

Pharmacology Notes
D

pp 364 - 486

D

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to clarify is the use of the letter “c” with a dash above it (from the Latin word cum, meaning “with”), which had been replaced by “[with]”.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

Credits:

Erowid Project Lead: Shawn Corrado
Transcription: Brian Davis, Jo, Dante, Marvin
Image Editing/Redacting/PDF Assembly: Shawn Corrado
Team Shulgin: Sasha & Ann, Paul Daley, Tania & Greg Manning
Erowid: Earth, Fire, Spoon

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

http://www.erowid.org/library/books_online/shulgin_labbooks/

For any questions or comments please contact shulginlabbooks@erowid.org

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Quinn and Xavier and friends arrived just after Keira and Hudson left. Slightly apprehensive, I greeted them with open arms. Within a second after hugs from Quinn and Xavier, all apprehension disappeared. It was wonderful to see them again.

We re-acquainted ourselves, picked up a few things, did some laundry, etc. A few hours to catch up? The travelers decided to spend some time sleeping, which enabled both Fred and me to do whatever was needed.

On Wednesday, August 26th, we ingested some DVC material which Quinn had with him. Within half an hour I could feel myself soaring, energized, lifting off, so to speak. Having Odessa and Finley around (who did not participate in the DVC) was a little awkward at first, but with good music, good-hearted conversation with Quinn and plenty of support from Xavier (already high at 7 1/2). Within a few moments I felt love flowing like I hadn't experienced in years. I looked at Quinn and told him that I loved him dearly, and he nodded. I told Xavier that I loved him, and he came over to me, gave me a hug and I could feel tears stream down his cheeks. It was such a tender moment for me. I could feel surges of love for Fred, too, I think was Fred going through some uncomfortable moments, but in spite of them, he looked great. I remember telling him that I wasn't going to get "under the line" myself, as it was my intention to stay high, and above the line. Which is what I did the whole day.

We listened to Eaton's collection of radio programs on Moody Blues, which was very profound for me. Very clever group of British musicians who have been around many years. Their music is very conducive to tripping, it seems. Odessa shared that she had seen them in concert years ago. With closed eyes, she joined in the experience, getting a contact high, I'm sure. Later she and Finley gave me a crystal healing which I thoroughly enjoyed, and then Fred gave my back a healing, and I was in great shape with no aches or pains.

We went to the circle rock for a bit of a ceremony. Again, seven of us -- the perfect number. We sang an Indian song, shared deep feelings of appreciation for the universe, for the land, for the opportunity to be together...

Later, back at the house, I realized how grateful I was for everything. I even acknowledged Odell, Fred's ex. I wanted to thank her for letting me have Fred and for being Quinn's mother, and for being Uma's mother. I felt it was important to acknowledge that. I also insisted on telling Fred how great his son Quinn is, and how great Uma is (he already knows that Uma is great). And of course, Xavier is something else. A very sensitive, bright boy, seems so knowledgeable. We love him dearly. I felt a great love for all the universe, and at the same time did not feel any separation.

I was very high all day long. I was not able to handle the kitchen so left that up to the others. Not much of an appetite anyway. We enjoyed the sky with its many clouds. A real cloud show. How nice to be in this state all day. My body was light and without any pains.

Fred says that he feels he is responsible for my back pains. I tell him clearly that he is not at all responsible for them. He is not giving them to me. They are mine -- were mine. I do it to myself.

I acknowledge Fred's greatness and attention to writing his book. He wonders if there isn't some sarcasm in my acknowledgment, but there isn't. Even Quinn attests to that. I am in such a loving, trusting space. It continues til bedtime, and continues beyond that.

The next day is pretty much the same, but not quite the intensity. Body feels clear and light. Fred is in a fantastic space. He and Quinn spend time verbalizing and clearing up communication. Both have hard time listening to each other -- spend time looking at that. Odessa opens up with questions about materials. Shares some of her early experiences with us. Amazing material. I do like it!!

for that deception, but still they remain. I am left with guilt and regrets the next day for having experienced them. I criticize myself for so little growth. But this time, for the first time, I was able to work thru them, the anger, the judgment, the hurt, the alienation. I was able to see the process, feel the fear, embrace it, and begin to replace it with the stronger feelings of love + "before my very eye" everything changed, and I was my old self full of love + the joy of living with great big tears of immense gratitude. I now understand your "meanderings, Fred, Boy am I a slow learner. Thanks for the patience.

I interviewed Jay Levine who is editor/publisher of the "LA Weekly" (circulation over 144,000) A very interesting man, and a powerful influence on thinking and politics in Los Angeles, I have agreed to guide him. I trust him, he trusts me.

I want to get this in the mail, but I must tell you there is no way to close, no way close to being able to speak my gratitude and love, or mathematics to convey how much I care.

Peggy's newly christened Sweat Lodge!!

What a royal Blessing at Broiling.

Hugs and Kisses to our

Madonna of Blood, Sweat, and Tears.

And for Food Divine: More of the same hugs and kiss

Quest



RICHIE PARDUE M.D.
Psychiatry and Psychoanalysis

M - 400mg

123 Northwood Boulevard
Suit 300
Los Angeles, California 90024
(213) 555-2800

8-12-87

Dear Fred + Peggy,

I have returned from our journey full of wonderment and awe and want to share with the two of you some thoughts and reflections about the most profound experience I have ever had. Since the set and setting are so important, it should be noted that Quest's place and the perfect comparisons of Quest, Fulton, and Sia combined with full moon and comfortable surroundings to create an auspicious beginning.

Saturday morning, after a prayer and the partaking of the sacraments we began. It took a long time to come on and Quest feared me had done it wrong but his concerns were soon ended. The world soon become transformed where objects glowed as if from an inner illumination and my body sprung to life. More than any other material, the sense of my body, being alive in my muscles and sinews filled me with enormous joy. Watching Sia fill to brimming with animal spirit, her features transformed, her body cat-like in it's graceful, natural movement stopped Quest and Fulton and myself in our tracks. The world seemed to hold it's breath as the cat changed again into the Goddess. As she shed her clothes, she shed her ego and when the dance began, Sia was no more. There was only the Dance without the slightest self-consciousness. How can anything so beautiful be chained and changed by others' expectations. I became aware of myself in her and as we looked deeply into one another my boundaries disappeared and I became her looking at me.

I also had a similar sense to what I experienced in Lone Pine, namely, that the Earth is a beautiful place, a Garden of Eden. It's only frightened, limited people who fuck it up.

Later, in the experience while we shared food and drink, all senses incredibly open, a group consciousness seemed to emerge. We were able to be in silence, our minds melded, a gentle hovering presence. Suddenly, I felt the presence of my young son, Pryor, and we all felt him in a living palpable way. The inside and the outside became one and the separateness was gone. Myself, my companions, the flowers in the vase, the gentle breeze and the buds became alive together with the pulsing light of consciousness. There was an awareness "of each for the whole, of in them and they in me, and all of us enclosed in a warm, lucent bubble of livingness".

As we came down, our minds began to struggle with the problem of changing, of letting go. It is so human to hang on to the beauty, to the openness of heart and in the very attempt we solidify and harden and lose it again. I spoke of impermanence and the need to deal with both pain and pleasure in an even minded way - with equanimity.

The depth of love I feel for my own family, you and Peggy and Quest and Fulton and of course, Sia with whom I feel a very special connection brings tears to my eyes as I write this. I know with certainty that our paths will cross soon and until then my love flows to all of you.

Richie
"The Great Sufi"

P.S. Mescaline 400 mg in 2 divided doses 30 min. apart

Shulgin scale +4

Side effects: Slight nausea at 2 hours.

1234 Morning Glen #124
 LA 90064
 CALIFORNIA.
 9 August 1987.

200+200M

Sia
 + Quest
 Richie
 Fulton

Dear Fred and Peggy,

I'm writing to you to share what was undoubtedly the best journey of my life ~ so far. I want so much to be able to capture it as a cameo of precious delight, to be prized, honored and treasured. That of course is impossible, and rightly so for we keep moving on, but while allowing that, I will just try to show you a glimpse of the pure joy that was shown to Quest, Richie, Fulton and myself.

The journey had its preparation on the evening of Friday 7th August, with the coming together of the four of us in a state of willing exploration and great friendship, sharing food and drink, conversation and silence. Letting those tight places relax into the moment, bathed in the gentle glow of many sweet candles. Reflecting upon and mirroring the Harmonic Convergence so imminent, this was indeed a coming together with an open invitation to any spirit to come and join. At the time we did not realize it, but on Friday evening Richie, Fulton, Quest and myself, Sia, were standing in the center of The Eye. Not until our eyes had opened on Saturday 8th Aug. did we really know that. But, on Saturday, the four of us and those friends and spirits who shared with us, knew what it was to caress the universe with the sight of the God eye.

I transgress, let me return to the morning of Saturday 8th August. Having slept a healing sleep, and woken refreshed and excited, feeling like a child about to receive a much longed for gift, I watched the two revered alchemists divide the encapsulated pure white powder. The Great Sufi reposed on his chair preparing himself for the moment, the half child already finding the Goddess within was seated on the floor in a state of transition. Having dispensed their precious gifts and completed the ritual burning of the sage, the alchemists joined us in a toast to encompass the seekers of the world and to keep them safe on their journeys.

Two toasts of 200mgs., separated by about forty-five minutes was the key to the door on this journey. I experienced chills and some feelings of nausea. Phlegm started to form in my mouth and it felt good to bring that up and be rid of it. Richie also experienced

some nausea at some stages but I believe the alchemists did not have that reaction.

My story now has to become very personal. For [a] while I had strong impressions, knowledge and awareness of the status of my companions, I am not worthy to speak for them, I'm sure that they will share their most intimate times with you in their own ways.

For myself I felt a transformation within my limbs. Sleek, fluid, healthy animal. A large cat animal, dangerous and self-assured, purring to the administrations of my friends who helped to streamline and smooth the long muscles, tendons and sinews. An animal capable of such languid grace but having her power ready at an instant should it ever be needed. I breathed, smelt, was pure prime animal. There was no duality.

I picked up a new and sensuously enticing sound with my feline alertness. Quest was in the jacuzzi and the sound of the water was exquisite. And as I stepped out into the sunshine of the mountain top, as I stepped out of my clothes, I became the Goddess. I was the Goddess. Quest, Fulton, and Richie gave me the gift of allowing me to be their Goddess and so to grow in my own power. In honoring me in that way, I was allowed to honor them. The exchange of powerful energy was running in a full circle. The more they gave to me, the more that I could give back and the greater the freedom to be as divine as you can be. It was a blissful exchange. Sharing in all senses, no holding and still inviting the whole universe to witness, learn and be healed during this time.

I gave each of my most wonderful companions a dream. I laid them down on the sweet earth, and let my hair float over their naked bodies, and I honored the men that had brought alive this Goddess. I danced for them and for myself, our bodies were created to move, to flow, to have a freedom of form and it shone in my dance.

My companionship with my dear friend Carl -- The Great Sufi, became even stronger, our knowledge of each others strengths and weaknesses, our knowledge of how true we are to each other. There is a bond between us that is not part of this world, it's not the man woman bond but rather it is a bond of spirit. The feeling of this bond between us stretches out to encompass those who travel with us. In great seriousness I say to you both, Fred and Peggy, as well as to Fulton and Quest what I said to Richie~ if anyone of you should ever call out to me, I will be there.

I was very aware of preparation. I am at the fine tuning stage. I am ready. I am still waiting and will continue to wait in readiness, for the time is coming very soon now. We four saw it, standing in the vortex of the Eye.

Late on Saturday evening, just before the full moon rose, a strange object appeared in the sky. Small and white, it stayed hovered, watched and then left us. Binoculars brought no enlightenment to this mystery it was in a state of bliss that I fell asleep on Saturday night, a dreamless blissful sleep.

On Sunday morning we, having received rest and nurturing, combined our journey to the our awareness of who we really ~~our~~ are. Each of us came to our knowledge, our hearts were so open. The evening came and a time of parting came. The desire to cling on was there, but we felt it, went through it, and let it go. The moment is gone, but we have been taken with a gentle hand up another step in our preparation.

In this writing I want to share with you a bright jewel of light. I only hope that I have been able to do that. I look forward so much to seeing you again, until I do, I will visit you with my thoughts,

My love to you both,

Sia

Report of Wilfred Feqles (name) Age 28

Date 7/2/87 Compound 2CT2 Dosage 20mg Time started 8:45 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	✓			
temperature	✓			
perspiration	✓			
nausea	✓			
vomiting	✓			
muscle tensions	✓			
eye darting	✓			
blood pressure		✓		
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY

(See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

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

PRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test: I felt relaxed, felt a lot of love for Quest, his home + yard. I felt good to be alive in LA.

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the experience: *see attached sheet.

2C-T-2

WILFRED FEGLES

7/25/87

Significant Changes:

I give myself permission to be myself. I am more willing to give expression to my feelings and thoughts. My main theme - that keeps coming up - is to trust sharing my truth with others. Trusting Life, people and myself. I can trust to keep my heart open to Life - I am receptive to the Love that is - and I freely give my Love to the other.

I am less likely to hold back my feelings, thoughts - I am not trying to protect myself - rather I'm encouraging the other to share in my space. I am open to receive the other. If I make no judgment I see the Love/Divine within the other. Therefore the other person feels the safe place to reveal themselves. Yes, "when you are able to disrobe without shame - then shall you enter the Kingdom."

Such a deep and beautiful sharing took place between Quest + Me - also Fulton. I danced a lot. I am the dance. The dance is all there is. Quest + I shared a message. When my hands touched his skin there was a warm, soothing feeling. I got lost - we merged so deeply - in the end it was like we awoke - from a deep samadhi.

I was very tuned into people often my journey the next day. In fact I dropped into a deep place with Queta after work. I felt a great deal of empathy - I could feel where the other person was at. No thoughts were in my mind - when I listened - I just listened. I spoke with no forethought. I was speaking what I was seeing. I felt such fullness - I was complete - I invited Queta to reveal herself - not with words - but by my look - in my eyes - she spoke honestly about the pain + anger she was experiencing.

There are no Rules - expect this one for now - Speak thy truth in each moment. I trust good will come out of speaking the truth. I am following my truth wherever it leads me.

WILFRED FEGLES

DMT

7/25/87

Sunday ~ 5:00 pm p.1

After I blow out the smoke - I close my eyes - immediately a vision/sound envelopes my awareness. A vision so intense - I have no time to think - or rather my thinking mind can't figure it out fast enough to know what is happening. I see a matrix - red + colorful - boxes within boxes - like a fireplace kind of - there is a loud sound - but I can barely hear it. This vision is rushing by at 120 mph.

This information is so dense - it puts my biocomputer on tilt - it blows my mind - I'm in its grip - it's taking me for a ride. I sense/see a mother figure like a Hopi Kachina doll - but never really see it. Then I open my eyes. I see Quest + Fulton and the room. But a rainbow overlay is transparent over everything. Quest + Fulton are like Mayan Glyphs - they're made up of chocks - blocks - with colored headdresses.

Then I'm back in the matrix. I'm just awed by it - I'm spellbound - I can't articulate it - grasp it - because it's too much Bastantay - then I'm in this pinkness - A thought registers for but an instant - "I might die" - no fear or panic - then it's gone - I open my eyes and see Quest again. I try to get up - but I'm thrown back into the matrix - I finally get up - look out the window - and see a wondrous sight - I see a beautiful kingdom - beautiful trees, mountains, mist - and the tops of houses. I can't believe it - I laugh to myself - The convergence has already happened - the world has been transformed. I go sit down - I can't speak - I motion Quest + Fulton to look out the window. I go back to look out the window. I still see the magical kingdom. I go sit back on the couch I touch my lips - there is fine mist on them - my skin feels so new - I start to talk of my experience to Quest + Fulton. I'm so grateful - I can't believe what happened - It's impossible - it was so real - ultra real - and yet it happened - I can't understand it - I just know it happened - I can barely remember the pictures/sounds - because my mind was too slow - boy but what an experience - too, too intense!!!

pre-2C-T-2 14mg. [See 395](#)

Regan

with Quinn + Santa Cruz gang.
last week of August 1986
Lone Pine.

HELLO FRED -

SOMEHOW THIS IS VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME. I'VE STARTED AT LEAST 4 TIMES AND WRITTEN ABOUT A HALF PAGE AND TRICKLED OFF INTO NOTHING. SO I'M JUST GOING TO JUMP INTO THIS WITH NO ORGANIZATION OR DIRECTION. ONE OF THE VERY PROFOUND LESSONS FOR ME AT LONE PINE WAS TO FEEL, IN DIRECT PERCEPTION, HOW MY THOUGHTS OF UNWORTHYNESS OR INADEQUACY PULLED ME BACK FROM A CONSCIOUS MERGING WITH DIVINE LIGHT. WHICH IS I SUPPOSE A BACKWARDS WAY OF SAYING THAT I HAVE LOW SELF-ESTEEM. IN ANY CASE THE MECHANISM WAS QUITE CLEAR. AND THE WILLINGNESS OF THE PRESENCE TO BE WITH ME WAS ALSO QUITE CLEAR.

BEFORE I GO FURTHER I FEEL A NEED TO SAY THAT I'M DESCRIBING A FEELING. "DIVINE LIGHT" OR "PRESENCE" ARE LABELS I USE TO REFER TO GOD. AND I PERCEIVE THAT AS A VISUAL, SENSUAL, AUDITORY SENSATION THAT I SUPPOSE IS ALWAYS THERE. JUST MY PERCEPTIONS SLIDING AROUND DIFFERENTLY. MIND AND HEART TOGETHER. THRILLING TO DISCOVER AS AN EXPERIENCE THAT I CAN OPEN TO SUCH BLISS. SUCH CONNECTEDNESS, SUCH OTHERNESS, AND STILL BE THINKING, STILL REMEMBER MY PERSONALITY. AND THEN, TO OPEN MY EYES!

WELL - - - -

HAPPY EQUINOX FRED + PEGGY -

I'M OFF TO HAWAII THIS VERY DAY - OCT 17 - SO READY OR NOT HERE IS MY REPORT.

THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR LOVING HOSPITALITY. I KNOW WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

LOVE

REGAN

2C-T-2 14mg

(2T 14mg) One Day's Experience

MY HANDS PASSED THRU FEELINGS OF HEAT, TINGLING, THEN ENERGY STREAMING OUT OF MY PALMS. ALL THE FRONT OF MY BODY FELT AS THO IT WE'RE SHIVERING, EXCEPT THAT I KNEW MY MUSCLES WEREN'T MOVING, THAT I WAS PERCEIVING SOME VIBRATION IN THE SAME SENSE MODE AS PHYSICAL. I COULD SEE AND FEEL (EYES CLOSED) A GREAT WARM LIGHT, AND COMFORT AND LOVE BRIGHTER, STRONGER, AND MORE PERSONAL BY SEVERAL ORDERS OF MAGNITUDE THAN ANYTHING I HAD EVER IMAGINED. AS I REACHED OUT TO THE LIGHT IT CAME CLOSER. I FELT HANDS SLIPPING INTO THE FORMS OF MY HANDS AS THO INTO GLOVES. MY HANDS WERE MOVED. BEYOND MY VOLITION, AT MY SURRENDER, MY HANDS WERE MOVED FROM WITHIN. I COULD FEEL CURRENTS IN SPACE. MY HANDS WERE BEING MOVED AND MY PERCEPTIONS WERE STILL REGISTERING. I WAS BEING TAUGHT TO FEEL THE CURRENTS. EVERY TIME "I" WOULD WONDER IF "I" SHOULD "DO" SOMETHING, THE COMPLIMENTARY THOUGH CAME... "JUST BREATHE" WHEN I FELT "STABLE" IN MY SENSING AND SURRENDER THE THOUGHT AROSE AND STAYED TO OPEN MY EYES. SO I DID. LITTLE KID WONDER & BLISS. I COULD SEE THE ROOM, TABLE, CHAIRS. QUINN, ALL PRETTY MUCH "NORMAL". AND MY HANDS STILL WERE BEING MOVED AND I WAS BREATHING STRONGLY AND STILL FEELING ENERGY HUMMING ALL THROUGH MY BODY. I FOLLOWED MY HANDS AROUND THE ROOM FOR AWHILE AND THENCE OUTDOORS. DIRECTION WAS BOTH FROM FOLLOWING MY HANDS AND SURRENDERING TO EACH FIRST IMPULSE OF THOUGHT. A SHORT WAY FROM THE HOUSE I WAS STOPPED ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL CLEARING. I CLOSED MY EYES AND LET MY HANDS DO THERE DANCE IN FRONT OF ME JUST ABOVE WAIST HEIGHT. WHEN I FELT COMFORTABLE WITH THE SENSATIONS AGAIN I OPENED MY EYES AND WATCHED MY HANDS MOVE. AS I REALIZED THAT MY HANDS WERE MASSAGING A HUMAN SHOULDERS AND NECK, IN THE AIR AS IT WERE, I SAW MY HANDS INSIDE A MUSCLE. MY FINGERS REACHED RIGHT INTO IT TO RUN A RED SPOT INSIDE. I COULD FEEL MY MIND THINKING TOO MUCH AND MY HANDS WERE PUSHED WIDE APART. I "KNOW" THAT THIS DEMONSTRATION WAS OVER. MY EYES WERE WET WITH TEARS.

