

Pharmacology Notes

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pp 603.

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Pharmacology Notes F  
(1989-90)

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 marks the end of Shulgin's Pharmacology series. It covers some of 1989 and 1990.

The Creation of This Document:

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

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

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

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to clarify is the use of the letter “c” with a dash above it (from the Latin word cum, meaning “with”), which had been replaced by “[with]”.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

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

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2C-B (50, 100 mg)

March 25, 1989

GATES KAPER

As told by Clare Tusa

On Saturday, March 11<sup>th</sup>, Neil and I were coming home from working a full day, and we were tired. We were going to do MDMA, not having done it for a while. On the answering machine there was a message from Tina Gates, saying "I haven't talked to you for a long time, and want to catch up with you." Between 6 and 6:15PM, the phone rang and it was Tina. She said immediately, "Things have changed since I called this afternoon. We intended to do MDMA this after, and we took the wrong material - we took 2C-B instead, by mistake --"

I (Clare) said how much did you take, and she said she knew she herself had taken 50 mgs. And Aaron had taken 65mg or somewhere around that. She was concerned: did we have any experience with anyone who had taken this amount? At that point, I turned her over to Neil, and Neil's immediate feeling was that they were in for about four hours of effects, but that since they had taken the material at 5:05PM, they were still on the upswing, but should be soon at the plateau (this was around 6:30PM).

Sometime during that conversation, I asked if there was somebody who could come over and be with them. She was obviously concerned about Aaron, who was having a hard time, she said. We promised to call them back in 20 minutes, to see how they were doing, and we did.

I first said, "How is Aaron?" And she said, "Not doing well."

Aaron came on the telephone, and I said, "How are you?" and he said, "Well, not very well."

I said, did he remember when Neil was on 5-TOM and he came out of it. Aaron didn't sound very cheered by that. We agreed to call back in another 20 minutes. Tina set the timer, and so did Neil.

The next time she called, Neil answered, and the first thing she said was "Could you come down here?" (They are about 1-1/2 hrs. away) and Neil's reply was generally along the lines of "Gee, I've had a very hard day, and a long day....." Very shortly thereafter there was another conversation, and she again asked, and this time Neil agreed to come. Tina had in the meantime phoned Sasha and Ann and checked with them.

As we were going out the door, Tina phoned again and was disappointed to find us still at home. Time was moving very slowly for them.

We got there about an hour - little more than an hour - and at that time it was about four hours since their ingestion of the drug. About 9:30PM. They were standing in the driveway and saying, "Had you had a telephone in your car, we could have phoned and told you to go back home, that we are fine."

We went inside. They were both in bedclothes and both had been standing in the driveway. They looked a bit drawn, relieved, glad to see friends. At this point, they knew they were going to make it. Aaron was slightly embarrassed, but relieved to be alive.

One of the first things Aaron said to me was, "Who is it that you call when you're dying - and there was no question in Tina's mind whom we would call, and it was you and Neil that she would wish to call --" He also said, "There were times this

evening when I couldn't see or hear (?), and there was no way I could function, and I thought I was dying. I thought I had really made a fatal mistake."

One of the first things Aaron said to me was, "Who is it that you call when you're dying - and there was no question in Tina's mind whom we would call, and it was you and Neil that she would wish to call --" He also said, "There were times this evening when I couldn't see or hear (?), and there was no way I could function, and I thought I was dying. I thought I had really made a fatal mistake."

Aaron said he had been very dehydrated, wished he could drink water, but wasn't able to. He couldn't vomit when he tried to. They took Xanax, a mild tranquilizer (somewhere near 6:30PM probably).

When they had first taken the material, Aaron turned to Tina and said, "I feel I'm really intoxicated, and there's no joy." They then realized from the nature of the intoxication that he had taken the wrong material. By the time we arrived, they knew that had happened, and Tina said she didn't know how they could have been fooled, because the material they took was very powdery, not crystalline.

When we had first arrived, Aaron hadn't been able to eat or drink, and Tina had been able to drink milk. Somewhere before we arrived, I suspect Aaron told Tina that he'd actually taken probably 100 mgs, or thereabouts. Tina knew she had taken 50 mgs.

We went immediately upon arrival into the kitchen area and we stood there talking and just filling in details. Aaron said he had really thought he'd be helping Tina by measuring out the MDMA. They hadn't done it for 6 months. They felt that Tina had been working very hard on learning biofeedback, setting up the psoriasis clinic. They felt they were snapping at each other, and wanted a pleasant, warm experience. A nice quiet little evening.

Tina had been able to take liquids, Aaron had not. When we got there, we all had tea except Aaron, who still couldn't drink. Tina wanted desperately to go and lie down and sleep. She went to the bedroom and closed the door. Aaron and Neil and I were standing in the living room, and Aaron said, "Please sit down or anything else that would make you comfortable."

We were having some conversation and then Tina came back out of the bedroom and she took Neil off to the biofeedback room. Aaron and I sat in the living room and he suddenly became an analyst, centering himself trying to conduct an ordinary, normal conversation, as if everything was okay and he was in control.

He was asking me if I had ever started drinking by myself, in the afternoon, and I said no - we had been talking about the fact that the Gates did not have any liquor in the house when Neil had asked for a glass of wine, Aaron then remarked that I was not addicted. We talked about Aaron's idea that there was a whole romance associated with drinking, that drink tended to create a kind of unreality, etc.

Then he said to me, "Clara, I'm really seeing an adult in you - your adult - for the first time. In the past, I've seen an unhappy child, and now I'm seeing an adult." I seemed vital to Aaron to talk.

Finally, after I'd sat in the living room with Aaron and Neil had been with Tina in the B.F. Room, Aaron went to the kitchen and we all ended up there. Aaron could finally eat matzo ball soup, drank tea, and eat cookies. The rest of us ate a bit. We all went to bed by 11:00PM.

*[Editor's Note: Page 605 has been merged with this page]*

2C-E

Dear Sasha and Ann,

It is about time I give some information on the experience in Lone Pine.

3/26 9:30AM 110mg                      10:30AM 7mg of 2CE

The 9:30AM experience was pleasant as usual. I felt in a good place and in good surroundings. The vacation has been very pleasant in the last week and I am distanced from work.

On trying the 2CE, I remembered some of the experience of the last time I took this material. It was quite and interesting material with some hard edges. I was very hallucinatory which I found pleasant, but an undefined harsh edge had been there at the 11mg dose. I knew I would try it again sometime, but I would be careful about the dosage. This opportunity to try it again under different circumstances was welcomed.

I began to notice what seemed to be a slight leveling off of the first experience about 11AM. Shortly after that, there was an obvious rise in some type of activity. Probably at the 12:00PM period, I started having lots of strong visuals. The visuals are similar to those I have seen with other 2C (2CB and 2CI) series, though possibly more intense. There were flow of colors, as well as changes in the intensity. The visuals continued for a very considerable time. By 5:30PM, the visuals were becoming decreased considerably but were still noticeable.

The seeming harshness that had occurred with the prior episode was simply not there. The whole experience was overlaid with a considerable calmness that had not accompanied the first experience. At one time, probably near 12:30PM, I lay down and rested. I was in a really good place, with nice internal hallucinations going on. I don't remember the content particularly, but I did say to myself, "This is pleasant!"

I don't seem to remember any serious problems. My legs seemed to bother me a little but appeared to be minor. I slept well, and I ate well.

How would I approach it again? I would do it either way. Since I have learned my lesson about increasing doses too much, I think I would try it again in the daytime at the 12mg level without any priming. Like the 2C series, I would up the dose by 1mg quantities. Obviously, it is not dangerous. But I always seem to try to balance interesting stuff with pleasant stuff. I'm willing to explore further on this material. The primer was very good, but why not explore the 2CE further without the primer.

Love

Neil

2C-E, 20 mgs., taken at 11:30AM Saturday 22, 1989

It is now 2:40PM, and we have already spent most of our time in bed, profitably, to the satisfaction of our baser selves, so to speak, and we are up and trying to make sense out of where we are.

First comment from me? Why do I keep saying I like this material? Actually, I much prefer DOB and DOM for plain enjoyment, good humor and good old fun! 2C-E is not my idea of a fun trip. But, then, most psychedelics aren't. Even DOB and DOM are not predictably enjoyable. It's just that the last time I bounced around in a rather light-hearted way was with DOM. Generally speaking, though, taking a psychedelic is often an uneasy experience for me during the first hour or so; I spend the first couple of hours "transitioning," as I call it, climbing through the thickets between baseline and stable plateau of effect. The transition with 2C-E usually takes about 2 hours, and during that time, while Sasha is feeling randy and full of erotic whatever's, I'm hard at work reviewing the world, trying to fit things into some kind of place in my mind. Today, for instance, I was busy processing the killings in Sonora county, the rapes and murders of children by two unconnected and quite different men who seemed to have in common only the fact that they lost the ability to contain and control their destructive aspects.

Following that, I took a look again, in my memory, at the lynch mob waiting for one murderer to arrive at the jail, under arrest, a mob full of people who make no connection between their own desire for revenge and the murderer's, although it states everybody in the face as the ever-hungry cameras interview a man quivering in surprise at his own blood-lust, crying and shaking with the force of emotions and desires he never before acknowledged and is certainly not about to understand now.

Well, anyway, I'm busy integrating that kind of stuff, which usually hangs me up considerably in the erotic department, while Sasha is able to override philosophy until later.

Today, I tried something new. I decided to go to the bedroom early in the transition process, while Sasha's fires are still hot, and see what happened. It worked out beautifully. My rather grim mental processes gradually took a back seat to other, much nicer concerns, and Sasha's mountain got climbed quite fast and energetically. He said, when he'd got his breath back, that he'd found himself doing something unusual, for him; namely, letting part of his mind watch the process of orgasm - the gathering of forces, the roaring of the incoming wave, and the final blowing apart of the cosmos, etc. Said he was able to be both within the experience and outside of it. I expressed approval. I think I also casually suggested that I usually managed to do that with my own orgasm. Oh, well. I don't get to one-up him very often, after all.

The rest of the experience was also quite delicious. We stayed in bed, fooling around with good results, listening to music, talking (Sasha told me the intricate and fascinating Persian-court complexities of life at Lawrence Lab, as he sees and hears them every Friday), got up to have soup and watch nonsense on TV for a while, went back to bed for more of this and that, and all in all enjoyed ourselves.

The slide down from +3+ didn't become noticeable until around ten hours, for me, and by 12 hours, when we went to bed, I was still a pleasant +1. Sleep was easy and comfortable, with anxious dreams only toward wake-up time (finding I had a baby to take care of, again, and feeling this wasn't what was supposed to happen, even thought the baby was a marvelous soul; I just wasn't prepared to go back to doing



that, and kept wondering why we couldn't afford a baby-sitter for some of the time). This morning, feel fine. Needed a brief nap, but otherwise good energy.

It does seem to both of us, though, that higher than this is really somewhat --  
ahhhh - well, hmmm. We'll think about it.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH WODIN

Date: April 15, 1989

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

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

Background: Beth was ready for another experience. Shane is temporarily abstaining, being engrossed in the Three Mountain process, and wanting to achieve realization without using materials. We meet for a while previous to starting to access where we are.

09:37AM Beth takes 120mg of Wodin; I take 12mg 2C-T-2. Takes effect in 30 minutes. Beth rises into very nice space. Feels wonderful, is able to drop some criticisms previously held, looks alive and radiant. Continues in this vein. She finds the experience healing, gets a number of insights which she writes down. I feel the rise in energy, the good feeling of good people.

11:15AM Beth takes 40mg supplement of Wodin. Experience continues beautifully. She is very relaxed, very happy that she is not feeling some of the unpleasant bodily symptoms she has experience before. She took something to settle her stomach prior to starting, and it seems to be working. Have some interesting discussion, including the value of careful listening, to each other, to nature, and to ourselves.

