

Pharmacology Notes

E

pp 487-602

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Pharmacology Notes E
(1988)

A Bit About This Document:

While undertaking the work of investigating the chemistry and pharmacology of many varied psychoactive substances, Alexander “Sasha” Shulgin kept detailed notebooks. His documentation covered not only on his own personal research, but the research of friends and acquaintances. This book is the start of a new series representing a change of direction, stepping away from his personal work-ups, this book contains only the reports of others. It covers most of 1988.

The Creation of This Document:

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

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

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

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to clarify is the use of the letter “c” with a dash above it (from the Latin word cum, meaning “with”), which had been replaced by “[with]”.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

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

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

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This file listed as Lucy1-15 Date is 1-15-88

Lucy, 125 mic. Sasha and me 7:30 p.m.

Background: Spent most of the day at the Moscone Center at the MacIntosh Computer convention or show or whatever. Almost entirely software, with new big screens. Fun to see. Met Alan and brother Petty, finally caught up with the Tusa's; Castro; sick at home, so I gathered up stuff for him. Feet and legs tired, but good day. Hot bath, and ate some Fritos, so the onset of Lucy is delayed, which is fine with me. Prefer not as fast as it often is. Sasha coming along faster.

Didn't get up to +3 for about 2-1/2 to 3 hours, which was fine, because erotic fooling around was superb and gorgeous and magnif. Sasha full organism one time, myself full incredible organism twice, full technicolor stereo, the second one to Bartok's Concerto for two pianos and percussion -- amazing piece of tremendously forceful music, like a strong, strong painting in modern style, slashing bright lines, box shapes, not lovely, not pretty, not likeable, but oh boy, magnificent! Must have that one on tape.

It was the kind of experience that gives Lucy a good name. Our psyches were as open to each other as they could be; with the closeness and love and sharing of energy -- all being maintained in the consciousness at a level just a microgram short of that which would cause deep tears. It just stayed there, warming the air around us, as it were, and somehow affirming the vitality and balance in our bods.

Talked about the interesting scenario for the future -- the plot of a very simple story, in which a hyper-card type stack gets filled out with recipes, directions and results, all of it being submitted under the name of Algernon Blackwood III (or, in case the original actually left a grandson by that name, something less elaborate) and made available to one of those wonderful outfits full of enthusiasm and new and juicy software, and thus and so is the information suddenly and irretrievably (wow! let's check THAT spelling!!!) launched into the culture and into the world. Possible title: Catalyst Program.

We watched the Des Moines, Iowa, panel of Democrats, well knocked Babbitt and Gebhardt out, and left Hart, Dukakis and Simon in. Jackson, of course, remains where he always was. Then, the Ballet Trocadero de Monte Carlo, which I've been longing to see for years. I laughed myself to total helpless whimpering.

Now, at around 6 a.m., with rain pattering outside (well, slightly stronger than a patter), I've been watching the incredible views from the train called the train called the "Glacier Express," on Discovery channel. Wondering about the form that the eternal duality, if you want to call it that, takes in Switzerland, where if you want to call it that, takes in Switzerland, where everything is incredibly neat and beautiful. Is the balance found mostly in the winters and the killing avalanches? Or is it between the people, as it is everywhere else? There's a stern quality in the Swiss life -- a strictness which doesn't like to yield to creative flow and change. Maybe it becomes stricture and causes friction.

A thought. A thought to follow next time. There's the possibility that with death, we return to the center of what we are, and the art form which was our human personality becomes part of the record forever but is not seen again in human life, of course. Then what happens to the "me" that I am, and the "me" that is Sasha, and Helen and Mandy and all the people we love? Are we lost? The question is meaningless, because whatever we are is what the center or Source of us is, and what we become and the way we evolve is what our center/Source becomes and how it evolves, because we and it are the same. There is loss in the life that identifies

itself as something existing sequentially; there is no loss in the reality which lies behind all sequence. BUT....

Don't forget, say I to myself, that I create my universe, just as I am created by it. Therefore, somewhere there is also another way of doing things, just the way I want them done, right? Of course. There's room for anything. As long as it works.

I think it's time for eggs and toast. And then sleep.

Later Note: Above ruminations only barely touched upon, and will be dealt with further at a later time.

Sleep was attempted at around 6 a.m. and I ran into problems. While Sasha had a bit of darting, I experienced something quite annoying and even nasty -- an experience exactly like being hit by a fist in the eye, only without any pain. All the shock present, though, and the bright light. It happened, all of a sudden, in the middle of early attempts at dreaming. First time actually had a dream of somebody hitting me in the head with his fist (looked like George C. Scott), but subsequent ones were without preliminary warning dream sequences. Finally, I asked Sasha for some phenobarb, and he had 100 mgs., thank heaven. However, I made the mistake of trying to sleep again before 1/2 hour, even though Sasha said it takes 1/2 hour for phenobarb. to 'be effective. Stupid thing to do, and I suffered two more hits in the head as a result. Finally got up, a bit upset, and stayed up for 20 minutes or so. Then, when I went back to bed, all was calm and I slept perfectly well the rest of the night. Reason for super-sensitivity: previous week's greed and idiocy. Okay, okay.

Today, felt fine and good humored. Zole Abrego visited, quite disturbed and unhappy about Arizona situation. I didn't feel at all like visitors, but it turned out perfectly okay, and I was glad to see him. No apparent hangover and my memory isn't worse than usual, and it didn't affect me, affect me, affect me..... No, seriously, folks. No apparent effect. There must be a name for the hit in the head, but I can't think of exactly what it is in any case, although it's not the kind of thing to be encouraged, it's interesting.

Final Note following Monday: Not being inclined to develop negative expectations. I took an experimental 150 mgs. of Freddie tonight. Results: very mild effect. Not euphoric. Okay, but obviously a waste of time to take more. Will abstain from Fred for quite a while and recapture original sensitivity. Obviously the Lucy has an effect on the Fred. About +1.5.

2C-B - new entry.

Friday, January 29, 1988

2C-E, 25 mgs., Sasha and me, 7:15 p.m.

After a day at work on Lawrence Rad. Lab. for Sasha and reading and catching up on sleep and doing Lecture 4. It's been a busy week and our first bounce in just about that long.

Sasha had slight chills for a bit. more like Lucy than this, but okay after lying down in the warm bedroom. Took a while to get over the mountain, but once it was launched, ahhhh - yes. Also a delightful climb for me, listening to Janacek's opera, ?Janufa? or something like that. Wonderful music.

Also superb gossip, limited but good. Ricaurte and Peroutka. Discussion of the fact (probability) that I won't be working again with Sandra, partly because after Pihkal will be Son of Pihkal, and so on and so forth. Good evening, good relaxation from life in the fast lane. Bond man. Cute. Gorgeous legs.

Saturday, January 23, 1988 4:50 p.m. Sasha and me

Lucy, 125 mic.

Nice day, very busy with lab stuff, watching C-SPAN, Helen Caldicott, wonderful and moving; Brian Lamb two superb interviews, author of "Amusing Ourselves to Death," about television and it's effect on etc., and newsman Jeff Greenfield. Actually intelligent people.

Now shortly after midnight, and on our way to bed, slowly. This amount was good +3, with great erotic for both of us, and then some intensive reading. Call from Luke W. to whom I'm supposed to be writing a long-overdue letter. At the moment, have had enough for the moment of everything, and it's time to go to bed. Am utterly without inspiration or desire to experience it. Am completely without any sense of genius, or any interest in being the genius I undoubtedly am, usually. Sort of, anyway. Am feeling to utmost nebbishness, and I don't care. Tomorrow's another day. Yawn.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: February 5, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:15 a.m. Peggy takes 18 m.g., Fred 20 m.g. 2C-T-7, Comes on slowly. I sit in sun, go into meditation. Feels good, but feel very heavy weight, extreme tiredness. I like this, so continue for long time. Peggy lays still on couch, very pleasant ascent. After an hour, I lie down. Going becomes very sluggish; feels like I need to double dose but remember slow rise and decide to wait to two hour point before supplementing. Intensity increases so that at two hours, am well into experience, no need to supplement.

Peggy is encountering her shadow, has extreme bout with jealousy. Is very hard work for her, but she applies herself vigorously to it. I follow Raul's suggestion, "Let the No-Self experience Fred." Feels very good-relaxing, opening. Feel very good about the Yucatan trip with Raul, but am at a loss to explain the extreme heaviness and tiredness. Am content to work through it, not encountering the uncomfortable, unpleasant feelings as in the past. Am content to let experience unfold, keeping the mind still, remaining centered, not directing or thinking.

After two hours, well into the experience, I decide to look around. I sit down by Peggy to look at her, wanting to see the beauty I saw on New Year's Day and haven't been able to recreate since. I watch her, but she gets uncomfortable, prefers to work alone, so I leave her. We are content not to have music. There is no closeness between us but I feel it will come as we work off our load.

12:30 p.m. Quite intoxicated, a full +3, yet easy to get around, do tasks like feed Spatz. I make an honest assessment of myself, see myself clearly. See that I am still doing to Peggy lots of things I complain about her doing to me. Also, see her deep discontent because I am an inadequate lover. AM extremely puzzled why after a particularly wonderful lovemaking session last night I awoke so tired. Have no explanation, but know that I have to do something to use the energy differently. Also Quest's stay last night was very heavy. We didn't seem able to generate much light. (He had brought a nephew to look at the property he is buying and stayed over night.)

Lie down again with music. Become engrossed with being as still as possible. Have feeling that if can be totally, completely still, will hear the inner voice of the universe. As I do this, the music becomes incredibly beautiful. See the extraordinary importance of simply listening, listening to everything-people, nature-with wide open receptivity. Something very, very special happens at the still point, so I keep working on it. When I become totally still, a huge burst of energy is released. It explodes so that it takes enormous effort to quiet it all down to be still again. Great fun. In the stillness, I feel in contact with my inner Self, a most wonderful feeling. I look around, enjoying Myself. Feels good to like myself. See that whatever I give my attention to will unfold in depth. I look at ceiling fan. The gold fixture becomes incredibly beautiful. But feeling not quite whole-hearted. Something somewhat missing. Must be sure Inner Self is completely cooperating, not just pushing from surface.

Am now feeling quite good, finding experience enormously fruitful, valuable, necessary, and enjoyable. Peggy is having a very rough time, encountering more of her dark side than she has ever allowed herself in the past. She prefers to work

alone, finding my comments not helpful. I continue to lay back and enjoy the experience, feeling much more kindly toward Peggy. I have opened up the living room daybed, hoping she will feel like lying beside me, but she prefers to be alone on the sofa.

Peggy calls my attention to a very bright light up on the hill. We look through the binoculars. I believe that it is Gabe and Shirl's house. The bright sunlight reflected from it looks like a call from God. Shirl has been very ill, close to dying, and Gabe has been deteriorating rapidly and becoming harsh in his treatment of Shirl. (These are two of Dr. Kempinski's closest followers, and have chosen to live on the hill near him.) They have lived in great hardship with bitter cold, their pipes frozen, and often no electricity. I have felt guilty putting many of our own things first since our return before going to see them. I see the light as beckoning signal to visit them. However, Peggy is in no shape to go, and my first responsibility is to her and helping her get back into a good space.

Quincy comes by for about 20 minutes, and we have a good visit with him. We discuss Peggy and Shirl, and he offers to make a radio available for contact if they will use it. We handle his visit very well.

I am now getting more and more into a supramental space, thinking more and more clearly. I think about Shirl and the fact she may be dying, and if there is any comfort from having friends around. I put myself into the position of dying alone. I see that all that matters is how I stand with my inner self; I feel very good about this and it would make no difference where I died. In fact, it is all mine anyway. Her inner standing is good, and I felt better about not going up, although I could see that companionship would be appreciated. It also felt good spending some time contemplating her and appreciating the goodness of her being. I have no idea what effect this has on the other person, but I felt a lot better. (I went up to see them the next morning and found that Shirl had recovered enough for them to take a trip to Baja for a month, and that they had left the day before this experiment. So much for vision of God calling.)

I move into an exalted space, and tremendously enjoy the rest of the day. It is fabulous to just sit and look at the mountains and let the Great Realizations pass through my mind. Again it is clear I need not take undue responsibility for anyone, as everyone has as much as they want by looking to the Source. They need only ask. It is clearer than ever that the most important thing we as humans can do is to get in touch with our Inner Knower and maintain that relationship.

Once more I have the experience that having found this place, writing becomes unimportant, but the important thing is to BE, to become what we are able and live it, and others must find out for themselves. I suppose I have not yet realized this at a deep enough level, for today it seems important to reduce these experiences to writing for whatever future purpose. I see clearly that as humans we are barely above the animal level and still beset with many primitive characteristics, for which the main cure is the steady and constant application of good will and loving kindness. The important thing is to learn how to stay tuned into this level where all of this is so obvious, and love and kindness and understanding and compassion are perfectly natural.

4:30 p.m. Still feel at height of experience. Realized I have paid no attention to the prostate problem. I lay down and look at it. Feel enormous tension in that area, feel my problem arises from the way I push myself around, placing stiff demands, causing things there and elsewhere to harden up. I realize that I can open to the light, and reach that place of utter listening. Feels very healing. I think about healing others, and see that it is a false trap in which I could get very

egotistically involved. The important thing is for others to learn how to heal themselves.

We retire early. Peggy still battling feeling of not completely working though her stuff. I feel a most remarkable, valuable day, essential for us to have this experience together, just the two of us.

The next day some languidness, a feeling of an unresolved area, but much euphoria, well-being, sense of having rejuvenated my body.

Today, two days later, remarkable clear, full of energy. Marvelous being with Peggy during the night, outstanding love making, awoke with greater clarity, energy, and fullness than in a long time.

When I finished this report the first time through, felt very tired, restricted, as tough walls have closed in on me again. Lay down to consider what has happened. Does writing channel and restrict the energy, putting it in a neat package so the life is removed from the experience? This is the way I felt. Looking deeper, I realized that I had not really set my intention about writing. Therefore I was not drawing on the help of the deeper self. In fact, I saw quite a bit of self-hatred in the writing, very much as Jennifer can't stand to hear the recordings of herself in the Bart mode. I saw that I really want to write and enlisted whatever help is available. The restricted feeling went away, and I have proof-read and edited this report feeling great.

Saturday, February 20, 1988

This is a report on the combination of MDMA with 2C-D. Or, to be exact, the following of MDMA with 2C-D. I've tried this duo several times, and will describe the effects.

After taking the usual amount of MDMA, whatever that happens to be (mine is usually 150 mgs.) and either following it with a supplement, or not, 2C-D can be taken at a very low level (I have used 10 mgs. And once, 20 mgs.), at about the time the MDMA drop-off begins. Or later, if desired. My experience has been that the low 2C-D, which works very well at 10 mgs., allows the general state of consciousness alteration and the state of smooth energy to continue, with only the slightest change in the quality of the experience. There is a distinct effect from the 2C-D, and if you pay attention, it's not hard to distinguish its effects from those of MDMA, as the 2C-D tends to increase sensitivity to color and light. But the psyche seems to respond to it as if it were pretty much a continuing MDMA state, although with a faint mellowness added. The effects last for around three more hours, sometimes four, but sleep is possible within 2-1/2 to 3 hours after the ingestion of the 2C-D. The level of effect is usually felt to be around a +2 or slightly higher. Very pleasant.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: February 13, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Quest Bilden, Richie Pardue, Peggy and Fred

9:16 a.m. All take 2C-T-7; Richie takes 23 m.g., all others 20 m.g. Comes on slowly, develops gradually. Fully into it by two hours. Greatly enjoy special music of Richie's. All have very enjoyable ascent, very much enjoy the experience, like this material.

11:58 a.m. I have been feeling very sluggish, take 5 m.g. more. Helps some, not completely. I have strong feeling it is the heavy psyches of the other participants that I feel, but cannot understand or resolve. Am aware of my judgementalness, might be cause of discomfort.

1:08. Richie decides he wants to try more. Take 8 m.g. I have not intended to add, but Quest decides on 5 more, and I have overwhelming desire to join, so I also take 5 m.g. more. Peggy joins with 3 more.

We all feel increased energy from supplement. A lot of my sluggishness is eroded, and I experience some beautiful spaces. Do not hold them, keep moving in and out of uncomfortable zones, but experience continues to get better and better. All the others in great space, thoroughly enjoying the experience, getting much rejuvenation.

3:30 p.m. We visit the property Quest is buying, Richie driving. Encounter two Three Mountain people who are neighbors, introduce them to Quest and Richie. All goes well. I am aware of all the negative aspects of Quest's move, but as he looks around, everything is reaffirmed in his mind, so I completely support him. His view is magnificent. I reach height of experience as we sit under a large willow tree where a small stream is whispering to us. It's the cleanest, most unobstructed perception I have ever had, and I am overcome by realizing the amount of energy that continually enfolds us and manifests around and through us, and how unlimited is the power of mind when we become free.

We end up the day beautifully in very close harmony. Has been a very rewarding day for bot Quest and Richie, who dropped heavy loads. Peggy had an excellent, enjoyable day, free of the shadow effects she experienced the week before.

I had the greatest realization lying in bed two mornings later, when I felt I thoroughly understood all the different dynamics that had produced my discomfort. Had some important realizations making it easier to be closer to Peggy. Saw mu sensitivity to pain, which others often interpret as judgmentalness on my part. I see this as their own unwillingness to experience their pain, although I mut be careful that I do not form judgments. Part of the problem with Richie is that our dynamics are similar enough that some of the pain I was experiencing was my own, and for a while they were tied together so closely that I didn't understand them. As I resolved my own pain, I saw his more clearly. Cleared this up on the phone with him several days later.

I've had a fascinating aftermath from this experience. Felt the experience had reached deeply into my body, yet was not tired. Have felt much different deep down, more detached, more philosophical. Also more determined to practice good will

on a continuing basis, be more open to others. Am very grateful for this experience, and the blessings of all of us go to the founder.

All agree that T-7 is an excellent chemical. Richie and Quest found it gentle, yet perfectly freeing to examine whatever they wished. Quest invited in the Divine and experienced as far as he cared to go. It worked out extremely well for all of us.

I find myself in the usual paradox of not understanding completely why it was so uncomfortable for so much of the time, yet thoroughly pleased with the overall outcome. I feel that things are continuing to work out better and better all the time.

Ingested @ 3:00PM, significant transition beginning about 3:30. During late transition and continuing for about 30 min, feelings of warmth and euphoria -- No chills during transition, which I do experience in "coaching sessions" -- Following initial euphoria, feelings of physical heaviness and entered a very deep trance period. The deepest I have experienced, during which very early age regression was possible. During age regression trance work I also experienced a completeness of fusion [with] the regression which is unprecedented for me -- possibly due to being alone, possibly the level being 125 rather than 120. Probably both. The physical heaviness and ensuing trance depth I did feel was relaxed to the higher level. My willingness to yield and follow perhaps due to being alone. During the trance, at 3 separate times, I experienced a "bliss state" for several seconds each time, which I haven't previously experienced. After quite some time, probably 1-1/2 hours, more uncovering of family scenes -- childhood abuse in a lighter trance. Very distant, though and visual. Throughout first 3-1/2 hours I was very much aware of my "observer", detached self as a guide, as well as being able to yield to the regression.

Transitioning or lightening began significantly about 6:00PM and began task-oriented endeavors like walking. Transition out was rather gradual and physically noticeable, at one point [with] chills at about 7:00PM. Completely at baseline by 9:00PM. Thank you!

Date: Feb 13, 1988

Time: Morning

Place: High Desert, with three friends.

Set: Spiritual deepening

Material: 2CT7

After taking 20mg 2CT7 we began the wait for the material to take effect by casual conversation. I was told it could take as long as 2 hours to develop into a peak, and would sustain a plateau for several hours before falling to baseline.

Though slight, I felt some alteration within half an hour. Within the hour, I began to feel cold and decided to recline on the couch and cover up with a blanket. My intention was to close my eyes, go within and see if the material might afford a deep penetrating interior journey. As a guide, or otherwise, I have rarely made use of materials in this manner.

I had been reading and thinking a great deal about two books by Bernadette Roberts, "The Experience of the No-Self" and "Path to No-Self," both of which describe life at the center. Though reluctant to admit it, I am not sure I know much at all about so basic a reality. In this journey I wanted to know, be shown, locate, explore my center. I invoked the divine to help me find my center and to recognize him as the life, flame or essence of it. Somehow I wanted Him to identify Himself, show his face.

I initially felt some fear as the material began to feel stronger. I had journeyed every other day for the past week, and though I couldn't imagine being with anyone I would feel safer with, and with whom I would have greater trust, I nonetheless thought I could be pushing myself too much and I might be in for a bad time of it.

The fear dissolved into the gentleness of the state. My fears were unfounded and I began to be swept into a place and a feeling of bliss. The place was distinct from the bliss, though I am at odds to describe it. I continued to ask the divine to reveal himself, to recognize the center within me, but I was given only bliss and could scarcely stop the tears which threatened to inundate me.

There began to appear amid the clutter, or rather behind the constantly changing clutter a bright blue-white light. I did not recognize it as a divine manifestation but felt it capable of heralding some greater capability of seeing.

I was very reluctant to leave my reclining position, but did so as the others were up and about. The two and a half hours had gone by more rapidly than ever before. I stood up feeling amazingly refreshed and cleansed. We all went outside into the warm sunshine, and before long we were into biography and ideas. I was able to participate from a place of love and a great deal of euphoria, dropping my desire to continue the inward journey with total and complete abandonment.

Fred asked about dosage. A kind of enthusiasm built up for going a little higher and I decided to increase by 5mg (Total 25). After perhaps an hour I was in a state which had the best characteristics of Adam, 2CB, 2CT2, LSD-25, but not mescaline or the mushroom. I did not have visuals, and there wasn't any of the driving power of LSD. Everything was immensely beautiful but unchanged. To keep from crying, I did not dare to think about how much I loved Fred, Peggy, and Richie. I just looked without going into it.

I originally felt 2CT7 was too much for a beginner, with no other experience, and over 30 years old. But the gentleness, combined with richness of experience, euphoria, and wide spectrum of possibility cause me to offer an opinion of suitability with no previous ecstasy and psychedelic experience.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: February 28, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Dr. Vaughn Engley, April Vanyo, Quest Belden, Peggy, and Fred

Background: Dr. Engley is a Gnostic bishop and extremely well-informed lecturer on all aspects of Gnosticism, mystical experience and history, philosophy, and psychology. April is his companion. They have experimented numerous times with both Pegasus and fairly large doses of DVC. They have become fairly well acquainted with Quest and have journeyed with him.