2T 20mg
(14 1st
6 Boost)
100 mcg LSD

ANOTHER DAY'S EXPERIENCE

I FELL INTO UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER WITH THE KIDS AND APPRECIATED A BIT OF HELP FROM SOMEONE TO DIVERT THEIR ENERGY EVERY TIME (3 OR 4) THAT I WOULD FEEL DIZZY OR DIS-ORIENTED OR SENSE THE BEGINNING OF HALLUCINATIONS I WOULD BREATHE DEEPLY FOR A WHILE AND FEEL THE ENERGY RISE RIGHT UP INTO MY HEAD AND MY CLARITY WOULD RETURN. I COULD FEEL MY HEART RADIATING ENERGY UP AND DOWN TO MY OTHER CENTERS. AS IT REACHED UP TO MY HEAD, MY THOUGHT WOULD START UP AND I'D FLOAT AWAY WITH ONE. THEN NOTICE AND RETURN TO MY HEART WHEN I VISUALIZED ENERGY GOING OUT OF MY HEART BOTH UPWARDS AND DOWNWARD IN SOME SORT OF BALANCED SPIRAL, I COULD LET IT GO UP TO MY HEAD AND REMAIN WITH THAT PICTURE EVEN THO IN THE BACKGROUND I COULD HEAR/FEEL MY MIND THINKING.

Report of Y. Drage with Quest (name) Age 36Date 7/10/87? Compound 2CT2 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	✓			
temperature	✓			
perspiration		✓		
nausea				
vomiting	✓			
muscle tensions	✓			
eye darting	✓			
blood pressure	✓			
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

	worse	-1	0	+1	improved	+2
clarity of thought				✓		
flow of insights				✓		
recall of past events			✓			
communication with others				✓		
visual perception				✓		
perception of high order meaning				✓		
physical skills				✓		
general feeling tone				✓		
general fears			✓			
energy level			✓			
sense of elapsed time			(no awareness of time)			
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: WONDERFUL PHYSICAL + EMOTIONAL FEELING

I WOULD TRY 20-25 NEXT TIME.

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

PRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

NO APPREHENSION, FULLY TRUSTING. LOOKING FORWARD TO WHATEVER HAPPENS.

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the

experience:

I FOUND THE EXPERIENCE VERY PHYSICAL - AND FELT CATAPULTED INTO THE PRESENT MOMENT IN AN USUALLY PROFOUND AND FORCEFUL WAY. I NOTICED INCREASED SENSITIVITY - TO OTHERS, YES, BUT ALSO TO THE GROUND I WAS WALKING ON AND THE MULTITUDE OF BEINGS HAVING THEIR LIFE AND CONTRIBUTING TO OURS. I FELT AN UNUSUAL KINSHIP WITH PLANT LIFE, AS IF ON AN EQUAL BASIS WITH THEM, AND A BEE! WELL FORGET ABOUT IT! A BEE WAS A THRILLING EXPERIENCE. I HAD A BIT OF A CRASH... INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS SEEMED STRAINED AFTER. AND A NON-SPECIFIC AGGREGATE OF ANGER BECAME NOTICEABLE, (AND HARD TO RESTRAIN AT TIMES) BUT THIS PASSED, A DAY LATER AND I FELT A BETTER MAN AS A RESULT OF EXPERIENCE.

Report of Vesta Kyner (name) Age 46

Lone Pine

Date 9/10/86 Compound Pegasus Dosage 120 Time started 907a 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				
temperature			✓ Cold	
perspiration	✓			
nausea			✓	
vomiting	✓ almost			
muscle tensions		1.side of neck for 4-5 days after.		✓
eye darting	✓			
blood pressure	✓			
other (name)		Jaw clenching for 4-5 days.		

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

	-	-/+	+1	+2	<u>+3</u>	+4
overall (circle)						
elapsed time to reach:		15 min?				

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

	worse			improved
	-2	-1	0	+1 +2
clarity of thought				✓
flow of insights			✓	
recall of past events			✓	
communication with others				✓
visual perception			✓	
perception of high order meaning			✓	
physical skills			✓	
general feeling tone				✓
general fears		Thought I might have taken too much		✓ see
energy level		"No" Energy level		comments
sense of elapsed time		??????		
eyes closed imagery	(circle one)	present		<u>not present</u>
hallucinations	" "	present		<u>not present</u>

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose ___% More 50% lessPRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

Felt very comfortable with husband + new friends eager to participate.

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the

experience: Very, very sensitive to any one near me. Strong love for my husband.

Strong inner feelings. all lasted for appx 2 hrs.

OTHER COMMENTS:*

Medication: 30mg. Phenobarbital for seizures. Medication was taken this day at peak period wanted to lay still, covered with eyes closed. My body was completely numb with no feeling to my own touch.

Report of Graham Kynder Lone Pine (name) Age 54

Date 9/10/86 Compound Pegasus Dosage 120 Time started 907 Supplement 40 at 1½ hours

PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

	<u>none or 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)		Cold sensations		

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION* Give brief assessment:

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

PRESET* Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:
felt good, ready

CHANGES* Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the experience: felt a warm pleasant glow - very sensitive to others around me

Report of RODNEY IMLER (name) Age 33

Lone Pine

Date 11/23/86 Compound 2CT2 Dosage 14MG Time started 9:14A 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	✓			
temperature		✓ NICE WARMTH		
perspiration		✓ OK		
nausea	✓			
vomiting	✓			
muscle tensions		✓ MORE RELAXED		
eye darting				
blood pressure				
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment: VERY BENEFICIAL FOR LONGTERM INSITES OF ORDER TO LIFE

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose 10-20% More ___% lessPRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test: WELL BEING HAPPINESS

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the experience: CLARITY OF EMOTIONS & DIRECTIONS

OTHER COMMENTS:*

IM GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPRITUNITY TO EXPERIENCE THIS ALTERED STATE TO BRING OUT THE TRUTH QUICKER.

Report of Celine Deputy (name) Age

Lone Pine

Date 11/23/86 Compound 2CT2 Dosage 18mg Time started 9:14a Supplement 0 at hours

PHYSICAL 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	?			
temperature	✓			
perspiration	✓			
nausea		✓		
vomiting	✓			
muscle tensions	?			
eye darting	✓			
blood pressure	?			
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

overall (circle)	-	-/+	+1	+2	<u>+3</u>	+4
elapsed time to reach: ?	— slow to peak effect					

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION* Give brief assessment:

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

Report of Jena (name) Age

with Quest

Date 7/10/87 Compound 2CT-2 Dosage 16mg Time started Supplement 2mg at hours

PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

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

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

		worse				improved
	-2		-1	0	+1	+2
? clarity of thought						
flow of insights						✓
recall of past events					✓	
communication with others						✓
visual perception						✓
perception of high order meaning						✓
physical skills			✓			
general feeling tone						✓
general fears						✓
energy level					✓	
sense of elapsed time		✓				
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: I experienced a xxxxx trip but had an ease in ascent and descent - it just seemed right.

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

PRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:
Excitement and anticipation far outweighed the fear of the unknown - yet to be revealed.

CHANGES*

Please summarize any significant changes in the days following the experience: The following few days were filled with new thoughts + perceptions. This formed a high supported by the experienced xxxxxx on the journey, At the close of the xxxxx my desire xxxx xxxxxx xxxx the ecstasy led to a downer.

OTHER COMMENTS:*

The trip itself was an experience of letting go, when I didn't try to hold a thought I just traveled into xxxx of bliss. I do believe the journey was much appeared for the better due to the loving atmosphere and caring, perceptive and understanding guide.

F 100 + 50

Meeting with two other individuals in allied professions. Ingesting at similar levels. Feelings of strong internal energy, bonding and contentment. Clarity of ideas and an openness of communication. The censor was non-existent. Session cemented an on-going professional relationship without feelings of competitiveness. Personal vision of a white light with an immense blue Feather. Floating in space, touching and combing the Feather. A strong sense of lightness and immunity. Physical symptoms non-existent. Recommend 500 mg calcium-magnesium for alleviating jaw problems. Night coach to the East coast. Slept well no excessive physical Fatigue.

F 100 + 25

Second meeting with two other individuals. Evening session with music and conversation. No time for meditation. Structure derived to notice differences if any from working in an introspective space. First time for both others in meeting Freddie. Levels similar to R.A.C. No unpleasant side effects reported. Both participants said they felt more relaxed and open (They have not met previously). They appreciated the ability not to be shy. Both are rather reticent to be themselves until they know others well. Felt this facilitated and broke through self-imposed barriers. Different experience than the above where all three individuals knew and respected each other.

F 100

Solo visit to the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. Exhibit space Fairly crowded with art lovers. I have much more patience and tolerance to wait for a clear view of the paintings. I am also feeling more assured (should I say smug) that I am seeing images and colours in a far different way from other spectators. Engaged two people in conversation about a particular painting. Enjoyed my own sense of what works in terms of line, formation and structure. I was able to recall parts of the many discussions I had with my art history tutor. Discussions that I had forgotten. No uncomfortable side effects: drive the freeways w/o difficulty. As in the above two experiences I have made calcium-magnesium input as part of the experience.

2 CT 2 25

Saturday afternoon following the conclusion of the two-week intensive.

Strong need to be alone and very quiet. Able to go deeply inside and strip down statements, occasions, and incidents to their bare bones and examine them w/o bias. Worked with two main questions: What would I need to know/see demonstrated to believe X? and What do I want and is it possible to obtain it now or in the Future? I looked at my working relationship with Orina and the Institute. I am able to clearly understand what are working relationship is and will be in spite of promises and how I allow myself to be set-up by anticipating the future and stepping into that Frame without seeing the pitfalls. I experienced being able to put aside my humour and work. I really think this material is excellent for personal work and I would like to experience it in a therapeutic context. Other aspects: Used my Walkman to listen to music and focus inwards. Visualization excellent. The mountains moved, changed size and took on shapes of faces and animals. They moved in and out of vision as I practised telescoping back and forth. Sat outside on the heliport pad in late afternoon watching the Kestrels and merging with nature. Found my self sitting in the middle of a rainforest as the sprinklers soaked the garden. Shafts of sun light filtered through the mist of the sprinklers, and the pear tree. I merged with the all three elements until we were one. Looking out from the inside. No physical side effects.

Repeat of the same material the next day. Too soon to be repeated. Became Fatigued and Fell asleep. No visuals or conclusions. I did a major piece of work the previous day and needed to let it percolate.

***Kept at a lower level to monitor physiological problems and to ascertain if effective therapy can be done at lower dosages.

Agota and Alvero
Inhibited Sexual Desire

Alvero is a 35 year-old lighting consultant and his wife Agota is a 29 year-old model and actress. They have been married 5 years and have a three year-old daughter.

Their presenting problem is Alvero's disinterest in their relationship, his lack of desire and sexual avoidance since the birth of their daughter. Prior to their marriage their sexual relationship was very good. At the time of treatment Agota was upset because of the many problems with her husband including poor communication, lack of intimacy, Alvero's apathy and Agota either wanted an immediate change in attitude or a divorce from her husband.

The major cause of the problem was Alvero's anger at Agota. He felt she was much better at verbal expression and used these skills to intimidate him. The more Agota confronted Alvero the more he withdrew increasing Agota's anger. They engaged in constant blame and were unable to negotiate differences, Alvero then withdrew and suppressed his sexual feelings as a way of getting back at Agota. His work setting was another problem. He was required to spend a great deal of time on the road leaving the management of his daughter and home to Agota.

Agota complained about their finances and that she felt infantilized by their financial manager who paid all their bills and kept her on an allowance. She further complained she never could get any information on their finances and that prior to their marriage she managed her own finances quite adequately.

Another complaint was Alvero's frequent use and enjoyment of Marijuana so that he could relax and his sole interest in watching sports on television. He also would come home from his road trips and expect Agota to wait on him hand and foot.

Alvero felt unappreciated for his money earning capabilities and unappreciated. He complained of Agota's "sharp tongue" and the way in which she would denigrate his parents. He said "she is not the same woman I married."

Psychotherapy centred on developing an effective communications model to enable the couple to express their feelings openly and freely. They examined the messages from their families of origin and were given instructions in changing them to more appropriate messages for their own benefit. The accumulated anger and resentment blocked effective open communication because both partners feared the other's reaction.

To facilitate breaking the impasse, the couple agreed to meet with Freddie because they did not want their daughter to be a product of a divorced family and they still loved each other.

The initial session was at an introductory level of F-50 each and scheduled for two hours. Couple was asked to begin to talk taking turns listening and giving feedback. Progress was monitored and states of mutual pleasure and response were anchored and future paced in trance. Issues of anger and resentments were reframed and they were given a post-hypnotic suggestion for success. No physical side effects were reported.

The second session both were more relaxed. There was less physical tension in their bodies. They reported the ability to laugh with and each other plus better communications. Coitus had not been attempted. Both received F-100 each and were scheduled for three hours. Sensate focus exercises for hands face and feet were practised by both. Couple joined hands, made eye contact, matched respirations with each partner taking turns telling the other what they appreciated about each other. Both developed a list of activities to share and agreed to take turns picking from each others list. Positive states were anchored in trance and future paced with a posthypnotic suggestion for increased successful pleasurable encounters. Home work assignments were given.

Session three: Two weeks later F-100 each for three hour duration. Couple more closely allied. Both pleased with time alone and ability to be more physically responsive with each other. Anger contained with less personalization. Alvero and Agota able to say I'm sorry. Sexual interaction with the exception of coitus. Several metaphors were employed to further unconscious processes and the couple in trance were asked to imagine a time in the Future when they were enjoying their ideal relationship and to look back and see how they both had made that possible. Alvero and Agota reported feeling very connected and close. Positive states anchored and future paced.

Follow up phone call couple reported "slipping" and having sexual intercourse with feelings of closeness. In subsequent sessions, they began to resolve other issues creating a more balanced harmonious relationship.

Freddie is an invaluable allie. Helping both Alvero and Agota to overcome conscious barriers of resentment and anger. Developing self awareness of their intimacy quotient and how to tap into it at will.

7 Day - ~~100mg~~

Dietsch

7 - 20 mg

A wonderful day of integration + work. Took about 2[hrs] onset - some nausea on + off - that seemed to cycle periodically thru out day [with] onset of periodic transitioning or reactivation of **xx**.

Visuals were great, much like M. but less sparkly - lots of movement + aliveness - velvety appearance + ↑ depth perception.

Neck + shoulder tension thru out day along [with] legs - I would periodically just notice extreme tightness of muscles + relax.

Working was very integrative - Back + forth constantly between wonderful good space - similar to [Freddie] but more grounded then always back to sadness. I felt like it really showed me where I was unfinished but [with] self loving tolerance.

Tremendous processing and letting go - Seeing things very clearly and also able to laugh at my trips. Lots of singing. In spite of shoulder tension, vocal freedom + facility were very high. I felt my voice integrated + dropped in a way it never has + that remained x several days. Able to merge body, voice, psyche + emotions [with] music then let go of it as a role. I also realized + gave self permission to do whatever it takes to get free. Let go of horses. Let go of Dad [with] tragic arias. Next day let go of Mom by singing Kaddish for her + merging [with] it.

September 15, 1987 Freddie, 120mgs. + 20mgs., suppl. 40mgs.
Subject: Brook

Last time (and the first time), she had this material, was about a year ago, I believe, perhaps a bit less. She felt it was time for some changes in both her relationship with present boyfriend and with herself. She's seeing certain patterns emerge and has concluded that if she doesn't begin to move out of them, she'll be truly stuck. Saw her father several days ago and began to allow herself to realize that he doesn't really intend to get better, if he ever did, and that he is letting himself, unconsciously, to gradually give up and die, and that she may not be able to turn this around. She became badly depressed for a few days, and understood that she was afraid of some part of herself that might do the same kind of thing with her life - fail to change, to develop, to progress, and that she, too, might find herself losing energy and life.

So she came today to start some real work, and we began at 10:30a.m. She took 120mgs. And did not feel effects for about 40 minutes. The effects were pleasant but obviously not very intense. I wondered if her height might make it necessary for her to take more, but that was less persuasive an argument than simply the probability that she was controlling too much and was not easily letting go. I gave her, at the hour point, another 20mgs., feeling it would have both a physical and psychological boosting effect. The result was gratifyingly gentle but apparently sufficiently above baseline to be thoroughly comfortable and easy to work with.

She did not remark on any transition impact at all and there was no hint of anxiety concerning the chemical.

After she had acknowledged real effect, she decided to go outside for a little while, which I encouraged, and she sat on the slope near the front door and looked over the valley. She said when she came in that she experienced a quite magnificent image. While looking at the plume of white smoke which always rises from a certain building in the valley, she saw it form into a crystal shell or egg, and sensed herself inside it, making an effort to crack the shell, with great joyful energy, and determination, and she added that there was a sound - an actual sound - of flapping of wings around her during this time. The wings belonged to this Brook self which was apparently trying to emerge through the crystal and fly to a new level. She said that she didn't know what was on the new level, or new place, or state, but it was important to start making her way there. Wonderful! Nothing like starting at the top. Full new-birth image in the first five minutes. What can we do to top that?

Talked about Neville - sounds like classic "dance-away lover," and I couldn't think of the title of the book to suggest she get it, but she already sees the signs. She's just beginning to give herself permission (tentatively) to be angry, but her usual pattern of feeling it must be something wrong with her, makes it hard to believe that Neville may be the one with the problem, or at least a good part of the problem. We talked about alternatives and whether she needs to move out and up from her secure job.

Finally, we got the image of her Monster. It has already appeared to her in a very vivid big dream, about a year ago. It's a great big lizard, full of power, perfect and classic monster-teacher. She got image of three year old child full of utter sorrow, having been told she had done something very bad, and understanding, in that moment, that SHE was "bad", no good. Probable beginning to the pattern of self-negation. I told her that her job is to re-parent the little kid. She tried it in imagery and found that when she tried to put her arms around the little girl and gave love and support, the child stopped crying, checked out the sincerity, then

bounced off to play. Fine, I said. Every time that little one comes into view, go thou and do thy mother-bit. Later, got another glimpse of child, a bit older, this time furious and ready to bite and rip-tear - really great anger.

During all the work, I emphasized honoring and respecting all images from the unconscious. Reminded her that images are the language of the unconscious - less often words - and must be listened to. Asked her to get right into the inside of the lizard, which she did and stayed in long enough to explore his (he's a he) desert and his feelings about himself (completely self sufficient, non self-censoring, survivor, pleased with who he is, intolerant of interference or annoyance - bites its head off - and wise. Talked with Brook, when she said she needed some pearls of wisdom, but didn't waste words). I told her that the lizard is now her "wise" self and her inner teacher, for now, because that's the part of herself she's rejected and censored and she needs to learn and accept it. She understood that the lizard is not, and doesn't have to be, nice. It isn't nice at all. It simply is what it is and deserves respect. She said, "It has a sense of humor too," and this was good to know.

Superb day, thoroughly enjoyed. My energy was very good when she left - at about the 8 hour or so point. We made a date for another session in three weeks.

Interesting note for future work - her feelings about her art, which is wonderful, I feel - she's as gifted in her way as brother Preston is - her feelings are mixed pleasure and pain, with hostility and negatives being stronger. Probably because art has been one of her ways of seeking and getting approval, and therefore she has come to associate the artistic gift with other people's expectations and responses, and has failed to fully own it for herself alone. In image, when I suggested she give the lizard all her paints and equipment and see what he does with them, she watched for a while and then reported that he took a shit on them. I laughed and we figured he'd made his feelings reasonably clear. We'll have to work on possibly - if that's the right thing to do at the time - letting go other people's connections with her art, and making it hers alone and not a matter of being seen or evaluated by anyone else. See if she wants to fully own the gift and use it, or not.

Also explore possible problem with Preston's development of his painting, while she gave hers up. That may be a factor, here.