After another hour or so, Beth becomes more quiet. I feel Shane very much, as though there is a heavy barrier between us. I ask him about the Ph.D thesis he is finishing on Dr. Kempinski's work. He is reluctant to talk, but finally opens up and discusses some of the key elements. This gives me the chance to appreciate his very fine mind, and his enormous scholarly background. Talking seems to help very much in breaking the barrier between us.

We lapse into quiet, and I enjoy very much looking at the outside beauty and reflecting on a number of things, such as the wonder of gratitude and the healing that is available to us. I love this state, and the ability to examine things in my mind and feel the wonderful communion among us. However, I do not feel nearly as free as with the Edson's, and am unable to ascertain why.

04:00PM We walk over to the Big Rock. I find it remarkably beautiful outside, and very much enjoy being outdoors. We return and have supper that Beth had prepared and brought with her, after which they went home. Beth is very pleased with her experience, and is happy to find that she has very little of the symptoms that previously bothered her, like nausea and uncomfortable muscle tensions.

I felt a keen loneliness when they left, and was remarkably tired. I did some watering and took a walk as the sun set, dispelling the loneliness but unable to resolve the tiredness not understand it. Felt that if Shane had joined in it might have considerably lightened the load, although my emphasis these days is to learn how not to pick up any load. Went to bed very early, 07:30PM. Woke up at 11:30PM to walk dogs, clean up kitchen, enjoy music and moonlight, and then back to bed, sleeping late.

Next morning awoke very tired. Meditation was excellent, and I found that a great deal had happened inside me that I had not realized the day before. I am much more able to drop the load, inviting healing from another dimension, and I had a

deep sense of just beingness that is rare for me but which I seem to be coming more and more into. I set aside any rational orderliness for the day, and simply followed my feelings. Didn't feel like doing much, but I thoroughly enjoyed my experience. Felt by dropping demands, I was able to contact much of myself that I am normally not in touch with. See much of my tiredness is pushing myself around, and not really resting when I feel like it. Vowed to rest when I'm tired; saw that I would then work much more efficiently, and leave the draggy feeling behind. This is the first time I have ever given myself the full day following just to integrate the experience, and I loved it. Everything I did was with much greater awareness, being absorbed in my surroundings instead of my usual thoughts. Walk with dogs in the afternoon was outstanding, like still under the influence. Everything very beautiful, peaceful, and calm. I feel that at last I am learning some essential things necessary to maintaining this state.

Saturday April 29, 1989

2C-T, 100mgs.      Sasha and me      07:30PM

Background: Decided against full day of self-indulgence because of the need to keep a certain amount of writing going every day. Both of us were faintly irritable, which happens every now and then, especially when the book looms.

The initial effects were felt within about 15-20 minutes, quite strongly. This might be comparable to MDMA at very low doses for somebody, but not for us, and certainly not at this level.

We played around, but - as speculated in one of the reports from earlier experiments - it may be that only during the first hour is it easy for S. to climb his mountain successfully, and unfortunately, especially with 100 mgs., the first hour was not exactly smooth for me. Okay, but not smooth. I could certainly get used to it and be able to bounce during the first hour, but it would take a few tries.

Anyway, I managed one neat little organism, so that means 50% success in that direction, anyway.

Material all right, but a little bit along the lines of a "generic" psychedelic effect. Sharper edges than 2C-B. The one true negative, which has been pretty consistent with this drug is that there is a certain emotional removal. One teeny step removed. One is connected with feelings, certainly, but there is a tendency for the intellect to be more evident, in me, than the heart. All this moderately so. Nothing extreme.

Pretty good material, but there are more interesting ones. However, if you're looking for a really short one, this is one of the answers. For most people. For me, it's still around 5-6 hours long. Wish we had more shorties, indeed.

*my page 1083*

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH WODIN AND 2C-T-7

Date: May 1, 1989

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: I have been feeling better all the time, feeling that I am continually learning more how to create my day the way that I want it, and fairly rapidly free myself from uncomfortable feelings. However, there has been a pervading sense of tiredness which has grown in intensity over the last two weeks. I felt very ready for this experiment, and was very glad that Peggy was also eager. We were delayed in starting waiting for Bill Hoffman to replace a faucet which I had broken trying to replace without knowing how.

9:55 a.m. Peggy takes 120 m.g. of Wodin, I take 15 m.g. of 2C-T-7. I feel the load I am carrying requires more than the lower doses I have been working with the last few months. Nice takeoff for both of us. Peggy gets into the experience, very peaceful, relaxed. Very nice sitting on deck together. We're both very glad to be doing this. As it reaches full intensity, Peggy extremely content. At 1-1/2 hours, I reach a wall of resistance which almost totally nulls out the experience.

11:27 a.m. Peggy takes 9 m.g. 2C-T-7. We stay inside. We are both feeling how wonderful it is to be free of tensions and drives. I am recalling an admonition of two years ago which seemed to come from deep within me, in response to my question asked in complete gratitude "What can I do?", the answer was, "You've done enough. Enjoy." I am really enjoying everything right now, but wonder why I have such resistance to writing. Peggy asked if I had ever written a thesis for my Master's Degree at Stanford. I told her I had talked my way out of this by getting permission to work on correcting my eyesight without glasses following Bates during spring break, when I would have prepared my seminar paper. Then it occurred to me I had never submitted a report on my results, and I felt like I undoubtedly owed one.

I sat right down and wrote a letter to Titon Elswick, former head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, with a report to be enclosed. This felt very good to do, and I wrote it quite easily and straight-forwardly.

Back to Peggy, I still felt some heaviness, and opted for a supplement.

12:37 p.m. I take 5 m.g. more of 2C-T-7. I felt the effects almost immediately, and it was quite relaxing, soothing out my experience, and making it easier to work. Both lying on the living room couch, we spent quite a bit of time in silent introspection. For the next several hours we both had a simply marvelous experience. For me it was the deepest and most profound yet, with many significant realizations. They flew by rapidly, and subsequently are hard to recall in detail. I'll set down those that seem most important.

During this time, Peggy experienced quite a bit of imagery, and gave way to a flood of internal experience. She reported that it was just like taking LSD. She was quite zonked, extremely relaxed, and quite content to lay quietly and let the experience run. I felt fully physically competent at all times, and although I felt intoxicated when I stood up, I could manage to do whatever I wished, like prepare supplements, fry eggs for the dogs, etc.

I explored deeper and deeper levels of love and commitment. I saw love more clearly than ever before, how if you really care, pain or problems are of no significance. Regarding my difficulty of picking up uncomfortable feelings around others, it seemed clearly my unwillingness to experience their pain, and if I truly loved, this is no problem. I saw that it was true commitment that held one focused on the outcome, bearing any obstacle that stood in the way. The strength of the commitment seemed to lessen or eliminate the pain of the obstacle. Also, the depth of commitment enlisted God's assistance, which can carry the bulk of the burden.

The power of prayer that I have been dwelling on the last few months was much magnified. The more aware I am of God's reality and the more I allow Him to manifest, the more beautiful and simple and easy life is. And as I appreciate whatever grace I receive, the door opens to more grace, sometimes instantly. Like acknowledging Peggy's beauty, she instantly becomes far more beautiful. As these truths were more deeply realized, I was overcome by gratitude. I also saw clearly that the willingness to sit quietly in meditation to commune with God was a powerful expression of love for God, and was deeply appreciated.

The first commandment, "Love God with all your heart and strength and mind and soul," has been very much with me in recent months, and it was strongly reinforced on this day. Loving God is certainly the key to life. At times I was completely overcome with the reality of God's presence and my love for Him. Yet today I was unwilling to use any effort to maintain or create such experiences, letting them flow naturally in the experience or from the simple focusing of my attention and allowing them to happen, which I am learning more and more to do. Many times when my feelings began to get uncomfortable, I would simply focus my attention on love, while still exploring the feeling. This made the exploration much more comfortable and meaningful, and resolved deep, interior feelings in a pleasant way, sometimes with great insights like those mentioned above.

The natural flow of my feelings led me into some enormously deep, intense feelings of anger, almost back-breaking. I was unable to define the target specifically; more like existential or archetypal anger, the basis of which is not being able to have my own way. At other times I would encounter stark fear. Now none of these things bother me; I simply dwell on them holding love and trust and allow them to dissipate.

Spent a lot of time looking at Peggy and our relationship. Our communication today has been excellent, with more understanding and commitment on both sides than ever. See much beauty in her. Find great merit in dropping self-involvement and looking for God in the other. Am aware of certain walls we build to shut each other out, and I work to dissolve these. As I succeed, the feeling between us grows marvelously. Feels so good to be together. We both realize that this is an especially important day for us, and that it was extremely valuable to have this day together, just the two of us.

At one point while looking at Peggy as we lay with our heads at opposite ends of the sofa, I realize I would be a fantastic writer if I could only describe what I was currently experiencing. I saw such an enormous play of all the forces of life, pain and anger intermixed with love, human striving for knowledge and recognition, and how commitment and love assimilated them all into a glorious state of indescribable fulfillment.

I felt the need to question whether the universe is basically good. I closed my eyes and became very still, abandoning all preconceived notions and previous experience. If I remained totally open and completely unbiased, what would I find? An enormous fear gripped me, in the event that there was no goodness essentially

there as I had come to believe, perhaps even evil and destruction which I had been holding out by exerting my energy. I accepted the fear and remained open. After a while I was filled with calm and a deep knowingness that everything is all right and founded on an essential goodness. This was a gratifying, confirming experience.

4:00 p.m. Still near height of experience. Take dogs for a walk alone. Find a place to sit comfortably and look around. Marvelous outside, great beauty, great to be just with myself for awhile. Ponder a number of things. Realize that if Graham Kyner hasn't called despite my messages, he is in deep trouble, and can no doubt use my help. Feel it top priority to go down to see him. This confirmed by phone call in the evening, and we set up date for this weekend. My perceptions were pretty accurate on all counts. I could feel his relief on the phone as my misgivings about his new management confirmed his own thinking.

Thought of others who want to come to Lone Pine for experiences. Start with Astor Althuas in Bishop, to whom we have promised a day. See it is quite inappropriate. He already has 3 therapists, I am very unlikely to be of any help. See I was flattered by being asked, anxious to prove our way is better. Doubt if it will really help him solve the dilemma he's in. Next day arranged to see him in Bishop Friday afternoon to talk the situation over.

As for others, seems clear that my proper use of these substances is for my own growth, using it with Peggy whenever possible as today. This results in the most growth and happiest situation at home. As we are truly pleased with each other's company, writing will be great fun. Also, we have not developed any friends in Lone Pine because I have dropped those not interested in my path. It is clear that I haven't grown enough to attract their interest in me as a friend. Seems much more real to restrict materials for our own growth, develop local friends through natural appreciation of each other. There are some good people with whom we have spent little time, with being so constantly busy with out-of-towners. Decided to change emphasis. Peggy likes.

Walking around, am surrounded with wonderful light. Feel the remarkable light is my own soul, an indescribable deeply feminine entity, full of beauty, tenderness, all the wonderful feminine characteristics beyond description. And then I could see this light reflected in everything around me. Wow! Walking back to the house, could deeply feel God's love for me.

Back to Peggy, she is unhappy with my neglect of Tammie, points out the time she has devoted to my family. I look at my resistance to Tammie and Quinn and see she is right, and I should spend more time with them. Called Tammie that evening and had a wonderful conversation with her. Uma called also; wonderful to talk to her and Iris, who wants to live in Lone Pine. Wonderful evening with Peggy, we are very mellow and loving.

Next day, we were both quite tired. I was surprised to be quite languid. Very much enjoyed Hattie, who dropped in from Scottsdale, AZ. Next day we went for a hike, my longest since surgery. 1500 foot climb in the Sierras, most beautiful, wonderful day. Returned feeling great. Today, a little stiff and tired from hike, but feel better than in months--energetic, clear, better centered than ever. I surely like the 1-2 punch--good session followed by a good hike.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH WODIN AND 2C-E

Date: May 22, 1989

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: Have felt great after experience with Kyner's. However, after a week began to feel loaded again. Felt good in daytime, but much discomfort when awoke during the night or getting up in the morning. Also a very deep tiredness. May just be not taking time to rest, or accepting the conditions of my life, but would surely love to break this pattern.