8:57AM All take 2C-T-7, Peggy 18mg, all others 20mg. Comes on slowly, smoothly, everyone in good space. By one hour, is well developed and in two hours, quite intense. Vaughn finds it different than what he is used to and needs to do some adjusting. Finds it gentle and smooth. I have excellent development, feel very good energy in the group, get into good place free of any draggy effects. All the others having excellent experience. Quest and Peggy enjoying very much. Vaughn communicates very little about what goes on in him. He and April spend time together, walking outside even though it is stormy and blustery.

11:53AM April, Quest, and Vaughn take 5mg more of 2C-T-7. Peggy and I feel our dosage level is adequate. Experience deepens for us all. Vaughn appears to be dealing with a lot of issues but never shares. Despite appearing strained and deeply involved most of the time, he says he is very much enjoying the experience. I have some talks with April, and she is extremely insightful and profound. She speaks directly from the universal level; she is very dedicated and wise. She is extremely aware of the potential of the occasion, and reminds us that we can choose to use the time very intentionally. She very gently reminds both Quest and me that we would do well to acknowledge ourselves more, claim our worth.

We take a walk outside despite the cold wind. The outdoors is magnificently beautiful. I see Vaughn very much as a powerful old sea captain, very much in command of his ship. I am strangely drawn to the big flat rock that I like near the sweat lodge and have a very profound experience there.

Back in the house, we lie down and listen to Dvorak's Cello Concerto. It is magnificently beautiful, and we are all moved. I lie by Peggy, and move into a wonderfully euphoric state, very much enjoying our closeness. I think of Sonny Levert, the Buddhist teacher, and am very moved. Also reminded of the focus we learned with him. I realize I have not directly focused on the central Source and despite the great joy I am feeling with Peggy, tear myself away to sit and meditate and turn my attention totally on the Inner Self. This is extremely rewarding, and I find resolution to a vexing problem that had cropped up recently with a friend and neighbor. I feel very strengthened by the group and have learned a great deal about maintaining my center.

April is feeling some bodily discomfort on descent. This is a common problem with her, although she does not feel as wiped out as with Pegasus. We give her a massage, and then later a focusing session. She is fighting a deep pain and has a hard time letting go. Her resistance to it is powerfully mobilized, and I sense only a little bit of release. We are hopeful that the focusing technique and some suggestions Quest made will help her work through this on her own.

We end the day sitting delightfully around the fireplace, enjoying some soup and salad, and exploring various philosophical topics. Vaughn has become much more conversant, and we enjoy exploring many issues. I find my energy level much better than during any recent experience, and we enjoy talking until bedtime. It is a great joy to explore issues with informed people, and many insights surface.

The next day, everyone seems to have benefited a great deal from the experience. Vaughn is in a very expansive mood, although still not willing to share anything personal. April is tired. We maintain an excellent level of discussion, and feel very close to each other. Vaughn likes the T-7 very much. Feels it allows you to explore any area that the DVC does, but you have to work at it, using volition, whereas the DVC drives you into the places to explore. Everyone is very pleased with the experience. Both Peggy and I found our dose level quite adequate and most worthwhile.

Report of IL (name) Age Date 2.19 Compound 2CT2 Dosage 12-1/2 Time started 530 Supplement - at - hoursPHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

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

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

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

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

Expectation of new insights. Some irritation because of absence of wife.

CHANGES*

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

OTHER COMMENTS:* Very long-lasting. Visual effects persisted for approx. 9 hours, although major effects ended in about 7 hours.

Report of FN (name) Age Date 2.18.88 Compound 2CT2 Dosage 12-1/2 Time started 530 Supplement - at - hoursPHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

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

DEGREE OF INTENSITY

(See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

Would you do again? (circle) YES NO Same dose ✓ 30% More ✓ 30% less

PRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

Excitement + eager anticipation

CHANGES*

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

Renewed understanding of my path + it's good!

OTHER COMMENTS:*

In haste (so what else is new?) more later.

3/9/88

F-40 plus F-50

63 year-old woman with a lifelong history of depression. She has experienced a number of losses in her life that have not been fully grieved including the loss of her husband 4 years ago, the death of her dog, mastectomy of the right breast with complications from radiation treatment and implant of a pace maker to correct a long term arrhythmia that failed to respond to medications.

The patient has always enjoyed the uplifting experience of amphetamines and before the pace-maker could not risk taking them for fear of exacerbating her arrhythmia. She reports always being able to surmount her depression and feel better with "uppers."

Initial dosage was limited because of the unknown territory of the patient. Pulse rate and heart beat normal at start of session.

Patient began to experience some hot flashes that she reported felt like a "niacin rush" and began to experience some difficulty with her vision that lessened with the removal of her eyeglasses. There were no visual distortions, some dizziness with a slight tremor in her hands. Pulse beat and heart rate were constant and patient reported increased energy which lasted from the afternoon session throughout the evening and she was gratified to regain some of her former energy and to utilize it to finish some projects.

It was difficult to stay still for a long period of time, and she developed an appetite during the session. This is directly attributable to her low blood sugar, and the intake of food alleviated the dizziness.

Patient feels that this course of treatment is a blessing and expressed the desire for follow-up sessions.

Saturday, March 12, 1988 DOET, 6mg Sasha and Ann

This is TWP's birthday. Must phone him this evening.

We are taking urine samples during this day's experiment, for purposes which I'm sure were clear to me -- sort of -- an hour ago, but not at the moment. That's okay. As long as I remember to pee in a beaker.

We took this at 10AM. My first alert in 15 minutes. Now, at noon, it's a rolling +3+ and it was +3 since about twenty minutes ago, if not more. So scratch that business of it takes three hours to come on. You can go shopping for the first 45 minutes, then you'd better come right home.

Ted's acute distress call. Told him to start making phone calls.

Hal Lindsay's wonderful Christian program on the radio. New weapon, a la Tesla. We are doomed. Gorgeous. He all but said that the liberals in Congress and the "liberal media" are agents of the Soviet Union, each and every one. Love him. He makes my Saturdays. (Among other things, he goes to prove that you can be a dumb-dumb and write a best-seller, so there's hope for me.)

Analysis of DOET, so far. The transition feels for all the world like what I think of as the indole effect. "Old-fashioned" psychedelic. By which I mean what? That it kind of hits you over the head. Things wave and weave around, there's a feeling of what might be translated as "heat" in the body, or "hot" energy. Rocking in place is comfortable. Anything which is distracting is comfortable. Thinking is fine, but the body and the psyche are being slightly bezonkered, and I suppose that I've reached a stage of sophistication or something where I find this more annoying than fascinating. However, it's basically enjoyable. (This is what is known as being spoiled rotten.)

The difference between this effect and the effect of 2C-B? Worlds of difference. 2C-B is interior. This is more externally experienced. I mean, mind and psyche being interior and the body energy, the nervous system, being exterior, for the sake of this comparison. You can do intensive and clear-minded therapy work with 2C-B, and I wouldn't begin to try with this. This, like any old-fashioned powerful psychedelic, is fine for cosmic games, but not controllable and clear and quiet enough for personal therapeutic work.

Okay. Now 3:30AM. The duration of this material is supposed to be 16 hours. Well, waddyaknow -- I'm still +3. At least, it's down from +3+. We've had a wonderful time watching half of "Ruthless People," all of "Some Like It Hot," and assorted other nonsense, eating soup and bread and crackers. I am now fighting a future headache, and I think we'll rescue the rest of this by going to bed and enjoying some straight you know what. Uncomplicated bounce. Not very bouncy, really. Quiet bounce.

Good night. I think. Until next time, anyway. (S:) A good compound but lacking that simple erotic push that a truly great compound would have shown. Ah, well, next time with maybe another oxygen out on the beta position, or something like that. Quiet bounce, indeed. But that's what keeps the laboratory humming. Beta oxygen it will be, then.

Me, again. Well, the evening isn't over yet, so let's not decide what kind or height of bounce will have happened yet. If you see what I mean.

6AM Well, we both finally managed to focus a persistent diffuse eroticism into relatively quiet little orgasms. I found mine deliberately -- instinctively, I should say -- brought up short, with the sense that full bore would have been too much of a drain on the system.

My eyes quite puffy, also like another (indole) response. Not a bother, though. Eyes closed visuals absolutely wonderful, clear and crisp and richly colored (for me). Very, very reminiscent of indole effects, in patterning against white ceiling, etc., visual changes, and some of the nervous system sensitivity. Right now, for instance, I am up because of unease with sleeping. Have to keep balancing carefully. Several little auditory hallucinations, interestingly enough. Nice ones, though. But interesting nevertheless. Arrhythmia pronounced, annoying, so will wait a while before sleep attempt again. Sasha is sleeping gently, his face completely beautiful in the early morning light.

It's been a wonderful day. But this is not the easiest material to deal with, because for me, it's obviously going to be a 24 hour stretch, and I would sort of like to have a full Sunday. Ah, well. At least we got some great urine specimens. Jars all over the place!

3PM Sunday. I stayed up for a while until around 6AM, not too anxious to try sleeping again, then Sasha got up and fixed me 100mg phenobarb. It did the trick magnificently. Deep, satisfying sleep with no guarding, and the arrhythmia simply didn't return at all. I think the pulse irregularity was part of nervous system hypersensitivity (wonderful how these long words roll off the tongue) and the phenobarb. was perfect. Had only about 4 hours total sleep, and my energy is very good indeed. Good humor today and no feeling of deficit.

Next time, wouldn't mind either 5mg or, for an experiment which would be expected to be powerful, go up to 8mg.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: March 4, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participant: Belle Ollhoff, Peggy and Fred

Background: Belle is a lovely Canadian woman in her early sixties who works for the Three Mountain Foundation, and is also in a group with us that meets weekly at the Nazar's. Hearing the result of Hattie Stile's experience, she asked if she could have one also.

9:09AM Belle and Peggy take 120mg each of Pegasus, I take 12.5mg of 2C-T-2. Peggy begins to feel in 30 minutes, Belle comes on slower. Becomes nauseous, pale. After throwing up slightly, she looks better. Feels the energy come on stronger, pretty well in at one hour, not completely comfortable. Feels resistant to letting go, aware of the uncertainties and disorderliness of her life. She hopes to get some insight as to what to do with her life.

10:43AM. Belle takes 60mg supplement of Pegasus, Peggy takes 40mg. She feels the new material coming on and it feels better.

Belle longs for new male partner. She reviews her marriage of 14 years, and a more recent relationship. Jules in Canada. Although she found Jules had many shortcomings and left him, she continually referred back to him. I suggest that perhaps there is something unsettled which pulls her back; I give her a chance to speak any previously unspoken feelings. Doesn't get into too deeply; continues to discuss him much the rest of the day.

She has been a librarian in Canada and had responsible positions. Felt crushed because of inability to deal with superiors to effect important procedures, especially for recognizing employees' worth and allowing their development. Has left a bad taste; doesn't want to return to this work. She has agreed to work at Three Mountain until the end of the year, where she loves the community life. I question her on what she really wants.

We listen to Niles Deiter's tape Sounds of the Shaman, and we all find it very moving. I greatly admire his tenacity in holding a space for others, and am inspired to do likewise. Feels very good and interiorly strengthening.

2:24PM Peggy and Belle feel coming down, and suggest another supplement. Belle wants very much to keep working. We all three take 6mg 2C-T-2. We begin to feel soon. Peggy feels it takes her out of the wonderful centered space of Pegasus. She has been having a very excellent experience, very glad to get back to this substance, and finds it very cleansing. The centering returns later. We are all very much surprised at the tenacity of the 2C-T-2 supplement, for it keeps us all working and well energized the rest of the day to bedtime.

3:30PM We go for a walk, finding outdoors extremely beautiful. We spend time at the big rock, and I find the T-2 remarkably satisfying and beautiful. It had been a while since I had experienced it so graciously, and at this point felt it to be fully as satisfying as the T-7, with its own special characteristic of a kind of strength and beautiful peacefulness (the people?). I continue to ask Belle questions about what she really wants. She has some ideas about a cosmetic business. Whenever she looks at something, she begins to make excuses. I ask her if

she thinks she deserves worthwhile things (she mentioned liking good clothes), and she feels it's not fair for her to have them while others starve, or it's too materialistic. I verbalize that it appears to me she is missing the real issue, not caring to face the work and effort that achieving material things require. I feel, but do not verbalize, that she has a very difficult time mobilizing energy for worthwhile goals. She said that she wants to be taken care of, as her parents did a very good job of doing.

On wanting a male companion, I played the role of the universe, seeing clearly what she wanted in the way of a partner. I asked her what she would do to entice me to join her. I feel that she has looked at her previous relationships one-sided, not examining what she could do for her partner, and hoped she would come to some realization of this on her own.

Back at the house at sunset, we listen to part of the Berlioz Requiem. I have never heard it so beautifully, and was very deeply moved. Belle is finding out a great deal about herself, and particularly observing her deep resistances and ways of putting herself down. It is very revealing, and she works very gamely at resolving these things.

The next morning, she looks great, and is feeling good energy. She wants to repeat the experience. She was surprised to discover the depth of her negativity, but she seems well out of it, and has her group to support her.

I feel extremely well the next day, feel that we did very worthwhile work, and that I functioned with considerably clarity and sensitiveness. My only concern was whether I had gone too far in asking questions to get her to look at her own functioning, and therefore spend too much time in the negative. It was not possible for her to stay focused on anything positive for very long. Her response since the experience has indicated that she has learned a lot, clarified her thinking, is and continuing the exploration of understanding herself with enjoyment.

All in all, a very worthwhile, hard working session. The 6mg of 2C-T-2 seemed quite effective in prolonging the experience, and providing more energy for continued exploration. We all liked it, and I found that it put me into a very fruitful, enjoyable space.

F 150mg + 50mg

HQ

31 year old, white female with previous experience with the territory. Developed self awareness of "all of me" sitting with me seeing all of us in "double-exposure." Worked with merging the two images and reversing the polarity to review the image in negative and developed form. Worked with self-critical voice revolving around clients appearance (body image, hair, and make-up). Voice triggers self-doubt and beating-up of self and then acceptance.

Explored double-bind and schizophrenic pattern in family. Client let go expectations of receiving from parents what they are not capable of giving, and her need to pick friends who are as critical of self and the world.

People are selected and labeled. Worked with changing labels and/or eliminating them. Soft side enhanced. Client used mirror to notice difference in muscle tone, eyes. Self-awareness of more softness and a gentle-loving side that is fearful of being hurt.

Placed the ego on the shelf. No need to check with KY on how "I am perceived" - see love and caring from KY. Decided to light a candle for the younger self that burns 24 hours a day in perpetuity so that she has a sign to show her the way.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH DVC

Date: March 30, 1988

Place: Slate canyon

Participant: CT, NT, AB, AS, SS, Peggy and Fred

11:10AM All ingest DVC: Peggy 50mg, CT, NT, AB 60mg, Fred 75mg, AS, SS 100mg. We walk into canyon. Beautiful day; canyon is strikingly beautiful. Alive with energy, colors. Amazing how awareness of color, texture, details remarkably heightened. Wonderful to enjoy with close friends. It is so incredibly beautiful, everyone wonders why I didn't take advantage of this means of enhancement previously. I find it quite an eye opener.

Approximately 12:30PM NT takes 20mg more.

My complete appreciation hindered by draggy, doldrums feeling, in spite of emerging into wonderful humor from time to time. I finally break free: see enclosed piece titled "80%". From then on, everything is incredibly beautiful and enjoyable, as it is for everyone.

I see several interesting things about my functioning. Most important is that gratitude and appreciation a marvelous key, capable of overriding disturbing factors. I see my tendency to structure experiences into particular frameworks, often preventing the awareness of the full dimensions of what things inherently are. Also, I get bound by habit. This experience a great teacher in reaching out to new dimensions, new possibilities. Found SS's comments on continuing to be an explorer very apropos.

Toward end of day, moved into place of wonderful peace, beauty, and profound vision, every instant absolutely delectable. This was no doubt one of the most dramatic and enjoyable days of my life.

Next day, I went back into the canyon to retrieve my camera. As I looked around and enjoyed being there, I felt I had left the camera on purpose to insure my return. I spent the better part of the day reliving the perceptual aspects of the experience (not nearly as dramatic as the previous day, yet with quiet absorption with a particular feature could almost bring back that state) and wandering around simply drinking in the surroundings. Kept my head still, and allowed myself to tune into everything around me more completely than I ever have before. Had a beautiful sense of peace and fulfillment; have never enjoyed so much being entirely alone. Explored another canyon, found because of physical tiredness I didn't want to climb as high as I originally intended (about 800 feet altogether, whereas I usually like about 1500 for a complete workout). Felt that I could never be lonely again. Not that I wouldn't miss my family and friends, but that I would always be able to find this place of peace.

This first day after the experience, I felt remarkably whole, alive, clear, and full of energy. The next day I was very tired, and very disappointed to see how tired and stiff I was from hiking. (Signs of getting old!!) However, the following day I was all clear and full of life and energy once more. Surmised that the two heavy experiences in a row had released a lot of repressed toxic material which takes the body a while to discharge.

On Saturday afternoon following, taking a walk, was amazed at how I intuitively picked a way down a treacherous rocky slope with no fear or concern or stopping to figure out where to put my feet. Moved quickly, confidently. Thinking about it, realized that this awareness was the result of the time spent simply steadily gazing at reality--just being with my surroundings. While it appeared nothing was happening, was actually opening the way more completely to inner self.

Also confirms times I have been in meditation, feel that good is being done for the world without any way to know if anything worthwhile is really happening. If this process of simply attending to what's real can intuitively and spontaneously improve my functioning, there is a good possibility that my feelings of empowering people in the world may also be real.

Now almost a week later, I feel that there has been a wonderful and significant impact from these two experiences. I have lost almost all my compulsiveness, enjoying simple tasks like household chores more than ever. Have a feeling of being at peace with myself, and at one with my surroundings on a more continual basis than ever before. Much more comfortable around other people, particularly those whom I previously felt had serious problems. Around some people, it is a great joy to simply be with them. Good awareness level, energy level. Still wonder why I get so tired during the night and need so much sleep, but the tiredness is washed away in spending close communal time with Peggy.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 345

Date: March 28, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: CT, NT, AB, AS, SS, Peggy and Fred

9:31AM All ingest 345 as follows: Peggy 200mg; AB 250mg; CT and Fred 300mg; NT 350mg; AS and SS 400mg. We sip in grapefruit juice over approximately 1/2 hour. Develops slowly, nicely. Only very slight twinge of nausea. Good feeling.

10:59AM AB, Fred each take 50mg more. Continues smooth development, very little discomfort. Outdoors, mountains, sky, landscape very beautiful. I feel much bound by the energy field of the participants, indisposed to look inside or to get into broad conceptual thinking I often enjoy. Feels very body. No imagery, eyes open or closed.

Talking to SS, cannot articulate clearly, slightly ill at ease in verbalizing conjectural concepts, as though space I am in or SS's perception makes me doubt soundness of concepts. Spent a good length of time conversing with AB. Enjoyed our discussion very much and the chance to know him a great deal better.

As day progressed, warmth and bonding with all members of the group continued to grow. Very enjoyable, wonderful to be with other participants and enjoy different activities with them. Many interesting topics of conversation. I have felt more at ease throughout the day than with any previous group experiment.

Next day, felt very strong, centered, peaceful. Body felt wonderful. No special change in ideation, although learned a great deal from various conversations.

Wednesday, March 30, 1988

Lone Pine, California

Brandts, Tusa's, AB and us

On Tuesday, when the group came back from their afternoon exploration of the newly discovered Slate Canyon (ah, the dull names that hide the mostest glory). Sasha informed me, "I'm afraid we won't be going to Death Valley tomorrow; we've got the most beautiful place you've ever laid your eyes on to explore instead," or words to that effect. I was amused at his obvious expectation that I would say NO, NO, a THOUSAND times, NO!!!! The fact was, I was quite prepared for something new, and the stories everyone was telling about this place made it a welcome challenge. I heard about rock falls and small holes that had to be wriggled through with some difficulty, and was wondering if there was going to be a lot of uphill struggle, which I didn't look forward to, because uphill is not my best direction, but I was reassured by everyone, to the point where I felt like everybody's favorite overweight Aunt Annie -- yaaagh!

WEDNESDAY: Sasha weighed out between 60 and 100 mics. of Lucy, the 100 of course being for himself and me, and we set out in two cars for the 30 minute drive to the Wonderful Slate Canyon. The weather was fair but very windy, and we hoped that the canyon would shield us from the blowing. We found a good pathway across the desert to a place where we could park unseen. We imbibed and set out across hills and gullies, stopping every now and then to Ooooh and Aaaah at the barrel cactus in flower and the tiny little purple-and-yellow flowers, and yellow buttercup like flowers, and teensy-weensy mauve flowers, and rocks and rocks and gorgeous rocks. Told ourselves not to pick up anything until on the way out, but it was haaaard.

Finally, we got to the mouth of the canyon, and I began seeing the rather beautiful walls and textures and colors, but I was still adjusting slightly to walking briskly while climbing from plus one to plus three, and was not yet totally at peace. Alan began taking pictures of some of the more outrageous flowers and an occasional magnificent rock, and I took some shots of people -- documentary stuff. "Voila the stoned hikers, bravely braving nature at her most.....etc."