Wonderful soul to work with, and superb Monster. He may not be nice, but I like the beast. He's going to be a true ally for her.

Good response to Freddie, but slight headache at about 6 hours which responded well to aspirin. Slight down-feeling at baseline, but sparked back up before she left. When I phoned her at home, she said she was feeling pretty darn good, and had no trouble driving home.

Will probably try 120mgs. again next time, on the theory that the resistance this time was psychological, not due to inadequate dosage level. We'll see.

On January 31, 1980, I wrote the following notes on an experiment with a drug called Meta-escaline.

Saturday: Meta-escaline, 200mgs., Shura and me.

Tastes terrible. Mixed it with juice, still terrible.

Background: New compound, start of entire family of compounds. Shura has taken up to 160mgs., with a +1. I haven't taken it before.

Duration: 7 to 8 hours. First alert at 20 minutes.

Later: Lovely. This is fully-rounded +2. Climbing by 30 minutes, fully on by about one hour, 10 minutes.

Erotic superb, all the way to the top. Very minor stomach cramps noticed early by me at about the 3rd hour, lasting through until 4th hour. Food helped to calm stomach. Shura had slight cramps later, around 5th to 6th hour. Cleared up with a bit of food.

Body energy: Excellent, no sense of depletion. Very sleepy by around 8 hours. Sleep good. Next day, good humor, good energy, feeling pleasant.

Note: Almost no visuals. Colors very nice, and eyes-closed images pleasantly dream-like, with no dark corners.

Insight: Not sure.

On another Saturday, this time in February of 1981, Shura and I took Meta-escaline at a higher level, 275mgs. My notes say the following:

4:50PM: Alert at around 35 minutes. Anesthesia of fingertips apparent within 1st hour. I was sewing, which was easy, but I was aware of the fingertips and having to be careful with the needle. Also a relaxing of muscles, generally, felt as "laziness".

Color: Red is vivid, colors clear and lovely. But I've concluded it's not the quality of the color that has changed. Color is experienced not so much as "being", but as implying numerous things, a language used by some other level of reality.

First hour to two hours: looked through assortment of books with paintings in them. They were all vivid, had strong impact. I cried over Albright's painting of the sad, aging prostitute, saw the incredible ugliness, the minutely detailed ugliness, as his way of managing, dealing with, his own agonizing compassion.

To bed. Full erotic, to peak. Lovely, peaceful. Level: +3. Gently down.

Next day: Good body feeling; good humor. No lethargy.

In July of 1982, Shura and me tried meta-escaline again, taking 300 mgs. I wrote the following notes on that experiment.

Background: Finished doing a lot of heavy housework, clearing out the big room at the end of the hall which had been Theo's room and is now going to be a room for machines like the infrared, and also our stereo system. Felt a bit grim, as if I had been depriving myself on several levels. Probably being on a diet the last

three days had something to do with it, together with the hard cleaning work. Underneath the grimness, everything all right.

Ingested 300mgs. at 1:34PM. By 3:15PM, +2 level. Feeling still a bit grim, but more benignly so. Body comfortable. Very quiet climb. Occasional yawns. Matter-of-fact view of the world. No rosy glow.

2nd hour. We are a thorough +2, but would like to get to +3. We take another 100mgs. each at 3:45PM. Still tastes awful. Paintings look good, details emerge sharply. Body feels pleasant. Feeling of subtle heat, but no hyper-reflexia or any such problems, so far. Shura is at ease. There is a sense of time slowing, which enables one to really immerse oneself in the paintings. No sinus clearing. This does not seem to be a decongestant. Feel small head rush 15 minutes after taking the supplement. Looking at paintings more rewarding than looking at photographs. Book on cave paintings (in Texas) very powerful.

Within 1/2 hour, about, we are fully +3. Erotic deep and high. Eyes-closed imagery was that of my floating with Shura up, up to the very top of a Temple. Where there was radiant light and sense of homecoming for us both. Making love is a clear stream over and through rocks and canyons - the earth and sky make love, and the rocks make love to other rocks, and the water is the teasing, fondling, living and moving actions of loving.

For a while, this was a sterner mescaline. Saw again the eternal, continual making of choices; all opposites continually in motion with each other. Yin and Yang everywhere, giving life to every molecule. Both physical and spiritual. The universe itself keeps alive by the action-reaction, the yes-no, the black-white, male-female, plus-minus. All life is a continual making of choices on all levels.

Energy and tiredness are also matters of choice-making. As are health and sickness. Our non-conscious levels are left in charge of these choices, usually. Until we become fully aware and can make choices consciously.

Good and Evil are forms of the Yin-Yang.

And one must be prepared to make perpetual and always more subtle and difficult choices. The lessons of Kindergarten will confront us all over again, in different form each time, whenever we think we've graduated to First Grade.

Always be prepared to realize yourself as a little child, happily strutting about in the adult's garden, thinking he "knows". Keep in mind the funny and adorable, but awfully dumb, tiny kitten who marches in among the big human feet, tail held arrogantly erect, pouncing on the nearest 'big toe', confident of being able to drag it off to his den or nest. Think of the loving, smiling gods, the laughing Buddhas, who look down on the swaggering little human spirits who have momentarily identified themselves as "gurus" or "seers" or "high priests" or "leaders" and be grateful that, apparently, we small child souls are not stepped upon, and our tiny teeth are gently disengaged from many benign Big Toes.

However, even funny little kittens grow up, must grow up, must become aware and conscious, and more respectful of Big Feet and Toes.

So, countless times, one must start at the beginning again, with deep humility and gratitude.

To realize that, on some level, all existence makes love to all other existence.

The Japanese Garden: A structured way of laying out a small glimpse into cosmic love-making, so that it can be read by other human souls.

All loving, when direct and free and undemanding, is a touching of the Source.

The hardest lesson, of course is how to learn to love yourself that same way. And it remains both the first lesson of Kindergarten and the PhD final.

At about 4AM, there was another discovery. Two ways, two paths, along the many, defined this way:

A. The way to spiritual development and growth is through the denial of the material body and its animal aspects, by the strengthening of the will to self-control and the transformation of sex-drives, urges to eat and sleep, etc., into higher and stronger spiritual energies. The human spirit is meant to rise above its animal and materialistic aspect, and to transform itself into a strong, true and loving soul in which its Creator or Spirit Center shines more and more clearly -

and

B. The way to spiritual development and growth is through the most complete and deep experiencing of the physical, its animal and material self as well as all the other aspects of itself (the soul) and one of the most spiritually advantageous. God-blessed ways to the soul's Source is found in the fullest possible exercising of love-making with another human being. In some views, it is most satisfying to the soul's growth to make love with a person of the opposite sex. However, when one has achieved full and loving communion with one's inner male and female selves, it doesn't matter what sex one's mate is - if both of the lovers are in tune with their male and female selves, they can love fully in the physical body without denying the experience of opposites.

The smiling Buddha is one of the most important images.

The loving and joyful experience of the entire world on all its levels, from the animal-instinctual to the most high and peaceful and soul-loving world, is the path to the God-head.

Decide which path is yours to follow:

Shura has said - T'aint no such thing as a psychedelic. Only different forms in which the soul gives itself permission to put a key into a particular door.

Okay. Maybe, maybe. Goodnight.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2-C-T-7

Date: 15 September, 1987

Place; Brandt residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:07AM Each take 12mgs of 2-C-2-7. Very slow coming on. I feel only slightly in an hour.

10:34AM Peggy takes 3mgs more 2-C-T-7, Fred takes 8mgs more.

Blood pressures:	Peggy:	10:06AM	123/69	pulse	69
		11:39AM	131/71		57
	Fred:	9:54AM	123/75		72
		11:41AM	141/80		87

Begin to feel more intensely after supplement. Peggy has mixed feelings; wants to get some things done. Doesn't care to discuss psychological dynamics I bring up; goes to studio to paint.

I begin to spend day following my inner teacher. Release to that quite successfully and continually. As first get into experience, am aware that there is a lot of load in my body that I need drop. This despite fact I thought I was feeling quite good, had good energy, before this experience.

Have continual feeling of discomfort, something not resolved, but pay no attention to it, release to inner experience. Hit a very deep charge of loneliness, which seems to clear up after allowing it full expression. Not clear what it was, but seemed to be some deeply imprinted early experience. Had interesting time with mirror, just accepting the face there, not trying to sway or direct the experience, just being with whatever came. Felt this considerably increased self-acceptance.

Got back together with Peggy. Her painting not going well. I feel what keeps life energy flowing is to respond to inner impulses. Feel I have gotten heavy by not following urge to prop up pole holding wires to pump house. Decide to do it; Peggy decides to help me. Sawing a pipe in two with the hack saw, I see how tense I am, how I force actions. See that all I have to do is relax, and as I heard in a recent tape of Arnold Patent, let the universe take care of the details. This turned out to be really true, as I let go my force of exertion, I could feel enormous energy there waiting to do the work. A simple flow. It felt marvelous to let help come this way. Completed task. Felt good.

Peggy and I spend quiet afternoon on deck. I have a profound afternoon, in a wonderful space. Thinking is quite free and clear, and I get many realizations. Peggy brings up the Pope and I look at church, priests. Saw a side I don't usually see, the possibility of their commitment to love and genuine desire to serve. Examined issue of need for examples and righteous standards vs individual freedom and discovery. Very tough to be a good priest.

While using hack saw, I am aware of enormous power of focusing the mind. Decide to hold focus on love (first time I am directing the experience). Wonderful things happen; much discomfort clears up. See willingness to hold love in face of any diversity an amazingly valuable virtue. Wonder how to hold on to it. Get insight, every time feel discomfort, let this remind me of the wonder, beauty, and bountifulness of the universe. This felt marvelous, and has been working well for several days now. The opposite of my usual response, which is if I feel discomfort, I wonder what's wrong.

Wondered about Terrence McKenna and his men from outer space. What good is this? How can they help? If they are wise, they won't interfere with our own development. Possibly they can help us realize who we are. I opened myself to them, and any other entities or powers or beings in the universe who wish to help, and invited them to help me. Felt a real expansion and wonderment of my being.

While holding focus on love continued to produce profound experiences, somehow I wasn't completely breaking through. All of a sudden I realized. It's not love that I want, it's POWER!! Felt wonderful to feel power coursing through me, see how hard I had worked to keep this realization from my consciousness. I gloried in it. Telling Peggy, she said "Of course!" Saw that power is wonderful, produces marvelous feelings of action and accomplishment, but must always be used with love.

More excellent realizations in my relation with Peggy, at much profounder levels than ever before. Still holding her in by my restrictions. Can see how this raises resentment in her. We agree to drop restrictions, be true friends. Wonderful to explore her being free of my imposed restrictions.

Clearest experience yet of how everything I look at is part of me, no sense of self-boundary. How with real letting in, everything is there to help. The wonder and beauty is everywhere; just let it be.

By late afternoon, still very much in experience, feeling marvelous enjoying the quiet, the stillness, the surrounding beauty, being with Peggy. Saw how important it is to have such an experience alone with no other influences, so one can truly get in touch with oneself. Although never got more than about 2-2.5, was a marvelous experience with much learning. Didn't feel any coming down, just a marvelous sense of self, being part of everything. This has stayed very much this way for the next 3 days.

While Peggy never got into any intensity, she very much enjoyed the rest of the afternoon and evening, and we had a wonderful time being together.

The 3 day weekend at Three Mountains produced a tremendous sense of inner peace and strength, and powerful feeling of relatedness to all the other participants. This experience, however, allowed exploration of many dimensions beyond what opened up there, and more important, made it possible to explore the wonder of one's own individual being, which would be hard to do in that atmosphere.

Following this experience, my body has felt very clear and rejuvenated. I was carrying heavier loads than I thought. Energy has been excellent; ability to stay focused on writing much improved. A certain sense of impatience while doing menial tasks has disappeared. Also, in the two weeks previous some arthritis that I occasionally had experienced in the base of my right thumb had become chronic. This has disappeared with this experience.

All in all, an extremely valuable, wonderful, fulfilling experience. Discomfort I felt during the day seems not at all important now. I feel this an excellent substance, very clear, very permissive, and perhaps easier on the body than 2C-T-2. Next time will try at 25mgs.

REPORT OF EXPERIENCE WITH PEGASUS

Date: September 23, 1987

Place: Brandt Residence, Lone Pine.

Participants: Orval Gramm, Peggy, and Fred

Background: We met Orval at the 3 day Labor Day Weekend Conference at 3 mountain. Of all the participants, he was the only one I thought might be interested in our work. I was impressed by his brightness, articulateness, and his dedication to growth. He was frightened at the prospect, and made an indefinite agreement for future contact. Two weeks later he called, frantic because his girlfriend of 4 years was leaving. She apparently is a very loving person, has grown well, but is tired of Orval's ambivalence and inability to make a commitment. He hoped to clear out the basis for his ambivalence. I proffered he come after he had spent some time resolving the crisis. Several days later, he sounded much better, and we agreed to this experiment.

9:28AM Orval takes 120mgs Pegasus, Peggy 110mgs.; I take 12mgs 2C-T-2. Comes on slowly; everyone begins to feel and be in good space in 30 minutes. Orval feels the energy; responding well. We talk. I mention that he doesn't listen to what I am saying. This starts him in a negative direction. Begins to get into his awful childhood - his parents gave him no love, but completely manipulated him for their own ends. Constant direction by his mother - she even put him on a leash. Father very forceful in wanting his way, even using physical abuse to reinforce his commands. Orval hates them both. Also hates younger brother by 4 years who took away what little attention his parents had to offer. Orval gets up much anger. Anxious to get into his feelings.

11:05AM Peggy takes 40mgs supplement of Pegasus. Orval takes 50mgs. Peggy is well-centered, enjoying the experience. Orval continues getting into his feelings. Has the most complete computations against himself of anyone I have ever seen. Desperately wants love, but hates those that love him because of his own self-image. Refuses to do anything for anyone else, because they should love him for what he is, and not because he will do something in return. Gets very hostile at thought of doing anything for anyone else.

Peggy and I remain supportive, with very few suggestions, letting him pursue his inner feelings. He gets up much anger. I hold him down on floor, so he can exert his anger against me. At times he turns into a raving beast. This goes on for several hours. He shows great courage and determination in pursuing his repressed feelings.

I was unable to hold his attention for more than a few seconds at a time. So when he asks for another supplement (the day before I mentioned we could continue the experiment with another chemical if it seemed appropriate), I suggested it might not be wise, as he should begin to devote some time to taking what he has experienced and relating to the world around him. He argued that he felt right on the verge of an important breakthrough. When I suggested we might use more, he became frightened. We went back and forth on this for a while until I became convinced that he really wanted to use more, and felt it would do some good.

3PM Orval and Fred each take 6mgs 2C-T-2. Orval continues pretty much in same vein, getting up much anger, at times appearing very beast like. I give him a chance to role play with his parents, being first one and then the other. Expresses much anger. I tell him that I hope that one day he can do this directly with them.

5:00PM We talk Orval into walk outside. He is reluctant, but accepts our suggestion. He finds it beautiful outside, gets into some wonderful positive energy. However, he is quite weak, and occasionally sinks to his knees. I feel it is his tendency to sink into inner experience. He has almost no faculty for taking command and making decisions or carrying out actions to overrule his feelings. He feels he is a empty, bottomless pit. I suggest that he fills it himself. He can concentrate on this only a short time.

I hope he will discover how desperately he is afraid to find out how much he acutely desires love. He shows little sign of this, so I begin to become somewhat more directive. I wonder if he felt helpless with his parents, and he got into that. We discuss importance of rational mind, and ultimate ability to follow reason over emotions, ability to act despite feeling fear, resentment, or other negative feelings. During walk, we practice ability to drop inner workings of mind and pay attention to what is around us. He succeeds somewhat and at times. I share how important it was for me to learn gratitude and appreciation. He realizes that he never does. Is able to see surrounding beauty and appreciate it for a while. He acknowledges that it has felt good to go outside and experience the outdoors.

We discuss forgiveness. Back into the house, he goes inside and is able to forgive his mother, father and brother. Much pain and realization, particularly with brother. Is beginning to see light at the end of the tunnel; can experience some euphoria, good energy.

Feeling that he is much stronger and insightful, I mention that I see him as very consuming in his relationships, that it is no wonder Piper is leaving him. He begins to get it. His initial response is to always feel hostile, very difficult for him to take any advice or suggestion. I suggest he has to grow out of this and look at the reality of the situation; what is really going on? Must learn that everything is not an attack - he is the one who changes it to an attack - but look at things on their merit. He requires complete retraining in this regard. Has deeply set, heavy patterns.

He has made much, much progress. I am on sofa, tell Orval I am hungry, will he please bring me a bowl of soup. He expressed his anger at being asked to do something. I express my amazement. I point out that Peggy and I have stood by him, answered his every wish all day, which he has acknowledged, and now he can't even bring me a bowl of soup? I tell him I don't give a damn how he feels, I want some soup. He gets it, finds out it feels good to do so.

He wants to discuss his relationship with Piper. I role play with him. He is still very torn. Now he understands how awful he has been; discusses going back and serving her. Yet still feels some repulsion in being with her. We discuss possibilities - his fear of intimacy, his unwillingness to care enough to have to do something for someone, his fear of discovering his own self-hatred. We retire with this issue unresolved.

He had a sleepless night, and the next morning is still unresolved about Piper. Would like to go back and plead with her to stay with him, he will change. But in his heart he still can't make the commitment. I suggest he stay with us another day. We take a hike, do some good talking to integrate his experience, and he comes to peace with outdoors, begins to feel much better.

The following morning, he decides it will be better if he and Piper part. If he grows strong, they may be able to get back together. On way home, he changes his mind, wants to serve her and make up for his mistreatment. She is adamant on leaving. He called each day for 3 fays for different kinds of advice. Sunday, the last call he was sounding much better, with a bounce in his voice. He is resigned to moving out, remaking his life. I give him lots of encouragement, and ask that he stays close to his friends and work with his teacher, Josh, who is apparently extremely wise, has brought up all these issues before, and who can give him lots of support.

Orval showed an enormous amount of courage and persistence in facing his inner demons. The problem of now resolving them in his life will be the biggest task he has ever faced. The next few days will be the hardest. If he gets through them OK, I believe he will steadily gain strength.

10/3/87. Report from Orval after not hearing for 6 days. Has moved out, it is very painful, is living in an ashram. Last two days has been feeling better. Has a female therapist to work with whom he thinks will be helpful. Sill very much into dark feelings, having a hard time getting on top, but it's looking more hopeful than any time since he left.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: September 30, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Graham Kyner, Peggy, and Fred, Vesta Kyner standing by.

9:18 a.m. Graham takes 200 of DVC, Peggy, Takes 50 DVC, Fred takes m.g. 2C-T-7. Graham and I had a light breakfast almost 2 hours earlier. In about 20 minutes, Graham goes over to the studio to lie down. I have the best initial start I have ever experience, staying in an excellent space with clear vision. Peggy rapidly gets very intoxicated, finding her dosage amazingly potent. She lies down, and we spend time quietly together.

After a couple of hours, I have difficulty maintaining the wonderful poise with which I started, and being to feel sluggish. I lie down by Peggy, and work through some of the uncomfortable feelings. I reach the point where I realize the important thing is to be up, wide awake, and fully aware of the moment. Everything is running with energy and is very beautiful.

Vesta comes in, and we have good exchange. Then Graham comes in, in a very exalted space. He has been surrounded by rings of light and color, and it has come to him that he is "born of the spirit." A profound discovery is that he doesn't really need to know, and that's o.k.

While we very much enjoy being together, and are enjoying the beauty, my experience is rather strange. There is nothing especially dramatic - I don't reach the clarity and freedom of mind of the first T-7 experience. I feel some body heaviness all day long, and suspect that I have gone past my optimum amount. It is a joy, as always, to talk to Graham and we range over various philosophical subjects. I feel my own need to know, which he has relinquished.

We go down to the pond, which is quite beautiful, and continue some very interesting discussion. I am recalling that we have both Kent Ulrich's ashes (Graham was very close to Kent) and Rikki Ogawa's ashes near her sweat lodge site. I feel keenly for her, and share a memory of my being on my meditation rock and experiencing the enormous energy that flowed out of the sweat lodge with all of our prayers for the benefit of the world. Graham looked at me peculiarly, and what I said didn't feel right. I wondered if our energy really helped. Then looking at the beautiful willow tree, I have a profound realization that there is plenty of energy there all the time for whoever wants it. Each individual can have just as much as he wants, depending upon his own personal relationship to God. Once more I got a powerful realization that I don't need to save the world or have to help save anyone, as they can save themselves just as soon as they elect to.