9:05 a.m. Peggy takes 120 m.g. Wodin, I take 12 m.g. 2C-E. Feel slightly at 1/2 hour, more intently at one hour. Same for Peggy, although she is well into it at hour point. She looks great, having a wonderful experience. I stay busy the first hour cleaning up the dining room and living room, then settle down with Peggy. We discuss her unhappiness with the way I keep the house messed up. I have just cleaned up, but she straightens the piles at my work space to show me how it should look. I get deeply, deeply into my slovenliness as never before. It is very painful. I waste a tremendous amount of time in the evenings watching TV, lounging around, not moving intentionally, not making decisions. I hadn't realized it was so bad.

At her request, I read her part of NAME1's liturgy. She likes it, ponders it. I feel like lying down, so we move to living room. She has been sitting in the comfortable chair near her desk, enjoying looking out the window. I sit with her while she lies on the inner sofa. I am struggling with why I have such a deep, inner resistance to writing, not able to feel the sense of joy I wish to write from. We talk about her sexual responsiveness. I ask her if she ever felt betrayed by a previous lover. I go lie down on the other sofa.

10:36 a.m. Peggy takes 40 m.g. more of Wodin. As I lie on couch, she reminds me of the liturgy. I look at it, decide to focus on the Source. It feels wonderful to just let go to God. I realize I have a lot to work through, and get up to take a supplement.

10:56 a.m. I take 3 m.g. more 2C-E. Lie down again, release to experience. As usual, I feel fear, but also feel trust. Feels absolutely marvelous to just let go to developments. Very difficult to stay tuned in to what I call the interface with God, but this is what is the most worthwhile of anything that I can do. I feel release, cleansing, dissipating of the tensions within me. I go through myriads of feelings, some of these incredibly intense. They include powerful anger, feelings of expansion to the exploding point, deep, deep inner tensions that wrack my body to go through, like a birth experience. I find it best not to try to think about what's happening, but just stay tuned in and allow to happen what wants to happen. This brings great relief. I look at myself for an early intimacy that was betrayed. It seemed to me to happen when my older brother moved in between my mother and I.

I thought of a person in my life who currently represents a very high level of evolvment. I looked at her dedication and uniform love and it was extremely beautiful, a model for how to treat relationships and the circumstances of life. I saw where I could follow this example. It seemed to me that her circumstances were not the best, but she gladly bore the responsibility of facing what was involved in the service of a more profound love. I found this very inspiring.



I began to dwell on those I truly loved (I was having a very difficult time experiencing love at this point), and thought of our dear friends in the Bay Area and my kids and their kids, especially Iris. I then focused on Peggy and the comments she had made about me as a lover. I began to get a very full picture of how I live a lot in my head, which disconnects me from what's around me. I was getting many examples today of how much better it felt to be in tune with my surroundings, and to be active. Although still feeling very tired, it felt good to prepare some eggs for the dogs. I didn't respond the first time they came looking for lunch and I thought I had lost them, but they came back and gave me another chance. I was quite intoxicated when I stood up, but could still function by putting my mind to it.

As I was able to release the experience, and I found it very difficult in spite of it being so rewarding to stay focused and just release, a feeling of inner peace and closeness to God kept growing. New feelings would occasionally surface, mostly deep anger, and would dissipate.

I looked at my writing and whether this is what I really want to do. It is crystal clear how valuable these magnificent experiences are to me, and I feel keenly that the most important thing to do with my remaining time is get a lot of my experiences documented, and to complete a description of Umar's contribution. This is so valuable that I wonder why I get caught up in all kinds of alternative endeavors, and let all kinds of other trivial things take precedent. Part of it is my loneliness and tiredness, all of which come from insufficient understanding of myself. I see I am trying to make others fill in for what I am not facing and doing myself. I appreciate again that my discomfort with Peggy stems more from what I am or am not doing, rather than what she is doing, as nice as it would be at times to have her do otherwise. Today, we have more clearly than ever before spoken what is on our minds and cleared up assumptions, which feels very good.

I am determined to buckle down in organizing my life and putting in longer and better work time. Like no TV until I have handled the day's mail. And really handle, not put off till tomorrow until it builds enormous piles. Put things away for Peggy. Stop day-dreaming and act.

I wanted to be close to Peggy and touch her, so we went to the bedroom. I had been feeling a lot of anger, and shared with Peggy how the anger built up in me because I didn't express it at the time. Usually I don't speak up because I am afraid of hurting the other person's feelings, but now this appeared to me to dishonor them, not giving them credit for being able to handle it. I gave an example of some of the things she does that bothers me. It didn't go over well at all. I explored with her whether it was really true that we all have the strength to accept the true thoughts and feelings of another. I welcomed her comments, and she told me a number of things about me which bothered her. They were very helpful to me, for as I pretty much knew them, it gives them a deeper reality to hear another person express them. I encouraged her to keep going, as I felt she wasn't touching the real depth of her anger.

We lay still for a while, and it felt wonderful to be side by side, which I verbalized. I was feeling some deep, mucky feelings, and realize that this comes from seeking self-satisfaction without genuine love. I asked God to show me how to love Peggy, and began to tenderly touch and kiss her. She drew away, saying she didn't care to participate unless it was genuine. So I pulled back.

I marveled at the enormous differences between us, and how difficult it was to reach a common understanding or be understood or agree on many things. At this point I was amused. Previously I had shared with Peggy that the 2C-E makes one

compellingly honest, and the burning away of the bullshit, which this substance does better than any that I know, is not at all pleasant, but tremendously rewarding.

3:00 p.m. We go for a walk outside. It is extraordinarily beautiful outdoors, and we enjoy being outside. I feel enormous appreciation for the power and the beauty of this experience. Outside, I am able to draw myself together and be in command, and it feels wonderful. I have to remind myself to not overdo, to just go with the flow, as one of the ways I dissipate energy is take the new energy that has been released in the experience and push it into specific things, not maintaining the life-giving connectedness.

We returned to the house. Coming back from our walk, I felt tired. Peggy pulled off some dead branches from the Mimosa trees, and I felt too tired to get the pruning shears. As an experiment I went to get them and worked on the tree a while. As I did, tiredness left me, and I was completely with the tree and my work. I saw this as one of the secrets in overcoming tiredness--we need to move so the energy will flow.

After this we went to Peggy's studio so she could paint. Instead we continued to talk about some of the intimate details of our life. By this time we were conversing easily without defensiveness. We have both found how wonderful it is to be in a relationship where one can say whatever one thinks or feels without the other getting pushed out of shape. Our communication has developed a great deal today. I personally feel freer and more whole and without pretension than ever before. A good, solid feeling.

We decide to go sit on the deck. The sky is full of clouds, absolutely beautiful. I look out, thinking that this is all me. I remember both Richard Moss and Bartholomew saying that we are already whole. I begin to experience this.

I get into the mode of prayer. I thought I had recently mastered this in my everyday life, but it dissipated away. Now it is in full force. I very much feel God's presence. I look Him in the face, and ask him to show me myself. He immediately does so. I find it extremely difficult to sit still enough to receive the answer, but do so. As I relax and let go, I see the incredible beauty of the sky and my surroundings, and see that this is me. Tensions build up in my body, and I know this is resisting. So I relax more, let God reach in and heal. He is so very, very gentle, if I just let go and allow to happen. Fantastic light grows in the clouds, with enormous power, beauty, and light. It feels so good to have it happen spontaneously, rather than me making it happen.

Then I grow empty; the wonderful feeling is gone. I simply relax and let happen. Then I realize that I am looking at the cold, heartless core of myself that I first experienced with Quinn last August. I observe it for a while, and then a powerful anger grows in me. I realize that I am the Anti-Christ!! Everywhere I move to defeat God and His goodness. I try to seduce God by being kind and loving, to use His ways, but actually I want to destroy Him and all His works!

Then a marvelous thing happens. As I sit looking at my rebelliousness, a subtle feeling begins to grow in my gut. It grows stronger and stronger. Then I realize it is God's love! It continues to grow stronger, and I realize He loves me despite whatever I do, no matter how much I am against Him. While I am not able to get it all manifested within my being, I can see that this is an utterly fantastic love, binding all of creation. What a model of the way to love! This is truly unconditional love.

The clouds have become incredibly beautiful. It is impossible to find the words to describe them. They are so alive, so charged with meaning. My perception of them is crystal clear, and it is profoundly moving just to look at them with such completeness and intensity.

This was one of the greatest experiences of my life, surpassed only by that one in 1963 when I became God. But I felt that today's realization is in deeper, as it felt like so much had been cleared away in order for me to feel it. It was wonderful to just bask in this love. I realized that it is there all the time, and it is simply a case of just letting it in.

After a while I begin to feel empty again. I realize that I did not express appreciation for the wonderful grace I experienced, and instead was looking to intensify it. I spent some time in gratitude and appreciation, which felt wonderful, bringing back all the good feelings in full intensity. Then I wanted to express my gratitude in action, and went out to the garden and weeded. It felt wonderful, and I felt close to the plants. The fresh weeds were prolific, and I was impressed with the bountifulness of life. But I felt fully in charge of the garden, and felt no compunction whatsoever in chopping down what I didn't want to grow, leaving water and nutriment for the plants I wanted to nourish.

It suddenly occurred to me, is it the same with people? I have always felt that every life was sacred. But what about the blind, the inept, the angry? Wouldn't the other members of society grow more abundantly if the negative members were weeded out? This thought had been expressed by Vaughn Engley quoting Jung and possibly Kazantzakis, that the afterlife is only for those who earn it. I was horrified with this thought at the time. Now I am equally horrified with my present thought.

I pondered it a while, and decided that the potential is in everyone, and we have no right to cut it off unless they are dangerous to others. Our job is to educate and inspire to the best of our ability. More reason for writing. (As I review what I have written, it occurs to me as we take over acreage for the occupation of land, we should correspondingly set aside protected wilderness in honor of the gift, much as the Indians do in leaving something in the place of whatever they take from nature.)

Food was remarkably good, but I was quite tired. A walk with the dogs in the remarkable light of dusk, and to bed early. Not fully potent, but wonderful to lie in bed and continue the experience.

Next day fairly energetic, with Peggy and I both having a great deal to do to leave the following day for Houston. A half-hour on my meditation rock was magnificent; wish it could be 3 hours. Felt quite good by day's end, even better today as we drive to L.A.

2C-E is remarkable, the most effective psychedelic that I know of. It really attacks the inner crap, and while not always pleasant, is tremendously rewarding, bringing great honesty and clarity. I look forward to additional exploration.

June 1, 1989. Have had better retention of this experience than any. Am still plagued with the getting loaded up problem, even though I'm handling it better. Possibly because of much to integrate from the Houston trip. I'm very excited about the potentialities of 2C-E.

June 7, 1989

Dear Anne & Sasha,

I am inspired to write this note to you because I feel deep gratitude to you both for the contribution that your work has made to me. Noel and I had a session on Saturday with our dear friends (two of them) and it was a grand day in the best way. We listened to music, mostly classical and I have to say that I have never heard music in this way before, sometimes I had to remove my headphones because it was so intense. The communications were filled with truth. Today I feel connected to myself in a rich and wonderful way. Thank you for the latest discovery in meditation.

I love you both,  
Ula Joles

6/13/89.

Ward - three people, V., U. and W.

2C-E W: 25mgs., V.: also U.: ditto

Venita very dramatic, rough trip. She is scared of psychedelics, has a lot of nausea with everything including F, usually at start, but with this, all through trip. Vomiting all through. At end, said this was a big one, she might do it again at less. This trip, with vomiting, was inescapable, and she got through a lot of terrible psychic stuff, and the nausea and dizziness caused her to understand how people could be suicidal. She was quite upset over a close friend's imminent death from pancreatic cancer.

Ward at 25mgs. It came on in about 1/2 hr., developed fully in 2 hrs. Experience very musical. He heard music better than he ever has before in his life. He says he heard the "soul" of music, especially Handel, what I described as "unheard music," so intense he had to take off his headphones. Sense of well-being.