When we came to the first rock-fall, it dawned on me that perhaps nobody was going to be climbing straight up the cliff face, as I had envisioned. The climbing was simply up and amongst a lot of huge boulders bunched up in the riverbed. It would have been relatively simple, except for my efforts to keep my camera from banging. There was a nice sense of being safe, no matter what it looked like, but every one of us was fully as cautious and careful and thoughtful as we would have been at baseline. I thought, many times during that day, of the 1960's, when reports were in the press of people under the influence of "mind-bending" drugs trying to fly out high windows, and all that kind of thing. I cannot imagine a more careful bunch of climbers than we. There wasn't a single moment of carelessness or hastiness, at any time. But boy, was there laughter. We rather easily got into laughing jags, small ones. Small, that is, until Reyna-Bean looked at Sasha (when we had stopped for lunch) who was holding a plastic bag full of chicken which had been roasted in a delicious orange sauce, and he stood there, helplessly, holding out what looked in the sunlight, and through Lucy-eyes, like a bag of utter glop from outer space -- the light and the plastic wrapping combined to make it look like orange slime -- and he said something like, "What am I holding here?" Reyna looked and cracked up, and couldn't stop for a long time. Every time she looked back at Sasha -- who, of course, stood there playing the role of innocent bewildered earthman -- she went into gales again. All of us took second looks at our chicken and of course reacted appropriately to the new vision. Reyna threatened never to pack a picnic again for such a group, then doubled over with more laughter.

To go back to the first rock fall. When we emerged on flat space again, there was a long rock about 15 feet long, jutting out onto the sand, and it was colored delicate green and equally delicate blue, and it was exquisite. Directly behind us was a wall of the canyon which sent out three curtains of rock, like huge drapery, each section a different color. There was a blue drape of rock, a green one, and a lavender one. The group said they hadn't seen those colors the day before, and I guessed that it was the angle of the sun; the day before had been an afternoon sunlight, and this was morning. I was right -- later on in the afternoon light, it was difficult to see the colors. They weren't truly visible again until the sun had set behind the cliffs.

There wasn't a breath of wind. An occasional welcome little breeze, but no wind at all. Over us, against the blue sky, we could catch sight of small white clouds being driven furiously fast by the wind outside. Our magical canyon was warm and lovely and peaceful.

Another rock pile to climb, and this one was a bit harder, but wouldn't have been if I'd not had to protect camera. The climbing wasn't at all difficult, as long as you took your time and were careful, and we were. The canyon kept showing us beauties like huge rocks patterned, faint wine color against grey-green, like mosaics, and sometimes the patterning was blue against grey or green against wine, and the shapes were sometimes classic mosaic shapes -- little and big squares of one color against a background of the other. The slate was a sort of a reddish colored stone, really very pretty, but the walls and fallen stones were so incredibly figured and colored, it was easy to overlook simple slate.

Clare found the first fern fossil. Or, as Sasha says, "fern-like." Could be millions and billions of years old. How long does a fern-like take to become a fossil? Well, anyway, once she'd found the first one, we kept seeing them all over the place. No fossilized hairy mastodons, dammit, but lots of ancient, ancient ferns. Really lovely.

We settled on the place to have lunch back downstream at the long blue-green rock place, since it was the most fantastically beautiful stretch of the canyon we'd seen. It had everything magnificent all lumped together -- jutting rocks and carved walls, patterns and colors. The sun was quite warm and the shade was very cool. We ate and drank with pleasure and simply enjoyed ourselves.

After lunch, some more exploring, but when the sun went behind the top of the rock faces, I told the rest of them I was going to turn around and begin the journey home, picking up rocks as I went. I figured that if the sun went too far down, we wouldn't be able to clearly see the most spectacular patterns any more. So we begin picking up. This delectable canyon is not a Federally or Stately protected whatchamacallit, so collectors like ourselves can haul out anything we want. Clare and I ended up the last ones in line, she with her preclous fern fossils, quite big and heavy ones, and me with my purse carrying probably 40 lbs. (it felt like 100, easily) of can't-live-withouts.

The entire day was magical and full of people giving themselves permission to enjoy, enjoy, which is the best energy in the world to feel and to be companion to.

By the time I reached the car -- Fred having relieved me of my burden during the last agonizing yards -- I realized that, despite my occasional moments of hypochondriasis at home and my anxieties about pulse and strength and all that stuff, I'm as healthy and strong as a horse. Nobody less than healthy could have carried that damned pile of stones that long and far. So that was a nice, matter-

of-fact, amused conclusion I reached while collapsing into the car seat: I'm obviously pretty much okay, physically.

It's only my psyche which is a bloody blasted problem.

Ah, well. What a perfectly wonderful experience! And considering that we'd had an equally wonderful day 48 hours before with the mescaline, we were, you might say, living life to the fullest and not wasting any valuable vacation time while we were here. You might say. And it didn't even feel like an abuse-week! It just felt like a superb use of three days' vacation in a beautiful and well-loved place.

Alan appeared totally at ease, without any dark corners at all, as he'd been during the Monday mescaline, and this was a great pleasure to see.

We reached home just after dark and did our best to put together the matzoh-ball soup, and after that, we all felt ready to go to sleep, even though it was early. So a bit after ten o'clock, having walked the dog Spatzi, wonderful little scrambler-up-rock-falls that she is, we went to bed.

The next morning, it turned out that all three of us female women had had equal trouble getting to sleep. The men didn't seem to share the problem. Clare kept herself entertained with imagery and colors behind the eyelids, but I didn't have a big color display, or wasn't paying sufficient attention to it in my determination to get to sleep. Peggy just said she tossed and turned. At home, of course, I would simply have gotten up and turned on television and radio and thoroughly enjoyed not being sleepy, but in somebody else's house you can't very well go roaming around and turning on televisions, especially since Alan was having to bundle up in the living room again, because the winds had turned icy cold and were wailing around corners. So I turned this way and that and kept bouncing Sasha half-awake and apologizing, and before long, things got fuzzy and I slept.

As we packed to leave the next morning, Sasha and I remarked to each other that what we had hoped would happen had indeed happened; we had taken three days and made it seem like a week of playtime. We felt truly, deeply refreshed and thoroughly pleased with how the time had been spent and the people we'd been spending it with.

Thank you, people and universe!

March 29, 1988

Owens Valley

Notes on yesterday, Monday the 28th. Neil and Clare T., Fred and Peggy B., Alan B. and Sasha and myself, mescaline. S. and I, 400mg; the others between 350 and 200mg. Within two minutes of my sitting down outside with my juice glass containing the mescaline, Clare appeared and said she'd like to get something straight before we went any farther, and then proceeded to explain that she'd caught sight of her name in a letter contained in S.'s green folder, while going through it at S.'s invitation, to find another paper -- and having seen her name, she of course read the rest. I sighed with relief, and explained the whole Fern mess. Everyone else gathered around the table very shortly, and Sasha and I told the story.

Turns out that, not only did Clare not ask to Fern give her the tourmaline, but Fern had offered to let her wear any of the "pretties" during the weekend we all stayed there, and she had worn one of them, but of course put it back "carefully in its little place," before we all left. As for stone eggs, no. She has no need of Fern's stone eggs. On the matter of the stuffed Garfield cat, not only had she not phoned Fern to say that she, herself, had bought her own Garfield, she had never gotten herself a Garfield, had no desire to own a Garfield, and couldn't exactly remember the one at their house. She's not a Garfield addict. She HAD phoned Fern about cats, but only live cats -- Fern's cats, I gather, who weren't well (or one of them wasn't), and no mention of the stuffed kind ever came up in any context.

Not only was Clare believable and making total sense, but she reacted with a minimum of unease or anger at the whole accusation. All of us shared an inevitable sadness and a certain amount of discomfort around the question of whether Fern consciously concocted the whole thing, to discourage Glenn's participation in the group, or whether (even worse) she's disintegrating psychologically and doesn't even know what's real any more.

My letter to Glenn, mailed on Sunday, met with approval from everyone, and by the additional compliment of tears from Peggy, who found it very moving (naturally!).

The rest of the day was simply superb. My 400mg was quite high enough, and a couple of people (I think Fred and Alan) requested an additional 50mg and found themselves at exactly the right place after that. We heated my black bean soup and it seemed to do for everybody, along with Matzohs and some butter and sliced avocado. There was non-stop talking, a lot of laughter and a brief walk into the backyard desert. We occasionally referred to Clare's "kleptomania," and pretty well stayed off the subject of the S's, after the first hour of discussion, not because it was taboo, but because all that could be said pretty much had been said.

Fred told the story of seeing Quincy (their live-on-property hermit), taking his daily walk around the place followed by his big black dog, Dink (?) and, as Fred watched, Dink began being tailed by a coyote. Every now and then, Dink would stop, turn around and glare at the coyote, who would stop, glare back at Dink, and then -- when the dog turned around again -- continue trotting after both of them. Apparently the three unlikely companions walked around the perimeter, almost to Quincy's home, before the coyote decided he'd had enough fun, and disappeared. I love it.

Alan told the story of his own private demon, the fire marshall; we watched the tape I'd brought of Firing Line, with Buckley and his guests, discussing decriminalization of drugs; we enjoyed ourselves and each other, and everyone folded reasonably early. I was quite ready to sleep at 10PM. Unlike the previous night, when sleep was deep and satisfying, last night was not. A bit edgy and

annoyed, with dreams repetitive and aggravating. But not disturbing in any important way.

Today, good breakfast and everyone but me has gone on a trip to a lovely canyon somewhere 30 minutes' drive from here. I really wanted to be alone for a while, and am enjoying doing just exactly that. Sunned half-nekkid out on the back porch and listened to a Las Vegas phone in program discussing drugs, hearing with interest four men saying "legalize them," and a few others saying, "Send the military into those countries that grow drugs and wipe 'em out." High level of intelligence, but wot th'hell. At least, it's obviously no longer unthinkable to discuss legalization. The one question that comes up is: with legalization, you'd still have to have drugs illegal for people under 21 (in some states) or 18 (in others) and most people think that the greatest drug use is in this age-group, so how would you solve the problem by legalizing it for adults? The under-age group would still maintain its illegal sales and wars. That's got to be tackled, in any intelligent discussion of this business.

You might (although this isn't liable to win anyone a congressional seat) consider legalizing drugs for any age over 14. Under that age, very few kids have enough money to be a good market. Or is that just avoiding the obvious? In the ghetto's and housing projects, kids age 8 and 9 are used as lookouts and runners, and make big money. Yet nobody is going to propose legalization for ages 14 plus. It would hit too many fear-buttons. A lot of parents are scared of their children, as it is. A lot of children are hostile and irresponsible. The problem would be diminished, but there would still be a black market for youngsters, at least in the big city ghettos.

Or would there?

Would the big international cartels like Medellin remain in business very long with only an elementary school or young teen market available? And when you talk of young kids being used as lookouts, they're being used for dealers who sell to adults, primarily, not to kids. It's still an adult market, not a kid market. The majority of kids in the country don't have access to that much money and are not running around loose at night in big city streets, banging people over the head for drug money. It's still mainly an adult market and an adult problem.

Tomorrow, we head into Death Valley, with DVC on board. With luck, we'll see many of the wildflowers still around.

We are waiting to find out if Umar M. is going to survive his damaged kidney(s) and the recent surgery.

Am feeling very healthy and okay, although a bit introverted, still, probably because of not having got to serious work on Pihkal in too long. Must do some good heavy editing and rewriting on Psychotherapy of the Future. Either today or very soon. And must continue with Pihkal. Why am I not pleased with what I've got so far? Or am I not? The longer it takes for me to get back to it, the more I have doubts. Answer: get back to it.

Not a cloud on the horizon yesterday. Today, some clouds, but not the required thunderheads. No rain. No rain at all. Return to the desert, I guess.

These three days are going to be a very good break for us. It will seem like a week away, by the time we get back. I'm actually happy to get up early in the morning, here, probably because I'm not immediately confronted by un-done things and piles of stuff which should have been accomplished last year. But even here, there's a

certain amount of grimness, a feeling I should be getting things done which aren't being done. Must stop sitting in this kind of self-negating state. Not good, and not creative. It's bad enough that Sasha has the habit of always feeling he should be accomplishing things; in me, that state of mind creates depression, instead of drive. Doesn't work. Well, we'll see what can be changed.

Note: I should get a copy of "The Gnostic Jung: Seven Sermons to the Dead," by Stephan Hoeller (1982), Theosophical Publishing House, (Quest Original?)

Very interesting and the generally unknown dimension of Jung. Wonder if TWP has a copy?

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-B

Date: April 12, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participant: Fred

11:27AM. Take 20mg tab of 2C-B. Had light breakfast at 9:00AM. Had planned to pursue an ordinary day, doing chores and doing some writing. In about one hour, functioning well but feeling some agitation. Upset that Peggy has typed income tax forms with a poor ribbon so barely legible. Get over quickly, but don't feel like coping with the more complex wrapping up requiring numerous special copies. Peggy leaves for afternoon meeting.

Spatzy wants out; I decide some fresh air would be good. Outside, windy and dusty. Everything looks at absolute worst. Remember Slate canyon experience, begin to look at things with appreciation. Desert plants begin to look unique, special, beautiful. I am soon in good space. Go back inside to write.

Have no feel what to write about. Decide to just go stream of consciousness. Immediately encounter typing problem. Find can type well with only slight concentration, much easier and more accurate than ordinarily. What to write about? My main concern is to feel comfortable. Pain looks like a good subject. I feel it, try to identify it. Desolation? Isolation?

I feel remnants of pain from the kids' visits. Mostly around Jeese. I look at my judgmental reactions to his obnoxiousness. See he is very frightened; I have failed to discern this and reassure him. Much of it comes from being told constantly what to do. Tammie is somewhat guilty. I feel some discomfort with Tammie. Examining this, I find it is my unhappiness with my failure to take a good look at what is going on, take a position on it. I don't like this in others. But do I have a right to tell Tammie what to do, especially when she hasn't asked? Somewhere unconditional love seems to be the answer.

I take time out to lie on the sofa, contemplate love. Focusing here, I get into a much better state, feel more the rightness of things. I feel my judgment toward Tammie and Quinn at their not being real enterprising toward supporting themselves. Wondered where I would be if I had to earn a living at this point. Didn't measure up too well in my own mind. Decided I had the talent to earn some money through writing.

Realized I had a deep hurt inside me over failure to find a publisher for my book. I had been glossing this over. Looking at this, I saw I had a very infantile approach toward writing. Ready to back down at first failure. Professionals train long and hard and have many failures in polishing their art. Decided to write a My-Turn article which would bring in a little remuneration. Decided to work on Drug Problem, this time not to get out anger, but a well thought out piece that might be accepted.

Sat down, started to write. Found myself in space of high energy, ideas flowing freely, good insight, rapid writing. Got inside the user, felt the pain, rejection, hopelessness leading to drug use. If we could only spend money on providing loving support and rehabilitation instead of on a fighting drug army!

Began to get uncomfortable writing. Seems like a trivial way to use these materials. My experience, except for a brief flow of energy, has been shallow, not at all intense. Now I feel my usual procedure -- make this a special day, devote

myself to getting into the highest space and maximizing learning, using this achievement to enhance my day-to-day life -- seems much more appropriate.

Take time out to contemplate. Try to look at what I've written so far from highest view. Think of terrorists. Here I found in myself a readiness to do battle, although basically the root of the problem is similar -- angry, rejected people who have no homeland, sense of worth. Latter seem much more hopeless. Wondered what I would do if I was a hostage. Would I want to live based on releasing more like our captors into the world? And would I have the guts to take a stand on the issue? I'd be the first to go. What can be done about this problem?

Sit on the deck, look around until begin to feel communion. Feel that the best I can do for the terrorists or anyone else is simply hold the highest view, let the healing light pour in to erase the error. This felt extremely good, and I reached the highest part of the experience as I felt this was an exalted enterprise, being willing to be a channel for light to pour into the world. Realized this is what so many of the Buddhists do in meditation, what Sonny Levert meant when he said that if no one wants to go to workshops and learn to meditate, he'll retreat to solitude and continue his own meditation. I felt drawn inside; as I relaxed inward, it became confusing, apparently unproductive. Before I could check this out, Peggy returned, about 4PM.

Peggy seemed very uninterested in my experience and we were edgy with other. But after an hour of talking and taking care of a new gopher hole we settled into good communion. Going for a walk, it was good being together, able to get into some of the good spaces of the last Death Valley trip.

Rest of day almost routine, experience very much over. Felt alert, energized, at peace with doing some unpleasant tasks (clearing out a large accumulation of old, unfilled papers, looking for a lost instruction book). At this point, felt experience was very disappointing. Didn't get into much of anything significant, seemed not an awful lot happened, 20mg dose seemed quite light.

Next day, and up to time of this writing two days later, am amazed at how good I feel. My body seems very clear, hard and trim. I am clear, very energetic, working quite efficiently. Impact of experience was much greater than I thought, and certainly accomplished my goal of renewing my energy and clarity. Feel I learned a good deal more than I consciously apprehended. Right now, life looks extremely good in all dimensions. Am learning to be less affected by Peggy's brusqueness and pay more attention to her welfare.

Report of Q. Bilden (name) Age 57Date 12/13/88 Compound 2CT7 Dosage 20mg Time started Supplement 5mg at - hoursPHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

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

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

	worse -2	-1	0	+1	improved +2
clarity of thought				✓	
flow of insights				✓	
recall of past events				✓	
communication with others				✓	
visual perception				✓	
perception of high order meaning			✓		✓
physical skills					
general feeling tone				✓	
general fears			✓		
energy level				✓	
sense of elapsed time			✓		✓with 5mg supplement
eyes closed imagery	(circle one)		present✓		not present
hallucinations	" "		present		not present✓

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

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

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

See attached paper

CHANGES*

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

Have frequently thought about observations which arose during experience.

OTHER COMMENTS:*

Report of Q. Bilden (name) Age 57

Date 3/28/88 Compound T-7? Dosage 20mg Time started Supplement 5mg at hours

PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

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

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

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

PRESET* Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

Was anxious to participate with friends in the manner they were accustomed to use psychedelics. I wanted to be there for them, tho I had been

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

able to reach a very profound realization of "Sonship with the transcendent Father."

Report of Richie Pardue (name) Age

Date 2-13-88 Compound T7 Dosage 30mg Time started Supplement - at - hours

PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

Check appropriate column:

	<u>none or</u> <u>no change</u>	<u>noticeable</u>	<u>distracting,</u> <u>short-duration</u>	<u>distracting,</u> <u>long-duration</u>
heart rate	✓			
temperature	✓			
perspiration	✓			
nausea	✓			
vomiting	✓			
muscle tensions		✓stomach		
eye darting	✓			
blood pressure	not taken			
other (name)				

DEGREE OF INTENSITY (See description of scale)

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

RATE THE FOLLOWING:

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

OVERALL EVALUATION*

Give brief assessment:

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

PRESET*

Describe significant feelings and attitudes prior to test:

On verge of big move in my life. Some anxiety about leaving home.

CHANGES*

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

I made the move and am sitting in.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: April 23, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Nelson Jafari, Peggy and Fred

9:43AM All take 2C-T-7, Peggy 18 mg, Nelson and Fred 20 mg each. Comes on slowly. Nice feeling, good group. Good conversation, getting better acquainted. I be in to feel strongly in one hour, intensely at 2 hours, still climbing. Nelson, Peggy feel great. I feel somewhat heavy, but am enjoying. Enhancement grows.

1:30PM We decide on music. Nelson suggests Bach. We decide to give Yo Yo Ma's unaccompanied Cello Suites a try despite Peggy not usually caring for Bach. Turns out to be beautiful. I suggest we lie on floor with our heads touching. Peggy resents this suggestion, but doesn't verbalize it until later. Listening to music, I have fantastic experience. I remember Sasha's emphasis on exploring, decided to leave my doldrums behind, ask God to reveal himself. I immediately go into an almost indescribably beautiful experience, with the music unfolding dramatically. Feels like feminine presence -- Feminine Essence. I remember Peggy's and my agreement to not buy any more compact discs for a while, having over committed recently and having superb music via satellite. I thought, this is why you want a disc, to play when you want it. I felt a sense of power, in that I can make Yo Yo Ma come into my living room and perform whenever I wish. He immediately replies, "But of course. I am delighted to be invited into your house and play for you." I saw he truly loved giving himself, and was utterly pleased when asked to play. Bach too was delighted to create and give to those who appreciate it.

I concentrated on good feelings and they continued to grow in intensity. I came up against bliss. I suddenly had the feeling that if I went into bliss, I would never return to this plane. Frightening. I remembered Bernadette Robert's discussion of the Divine beyond the Self, also Ram Dass saying that once you become enlightened, you disincorporate within 17 days or some such (explaining the sudden death of a young man). I didn't feel ready to go, and was puzzled by this dilemma. Discussed it briefly with Nelson and Peggy. Nelson saw no reason to tie bliss in with not returning. I withdrew again, and got into a very deep, profound conflict with myself. I felt anger at myself in settling for comfort instead of stirring my butt to accomplish something worthwhile. Then I became engrossed in another very deep decision that I was struggling with, whether I cared enough to deeply express love. I was agitated, and moving around on the floor to the extent it annoyed Peggy and she got up. We talked a while, and decided to go outside for a walk. We decided to supplement first.

3:07PM Nelson and Fred each take 5mg more. I find it comes on rather quickly with a smoothing, calming effect. Outside was perfectly high drama, with fantastic clouds, powerful storms and cloudbursts scattered around the mountains. I stood still for a moment, and raised my level of consciousness by an effort like standing tall. My inner voice said, "Claim your power." As I did, everything became filled with energy and beauty. There followed a half-hour of one of the most remarkable experiences of my life. I felt the profound presence of God, profound beauty and wonder in watching the storms, watching rain and cloudburst let go right over our friends' house at Dr. Kempinski's, and unexplainable wonder. I wanted to express gratitude, but the inner voice said, don't move the mind. Just let it be, it requires no acknowledgment. I asked Nelson and Peggy if they ever experienced holding the mind perfectly still, so God could reveal himself through the quiet. As I described it, I practiced it, and was overcome with feeling as the energy poured through. Looking around, I verbalized what I was experiencing, -- with everything

so wonderful, so perfect, everything just as it should be, why should one desire anything?

It turned cold, and we turned back to the house. I was puzzled because the fantastic feeling I had been experiencing left and was replaced by an uncomfortable one. I couldn't figure out why, or see any connection. Talking to Nelson about it later in the house, he asked, why not just accept the feeling you are having? why try to change it? This seemed appropriate. (Thinking about this now as I am writing this report, it seems most likely a sadness at separating from the feeling of Oneness I was experiencing.)

Good fire and music felt wonderful. Nelson has had a wonderful day, enjoying every bit of it. Peggy has had a marvelous experience also, feeling quite content with her dosage. Nelson felt some effect about 30 minutes after taking the supplement, simply being more of what he was already experiencing. He found it much different than his previous times (once in a crowd, once alone) and found it very enjoyable to be with us.