This made me think of Sonny Levert, the beautiful Tibetan ex-monk we had had to dinner a few nights previously. Sonny spent 17 years in Tibet, and recently 6 months in seclusion at Dr. Kempinski's place. He recently came out of seclusion and renounced his own vows as a monk. The Dali Llama (?) recently invited Sonny to take a trip with him and help teach. Sonny absolutely glows, and as far as I am concerned demonstrates the positive results of inner search better than anyone I have met.

Anyway, I suddenly realized why a person would spend years in seclusion communing with God, as this would be an endless path of Self-discovery, going on and on into Infinity. I immediately felt a powerfully deep feeling for Sonny and shared this. On the spot we decided to go see him.

I enjoyed driving us up the hill. The mountains were incredibly beautiful, and we were all in a wonderful space. Sonny was home, and we had a marvelous visit with him. He is an incredibly beautiful person. Graham had had a pre-cognitive experience of seeing him. What Sonny had to say "put the glue on his experience, and bound it together." It brought meaning to many of the things he experienced this day.

I asked Sonny why we seemed so afraid of love. Sonny explained that when we become truly close to anyone, we will feel their pain, and most of us hold off from this. This struck deeply home to me. I knew this, but as with many important things I have learned, do not fully apply it.

We ended up a delightful day together and retired early. My body still felt heavy, and I was very prone much of the day to have my feelings of insecurity come up. For me, it was a good day, but not outstanding. It did not carry me forward into new territory, as most of my recent experiences have done.

The best parts of my experience came later. For the next three mornings I awoke early, and went into a deep meditative state. I realized that I was still carrying a lot of discomfort from Orval, and by being willing to completely experience his pain, I was able to drop it, and hold Orval in a good light. Likewise, I saw that much of the same heavy feeling I sometimes with Peggy come with the same source. Again I was able to go through this with her, and reach a state of wonderful communion. I felt Sonny as a wonderful inspiration, showing what you could do when you make your mind up. I became more resolved to drop the heavy feelings, and was able to drop quite a load each day, so that I have continued to feel better and better. Now I am back in that wonderful place where everything seems to be working.

Saturday, October 17, 1987

2C-G-N, 35mgs., S. and me, 11:10 am about 3-1/2 hours to full activity, and the increase is so gradual, it's really hard to be sure whether you've moved up or not, unless you concentrate on your state and check it out carefully. At this point, somewhere around 3:10 (four hours), it's +3 without a doubt.

Now somewhere near 1 a.m. Perfectly stable +3. Completely benign, full access to all parts of oneself. Except that neither of us could get even near orgasm. Wonderful closeness and loving, but couldn't get that sharp edge, that focus necessary for culmination of anything. The tension that has to precede letting go that way just isn't as possible to gather up. That's a very crazy sentence, structure-wise.

As with all the other 2C-G's so far, namely 2C-G-3 and -5, there is a complete absence of body-threat or body-alert. Everything feels safe and friendly and benign. And all the 2C-G's are very, very long, making it difficult to imagine giving to the research group. Everybody would have to stay overnight. New Year's, perhaps? Its about 24 hours long, although it's possible to sleep when it drops to a +2. The earlier ones, 2C-G-3 and 5, however, were great for orgasm, without effort. This one not so. At least, not tonight. Otherwise, it is in the same general area as the others, and equally benign.

Reading and writing are great. Thinking is clear. No fuzziness, no feeling of being pushed. No sense of having to face death, or whatever it is that Lucy always invokes, sooner or later, that edge - the sense of walking on the fine middle line between light and dark that is the excitement and the thread of Lucy. Yet this is not dull; it's just a friend, an ally, which invites you to do anything you wish to. I said to Sasha that, in some ways, it presents itself - all this family of compounds seems to - as the ideal first psychedelic, because of the gentleness, but we reminded ourselves that our experience of this kind of thing is molded by years of intense practice, and that to a naive person, the trip might appear far less benign and friendly than it is to us.

Spent some excellent time at the dining room table, my having asked Sasha to draw the structures of the 2C-G's and the G's and Lucy and THC and 2C-T-2 and others, all in the usual vain effort to get some sense of how and why these things interlock with the brain and mind. Concluding, as usual, that there's no way to pin it down. It makes as much sense to visualize the drug as a strange flower and the mind as a mist-cloud into which the flower releases its scent (the psychedelic effect) as it does to think in terms of molecules as methyl groups attaching themselves to particular sites in the brain designated as "receptor-sites." I like Sasha's suspicion that the entire body is a receptor site for psychoactive drugs, on some level and in some manner not understood.

Sasha has idea of proposing to the V.C. group that they might want to consider exploring the G's, as potential antidepressants or geriatric whatchamacallits. At least, they wouldn't have to fight the owning of a patent by U.C. or anybody else. He would give the whole family to them for free. Great idea. Let's see if they're interested. He would mention only the lowest levels of activity, omitting any mention of higher levels, so not have to suggest any kind of psychedelic effect, which is not apparent at low levels, while the benign and friendly effect might well be, and could be interpreted as antidepressant or anti-anxiety by the patient and doctor.

2C-G-N, continued.

October 19, 1987

This is a finish-up note on the 2C-G-N of Saturday, 35 mgs. The sleep was not deep enough, but it was pleasant and relatively resting. The whole next day, I was feeling happy, with an overlay of irritability. Strange mixture. By bedtime, the irritability had become very mild depression. U had been spotting all Saturday and continued spotting Sunday. Not a lot, but distinct. Until Sunday night, I felt I was still threshold.

Monday, continued feeling low, not willing to do anything in particular. Dull. Dreams two last nights have been affected by the drug. They have a clear quality which has the stamp of the drug on it. I mean the character of the dreaming is typical of the drug effect; it doesn't entirely "belong" to my usual psyche and its usual way of communicating.

Conclusion: I think I'd like to go back to the 2C-G-3 and 5, which were - I think - less of a problem re next day residue. And look forward to the next members of this family. This one, I think, presents a few problems which cause a faint unease.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH MDMA

Date: May 8, 1985

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Willa Essarry, Thora Zager, Peggy and Fred

Background: Willa is a nurse who has the prime responsibility for taking care of Dr. Kempinski, the almost 98 year guru on the mountain. She is well steeped in spiritual studies. Thora is an artist in residence to help with the care of Dr. Kempinski. She is in her late 20's, Willa a few years older. Both have had a little prior experience with psychedelics.

2:40 p.m. All take 120 m.g. of MDMA. Very smooth ascent, in 20 minutes all feel, then develops rapidly. Willa and Thora enter deeply into it. Much euphoria, heightened perception, deep relaxation, general joyfulness, regression to youth in appearance, softness of skin. Bonding grows rapidly; a marvelous experience for all.

3:30 p.m. We are all well in. Willa having profound experience, profound realizations, Thora looks out window, amazed by what she sees, her internal thoughts and feelings reflected in the movement of the clouds. Everything for her is alive and moving. We listen to Sounds of the Shaman, everyone deeply moved as they let go to it. Peggy and Willa lie down eyes closed, Thora and I sit up and look out. I experiment a little going inside, prefer to look out at mountains. Find that by act of will, I can increase my attention and feel marvelous flow of healing energy, carrying on from previous 2C-B experience. This feels marvelous to do.

4:20 p.m. Willa, Thora and Peggy take 40 m.g. MDMA supplement. After my initial rise in first 30 minutes, I run into wall of heaviness which hangs with me, so I take 50 m.g. Supplement takes hold, continues marvelous journey for us all. Peggy is beautiful, soft, delightful to touch; I feel I let her completely in. We all continue to grow into better space, deep bonding among us all, much beauty and joy. Willa moves into extremely high, transcendental state, becomes omniscient, everything she turns her attention to is seen with marvelous understanding. She sees how marvelous her relationship is to Dr. Kempinski, and what they mean to each other, and how Kempinski is making great contribution to the planet with his transcendental state. We have many insightful, enlightening discussions. We continue to feel better throughout the afternoon, our bodies lightening and becoming clear. All are relaxed, feel wonderful, amazed by the insights and new dimension of feeling.

I have a couple of firsts. Dancing to music, I become aware of Barhtolomew's statement that everything is energy in motion. Instead of looking out from a fixed point of consciousness, I perceive energy flowing everywhere, and I can reach up and pull it through me and express it out through my hands and movements. Feels marvelous to do so; feels like a fluid, wonderful healing energy. Later lying beside Peggy, I go inside, and instead of holding at a steady point, which I usually do, I see the flow and release myself to it. A wonderful feeling to just let go and go wherever the flow takes me. Great to give up control.

We listen to music, and Willa stays deep in experience until time to leave ~~after~~ around midnight. Thora felt she began to get back into her body around 8 p.m. after eating. Willa ate little, preferring to continue her experience.

This has been an outstanding experience for us all. Thora has never before felt so close in a group of people. It is my most euphoric experience, with least after-effects. Next morning Peggy and I feel absolutely marvelous, well rested, solid, bodies free and clear and ready for action.

REPORT OF EXPERIENCE WITH MDMA

Date: October 21, 1984

Place: Los Ano Nuevo Beach, 20 miles north of Santa Cruz

Participants: Kenton and Tammie Zimmer, Fred, Peggy abstaining.

Background: Kenton and Tammie have never cared to share an MDMA experience with us (Tammie has had two experiences with us in years past, Kenton one a year ago Thanksgiving), so we were pleased when they asked for one. However, the reason for their request is that their relationship has deteriorated considerable. Kenton feels that Tammie is totally neglecting her responsibilities to him, Jesse, their 2-1/2 yr. Old son, and the house. Tammie is fed up with being criticized all the time and has turned for solace to an admirer at work. The beach was an ideal location, isolated, yet with a remarkable view of the coast from a sweep of the bar, tide pools, and fascinating rock formations. They requested not to discuss problems, as we had thrashed things over pretty thoroughly the night before. 1:10 p.m. Tammie and Fred take 120 m.g. of MDMA, Kenton approximately 140 m.g. Peggy abstains to watch Jesse. Beautiful takeoff. I sit on beach with Tammie, Kenton fishes. Tammie very nervous about Jesse running into water, but as experience comes on she relaxes, realizes Peggy has things under control. Peggy delights in Jesse thoroughly enjoying himself. Tammie and I have great time just being with each other. I develop into glorious experience. Kenton has great time fishing, being in tidepools.

2:00 p.m. I am near Jesse at water's edge, Tammie behind me. Jesse heads out into the ocean. I start to shout, instead say quietly but firmly, 'Jesse, come and look me in the eye.' He pays no attention, continues tower water. I repeat. He suddenly turns around and runs up to me, thrusting his face into mine. Tammie is amazed. I spend some time with Kenton. We talk generally, philosophically. I sit alone for a while on beach blanket, have glorious, spiritual experience. Tammie joins me, it feels even better as I feel her energy. Kenton joins us, and I feel exalted. He has a wonderful energy field.

2:30 p.m. Tammie and I take 40 m.g. of MDMA supplement, Kenton 60 m.g. Kenton has powerful experience, much more intense than first time. He feels like he did in high school, totally at peace, euphoric. He is just like a kid, intensely alive, enjoying every thing immensely. He is great fun to be with. Both he and Tammie observe what a wonderful time Jesse is having and how alive he is. Tammie is more moody, carrying a heavier load. We all immensely enjoy the experience and the rest of the day, feeling very close and enjoying each other. Kenton and Tammie are very grateful. Peggy has a contact high. We go back to their home and enjoy shark dish Kenton prepares from a leopard shark he caught. An extremely beautiful day. Much to my amazement, I have a beautiful descent, completely clear and free from any tiredness or languidness I usually experience from MDMA. I have unusual energy, along with Kenton, and completely enjoy the evening, and am completely alert for the drive back to Santa Cruz from their home in San Jose.

We had a good talk with Tammie at lunch the following Tuesday, later joined by Kenton, and saw them again the following Thursday evening. Both report that things are much better. We strongly recommended that they follow up with Gray and Arden Jefferys, whose offices are only 10 minutes away from their home, but it is unlikely they will do this unless more trouble develops.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH MDMA AND MEM

Date: October 28, 1984

Place: Castro residence, Lafayette

Participants: Fern and Glenn Castro, Clare and Neil Tusa, Tina and Aaron Gates, Ann and Sasha Shulgin, Peggy and Fred Brandt, Mel Parmeter, Alan Barret.

10:53 a.m. Start. All participants take 120 m.g. of MDMA except Tina, who takes 100 m.g., and Ann, who takes 140 m.g. Very smooth takeoff, much good feeling, leading into excellent experience with usual symptoms, much high energy from the group. Good, free, easy communication all around.

12:21 All take MEM follows: Fern, Clare, Neil, Peggy, Fred, Tina take 20 m.g.; Mel Parmeter, Alan, Ann, Sasha, Glenn Castro take 30 m.g. Aaron Gates takes 25 m.g. Extremely smooth transition into MEM. I feel no loss of MDMA experience, best transition ever. Most of group reports same. Fern experienced some nausea, Alan some discomfort. Continuation of high energy, except for quieting down verbally, marvelous feeling of group closeness. After 1 hour, Neil take 5 m.g. more of MEM.

We listen to cassette Sounds of the Shaman. In early stages I feel some tenseness, but deep, powerful feeling grows. After a while I feel substantial contribution of energy from the rest of the group. Experience continues to grow more profound and euphoric. Near end, it is so ecstatic I pray that it doesn't stop. Get sudden realization, would I be willing to not stop for others? And get insight into my real willingness to help others in crucial situations. I feel that much strength and energy has come from the group sharing this experience.

The remainder of the day was most delightful, with sharing, good communication, hilarity, deep appreciation of one another. I feel it is the best of all our research group meetings. Had long, meaningful talk with Mel Parmeter, the best we have ever communicated. He is extremely sensitive, insightful. We compare experiences of having worked closely with Aaron. Experience continues until midnight with marvelous feelings, good energy, and much hilarity. Feel extremely close bonding of the group, difficult to separate. This experience abated very little over next several days, and has left the most lasting change yet, with important insights still coming to mind one week later.

Report of MDMA Experience

120mgs taken on Thursday, 23 August 1984, by 39 year old white male. This was the third time this person had taken MDMA. (First in April, 1984; Second in July, 1984.)

The MDMA was taken at 9:25 am. The intentions the person worked on in the preparation for the experience were:

- 1) to know, love, and experience the Higher Self in a specific new way;
- 2) to know more clearly about some proposed work with a colleague and about some private practice work.
- 3) to know the deeper truth about three specific relationships in the person's life at the present time.
- 4) to know more clearly about two spiritual practices in the person's life: should they be continued;
- 5) to have more clarity on two specific actions be considered at this time.

The heightened MDMA state began at about 10:15am. No additional booster of MDMA was taken to prolong the deep state. This deep, blissful state lasted til about 12:45 pm. During that time tapes by Vangelis were played as background music. The person's breathing was very deep and peaceful. He breathed thru the mount. Insights into intentions 1), 2), and 3) were gotten. An especially clear and strong awareness of God-consciousness and Christ consciousness and of the power of the mind to think clearly and to imagine creatively was seen and experienced. There was more mental-thinking activity during this experience than during the first two, yet the thinking seemed clear and unhurried. The thinking experience was punctuated by long periods of quiet reverie and some tears of deep joy.

The state began to diminish about 12:45, though gradual. The person remained quiet and in a relaxed, lying down state until 2:00pm.

At this time the person got up and began to do some work and for the rest of the day felt very highly energized, clear, and enthusiastic.

The person had a cup of herbal tea in the morning before the MDMA and a bowl of ice cream at about 1:00 pm after the MDMA. No other food was taken until light supper at about eight o'clock that evening.

The person experienced no "hang-over" effects or headache or the like.

—> "I"

Report of MDMA experience Aug 23, 1984 for Felina Alder. 100Mgs, no booster. The MDMA was taken at 9:25am and by 10:30 the trip was underway. I remained in a state of deep bliss almost completely with out thought for 2 or more hours. This was the most "mindless" experience I have had. During the most intense part of the experience my head filled with light of a brilliant nature. As I slowly came out of this state I listened to music and did not want to talk. At 4:00 pm I still felt out of body and it was until the next morning that I began to feel substantial again. During these following days I have felt deeply drawn to be quiet and sit. At these times I recapture the above experience but in a less intense way.

The only physical effects I felt in the experience and after (18 hours) was a lightness of body and mind.

On Oct 13, 1984, I gave 120mgs MDMA to Morgan Torez. Morgan is a 27 year old male. At the present time he is seeking employment, having just returned from Indiana where he assisted his father in painting and remodeling. Morgan is an intelligent young man + is gifted with mechanical + electronic abilities. He has always been underemployed + does not stay with a job for more than a couple of years. He has a great deal of integrity + strength of character. My relationship to him is very close + can be described basically as 'father + son.' I have known him for eight years + lived with him for one year.

Because he has been the closest person in my life for the past eight years, + because he is eager + seemed ready to use the opportunities the experience might provide, I choose him as my first traveler. He has never taken a psychedelic with the exception of a single mushroom experience in which we both journeyed together. We took eight grams psilocybe cyanescens.

A few weeks ago he told me he has a recurring dream of being a healer + this has been his secret ambition. Even though he can repair neraly anything, I was greatly surprised to learn of his desire to heal people.

We began at 12:30AM, in deference to his wish to have the experience at night. He had a sufficient sleep during the day. Being chilly night I built a fire in the fireplace, lit candles, burnt sage, + invoked the Great Spirit for an inspiring journey + asked for the gift of insight for my friend.

After 20 minutes Morgan said he could feel a "little of it coming on," + at 1:00AM he began to feel a little nausea + went to the bathroom to vomit but almost nothing came up (he hadn't eaten the entire day.) Sitting in the living room and feeling quite good, he said the upset might have been from his considering the violence done to the rose by cutting it. I had cut a rose for him + gave it to him about 15 minutes into the experience.

He sat for 5 or 10 minutes holding the rose in a transfixed posture. "We don't stop long enough to smell even the roses," he said. He then sat quietly, his hands covering his face, for 15 or 20 minutes. I kept quiet. Finally he darted for the bathroom, his hands holding his mouth. In one great burst he vomited a small amount of material With humor in my voice, so as to reassure him, I told him, "Fred didn't tell me about this, but I know you will be just fine."

From his kneeling position on the floor in front of the toilet, he turned, + with a look of great relief and beauty he said emphatically "that was all my unfinishedness. I never finish anything. I go from one thing to another + now it is out."

It was time for the supplement of 40mgs. + we went to the kitchen + took it.

Once again in the living room he said "We never lose anything." I asked him what he meant. He said that he keeps everything inside. That people that "things don't bother me, or hurt me, but they do. I can't find words to express my hurt and pain so it stays inside. I wanted it

all to come out -- that's why I vomited. Not because I was sick or had nausea the second time. There was no pain or nausea. I was asking my body to get rid of all that I couldn't put into words. It was my body talking. I am so glad I got rid of all that poison.

"So now, "Morgan" you can say what you feel You don't have to walk away. You can speak up when you are hurt + oppress it." And he agreed.

I could sense that he had got out a lot that had been bothering him, and he could see the rich symbolism of his regurgitation. He was confused as to whether he had taken the supplement before or after the vomiting. I assured him it was safe inside him + he said he felt wonderful.

He stood up, came over to me and said "you know what I need? I need to hold you." He continued to hold on to me for nearly the whole of the night. I made several suggestions in hope of getting him to do more work, but he said he needed to hold me, "to make up for lost time", which I didn't understand.

September 30, 1984

Dear Fred and Peggy,

Here is my account of my experience with your substance. Most of this was realized while under the effect and some has come to me in thinking and talking it over. The actual physical experience was pleasant, comfortable with small amount of facial and bladder tightness. Very comfortable with my body - which is a gift in it self. My strongest impression and lesson was how totally at one I felt with my surroundings and with life in general. I can see that this substance is a great tool for helping people work things out and a great tool for someone who is acting as a counselor to use. I know Celine had in mind to help me with some of my "stuff" but for me it seemed that everything was put into perspective and that initial experience of peace and oneness stayed with me through all the coming revelations. There were lessons in everything I saw and heard, all pointing out their natural and rightful place in the great scheme of life. The wind of its power to purify; the clouds so creative with their life-giving moisture, the rushing creek, slowly re-structuring mountains into valleys, a tiny bleached mouse skull in dried coyote seat - speaking of sacrifice and right relation, the up-rooted cactus, the thorny rosebush, trees yielding to the wind - each with its own lesson and all in balance and I felt my own place in it all, completely comfortable with myself, beautiful (as Celine kept telling me) a mirror for all. While all this was wonderful - like coming home - the real lesson was seeing how the wall I have put between myself and harmony. I finally see I can tear down the wall and build paths to a better places. I just have to keep sight of my higher self - tap into source ~~all~~ and all is put into perspective. The wall is no longer massive and solid. Now I see it as a curtain in my window, it comes to me that sometimes curtains are necessary. They insulate when you need it and can be removed too. Anyway, it is my finer, light self that can connect me with what is on the other side of the window. And the most important lesson for me is that all the things I have been doing to make myself miserable have been keeping me down, lowering my vibrations - making it so hard to tap into the well of energy and light, making it so hard to be the best I can be, making it impossible to accept my divinity. What an incredible revelation for me. Now to put this to work in my everyday life!