Prob. As stoned as he's ever been. No fear this time. Three insights: a voice said "Life will never fail you." He wondered what does that mean? It doesn't mean things will always go well, but what he felt as an answer was that he was getting in touch with the supportive unconscious. All his life he's been missing something, not knowing what it was. He has a lot of tears for people who don't even know there's something missing, because his search for the missing ingredient has been the thing that mad his life most rich.

2 mgs. Booster at 4 hours. His reason: the symbolic importance of the booster was to reinforce his need to get all the experience he could possibly get without withholding. 2Mgs. Was a sort of token gesture of faith.

No nausea at all. Visuals included looking out on trees outside the glass door, and the trees were moving just a bit more than they would have been. S. observed that seeing through glass on 2C-E creates illusion of a painting.

Coming down was pleasant.

Ula had music enhancement and synesthesia -- saw music as a form of visual art in color. She also realized how much fear and anxiety and paranoia she runs around with (she cannot accept compliments without suspicion). Good experience.

(Note: at 30 mgs., hanging on for dear life, too much activity.)

All had slight energy drop next day, but not serious.

W. says 4 people maximum for this at once.

Duration about 7 hrs or so.

Lexie (female) is psychotherapist, Gestalt: 25 mgs. Five minutes felt like 10 days. Visual (inner and outer) all through very strongly. "Waves of experiences like diving into the abyss." Everyone agrees that 2C-E comes in waves. She had great awareness of the power of God and was touched by the chance of life happening at all. She was aware that in the blink of God's eye, she could be gone. Saw it as blink: she exists; blink: she does not. Saw it as miraculous. (Would repeat, although it was rough.) Gratitude that she exists.

She is quite religious (used to be Catholic), very aware of God. Her experience was like a jackhammer - parts of her which are closed were being drilled into by God. She became aware of her paranoia. Would have run if she could, at certain times, but there was no place to go. Seeing fear as something that closes her to awareness of power. Fear causes rigidity. Great appreciation of her life and God. Determination to continue to pursue her inner world. Re-defining what a "good trip" is. "This one definitely got my attention."

Harlan: 25 mgs. Puer aeternus, likable, in bad marriage, very, attracted to ladies and attractive to them. Skilled body worker, prefers to play. Bright. Said it came on slowly, came in waves. Pleasant and intense and with an anxious edge. He likes to be scared in a trip. Would like to take higher. Felt twisted and torqued during peak events. Body showed twisting around. Wanted to have orgasm to relieve anxiety. Has said he doesn't want to live. Not suicidal except in things like rock-climbing. Time went by fast. Music very nice and full and un-memorable. "If I'm God, so what?" Being a body worker, became aware of what it means to have boundaries (he tends to want to cure with sex). When someone comes as client, how do you respond by closeness with maintaining impersonality necessary. Would repeat at higher.

(Afterburner: Adam followed by 2C-B)

Anette never had before. Took 125 mgs. Adam, then at 3-1/2 hrs., 25 2C-B. Has taken 2C-B before. She has severe back problems. W. always watches carefully, not knowing why. She is judgmental, Jewish upbringing, has been married, has kids. Prob. Depressed. Theme with Adam: moving on; getting a view of being separate from her neurotic structure. Say ways she was caught up with her ego. That was exciting. Seeing ways she needs and wants to be free and separate from her ex-husband, to whom she's still bonded. Lots of nausea with Adam, vomiting. But trip was good.

Then took 2C-B, 25mgs. Sat under trees. Adam still present. She got in touch with natural surroundings. When 2C-B came on, sharp, metallic images supplanted round warmth. Started feeling negativeness, reminisc. Of LSD. Stuck. Felt stoned. Then lots of nausea. Vomited a lot. 2C-B was not positive trip. Harsh, metallic, sharp. She came back inside, had very violent vomiting. Looked peaceful for a while, then vomiting again.

After reaching baseline, after going to bed, she went to bathroom and fainted three times - dead faint. Has been taking lots of pain medication and blood pressure medicine. Calcium blocker also.

Ula took Adam, became aware of her fear. Took 200 mgs., plus 2 gms of mushroom tea, at 3 hrs. after taking Adam. Lot of appreciation of art (Georgia O'Keefe) - Huichol paintings came alive. Enjoyed talking with Harlan. Feeling very feminine, realizing what it's like to be growing up, taking trips as an adult. Loved the house, the sunflower paintings they have. Seeing Ward sleep and how beautiful he looked. Seeing and feeling Ward as really sensitive man and being so proud of him.

She's had lots of problems with mother, (mother sent her to Juv. Hall for being caught smoking) - mother always mentions what a problem Ula was - I'm glad how well I turned out.

After-effects of 2C-E for Ula and Ward are more self-accepting, more expansive, better humored - mellow but not sleepy. Sleep is good.

(Ward trip 23rd July to 15<sup>th</sup> Sept. Outward Bound)

June 12, 1989

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Just a brief note about Sunday.

It was a great day and we all appreciated the escape from crappy weather of Berkeley.

In fact, when Mel came over Saturday evening, we even turned on the heat and built a fire in the fireplace. Loria had been encouraging us to build a fire during get together and it does seem to enhance the experiences.

Anyway, Sunday was very pleasant. We enjoyed the presence of Sable and Archer. Archer does have a biting wit which I find enjoyable.

I was quite impressed about your demonstration of 'The Well'. I am beginning to look into it now. Wow! Now I have to buy a modem. I do want to make sure that whatever Hayes modem or Hayes compatible modem I get will also be able to speak to your Hayes modem connected to the IBM.

As for the experience of Sunday, here goes.

50 mg Ariadne. I felt some type of alert within five minutes. As usual, the nature of the alert is quite undefined. After 20 or 30 minutes, an awareness that something is going on occurred. That awareness persisted throughout a long period of time, probably 6 hours, and then diminished to nothing before I went to sleep. I am not particularly aware of any intensity change of that awareness during the course of the experience except at the very end.

I did feel an elation or elevation of mood during the experience, which was quite noticeable. There seemed to be no confusion caused by this material. I did notice on the way home that I had a little trouble recalling a name that I usually don't think I would have had trouble recalling. However, this was quite subjective. The lack of confusion which I often get in other experiences was certainly nil here.

There was no color enhancement. There was a perception that distance vision was quite sharp. The planar aspect of the leaves of the oak tree out back was particularly noticeable.

I had a little wine when I got home. I slept well, but seemed to have developed a minor lower back ache when I got up. However, this did not last and had disappeared by midday. This may not have had anything to do with the experience, but I may have thrown off the covers during the night and my back got cold. Obviously, the material is not anorexic. I ate well and enjoyed it. As you know, I had tried some other stuff the night before. How it affected the Sunday's results, I have no idea.

I would be willing to try it at 75.

Anyway, it was a very pleasant day.

We have the Berkeley Rep tickets for July 11th.

Love,

Neil & Clare



6/21/89

125p OSCAR

27 yr old female caught in "love triangle" between her wife who is "honest, loyal, nurturing & giving and her lover who is "Charming, exciting & seductive."

Physiological reactions: Body speeding, thoughts racing, experiencing nausea, "I'm too high to make sense, stomach contracting. Strong sense of fear that KY a male who is straight "will take advantage of me."

QF feeling pain in stomach. Described as pain I do not want to deal with. Need to vomit up issues concerning premature death of father, mother's engulfment. Sense of "avoiding all painful issues". QF encourages to vomit it all up which she did. "I was holding it all in - I Had to vomit it up & out. Vomit is pain & fear. Feels clear sees relationships with new insights. Unresolved issues re: her bi-sexuality. Created a new "Third" person to merge with. Her qualities are patience, confidence, trust and inspiration! Gift from the new self is a mantra, "I am an adult who makes conscious, courageous, correct decisions for myself every day!"

QF now attending co-dependency group, has several other relationships. Report feeling more of self and a changing in bonding w/ mate.

TA  
7/10/89

I must say that CET (your 2-CK?) 4-ethyl-2,5-dimeoPEA is strong. One sunny winter afternoon, HJ & I went to trinidad head, & I did ca. 25 mg. Within minutes, I was anxious, sweaty + anorexic. Very insecure, at the beach Mayan glyphs & stelae were attacking me - Now as you know, each person has their own brand of toxic psychosis - mine always starts with voices in my head talking about me, about all my worst fears, a jumble of warnings and deep fears spinning faster.... "look out, it's the works....he's going to kill himself....the police are coming, they know all.... susie is leaving you....you're dying....they'll find you here....you're a faggot..." and so on very fast and with an overwhelming anxiety attack making my pulse race....the strange thing is that it always seems to come from outside ...meanwhile the mayan glyphs are berating me for being such a drug addict - "how can you come to this holy ground in chemical chains?" And so on, quite violently. Later I had to take some diazepam because I was hyperventilating and shaking with fear.... 20 minutes later it passed as quickly as it came..... This has occurred in different circumstances, so I know it's just my personal fear complex, yet it is very powerful! Other times, CET has been enjoyable, an aesthetic enhancer. But a steep dose/response curve!

Also for you archives: ThioCMe + ThioCeT (the 4-SMe & SEt analogs of 2-CB) do not mix with MDMA. Nausea, headache, stomach cramps, and (especially with the SEt) severe dysphoria. 2-CJ mixes OK.

I have yet to try them with harmaline....I'm scared! Harmaline is heavy enough, though in the indian tradition I suppose it should be mixed with psilocybe spp. Or your 4-OH-MIPT. "He said his name was Columbus, & all I said was Good Luck!"

THIS FILE IS CALLED LSD-OCT IN DIRECTORY \RES-1989; 10-25-89

Says Sasha, coming into the living room, where I am peacefully reading about the earthquake, "Why not break with tradition, just this one time --" at which point I of course interrupted to accuse myself of having failed him totally, of having been an inadequate bed partner, of having betrayed him yet once more -- in other words, what did he mean by "Why not break with tradition --" Such irony, such bitterness! - Ah, du lieber!!

Anyway, it's all okay. All is not lost. What he meant was my tradition of not bothering to write up experiment reports. Which, I hasten to add, is a very RECENT tradition.

Okay. Here goes. We took 100 mics of probably somewhat deteriorated LSD, believing that 100 would just about equal a valid 80 mics, which is what I now find comfortable, and Sasha was trying that level with me.

Now that our creativity is mostly going toward the book, writing it, thinking about writing it, worrying about writing it -- what we seem to be using psychedelics for mostly is relaxing, getting ourselves out of our various states of tension, and most important of all -- making love.

So today, being Wednesday, which is the middle of the week and the first clear day -- make that half-clear day -- of the week, it seemed a good time to take a bit of something and give ourselves some space.

Sasha's been busy making a living, writing recipes, keeping the paperwork up to date, paying bills, getting his car fixed and my car re-fixed. I've had a good Monday, having finally gotten back to work on Pihkal after a solid week of reaction to the earthquake; then on Tuesday, six hours with Rosella, gratis, at my insistence (it just seemed appropriate, for many reasons), then today, one hour with Leon's assistant, also gratis, because poor Leon felt she was depressed from the quake and he needs her functioning and helpful to him (I'm afraid I discovered that what she needs is to leave her job with Leon, but that's the break!), and finally, after getting groceries, it was time for recreation.

My feelings going in were somewhat grim. In a basically happy way, I mean. Okay, let's take that again. The basic, basic level is content. Over that is self-destruct misery. Over that is a general not-good which I call "irritability," for public consumption. The after-effects of the quake business has been showing itself in a very slight dis-orientation, distractedness, all of which is quite to be expected. The nasty level is due to anxiety, which fastens on my lack of notable weight loss (although I have not done badly in dieting; just feel I'm doing badly) and my tendency to beat up on myself for not having gotten back to the book sooner. Very bad, bad state of mind which feeds on itself, making me more and more anxious and angry.

Monday and Freddie had helped a lot. Went to bed feeling as if I'd gotten back on track, finally.