4:30PM We were joined by Hattie and Todd Quirino, who have been gone 7 weeks looking for a place to live. They brought good energy into the room, and Nelson liked them. They had suspected what was going on, spotting a guest's car, but felt free to drop in. They stayed for the rest of the evening, and we all had a marvelous time together in open and free sharing. We enjoyed some music together, during which I experimented with the effect of holding my mind centrally focused. It worked out well, and built very strong feelings of love within me. I was surprised at what a powerful boost the 5mg was, and kept feeling it the rest of the evening until bedtime.

Next day, we had a marvelous hike with Nelson, seeing beautiful wild flowers and marvelous vistas. The exercise felt wonderful. We have become beautifully bonded, and we hated to see Nelson leave.

The following day, yesterday, was a marvelous one. I had a lot of physical work to do outside, and the day went very well as I got a lot accomplished. Taking a walk at the end of the day, I found much of the power and realization of the experience still with me. More and more I am learning where my power comes from and how to use it. Today I felt more languid, probably from all the physical labor of yesterday and more of the same today. But as I write this, I feel very much that I am getting some things under my belt which will continue to make a big improvement in my life.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: April 18, 1988

Place: Brandt Residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Quinn Brandt, Peggy and Fred. Zabrina standing by, watching the three kids.

10:21AM Peggy takes 120mg of Pegasus; Quinn and Fred take 20mg each of 2C-T-7. Walk with grandkids around the property, enjoy nature, flowers, children. Peggy turns on quickly to wonderful, peaceful space. Quinn and Fred develop slowly. Peggy and I return to house to give Peggy supplement.

11:55AM Peggy takes 40mg supplement of Pegasus. I wish to stay inside. Go into meditation. Clears up discomfort, but don't feel that I get very far. Am aware of tremendous value differences between myself and Quinn and Zabrina. Work on dropping my judgmentalness, accept them as they are. By this time, material is coming on very strongly. By second hour, I find it extremely powerful. Am very surprised, particularly since I had felt so little recently with 2C-B.

Get into very high state. At times move into very clear perception, understanding, but do not maintain constantly. Play with Xavier, particularly Hazel. She has delightful time. I am very creative, responsive; Xavier follows my lead, also very creative. It is an absolute delight to be with the kids, see their aliveness, feel the love. I tell Zabrina that it is one of the greatest gifts to bring the grandkids to enjoy while I am in this state.

Can't maintain attention with kids more than 20 minutes; new, heavy feelings begin to surface and I need to be quiet. Quinn joins us. Listen to Dvorak's Cello Concerto, I am very deeply moved. Music is exquisite. I invite Xavier to go into a withdrawal with me. I am deeply moved as I feel the response, the joy of communion with Xavier.

Feelings continue to improve during the day. I am quite intoxicated. Quinn says he feels very good, but quite normal. After he prepares the evening meal, we decide on a supplement. I am not sure why I am participating, as I feel quite zonked, but somehow wish to explore deeper communion with Quinn.

4:27PM Quinn takes 10mg, I take 5mg 2C-T-7. We make ourselves comfortable on the mattress on the deck facing the sun and mountains. I very quickly find that the supplement smooths things out, brings me to a place of peace. The sky has filled with storm clouds, with light streaming through. The sky was fantastically beautiful. I moved into a wonderful, exalted state, powerfully aware of God's presence, seeing the beauty and the harmony - the beauty rising to crescendos almost unbearable to watch. The love among all of us lying on the mattress was incredible, and one could hardly ask for anything more than to simply sit, watch the remarkable sky, listen to the inspiring music Quinn provided, and feel the wonderful feelings of being surrounded by loved ones. This was as powerful and rewarding and joyful an experience as I have had. Words fail in an attempt to express how wonderful it was, and how satisfying to experience the harmony with our kids and grandkids.

The next morning, my body felt quite cleansed and renewed. A little bit tired, but very much at peace.

Anonymous Report of Combined MDMA and Fluoxetine Experience

Fluoxetine, 20mg, was taken on an empty stomach early in the morning. Two hours later, MDMA, 15mg, was taken dissolved in water. After about 30 minutes, a subtle shift in feeling tone was felt that came and went, peaking about one to one-and-a-half hours after ingestion. There was a sense of quietness and heightened auditory sensitivity of soft sounds that I have only experienced with MDMA alone. There was also a positive feeling tone combined with a surprising intensity that made me want to lie still. Though the feeling was absorbing to my attention, it was more a light than heavy feeling. My body felt very still, and, with eyes closed, there was a visual sense of whiteness, and very few thoughts.

There were none of the physical symptoms of muscle tightness or restlessness, but there was a decrease of appetite. The feeling intensity was not unlike that of 50mg of MDMA, while the usual physical symptoms, including peripheral anesthesia, were completely absent. I felt completely able to think normally when I desired. It felt as though I would probably feel mostly normal if I had spent the time being active. It was difficult to say whether the quality or character of the experience was different from that of MDMA alone, but the similarities described above were quite definite. I have never had less than 25 mg of MDMA before.

Blood pressure taken 90 minutes after MDMA ingestion was 128/75. At that time I got up and had a bowl of cereal and felt very normal. I felt noticeably tired the rest of the day until the evening, but completely normal the day after.

Dear Colleagues,

I recently transcribed the enclosed report from someone who wishes to remain anonymous. It is interesting that there was such a definite effect at such a low dose, possibly suggesting some potentiation of the MDMA by fluoxetine. If there are any further reports, I will send them on.

Sincerely,
Harper

5/22/88

CC: Young Bransom
Imelda Mondero
Eric Holland
Sasha Shulgin
Rick Strassman

2.0 mg METHAMPHETAMINE i.v.

At the VA Hospital, just a few seminar on MDMA, a patient (speed user) admitted to Xiang that he had shot 2g of MDMA i.v. and almost killed himself.

I ran scrapping from the plastic baggies, and washings from the cotton wads used for filtering the injection bolus. All - pure methamphetamine hydrochloride.

Maybe lethal if he were not a regular user?

MAY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<p>DID LETHAL 1 DOSE up all night couldn't walk 15 hrs. Hallucinations</p>	<p>up-high 2 All day crash at 10 pm restless sleep Dizzy spells coordination off</p>	<p>muscle tension on spine & neck. 3 Dizziness when standing up. coordination off Hallucinations. disorientation dream state Anger</p>	<p>loss of self disorientation hallucinations dream state. Confusion. dizziness when standing up. muscle tension in neck. High Emotional swings. Crying.</p>	<p>loss of self, easily distracted. 5 disoriented. dizziness when standing up. dream state Confusion. Hallucinations. High Emotions Anger. Crying</p>	<p>loss of self High Emotions 6 disoriented. tight muscles in neck. Hallucinations. some self recognition. restless sleep. Confusion flushed on rush</p>	<p>gain of self some feet. ringing in ears. recognition of overdose and dangers. High Emotions. Light Hallucinations good sleep</p>
<p>wake up as if it never happened memory distortion. 8 self gain of self. energy up. self realization. sore back. Mothers' Day</p>	<p>regained self. confident problem 9 mind clear energy up hunger apparent good sleep 8 1/2 hrs.</p>	<p>normal high energy 10 hunger self reassurance slight loss of eye control good sleep 8 hrs.</p>	<p>normal energy high 11 night halucina- tions hunger light emotions gratitude good sleep 9 hrs.</p>	<p>above normal exercised 12 jagged hungry gratitude normal emotions good sleep 8 hrs</p>	<p>above normal high energy 13 hungry good sleep 8 hrs</p>	<p>normal hungry 14 up late good 8 1/2 hrs. sleep</p>
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

2C-B

25mg pages "CBS"

Physiological symptoms: Tightness in chest and in left leg. Tightness moved into stomach area with slight feelings of nausea. Worked with the physical resistance by breathing into the discomfort and breaking it up. Symptoms abated in a half hour. Visual changes: tracers following hand movements (blues and greens.) Fear of death and pain associated with childhood memories of not wanting to go to a favorite Uncle's funeral and lying to not go. Opening up to a friend, recently hospitalized with quadruple by-pass and being able to share feelings of love. De-empowered as a child. Image of a dragon with snakes mouth long teeth that can break people in half. Practiced breaking people and it felt good and powerful. Felt a need for homage. Dragon on a pedestal with people (masses) paying homage. Another image of the dragon with one claw covering eyes - shy side. The dragon is lonely and enjoys being alone. Full energy next day.

2C-T-7

Probably Lone Pine

20mg pages of 7.

Group energy very good. No caloric intake prior to experience and feelings come in waves when least expected. Periods of peak intensity and plateaus of normalcy. Enhanced appreciation For the mountains, sky, and rain. God in nature. Strong feelings of love and peace for the world and others. Ability to take in compliments and drink them in to the fullest. Shyness evaporated. Longest experience to date. Additional 5 pages after 5-1/2 hours. Listened to Bach Cello music. Lying head to head with other members of the group. At first music was pleasant and became a funeral dirge with image of YO YO Mas playing in front of black curtain, spot light on face and hands. Coffin on stage on a raised platform. No face on the corpse. Again fears of death. Whose? My own? Music became very strident. Reminiscences of the Dance of Death and the Isle of the Dead. Music is turned off and there is instant relief. No visuals. Experience is the best to date. Will continue to explore these issues.

MDMA

120mg pages of Oscar.

Manuscript as follows: Half-hour prior to 75 minute Swedish deep-muscle massage. Enhanced the feelings of touch and allowed me to release the areas of tension more freely. Specific areas of tension are the feet and hands. They have felt disconnected and sensitive to touch in previous massage sessions. Self-awareness that the hands and feet felt disconnected from the body and not grounded. They felt as if they were ready to flee and yet, needed to reach out. Increased feelings of body pleasure without any physical discomfort.

Yoseph Anstein

May 20, 1988

MDMA HEALING REPORT:

I always knew it was possible living on this Island, but somehow I didn't really believe. But on the morning of Dec. 16, 1986, Kilauea Volcano, the most active volcano in the world on the Island of Hawaii, made a believer out of me. It ran over our twenty acre ranch taking our home and two rental homes, and our underground octagon spiritual sanctuary to which we had given our life's blood. In a few unbelievable hours our land and home, our livelihood, our spiritual center, were gone, transformed from a lush tropical garden into a desolate blacktop lava parking lot. Now you see it, now you don't. We lost everything - a painful loss. But this was just the beginning. I also suffered what proved to be a far more painful and devastating loss - I lost my health.

Hot volcanic sulfur smoke and fumes burned my throat and lungs and a deep respiratory flu/cold progressed into a severe case of pleurisy, a painful inflammation of the outer lung lining. After two months the inflammation spread to my lower esophagus causing the esophageal sphincter valve at the entrance to the stomach to go into violent spasms consequently herniating the sphincter and top of the stomach up through the esophageal hiatus, a condition called hiatus hernia.

My medical options were not very encouraging. I was told that hiatus hernias generally do not correct themselves anymore than abdominal hernias do. But unfortunately the hiatus hernia surgery is far more complicated and serious with no assurances of a permanent correction. The surgery is major requiring a relatively large incision going in behind the heart and lungs to reach area of the junction between the esophagus and the stomach. And there is also the possibility of further complications from the surgery. Outside of a very risky uncertain surgery my only conventional medical options were powerful histamine blocking drugs to inhibit the production of digestive acids, and pain killers, neither of which would do anything to correct the underlying condition. I was also given the outside hope that the sphincter valve, even though remaining herniated, could possibly adapt and return to more or less normal functioning.

It was now becoming painfully clear that I was facing the most serious health crisis of my life. Major surgery was out, at least at this point, and I had no desire to become dependent on pain killers. I did end up trying a number of alternative therapies including acupuncture, oriental herbal medicine, fasting, special diets, none which afforded me any improvement whatsoever. And so I had no real choice but to just gut it out, and hope.

In the mean time I was sick as a dog. The esophageal stomach valve was severely inflamed, traumatized and malfunctioning, making my life a veritable hell on earth. I was in a continuous state of extreme nausea and sickness, throwing up and regurgitating corrosive stomach acids into my esophagus and mouth all day long every day with no respite. My chest all the way up into my throat and through to my back was literally on fire with inflammation as if I had been drinking Clorox. And I had a continuous feeling of being choked and unable to breathe. I was in shock. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. "One day you're up, next day you're down. When will it end."

After over a year of living in this painful condition with no relief, I was running out of hope. I was prostrate most of the time, literally wasting away. I had become so worn down and exhausted from the ordeal that my spirit had weakened to the point I was losing the will to live. It is hard to understand without actually going through an experience like this just how down and desperate it at all becomes. I had become a stranger to my own self. I have never sunk so low. Will I ever be well again? Is this what it's all come to for me? Do I give in to the surgeon's knife? I was terrified at the prospects.

It was at this point that I decided to try a session with MDMA. Just why this occurred to me now I really don't know. I have done considerable exploration with many psychoactive drugs over the last twenty years, including over fifty sessions with MDMA, so I am not a novice in this area. Indeed such exploration is the central interest in my life. However, in the last year nothing could have seemed more irrelevant. I had been much too sick to even consider such a thing. But now a voice inside just seemed to rise up through the despair and tell me now was the time that this elixir could help me. I desperately needed something, I had nothing to lose so I decided to go for it.

After careful consideration I ultimately stayed with my initial intuition of MDMA over about ten different psychedelic substances I had to choose from largely because I felt it probably had the least chance of intensifying my pain and sickness to an unbearable level. This was my greatest concern. It has been my experience that most psychedelics tend to magnify any pain or disturbance within the body. But I have found MDMA unique in this regard in that it can have somewhat of an analgesic effect without turning off or dulling emotional and sensory openness and receptivity. It was important that pain not dominate my experience. I'd had enough of that. I certainly didn't need to take an exogenous substance to experience that.

And so I proceeded to carefully program an MDMA session with my wife. Just the process of contemplating and designing a psychedelic session again was reawakening a sense of hope, purpose and spiritual remembrance in me that I really needed.

Not knowing how my body would react I decided to start very cautiously with a minimal dose of 25mg. and observe the effects of that for an hour before taking any more. After one hour I could feel a subtle movement of energy and it was interacting with my body beautifully. So far so good. I then proceeded to take a total of 250mg. over the next three hours. It was a blessed release which for about four hours I was completely free of all symptoms of my illness. I couldn't believe it. After thirteen months the chains had finally been lifted. I was free, for the moment at least, to stand in the sunlight and feel good, to experience beauty, to experience open sensuality and an open heart, to make love with my wife, all of which had ceased to exist in my world.

In the subsequent days after this session I noticed a clear definite decrease in my symptoms, in fact by far the most dramatic improvement in my overall condition in over a year. The full-on vomiting, to my great relief, had essentially ceased, and there was a noticeable decrease in inflammation and nausea. After about a month my condition had regressed a little but nonetheless had still stabilized at about a 25% improvement. Needless to say this was extremely encouraging and so five weeks after the first I proceeded to program another session essentially identical to the last one. Once again, I had a very positive experience with a few hours totally free of symptoms and with a subsequent and further 25% overall improvement. After about a month this improvement proved to be even more stable than the last

one with no regression at all. I knew I was clearly on to something now, feeling wonderfully positive about this MDMA healing process that was awakening in me.

My third and last session to this point I took a straight 150mg. with a 50 mg. supplement at 2hr. and once again I had a joyfully positive experience remaining entirely symptom free for the entire session day this time. It was not until the next day that any symptoms returned and once again with about a 30% further improvement that has remained stable up until this writing, about seven weeks.

Thus in three MDMA sessions over approximately three months I have experienced about an 80% improvement in a very serious and painfully debilitating condition that for thirteen months proved essentially intractable. This has been nothing short of a miracle for me for which I am grateful beyond words. My body and whole life have been resurrected. Thanks to this healing elixir I am now able to function somewhat normally again, to enjoy my wife and children, to take walks, to appreciate a sunset, to enjoy all of the simple things which we often take for granted but which enjoyments I had lost and I will never take for granted again. I am still by no means completely out of the woods yet. I still have some periodic burning, nausea and regurgitation with some days being better than others. As the top of the stomach is most likely still herniated I realize that it is a condition that I may have to manage and deal with to one degree or another for the rest of my life. But I still hope that through further therapeutic sessions with this wonderful elixir I can possibly be completely free of the remaining symptoms of this condition. At the very least I'm not staring in the face of major surgery and I have a very positive way of managing a very complicated and delicate situation. The future certainly looks brighter than it did three months ago.

How does it work its healing magic? I obviously cannot say for sure, but it seems that somehow the intensification of the life force energies awakened within the body by MDMA appears to infuse and have a restorative effect on the autonomic neural processes and muscle and tissue of the esophageal stomach valve in this instance, helping it to return to normal or close to normal functioning under very traumatic conditions. It would seem to me from this that the same energizing and restorative healing effects could be potentially experienced within any organ or biological process within the body. Certainly data like this cannot be lightly dismissed but demand further research, exploration, compilation and analysis and it is my intention to do just that. Unfortunately at the time of this report I have had to put this process on hold after only three sessions due to the unavailability of the MDMA elixir as it is a controlled substance and not very easily obtainable. Negative controls notwithstanding, my hope restored I am determined to pursue this healing venture further.

To be continued

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: May 31, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: Peggy and I have been through some intense dynamics in the last two weeks, probably started by Peggy uncovering some deep hostility in our experiment of May 14. The workshop at Sky High Ranch with Richie Pardue and Zheng Wong smoothed things out a lot, but left us tired. However, we both felt we had learned things to improve our equanimity, and looked forward to this experience together.

9:38 a.m. Both take 2C-T-7, Peggy 18 m.g., Fred 20 m.g. Comes on slowly. We work outside at spa and garden chores waiting for the onset. I begin to feel in an hour. Feel quite tired, lie down, go into meditation. Feels very good; relaxing, promising.

About an hour later, I join Peggy on the deck, and we talk. We talk extensively, clarifying communication, what we really feel about certain things, agreeing on household procedures. I realize I am not utilizing Peggy's talents, and accept her offer to do a number of chores I felt it my duty to undertake. She is so eager, I question whether it is not just psychedelic glow, as her time is quite filled, but she affirms her desire.

We move inside and continue talking. She looks at photo album of her early childhood and family. Her mother looked so open to life as a teenager; we speculate on what happened, why she disliked me. Many things came to light, and Peggy was not feeling too comfortable. I felt a heavy weight between us.

Peggy suggested we listen to her favorite, Boito. The music was a great inspiration. We lie down, and I am rapidly carried away. I see that in a way I have been pounding on Peggy and exuding a bit of criticalness which was definitely weighing her down, in addition to her own self-criticism. I saw that we could open up to the universe, leave all the gritty stuff behind, and look for the best of all possible worlds. This meant seeing the highest in each other, acknowledging, supporting, and empowering each other.

My own experience immediately turned around, the heaviness evaporated and began to fill with love. I looked at Peggy totally differently. I saw there was an infinite source of love to draw on, and that there was no such thing as tiredness. Energy and love are always available, providing only that we use it with love. Again the first commandment resounded through me with all its marvelous implications.

Peggy immediately looked much better to me. I felt very clear-minded and objective, but still a slight heaviness, and decided to supplement.

3:27 p.m. I take 5 m.g. more 2C-T-7. We take a walk, and the outdoors was outstandingly beautiful. We sat on our rock, and spent an hour simply observing the beauty and enjoying each other. I was able to be completely still and listen more intently than ever. My sense of self disappeared, I suspended any desires and control, and just let things unfold in their own glory. The beauty and wonder and love is beyond description.

I looked at the wonder of Free Will, and was saddened by what some did with it, as in the Near East. I spent some time granting freedom to those with whom I disagreed, working at feeling love simultaneously. As I looked at the world situation, it again seemed that the best I could do was hold the space of the wonder of reality. Somehow it seemed that this has an effect on the rest of the world. At least it feels very good to me to do it.

I was content to spend the rest of the day simply sitting and watching and observing things unfold. Back on the deck, I listened to my own interior sounds which I had never heard before, could almost feel the process of taking in breath and supplying oxygen to blood. I looked at the sky and mountains and withdrew all weighting, asking what it was really like. A great euphoria began to quietly build - I did nothing to encourage it, but kept observing. Things grew powerful and light and I could see my concept of the Central Power Source was accurate. And yet in another way, everything seemed the same, just part of the vast, wonderful whole. I saw that if I did nothing to try to accelerate or influence the process, things would flow at their own, normal pace, this pace being in keeping with each individual's situation. As the power of the Central Source developed, I went through some tensions and drawn up muscles which is very customary for me. I saw that this was the result of previous striving, and was a result of these repressed layers being exposed. If I now just observed them and released them as with Vapassana meditation they would simply dissipate.

Peggy kept looking better and better, and at times I saw the beauty and wonder that I had seen on New Year's Day, which has been difficult to repeat. We both felt very much love for each other, and were delighted to spend the rest of the evening just being with each other and enjoying the closeness. We both felt a great deal of tenderness, which we had each been missing from the other.

This was a simply glorious experience, full of richness, wonder, learning, and new understanding. I look at Peggy totally different than from before the experience.

The next day, Peggy and I were both tired, but I feel very much in the same space. Today, the next day, my energy has returned, and life with Peggy is more attractive than ever.

UH

Fred-120

4/1/88

A short Fred experience just to do some sorting out worked well for me. Onset within 1/2 hr., predictable initial opening and euphoria - nice deep trance. Really used the time to center and sort out - my individuation needs - me getting too caught up in someone else's life again versus really being in my life and learning what that's about. Very grumpy come-down at about 3 hrs. - 4 hrs then OK.

Fred 125

5/9

Ingested at 6:30pm onset beginning 20 min. later. Very good positive experiences in euphoria [with] focus on ownership of self and self identity and individuation. Very consciously played positive three initial stages of come-down at about 2 hrs - but at 2- 1/2 hrs became very depressed, very aware of unfinished work area of early grieving and aloneness. This extreme depletion passed after about 1 hr. but was very difficult. Went to sleep about midnight.

UH

Fred 125+50

4/7/88

Long day planned - onset about 30 minutes. Very good working day again focusing on me owning myself. Very clear need for and permission to move into my life. A real sense of openness to moving on. Very aware of wanting and needing time alone during the work although there was someone around. That's different for me. Initially grumpy last hour or so, then really felt physically ill - every thing - muscle aches - just everything inside wrong, lasting about an hour. I actually got in bed and lay down for about 1 hour. Then it passed and although low energy, I was emotionally OK - not fun at the end.