Some other thoughts about this experience are how wonderful it was for Celine and I. It's hard to put into words just how much it meant to us and what we got out of our day together. I love her dearly and it was truly a gift to each other.

[Editor's Note: Pages 437 and 438 have been merged with this page]

Doing ceremony before and a sweat after was real good. Ceremony is important to me. I hope this makes sense to you. It's been kind of hard to write down, but definitely good to do it.

I am very grateful to you for this experience and wish you the best.

Light + Love,

Petrina Foote

On the morning of August 18th, in the presence of two others, who also took MDMA, and who were familiar with it, I drank one hundred and twenty milligrams of MDMA. Prior to taking the substance I was handed a rose, freshly cut, and was made to feel loved, safe and secure. Even so, I was a bit anxious because, except for a single encounter with a psilocybin mushroom, I had never taken a psychedelic.

After a few minutes, I began to feel numb from my head to my toe. I became frightened and looked to the rose for reassurance. The numbness gave way to a sensation of great energy. I felt as though every molecule and atom of my body had a powerful motor, and for the 1st time they were all turned on. The great surge of power and energy was overwhelming and I began to have second thoughts about taking the substance, but I knew it was too late. I was at the highest peak of the roller-coaster, about to descend with the speed of a falling rock. Great excitement and fear held me, and once again I looked at the rose and felt reassured.

All of this had the feeling of me versus it, and it was winning and very much in control. Then, at some point, the struggle and fear vanished and a great feeling of peace came over me. It was not the kind which comes from not having problems or stress, but peace with great energy, super peace, tangible, expansive, a real thing, and highly prized. I say until I was sure this state would not dissolve. It felt as though I were breathing for the first time in my life.

All the while I had been looking at the desert sand beneath my feet. Occasionally I would raise my eyes and look at the pile of wood neatly stacked beside the garage. The wood appeared so fascinating and wondrous, what must the mountains, which were to my back, be like? I thought perhaps if I turned to look at them, I would surely be overcome by their great beauty; so I turned very slowly, each glance being a bit longer, and taking in more of them with every turn of my head, until I felt confident enough to stand and have a panoramic view of the whole range. They were spectacular and breath-taking-literally. I was filled with joy.

I went over to my fellow travelers, and with much excitement, exclaimed, "I knew there had to be such places as this, I knew it, I knew it". Part of this realization was from having read about such states of consciousness, but the larger part of it was that I felt at home, like the birds and fish who migrate thousands of miles because somehow they know and are called by an inner prompting to a place they have never been, never seen, but at last find.

Then came a flood of connections. I felt connected to some master plan. Everything seemed to have a purpose and plan, a reason why, and I felt caught up in it and was thrilled. Life seemed to have been conspiring to get me here to this moment, to this place of love, beauty, goodness, and truth. There was no uncertainty about any of this. "Only the fool, fixated in his folly, thinks he turns the wheel on which he turns." The greatest freedom is to have no freedom but to go where we long to be. I had been migrating for 53 years to be home at last. I knew I had done something as great as the birds and fish.

As the hearth quickens the closer you approach your destiny-destination: so I saw the connection between the fact that my body had uncontrollably quivered the day I was interviewed as a possible candidate for the experience, of the greatness of the experience to which I felt called was now part of me. I felt like all I was trying to accomplish in life was somehow confirmed by the experience I was undergoing. It was premonition confirmed. It was being caught up into mystery, and providence, and being able to know the feeling and certainty of it all.

I looked at my friend and knew he must surely be an emissary for a new way of living. The emotion was one of destiny. I was enjoying destiny for the first time. It was real and I was realizing it.

I wanted to explore, to walk out into the dessert, to stand alone in that vast panorama of beauty. A few hundred yards from the house I found a huge stone, about five feet high, into which the wind had carved a seat, and I climbed onto that rock ("tu es petros"- you are the rock...) and sat there in the hot morning sun, looking up at the blue sky, breathing wonderfully clean warm air, surrounded by over powering mountains, great rock formations and ancient boulders which I had been told were 25 million years old, and I knew what consciousness was about. I thought of the destiny of mankind. We were going to the stars.

I walked back to the house filled with awe and wonder. Who were these people who surrounded themselves with great natural beauty, why lovingly offered entrance into this state of hyper-dimensional exhilaration, focused perception, and immense spirituality?

When I returned to the house, I asked if we could go swimming in the spring filled pond, which was down a gentle slope a few acres from the house, and nestled amid three and four story high rocks and boulders of great beauty. Here in this idyllic setting of monoliths and cattails, dessert and lush vegetation that I wanted to be baptized (baptizo - I wash) without ceremony, ritual, or words.

Coming out of the coal spring water I felt refreshed - cleansed inside and out, totally alive and especially privileged.

The rest of the day was spent hiking and mountain climbing, eating rich hot soup and being fully into the here and now. ~~Of things~~ the intensity of the morning had drifted into a pleasant transition of fun, closeness to one another and to the events as they unfolded.

Sitting at night under the stars and distant lighting I knew I had come into an awareness unique as life and into the promise of scripture, "I have come that you may have life - and have it more abundantly."

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH MDMA

Date: March 10, 1984

Place: Brandt Residence, Lone Pine, CA

Participants: J. W. Aiken, Barry Ednie, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Since his last experience with us (his first with MDMA), J. had an MDMA experience with his lover, Barry. It was a good, rewarding experience, accomplishing communication which would otherwise have taken 6 months by their report. Barry used alcohol to start coming down from the experience about midway through it, a practice which I explained was defeating of the MDMA. Barry is a stated enemy of Bartholomew. Our first evening together I found him pretty much an enigma. A good talker, and apparently an excellent pianist and teacher, he is quite sensitive, artistic, and cynical. I found him very difficult to get close to, and couldn't discover where his loyalties and values lay. The atmosphere improved considerably through the evening as we got better acquainted and the discussion more candid. We were up until 1PM and slept in the next morning.

1:08PM Barry takes 100mgs of MDMA, the rest of us 120mgs, all on empty stomach. Barry feels first in about 20 minutes, followed by the rest of us 5 minutes later. The experience develops beautifully with good feeling of closeness, relaxed, free communication, considerable energy enhancement. Usual soft skin, youthful appearance, melodic voices, great enjoyment of the experience. No particular outstanding events, but good communication, continually growing feeling of closeness throughout the day. Barry is sitting where he can look out the windows at the mountains, struck by their beauty and with some visual enhancement at the peak. I get extremely intoxicated. J experiences more profound feelings of love than the first time, is very happy that we are all together.

2:42PM J, Peggy and I take 40mgs supplement. Barry takes 40mgs supplement 20 minutes later. Barry finds out that 100mgs is the ideal dose for him, is not as jittery at the peak, very smooth and comfortable. Finds no dropping off before supplement. Experience continues in same vein for the rest of the day. Barry is very verbal, talking freely and interestingly, sharing a lot about his life. We enjoy listening, but I note that when I have something to share no one pays much attention. I wait to the end of the day to call attention to it. Barry becomes much more genuine during the day, and he and J deeply care for each other, but I still have difficulty knowing where he is really at. We are most content to simply sit still and be with one another, remaining together until about 10:30PM.

The next morning we all feel great, except Barry has a headache and some muscle tensions. He did not sleep during the night, having much imagery, despite having several drinks the night before which he thought would induce sleep. He slept in a couple of hours later than the rest of us, and had little breakfast. We visited the rest of the day until they left at mid-afternoon, taking a little walk. This time Barry was very genuine and straightforward, having dropped his cynicism and all pretence, and appeared much younger. He was warm and likeable, and I felt much better about him. He likes MDMA very much, and feels he should work with it about a year. He had the shakes somewhat the day after the experience, and was very short-winded after a fairly short climb. It would be good if further work with MDMA would reduce his dependence on alcohol and smoking. I believe he is quite shy and extremely sensitive, and quite dependent on his relationship with J.

On Saturday, March 10th, 1984, the Brandt's, J and Barry all ingested MDMA and within 25 minutes we all began to feel an energy, which continued...

Peggy felt the usual intoxication, although mildly, and it was a free feeling. Our friends became more loving with each passing moment, and so did we. I've never felt so much LOVE! For everyone! On a very deep level - a trusting level. We shared life history. Barry was verbal about his life story. He has had much to overcome in his life. I felt at ease with their homosexuality (compared to my previous rejection).

J had delivered 5 babies the night before. Tired tho he might have been, we all stayed up til after midnight so next morning (Sat.) they slept in til noon. Fred and I had the morning to ourselves, and it was relaxing, taking advantage of sitting on the porch. Perfect weather.

It was a very fine experience with both of them. A very interesting pair, both talented, intelligent and lively. We had some soup later on in the evening, but J and Barry decided not to eat. Barry asked for drinks and continued to imbibe vodka and juice for quite a while.

Next day, Barry had what I would call a hangover. I explained to him that MDMA and alcohol are not particularly compatible. I also emphasized that he should take care of his body. His dependent use of vodka is alarming, I feel. Barry had some soup for breakfast, while J, Fred and I had a sumptuous breakfast of bacon, eggs, bagels.

Barry joined us later and came alive again. We had a really good debriefing. We were all in good spirits, had a little lunch, a short walk, talked a lot. It was hard to say goodbye.

All in all, a fabulous weekend.

Peggy Brandt.

November 3, 1987

2C-I, 22mgs. Sasha and Ann

This is the third time for me. It's been awhile since the last one, which was slightly higher and not totally positive. This time, very positive indeed. Like a kinder 2C-B, in fact. Erotic wonderful. Body easy. Psyche intact and connected.

The plan is to use this on Saturday with the Research Group, including Fred and Peggy, Clare and Neil, Barney, Nyla, and ? It is Barney's birthday and we will also celebrate Neil's. OhmiGod. I've got to think of presents. Small, casual presents take just as much thought and care as big, expensive ones. What shall we get? Oh, well. Sleep first.

Oh, yes. The onset takes about 1-1/2 to 2 hours from ingestion to plateau at +3 level. This is now about 2:30 a.m. and I'm down to a +2. So it isn't THAT short. But still nice. Good material. Good night.

November 7, 1987

2C-I, range between 14 mgs and 22 mgs

At Barney A's house, on his actual, real-life-type birth-day. We are, so far, eight. Still waiting for the Gates', but we've begun our experiment, at 10:30a.m., to be exact, and several people had instant alerts, followed by zilch. Now, at 11:10 a.m, I am quite definite +2 and rising (on 22mgs.). Fred and Peggy at 16 mgs are about +1. Neil at 18mgs, is +2. Sasha at 22mgs is also +2. Clare took 16 mgs and is about + 1.60? Nobody having problems, that we can see. Even the smell of fish soup hasn't turned anybody green. Yet. My own climb is faster, this time. Edging onto a +3 already, and it's less than one hour since ingestion.

At 11:45 a.m., Gates' arrive. Laden with goodies and good energy. Nyla not ingesting anything, but sensitive to contact energy. Nyla says I'm slurring my speech slightly, which is unusual for me. I was unaware of it. Nyla's right eye is trying to cross, apparently, and it feels like "a hand over my eye," - and Barney still has his headache Oh, boy. How are we going to break through that?

Now, at 8:45 p..m. I'm still distinct +1 and will watch with interest to see if I remain that way through some part of tomorrow, as happened the last time. Most others were baseline or close to it by the time we left, except Peggy, who was still closer to +1 than baseline, as was I.

In general, excellent day. Confrontation with distressed and defensive Nyla, and a chance to connect with her feelings and let her know that I do understand what she's experiencing, and can empathize indeed very, very much. Wonderful fun talking with Peggy about her hesitation re empowering herself, and about a lot of other things. Fred had an excellent day, without dues-paying; Barney had a ball, although his headache remained throughout. Gates suggested trance work, and I seconded strongly. Sasha was fine; Clare and Neil were a bit high, but rode it out perfectly well. Most people were surprised at the strength of the material, and needed a bit of time to adjust, including myself. I was fully +3 within one, not two hours.

Right now, am feeling quite low in energy, as if I'd worked very hard all day. Drained, although pleasantly. Need some quiet solo time. Talked with Jeffery, who'd had a wasted Saturday and is feeling low and inadequate, although he knows it isn't true, just statistics on his back and messing up his soul. I keep feeling, "I'm glad to be home." Let's see how sleep and tomorrow's waking baseline turn out.

10/19/87

F 100 + 50

31 year -old white, female who was sexually molested by her grandfather for a five year period. The grandfather also molested Chrissy's mother. After intensive year's work, Chrissy was able to confront her parents last Thanksgiving and last weeks session was a celebration of her graduation from therapy.

Physiological response minimal. Some clenching of jaw. Self awareness of lucidity and clearness. She was able to reach a deeper level more quickly, and let go of the distraction. Contacted a higher purpose. Defined as more than work, she felt as if there is a "quest" she is on to find something and bring to the light. Examined and changed belief systems incorporating the changes in an embryo cum fetus. Moving through the first trimester. Chrissy aware of the responsibility of growing up this child the way she wants to be. Keeping the useful past and adding in what the child needs to "be." Second session scheduled for the beginning of December.

May 10

Dear Fred,

Just a note to report on an extremely successful first experience for a good friend of mine who is a Jesuit priest. He felt as though his entire life spent in prayer, contemplation and seeking prepared him for the beautiful experience he had. I became ecstatic just being with him. (What an extraordinary way to serve this is!)

I feel he went as deeply into Self as is possible and still maintain a body. Spent the entire day lying quite still in deep bliss with occasional moans of ecstasy.

This took place a week ago and follow up week has shown us that he can carry his knowing back into the world.

I remember you and Peggy often with love. All is quite wonderful here with Osmund & I and spring and Sansalito.

Love,
Felina

May 11th, 1984

Dear Fred and Peggy :

Last Thursday, May 8th, Keira and I had a second experience since being with you two. We started at ten o'clock and took the supplement an hour and one-half later. We both breezed right into the experience. One hour after the supplement we each took one and one-half brownies.

It was great again to experience the Kingdom. Each time I get more comfortable in it. Right away I could see all the crap I have hanging around me and all the show I put on. The experience and Keira allowed that to fall away pretty fast. So now how can one tell about the Kingdom?

I did learn what Retirement is about and the steps to really get into it:

1. The first step is to be able to sit and watch the weeds grow without wanting to pull them!!!
2. The second step (We actually did this in our previous experience) is to pull-up your lawn chairs right close-up to the tulip bed and watch the tulip's grow.
3. The third step is to have a front row seat with lots of trees and watch them grow. (I really got into this during this experience.)
4. The fourth step (when you are really good at retirement!!) you can sit and watch the wind and rain weather the rocks. I figure when you can really do this well you get closer and closer to eternity. Isn't retirement the time to get ready for the Kingdom?

I had a number of discussions with God this day. I find normally He doesn't like to talk to me because it's a waste of His time since I don't listen. Anyway, He says He gives me my awake part of every day to make my world as I would like it to be. During the night He takes care of me, runs my body functions, and tries to right my daily screw-ups by letting me dream. He is unconcerned about how badly I do, and seems to accept my faults.

I can hardly tell you about the Joy I experienced being able to have these times in the Kingdom. How privileged I felt-to get previews of the coming attraction.

That enough of the experience, besides, how can it be told? The brownie extended the experience till about 5:30 for me. All told that would be from about 10:30 till 5:30 or about 7 hours. With the 1 1/2 brownie the afternoon experience was more like LSD since I had a lot of visual experience where foreground and background played back and forth. It was delightful. No messages Just a time to be in the Kingdom. The transition from window to brownies was smooth and without any signs. Last time, when we waited an hour and one-half (instead of an hour this time) I felt an uplift with the brownie.

Both of us had headache's around 5-6 o'clock. Of course, we hadn't eaten anything all day. we have both been on a diet. After little aspirin and some need rest and we felt better. It sure was great to have this together.

We are presently in Campbell at Kat and Hendrik's. We came over to celebrate Mother's Day with our daughters and their families. Our latest plans, subject to change, is to put ALL of our household belongings in a mini-storage. Then take off for Colorado for a month or two. When we get back we want to rent near Twain Harte

or someplace close. We think this area may be for us-who knows? We want to be out of the house in Nevada City soon and try to be back to Colorado Springs before the end of May so we could be at Huey's graduation. Don't know if we can make as it takes at least 5 days to drive with our R.V. I'll work on my project when I get there.

Well dears, this is all for now, will be in touch before we go to Colorado.

Love to you both!!!

Hudson

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: October 25, 1987

Place: Ivan Brandt residence, Los Angeles
participants: Vanessa and Ivan, Kay, Peggy and Fred

Background: Kay, aged 81, has had three previous experiences. She is extremely honest, and has gotten a great deal of mileage out of each one. She has reconciled herself to her family problems in Tucson (the families of her two sons who live there), but there is still much pain, and some concern in facing her remainder years.

11:15 a.m. Fred takes 12 m.g. 2C-T-2, all others take Pegasus: Peggy, 110 m.g.; all else; 120 m.g. It is an extremely loving, congenial group, and the atmosphere is wonderful even without effects. As we move into it, all feel the warmth and euphoria.

As Kay begins to feel, begins to open up and talk. She has a great need to discuss her own personal life (this is the most intimate and understanding group she can share with), and she dominates the conversation most of the day. We listen patiently for over an hour, and then I feel it is time to interact with her. She is totally unable to listen, which I work hard to make her aware of. She has an enormous resistance to changing her values and patterns. She feels she is dealing well with her granddaughters (difficult cases), and wants our approval. In my vain efforts to gain her attention, I am deeply struck by the pain of her grandchildren in not being really heard. The feeling level is warm and supportive among us all, and we are all enjoying the experience.

12:52 p.m. all but me take 40 m.g. supplement of Pegasus. I ask Kay if she feels that the answers she is seeking are within her. She says no. I ask if she is willing to see. She finally agrees (Much evasive answering of questions) and we lie down and listen to music. After only a few minutes she jumps up and declares her life is a lie. She sees her false expectations of others, and her unreasonable demand for acknowledgment.

She continues her recitation, and some of the others, especially who becomes very outspoken, are getting quite bored with the continual recitation of past events. We discuss forgiveness and dropping the past, and finding new life in the present. We discuss Bart's advice that energy follows thought. He practice a couple of exercises. I ask her to see herself imaging herself as happy. It leads to hilarious discussion, as she is so devious and looking for ulterior motives that she can't follow simple directions. Gives much opportunity to discuss simple communication. She finally succeeds, and learns a great deal in the process.

Her need to talk is so great that it is impossible to get into other areas, so we continue to listen to her. She is very bright, and the significance of what we have talked about gets through, and will more and more as she ponders it later, which she will very conscientiously do. Ivan and Vanessa are very sharp and make many excellent suggestions. Everyone gives Kay a great deal of heart-felt acknowledgment, as we all love her dearly, and she had done a great deal for us, as well as for many other people, all through the years.

We talk about many things, and get into family matters of other members of the group. The love energy in the group builds steadily, and we are all immensely enjoying being together.

Kay reports that this has been by far the easiest experience for her, free of the anxiety, tension, and accelerated pulse she had previously experienced. It felt good right from the beginning.

Kay is very much concerned what her grandchildren will do with their lives. I ask her if she was 20, what would she do. She said she would have a career, as a nurse. She loves nursing and taking care of people. We all recognize this innate characteristic in her. I ask her why she doesn't do this now. She is trying hard to get acknowledgment from people who don't want to give it; why not give to people who will gladly acknowledge her?

She replies that she doesn't want to work any more. We run this by a few times so that she can think it over later.

All of us have been made aware of some of our own problems that are similar to Kay, and we gain a lot through mutual sharing and discussion. The closeness and discussion continue right to bedtime.

Next morning, everyone is in good spirits. Kay feels good, is a little tired. After a morning visit with Vanessa, we drive her to the airport, and return to Lone Pine. It has been a valuable and rewarding day for all of us.