Objectively, of course, there was nothing at all strange or blame-worthy in my own peculiar reactions to what has been a true community experience - for everyone in the Bay Area. My way of dealing with it was to watch the news reports, at first almost 24 hours a day, then gradually less, and to tape everything I saw for the first three days, so that I could send Helen a record, which she wants. It was okay. I was watching a fascinating story, the evolution of an almost incomprehensibly complex experience, involving thousands of people, through the

eyes of people in the media who were, themselves, participating in the story they were covering. Some of them did, in fact, lose their homes. There was the subtle story of politicians and promises and how the political instinct view with the truly human instinct, as in the case of Mayor Agnos, who was apparently working his tail off down in the Marina (so, okay, it wasn't the Tenderloin, but neither was it a comfy office with a portable bar) - but he couldn't curb his politician's instinct sufficiently, when he was tired and stressed, to prevent himself from swiping at Dan Quayle, who really never needs any help in sinking himself all by himself, poor soul.

Anyway, all this is my way of both assimilating and participating, keeping in mind that in this little place on earth is being acted out one version of the kinds of experiences that are happening to people in many odd and unknown places, most of them far away from radio or TV, and if nothing else, I'm reminded at a gut level of what goes on all the time all over the planet. It's just that it happened to be our turn, last Tuesday. It was Beijing the next day, of course, quake-wisely speaking. And trouble and tragedy comes in many forms besides earthquakes, of course. There's no end to the forms they take.

All of which kind of thinking, I guess, went into creating what I would have to call a difficult, nasty, very grim indeed, transition. I didn't even feel like crying. Just was sorry I'd taken the stuff. For a while, I just felt dumb. Like, man, I don't NEED this, ya know? Uuuuuugly!

So I talked a lot of it out, sitting on the bed with Sasha, having refused to lie down or be cuddled or even be touched, for that matter. Didn't want to get close to anyone, period. For one thing, I felt - what was that word again? - ugly. I mean, I didn't want to look in the mirror again. That kind of ugly.

Dissociation. That's the word I was after. It's been a week of very mild dissociation. Which means I'm slightly beside myself and not truly centered. That's it. Can you imagine what it must have been like to be in Los Gatos? With 3,000 aftershocks? Speak of dissociation!

I still love earthquakes.

Come to think of it -- how could I possibly have expected myself to focus on Pihkal? I mean, in the midst of all that's happened, Jesus Aitch, who cares about anybody's bloody book? All right; it's the most important thing in our lives. It's the focus of our lives. But life does insist on being lived, too, and this was one week of intense living, forcing us -- me -- to be part of the human family, very unmistakably, for a few days, and to feel a lot of things we weren't quite prepared for. A shaking up, you might say. Like a wild, unplanned trip out of the country for a weekend, with only the clothes you have on your back, emotionally speaking.

And now it's time, as I always end up saying to patients, to reestablish your boundaries. All right.

After transition and talking, Sasha and I managed to accomplish a spectacular (because not entirely guaranteed) orgasm, which almost slipped out of his grasp, but didn't. Lovely.

Just before it, I got immersed in my mind in one of those things that presents itself quietly -- just to be acknowledged, never mind the opinions or reactions -- which obviously belonged on a level completely unhuman. It was energy-level, and it said and showed, in red waves which curved together across the mind screen, that

destruction and life-giving are one and the same energy. Just that. No big message in neon, and no apology, and I don't put it down on paper in order to indicate agreement, disagreement or anything else in response to it. That's just what it said. Not in words. The nature of the kill-destroy energy is the same as that of the love-create energy. They are the same entity.

Makes no sense. But that's what it said.

And there's nothing it can be used for, either. It's quite useless, when you're an ordinary mortal type thing.

On the other hand, thinking about what I said above; "a level completely unhuman," I must admit to remembering: we humans are, when you squint your eyes the right way, not human at all. We are something else altogether.)

Quite appropriate for Halloween.

At this point, by the way, around 1:00AM or so, I am in a good state of mind, with a perfectly healthy, wry sense of humor held in place by casual shrugs as needed.

Well, you know what they say: Drugs Fry Your Brain.

Goodnight.

Results of 2CE Bioarray in July. 3 subjects who had been drug free for > months. (D,B,C)

15mg each, oral with water. First alert in 1 to 5 minutes for all, then almost flat until 35 minutes had passed - all at about +1 then.

@[1:45] all had reached +3, writing was difficult to impossible, great eye closed visuals (all three agree none better, ever!)

@[2:00] two participants (D+B) wander off for an incredible round of erotic. Hallucinogasms! My, it was fantastic!

@[3:00] eyes open visuals, patterns moving, merging, changing, except for C who appeared comatose (eyes closed) but could hear well, move fingers & nod head & even say one or two words if pressed to. This lasted from [1:45] to ~[5:00] when the effects began to diminish.

@[6:00] some food was most welcome & tasty.

All subjects report baseline @[7:00] to [9:00]. To sleep @[9:30] all reported good rest, normal dreams, slightly tired next day.

Marvelous material!

No age regression, but good to examine personal things with. Except C who never talks about these things; before, during or after.

2CB  
25 pages

~9/89

33 year old woman who was molested on a number of occasions by her grandfather and has 3 previous experiences with Oscar.

The patient reports no unpleasant side effects of bruxing, rapid speech patterns or excessive perspiration. She feels more focused, insightful and able to facilitate change. N wishes to have a family meeting with her parents and brother during the holidays. She is carrying the vestiges of family guilt for the molest and self-styled responsibility for family feelings. N fears her family will not listen to her, interpret her feelings and look at her with revulsion.

The patient set an agenda for the meeting (written out), boundary issues and then with the therapist serving as a coach, she role played this meeting. I asked her to run the meeting from the end to the beginning three times observing family interaction from a dissociated state where she would feel strong and safe. She then ran the meeting from the beginning to the end verbalizing her feelings and seeing her families reaction and stopping them where they were unappropriated.

N then set a date for this meeting. She concluded by commenting on the power and strength she was experiencing and how this experience was even more clean and self-directed for her. She is looking forward to the conclusion of this issue.

H.A. - TMA-2

Hi-O

I thought I'd submit a report to you both while sending in a sample (of something different), might as well do it all in one.

pm 3:00PM.

The material was TMA (I'd never heard of it), the dosage was 10mg the first time, then we waited 2.5 hours to see where we were, then decided to take 10 more. Apparently 20mgs is supposed to be the recommended dosage and the trip is supposedly a 16 hour jaunt into fantasia, but being that neither of us had tried it before this was all hearsay.

After first 10mgs, about 2 hours into it I could feel something, a slight alteration of senses. Thomas felt very little but saw "sparkles" which I didn't witness until later.

I should mention we both were running on about, well, no sleep having been "up" the day before on a bit of regular old amphetamine. Not much but enough to keep us awake all night. Ingestion of that hadn't been since about noon the day before. So, "unusual" conditions.

After the next 10mgs and an hour later I was feeling something. A bit of psychedelic effects - vision, slight movement of surface textures; hearing, deepened, spatial, defined; body was relaxed and stretching seemed necessary. The longer into it more we realized that although it was 16 hours supposedly it might not get much more than what it was. We were lazy, very lethargic, to the point of laughter. We were keeping the computer on to write observations of the experience but we could hardly get ourselves up to write anything on it. Could be exhaustion but I think it's an element of the material's effects. We called this stuff "psychedelic heroine" (although neither of us know what heroine is like but we know it has this slowness, lethargy) - which really seemed appropriate. About 6 hours into it I was seeing more life in the hardwood, and the wooden angel hanging on the ceiling was flesh and feathers when I stared at it. Great vision.

Thoughts tended to be veering towards the darker side, like the mind wanted to feel some emotion, so sad and bad are (always) stronger - indulging in the slightly negative. But I saw this happening so couldn't let it. Benny felt anticipation and disappointment because he expected it to be much stronger. Someone said like mescaline.

We tried fooling around, very interesting spaces were entered. It had a bit of a shadow but very interesting: foreign landscapes. Definitely psychedelic but by no means overwhelming. By 1:00 AM we decided to sleep. Most of the time was spent just lazing around and trying to talk but we'd lose track time to time. I do think the body and mind were tired from the day before. Sleep was fine.

The day after I felt very good, good energy, no hangover.

I'm curious how this would be under different circumstances.

It wasn't 16 hours, I don't think. We were coming down after 9, but it is long and slow coming on.

So that's a brief rundown for the records.



[Editor's Note: Pages 634 and 635 have been merged with this page]



## HOT-7

Monday, June 23, 1986, 5:45PM, HOT 7 (2C-T-7), 22mgs.

Sasha has taken this to about +2 at 15mgs. This is my first experience of it.

At around 45 mins., slight awareness. 1-1/2 hrs., +2 definitely. By 3 hours, almost +3, yet no quite. Lets say a +3, but not richly so. Need a bit higher for full 3+ feeling.

Into bed and out again, after nice fooling around, but realizing that it's not coming together quite the way it should. The wonderful erotic of the HOT 17 is not here, quite. Maybe it's us, as it certainly is sometimes. Maybe not. I know I was really expecting a repeat of the HOT 17 and that's now what we got. Slight tinge of sadness, at different times, in both of us, sort of nostalgic thing. We were on the verge, at different times, of playing victim roles with each other, but caught it in time.

I defined those games to Sasha thus: sometimes he gets into the role of, "She just doesn't want to be my soul-mate, not the way I see that relationship; she keeps wanting to pull away and not really be with me; she shuts me out," when what he's often doing is choosing not to be with me in what I'm doing at the moment, and then letting himself feel left out. My victim role is sort of, "He takes away my power to do and be what I want to do and be; he keeps wanting me to do what HE wants, instead of affirming my direction, my own power to be what I want to be," when the fact is, my only problem is in not always knowing what I want to do or be, myself, and giving away my own power -- not having it taken away by anybody.

As for body, with this material, I found transition a bit more difficult, with faint awareness in the tummy. Have to watch out for other people with the stomach -- it might cause frank nausea.

Quite psychedelic, not as much as for us in the eyes-open visuals as it might be for others. I found it to be quite rich in eyes-closed imagery, probably more at higher levels. Very good for interpretive and conceptual thinking, I suspect. This can be worked on as we experiment at slightly higher levels.

At 7 hours, we drifted nicely into sleep. Slept well.

SUMMARY OF ETHOXY SUBSTITUTION PATTERNS IN SOME 2,5-DIMETHOXY PHENETHYLAMINES (PLUS A FEW MISCELLANEOUS RESULTS)

All compounds were administered to volunteers orally leaving at least three days between tests and generally longer. Compounds were tested to a dosage of 50 to 65mg, which is equivalent to approximately one PPM of the body weight of most subjects, or to a +3 state of alteration, which ever came first. In some cases, as with the methylenedioxy compounds, the dosages were raised to as high as 200mg since this group of compounds is not as active as the substituted PEAs being tested. In some cases testing was discontinued before these levels were reached because hints of adverse reactions were noted.

Effective doses produce a +3 state of alteration unless noted otherwise For compounds having less activity; then the dosage and 'plusness' are given.

In general, substituting an ethoxy group for either of the methoxy groups in the 2 and 5 positions of the parent compound decreased the activity somewhat and changed the character of the altered state of consciousness. Ethoxy substitution at the 5 position always caused a lengthening of the experience and could easily produce a +3 state of alteration in most subjects. With the 2CT2 series of compounds ethoxy substitution at the 5 position did not decrease activity and lengthened the chronology by a factor of 3 or slightly more.

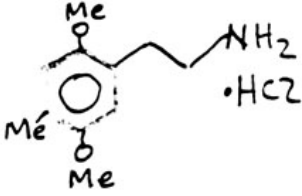
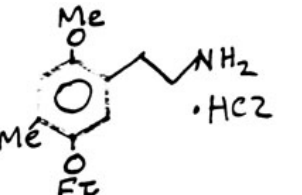
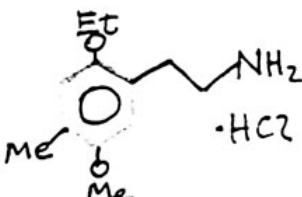
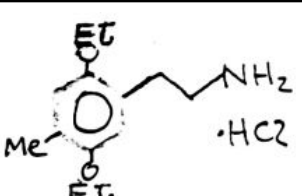
Ethoxy substitution at the 2 position always caused a shortening of the experience and a decrease in potency making it impossible to get to a +3 state of alteration within the dosage range.