This was a working session [with] Orina and ingested at about 9:20am. During transition on was quite cold although "played" [with] my ability to open my internal system and warm myself. Throughout the day my observer was rather strong - much better than last sessions which were I think last Sept. Overall transition took about 1-1/2 hrs. or maybe that's when I allowed a most full opening and felt most stable.

Day was visually the prettiest as I guess I was more open to it - but also able to work well. Less internal visuals which are usually very dark side stuff for me. What was internal this time were beautiful designs and the one time it changed monster-like I changed it back to beautiful. That was nice.

I was much more able to sit [with] myself and my feelings than in past and did some tracking of feelings "exercise" [with] Orina. Lots of sadness that I'm not opening to yet. Fearful of its expression. Oh well. Sadness continued throughout transition down in a lesser mode - Some chills in transition. Over all, a very nice combination day of playing [with] material, working [with] it and also at one time very much finding the peace - God space [with] it.

F - 125mg + 50mg

3/4/88

Ingested at about 4PM - onset in about 30 minutes. Initial opening and euphoria, during which I did some singing. My voice was very open and relaxed in mid-range and good feelings overall. Depth perception enhanced visually. At about 1 hour is when opened to fullest and this is usually the time when I feel the strongest regressive pull and turn inward.

For the first time, today I shuttled back and forth - seeing and feeling the pull rather than just fusing with it. After several back and forths, I fused and become regressed and what I found was that it was quite short - 15min. Maybe 1/2 hour in duration, as opposed to prior times of 1-2 hours. The regression was also less intense, with a very strong observer self operating.

What came up for me was a sense of my biological mother and her joy in me as an infant, rather than blaming me for her illness. I also got a sense of connectedness with her and bonding; that perhaps I eased her way out of life and an appreciation of the grounding she maybe gave me as I started it. At any rate, a feeling of resolution about whatever guilt I've carried because of her death being connected with my birth. Resolution on a non-cognitive level which was nice.

Then just sort of enjoyed a peaceful place, but shuttling between good feelings and reality of job and stress, etc. and thinking about choosing one's own reality.

Transition into was body warm for a change - but transition down I was very cold for about 1 hour. Baseline about 10PM at 6 hours or so.

June 17, 1988

DOEF

3mg

Sasha and Ann

First, and probably last, experiment for me with this material, because it's very difficult to make and there's very little of it around, and what there is of it is to be devoted pretty much to the study of it as a radio-labeling compound.

Time of ingestion: 11:30AM. Sasha had taken this material up to a +2, and we figured that +3 would probably be somewhere around the 3mg mark.

It took about 2-1/2 hours to full activity. First signs of activity felt within about half an hour, but from then on the progress was slow and easy, without any discernible jumps. There was absolutely no body discomfort at all. Completely comfortable. There was a gentle humorlessness about my state of mind, which is always a good sign. Sasha and I went to the bedroom around the 2-1/2 hour point, and proceeded to establish the fact that the material is far from anti-erotic. Beautiful response, without any feelings of risk at orgasm. I was not able to reach orgasm until about 5-6th hour, and then it was full and exceptionally delicious. So was the second one, a couple of hours later, if I remember correctly.

I felt that we were at a soft +3, and could probably go up to 3.5mg without hesitation, if there were enough for another try.

All systems intact, body, mind and emotion. Gentle. Good for writing. No dark corners apparent at all.

Lovely material. For us, not highly visual, but probably would be for a naive person.

Down to sleeping level for Sasha by 12 hours. Took a bit longer for me. Closer to 15 hours before I was less wide awake. However, there was no feeling of nervous system over-stimulation. Sleep was easy and refreshing and there were no problems.

Good. Would take again, higher.

MDMA. 120+50

OSCAR 120pgs + 50pgs

29 year old male married without children who is in treatment for lack of sexual desire. Both he and his wife are in conjoint sex therapy. During course of the treatment, the patient has begun to express his inability to share his fantasies with his significant other because early religious prohibitions.

He is a non-practicing Catholic who remembers little physical affection between his parents and no positive model for sexuality. His wife fears that he may be sexually ambivalent because of latent homosexuality.

I was initially reticent to explore this text. We spent sometime looking at the positive by-product of this meeting and he agreed.

Strong response to OSCAR as J began to explore all of the messages "not to be sexual". He was able to recall by being managed from the point of view of guessing what the unknown parts really had to say.

He was punished for exploring his own body and reliving guilt from parochial school. Some of his guilt centered around sleeping with his wife prior to their marriage and his fear of expressing his desires and feelings of inhibition.

I cried frequently and worked on forgiving and letting go of old messages. He reports feeling emotionally open and vulnerable to his need for love and affection. He agrees to share this need with his wife and keep a journal of his fears and thoughts.

He experienced little of the negative side-effects because he was given a calcium/magnesium supplement prior to ingestion and he expressed interest in sharing this experience with his wife at another time.

2C-D 20mg

2C-D - 20

Material is a softer cousin to Oscar. 20pages prior to seeing the motion picture "Willow." Experienced slight tension in right shoulder, slight flushing and an overall general feeling of wellness and openness. I did not experience any visual changes. Ability to drive and be alert was not interfered with and conversation, idea, and concentration not effected. Material may be more interesting as a chaser to Oscar. D experienced on an empty stomach and effect lasted 2 to 2-1/2 hours.

2C-T-7. 20mg + 5.

2C-T-7

20pgs + 5-

I have increased respect for the properties of 2C-T-7. I ride with it much like riding a horse moving with the motion and allowing the energy to follow the direction it takes. Ingested 2 hours prior to a social gathering and on an empty stomach. Nothing imbibed except non-alcoholic beverages. Increased tolerance for party chatter and an increase in my ability to ask invasive questions (so it seemed) of the people I talked with. Alternated with times of sitting quietly and observing in an amused manner as I identified peoples foibles. Ability to drive is not impaired. One change was that distant figures seemed out of focus and either larger or smaller than in reality. This is not true of the immediate range of vision. Feelings stayed for apparently 6 hours.

July 8, 1988

2C-I

20mg

Sasha and Me

5:40PM. Ingestion. No awareness until 40 minutes later, for each of us. I was suddenly alerted at exactly 6:20PM. Since then, (it is now 7PM) the climb has been gentle but quite apparent.

The weather has been hot and humid most of the afternoon. Probably less than the 90's earlier in the week, but the humidity makes up for it. As soon as I'm out of the direct path of the fan, I'm wiping salt water out of my eyes.

Now, 12:45AM. Good to excellent material. For a while, a lot of talking, on my part, about Orina's institute and the multi-coated walls, etc. Then talked about the two tapes I saw, and my feelings about our development of new ways of doing psychotherapy. Following that, a lot of erotic this and that, which was at first not obviously leading to orgasm, but with a switch of that and this, suddenly it was all there. My own followed not long after, not easily, but okay.

We talked about the viola section of the Club orchestra, and the delicate maneuvers necessary to ease people out, when the changes of age make it unavoidably necessary, without destroying their self-respect, and so on.

I think there is a slightly greater distance with this material from full immersion in the sensual, compared with 2C-B, but I suspect it's more a matter of getting used to the language of 2C-I and the feelings -- getting tuned to a slightly different frequency, really -- rather than that the material is less sensual or less easy to use sensually. Just different frequency, and we are very, very used to 2C-B.

Good on the body. Transition, for me, not as strongly dark as 2C-B, but I'm not bothered by the 2C-B transition, being very used to it, so I wouldn't immediately prefer this over 2C-B. But it can certainly take a lot more exploring, if we can give the time (about 9 hours) to it.

Next day: Sleep excellent. Energy next day unusually good. Quite tired by evening.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: June 10, 1988

Place: Lone Pine

Participant: Fred

Background: Peggy has been in Bishop most of the week, returning tonight. I feel ready for self-exploration, and this will be a good opportunity to try this substance alone.

9:20AM. Ingest 20mg 2C-T-7, get in the car with Spatzy and drive to a secluded spot on Lone Pine Creek at the foot of the climb to Whitney Portal. Started up the southern slope, taking it easy. Spatzy breathing hard, give her plenty of resting opportunities. Goes reasonably well for me, breathing a little hard but OK.

After about 1-1/2 hours, not feeling anything, wondering if it's going to have any effect. I start up a much steeper climb, intrigued by rocks above me. Spatzy turns around and goes down. I induce her to stick around, and look out over the lovely scenery. I am not getting the effects of the beauty and sweep of the vista that I had recently gotten without substance. I sit and ponder with growing discomfort. A profoundly deep wave of loneliness hits. I feel I have come to terms with loneliness, but this is much deeper. I experience it as one of the most central human problems. I miss Peggy very much, and decide to follow Spatzy's lead and get home to get the house back into shape for Peggy's homecoming, as well as prepare for the visit of Kia and her granddaughter arriving in 3 days. I try very hard to get into an exalted space in these beautiful surroundings, but feel a deep discomfort, and don't make much headway.

11:40AM. By the time I get back to the car, the material has hit with great intensity. I meet a couple of fishermen, handle the meeting well, as well as the drive home despite being at peak intensity. At home, feeling greatly pushed by the material, want to collapse on sofa, but first I get Spatz fed and the fresh budding plants in the garden watered. Feels great to lie down, listen to music. Music is powerful, uplifting. I confirm over and over how important it is to stay focused rather than just drift with the experience. By staying focused on God, wonderful things unfold, and the discomfort in my body clears up. Feeling better, I sit on the deck. The house is a mess. I have set myself several chores, like repairing a leak in the garden drip system, confining some chemicals that spilled when the container burst while I was looking for replacement parts. But I gave myself 2 hours for exploring. They turned out to be the best of my life. I was at a roaring plus 3, highly intoxicated at the highest level of intensity yet experienced with 2C-T-7. I went deeper into the power of prayer than ever before. By first focusing the direction of my mind, and then opening up as much as possible to the feeling of Presence, I would experience the issue of focus to new heights of experience and understanding. The key point was to be totally with the Presence, and not wander off into rational speculation. In other words, to stay engaged to the deep part of my mind. Many many things cleared up, and again I was overwhelmed by the awesome power, and realized that each person can have as much as he wants by directly engaging this Source. There is no end to man's ability or the dimensions to be explored.

There were areas where I felt resistance within myself, and I held this power to dissolve them away. I felt I had cleared things out at a deeper level than ever before. I began to feel very much at peace. I asked to experience bliss. It seemed

at first that this was a distortion of reality, and that to experience the peak of bliss I must also experience the depth of pain and misery. I feel as though I had done a lot of that this day. Then it seemed appropriate to experience bliss while getting the house straightened out. I realized this may have been a cop-out, but time was growing short.

I cleaned up our bedroom, clearing away junk that had accumulated for years, either finding a place to put it or throwing it away. I was bursting with energy and had a hard time staying focused. I had to take some time out to get some food down. The ham and cheese sandwich I had made for myself was repulsive. I threw it away, and enjoyed some tomato bisque soup. I felt a little better grounded, and continued to straighten out the living and dining room. Then I saw it was approaching time to leave. I had to skip a couple of chores, but felt good about the house, showered, and drove downtown.

I was delighted to see Peggy, who looked great and was very much enjoying the exhibit being put on for the Model T Ford convention invading Lone Pine. I met and talked with several friends. I immediately felt a great inner tension, which very much disappointed me after feeling so whole, complete, and great. But I enjoyed talking to people, and we took Peggy's teacher and in my opinion the best Owens Valley painter and his family to dinner, sitting at an outside table overlooking Lake Diaz. Antwan is great, and it was a lovely evening. Good to get home with Peggy and enjoy the quiet of our home together.

Very much puzzled by the inner tension I was experiencing, yet being with Peggy better than ever. Over the next few days, I began to get the problem of returning from the exalted spaces back into the world into perspective. Realized there is a great discrepancy, and quite an adjustment for the psyche to be at home at the high levels and at the same time reconciled to the difficulties of the world. Feels like gradually dissolving in, just as group psyches dissolve together in a journey. This after all is the work cut out for a human, and I must expect it to follow at a proper pace, and not get impatient.

Much activity in next week; drive to L.A. to pick up aunt Kia and her granddaughter Perla. Drive down wonderful, superb; music outstanding. Arrived feeling great, not tired. Spent evening with Uma and family and my ex-wife, Odell. Went smoothly. Next day drove back to Lone Pine with passengers. Next few days intense communication with Perla. Everything going quite well. Reached new heights of experience with Peggy, the fantastic experience of orgasm without ejaculation. Feel it takes a special closeness. Then heart-breaking news of my older brother Don in Intensive care with a stroke. Extremely serious, don't yet know damage. Taking everything in stride, including all of us going to L.A. tomorrow 6/17.

All in all, a remarkable, intense experience. Very painful and at same time most valuable to be alone. More deeply centered than ever which keeps showing up in lots of ways. Puzzled by difficulties and discomforts that arise after viewing the enormous power we have to set matters straight. Must puzzle this out. Shows depth of investment in crippling patterns, but they are yielding. Fascinating to see where it all goes. Have more energy and enthusiasm than ever. Hope to retain it after company leaves.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH PEGASUS

Date: June 25, 1988

Place: Ivan Brandt residence, Los Angeles

Participants: Vanessa and Ivan Brandt, Kia Gotter, Peggy and Fred

Background: My older brother, Don, who lives in Houston, had a very serious stroke on June 13, and has recovered very little. Ivan and I are going to Houston to spend his birthday with him, June 26. In order to carry out our plans for our joint experiment, we decide to start earlier than usual, and allow Ivan and me to catch a 5:25 p.m. flight to Houston.

9:45 a.m. Fred takes 14 m.g. 2C-T-2, all others 120 m.g. Pegasus. Comes on extremely well. Good group, much love, everyone is euphoric and into the most favorable symptoms. Peggy looks better than in a long time.

Have an excellent day, good communication, wonderful feeling, great closeness. I have no uncomfortable symptoms at any time during the day.

From time to time we attempt to get Kia to see some of her patterns of communication-- not listening to others, replaying old tapes, harboring old resentments. We encourage her to look for and make way for new energy patterns. However, she is pretty set in her ways, and when we see she really doesn't care to abandon her old habits, we accept her as she is. We know that she is bright and will think a great deal about the experience afterwards so that on further reflection she can see some alternatives if she wishes.

4:00 p.m. Ivan and I leave for the airport. I can drive o.k., but am glad to have Ivan directing the way to an unfamiliar parking lot. It's good to be on the plane to Houston and reflect on Don and his family. It's real good to be taking the trip with Ivan.

Feel in very good space to handle things with Don and his family. Reagan, his daughter, has a lot of unrealistic expectations, is very shook up. Betty, his wife, is knocking herself out, taking with lots of strength and control. She has the support of many good friends, including prayer groups in many cases. She is still seething over perceived hurts from Ivan's and my families, but melts and becomes quite sociable during the day in the light of our genuine interest. I am able to maintain an open and supporting attitude.

Don shows some signs of recognition, but it's very hard to say how much he is comprehending. We communicate our best messages and support in hopes he will hear us. I spend most of the day sitting quietly with him. I feel that our connection is good, and I feel good being with him. Am very happy that I reconciled my differences with him last summer.

We fly back to Los Angeles the next day, and Peggy and I drive back to Lone Pine. I am very surprised at how tired and draggy I am for the next two weeks, which sort of refutes much of what I have been learning lately.

Anyway, it is good to have Uma and her family join us over the fourth of July, with another family of their close friends. We have a good time together, and get to appreciate the amazing energy and life in the upcoming generation.

REPORT OF WITH 2C-T-2

Date: July, 7 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participant: Fred

Background: Have been usually tired and dragged out for the last two weeks since returning from Houston. This is the first chance I have for an experiment. Peggy has left for the Bay Area, Uma and Iris (3-1/2) and Gillian (6 months) standing by.

9:45 a.m. Take 20 m.g. of 2C-T-2 after a light breakfast at 7:15 a.m. Continue chores—watering, hot tub maintenance, until I feel effects in about 1 hour. Lie down for a while. Feels good to relax, breathe through heavy feelings. Focus on Don. See I have projected my own feelings about death and transition onto him. Very, very dangerous to make any assumptions about how anyone else may feel at frontier of death. Experience the utter exquisiteness of being alive, even in the simplest, most mundane form. Just the act of breathing is marvelous experience, and can be enjoyed lying helpless on a bed. Realized my feelings about reincarnation, survival of consciousness, only assumptions (albeit in today's light well founded), and no where comparable to the wonderful exquisiteness of being alive. See a lot of these concepts have been developed to escape the miracle, joy, and responsibility of being fully alive. Life certainly gets the first vote, and I determine to pay much more attention to everything and appreciate everything more fully.

Turning attention to the two granddaughters is a marvelous demonstration of this wonder. They are fantastically warm, beautiful, alive I have great fun and am deeply moved playing with Iris, who is a total joy and responds wonderfully to my own aliveness. Gillian is a light in herself, and marvelous to watch.

It feels wonderful to explore my love for Uma. She is such an amazing and fulfilling daughter. I tell her how much I appreciate her.

Looking for some belly-dance music Iris requested. I can't find it, but run across a 1967 master of Uma singing. I play it, and it is very nostalgic for us all. It expressed Uma's exuberance for life. It no doubt recalls many memories for her.

For awhile I am bursting with energy, totally intoxicated, feeling this much stronger than ever before. Then I feel drawn back inside. I search for why I am so tired. I re-explore some of the things which worked so well in past sessions, but which seemed totally out of reach in the last couple of weeks. I focus on love, but gently, not pushing. After a while it begins to push up inside me. I allow it to grow stronger and stronger, willing not to let anything interfere. A wonderful glow develops inside, especially as I am able to stop thought and totally listen. I see more clearly than ever the importance of loving everyone, and work on a couple of situations where I have some resistance. It helps wonderfully to be willing to watch and listen and full appreciate each individual.

As I experiment with different forms of feeling love, I humorously discover one way is to experience my profound love of power. I see the enormous struggle between power and love. Power without love is extremely dangerous, and love must grow to completely balance it. On the other hand, without developing power, it seems to me that one cannot develop one's full capacity to love, as there is no incentive to develop it further.

I am willing to experience total bliss, even at the cost of death, and I experience an enormously profound love. It is hard to maintain, as there seems to be some small part of me that I can't fill with love. Then I get the most profound realization of the day. I realize that I do not allow myself to be nourished. I surrender and let nourishment come in, -- from my surroundings, from the cosmos, from the earth, from all the wonderful people I know, from my present companions, from Peggy. It is a truly heavenly experience. It becomes crystal clear that this has been my problem all of my life. I have this powerful image of me being the nurturer, that it is up to me to nourish others. My body image comes to mind, with my chronic tensions and strained posture, which often shows up in photographs. What a relief to undo this false concept and drink in sustenance. Also, feeling appreciation enhances the flow of nourishment. I reach a state of marvelous peace.

I feel I have completed my major work for the day, and turn to relate to Uma. We discuss the problem she has with her stepfather, and her arrogant principal at the school where she is Vice-principal.

5:00PM The rest of the day is lovely and beautiful. I have not been able to raise enough energy to take a good look outside. We all walk out to Peggy's and my favorite rock. As I relax and look around, I rise more and more to the surface, and things around me begin to turn on with energy. It becomes fabulously beautiful, and I am most content enjoying the beauty, clear vision. Clear thinking, and wonderful company of my daughter and grandchildren. I see how very precious is free will, and how many will carelessly destroy themselves for the simple right to execute it. This is particularly apropos with the stage Iris is going through, where she stubbornly holds on to her rights at all costs, at the expense of the rights of others.

In spite of my intoxication, I found that I handled interruptions exceptionally well, like the UPS man and a long phone call. We enjoy food, music, enjoying the wonderful feeling state. However, I am unusually tired, and retire quite early.

I found that this was a life-saver of an experience, and that I was very badly in need of the kind of help afforded. The result was to work off the heavy feeling of tiredness and lack of motivation that had been hounding me, and the next day I felt that I had dropped my burden. Recovery was not immediate, but over the next few days I returned to my old self, with my awareness and perception fully returned, with the additional boost of the added learning from this experience. I am much more patient and less compulsive. I still worry a bit about my physical strength, as I haven't had a good, long hike in about a month. This was settled yesterday, 7/12, when I went along to Lone Pine Lake. I have never climbed it so easily and with so little straining. I didn't even breathe hard until I got to the final, steep slope at 10,000 feet. It felt marvelous to feel the tone of my body, and I realized that this kind of exercise is a marvelous counterpart to these experiences.

I am very impressed with the 2C-T-2 at this dose level, although I think I have somewhat less body effects with 2C-T-7. I opted in this case for the former because of the lateness in getting started, and I wanted a shorter experience with Uma and family around. All in all, an extremely worthwhile experience.

August 4, 1988.

Dear Sasha and Ann,

Before the experience gets away, I need to write about the pleasant get together with 2C-I. (16mg, 7/31/88)

There was an immediate alert within minutes. As usual, it was only that awareness, then nothing happened for a while. In retrospect, I see some type of activity or awareness within 40 minutes, which then builds up over time. The peak seemed to be at 2 hours and seemed to maintain itself for a while.

Near the peak, there was some hallucinogenic activity, though not a lot. The pictures in the dining room have color and pattern movement that was fairly detailed. Focusing on other areas, such as walls or the outside of the house produced little activity, though I tried! There was certainly a lot of color enhancement. There was also that peculiar aspect of the visual field having darkened or shadowed areas. These darker areas seem to shift around to some degree. That aspect seems to be similar to 2CB. I don't think I was more than +2.5 at the peak.

I seemed to be tense during the day. The material doesn't seem to cast one into a joyful aspect (generally, I find this true for 2CB). However, I think that most of the problem was that the Laboratory is going through it's biannual CAP inspection a few days hence and I am showing the toll on getting everything ready in my section. I have been working overtime on some nasty stuff and I was getting tired of it. I seemed to have had that same feeling the next day while Peggy and Fred were here, so I suspect that the inspection was the source.

Coming down was uneventful. I was down within 6 hours. I had no problems driving home, nor was there any problems with sleep.

There were no body problems at all with this material, I ate like a horse.