LSD

Tues., Jan. 10, 1984

Dear Peggy and Fred :

Well, usually you guys overwhelm me with scrumptious and delicious goodies on paper, while I gnash my teeth and think, "How in --- can I keep up with all this?" So it's my turn, for once. I am going to tell you about this last weekend's little journey. And hope no one from one of this big Federal agencies ever takes a look in your files (I just realized it would be okay, since my last name's not written on). For quite a while, I left out of my personal and private notebook any mention of LSD experiences, thinking, "What if they should subpoena this some day?" I am no longer worrying about it. If they should ever subpoena my notebook, I'll be long gone out of the country, with Sasha, to Uzbekistan.

Well, this is the background. Eric Holland our nice chemistry professor friend has been doing some interesting work, as Sasha puts it, "Adding alkyl groups on the D ring." Yup. Well, anyway, whatever he's doing to LSD has not been done before. And what he's doing hasn't been covered by DEA schedules. But just because he's working in a university, and it's [School], and etc. etc., and because he ain't no idiot, he's referring to the LSD as LAD -- lysergic acid-diethylamide. He has a group of four or five deeeevoted graduate students, helping in this ground-breaking work. They have been making very, very intricate and detailed and meticulous notes. Apparently, some of the new LAD compounds have managed to go a bit further than lab animals. One suddenly has the picture of a group of grad. students all phoning home at the same time, all saying, "I don't think I'm going to be home for supper tonight, Ma. And don't stay up!" All stoned out of their gourds, as the saying goes. Ah, well, that's research for you.

Anyway, after a certain amount of exploration in the realms of +3 and what they call "Merlin factors" -- what is a Merlin factor? Just what you'd think. Anyway, having done a certain amount of devoted and meticulous work in the +3 area, they've sent Sasha (and me) a pile of little test tubes for our own research, since if anything is going to go onto paper, only Sasha -- as usual -- can report human activity. Along with the new LAD compounds, they of course sent a bit of newly-made LSD, pure as the driven snow, against which to measure and evaluate the new compounds.

So last Saturday evening, Sasha and I bent our backs under the heavy load of obligation to knowledge and accuracy -- in other words, we took LSD. We have been, during the past three years, using good ole Sandoz LSD. We have been perfectly comfortable with 125, 200, 250 micrograms of Sandoz LSD. We once, a couple of years ago, took 300 micrograms, and got pretty wiped out -- fantastic and good, but wow! Anyway, although I much prefer the higher regions of LSD, because it is an experience of different quality altogether than the 100's or 150's, Sasha decided that we should "re-calibrate" at the level of 200 micrograms. A bit low, said I. "Now, now," quoth he, "Remember that I have been known, years and years ago, to go full steam into a +3 on just 60 micrograms."

"Humph," replied I, "But okay. We haven't taken it in a long time, you re right, and we should refresh ourselves as to what this level is like.

So, at 7:10 p.m., we took 200 micrograms of Holland's LSD and Sasha went into the bathroom and I began my initial notes in my notebook.

In 15 minutes, I looked up from the page and realized that I was a +2. Sasha called out from the bathroom, "Are you feeling it yet?" To which I could only say, "Yup," or some-thing to that effect. FEELING it? Good grief. When Sasha came out of the bathroom, I said calmly that I thought I was already +2 and moving rapidly upward. "Me, too," said he.

Okay. Within 30 minutes, we were +3 and still going. At this point, Sasha said something to the effect that he should have been a bit less trusting about the ability of graduate students to weigh and measure accurately. Oh? said I? What could they have made in the way of a mistake? Something tenfold, said Sasha. Oh, said I. I think I will go outside and try to vomit, said Sasha. Sure, honey, go right ahead, said I. We were now in the living room, since writing notes was a bit out of the question.

While he attempted to lose stomach contents, I went and got my tape recorder, so that we would at least leave something to our heirs. This is now Thursday the 12th:

Time has passed, and keeps passing, and it is now Sunday the 15th. Hello!

Anyway, with tape recorder going, we settled down -- so to speak -- to trying to define where we were, and how we were, observing now and then that we were still breathing, and there were no obvious signs of imminent translation to unexpected -- ah -- well, anyway, we were alive and reasonably well. But we both felt that this was a damned sight more LSD than what we had known as 200 micrograms. My body felt as if it were but simply living at about ten times normal -- what? -- speed? Well, as if all the atoms were just moving a lot faster than usual. Sort of the feeling that the body, and to some extent the mind, was unable to define where it was in relation to where it had been earlier. In intensity, it felt equivalent to 500 mgs. of mescaline, although not really comparable in other ways.

By the time an hour had passed, Sasha was deciding that we had plateau'd; I was wondering if Sasha was trying to create a plateau by announcing it, but then decided that perhaps we had, indeed, stopped whipping onward and upward, to my relief. At that-point, Sasha began to figure out that no graduate student had made a dreadful mistake, but that quite possibly we had been using Sandoz- material which had deteriorated with time, and that what we had taken this time was the real 200 micrograms, and that we would have to look back at earlier notes and mentally adjust the amounts taken downward. Later, he figured that this 200 micrograms was equivalent to 300 of the old Sandoz-material. Looking back to our years ago experience of 300 micrograms, he found that the notes were almost identical, as far as the rapid we had known as 200 micrograms. perfectly whole and okay, and almost scary climb was concerned.

From then on, it was progressively more enjoyable. We kept the tape recorder on for about 2 hours, and that tape is still rather hilarious listening. Our voices and speech were pretty normal and rational, except that I think I detect a slight tendency for both of us, but particularly me, to speak in a fractionally higher tone than usual -- almost as if we had in fact speeded up on all levels. But the speed of word delivery was not noticeably changed. We did keep noticing that we were alive, and laughing about that fact.....

Present: Glenn C., Fern, Clare and Neil T., Sasha and myself-

2C-T-2. 6:20 p.m. Saturday, Dec. 31. Fern, Neil & Clare, 13 mgs., Glenn, Sasha and me, 20 mgs.

Glenn and Fern, first time. The expected duration was around 8-10 hrs. before sleep possible. This time, we all began to feel a drop somewhere around the 4th hour, and by around 1-2 a.m. we all slept with no trouble at all.

Body: Neil found his 13 mgs. quite sufficient. Nobody had any real trouble with body, although Neil and Glenn were aware of considerable body energy tremor. Glenn curled up on the couch under a blanket and shivered away with great contentment. The group as a whole seemed comfortable with varying amounts of visuals. It was generally pleasant and we talked with ease, but the previous intense pleasure in talking and witty stuff was not quite what Sasha and I had expected. I found myself missing Aaron Gates because of his and Sasha's usual sparring, which would have been delightful. But this was a totally new mixture of people, and everyone else seemed to enjoy it all quietly and with good humor and pleasantness and benign feelings. (Neil & Fern some stomach unease, but not serious.)

The rather unexpected quickness of descent was disappointing to S. and me, but everybody simply transferred their energy to the thought of eating Clare's delicious Spenger's restaurant clam chowder, and we all ate without difficulty.

Neil, prob. +3; the rest of us, about +2-plus. Very good and benign, and a good experience for Fern. who is still a bit hesitant about group experiments, mostly because of her fear of being too "seeing," and possibly intruding on somebody's privacy without intending to. (Note: Neil's light dimmer.)

All slept well, apparently. I had some weird and rather silly dreams, uncharacteristic but not bad. Just lifted-eyebrow stuff.

Next morning, after everyone had struggled to the dining room table to read the Sunday paper and drink coffee, I announced, for the sake of finding out whether breakfast was to be cooked or not, "I am frankly willing to do some more experimentation, since I don't feel quite in the mood for staying at baseline. Anybody else?" Or something to that effect. Instantly, Glenn put up his hand, "Me, too!" Thereupon, of course, everybody said well, natch, this was supposed to be an abuse weekend, so let's do it properly.

We all voted immediately for MDMA followed by ZC-B. Hippee. I mean, Yippee. Freudian slip.

Okay. Around 10:10 a.m., Sunday MDMA. Sasha's notes say all with 130 + 40 mgs., but I think Clare and Fern might have been less. It's absolutely definite, that for me, the intensity of MDMA is greatly heightened when I'm with other people. It was one of the most wonderfully benign and deep and beautiful MDMA's in a long time. We did nothing but sit around and talk comfortably, but oh, did I hate to let it go. Whatever part of the brain responds to that stuff, it is obviously one of the very nicest parts of the brain.

2C-B. 3:35 p.m., Sunday. Glenn, Sasha and me, 25 mgs., Neil 22, Clare 20, Fern 17.

My major memory is of all of us sitting in the living room as the light faded; tiny kaleidoscope color bars drifting here and there. +3 for me, and I suspect for everybody else. I asked Fern about her life, and how she managed with the psychic abilities. She seemed to accept the questioning as I meant it. It flowed, and everybody listened to the quite remarkable story, with its undertone, always, of sadness and anxiety.

During the previous day's often hilarious experiment, with Neil's use of a secret light-dimmer which he used rather effectively during a time when we were asking Sasha how to learn to 'see without opening your eyes,' and he was saying that, well, you focus on something -- like that lamp there, for instance, and you half close your eyes, and.... at which point the light dimmed and almost went out. We all thought it was a power dim-out, and nobody was particularly shaken. When it happened again, several times, usually at moments of intense conversation, it became of more interest. Sasha began getting suspicious. Fern and I, to our own later vast amusement and delight, saw nothing strange in this coincidental dimming etc. because that's the way things sometimes go when you're in an experiment -- you know, synchronicity, and all that? We were not only cool, but actually unimpressed. Fern and I went outside to talk intently about Glenn's future in his job, which is getting sticky, with the new conditions Fern etc., and her own doubts as to whether she can keep hers, either. And Glenn's troubles with anger, still. And Peggy. Etc. Inside the house, howls of laughter, which we didn't investigate right then -- apparently Neil told everyone about his little dimmer switch. They let him live, however.

Beautiful 2C-B. In a group of people who are trusting, and learning to renew trust, and attempting to understand who they are and what the world is -- this material is among the most deeply healing and renewing.

Slept well and good dreams, as did everybody else, I gather. Monday morning breakfast excellent, everyone hungry. Fern left after saying it was the best New Year's she'd ever had. I hope she meant it. I felt deep satisfaction at how very well the entire thing had gone -- there had been no way to guess how this particular group of six would jell. As it turned out, everyone was very happy to have tried it this way.

My dear Brandts, THAT IS ALL FOR TODAY, GOOD GRIEF!

Bless your little hearts, and hope to see you early Feb.

Yawn, snore. Good night
again, and love to
you both.

Ann

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: October 13, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:49 a.m. Peggy takes 18 m.g., Fred 20 m.g. of 2C-T-7. Develops slowly. Stack wood. Reaches +2 in 1 hour; I lie down. Increases comfort; see how my preoccupation with book is shutting much else out of my life. Ann's advice good to not rush; I see no real reason to raise money.

At about 2 hours, join Peggy on deck. Both feel excellent material, see much beauty. Peggy is very intoxicated; very much enjoying herself. I begin to feel some ambivalence which is painful, hard to drop. We begin talking. Peggy is amazingly clear. We begin to talk about many things, defensiveness totally lacking, great clarity of understanding.

As we talk, and find we discuss much that we usually withhold, I get much more comfortable, realize discomfort I have been feeling is mostly withheld communication. We begin to enormously enjoy the experience and our interchange. clearing up many areas of misunderstanding. we both have excellent perception for what goes on between us. He cover many important issues. I am very sensitive to her need for acknowledgment and quiet.

Experience becomes intensely enjoyable, the most beautiful we have had, especially together. Sitting on our big rock, we enormously enjoy the beauty and love between us. I ponder the wonder of a person as verbal as I being teamed with someone so nonverbal and who functions mostly by feeling. I feel this aspect of Peggy more keenly than ever before. Am in a clear, visionary state; fascinating to think about things from this perspective.

Later enjoying the view from the deck, I experience great beauty and deep euphoria as I allow myself to feel the full appreciation of what I am experiencing. The secret, I perceived, is to let God live; to feel His presence at all times in whatever we are doing. I spent quite a while letting this happen.

Peggy and I are closer than ever, and we commit ourselves to each other to maintain this wonderful space of love and clear communication, and to support each other in our individual development.

Wanted to see how writing felt. Immediately struck by my own personal lack of integrity. Ran some amazing and hilarious fantasies of running for office, enlisting Graham Kyner as campaign manager. Talk to Ann very sobering.

The day ends beautifully in wonderful harmony. It has been an enormously insightful day, with very important learning and improvement in our communication and relationship. It was also extremely enjoyable and rejuvenating. This wonderful state has continued until the present, 3 days later.

I was somewhat sluggish the day following, although pleasantly languid. This has cleared up with each succeeding day, and I have been quite productive.

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Here is my report about the experience on Saturday, November 7, 1987. I ingested 16mg of 2CI around 10:30 a.m. I noticed a very strong alert within the first 10 minutes. There seemed to be no change until an hour or hour and on half into the experience. At that time I felt very strongly affected. At various times over the next few hours, I experienced: strong visuals such as enhancement of colors, especially green, shadows 'breathing', spider webs with apparent faces and objects. My feet felt very warm and I was strongly aware of them being in touch with the floor. At the same time I felt floaty. My hands and face felt numb as if going into anesthesia. I felt restless and did not sit down much, wandering from conversation to conversation. I found it hard to concentrate on a one to one conversation - it was hard to be with the other person. I observed at one point that I did not feel this was a good social material. Much later in the day, I observed that I had felt detached and aloof during the experience.

At one point mid afternoon my ears hurt as if they were swollen or there was a pressure inside them. Around 4:00 when I was down to a one or one and one half, I felt very tired-my muscles were tired-as if they had been held too tense all day. For a short time, I had a headache just in two spots behind my ears. Food tasted good but a little bit make me feel quite full.

My experience was spent conversation hopping and observing and I seemed to have no experience of my self. I was quite aware of how tired FC was and how much she needed time to her self - not having been home the two weekends before. GC too was very tired and his headache seemed to be getting the best of him for a while. I felt separated from TG and AG especially AG- almost a disapproval from him. FB and PB are in a great place and seem to be happier than I have ever seen them.

We left to drive home about 6:00. We both felt Base Line or very near and had no difficulty with the drive home. Driving home through the park, we witnessed the most beautiful moonrise nearly full amber colored moon!

Arriving home, I felt very tired and noticed very depressed thoughts e.g. I don't find ways to fill my needs and feel like I need to be loved and approved of more and until I do this I my spring is dry and I have no love to give out. I feel depressed and I can't remember when I have not been depressed. I renewed vows to get more exercise daily and to write something - anything for at least 15 minutes each day. I was able, after hot shower and two aspirin, to fall asleep about 8:30. I slept until 11:30 when I awoke experiencing pains in my right knee, stomach and ears. My sleep was very fitful til 1:30- two aspirin allowed me to sleep very soundly until 7:00 I have had reasonable energy today concentrated but not a 'ball of fire'.

In retrospect, I believe I would take a smaller amount. I think I will try 12 mg. and possibly work up to 14 or 15 mg.

Thanks for the Experience
With Love,
Clare

November 7th, 1987

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Here is the report on 2CI.

This day, 18 mg at 10:30 am. There was an early alert probably 10 minutes into the experience. I noticed a gradual rise in whatever was going on, though it seemed to plateau at times in it's progression. The progression continued for at least two hours and then seemed to hold. At the peak. I suspect I was at 2 to 2.5+.

Some visuals began probably close to 2 hours and continued to perhaps 3 to 3.5 hours. The visuals were mild and pleasant. Once I focused on the aspect of the visuals (particularly the flowing walk way of the painting above the fireplace), they could not be stopped except by looking at something else. On returning to the painting, the visuals started without hesitancy. I did not seem to have control over this aspect. Other objects would cause object movement and slight distortion (particularly the colorful plates on the wall in the living room). This didn't seem to happen to everything else I looked at. However. Whatever movement and distortion that did occur seemed not to be disturbing (whoever said that I was ever disturbed by the flowing landscapes?).

I had no entry problems or body problems with the material. There was a slightest detection of a tremor near the peak, but nothing was noticeable afterward. I did not experience any nystagmus during the experience. After the first hour there seemed to be an urgent intensity to the material (I was becoming intoxicated or whatever). There was a mild amount of confusion which probably coincided with the period of visuals and then probably continued in somewhat milder form for the next several hours. I certainly didn't want to play with the Mac during that time and especially something as confusing as Hypercard!

I enjoyed conversation with various people, though on reflection, I don't remember too well who I talked to during the more intense part of the experience. I do remember a conversation with Fred during the peak period. I told him that the picture shadows were moving in the painting. He said he had not noticed, hut now he sees that they were moving. He said he could turn off the visuals; but I found I could not do it there. He said that the experience allowed any visuals in his mind to surface. I said that I thought the material was acting on receptors or interfering with receptors in the central nervous system. I do take a certain mechanistic viewpoint of our experiences; Fred might be saying the same thing in a different way, but I'm never quite sure how to interpret him. I still think he has taken a rather schizophrenic view of the world by trying to be both a mystic and being an engineer. I talked to Tina about common interests, but I am vague on the details.

Clare and I wandered off for a bit during the peak. We looked at some of the collections of rocks and so forth in the back room. Though we didn't do anything, I particularly noted that there was a strong erotic component to the experience.

I did notice that there was little backing away from involvement during the peak and downward side. There may well have been a stronger intensity to the material than I had anticipated and caused a slight withdrawal. Clare says she noted this also.

As you were well aware, the material seems not to have any anorexic aspect to it. We were munching away at the dips for quite a while. I held off from the soups for

some 5 hours. The smell of the fish soup was OK, but didn't put me on until the 5 hour period. I enjoyed both soups.

During the opening of packages period, I retained only a slight amount of confusion (or intoxication). By that time, I was probably +1. By the time we left, I was down by half a point. There was no problem with driving. Road lights caused no problem nor were they noticeable. I did notice that both Clare and me were tired when we got home.

I enjoyed the material. 18 mgs for me may have been a little too much in such a group experience. Perhaps 15 for me may be better for a group gathering. For us as a couple maybe 13-14. I just think we may need more data from everyone. What would I take for a group gathering with this material? Perhaps 15 - 16. I did not run into any trouble with this material at 18, but I suspect 16 would be quite good to avoid any distancing problems.

I would certainly do this again at 18, 16, or whatever, depending on the environment. I found it very pleasant and not a disturbing intoxicant. I had a nice social aspect to it and didn't challenge the psyche too much (if at all). It would be interesting to try it alone to see if there is any development of any insight. I found it pleasant and certainly not as harsh on the body as alcohol. Yes, I would not find it difficult to do it at the same dose as I did today. I hope it stays around for a while.

Now is it like 2CB? Certainly at equal doses, 2CI was by far more intense. 2CB seems to produce about the same amount of visuals as this dose. There seemed to be some differences. 2CI didn't seem to make you so aware of dark spots on the rug. One seems to be a little more cheerful with this material. It's really hard to tell. It certainly seems to last longer and the down swoop is much more gradual. After 2.5 hours on 2CB, I come down quickly within the next 30 minutes. Not so with 2CI.

I think I wouldn't mind doing this again. Thanks for the experience! What a day!

With lots of love,

Neil

November 11, 1987 7 p.m. Wed. 2C-B, 25 mgs. Sasha & me

Background: Sasha with half a day at Donner, splitting it with half a day on Friday, which is Bohemian Club black tie night, meaning that we both have to get dressed UP - taking the Castro's for a concert and dinner. Fern's first time at such an event, and about time. Night after that, black tie again with Stuppins and Callways and other V.C.'s at University Club for Baroque music. Good grief. Here we are, climbing up the weirdest rungs of society, probably because it's all unimportant, or, rather - it's important for different reasons than social runging. I am interested in discovering how Jack Stuppin got to be who he is, and if and when the opportunity presents itself, I will ask, and I'll do my best to make clear why I want to know.

Today, again, Sasha got home at 4 p.m. or so and did a lot of writing, while I was in Marin, visiting Foster, my mother and Theo, and Gus. My energy was zapping by the time I got home - fully integrated and feeling superb.

Usual transition period, turning inward, slight sadness, noticing the dust on the books - the usual. Then relaxation into great erotic, great mountain peaks, great fun altogether. Watched excellent and nostalgic look back at 1967, two hour special about Beatles and the 60's, possibly good for New Year's. Taped it.

Excellent evening. Tomorrow, for first time in 7 years, I go shopping for fancy dress. Black tie dress, as it were. Aha!

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-I

Date: November 7, 1987.

Place: Residence, East Bay, California

Participants: Special Group of 10, 8 participating.