Ethoxy disubstitution at both the 2 and 5 positions eliminated hallucinogenic properties from the compound and made them quite weak as far as producing a state of intoxication.

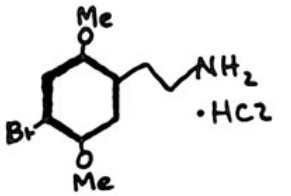
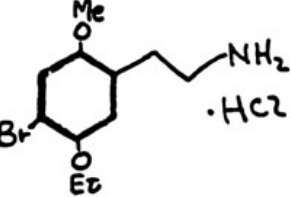
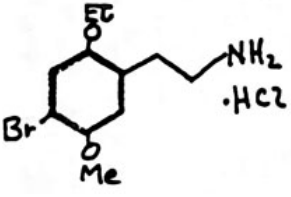
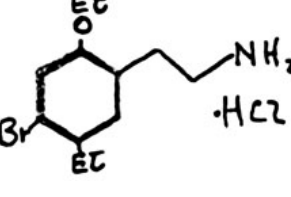
Incomplete study made by N. Aquiniga prior to October 1986.

on ->  
for several pages.

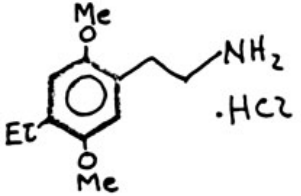
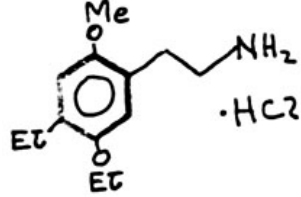
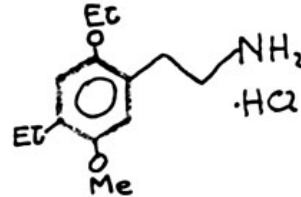
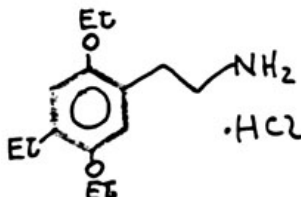
## THE 2CD SERIES

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P.	M.P.	M.P.	E.D. Mg	DURATION	REMARKS
	HCl salt	NITRO STYRENE	ALDEHYDE	FOR FULL EFFECTS	HOURS	
 <p>2CD (PARENT COMPOUND)</p>	210-211°  183-184° HBr salt	116-117°	82-84°	15-20	5-6	5-10 Mg is useful as a study aid or "smart pill", the lower dosage seems to be preferred by most.
 <p>2CD-5EtO</p>	197-198°  158-159° HBr salt	112.5- 113.5°	81-82°	40-50	11-12	Slow, gradual climb to full effects, ~2 h.  5-10 mg is useful as a "smart pill" for study or reading with excellent comprehension.
 <p>2CD-2EtO</p>	207-208°  171-173°	110.5- 111.5°	60.5- 61.5°	60 to a +2	4-5	Seems to engender a tender closeness between couples without causing a unnecessary state of intoxication.
 <p>2CD-2,5 DiEt</p>	251-252°	108-109°	102-103°	55 Mg to a 1.5+	~4	Variable effects on different individuals as to potency and direction of experience.  5-10 Mg useful as "smart pill" for studying or cramming for exams.

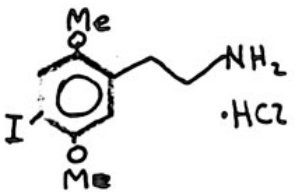
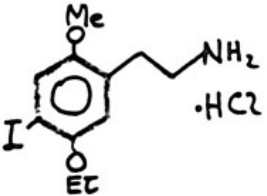
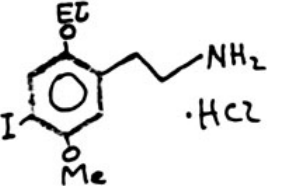
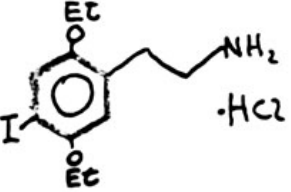
## THE 2CB SERIES

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P.		M.P. ALDEHYDE	E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
	HCl salt	NITRO STYRENE				
 <p>2CB (PARENT COMPOUND)</p>	237-239°  214.5- 215° HBr salt	117.0- 117.5° not Br'd	---	12-15	6-8	
 <p>2CB-5EtO</p>						
 <p>2CB-2EtO</p>	185-186°  168.5- 169.5° HBr salt	76-77° not Br'd	47.5- 48.5° not Br'd	50 Mg to a +1.75	~6	Threshold 2-5 mg Maximally effective dose is ~15 mg. Little increase in altered state past this amount 15 Mg +1.5 3 hr. duration 30 Mg +1.5 4-5 h. " 50 Mg +1.75 6 h. "
 <p>2CB-2,5DiEt</p>	230-231°  192-193° HBr salt	~60° impure not Br'd	~57° impure not Br'd	55 Mg to 1 +1.25	~4	Restless sleep with strange dreams all night.

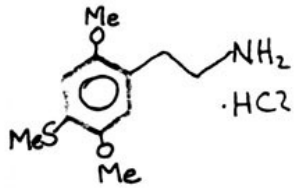
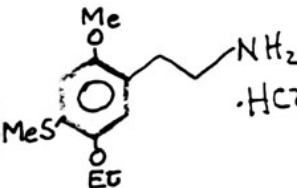
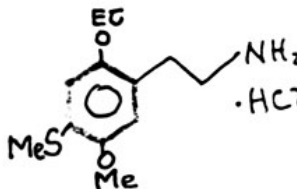
## THE 2CE SERIES

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt	M.P. NITRO STYRENE	M.P. ALDEHYDE	E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 <p>2CE (PARENT COMPOUND)</p>						
 <p>2CE-5EtO</p>	184-185°	110.0- 110.5°		10-15	23-24	Slow climb to full effects, ~4 h. Name: "Eternity". Gentle, forgiving, insightful material. Little price to pay next day except for loss of sleep. Some tests truncated to ~16 h. with Valium for Halcion and then woke in a few hours still altered.
 <p>2CB-2EtO</p>						
 <p>2CB-2,5DiEt</p>						

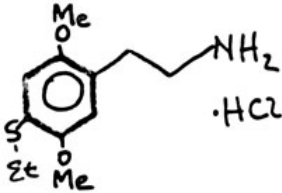
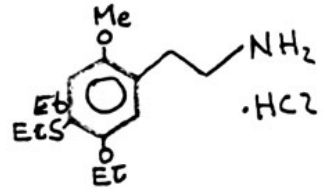
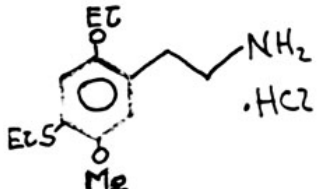
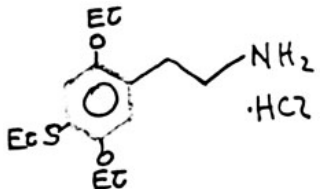
## THE 2CI SERIES

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt			E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 2CI (PARENT COMPOUND)	250-252°			10-12	8-9	
 2CI-5EtO						
 2CI-2EtO	175.0- 175.5°			55 Mg to a +1.25	3-4	Threshold 2-5 Mg oral Maximally effective dosage is ~15 Mg.  15 Mg +1.5 2 h duration 30 Mg +1.5 3 h " 50 Mg +1.25 3-4 h "
 2CI-2,5DiEt						

## THE THIO SERIES

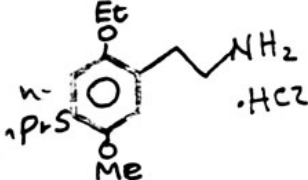
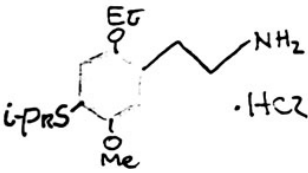
ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt	M.P. NITRO STYRENE	M.P. ALDEHYDE	E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 2CT1 (PARENT COMPOUND)	240-241°		99-100°			We did not prepare or test this compound although it would have been informative to do so. The M.P.s given are literature values.
 2CT1-5EtO	184-185°	133-134°	~66° impure	20 Mg=+1 30 Mg=+2	7.5 15	Body awareness & moderate eyes closed visuals. Quiet, peaceful, contemplative, insightful. No Anorexia. A +2 level, plateau from 2.5h to ~6h. Slow decent to slightly above base level @15h, then to sleep with aid of Halcion- lots of dreams. Well rested next day.
 2CT1-2EtO	215-216°	137-138°	Oil	20 Mg=+½ 30 Mg=+¾ 50 Mg=+1	3.5 4.5 5.0	Effects felt quickly, Vision blurred, some body awareness. No anorexia. Mellow, peaceful feeling.

## THE THIO SERIES

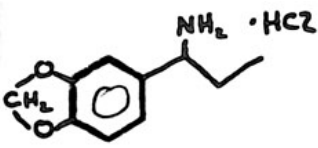
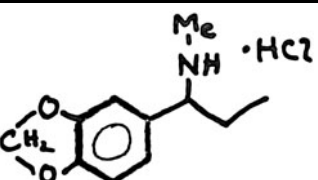
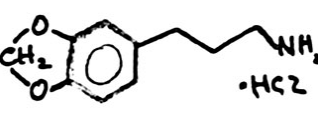
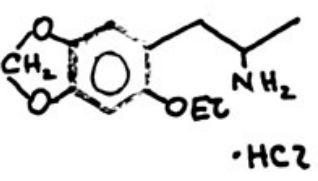
ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt	M.P. NITRO STYRENE	M.P. ALDEHYDE	E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 <p>2CT2 (PARENT COMPOUND)</p>	201°	146°	85-86°	20	~7	
 <p>T2-5EtO</p>	180°	107-108°	~49° impure	20	24-27	Slow gentle climb to full effect, ~3-4 h. Name: "Forever yours" Insightful, conversations and thoughts with many philosophical overtones. Excellent communication and clarity. Some tests cut off @16h. with Valium or Halcion to awake in a few h. stilled altered. Very drained next day or two.
 <p>T2-2EtO</p>	202-204°	122-123°	73-75°	35 to a +2.0  50 to a +2.0  10 Mg nasal to a +2.0	~4  5.5  ~4	Effects felt very quickly-vision blurred, dark glasses felt good indoors (no pupil dilation). Interesting eyes closed visuals, pleasant, contemplative mood, body awareness all over. Not anorexic. Restless sleep with lots of weird dreams. Quite large difference in potency when administered nasally.
 <p>T2-2,5DiEt</p>	220-221°	123-124°	84-85°	10 Mg=+½ 20 Mg=+1 30 Mg=+1½ 50 Mg=+2	3 3.5 7 9	@ 50 Mg nervous and edgy for first 45 min., lots of energy, minimal sensory alteration. 3.5 to 8h calmness @ inner quietness. +2 in this stage- good insights & some visions. somewhat diuretic. Sleep disturb. with strange dreams. No after effect on day following.



## THE THIO SERIES

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt	M.P. NITRO STYRENE	M.P. ALDEHYDE	E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 2CT7-2EtO	187-189°	106- 106.5°	69-71°	20 Mg=+1½	4.5	Effects felt quickly, minor eyes closed visuals, body awareness. Music listening nice. No anorexia @ 3.5h. Sound sleep, normal dreams. Next day had uncomfortable headache which seemed on a intuitive level to be an after effect of the compound.
 2CT4-2EtO	153.5- 154°	77-79°	43-44°	10 Mg=+2 15 Mg=+2 20 Mg=+2 25 Mg=+2	~10 10.5 10.5 11	Slow onset, ~2h. very gentle material, insightful with understandings. Named "Tenderness" by female testers and agreed to by males. Nice meditative inner receptiveness and clarity. Feeling totally connected to those present. Sleep disturbance even with Halcion.