What can I say this material? It certainly was pleasant; there was a mild amount of hallucinogenic activity; it lasted a nice time; and it came down well. There did not seem to be any joyous feeling to the material, but there certainly wasn't any unjoyous feeling. It really seemed neutral from my viewpoint. I think the dosage was OK. Now, I think I would tend to push it up a little to 17 or 18. I now have tried it 3 times, and though dosages seem to be somewhat questionable, they are like 2CB, a slight increase gives you a big bang in a highly restrictive dose range. I think I would explore the higher range on up to 18 or 19 the next time. I think I would prefer to do it alone with Clare, and probably in bed part of the time.

It seems to be like 2CB that the activity range for comfort is in a quite narrow range.

We had a very pleasant next day with Fred and Peggy, We went to the Blake Gardens in Kensington and then had a picnic in the UC Botanical Gardens. That evening we went to the Plearn and had a feast, then to the movie 'Bagdad Cafe'. The movie was worth going to. Loria joined us for the Plearn dinner and the movie. Fred paid her the ultimate compliment the next day before he left. He said 'I don't usually offer advice, but one person can't really change the character of another person" and "You are quite alive and really very beautiful. You could have any man that you want!" So much for not offering advice.

Had Ted here for dinner on Wednesday at the Sushi place on Solano. Loria came along. Ted was really turned on and was as charming as I have seen him. He seemed to be in a good place, at least temporarily (a few hours).

Love to both of you both,

Neil

Wet summer in N.M.

from the Pecos

Amanita - 8-6-88
written 8-8-88

KAH, NCC, me -trippers
DYU - sitter.

Ate some granola and a cup of coffee at 7:00AM. Got up to mountains by 9:00AM. Mushrooms had been gotten about a week before. Dried by combination of sun, oven, fan. Completely dry by the time we took them. Just under 1/2 cup of powder/finely chopped mushroom. Blended it [with] grape juice. Drank it at 10:10AM. Took some capsules of algae right afterwards. 10:20AM NCC felt nauseated. KAH and I went on a walk to close the sale. 10:30AM we're feeling (KAH + I) a little woozy, me > KAH. I lay down next to NCC who had vomited and re-ate/drank her emesis. NCC gets up again to vomit 10:40AM or so- can't drink it again. I'm feeling definitely weird. Queezy, nauseated. When my breathing is shallow I feel sicker, when I breathe deeply and slowly it's not too bad (better than mescaline/San Pedro). KAH is moving around a lot - "If I move I don't feel as nauseated." I'm checking out, feel like I'm "skimming" an out of body experience... so ready to leave, just about gone... just about gone.

I'm hearing things in the room. Starting to salivate a lot.

We had all prayed and meditated deeply in a few minutes before taking it. Discussed hopes, fears, feelings, most definitely a feeling of gratitude, awe, reverence, fear - the world's oldest hallucinogen? DYU never had sat before, never had tripped before, but is a nurse so we figured she'd be OK) [Feeling altered writing now].

Then followed 2° of a bizarre twilight state. NCC was out - not moving, rapid shallow breathing. She's generally quite hyperkinetic. DYU was most concerned with NCC. NCC was not sweating or drooling. KAH and I were occ twitching, mostly a gleam of perspiration over us. Saliva pouring (dribbling rapidly, maybe, not real pouring) out of our mouths. KAH was apparently less out of it - more present, at

times wondering if he had taken enough. I did not know how the time passed. Thought I was awake or dreaming dreams that were totally life-like - dreamed in total awareness I was only dimly or not at all aware of the music (we were lying in front of 4 foot high speakers that were 6-8 feet away, on very loud). Threw off and on my blanket - very hot / sweaty, very cold-chilled, but none of us had any chills (visible). It seemed very quiet mode. We all sort of popped up at the same time. I was very stoned. Unlike anything I had felt before - "psychedelic" is too broad based a term, too all-encompassing, too much assumption that it was psychedelic (like visuals + weird jangly thoughts, or emotional states) - not truly psychedelic. It was (as if) everything was exactly the same but totally unfamiliar- but it all looked like I knew it to be. I went outside [after] we all looked around, laughing, wondering "What is going on?!" "Are we stoned?" KAH didn't think so, neither did NCC. I was. All I could note was that the shadows of the grass + plants looked different. But in retrospect, it was this world about a shade (or a quantum level) "off", "different" in an eerie, profound, unmistakable way. I was ataxic, staggered, euphoric-minimal the usual stuff. Felt very loving toward KAH + NCC but not at all concerned with sharing it- very unlike MDMA. Felt we were all in this together, but it was clearly too much effort to say much more than a few clipped/short sentences. Way too stoned to carry on a conversation. Passing each other on sea - KAH - NCC were hungry, not too stoned, cold, hot. We had all 3 popped up off the floor, sweating, drooling, mushroom stench everywhere. I had some gas/cramps- belched and farted and it got better quickly. Particularly / [after] DYU convinced me to drink some hot miso + shower. I took a small shit too- normal in nature. KAH and NCC smoked a bowl of grass - then they both got very off. I appeared to be almost 30' ahead at this point. Originally KAH asked, when we all awoke at 1PM, if I wanted more - "no way". Later, KAH agreed he wouldn't have had anymore once he finally "came on." Music was incredibly intense - maybe the most intense ever. Every note [with] its own rise, plateau, peak +

fall - along [with] every melody [with] it's component parts. I became every note- felt it physically - my body was every note. "Perfect" I said listening to the end of a Deuter tape. Almost too much energy coursing thru me [with] the music. Almost wanted to scream to let off some energy. No pacing, tho, mostly quite comfortable/sufficient laying down. Feeling of predicting the future, feeling the past - more as if there was a telescoping of time - my thoughts about the future appeared to be a statement of what's happening in the present. What occurred in the past as the same - I felt it as presently true - the past and future. Some future plans appeared to be automatically happening, of course.

Also, a skimming, a perception (see pg 1) of being taught - of an incredibly old, earthen, Druidic, arctic summer, siberian (ha!) true spirit entity, powerful, old, wise, there, slow moving (old?), sepias and beans and pale greens. Like, "here am I," "can you, will you ask of me?" It was so subtle, the skimming aspect, it passed just as I was about to understand what I saw. Very patient the mushroom was benign- beneficent, too old to really empathize [with], a benign Fairie God, supreme Being. Everywhere, immovable, but I could put my hand through it [without] difficulty.

Felt a little delirious at times, a thought I had: take less so to remember better, not because it was too much, altho it approached it a times. We went down again till 4PM, and I got(we) up, felt well. Took a long walk @ 4:30-4:45PM- a little wobbly- the same weird visual double sense (it's here, normal, and it's uniquely unmistakably different) By 5-5:30PM, felt great! Neck pain >90% gone, hungry, able to converse, giggling a lot, sat in hot tub, smoked a few pipes. All felt remarkably refreshed, [no] hangover at all - energetic, happy, calm, blissed, astounded.

NCC verbalized a part that was absolutely true- as soon as you told yourself something was odd, stoned, tripped out it changed. Not to a bad change, but to a

flatter, less voluptuous, organic experience. It did not want you to be a detached observer. It was a lucid dream, but once it became truly lucid (ie knowing you were in it) it was no longer a dream. Very odd for such a powerful effect to be so subtly determined. Slept well. No unusual dreams.

Next day was fair - had to be [with] some sad, unhappy friends @ a party [with] lots of alcohol and chicken and swimming pools. Difficult to relate but I did fine. Today at work-fine. My vision seems clearer - and [with] my severe myopia, any change in my vision is quite noticeable. Will try again. A larger, smaller, same dose? Don't know.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: August 10, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Tina and Aaron Gates, Peggy and Fred

9:26AM: All take 2C-T-7: Tina, 8mg; Aaron, 12mg; Peggy, 18mg; Fred, 20mg.

Tina, Aaron and I feel alert within 10 minutes. Aaron and Tina develop rapidly. I remain on plateau for about an hour, after which it begins to develop rapidly for both Peggy and me.

I find it the smoothest takeoff ever. The beauty and good feeling develop nicely. Tina feels some anxiety, and was concerned that she took too much. However, after working with it for 10 - 15 minutes, she breaks through, and has a happy, comfortable experience the rest of the day. Aaron is squeamish for 2 - 3 hours, but then rises into what he termed one of his best psychedelic experiences.

We are sitting outdoors in the shade of the beautiful mimosa tree. After a bit of conversation, I look up through the tree branches to the sky, and intentionally focus my attention on the Highest Power. I immediately begin to expand, feeling enormous, unlimited energy. I am instantly propelled into a beautiful, intensely loving space, filled with the enormous potential of man. I enjoy this, and the movement stops. I seem to come up to a wall. It feels as if I have decided to go no further. I examine this, and begin to become aware of a number of aspects of my relation to Peggy where I need to apply more love, understanding, and appreciation.

We move into general discussion, which brings a lot of insight and understanding as we cover different topics. Outstanding for me was seeing much more clearly my dynamic of wanting to please others, and then seething underneath because I didn't do what I really wanted, and in fact often projecting the anger on the other person. This came to a head after Aaron remarked he could see both God and Devil in me, and I went and got a mirror and lay down inside to see if I could see it also. I touched deeply my rage at myself for not standing up for my true feelings.

The rest of the day went beautifully enjoying our communication, with considerable growth in trust and freedom as we covered a wide variety of subjects. Central for me was realizing the necessity for insuring a deeper bonding with Peggy, and realizing Jacob's unhappiness with Uma. Aaron became very open and candid in his discussion, and appreciated the help of my viewpoint on some of his personal situations. By day's end we were much closer than we had ever been before, and were extremely grateful for each person's contribution to the day.

Both Tina and Aaron liked the 2C-T-7 very much. Tina felt the 8mg quite adequate, and after her initial anxiety, told me that she was able to experience the universal space. Aaron had about 3 hours of queasiness, after which it developed into one of his best psychedelic experiences. They were both very grateful for being introduced to this substance.

Both Aaron and Tina are very wise and sophisticated, and more and more through the day I was able to learn from them without feeling guilty that I didn't already know. Particularly in areas where I felt guilty for lack of thoughtfulness or anticipating needs, I was able to accept myself as I was and see how to function more appropriately. It was a most valuable day, with many on-going repercussions.

Following this experience, I had a new kind of self-content and detachment, making it easy to handle most any situation. This state was quickly tried by arrival early in the morning following the experience my son and his family and some of his friends. Our house rapidly filled with people, children, and dogs and many kinds of activities, which became a new growing edge leading to the most satisfying steady-state position I have ever felt. All in all, I felt I handled the various situations quite well, despite the inroads into our private time for a long period of time. We enjoyed the company and activities very much. I was getting stretched by the end of Quinn's 11 day visit, and it was good to get back into our alone time.

September 10, 1988 Saturday 3.0mg DOB Sasha and Ann

Long time -- it looks like all of nine years! -- since last taking DOB itself, in this form, at 2.8mg.

Ingestion at 10:20AM. Made a good large pot of chicken-vegetable soup. Listening to Hal Lindsay, my favorite Saturday morning Fundamentalist radio preacher, bless 'im. The Democrats are not exactly all anti-American dupes of Moscow (or the Devil), but to Hal Lindsay and his Igor, they are practically, almost, next-door to it. The Rapture is supposed to happen tomorrow, according to a book newly published (just in time, looks like) and Hal Lindsay is busy softening the possible disappointment of those who may find themselves unchanged Monday morning.

Oh, yes. It's now about 10 to 12 noon, and it's been a plentiful +3 for at least half an hour, maybe a bit longer. Body okay. No problems. However, I'll have to spend a little time on the potty, as usual, and must get my hair washed.

Now, it's somewhere around 3:30AM and we've been having a ball, mostly with television (awwww -- well, we all have our weak moments); we've seen the last two hours of Smiley's People, which I devotedly taped at 3AM, because I love LeCarre and I also love Alec Guinness. We then happened on a clear HBO channel, showing The Big Easy, with Dennis Quaid and genuooooine Cajun music and lots of murder and good humor. Wunnerful. It's been one heck of good experiment, and I can't understand why we waited nine years to try this gorgeous stuff.

Without going into the cosmic and delicious details. let's just say it's a great material and a good level. I would wait a bit before going higher. Maybe I'm getting old and non-macho -- well, no, it's just that 30mg seems perfectly FINE.

Oh. yes. I'm at a rolling +2.

Thank you. Goodnight. Smoooooch.

Odell

2C-D-20

Material is a softer cousin to Oscar. 20 pages prior to seeing the motion picture "Willow." Experienced slight tension in right shoulder, slight flushing and an overall general feeling of wellness and openness. I did not experience any visual changes. Ability to drive + be alert was not interfered with and conversation, ideas, + concentration not affected. Material may be more interesting as a chaser to Oscar. D experienced on an empty stomach and effect lasted 2 to 2-1/2 hours.

2C-T-7 20pgs +5-

I have increased respect for the properties of 7. I ride with it much like riding a horse moving with the motion and allowing the energy to follow the direction it takes. Ingested 2 hours prior to a social gathering and on an empty stomach. Nothing imbibed except non-alcoholic beverages. Increased tolerance for party chatter and an increase in my ability to ask incisive questions (so it seemed) of the people I talked with. Alternated with times of sitting quietly and observing in an amused manner as I identified people's foibles. Ability to drive is not impaired. One change was that distant figures seemed out of focus and either larger or smaller than in reality. This is not true of the immediate range of vision. Feelings stayed for approximately 6 hours.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: July 25, 1988

Place: Quinn Brandt residence, Santa Cruz

Participants: Quinn and Fred

9:40AM. Quinn and Fred take 40mg C-T-7 each. Comes on slowly. I feel in about one hour, grows in intensity the next two hours. I feel peaceful, content, glad to be with Quinn. Have no special agenda other than to enjoy each other. Grandkids are delightful. Sometimes as Quinn and I get engaged in a meaningful discussion, I tend to ignore the grandkids, who get fussy without the attention. Quinn is very good at keeping his eye on them.

12:40PM. Knowing Zabrina has a channeling at 1:00PM when we will have to watch the kids, Quinn and I lie down in the Rainbow Room and listen to music. We listen to a lullaby tape, the female voice being incredibly beautiful. I get some very beautiful colored visuals. Peggy is visiting Tammie; I see her great need to live her un-lived life through Tammie. I hope Tammie is understanding and accepting of Peggy's need. Feels great to be close to Quinn.

We move to living room while Zabrina continues her reading. I tell Quinn I am giving some land to Graham Kyner, and explain how it all came about. Quinn is deeply hurt, as I knew he would be. He was positive Graham had conned me, and wondered how he came into the picture. He had many illusions about his role in Lone Pine and the property, and this provided a great opportunity to expose Quinn to a lot of reality. He generally knows little about where I stand and my value system, and this brought a lot of it home in concrete form. Zabrina finished her channeling and joined us. She saw Quinn's pain, and helped a great deal in helping him express and resolve his feelings. She is extremely wise and nurturing. I explain to Quinn that I have lots of property left. Quinn finally begins to become reconciled, and even begins to consider that Graham may have some virtues. I hated to hurt Quinn in this way, yet at a deep level knew that his coming to terms with reality here considerably improved his understanding and I felt greatly improved our relationship. There is a lot that I didn't try to explain, but I felt his pondering things over time would lead him to a better understand even than I could explain.

Quinn and I shared some beautiful moments outside with the children and the trees. I found it very satisfying to be with Quinn, and felt our relationship stronger, firmer, and more realistic than ever.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-I

Date: July 31, 1988

Place: The Farm, Lafayette

Participants: TG, AG, CT, NT, JS, RS, Peggy and Fred. PB observing.

12:30PM: Following take 2C-B: TG, 12mg; Peggy and AG, 14mg.

Following take 2C-I: CT, 15mg; NT and Fred, 16mg; JS and RS 20 mg.

Develops evenly. We discuss missing members. I am in hopes resolution will be found, reconciling differences between CT and Ronna, and permitting Sydney to participate. As we discuss, it becomes clear there is no solution. Also the possibilities of serious consequences become more clear. I feel logged down with situation, not clear as to how to best proceed in future.

Enjoy very much seeing and visiting with group, but never get free of the heaviness. Never rise into the space of euphoria and clarity I am used to in these experiments. Nevertheless it is wonderful to be with everyone, and at times become free enough to participate in the good humor. Have good discussion with JS re therapeutic approach to certain types of individuals. Benefit enormously from exchange of views with group and enlarging my frame of reference, which tends to get restricted in Lone Pine. Also, very much aware of my tendency to let others' positions override me, and not stand up for my own values.

Next day felt great, rejuvenated, and much clearer on all issues. Regardless of experience, find the cross-fertilization with the group very life-giving and recharging. Feel freer of symptoms of aging and withdrawing, and feel importance of deeper commitment to what I want to do.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V.C

Date: August 23, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Quinn Brandt, Peggy and Fred

Background: I had not wanted to participate in group experiments the previous week, being uncomfortable in groups and not caring for experiments without planning and direction of a kind difficult to carry out with such a varied group. Also, I had felt in a good space and was enjoying the role of observer. Quinn wanted to have one last experience with me after the others had left and before he had to go. Conditions weren't favorable, as he would spend the morning and better part of the afternoon getting ready to leave after dinner, and I felt the time restrictions oppressive. I was favorably inclined to joining him for a final get-together, and my decision was firmed up by remembering that I had a supply left over from January 1 and I was curious to know if it was still active.

1:24PM: Peggy takes 2 pills of 25 units each, Quinn 4 pills, and I take 50 units in liquid form. Much to my amazement, it comes on with considerable intensity in about 20 minutes. I go through a queasy period, getting a good look at all my recent limitations. I had thought I was in a good space, but I realized I had been much more unconscious than I thought, and could have been a great deal more considerate and supportive of Quinn and his family. I was particularly hurt by the lack of communication between me and Zabrina, whom I dearly love. I saw that I was very hurt by her lack of acceptance of me and my value system. At the same time, she and Quinn are quite uncomfortable with what they perceive is my lack of acceptance of them and their lifestyle. I see that to be the more mature person, it is up to me to understand and forgive them and not be hurt by their limited perception. This felt a lot better.

Later, Quinn and I are sitting together on the deck watching the clouds. He asked me to read a page from his excellent Aikido book. I read a line stating essentially: enter the stillness where you can become aware of the ebb and flow of the universal energies. I like this and begin to practice it, also aware that it is something Quinn doesn't do very much. I hold my mind steady on the clouds and become aware of a spreading, vaster perception. I then realize that the only thing that I can see in the clouds is the projection of my own mind. I watch, fascinated. It takes energy and hard work to hold so still. As I do, I see deeply into myself, become aware of a powerful, cruel, heartless entity. I recognize this as part of myself, and am absorbed in watching it unfold. I feel that I am looking far, far deeper into my soul than I have ever looked before. Somehow I get the impression that very few people every do this, because it is such hard work and not very pleasant. But I find myself remarkably free of judgment one way or the other, not wishing to direct the experience in any way, but simply allow it to unfold. After a considerable amount of focused attention, I began to get flashes of the brilliant, exuberant light side of my being. For a brief moment, I experience the absolutely pristine core, untarnished by any thought or desire, an extremely, utterly clear mode of being of such high glory that it is impossible to describe. I tried to hold this, and failing, to get back to it, but I wasn't able to do so. I very much felt Quinn as a wonderful, extremely loving companion whose marvelous energy was highly supportive to what I was doing. It then felt appropriate to go back inside and relate to the others.

As I first joined the group, I was overcome by the wonder of it all. First, I found it astounding that a small amount of substance which I thought might well have deteriorated in the last 8 months could be so utterly powerful. Then I thought of Richard and his remarks about the cleansing effect of Ayahuasca, far more effective than 500mcg of LSD. Tina and Aaron had convinced me of the effectiveness of very small doses, provided you were willing to deal with the discomforts that arose. My experience was bearing this out completely. I wondered about taking large doses and blasting past your discomforts, and what this meant in the end. It seems to me that willingness is the whole key, and that when you are willing to learn, it doesn't take much fuel. In fact, with enough willingness, meditation alone will do. Somehow here I have to rationalize small doses vs. large doses. The key has to be that each proceeds at his own pace and what feels right for him. Right now, moderate doses with intent for full examination seems right for me.

With my family, I cried deeply at the wonder and beauty of the experience. Peggy was especially loving and beautiful, in a wonderful space. Yet I could tell that there was a lot to work out between us. This seemed appropriate to do at a later time with just the two of us, as now I wanted to relate more to my three grandkids. As I spent time with them, I discovered that holding still as I had done outside allowed new dimensions of experience to enter my consciousness. It was like having discovered how this works alone, I now have to verify how it worked in the presence of others. For the next hour, I had a barrel of fun with Xavier and Hazel. Holding Alberta, the 11 month old, I felt her profound warmth. I could feel a marvelous love seeping through to me that would make it very painful when the family left. This is a level of love that I am often defended against.

Back on the deck, the clouds and storm were incredibly beautiful. I don't think I ever spent so many hours looking at indescribable beauty. Again I thought of Richard's statement of ayahuasca taking you way beyond LSD. How could anything be beyond what I was now experiencing?

The next several hours, going into darkness and Quinn's departure, were ones of incredible closeness and joy and continued beauty. I shook my head at how close I had come to missing such an extraordinary experience, and how grateful I was that it happened. Quinn is a wonderful fellow traveler. Each of our last experiences have been wonderful, and this was the most superb of all. We separated at the height of love and wonderful feelings, he totally convinced that the dramatic storm and surrounding display of lightning flashes was God's hearty expression of approval of our endeavors.

The next day we had to arise early and drive to Bishop to have the new puppies spayed, as Penny was getting in heat and Dink was getting to be a nuisance. We had time for a two hour climb in the mountains, the drive and hike being a wonderful way to integrate the experience. I have been slow coming back into a good and energetic space, as I realize I got deeply into a very dark part of myself which I very much need to pursue further and resolve. Also, I have a very heightened sensitivity to a number of things requiring resolving with Peggy, but we are making progress on this. Communication is good, which relieves the stress, and I look forward to another experience soon to pursue my learning and our relationship. It feels like more and more I am learning how to learn. Right now, I am fascinated by the openings presented by simply maintaining a complete stillness of the mind, which I can maintain only for brief periods.