10:36 a.m. Participants inject 2C-I, Fred, Peggy, C. 16 m.g. each; N. takes 18 m.g.; A., S., and H. take 22m.g. Comes on nicely, smoothly. Plus 2 in one hour, maximum of 2.5 in 2.5 hours. Very pleasant, clear thinking, excellent warmth from group, free and easy communication. Considerable enhancement in energy, which felt wonderful. No below-the-line phenomena.

At two hours, good discussion with G. re future of Multi-Media. Height of experience came talking to S. re computers and applications. Enormous mind expansion, clear vision of possibilities and dynamics, the incredible role computers will play in our future. Lacked motivation to master operating details of Mac—more drawn to relating to people hadn't seen for some time.

Overall, very enjoyable, fruitful experience, coming to place of very great ease in relating to people, far better than in previous experiences. No body load, excellent state during descent and following days, excellent feeling of strength and peace in days following, as well as clear, visionary-type thinking. Consider this and excellent working material, worthy of much more exploration.

From Peggy: The 16 was a bit much, I realized because my body was not sure of what to do with all that ENERGY. Next time I'll try 14 or 15. However, conversations with Ann were extremely clear and insightful. Thanks Ann for listening and sharing! The degree of honesty was incredible. I was not afraid to say anything to anyone. Felt really good about myself. Very centered, in fact. A bit tired at day's end. Early bedtime. Kinda sad leaving Lafayette next day. Slid into a new dynamic in Santa Cruz, then to San Jose. Whatta trip. All is well in God's kingdom and I am what I am. Thanks millions for all. I love you,

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: November 22, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Hattie Stiles, 29; Todd Quirino, 38; Peggy and Fred

Background: Hattie is from a very well-to-do, conservative family in the oil business in Denver, coming to Lone Pine as an apprentice to Three Mountain. She and Todd have fallen deeply in love. She wished to extricate herself from her family condition and look at her future with Todd. She has had a hard time establishing herself in her own being. At one point she even attempted suicide. Hattie has quite a bit of anxiety, which we worked to dispel by thoroughly reviewing things the evening before, and she approached the experience much more relaxed. I personally was as tired and loaded as I have been in a long time, and interested in a deep experience if the opportunity provided.

9:04 a.m. I take 12 m.g. 2C-T-2, all others take 120 m.g. Pegasus. Comes on slowly. Hattie goes through a period of anxiety, but in 40 minutes is free with no fear. We all move into the usual symptoms-young faces, euphoria, free and easy communication, great enjoyment. It feels so good Hattie is afraid of becoming addicted. We enjoy the sun outside until it gets too cool and move inside.

Hattie finds it very easy to talk, and we give her the most attention. She loves her parents, but they have not been very understanding. Her mother especially quite rigid and extremely authoritative when Hattie was young, at times being quite cruel. They do not much understand her current search for higher wisdom. She loves her older brother, but he too shares their parents' conservative values. Hattie was especially crushed when her parents worked her over the coals for losing her virginity at 14. She leans hard to accept her parents value system, and has a difficult time reaching the deep anger and pain from her parent's rejection. We have considerable discussion concerning her family dynamics and her feelings about herself. Hattie is very bright and very sensitive, and learns a great deal from the experience.

11:43 a.m. I take 6 m.g. 2C-T-2, rest take 40 m.g. of Pegasus. We continue listening to Hattie work her way through her feelings, and we also spend time with Todd on his approach to his career. He is a carpenter, but in this area not able to find the kind of craftsman jobs which he likes to do. Also, he has broken out considerably from his first experience and his Three Mountain experiences and is extremely loving and supporting. He wonders about a career in this area. I suggest doing both-taking advantage of his craft to support him while he builds credentials for the other.

Hattie spends time coming to terms with person she sees in the mirror.

I find the supplement I have taken works beautifully. Although quite intoxicated, not uncomfortable and very much into the experience, enjoying it and feeling quite clear and perceptive.

We spent the day wonderfully in close communication, learning from each other, sharing, enjoying. We are drawn very close to each other. We all feel tired toward the end of the afternoon.

After the sun sets, I feel quite tired and want to lie down for a while. I put on a late Beethoven quartet, and release. Peggy lies beside me, and I have a remarkable inward journey. I reach that point of trust and surrender where I become aware of the marvelous love flowing from Peggy, the exquisite beauty of the music, the feeling of that exquisite feminine presence for which the word anima is far too cold and intellectual. It was simply ecstatic to feel the love, the wonder of the music, the wonder of existence, the Glory of God.

Food was wonderful, and we all retired quite early for a very restful night.

The next morning, everyone was in a splendid state. The experience was not only most enjoyable but valuable. Hattie and Todd felt they had benefited greatly. It was not till later in the day that I began to be aware of how much I had benefited. My body felt clear and rejuvenated again, with a wonderful, natural euphoria. I was full of energy, ready to face tasks continually till bedtime. I felt no need to pull myself into higher states of awareness as I usually do; they just appear spontaneously, a most wonderful feeling. At this writing, two days later, the same condition holds.

Saturday, December 12, 1987 G-5 Sasha and me

Ingestion of 20 mgs. At 11 a.m. First time for me with this new compound. This amount is presumably +3 level. It's a long one, and takes about 2 to 3 hours to reach full activity.

By the end of the first hour, I was about 1.5+. Nature of the effect - generic altered state. It was apparent, as is usual with the onset of any altered state, that the quality of the initial experience can be and will be determined by my mind-set, by what I allow myself to get into in the way of mood and frame of mind, by what I watch on TV or read, or what thought-patterns I drift into. At this point, about 2 hours into into experience, I am reasonably neutral, which is useful for my immediate purpose: to follow the transition time, from ingestion to full activity, of a new compound.

The day is crisp, cold, clear and very windy. Beautiful day, as long as you're warm enough. Diablo Mountain is green (or, rather, greens - many different shades), but my aesthetic appreciation is limited. My feelings in general are more along the slightly serious/grim surveying line, a tendency I have most of the time with psychedelics, during the early hours. It's a sort of activation of the Observer, more than anything else, and down on the sub- and unconscious levels, I suspect there's a fast scanning for possible dangers, emotional or conceptual, a kind of automatic activation of the various Survivor functions, including that of the Boundary-keeper, all making sure that the landscape doesn't promise the wrong kinds of surprises.

What is pleasant about this state (keep in mind, I'm still in the transition stage)? There's no particular pleasantness.

What's unpleasant? Nothing in particular. The sentries are not disturbed, so there's nothing to defend against. Then why is there no drive toward enjoyment or joyfulness or excitement? The answer seems to come more from the Observer than any other part, and it seems to be along these lines, "The world is not a place, it seems to me at the moment, which should encourage any great joy or excitement. It looks more like the kind of place where a wise person would pay close attention and not relax too much."

Neutral. Watchful. That seems to be it, at the moment.

Is there discomfort of any kind, physical or psychic? Well, if there is, I'm used to whatever form it's taking, and am not aware of being in discomfort. However, if I take note of how my entire self, including body, is feeling, and think of it in terms of a novice (our famous Naive Person), then this would be far too strong to handle. Strong energy, rather driving, etc. But I'm so used to the state, I really don't notice any more.

Call from Rhea, upset about Jerold's explosion. Told her to take a week away, which she wants to do, but to tell him she is not leaving him. Give him the responsibility for himself, take her own responsibility for herself. She's getting very good at that, despite occasional lapses. Call handled without problems.

By the way, very good dreaming last night, or rather - this morning. The best of all kinds of self-validation, short of the lucid dreaming super-dreams, which this wasn't. Good mood on waking.

Now will go to the bathroom for the usual thing my body tends to do on these materials - cleaning out. Sigh. So romantic! Then, will get cozy in the bedroom and see if it's possible to find a thread of erotic something or other, with S.

Still in the clinical Observer. Well, that's the way it is. And the state is very definitively a thorough, unquestioned +3+.

Back from bedroom - the erotic isn't there at least at the moment. (That was Sasha's note.) Both of us feel response in the proper places, but the keen interest is lacking. Much easier to talk and think (even better, of course, to think and then talk, an option not always exercised as I recall).

I realized some time ago - and I think of it every time I take a compound - that nowhere in the book is there a step by step description of what it's like to enter a so-called "altered state." It's truly a difficult thing to describe. First, of course, one has to state that one can speak only for oneself. And myself, at this point, is a very seasoned traveler. I find it, for instance, very easy indeed to write (as I'm doing now) at a full +3. I may find it difficult to make the decision to do so, in the sense of deciding to place one's fanny in the seat of the chair in the first place, turn on the machine in the second place, and have the drive, the desire, to put something on the page. But, having decided to do so, I find it easy and in some cases, such as today, actually a relief to be able to write. When you can't quite figure out what else to do with a particular psychic state, there's always one thing left: writing about it.

There is not a noticeable time-distortion, but it's possible that we simply haven't paid much attention to it. Now, how does one explain time-distortion? It is, I suspect, a matter of a change in one's attention, in one's way of focusing attention. With a psychedelic, there's definitely a change in the way you fasten yourself onto a thought, or a concept. It gets easier to focus intently on a group of images and the thoughts that surround them and lead various ways from them, than there it might be under baseline conditions. We think very inefficiently, most of the time, in the so-called "normal" state. Our thinking, unless we're into a good book or a good story or good conversation, tends to be mostly along the elementary survivor line, using as little energy as possible to accomplish as much as possible in the way of good feedback to the self-image.

In the altered state, there's a quite different kind of focus of attention. First of all, during the transition, you're paying close attention, on all levels, conscious and unconscious, to surviving. And that means physical and psychic. The physical responses are checked very quickly, and in all but the few very unusual cases we've experienced, the sensors reports back that all is safe and functioning well. The real challenge is in the nonphysical areas, and those are many, to say the least. It's the rest of the universe, as a matter of fact. During transition, I usually scan my emotional state pretty continuously, looking out for dark corners of worry or fear or more subtle areas of just plain apprehension. I scan automatically the major questions which have been presenting themselves within the past day or so.

For instance, this past week I've been assigning myself, at least once a day and often more than once, the job of considering coming to terms in a very full and real EXPERIENCING sense, with that lovely little problem which I will try to analyze here and now: the need to bring together, in one place, at one immediate point of time, in my mind and psyche, the two opposites: love and destroy, and all the rest. Good and evil in one place, at one time, is what kind of face, what kind of experience? And it has to be experienced, assimilated and accepted. The acceptance, I think, belongs in last place, because it's the hardest to conceive

of, the hardest to allow. And all that has to be done by me. That's this week's little assignment, and will be each week's assignment until it's done. After that, of course, will come the effort at transition into words.

That isn't to say I've gotten anywhere near DOING it, today. I'm using this particular assignment, this work-to-be-done, as an example of the kind of thing I have to scan, during transition phase of the experience of a chemical compound - whether new or well-known. As a matter of fact, interestingly enough, this particular compound, G-5 (sounds like a Civil Service level), tends to be, as we've both noted, a bit more cerebral than visceral - so far - and that very fact perhaps explains why I haven't even begun to consider attempting the sought-after resolution; I know, somewhere inside, that the completion of the assignment I've described will take place anywhere but in the intellect. It is not a mind-problem; it's a soul-problem, and the acceptance, when I finally achieve it, will have to be in and from the gut, not the mind. So, I don't even bother to attempt it right now. That's okay. It'll wait.

The reason for the scanning, the reviewing of the inner landscape, is of course the same as it is for any scanning, any searching that one does, or that one's sentry functions do. It is to make sure there are no unexpected surprises, that if something heavy this way comes, I'll see it coming 'way off, and be prepared.

So transition, be it 15 minutes (as with LSD) or 3 hours, as with a long-lasting compound such as this, is for me a time of searching landscape, however it presents itself to my inner eye and heart, and relaxation is the last thing on my mind. That belongs, hopefully, to later.

Sasha seems to manage his transition time in a quite different way. His energy gathers as sexual energy, and he uses that world of feeling to anchor himself, as I understand it. We are usually on different frequencies during what I call transition, needless to say, and I will begin to adapt to his rather nice mode on familiar materials like 2C-B. But on a new one like this, we are both observing and noting and learning how the experience wants to shape itself - after all, as he has pointed out many times to people who barely understand what he's talking about - the nature of the effects of a new drug do not exist until you, the taker of the drug, decide what they are by taking it and sitting back and observing, with interest, what happens and what appears to you.

Occasional marvelous exceptions make life interesting, of course, in this particular field research. Witness famous TMA-6 compound, which Sasha and I decided was the ultimate altered-state material, is the sense that it altered your consciousness profoundly, yet did so without providing the slightest visual, auditory or any other pin-down-able clues. There was nothing you could point to and say - Aha! Now, THAT'S what defines a psychedelic effect. Because there just wasn't any. No visual changes, no auditory changes, no time distortion, no conceptual distortion, just - a different way of being conscious. We both had that experience of TMA-6 twice, and after that, we couldn't wait to spring it on the research group. Down at Aaron and Tina's house, we - for the last time, I might add - challenged the group to "Put into words exactly what it is that makes this a consciousness-altering drug," having told them there would be no visuals, no eyes-closed Disneyland, no nuthin' to help define an altered state of consciousness. Infamous last words. Sitting on the potty in one of their luxurious bathrooms, I watched the wallpaper come alive, writhing and spinning to beat the band, and wondered what the hell had happened. Every classic sign of the psychedelic effect was there, in spades! We couldn't understand it, still don't understand it, but we learned from it, by George, never to tell anyone else what to expect, or not to

expect, from any compound. Everyone else in the group, I don't need to add, had a full-blown, rousing psychedelic experience, and kept shaking their heads at us, "What were you two TALKING about?"

All right. I've been talking about my transition state, the time spent between taking a drug and feeling it's maximum effect (at that dosage level). Everyone does it differently, and as I said before, I can only speak for myself. What we call the plateau of a drug-effect is just that; you've gone through the stages of transition, during which the effects have been felt in body and mind with increasing intensity, and finally you've reached a place where you're not going to go up any more. Things will not increase in intensity or strength. They've stabilized. Now you can settle down to explore the nature of the experience, and this place of maximum drug effect will last - in most cases - longer than any other stage. The general rule (and I must say again and again, there are always exceptions, ALWAYS) is that, the longer the transition stage, the longer the total drug effect or experience. If it take you 3 hours to plateau, you're probably in for an experience lasting from 20 to 30 hours. With a short-acting psychoactive material like MDMA, which is not a psychedelic in any usually understood sense, the transition period is short, and so is the full effect. But the exceptions are numerous.

Sasha just reminded me of 2C-T-15 (?), which has a long transition period, and barely any plateau at all before the gentle descent begins.

Then, of course, there is LSD, which breaks the rules in the other direction. It's not unusual to have an excruciatingly short transition period - 20 minutes, perhaps - and a very long plateau of around 5 to 7 hours. Oh, well. Man is a rule-creating animal, and loves structure, but has learned to make exceptions because exceptions do persist in coming up.

I must add, about today's compound, G-5, that even though there was a most unusual (for Sasha compound) indifference to the erotic, there was no separation to all from feelings and emotions. Removal of myself from my feeling-parts, separation from emotions, would be - for both of us - cause for dismissal of the compound as being unworthy of further exploration. Neither of us likes or accepts drugs which cause one part of us to be separated from any or all other parts. We "believe," I suppose I can say, in integration, not separation, of all parts of ourselves. We both distrust any drug states, particularly those which have the reputations of being strongly "cosmic," which divorce the consciousness from the body, for instance - like ketamine and PCP. (I've never taken either one, and eventually I should do so, otherwise I'll always be speaking about them with other people's words, never from my own experience.)

I think it safe to say that, no matter how worthwhile this new drug seems to be in all other respects, if both of us end the day finding no noticeable increase in our connection with the erotic, the drug with probably not be tried again - at least, not without good research reason - not because it has divorced us from any part of ourselves, in the true ketamine-sense, but simply because there are too many good, solid other compounds which do not make it difficult for us to connect with everything we are.

After all, there is enough to be learned and grown-through and assimilated and understood when we ARE in connection with our bodies and other essential parts; why would one want to learn and experience with a Self which is less than complete?

A very interesting little side=thought here. One of the unexpected things which seems to happen to people who have some experience with exploring the nature

of their interior universe, is a certain emotional liability, to use official jargon. Where a novice might expect that greater understanding equals greater control, especially of emotions, the reality is that the more you understand of yourself and the world you live in, the less you erect barriers to your own feelings. Your motivations change; the reasons for control change.

Sasha had this way, and I used to wonder at it, of tending to get tears in his eyes quite easily. Sometimes even at sentimental commercials. I thought it was rather charming, but I did wonder. Now, I am the same way. It's no longer something to be controlled or hidden; I find that when you have gone through a certain number of learning experiences, the channel to the feelings tends to be more open, and tears are an expression of that open access, and not a weakness to be suppressed. I don't even begin to know why, but I've found that it's so. And it had nothing to do with being able to keep the mind clear and being able to think objectively. That kind of control becomes stronger by far, but the tears are simply nearer the surface, perhaps because the openness to feelings is more immediate than before.

Now, around 3:30 a.m., the +3+ is a bit lower. About +2.95. We did give the erotic another good, solid try. I decided to put some real work into trying to find an orgasm, and did. But it was strangely dark, almost a bit sad. My eyes-closed visuals during most experiences are vivid and full of color, and orgasms are flares of rich color and shape and dimension. But with this compound, there seem to be no colors behind the eyelids, and the orgasm came like an obligation, a bit strained, and there was no color anywhere at all. Very strange. Yet, again, there is no separation from feelings, only from my particular color language.

And equally interesting was the total absence of something very important, to me. Sasha always has a rich smell in his armpits; sounds strange, but it's one of the most delicious things about him - a sharp carnation smell, or a crisp smell of grass and herbs, depending on the compound. Even without having taken any drug, he has a wonderful rich smell there. Tonight, however, no smell. Neutral armpit. Ridiculous. Impossible. No color for me and no wonderful armpit for Sasha.

Other than those little things, it's a fine compound. Wonderful for writing. And that's what we've both been doing most of the evening.

Sasha says it must have something to do with the fact that the G compounds have a lot of fancy shrubbery off to the left. That means we've got to try out all the G compounds as they come off the stove, to check out the effects of shrubbery on the left. There are always surprises. It's going to be interesting.

Sasha has just decided he's ready for bed. But that's probably because he's almost baseline. I am certainly not. Which is fine with me, as long as I get enough sleep to be able to wake up in time for David Brinkley and his news hour.

Jafari

12/12/87 F-150 +50

31 year-old female experiencing her second session with Freddie. No physiological side-effects. Exploration of the outer + inner self and the system of checking others for self-worth and acceptance.

Major questions explored:

- (1) How can I be without checking others reactions to me
- (2) What happens if no one even knows my soul.
- (3) What happens if others see my "worms"

'N' described the worms, in size shape and color asked each one what they represented. Worms agreed to meet and explore ways of helping 'N'. Reframed purpose + their benevolence. 'N' agreed to listen + utilize their messages accepting the power + wisdom of there totality.

'N' agreed that the question of Soul was the sum of her existence and the existence of all she will become. Utilized mirror for reflection of self + identification of parts that she admires. Worked with lower jaw that represents the "critic" that helps 'N' with her work. The jaw also represents anger, rage + pain. 'N' worked with different jaw movements and explored chewing up obstacles in her path.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: December 9, 1987

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Beth and Shane Nazar, Fred, Peggy standing by.

Background: Beth is Dr. Kampinski's granddaughter, and with her brother inherited the property. She and Shane have moved into Dr. Kempinski's house. They hope to maintain the property as a place for growth-types activities, such as the recent seminar with Sonny Levert, and also provide inexpensive housing for those who want to go into retreat and study. They have both used psychedelics, MDMA when it was legal perhaps 6 times. Shane has a brilliant keen mind, is very familiar with varying states of consciousness, and is completing his Ph.D. thesis on Dr. Kempinski's work on [BOOK TITLE]. Peggy is still under the weather with a severe flu attack and plans to spend most the day in bed.

9:04 a.m. Beth and Shane take 120 m.g. Pegasus; I take 12 m.g. 2C-T-2. Comes on very nicely, the wonderful good energy of good people. By one hour, pretty fully developed. Beth very full of love, everyone feeling quite good with superb feeling of closeness. We all very much enjoy the experience and very much enjoy being together. Peggy joins us for a while and feels lifted out of her symptoms for a while.