## METHYLENE DIOXY COMPOUNDS

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt		E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 ALPHA	199-201°		140 Mg=+1	~3	10 Mg oral produced wide away eyes closed vivid dreams in most subjects beginning in ~½ h and lasted for 1.5-2h with some body awareness (tingles) Larger doses, >15-50 Mg eliminated the dreams and resulted in a pleasant positive feeling. Not anorexic at higher doses.
 M-ALPHA	207-207°		60 Mg=+1½	6	10 Mg= above threshold: body tingles, modest eyes closed visuals, ~3 h. 20 Mg some stronger visuals, & drink of ice water felt hot on tongue. 60 Mg= +1.5, duration 6h. diuretic, sleep disturbance with many dreams.
 GAMMA	204-205°		200 Mg=+1	~4	10 Mg above threshold, nice mellow feeling ~2.5 h. 40 Mg +1 ~5 h, some time distortion, mild visceral involvement, greater awareness. 80 Mg nice eyes closed visuals, 5.5h 100 to 200 Mg all ~4 h duration +1. Larger dose did not increase intensity or duration in this range.
 EMDA-2	188- 188.5°	Nitro- styrene M.P. 120-121°	135 Mg=+2	10	6 Mg = over threshold, 3 h duration, felt cold during test. 9 Mg = +1.5, good mood. 34 Mg = +1.5, good mood eyes closed visuals. 135 Mg = +2 10 h duration, marvelous eyes closed visuals, moving with INTENSE colors. Some sleep disturbance after.

January 15, 1990

Dear Ann and Alexander,

*I assume this letter finds you both well and delighted as you should be in the view of the monumental contributions you've made to our species and our ability to be closer to ourselves and understand ourselves better as we approach the new millennium. I love so much to express to you I'll try to focus my thoughts.*

*I want to extend my most profound gratitude to you for your gift of 2C-B two years ago. Words are so inadequate to describe the openings and expansion it has created. You asked me to report to you of its effects and I can say that the overriding quality is one of creating an overwhelming sense of well-being. The perceptual ability to see through all veils present and past, even future is profound. I feel a much more dynamic dimension of inner sight that remains and grows over time. The parallel realities that come through in different experiences with other substances is prevalent but the 2C-B is a completely unique frequency that seems to take in the highest, most intelligent perceptual frequencies of them all.*

*It is in a world of it's own where altered states are concerned. My artist and creative friends reported catalytic lifetime breakthroughs of the kind I'm sure you must hear much about. I felt a part of the blood that flows through the RNA/DNA of the universe that flows through all of eternity and is all-knowing. The insights and joy were as intense as I've ever known under those circumstances. I saw many things that have been very important to me in my work. A sense of deep knowing and certainty about the exquisite order of the universe. I was really stuck by the holographic effect of all I could see. I could see everything in everything as I'm sure you know what I mean. I could see lines of destiny most clearly. How specific people and events merged as if the moments had been coded into the unfolding of the universe millions of years ago. It's given me a sense of time and illusion that I never could have developed so profoundly otherwise. It lifted the veils of time and space to see the continuum - the omni present ebb and flow of all life that knows no time. One of the greatest aspects is the humor that's so easy to see in everything also which I simply adore. A highest attribute by far is the comical warm feeling that pervades. I make a distinction between these heady, perceptual/intellectual shifts of mind that are so extraordinary and the effects of the Christ in my life day*

to day. My love of God and Jesus has been previously heart based. I can count on my devotion to Christ as a humbling, reverent, blessed, forgiving, grateful all encompassing heart space. But the 2C-B has a cellular impact of my worldview and cosmic view of human realities and what is fundamental to all of life in my head. This of course effects everything I do.

I have dedicated all of my life in the 90's to continuing to be a catalytic agent in Global Satellite television as I have been. In 1989 I produced the 1st international weekly television series to explore the solutions to our common environmental and social challenges that has now been picked up by CNN and will premier again on March 18 on TBS Sunday night 8PM Calif.

The development of this program was riddled with destiny and miracles galore. It's also the first interactive program of it's kind and our first 8 shows were seen by almost 10 million people with over 5,000 phone calls of support.

In 1990 I want to produce programming on the "Great Being" of the world historical and present for TBS as well as critical programming on the women and children of the world. I also plan to do a program on creation, spirituality, and theoretical physics. - A special. My destiny is to be an evolutionary change agent and I'm right on course - right on time. We all have our special note in the unfolding scheme and I'm madly in love with mine.

In this, of all amazing New years of New Decades I would love to hear news of you both. I'm sure you've been up to a million fascinating adventures. The 100th Monkey element you both are working on is surely one of the most amazing of them all.

I don't know if you would permit me to impose on you to get 2C-B to me once again. If it were possible I would owe you another debt of gratitude. I could arrange an opportunity to come and visit you or you could mail it to the same address at [ADDRESS]

I've enclosed a tape of our show if you're interested.

I talk to Sandy all the time and thankfully she's now off to Ireland to finish her book. I'll call you.

Lots of Love,

[Editor's Note: Pages 648 to 651 have been merged with these pages]

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Ann had mentioned that I should try to write about the 5-TOM experience as well as I could. Obviously my memory is fuzzy on this. This is a difficult experience to try to verbalize or write about even after these many years.

I knew that I was sinking into a deep reverie after an hour into it. I was not totally unconscious since I seemed to respond to external stimuli (at least most of the time). But I certainly wasn't all that much there. The experience dominated completely. At one point (perhaps the peak?) I remember seeing a very quiet sea with a horizontal shoreline and a clear sky. This image seemed to come back rather frequently. At other times, I would see a set of disjointed horizontal lines at this beach. These lines reminded me of spectral lines. For a short period of time I thought they were some kind of expression of my energy levels that I didn't understand. In retrospect, I suspect that the horizontal lines were only expressions of how my mind was reacting to the material. I don't remember talking to anyone until I had started to come down from the experience. I eventually could see real images, but they were greatly distorted. It was as if I was looking at Cubism paintings by Picasso having an intense and strange coloration.

As I came back into the real world, I realized I had an extraordinary trip. I had not been afraid at anytime. The experience seemed unique, but quite benign. The experience for my fellow travelers was probably much more anxious.

I wasn't particularly interested in much food when I came down. I slept well. I was quite lethargic the next day. It really took me another day to integrate back into normal life.

Obviously, this was a very powerful material which could disrupt my mind rather substantially. Whatever the reason why I was so affected as opposed to others not being so affected would be an interesting study. I would not be adverse to trying it again at low dosages. I certainly would do it at a considerably lower dosage and work up to the experience in small increments. On the other hand, you might not want me to try it.

I am not sure I learned anything from this experience except to accept what happened. Though I thought I had a deep insight to how the world works during the experience, I now realize now that I probably didn't have any insight. So much for that.

Neil

June 17, 1990

Dear Sasha:

At the above date, I ingested seven milligrams of 2 Ct 21 (Ann's aptly named Blackjack). It was around 11:15AM. The taste was quite mildly alkaline even in plain water.

While sitting down and chatting with a friend, I was surprised to note a definite intimation of intoxication in about fifteen minutes. This onset was so smooth and delicate that I was unsure that it was really happening. But as it increased gracefully, I accepted that it was really happening this soon. In about twenty minutes into the heightened state, I felt uncomfortably cool in the house, although the measured temperature was about 70 degrees.

Once outside in the direct sun, the level of the experience took offfff to a very pleasant plus three and remained there for about five hours. This material seems to me to depend more than most on warmth and perhaps on sunlight. My flight of ideas, very high good humor, memory flow, and volubility seemed unusually enhanced. There were around five other good friends in the group, so I can't be sure how much of these pleasantries were due to the group interactions, and how many could occur when the material would be taken alone.

When I reluctantly accepted the fact that the level of intoxication was fallen off at around four thirty in the afternoon, I was pleased to note that it was very gradual.

Even though we left for home around nine in the evening, I still felt some clear lingering effects, and it probably would have been unwise to drive, and I didn't do so.

I needed a sleeping aid when we got to bed. The next day was pleasant in emotional tone, but quite languid in regard to any physical efforts. It was hard to know whether the languor was due to the material or whether the crowded day of social interactions and a longish auto ride in traffic contributed a major part.

But it was great,

Aaron

June 18, 1990

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Sunday did turn out to be a beautiful day. The material was as good as before. Perhaps better because it was birthdays.

I could not tell the difference between 9.5 and 10.0 (nor did I really expect to do so). There was some type of alert about 10 minutes into the experience, then nothing for quite a while. After about 30 minutes, I noticed something starting. Something obviously was going on for the next hour or hour and a half, with an increasing intoxication that was quite pleasant. Like a good wine.

Mel and I were talking to each other about one and a half hours into the experience and noted the sharpness of vision. You can almost see individual leaves on trees 1000 feet away (well, maybe). I suggested this might be an effect of increased blood pressure and eye ball pressure changing the sharpness of focus. After talking about it for a few minutes, we came to the conclusion that this idea might be true, but it may not be true. So much for scientific reasoning with a material that probably hinders most reasoning. Mel thought he could drive. I certainly did not think I could drive at this 1 to 2 hour peak. I would be very leery. Yet I didn't seem to be clumsy. (It would have been interesting to try the computer at the peak and see how well I write from copy. That might give me a clue how well my fingers obey my thoughts.)

Mel and I commented on the flat topped trees in the front of the house and their peculiar indented leaves. The leaves seemed in particularly sharp focus. They also had sort of an offside green coloration that did not match memory. Other greens behaved similarly. Obviously some color enhancement took place and remained in place for some hours.

Talking was easy enough. Memory recall was quite difficult. Mel and I looked at the Cineraria for quite a while until the name of the flower came back to us. I said 'Cineraria?' and Mel said 'Yes, I think so.' Memory recall with this material is not all that easy. Also, memory recall seems to be difficult even into the next day. Recall improves as one gets farther from the experience.

Perhaps it's the memory loss that allows such free association during the hilarious parts of the experience. Why try shampoo when the real poo should be much better. However, I think I would prefer champagne to real pagne. Are real rocks better than Shamrocks?

I was really cold for a while during the experience. I put on a heavier sweater. As the sun hit the back, the experience was much more pleasant. As the later winds came in on the fog, a real cold set in. This would be good material in very hot weather.

I like this material. It is nice and without any body problems. Again I wonder what it is like at 12 or 13mg. I think I would not mind trying it there soon. It would be interesting to see where the visuals become strong and still not have any body noise.

The material is not anorexic. One could eat a whole cow with this material.

The material seems to be a social gatherer. As I have said before, it does not seem to be insightful at all. I certainly didn't get any insight into anything except food.

I had some trouble with sleeping that night and had some pretty wild dreams. I don't think I would attribute that particularly to the material but perhaps to all the food we ate and the strong chocolate fixes we had at the end.

Anyway, Happy Birthday, Sasha.

Love from both of us,

Neil





Fluoxetine -> alprazolam -> MDMA

Hypothesis: Alprazolam is to entactogens as naloxone is to opiates.

Data so far:

10:30 -	10mg fluoxetine
2:30 -	.25mg alprazolam
5:15 -	55mg MDMA
5:45 -	55mg MDMA
6:45 -	40mg MDMA
7:30 -	75mg MDMA

Very little side effects or euphoria at this time. Some light feeling of jaw clenching and eye movement. Able to easily speak in a clear and truthful manner. Driving from 8:10 to 8:20 - driving very well and feel calm and assured. Actually am driving in a more rhythmic and aware manner than usual. Slightly more jaw and eye somatics; however, still very little. Am becoming more calm.

8:20 - 55

At 8:27, am thoughtful, eyes closing, somewhat sleepy around eyes (light sensation of sleepiness), jaws more active. Still, no euphoria or normal side effects (only suggestions of them). Right eye stretching open some.