OSCAR 120pgs + 50pgs

29 year old male married without children who is in treatment for lack of sexual desire. Both he and his wife are in conjoint sex therapy. During course of the treatment, the patient has begun to express his inability to share his fantasies with his significant other because of early religious prohibitions.

He is a non-practicing Catholic who remembers little physical affection between his parents and no positive model for sexuality. His wife fears that he may be sexually ambivalent because of latent homosexuality.

J was initially reticent to explore this text. We spent some time looking at the positive by-product of this meeting and he agreed.

Strong response to Oscar as J began to explore all of the messages "not to be sexual". He was able to recall by being managed from the point of view of guessing what the unknown parts really had to say.

He was punished for exploring his own body and reliving guilt from parochial school. Some of his guilt centered around sleeping with his wife prior to their marriage and his fear of expressing his desires and feelings of inhibition.

J cried frequently and worked on forgiving and letting go of old messages. He reports feeling emotionally open + vulnerable to his need for love and affection. He agreed to share this need with his wife and keep a journal of his fears + thoughts.

He experienced little of the negative side-effects because he was given a calcium/magnesium supplement prior to ingestion and he expressed interest in sharing this experience with his wife at another time.

September 10, 1988 -- Saturday -- just ten days after our last 2CT7 confrontation.

Fred and I agreed to do it again. Smaller amounts this time -- in the interest of Science, of course. 15mg at 9:30AM -- Fred taking less, which is a first for us. Very nice ascent -- no nausea or ill effects, just a nice lift. Easy to talk about anything. I wanted to find out about my soul -- my spirit. To get acquainted with it. So closed my eyes -- sitting out under the mimosa tree in what I like to call our grotto. After a few moments of getting quiet, a lovely display of creamy golden reddish colors began to form (with eyes closed) and they became more dramatic and more exquisite. Mmmmm, I thought, if that's my soul it's gorgeous! Shared it with Fred and he was delighted to hear. Went back into meditation but never quite got the same colors and intensity. During the day I experienced much visuals with eyes closed. This had not happened before with this material. In fact, it has been a long while since I have had such dramatic visuals. Things got better from that time on...

Had a wonderful conversation with Fred about many things. Felt I had some pretty good insights about his book -- whether he should ~~perus~~ pursue the rewrite or drop it. I felt he should drop it and go on. We talked of many things and had good communication. It was a heavenly day.

I had painted a huge sky/mountain painting the other day and brought it in to look at it and discovered that I like it. We both like it. Got into a fascinating discussion of words and their meanings. For example, ephemeral. I didn't know it meant something passing (lasting a short time). Tried to come up with another word to describe the painting and in my blissful state felt that "heavenly" was appropriate.

Joseph Campbell says to follow your bliss, so I did all day. Enjoyed every minute of it and felt I had broken through my self-hatred of the ~~following week~~ preceding week.

Felt extremely grateful for the opportunity to spend a day with this exquisiteness. Sent thanks to dear friends in the bay area who make these opportunities possible. Am amazed to find that such a small amount can take you very far...

Fred and I shared a deep love that we hadn't experienced before. Somehow we both dropped our resentments and spent the night in loving caresses. Woke up feeling a bit tired but oh, so peaceful. That peace has continued, with the only exception of dogs barking at the cat, which gets me upset. Cat chooses to stay away, and I miss him.

This is first report from me in a long while. Have so many things I want to get done that I deny myself the privilege of writing, which I actually enjoy.

Thanks very much folks. I don't know what else to say except that I am so grateful to everyone and feel so very blessed to be able to get to this stage of self-acceptance. I think we'll be doing this just about every week. Whatta way to spend a day!

Peggy Brandt

7/4/1988

26mg - 2CB

UH

I ingested at noon and noticed first signs of onset after about 1/2hr, transition taking about another 1/2hr. I experienced much restlessness with this trip and was very much in touch with heightened physical energy. I ended up taking a walk and in later stages, after about 4 hours even riding a horse in the paddock. Only at walk and trot. The lesson of the day seemed to be about individuation and I've been using that ever since.

25mg - 2CB

UH

Ingested at 3:30PM and had a a truly lovely late afternoon and evening. The lighting was so soft at this time, it was a treat to trip. Onset seemed to take a little longer this time, about 45min and transitioning over the following 1/2hr.

It seems I've permanently found the god-space with this material and it's welcome. It very nicely reinforces the stronger internal space I am finding withing myself and really beginning to live from. Intensity of colors, movement of energy and peaceful feelings I how can summon anytime, anywhere, when I choose to. Thank you both for this opportunity, I'm real grateful to have these experiences.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: September 1, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:35AM Peggy takes 15mg, Fred 20mg of 2C-T-7. Feel in 1/2 hour.
Comes on gradually.

We are both aware of resentments of each other, and discuss. Peggy finds the black hole of her soul. We end up agreeing she can be bossy, and I can be critical. For rest of day, experience very pleasants for Peggy.

Working inside, I go through enormous rages, all kinds of deep gunk. The rage feels solid, quite enough to harden a prostate! Lots of discomfort. Wonder if it would be better working with a lighter dose, as Aaron and Tina suggest. willingness the key. Decide to try a lower amount next time.

Sit on deck and hold mind still as with Quinn. Feel connected to God, this is the way to work. Lots goes on. Feels good to hold mind still, not direct experience, simply let it unfold. Very difficult to keep mind still, but very rewarding. Don't seem to get any deeper into my shadow self. I want to feel God's love and God's presence. In past would focus on this. Now, I want to be sure it is innately there without me having to do anything. Feeling grows within, most marvelous feeling.

Everything continues to grow more beautiful. At times, amazing white light develops. I bathe myself in it's cleansing action. Latter part of afternoon we walk the dogs. I feel out of my body, don't want to return. Wonder if I should enter fully in body and experience this way, or continue quiet search as before. Opt for latter. Turns out to be right. Get into some marvelous places.

Feel I am blocked, unable to penetrate further into Knowing. I look at this, discover it is because I do not fully appreciate what has already happened. I bathe the world with appreciation. It's marvelous, and reopens the flow. Incredible beauty.

Still something between Peggy and me. I look at her, and her soul begins to glow. Feels better to search for her soul than my own. Wonderful feeling develops.

Content to sit on deck, simply observe for hours. Great feeling of freedom, as feel nothing between me and surroundings. Peace and beauty. Exceptionally great day.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: September 10, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:29AM Peggy takes 15mg, I take 12mg of 2C-T-7. I am following the suggestion of Aaron and Tina that it may be more effective to take lighter amounts and work through what you encounter on that level. Last two experiences have indicated efficacy of lower doses and that this approach might have merit.

9:47AM Peggy reports first alert; I began to feel slightly. Gradual development, very smooth and pleasant. Easy communication. Peggy moves into beautiful state, continues into an exalted state with none of the darkness of the previous week. Stays there all day, having an immensely beautiful, rewarding day, at home in the cosmos.

Begin to feel more intensity at 1-1/2 hours, begin to develop some unpleasant feelings. Am not concerned; will take what I get and see what I can learn. Peggy insightfully wonders if I am concerned over letter from potential agent offering to promote my novel if I substantially rewrite it. I quickly recognize my conflict over this. I have lots of ambivalence, preferring to work on my new project, yet feeling guilty about abandoning old one by not wanting to put in the additional work. Guilt comes because I am a proponent of willingness, stick-to-itiveness, determination. Decide to continue with new project.

Going into meditation very pleasant, discomfort clears up. Also when I sit quietly and hold my mind still. However, as soon as stop concentration, discomfort returns. Not able to pinpoint source. If focus on appreciation or love everything turns bright and beautiful. However, I prefer to hold still, and see if things won't turn out good on their own. Want to feel there is a beneficent Source underlying everything, without me having to do anything about it. Have intimations of this, but can't get clearly into it.

Think about loving myself, and look into mirror. Have very amusing experience with surge of good feelings as I see how much I love myself in a completely egoistic sense. I feel this guy I am looking at is hot shit. Part of me feels wiser, smarter than anybody. (!!) Feels really good, because I have never before allowed myself to see my inner inflation.

Meditating, I encounter lots of stress resulting from my always setting up goals and objectives, putting a lot of investment into accomplishing them. Felt wonderful to let all my investments go, simply relax.

1:30PM Despite occasionally rising into beautiful experience, good feeling, always fall back into gnawing deep discomfort. Go inside and lie down. Relax completely, feels good. Get into realization that I am a failure. I look at this in all its aspects. Feel how powerful a drive I have to win. Feels good to be willing to fail in whatever I attempt. Also, feels good to indulge in my feelings, free of scruples. Have always controlled my feelings through rational decisions, and now I enjoy indulging them completely, despite inappropriate consequences. Run off a lot of the discomfort.

Back outside, feeling better, seeing much beauty. Feels good having discussion with Peggy, get into very comfortable space. Decide to look again at how to become more loving. Holding still, see that real love involves dying (John Inlow: You must become a slave to love.). I let myself die, going through some intense experience. Feel myself on the other side, doesn't seem to be anyone there I really care for. I begin to think about this, and come up with several departed that I very much love. But I really want to be in God's presence. Again I look to see if I can feel this Presence without me conjuring up anything. Want to feel God's love for me as I am. Immediately it comes to mind whether I accept others the way that they are. I see that I care for people based largely on what they accomplish. Spend some time feeling what it's like to care for others just because of their essence. Think of several persons I knew for whom this is difficult, but feels good to work on it.

Great sitting on deck in the shade. Wonderful state of contemplation, feels good to look around at the beauty. Have spent a lot of time looking at my relationship with Peggy. I see that when I doubt if she is an appropriate partner, I am making her less. As I drop the judgment, feels good to feel the expansion of her being. Feels good to get in position of being concerned that she feels good.

5:30PM Go for walk to flat rock. Things are quite good, but can't get completely away from an inner discomfort. Decide to abandon my previous position of just seeing what's there, and go into an active procedure. Do loving-kindness meditation, drawing love in from the cosmos, radiating it out to all around me. This feels very good, despite producing a little tension in my body. As I keep this up, the energy level goes up considerably, along with my feeling of being "on top." I feel some inner hurts, and it feels good to draw the love into them and heal them. I am healing myself, which seems to be the most important thing anyone can do. After 30 to 40 minutes of this, everything around me is lighted up with energy and love, and I feel very energized and full of love. Feels marvelous to be here with Peggy and the dogs and observe the surrounding beauty and wonder. Feel marvelous the rest of the day except for some recurring waves of tiredness.

Marvelous to relax in bed with Peggy, feel her closeness and warmth. Continue to work off any disturbing feelings. Early in morning, I get into the space of Trust that was such a key in my DOET experience in April '87, and it feels wonderful. Remainder of any draggy feeling dissipates. Wake up very rested and in marvelous space. Not exalted, very normal, but everything just fine, just as it should be.

I purposely avoided taking a supplement, curious to see how the lower dose would work out. Right now it feels that it was very worthwhile to simply accept the discomfort and work through it. Feel I am now very whole. Will see how this rides for a while before making any future decisions on dosage level.

Peggy took the same amount last week and this, and there was a world of difference between the two experiences. This was a real break-through experience for her, being in a wonderful space the whole time, and finding the experience most rewarding.

Interesting note: Sunday night, 9/11, visiting our neighbors the Lombarto's had a brandy late in the evening. Felt extremely warm, uplifting, energizing, with none of the draggy effects I usually feel from alcohol. Has something changed in my body, or was this just exceptionally good brandy that I have never experienced before? Now I can understand why people drink. Will keep an eye out on this in further encounters with alcohol.

MDMA + fluoxetine Goldstone

From the data presented, it seemed reasonable to assume that a 5HT uptake blocker taken at some time after initial administration of MDMA would provide some protection against neurotoxicity without interfering with the initial subjective effect. Citalopram has been shown to be protective in rats but is not commercially available. Fluoxetine is marketed by Lilly under the name Prozac.

I took 20mg Prozac at 2hrs post-MDMA (125mg), just before a booster 1/2 dose of MDMA. I did not notice any certain change in effect. I took another 20mg of Prozac at four hours post initial MDMA, with another half dose MDMA booster. The second booster had little subjective effect and there was some exacerbation of the extrapyramidal side effects, which is consistent with MDMA usage in the absence of fluoxetine. It seemed more difficult than usual to sleep after a half day, and I did think the fluoxetine contributed to that- but, as you remarked, placebo effects are ubiquitous, and uncontrolled in this trial.

So much for my case report- I thought you might find it interesting.

RS 10/4/1988

We took some 2GB the other day, and I thought I'd get back to you about it. We took 20mg with 30mg MDMA, plus 40mg inderal right before-hand. It was extremely visual, and reminded me more than anything of mescaline. However, it was much less distressing to the body, no nausea, but I did have some lower abdominal cramps toward the end of the day, which increased with eating, but were relieved by a concerted effort to fart as much as I could towards day's end. Slept quite well. It was fully psychedelic, although I believe that with a little higher dose it could have been even more so, i.e., with an out of body experience, rather than just feeling like I was getting very close. Four of us performed a harvest ceremony (of sorts) setting up freshly dried corn on an alter, with burning sage and candles, and it was quite profound. I would say we were all close to "taking off" as it were; the closest analogy would be to a "flying carpet." We all had the same imagery; therefore, it might also be considered a group hallucination.

No jaw clenching, palpitations or sweating, either. No tinnitus or other physical problems.

I have taken 18-20mg on top of a full MDMA dose (150-200mg) at the end of the day, but this is the first time I had taken 2VB basically by itself. The Adam may have added a little sparkle, but it seemed qualitatively quite distinct.

Thought you'd be interested in this little report.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH D.V.C.

Date: October 4, 1988

Place: Quest Bilden residence, Los Angeles

Participants: Aaron and Tina, Halina and Vaughn Engley, Quest and Fulton, Peggy and Fred

Background: This meeting was arranged by Aaron and Tina's desire to meet Halina and Vaughn. we didn't get together until 3PM. Our plan was to get together to get acquainted, with the aim if it felt right to journey together. Quest brought things to a head at 4:30PM, and we decided to go for it.

5:05PM Quest takes one tab, Halina and Vaughn each take two, Peggy and I each take 1/2, Tina takes 1/8, Aaron takes 1/4. Fulton joins us and takes one tab one hour later.

6:05PM I feel I'm not getting anywhere, just a slight sluggish feeling, so take a full tab. Tina and Aaron each repeat their original amount.

We visit, different members getting acquainted. Halina and Vaughn go outside. They come in in about one hour, and Vaughn is obviously deeply moved by a profound experience. He verbalizes the difficulty in expressing appreciation for such indescribable magnificence. I am very moved by his observation, and want to feel the gratitude, observing the beauty of an object on the table Vaughn is looking at. I am unable to.

I find the group heavy going, and am uncomfortable. Am particularly bothered by what I perceive as Aaron's tendency to be pompous. I go out and join Halina and Vaughn. Sitting beside them, Vaughn calls attention to a great light growing from the north. I see it, and it grows for a while, and then I lose it. Halina shares with me her perception of seeing me a lonely, determined striving warrior, unwilling to join in the warmth of others. She suggests that we are three lone explorers, coming in from space with our solo adventures, and join together around the campfire. It felt warm and wonderful.

Vaughn remarks on a special green light coming from spots in a nearby bush. He goes over and holds out his hands, and the small lights considerably intensify. I feel he is showing me something. I go over, hold out my hands, and the branches raise up, glowing with light. It is a remarkable phenomena. The bush seems so utterly alive.

I turn and face the magnificent view of the lights fanned out below us, aware of the sky, the city, the expanse of space. I draw energy into myself and feel myself rising above my sludgy feeling. I suddenly feel that I can stretch out my arms over the city and have the lights do whatever I wish. This strikes me as being extremely arrogant, so I withdraw. The moment is over and I feel I missed a great opportunity. I sit and chat a while with Halina and Vaughn, very much enjoying their company. Vaughn talks of the extremely profound experience he had earlier, and the hopelessness of bring it back. I share my position of the necessity of living in the world.

I get cold, and invite them inside with the others to the warmth of the fire. Vaughn is reluctant, somewhat unwilling to be around people. But they join me and

we are all together inside. In my absence, we have been joined by Pryor Pardue, a beautiful, very alive young man. We enjoy discussion, and I begin to feel much better. With the help of the others, I rise to an amazing level of hilarity, having more fun for the next couple of hours than I have had in ages. My mind was clear, alert, and full of wit, as was the case with the others and we had a marvelous time. I especially enjoyed the efforts of the group to construct a Fredesque archetype, and made my own contributions and comments.

I was set back by Fulton getting so stoned on good pot on top of the DVC that he couldn't talk. I was quite concerned for him, and for the reflection I thought this was making on Aaron and Vaughn. It took me an hour to accept Fulton, topped off by us doing some amazing, free dancing together. I felt that by joining in with him and pouring the energy into our dance, it helped lift him out of some of the uncomfortable feeling he was having. I felt great, and I think he did too.

The rest of the evening was most enjoyable. I felt the group had melted into a most wonderful energy field that felt marvelous to participate in. Quest had prepared a scrumptious meal, and we had difficulty tearing ourselves away at 2:30AM.

For the first hour in bed, I worked intensely. I went through all kinds of miserable feelings without understanding any of them. However, just being willing to focus on the feelings and run them out got me feeling better and better. At last I reached a point where I felt I could program the rest of the night: Deep, restful sleep, getting up early enough to see Uma, getting everything packed in time to have a wonderful time with Richard, with whom we had a date for breakfast. And it all worked out that way.

Driving back to Lone Pine, my experience continued, finally getting into a place of marvelous peace and appreciation. Felt that a lot of the pain I couldn't understand at the time comes from my learning to handle power, the pain resulting when I misdirect it.

Was a little sluggish the next day while Aaron and Tina visited us. But the colors in Slate Canyon were quite vivid. Cleared up communication with Aaron the next morning, sharing some of my perceptions during our experience. Felt great to do so, and for him also.

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

Date: October 17, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

9:11AM Peggy takes 120mg of Pegasus, I take 12.5mg of 2C-T-2. Comes on slowly; wedo household chores. Peggy begins to feel in 1/2 hour. I feel in about an hour. Feel very tired. We both lie down in sun in dining room. Stay here for quite some time. Feels wonderful to just let go to inner space, hold mind still. Bonding between us grows.

10:35AM Peggy takes 40mg supplement of Pegasus. She is in superb, blissful state, appreciating the wonder and the beauty of the experience. Very intense. Surprised at how powerful, compared to other substances considered to be more powerful.

I feel quite a weight, but it feels good to work through it. In fact, experiencing discomfort, I remember Terrance's and Andy Weil's position on large doses. I think what a shame, to blast through this stuff. After all, this is part of me too, and I need to acknowledge all of it. Think about supplement, but decide to work it through.

Pattern is the same for me pretty much the rest of the day. Feel sluggishness, weight; yet when release to inner being, hold mind still, it turns to euphoria. As long as I stay focused, experience is euphoric, rewarding. My major intent of the day is to learn how to stay focused at this center, maintain it. Richly rewarding. Feels like drawing God into my life. Indescribably wonderful.

Felt OK to be with pain. Can't expect to eliminate pain, it is there and OK. Simply learn to stay with love. I sank deeper into pain, wondering if there was some deep pain I hadn't resolved. As I did this, I realized that this is what I do over and over; what I really want to learn is how to stay focused on love, bring in the higher energies for healing. This seemed more important to learn, so I concentrated my attention here.

At times, I would contact deep pools of anger which I let run out. At one point, looking at the anger which pervades the world, I wished to know the source of it. I looked deeply, and saw that it originally stems from lack of acknowledgment. All the macho carrying on, the fights, the wars, are ways of demanding attention, and getting even for not having had it in their lives. I experienced more deeply than ever before the importance of acknowledging and deeply honoring each human being. Was able to go through and resolve some judgments with particular persons.

Learned a lot about being loving, holding the space of being centered and just being with another person, sharing this sacred space. Prayed to maintain this.

Music: 2nd disc of Berlioz Requiem. Never so beautiful, so moving. Experienced almost excruciating levels of ecstasy. Filled with wonder, gratitude. Oboe concertos (Mozart, Strauss) were also excruciatingly beautiful. Love between Peggy and me grows to levels never before experienced. Marvelous to lie together experiencing the music.

Remain tired, but am thoroughly intoxicated when I get up. Feels like a very heavy dose. Peak of experiences listening to music more profound than any I've ever

experienced. I enjoy bliss of lying down, remaining centered. When I get up, feel some tiredness, but know important work has been done. Content to continue this procedure the rest of the day, except for a walk outside at sunset. Outdoors beautiful. So very grateful. Continue strengthening point of contact with my center, feel the love developed here.

Preparing supper, dance to Moody Blues disc, my energy comes rushing in. Dance freely, spontaneously. Good food, walk with dogs, to bed very early because of tiredness. Blissful being in bed with Peggy, superb love-making.

Next day, feel exceptionally clear, body extremely light, energetic. Dash into maintenance jobs long put off, paint doors, hot tub. Takes longer than I think, which begins to tire me, as have lots to do to leave for L.A. next day. Get everything done, but get good realization of how filling the time with too much activity gets me out of balance. Much better to plan more carefully, allow plenty of time for centering, make sure one proceeds in proper state. Next day, driving to L.A. is wonderful, allowing this writing and at the same time taking time with surroundings to appreciate new levels of awareness that have been made available.

10/24/88. One week later, functioned better than ever in L.A. Aware of new level of being. Much easier to stay centered, and enjoy other people without need to judge or interject my own thoughts. Thoroughly enjoyed visits with Quest, Vaughn, feeling their good energy. Felt good to be with all family members, escaping heaviness I often feel when I am aware of their difficulties. Feels great to operate on this level. Hard to stay totally clear, but big improvement in my normal state of being, good energy.

Friday, October 28, 1988

2C-B, 20mg, 6:30PM or thereabouts.

First time since the appendix that I've had anything except Oscar. Didn't know if it would be too soon; turned out it was not at all. Perfectly fine. Didn't raise me out of my mild depression, but then again, I'm feeling reasonably OK and contented at the moment, so maybe it did a bit.

