but were privileged to celebrate Sasha’s 80th birthday at Amanda Feilding’s home, Beckley Park, near Oxford. Joined by a rotating set of friends and family, we spent an amazing two-plus days reading, drinking, discussing chemistry, and otherwise lounging with the Shulgins in the topiaried gardens. At 80, Sasha was remarkably sharp as he oversaw our attempts to walk through a chemistry lesson with Amanda.

From the moment we met Sasha, we knew we were in the presence of someone special. He was gracious and engaging with the throngs of young drug geeks who often surrounded him in public (including us when we first met him), and he has long been our role model for how

to interact with the occasional group of excited Erowid fans. He listened to each person who approached him, interacted with them individually, smiled, squinted, and entertained the surrounding crowds with bad jokes and dirty puns mixed with chemistry lessons and discussions.

We love you Sasha. Thanks for being our friend. And thank you for the many hours you spent with Ann helping Erowid and the world better understand the risks and benefits of new chemical tools and technologies. ○

Earth and Fire Celebrate 25 Years

January 2014 marks the twenty-fifth year since Fire and Earth became best friends and life partners. For 19 of those years, we've been within arm's-length of each other, usually at the Erowid HQ desk. We want to extend our fabulous, storybook love to all *Extracts* readers. ○

"Fencing, fighting, torture, revenge, giants, monsters, chases, escapes, true love, miracles!"

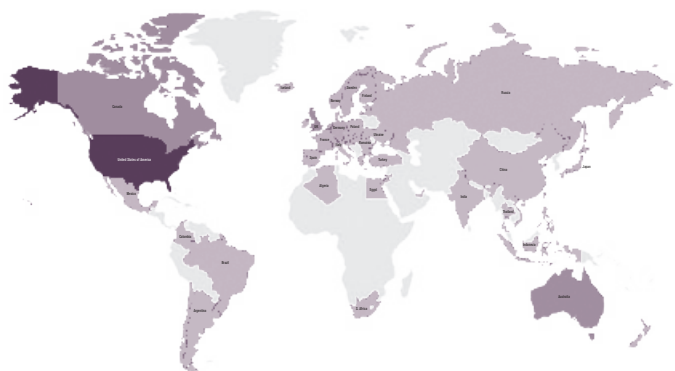
GreatNonprofits "Top Rated"

To help build Erowid Center's public profile, we have been encouraging supporters to review Erowid on GreatNonprofits.org, a site that allows people to "find, review, and share information about" nonprofits and charities. Erowid was one of the first organizations to receive their 2014 "Top Rated" designation and as of mid-year, we are the most rated nonprofit in the Education category. ○

The Loss of Abrad

Long-time volunteer Adam Bradshaw (age 30) died unexpectedly in May 2014. During seven years with the Erowid crew, he triaged over 2,700 Experience Reports and reviewed 620. He also led efforts to track new drugs that had become commercially available. His first article "Novel Drug Briefs" was published in the December 2013 issue of *Erowid Extracts* and he was working on upcoming articles about emerging research chemicals. ○

2014 Erowid Supporters by Country



ECSTASYDATA.ORG PROJECT

PERCENTAGE OF ECSTASY/MOLLY SAMPLES CONTAINING MDMA ALONE

31%

2014	Avg Page Hits Per Day	10,898
	Avg File Hits Per Day	272,926
	Daily Viewers	4,481
	Year-To-Date Samples Tested	153

2014	Ecstasy/Molly Samples		Tests Conducted	
	MDMA Only	(31%) 31	2010-2014	1,249
MDMA + Something	(25%) 25	2005-2009	434	
+1 Other	19	2000-2004	1,280	
+2 Others	4	1996-1999	102	
+3 Others	1			
Something Else	(43%) 43			
Nothing	(1%) 1			



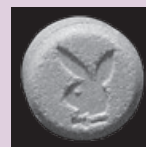
Transformer

MDMA (5)
Caffeine (1)