9:30 - 55

Another person begins to participate at this time, 115mg

10:30 - 55

Person one sees visions upon closing eyes. Person two begins to become euphoric and to clench jaws. The only real side effect person one experiences is some short-term memory loss (losing immediate conversation but remembering it upon being reminded).

11:30 -	55 person 1, 55 person 2
12:30 -	55 person 1

~Midnight - person two experiences visions upon closing eyes as well.

The same physiological events continue until approx. 3:30 a.m. at which time person 2 sleeps (jaw clenching slows as well) and person 1 rests but cannot sleep. Person 1 continues to feel talkative, contemplative, and jaws are clenching more until next morning. Then, person 1 becomes more quiet and spacey until sleeping at 4:00pm for 3 hours.

2CBTG  
CO

6.14 - We have just finished the 2CB trip... 20mg each at 9am on a breakfast of two cups of coffee.

We were in the bedroom, Chuck sitting. Tanya lying on our futon. Chuck was reading Kabir poetry out loud. At about 9:20, Tanya began to feel cold and was shivering within ten minutes. By 9:30 we were both feeling altered in body and mind. Tanya felt a great deal of energy as if she had taken pure niacin and all her cells were electrical impulses. This was not a pleasant energizing. She felt a great deal of energy pushing at her throat and back, such that it was beginning to cause pain and an inability to be comfortable in any position. Chuck experienced a calmness in body, a greater attuning to visual detail and some sense of drowsiness. As we had expected, since it happens in almost all experiences, Tanya has something that needed some resolution before continuing. She began to sink below the energy, calming it in a way and seeking the source of the physical discomfort. Chuck stayed with this process by talking gently to her, helping to keep her warm. He was a little disappointed in this because he felt a dulling of the emotional connection he always feels toward Tanya in these situations. There was a strong intellectual connection, but the emotional sense seemed to be replaced by that vague feeling of drowsiness. Tanya was able after about 45 minutes to sink down to feel that truth of the block which was a sense of her judging herself too harshly, always having to act to do the "right thing" in order to protect herself from this judgment.

But once she came to this realization it was merely an intellectual one and there was not the sense of relief and resolution that comes from doing the same kind of work on MDMA, for example. And when she did resurface she found also that the emotional connection with Chuck was somewhat distant. By this time, in the 10:30 to 11 am period, both realized the full onset of the compound. Both commented that it seemed to be pushing them, but in different directions and without any feeling. It did not contain the fun of mushrooms although there were some similarities in visual stimulation. There was a heaviness to the affect, an ambivalence. Chuck described it as the feeling of an "arbitrary kind of side effect of a medicine that is supposed to do something else, a painkiller for example." One minute it seemed appropriate to lie quietly but since that did not produce any kind of truly satisfying state, our minds would quickly move to some other notion - go see what it would be like to lay on the lawn in the sun, then in the shade.

There seemed to be two different things going on at the same time - mental activity (more lively in Tanya) and a physical response of heightened receptivity, restlessness and drowsiness. The mind and the body did not seem to be connected by a satisfying emotional state as they are in ordinary reality or enhanced as they are on mushrooms.

MDMA or small doses of acid. At one point we simply released ourselves into the experience, but that did not bring us closer together internally or externally. It was physically satisfying and intellectually true to be lying next to each other, but those seemed to be two separate phenomena.

During the third hour of the experience, we began making love, stopping now and again, once for ten or fifteen minutes, to reconnect emotionally. Again, even though this was the closest we had been during the trip, we both experienced a split effect between the sensory aspects of the lovemaking and the detached mental aspect of it. The emotional connector between the two states was missing. And at the end of it, we both realized we were totally hungry. We had not been nourished by any of it.

We ate, discussed what we had experienced, and returned to bed with most of the effects gone, to relax, cuddle and reconnect for about an hour until we resumed usual activities. This we did, feeling a little hungover and used up.

*Is this unusual? Do either of you have any comments? We would be glad to hear them.*

100? mg DMT - smoked.   DAH

*As I exhaled I became terribly afraid, my heart very rapid + strong, palms sweating. A terrible sense of dread + doom filled me - I knew what was happening; I knew I couldn't stop it, but it was so devastating; I was being destroyed - all that was familiar, all reference points, all identity - all viciously shattered in a few seconds. I couldn't even mourn the loss - there was no-one left to do the mourning. Up, up, out, out, eyes closed, I am at the speed of light, expanding, expanding, expanding, faster + faster until I have become so large that I no longer exist - my speed is so great that everything has come to a stop - here I gaze upon the entire universe - I am motionless, the universe gently drifts about - spinning nebulae + galaxies slide past me with an odd, low rumbling noise. It is so gloriously HUGE - it's everything + nothing, it's all that has been + ever will be, it is the "whole kit + kaboodle". Suddenly I am aware of my Observer's voice saying "No one's mouth is big enough to utter the whole thing!" (Alan Watts)*

*Inside, I feel a deep kinship with the authors of those words - I don't know the man; but I know he has seen this too. Suddenly from the most distant central point in the universe a tiny, brilliant white light appears and explodes - like a flash bulb, my entire universe and soul are bathed + blinded by this total illumination. I have seen the birth of the universe: all was + is God - we are God - all is known to me, and it was always known to me - it is my atomic memory. I shudder with the waves of a kosmic orgasm. The light is gone - now the universe starts to fill with brilliant coloured shapes - beautiful but distracting... The universe is slipping away, fading - "DON'T GO!" But it's no use - now I'm at "the carnival" - extraordinary visuals but they seem artificial, drug-induced. As I'm watching the show I zoom back into my body, my ego, my reference points - it is the most delicious physical experience I've ever had - all at once I realize; this is what a schizophrenic lives with - the terrifying loss of self + body - endlessly alone on that stark, awesome plain. I am overwhelmed with empathy for such people - I begin to weep in sorrow + joy. I open my eyes - moderate visuals like psilocin still exist. Six minutes and a few billion years have passed since I inhaled the DMT. I walk to the bookshelf, in a moment I have verified that it was indeed Alan Watts who said "no one's mouth is big enough to utter the whole thing." I want to call him - I want to share this experience. I begin writing down my experience.*

*After a total of 20 minutes I am back to normal - but changed forever.*

April 23, 1994.

At 11:55, ingested 120mg of alpha-ethyltryptamine. Good +1 at 10 minutes, +2 at 20-30 minutes. Very keen, pure euphoria, feels great. The most sharply focused euphoria, free of any mixtures of other feelings I have felt. Wonderful.

Reaches +3 at about one hour. Euphoria very strong, strong energy push. Keeps rising until it goes over the top and begins to break up, like an overloaded amplifier. The pure tone of euphoria gets joggled with other feelings, like a bit too much to handle. Not really uncomfortable, but not as nice as at the earlier +2 stage.

A wall seems to grow around me. The action of the chemical seems to be shutting me off from intimate contact with others, as opposed to the growth in intimacy and mutual support common to other substances, especially MDMA. This feels like a lack, and is reinforced as I become aware that my grasp of some of the things we discussed earlier is limited, and I can't find ways to get the discussion expanded for greater clarity.

I experiment with some of the techniques I have learned to dissolve the kinds of block I feel, but they don't work. Everyone grows quiet. I try to think of things that might initiate a stimulating conversation, but nothing seems worthwhile enough to verbalize.

In a couple of hours the push of the drug diminishes, and I get more comfortable. I begin to enjoy talking to Neil about his work, and later a similar contact with Alan. Then I remember that I want to talk to Sasha about the outline for the Psychedelic Manual and we have a good discussion, with Sasha making some excellent suggestions. He drives home the point of making the government agencies our friends, and letting them do some of the work.

The day ended beautifully, and I am very grateful for the opportunity to spend time with the research group again, and enjoy the closeness of our group. And also for the opportunity to get caught up to date on some of the work others are doing.

Back to the Tusa's at 9:30pm, I still had good energy, but still felt the wall I described earlier, which had not dissolved. Peggy and I had an excellent night's sleep, extending well into the morning. We spent a very pleasant, interesting day, with all of us, I believe, feeling somewhat languid. A nap before dinner provided the soundest sleep I have had in weeks.

Early next morning, I got into a good meditative space which dissipated the remainder of the wall. For a time the highly focused, pure euphoria of the beginning of the experiment returned and was thoroughly enjoyed. I would very much like to learn how to sustain it. The drive home found Peggy and me in an excellent space, very grateful for our visit and our good friends. We are very much enjoying the drive home as we are entertained by the wonderful cloud structures that accompany us.

#### Summary of Observations

115mg karmine. Subject is in late twenties, weight 150 lbs. Light snack one hour prior. The first effects were noticed after 20 minutes. Experience peaked after 40 minutes, remained steady for 1 hour, and then trailed off over a 2 hour period. Was not completely back to baseline until 7 hours after the experience had started. The experience resembled MDMA rather closely. There were virtually no perceptual distortions and there was a strong empathic component. The attention easily wandered to reflecting on interpersonal and social issues. One difference from MDMA is that the experience did not seem as euphoric. In addition, thoughts seemed altered in a way reminiscent of LSD. Side-effects included a parched mouth, a desire to sip fluids constantly that lasted several hours, and a loss of appetite that seemed to last into the next day.

Male, mid 20s, 130 lbs. 125mg karmine in water.

For several days prior to this report, I smoked moderate amounts of pot daily. No pot was consumed on the day of the trial. Breakfast consisted of cold cereal with milk. From about noon - 13:30, 2 cups of regular coffee, and party hors d'oeuvres (about "a meal's worth").

15:25 Took one Naproxen.

Prior knowledge of karmine: I had been told that the material has a shorter duration of action than MDMA and that there were prior reports of positive experiences, somewhat MDMA-like.

15:26 Tastes better than MDMA.

15:27 Those little energy jitters.

15:29 Voice feels softer and more resonant while talking on telephone.

15:36 Feel more inclined to speak in discussion group. Feel a bit "rushy".

15:39 Heartbeat feels stronger.

15:46 Since last notation, definitely not a placebo effect. Feel more centered, feel strong love for close friend present.

15:52 Feel love for everyone in room, all strangers except for the one close friend.

16:00 Talking a lot, little jaw clenches. Shared some ideas which in an ordinary state I might feel reluctant to share on account of their business proprietary nature - felt more trust.

16:02 A little plateau. Tingly sometimes. Jaw jutting. Clacking teeth. I like things.

16:09 Feel like playing drums. I play. Usually would be more inhibited.

16:12 Definitely not going farther up (effects not increasing).

16:13 Feeling a bit impatient with the conversation.

16:16 Moved around room and spun around - nice, easy movements.

16:18 Want a hug but OK without one. Breathing is not as fun as it is on MDMA.

16:26 Thinking about taking more and wanting to sustain this feeling, but still OK.

16:32 Feel fairly down. A bit fidgety. Cutting in on conversation whenever I want.

16:35 Have decided to be honest to a significant other about sensitive issues I earlier had not decided (either way) to disclose.

16:46 Realize that my thinking during this experience has been clearer and slower than usual (I consider both aspects positive).

16:55 Realize that my body didn't relax as much as it does on MDMA.



17:03 Have been drinking water all through this. Peed. Urine flow not as strong as usual, not as satisfying as usual. In bathroom, some very vague visual traces.

17:10 Slight headache.

17:21 Recurrent thoughts about smoking pot - evidence that the effect of this material is almost gone.

17:53 Thinking about wanting to hang out with significant other - more evidence that I am less "in the present."

17:58 Still feeling a little something, but generally down.

18:10 Feels a little disorienting (dizzy but not bad) while laying down with eyes closed.

18:30 I've been quieter in the conversation, not feeling as connected with others, but that the conversation has changed may also be contributing to my different feelings.

18:50 Feeling a bit more up (nice, normal) maybe because I know I will leave soon. Also there has been a change in the music.

19:30 Smoked MJ. Nice.

Later that night, made love with S.O. twice (very enjoyable) and wanted more (once is usually plenty). Next day, smoked pot again. There seemed to be a glow from the karmine experience yesterday, but not the same kind of glow I associate with MDMA the day after. (Note that the glow is not felt without smoking.)