10:38 a.m. Shane and Beth each take 40 m.g. supplement of Pegasus; after some debate with myself, as I feel fully intoxicated, I take 6 m.g. more 2C-t-2, mostly because I had planned to originally and felt that intuition was as good as any. We continue to enjoy the experience, Shane and Beth quite content to just simply enjoy, and not particularly interested in pursuing any line of thought. Shane is not even overly interested in discussing his doctorate thesis, where he is now faced with a considerable amount of background research to place Dr. Kempinski's position in the context of other forms of thought development.

2:00 P.m. I suggest we try the sacred meditation as introduced and practiced by Richard Moss. Beth lay on the massage table, and while we were exchanging energy, I had a profound experience of her femininity, realizing her as earth-mother, giving birth and nurturing sustenance to creation. Next with Shane I experienced a deep loneliness within him. He seemed to have grown up almost deserted, and had become strong and reliable but very independent and emotionally closed in. I could see that the ample, almost overflowing warmth of Beth was perfect for him Shane and Shane both found it very rewarding to be on the table and had good experiences.

Peggy did not choose to be on the table so I went next. I sunk into a very deep space where I felt very blocked. My body turned to concrete, frozen. I felt I was dying. It wasn't particularly frightening or overly uncomfortable; I simply wanted it to proceed faster and break free. It was very difficult to work through, and finally I felt I had gone about as far as I could. There was no break-through with a feeling of exultation, but rather a solid feeling for work well-done. I was at a loss to explain exactly what happened, or make much sense of it the rest of that day.

After welcome food, we all felt tired and retired fairly early. The next morning everyone felt quite good, and that the experience had been very worthwhile. We especially liked that it had drawn us all closer.

As the next few days wore on, I could tell that my experience had been deep and profound, and made some important changes at a deep level. It's as though I am working through walls of extremely deep personality formation, and it is very freeing, and at the same time conducive to peace and well-being. I felt also that I was able to make a deep attitudinal correction, and my prostate symptoms, which had worsened recently, improved.

12-15-87
14mg 2CI

3:20
3:50 Alert
4:05 Elevation
5:00 - 5:30 Plateau

Easy onset. Body very comfortable throughout.

Considerable visual + spacial effects, similar to 2CB. This level (14mg) might be compared to 20 mg. 2CB- a full blown experience.

Now what may or may not be have anything to do with the nature of the ~~experience~~ chemical. I went into the experience fairly low, pre-Christmas depression, etc. Experienced a certain intensification of emotion - self pity, crying, but without any feeling of purging, insight, or change. I seemed to be in an altered state without an alteration in perspective. This held true after the experience was over - I came out of it in the same condition I went in. No sense of "window" or information from the subconscious.

In spite of the above, I perceive it to be a friendly material, interesting, easy on the bod. Ok energy next day.

Down-side chronology not recorded - wasn't important at the time. Sleep about 12-1:am

December 23, 1987, Wednesday

This was a very interesting and strange experience. One of those negative ones that teaches you a lot. I think.

I was the day of the first Wed.N.Din. Since Helen's return, and there were lots of people expected. I had been up until around 2 or more a.m. cooking stuff - like a 20-lb. Turkey - and when I got up in the morning, I'd had insufficient sleep, but still a few things to do, like wrapping the little boys' presents - Cliff and Lincoln - and finishing up cooking stuff to take over to Veronica. I had, up to that point, maintained my mood at a high and pleasant level, partly out of determination not to feed Sasha's negative feelings about the holiday, and partly out of a determination to learn how to undertake the holiday stuff with a minimum of stress and anxiety, since I basically enjoy the whole thing, and feel it's worth the work.

However, late in the morning I found myself at that familiar stage of dull un-caring which often happens after insufficient sleep. Sasha had gone to work, and I thought, well, maybe Freddie will serve the same way amphetamine drugs do; you can take a bit of a stimulant drug and then go to sleep for half an hour or so, and when you wake up, the drug push gives you a bit of extra energy, at least for a awhile. Since I knew I had to get certain things done, I thought it worth the try. So I went and weighed out 100 mgs. Freddie, which is a very low, barely perceptible level, for me. And then I set two kitchen alarms and curled up on the couch and slept.

When I woke up, things had definitely not improved. In fact, they had become considerably worse, yes. The feeling of insufficient energy and spark that I'd felt before had become something quite strong, and might be characterized as a firm feeling of negativity about everything that had to be done and everything I had been looking forward to. It was almost an active push to not-do. Sort of as if I'd locked into Sasha's negativity about the whole Xmas stuff, only multiplied. It was actively non-cooperative, negative and even hostile.

This was no good, since with the rest of me, I knew damned well I had to do what had to be done, and feeling negative about it wasn't going to help, but couldn't be allowed to hinder. So I set about wrapping presents with a complete absence of enjoyment of any kind, and I finished cooking with no feeling of pleasure, and I hummed a little tune to myself, all during these activities, and it went like this - the words did, anyway. - "I shouldn't have don't that, oh yes, I shouldn't have done that, oh no, I shouldn't have done that; it was a mistake," and then start over again from the beginning. After a while, I summoned enough annoyance to tell myself to shut up, but the tune did tend to pop up in my mind during the next couple of hours, anyway, when I wasn't looking.

I finished my jobs, telling myself that 100 mgs. Should wear off pretty soon, and reminding myself that if I had locked into a real substrate of my psyche, it wouldn't really matter whether the damned Freddie wore off or not; I was going to be stuck with this grey space for quite a while. Well, nothing to do but keep doing what I had to.

Driving was no problem. No joy, no anxiety, no nuthin', but at least no problem. At Larkspur Landing, I parked and went to the Hallmark store to get some paper plates. I could feel my not-very-nice psychic space impacting on those around me who were not shielded, and moved past people quickly so I wouldn't drag anyone else down. In

the Hallmark store, I got my stuff and as I approached the counter, I could feel the saleswoman (whom I had not seem before) mentally drawing back. She was picking me up, and she didn't like what she was feeling. Hell, I didn't either. When she asked politely how I was, I answered out of the place I was in, "I think I'm tired of Christmas already," which wasn't the most unusual thing for a middle-aged woman to say on December 23rd, but the saleswoman said nothing and I could feel her fasten on those words as a logical reason to feel the hostility she was feeling. Her face was set in disapproval, and I sighed and figured the sooner I was out of there, the better, and grimly said in my mind something like, "Well, lady, I didn't ask you to turn on your antennae, you know!" Nothing like blaming the receiver for getting the message.

I stopped at Foster's place and asked his indulgence, and just lay down on his bed while he watched TV and slept - or semi-slept, for about 30 minutes. It helped a bit. I could feel the edges of the dark grey beginning to fuzz, as it were. When I got to the Wolf house, around 4:30 p.m., I was beginning to see the whole mental state disintegrating. My pleasant feelings were coming back, and so was my plain, ornery tiredness.

The evening was wonderful, and I felt early, or tried to leave early, just to get home and sleep. My feelings were back to normal and I was just worn out, but happy. And I'll never do THAT again! Works fine with Dexedrine and methedrine and stuff like that, but don't try it with Fred!

Wednesday, December 30, 1987

Lucy, 100 mic., 6 p.m. or so.

Sasha and I just decided that we needed the time and the fun with each other more than we needed to be entirely receptive to tomorrow's material. And we were interested in seeing if 100 mic could still be as interesting as 150 mics had been - keeping in mind that we ave been known for graduating up with Lucy to 250 and more mics and were were sort of proud of our macho climb, about 50 mics per six months, until for reasons I can't remember at the moment, we decided last time to aim for a much lower level than usual - 150 micrograms - and it was just superb. So this time, not wanting to be up too late, etc., we thought, why not try even lower and see how it works? It worked just fine. Beautiful org. for Sasha. I started my period early, so decided not to try in that direction. Besides, I'd been able to see Sasha's coming in glorious technicolor and was able to ride it with him. We spent hours in the living room talking about Chaos theory and Bell's theorem, and stuff like that which I felt was fully as sexy as fooling around. It was tremendous fun. How did it start? It began with Sasha explaining what he thought was the definition of an Eigen-state. He had to later modify it a little bit, but it was the beginning of a delightful evening of racing ideas and intuition and random numbers and the difference between random-ness and chaos. I loved it.

We didn't get to bed too early, after all, but it didn't matter. Wonderful experience, and 100 micrograms is certainly enough for fun and games, and may make them easier, in fact. Thank you, baby!

New year's Eve, 1987 2C-I Barney and Rayna A's house

Tusa's, A's and ourselves. R. not ingesting. B. took 20mgs along with S. and me. We figured we'd be compromised by previous evening's wonderful 100 mics. Lucy, but wot-th'-ell, it was worth it. Neil took 16, Clare 14. Everyone was 2 mgs. lower than last time because of what Sasha felt had been a general tendency to say, "Next time, I think I'd take a bit less." Everyone seemed to have a perfectly fine time. It took almost three hours before everyone was sure they'd plateau'd. People ate early, and some felt that the eating helped to push the level up a bit, but who knows? I was not-smoking again, and simply stashed myself in the television corner and tried to forget myself and my cigarettes and interact as little as possible with everybody. Worked out well. Sasha joined me for The Electric Horseman, as did most of the other, eventually. It was as delightful this time as the first, and kept my mind off smoking.

The two-day thing was a bit of an ordeal for, but only because of my irritation with myself. Well, not entirely, but mostly. Mainly needed to be quiet and interior, and managed that nicely. The body was okay, and the experience was a bit dulled by the previous night, but as I said before, it was completely worth it.

Chronology 35 min Alert TS
 2:20 plateau
 5:00 dropping
 9:00 sleep
 fair energy next day

Dec 31 1987

2C-I, 14mg with Manon @ 15mg alert at 35min, slight body tremors partly because it was very cold. I noticed visual patterns & color at the onset. Now as much body load as 2C-B but still uncomfortable until end of second hour. Reached Plateau at about 2:20 into experience, and it extended to about the 5th hour. Very relaxing with talk and laughter, internal images adding to the humor.

Visual patterns not as structured as 2C-B but more striking. Color very similar but more emphasis on purple & green. Toward the end of the plateau, I was what I would call a sky-light effect as though light was passing through stained glass above, giving an interesting effect, mostly green.

Excellent experience, would repeat at 15 mg. Not a cold weather material. But would be tremendous outside experience.

30 min Alert	15 mg 2CI
2:20 min <u>full</u> visual	7:25
	12-31-87
5:30 Way down, suddenly	Manon
8hrs Baseline	
9hrs Sleep	

Comfortable onset. Whether it was one silly milligram more, or Ted traveling too, I was considerably higher this time - most notable in visual, patterning like 2CB (Persian carpet patterns) very colorful and active.

Much more balanced emotional character, but still no feeling of insight, revelation, or progress toward the true meaning of the universe.

At 2 1/2 hrs, probably couldn't distinguish between 2CI + 2CB, although I think 2CI somewhat less stimulating. 15Mg 2CI comparable to 22-24mg 2CB, but with 2-hr plateau.

5 1/2 hr drop-off very abrupt, then gentle decline. Would like to investigate museum levels.

Good communication + interaction with Ted. Suitable psychedelic for New Year's Eve.

January 3, 1988

Dear Sasha,

Here is the report on the material of New Year's Eve.

Sixteen mg of 2C-I. I had some type of alert within 10 minutes. Over the next hour, there was an awareness that something was taking happening.

Activity seemed to plateau at around two hours. There was considerable visual activity with color enhancement as well as with objects beginning to flow into each other (sufficiently). I had the walkway above the fireplace moving again. The puzzle was a mass of color blends.

Around the 1.5-2.5 hour period during which I worked on the SE, I had a lot of confusion, was forgetful what I was doing, and showed poor mechanical typing abilities (I had trouble getting my name correct). I certainly wouldn't drive under any circumstances at that time. I suspect that I was close to +2.5 or a little higher.

Coming down was pleasant and uneventful. Sipped some wine which kept the intoxication at a pleasant level. The visual activity decreased and then stopped by 3 hours. I had no strong indications to turn inward nor did I develop any insights. I had a feeling that the activity was a little stronger than last time. I was comfortable during the entire experience (I'm used to the confusion, etc., that goes with some these experiences). I had no body aches or pains. My cold seemed inconsequential that evening.

I slept well. I was not tired the next day at all.

I'm not sure what the virtues of the material is except as a pleasant material. I don't think I would try it too often. It might be interesting at a lower dose of say 10 or 12 mg (though I certainly didn't mind the current dose).

For your information on Sunday, I tried Pegasus (110 mg) with others. Though it did have considerable activity in PG, I was barely affected. However, because of my cold, I had taken a little bit of one of Vick's 44 cough discs during the previous evening. Whatever the cause, I had a remarkably light Pegasus experience.

Love to you all,

Neil

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS AND DVC

Date: January 1, 1988

+2C-T-2

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Vesta and Graham Kyner, Nelson Jafari, Vanessa and Ivan, Brandt, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Nelson joined our family on Christmas Day, when Vesta and Graham were also present. It was a great combination. Graham and Nelson, after getting acquainted, made an agreement that whichever one of them came to Lone Pine to explore, the other would drop whatever he was doing and join in. So Nelson was invited to join the same group (less Uma and Jacob) for New Years at Lone Pine, Graham had thoroughly made up his mind what he wished to do. He feels he has one more barrier to push through, and wants to take 200 dvc and go for it. The rest agree on a step approach perhaps more suited to getting better acquainted.

9:49 a.m. Graham takes 200 DVC; I take 12 m.g. 2C-T-2; all others take Pegasus: Vesta, 60; all others 120. Smooth takeoff, good company; all soon in a good space. Graham goes off to himself. We all have high acceptance of each other, enjoy each other's company, good communication. Vesta has smooth entry; later feels should could have used higher amount. Otherwise all feel good, enjoy the scenery and the wonderful effects.

11:58 a.m. All but Graham take DVC: Vesta and Peggy, 50; Vanessa and Fred, 100; Ivan and Nelson, 150. I check in bedroom with Graham just before administering. He is glowing like a light bulb, grinning from ear to ear. He chooses not to join us. Later he shares that he was experiencing himself as God, and that he saw me as a beautiful god.

The transition is smooth and without a break. In about 1/2 hour, Vesta begins to feel uncomfortable not being able to control the rush of experiences that transpire, goes in lies down by Graham I have a very smooth transition, but after 30 minutes begin to develop some of my familiar discomforts. Ivan and Vanessa go into the other bedroom.

Nelson is extremely insightful and helpful. Peggy is in a very loving space, so he spends time with me, helping me work through my discomfort. He tracks me very well, and his comments are most helpful. He himself is having an outstanding experience, full energy and glowing, in a wonderful space, and with an excellent flow of ideation and imagery. I experience some intense agony without understanding what it is. Also some deep rage, again without full comprehension. I spend some time looking in the mirror, which for a while is helpful, but then I begin to feel it is too much self-involvement, and prefer to interact with others. For a while I try inside, and again get the insight that I want to open my eyes and be fully present, fully here and now.

I begin looking at Peggy, and after some initial ugly distortions, I begin to see her beauty. I dwell on this, and she becomes more and more beautiful, until what I see before my is utterly amazing and indescribable. This goes on for quite some time, my seeing her in all manners of moods and appearances—regal, laughing, playful, full of fun, full of love. The beauty is almost more than I can stand, and I sob deeply as I watch her, amazed at the privilege of seeing such a beauty and feeling such deep, powerful love. I look at her feet and legs and have never seen anything so exquisite, so soft and feminine. I see that the way to realize my soul

is to see hers. After a while I realize that I am looking at the beauty of my own soul, and we are wonderfully intermeshed.

Graham had returned and was observing my looking at Peggy. He commented that I was like a focusing coil, focusing my energy on Peggy. I took this as a criticism, that I was focusing on Peggy and ignoring the others, and that I should let the energy glow randomly of it's own accord. So I withdrew my attention from Peggy.

Then I thought, why did I stop what I was doing when it was so beautiful and ecstatic? So I thought, to hell with what Graham thinks, and went back to enjoying Peggy's beauty. Later I found that Grahams's comment was not critical at all, but he was merely observing how I seemed to be gathering energy from above my head, pulling it in and focusing it like a beam on Peggy, filling her and the whole room with love. He thought it was an amazing process, very happy to be able to observe and participate by encouraging it, and feeling that it was making very profound changes in me at a very deep level. To which I heartily agreed.

What I have described so far is only the outstanding highlights; experiences were so intense, so rapid, so variable and plentiful that what I can write can account for hardly more than 1% of what happened. At one point I thought, how can one even contemplate writing a report about such a vast experience? Nelson picked up my thought and said, "How could you imagine writing a report about this?" He discoursed on how hopeless it is to capture such an experience, and how even thinking about it altered what one experienced. I had strong feeling that he had talked to Ann about my reports, and that they were viewed as a psychological dependency, hanging on to Mom and Pop, which I had often thought in the past while under the influence. The next day, no longer feeling defensive about report writing, I checked this out with Nelson, and he was merely agreeing how difficult it is to capture what goes on in such an intensive and extensive experience. This is only a couple of a number of incidents in which I discovered how inaccurate my perceptions could be, even under their influence where I tend to think I am seeing with great accuracy.

4:00 p.m. Ivan and Vanessa rejoin the group. They have been having a wonderful time, with much laughter and conversation being heard from their direction. They both felt marvelous. Ivan had tried to look for a shadow and couldn't find one, so decided to go ahead and enjoy the vast beauty and joy he was experiencing. Vanessa discovered that she and everyone else was doing the best they could to gain attention and appear the best light to others. After struggling with this for sometime, she decided this was the way life was and it was o.k., and she would continue to operate this way.

There followed one of the most hilarious hours of my life. We were all free of any discomfort, feeling marvelous, in love with all members of the group, and to a person were enormously insightful and creative. Whatever topic came up brought immediate hilarious comments from someone, followed by another from someone else, and then on to others. We were laughing so hard and were so full of fun that some people's sides ached. It was incredible.

After an hour the conversation became more somber as I reported that I was arranging to transfer some of my property to Graham as a gift. Graham then mentioned that he intended to see Reed Quick and purchase the 10 acres bordering my property on the north, which would permanently insure our privacy. This led to a review of Reed and the various involvements with Kent Urich. Graham and I kept referring back to past incidents with AL until I commented that we were giving the past too much time and it was taking us out of the present. Nelson commented that it

was because there still something there from the past that I hadn't cleaned up. I took a fresh look at this with Nelson's help, and acknowledged the contributions Al had made to me, and was willing to drop the rest. Then Graham reminded me of a particularly painful time that I found I had been keeping blocked. This plus the Reed incident brought clearly into perspective my deep dependency on have very intimate, close relationships, and how terribly painful it was when these relationships were betrayed. Also the high degree of wishful thinking involved. I saw this as a great weakness on my part. It was bad enough that the resulting hurt and anger kept me from pursuing more productive activities, but the worst was that I did not turn my attention to developing a knowledge of my real self and my capacities. I saw that if I really did this, then I could bear the hurts and betrayals inflicted by others, regardless of how painful they may be. This was a tremendously rewarding discovery for me, and led me into new extremely valuable new ground and resolution. I was able to understand my hurts and anger as never before. That night I realized that I was still carrying a deep hurt toward Drew Zola, for when Drew fell in love and left his wife for another, I supported him. Yet he strongly objected to the relationship that meant so much to me.

Food was shunned until late in the day, when it tasted remarkably good. Vanessa pointed out that she had looked at everyone and felt she knew and understood them, except Graham. Graham then shared quite a bit about himself which helped everyone know him better, understand him, and appreciate some of his many gifts. He strongly acknowledges the use of psychedelics from waking him up from a nowhere place to a rise in the corporate ladder to a very successful company manager for Electodyne. We were all very moved by his account of his final severance. He was phasing out as president, under a two year agreement at \$300,000 to train the next president, when he refused to support the dismissal of a valuable, key employee who had been fired to make room for the friend of the new financial manager. This led to his immediate dismissal and severance pay of only 1/3 the original amount.

Spent some time talking to Nelson about his experiences and aspirations in finding a suitable female partner. Much more to be shared here in the future. He has also volunteered to help me in further clarifying my own situation, where I know his perceptions will be valuable. He has recognized a tendency on my part to draw back when I approach loaded areas.

The next morning, we did not leave the table for 3 hours after breakfast as everyone was so involved in sharing and integrating the previous day's experience. Everyone agreed that the make-up of the group had been perfect, that everyone had learned from everyone else, that it had been a tremendous experience for everyone. Nelson said that it was his first group experience, and he was amazed at the power of it and how much he had learned from the other individuals present. We have formed a powerful bond, and all of us will be eager to spend more time together. This was an enormously satisfying experience. I am also inspired by Graham's way of confronting directly whatever stands in the way and moving right in to deal with it.

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