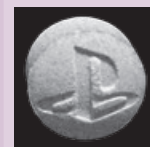
White Playboy

TFMPP



Blue Playboy

5-MeO-MIPT



Playstation

MBZP (7)
mCPP (7)
TFMPP (1)
Caffeine (trace)



MEMBERSHIP & SUPPORT

CURRENT MEMBERS

1,490

Recently Expired (0-6 months)	403
Older Expired (>6 mo.)	6,717
Members in the United States	1,036 (70%)
Members in Other Countries	454 (30%)
Countries with Erowid Members	40

Countries with the Most Members

USA (1,036); Canada (88); Australia (75); UK (59); Germany (30); Switzerland (18); Netherlands (18); Sweden (17); Norway (17); France (16); Denmark (11); New Zealand (10); Brazil (9); Finland (8); Italy (8); Slovak Republic (6); Israel (5); Belgium (5); Russia (4)

NON-MEMBER SUPPORTERS IN LAST YEAR

2,205

VERBATIM

“Success is neither magical nor mysterious. Success is the natural consequence of consistently applying the basic fundamentals.”

— E. Jim Rohn (1930–2009)

“It’s not what we do once in a while that shapes our lives. It’s what we do consistently.”

— Anthony Robbins (b. 1960)

“I have always been of the opinion that consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative.”

— Oscar Wilde (1854–1900)

“A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.”

— Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882)

“Do not do what you cannot continue to deliver. For, remember, the world wants to see a continuity of delivery of set standards...!”

— Sujit Lalwani (b. 1987)

“Across professions, consistency is a direct product of work ethic.”

— Harsha Bhogle (b. 1961)

“If you try to be consistent, you tie yourself to a rock and you restrict your own movements! Don’t do this! [...] Free yourself from the consistency!”

— Mehmet Murat İldan (b. 1965)

“I suppose it’s too bad people can’t be a little more consistent. But if they were, maybe they would stop being people.”

— Budd Schulberg (1914–2009)

“We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, therefore, is not an act but a habit.”

— Aristotle (384 BCE–322 BCE)

“I’d rather be a little weird than all boring.”

— Rebecca McKinsey (b. ~1992)

“Accept what life offers you and try to drink from every cup. All wines should be tasted; some should only be sipped, but with others, drink the whole bottle.”

— Paulo Coelho (b. 1947)



**Alexander Shulgin
(1925–2014)**

gate gate
pāragate
pārasaṃgate
bodhi svāhā

gone, gone, gone beyond
gone beyond beyond
all hail the goer

“I’ve learned from experience that if you work harder at it, and apply more energy and time to it, and more consistency, you get a better result. It comes from the work.”

— Louis C. K. (b. 1967)

“Consistency is contrary to nature, contrary to life. The only completely consistent people are the dead.”

— Aldous Huxley (1894–1963)

“We can’t be afraid of change. You may feel very secure in the pond that you are in, but if you never venture out of it, you will never know that there is such a thing as an ocean, a sea.”

— C. JoyBell C. (b. ~1980)

“What, then, is the true Gospel of consistency? Change. Who is the really consistent man? The man who changes.”

— Mark Twain (1835–1910)

“In wisdom gathered over time I have found that every experience is a form of exploration.”

— Ansel Adams (1902–1984)

“We need the tonic of wildness [...] At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be indefinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of nature.”

— Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862)

“Equipped with his five senses, man explores the universe around him and calls the adventure Science.”

— Edwin Hubble (1889–1953)

“Every thing is stored in the mind and soul for you to explore.”

— “M. A. Alrazak” (b. unknown)

“Life is an experiment in which you may fail or succeed. Explore more, expect least.”

— Santosh Kalwar (b. 1982)

“Reality doesn’t impress me. I only believe in intoxication, in ecstasy, and when ordinary life shackles me, I escape, one way or another.”

— Anaïs Nin (1903–1977)