Lovely fooling around with Sasha (who else?) and it almost seems like back to normal. whatever that is (chorus). No apparent clenching up of the abdomen, although the creeping signs of need to exercise are beginning to appear at the edges. Will have to get off my duff tomorrow and take the car into town and to the Post Office and do a bit of moving around. Will look for cards to invite people to the Xmas party, which will be all I'll do for Xmas carding. Wolfs (Archer) want our party badly, or are saying so, and please to have it before Xmas, this time, because Archer is taking Sean to Florida and Cuba (Whaaat?) right after Xmas, so this time we'll have it on the 17th, Saturday, and when I said to Archer that everybody else is having parties that weekend, he said sensibly that ours is the best anyway, so why not? Hmm, well....when you put it that way...

Last night, I wrote six pages on Pihkal. Not too bad. Still feeling grungy, but small bits of daylight showing under the clouds, bit by bit.

So, okay. Goodnight.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH R.M.C. (Peyote tea?).

Date: November 8, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Peggy and Fred

Background: We returned from our trip to the Bay Area tired. I felt loggy from too much food and from heavy situations in the family despite handling the latter much better than any time previously. A good hike helped, but I still felt heavy, and my prostate was acting up worse than in a long time.

9:08AM We each take 1/4 vial of R.M.C. Comes on very slowly. After 1-1/2 hours, I feel very little. Peggy finds it excellent for going inside and meditating.

10:58AM I take 1/4 vial more. Feel additional effect only slightly, but is more relaxing, eliminating any tensions.

Turns into a very strange experience. No psychedelic effect, no sensual enhancement. However, feel an inner strength and confidence. Every thing feels quite normal, but in the best possible sense.

Flash! Remember having a similar result with some peyote tea and one fresh peyote button several years ago in Taos.

Feel totally at ease. Peggy and I have the best discussion in our life. We each feel our minds are clear, good understanding and insights, no need to defend. Are able to share sensitive areas with no difficulty.

Music sounds great. Outdoors looks wonderful, with just a slight tinge of the underlying beauty that comes forth at the height of other experiences.

Look over all I have written over last two weeks and worked so hard to put together. It stinks.

2:10PM Gabe and Shirl Loewe stop by to visit. When I first see her, I feel she won't make it through the winter. We relax in living room, and I have an absolutely delightful discussion with Gabe, the best ever. We enjoy each other a lot, and I tease him quite a bit about some of his fundamentalist, Buddhist approaches, most of which make it possible for him to not feel good and escape responsibility. Shirl gets a big kick out of it and comes to life. They stay for two hours.

Rest of day feel energetic, very clear-headed. Very much enjoy food. Early to bed but despite all the discussion and great loving feelings for Peggy, am impotent.

For next couple of days, have retained feeling of being very energetic, clear-headed, strong and peaceful inside, need less sleep. Did my best writing. Everything is great, looking forward to another fruitful weekend.

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT WITH 2C-T-7

Date: November 12, 1988

Place: Brandt residence, Lone Pine

Participants: Richie Pardue, Nila Kinlaw, Quest Bilden, Fulton Dietlin, Peggy and Fred.

Background: Nila is Richie's new girl friend, a very lovely lady, very warm and open. She is an artist and has been sharing materials with Richie, handling them beautifully.

9:51AM All take 2C-T-7: Richie and Nila 20mg; Peggy 18mg; Quest and Fred 15mg; Fulton 8mg.

Comes on slowly. We are an extremely pleasant group, very much enjoying each other's company, good conversation. Quest feels very soon, but it doesn't reach an intense level for me for two hours, when all the others are well into it. Everyone is handling very nicely; one of my very smoothest experiences, no under-the-line. Fulton is enjoying very much, free of his usual paranoia, and likes the dose level.

We enjoy various types of music, of which Richie and Nila have a very large selection. Nila moves totally into every experience, responding deeply and feeling deeply. I move into areas of feeling deeply.

It's an outstanding day, moving into a great deal of fun. Richie and I encounter each other, each of us moving very realistically into roles of antagonists, yet with great fun. We are totally caught up in the experience of playing our roles. Richie is extremely insightful.

After three hours, it seems as though the whole day has gone by, the content was so rich and full.

1:480M Richie, Quest, and Fred each take 5mg more 2C-T-7. Fulton takes 8mg. Richie asked first for a supplement, and Quest and I decide to join him. Fulton is uncertain, and I ask him to think it over carefully. When he finally opts for 8mg, just before imbibing his face turns ashen with fear. I feed this back to him, wondering what he is afraid of. He spends some more time weighing what he really wants, and decides to go ahead.

Our experience continues in a beautiful vane. Fulton enjoys the supplement, and the rest of us feel some ease from it. However later, I feel a rise in jittery energy.

We spent some time outside which is glorious. We visit Quinn's spot in the rock, and try his upside down way of watching the sunset. I linger for a while, and Fulton and I look at each other. He becomes inordinately beautiful, with the light shining out of his face. He is full of love.

We go back to the house, and after some wild dancing, get into the hot tub after the sun has gone down. We spend some time there, and I grow very weak. I begin to have an asthma attack, something I haven't had in years. I crawl out, extremely tired and uncomfortable. I cross the living room floor, hoping to dry off and get to the stove. However, I collapse on the floor and can't move.

Peggy dries me and covers me and I lay and rest. I am feeling awful, as though all my efforts I have developed to obtain peace have backfired, and all the uncomfortable feelings I worked off over the last year were now present in full force. The thought of being with Peggy, after seeing the open, loving support Nila was giving Richie, was particularly repugnant. I told her I would have to leave her. I felt I had been pouring a great deal of effort into a losing battle, hoping to gain her loving support.

Richie checked me physically, gave me some medication to restore energy, and steaming water with peppermint and sassafras oils was brought for me to inhale. I got little relief, and was feeling totally depleted. I wanted to be alone, and went to my bedroom to lie down. It felt good to get out of the other energy fields, and I was able to get into a peaceful state, despite my lungs hurting.

After an hour I felt reasonably recovered, and went back to the living room to join the others. We sat around for a couple of hours, talking and listening to a fascinating tape of Terence McKenna. Fabulous mind. I became uncomfortable again, feeling the other people's energy. Nila had retired. It felt to me that Richie and Quest were carrying very heavy loads, and it was very uncomfortable for me to experience them. I felt I had a little more strength to focus love, and worked off some of the discomfort. We enjoyed music, and I was glad to get to bed.

I slept on the living room couch, and didn't sleep for around 4 hours. It was hard to work off the pain. I still had a sore spot in my lungs which I felt was the result of what I had told Peggy. I finally fell asleep, resting until daylight.

Breakfast was good. Felt I really needed the nourishment, but was cautious. After breakfast everyone went to Whitney Portal into a storm that was forming. I stayed home and rested. Was very tired, dizzy when I stood. up.

Realized some of my depletion was caused by having two experiments only 4 days apart; remembered being similarly depleted years ago in Hawaii when I conducted 4 sessions in one week. Had 3 long spells in the hot tub with this company, and felt this was depleting. Probably the supplement contributed. But the essence, I felt, was digging up a very, very deep and powerful core of resistance. For I felt that everything I had been doing in the last year to achieve growth had been all wrong; I had tried much too hard to bend reality to my will, and I was exhausted. Especially trying to turn Peggy's and my relationship into an intimacy that wasn't actually there. The book I had just been reading describing how to be creator of our life which I was so enthused about seemed like bunk. Somewhere I missed the boat.

After a couple of hours of rest, I thought all of these things over and began to feel a little stronger. I remembered what had worked for me so many times, which was simply to focus love on everything, especially my discomfort and resistance. As before this was very hard work, especially since I was so worn out. But I stuck to it, opening myself for God to fill me with His love. Despite His willingness to do so, I found it very hard work to stay focused on love. Finally it began to work, and the discomfort began to flow away, and I began to gain energy and well-being. I realized my big problem is focusing on other peoples' difficulties instead of their live core so that their own love could heal them. It was a very difficult shift, but I accomplished it and felt invigorated. I then realized that my depletion had come from a last ditch stand of my old defense patterns that were determined to prevent my success. I felt that I had cleared out an extremely vital deep hole in myself, and that this would result in a very significant gain for me. And this healing activity proved that what I had learned and been doing is correct.

Great to spend more time with our company before they left late in the afternoon. Has been a most wonderful experience and valuable for all. Richie shared that he had had an underlying streak of nausea most of the day, but had not let this interfere with getting a great deal out of the experience. Actually, he looked wonderful all day long.

11/16/88. Last night slept alone, a very deep and restful sleep. Awoke somewhat tired, slight trace of nausea, tongue very coated. Felt there was a barrier not worked through, sat up in formal meditation. Opened myself to the healing process which felt very good, but not complete. Went back to focusing love, which accelerated the process. Then realized I wasn't letting love in from others. Opened myself to this, and it was very healing, the barriers falling away. Felt quite refreshed.

After breakfast, had good talk with Peggy. Feel I am gathering strength and will be able to carry out an active day.

Quest called. Richie feels we all opened a great deal, which will take a few days to work through. Amen.

A report on an experiment with 2C-E, on Saturday, Nov. 12, 1988

Five of us gathered at the home of Clare and Neil Tusa, with Mel Parmeter and Sasha and myself making up the group. We were celebrating Neil's next-week birthday, which is on the 17th. Usually, we would have gathered the entire group together, but this year the Tusa's wanted to keep it very small and quiet, and as it turned out, it was a good decision and gave rise to an exceptional day. One of the major reasons for keeping the group small was that the material we had (or Sasha had) decided to try this time was the legendary 2C-E, which had been tried by only three people in the world, as far as we know. Sasha and I had taken it about five years ago, and it hadn't been resynthesized until now.

The third person to take it was Barney A., and that was just two weeks ago. He had taken 15mg, by himself, and had a very good experience.

One of the reasons the group had not been brought together to try 2C-E earlier was that Sasha and I considered it so intense, so almost-overwhelming, we had decided -- five years ago -- that it would be perhaps too much for a group of nine or 12 people to handle without the risk of difficulty.

The reason we decided to try it out on members of the group now was that we both felt that the group members have grown and evolved, as we ourselves have, and that their baselines have changed sufficiently -- as have ours -- to make the risk far less than it used to be. We were right, it seems, because yesterday was a superb success, one of the most enjoyable experiments any of us have had.

My recovery from appendix removal is now five weeks old, and there was some question as to whether I might experience considerable fatigue, so I agreed to a compromise dosage level of 13mg, a bit lower than the 15mg we had decided on as the maximum level. Clare took 10mg, Neil 11mg, Mel 12mg, and Sasha also took 13mg.

We took the drug at 11:15AM, Sasha having informed all of us that full effects would be established at about 2 hours, and that we should expect baseline at between six to ten hours, depending on the person and the dosage level and all the usual factors.

Clare had prepared chicken vegetable soup and several platters of bread and cheese and ham slices, etc., to which all of us had contributed various elements. We know by now that when you're facing an intense experience, it's wise to have your cooking done ahead of time, not to mention your table-setting.

Before Saturday, I should note, both Clare and Neil expressed certain reservations, a bit of anxiety, about taking 2C-E. This was based on Sasha's tales, years ago, about his first 20mg experiment in Tennessee, shortly after Mandy's death, when he underwent a very intensely dark, in some ways terrifying experience. He had been staying with a family during his trip out of state, and he didn't know them well enough to seek companionship or help of any kind during the experiment; he couldn't let them know that he'd taken any kind of drug. So he had to stay isolated at a time when he might well have benefited from sympathetic company. His day on the 2C-E had ended with a vision of himself as an old, dying, lonely man who had lost hope and had no friends with him. A vision, perhaps, of what might lie ahead if he should choose to be a hermit, a searcher alone, which was indeed one of the paths he considered following at that time.

As he had put it to me many years ago, his involvement with Benita was, in a sense, a decision to not pursue the hermit path, but to allow himself the risks of emotional attachments, social interactions.

The anxiety, especially on Clare's part, was also due to the occasionally overwhelming changes which are taking place in her life -- and in Neil's, to a lesser extent -- right now. Her father is dying, his persona lost in the fogs of Alzheimer's disease; her mother is suffering the ambivalence of wanting to let him leave and the urge to keep him alive, no matter what the apparent cost. At the same time, Clare's niece, Loria, is staying with them for a while, being separated from her young husband and trying to go to school and figure out what to do next. Their house has only one bathroom and three people fill it up quite noticeably. The real meaning of the Loria presence is that Neil and Clare are condensing 20 years' worth of parenting experience into six or so months, and the entire thing is wonderful, difficult, welcome, and intrusive, all at once. Clare was worried lest this 2C-E might be powerful enough to cause her a loss of control in some way. Sasha's answer was that the lower dosage level should make it less of a risk, and he reminded her that his earlier experience had been at a very high level of 20mg.

The individual dosage levels turned out to have been chosen very wisely. Everyone voted, at the end of the day, positively on his or her particular level, and nobody said he would have preferred less.

I'm sure that there was no more than a total of five minutes in the whole day when there was an absence of conversation. We talked and laughed and cried and talked some more. Mel P was flying, joyfully examining the universe and everything in it, using the very best of his mind and intuition. Clare and I talked intensely during the first hour about her situation and her reactions to everything that was going on. We talked about friends who weren't there to defend themselves, of course, and gossiped whenever we could think of something juicy to gossip about. We talked politics, and discussed other countries and the wisdom of having your passport ready in case. We talked therapy and what it meant to give the client his own power, and how the use of psychedelics can be disastrous in the hands of certain therapists. We argued and we laughed and we enjoyed each other.

Somewhere around 6 or so -- I'm not sure of the time -- we sat down at the table and ate good soup, and Neil cut his birthday cake -- one of Clare's miraculous poppy-seed creations. Loria joined us late at the table, and it was completely comfortable to have her there at that stage. Later she and I talked rapidly about organized religion and the breakup of her marriage, among other things, outside with cigarettes.

At around 10PM, everyone except me was pretty much at baseline (I was still +2, but dropping) and Sasha and I drove home without difficulty.

When I got out of the car, I realized that Sasha had been right in reminding me to sit down more than I'd been doing. I was suddenly extraordinarily tired, and my lower abdomen was aching slightly, which is unusual. After a day of wonderful energy, I was almost unable to walk across the room without my feet dragging on the floor. Everything said Time to Stop, so we went to bed and fell asleep. No darting, no nervous system alertness. Dreams were deep and unremembered until morning, when I had some of the usual anxiety dreams which have been common since the surgery -- guilt and responsibility dreams, more annoying than serious.

Next day, not as tired as I would have expected, although both Sasha and I slept a couple of hours longer than we usually do. By Sunday evening, I was irritable and quite tired, which was to be expected.

At this point, I'm prepared to name 2C-E as THE best material Sasha has created. Very strong, very intense, and very good.

2C-E

16mg

Saturday, November 19, 1988

Sasha and me

Began the day with a completely wacky couple of adventures, with Glenn and Fern. Only, Glenn would have thought of doing it this way, and it worked. First, we had to meet them at quarter to 9AM at their house, then we all drove to the old school somewhere in the neighborhood which has monthly book sales (we'd been hearing about these damned book sales forever from both Bob and Fern) where we proceeded to go nuts, each in his/her own particular way. After that, we drove to the piece der resistance. Glenn had decided that Sasha was culturally deprived because he had never stepped inside the doors of one of America's most vital, typical, essential -- ah -- well, anyway -- Mom-applepie-flag -- you get the idea? Known as Toys R(backwards) Us. It's about time, said Glenn. Yeah, said Fern. Hooray, said I, and sat down with Sasha for a long serious talk ahead of time, to warn him.

Toys R Us was not jammed with shoppers, as it will be in a couple of weeks, so he got a good look at the stacks and stacks and stacks and piles and neverending boxes and boxes and more and more and more. I got dizzy first. He withstood it all pretty well. He is now wiser. Perhaps even a wee bit sadder, but oh, certainly wiser.

Great morning.

We went home to take a long one, because despite all the work and all the stuff we've got to do, we sometimes have to take a day for important things.

I went shopping for the first hour after taking the 2C-E, not having intended to take that long, but I found I'd left my money at home, so had to return here and go back. Ridiculous. No trouble, though. Even though the effects were quite well felt by the time I got in line at the store, I kept myself in the frame of mind of busy baseline, and didn't feel I was anywhere near the stage where hitchhikers would be a problem. Got home safely.

Within one hour, it had climbed to nearly +2. By second hour, +3. No sense of time at all, but we weren't trying to keep track. Erotic entirely wonderful and outrageously successful for both of us. Talked about a lot of things, including Fred and Peggy, education in the US, the downhill slide of everything, the new drug law and why it is a total sham, although dangerous, the FBI and the DEA, quantum mechanics, and my backache.

All basically cheerful, though.

About Fred and Peggy. Fantastic report, deeply personal, sad and funny, but this time I must comment like the Wise Old Woman (Heaven save us all!). I guess we've all learned, over the years, about letters written in the white heat of psychedelic inspiration. Each one of us has been, at one time or another, on the verge of actually mailing such a letter BEFORE returning to baseline and morning so-called reality. And we have, if we were lucky, been urged by a mate or friend or whatever to resist, desist and sleep on it. We learned the rule: DO NOT MAIL ANY LETTER WRITTEN WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE WHILE STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE. WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING.

Some of my best letters have been written under the influence. And those that got mailed were mailed because they still looked pretty inspired the next day. But I had slept on them anyway, yes?

The same advice usually goes for phone calls, although a lot of people ignore that one. One of my major reasons for not talking on the phone while u.t.i is that I discovered, sometimes to my chagrin, that the innocent person at the other end of

the phone (usually my mother) got easily hooked, not knowing that she was being drawn into a different level of energy, and the phone call would go on forEVER. She never knew why she spent so much time on that phone call, but I did. And I learned from that, and don't risk that kind of thing any more.

We all learn, sooner or later, that what we see in our mate, during one or another particular experience, is not necessarily the only truth there is, if it is truth at all. We are extremely suggestible, and that means we are not only easily swayed and influenced by others, but also by ourselves. We can write the most complicated and sometimes conspiratorial scripts for ourselves, and it is best to remember (using what I call the Observer) that what we have presented to ourselves is not necessarily based on the reality which we share with the rest of humanity when we are baseline. There may, indeed -- and there usually is -- some element of truth in what we see u.t.i., but it is seldom the whole of the truth, much as we tend to believe that we are finally seeing the real thing, the real person, the real reason, etc.

We also tend to forget such simple and ever-present psychological factors such as "projection" and "displacement" and other such goodies. We get caught up in our self-created dramas, and the only thing that saves us, if we are lucky and blessed, is having a mate who is perhaps a smidgen less enraptured by our drama than we are, and who may have the patience and love necessary to remind us that we are maybe a wee bit zonkered -- and that maybe it's time to go to sleep and see what it all looks like in the morning. And if we are wise, we humbly take the hint.

Luke J. did the same kind of thing I guess you did, Fred. He was with a friend, and they had both taken D.V.C., and his girl Shauna was with them, not having taken it. The friend took it into his head to look carefully at Shauna and announced that what he saw was some sort of version of the Black Witch (I forget the exact horrid description) and Luke promptly saw his Shauna through the eyes of the friend (with friends like this, who needs etc.) and made the idiot mistake of saying so. At which Shauna, quite understandably, lost her patience, her forbearance and other nice things she had been employing, and left. And I mean, she left. I don't know how long it took for him to get her back, but some damage was done. I don't know enough details to make a good learning experience story out of it, but suffice it to say, it can happen to the best of us.

Wise Ole Woman say: when perceiving Basic Truths while under influence of psychoactive stuff, hold on, hold tongue, remember one is living in self-created drama, wait until morning. And do not mail letter.

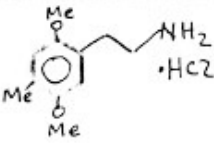
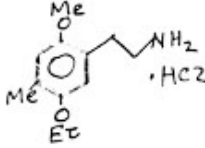
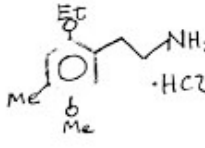
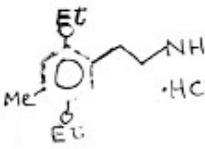
Having stated the obvious, I hope you people are happy and doing well and painting and writing and enjoying each other and the people who come to work with you.

My message to Peggy-Bean is: we love and admire you, and you're a gem. But, then, we've said all that before. Not that you're perfect. We're sure you're absolutely DREADful in some secret ways we can never suspect, just as we are (heh-heh) -- or we PROBABLY are -- (don't you believe it; we're actually the personification of wisdom and virtue, but we're above all modest) -- but despite your darker aspects, Peggy., you're pretty marvelous.

And you, Fred, are thanked deeply for your trust in us, which you prove by writing the superb and difficult and totally honest reports that you write to us. Your real book, as I've said before, should be a collection of your reports, showing the growth and the evolution that can take place with the use of these materials.

LOVE ----- us

[Editor's Note: Page 599 has been merged with this page]

ACRONYM & STRUCTURE	M.P. HCl salt	M.P. NITRO STYRENE	M.P. ALDEHYDE	E.D. Mg FOR FULL EFFECTS	DURATION HOURS	REMARKS
 <p>2CD (PARENT COMPOUND)</p>	210-211° 183-184° HBr salt	116-117°	82-84°	15-20	5-6	5-10Mg is useful as a study aid or "smart pill" the lower dosage seems to be preferred by most.
 <p>2CD-5EtO</p>	197-198° 159-159° 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 excellent comprehension.
 <p>2CD-2EtO</p>	207-208° 171-173° HBr salt	110.5- 111.5°	60.5-61.0°	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.

Here is an account of the birthday experience done on November 28th.

There were three of us, CT, NT, and H.

10:15AM Start. 80mcg
 10:30AM Noted some action. Undefinable.
 10:45AM I was at +1.5.
 11:00AM I was at +2.0. There was considerable hilarity among all of us. H seemed to notice that some of these materials cause a lot of amusement or laughing. There was a very pleasant period in here.
 11:45AM I was at +2 to 2.5. Seems to be a maximum. Some sadness or darkness seemed to come up particularly for H in the last 30 minutes. It also turned dark for CT.
 12:15AM I was still at +2.5. Lots of activity with eyes closed. Visuals were as expected.
 2:15PM Beginning down for me. Still lots of activity.
 3:00PM I'm at +2. With all the noise, it is getting tiresome.
 3:30PM Weary at +1.5.
 4:30PM +1
 10:00PM Almost baseline.

This sort of defines the chronology.

Now what does it all mean?

The early part of the experience (1.5 to perhaps 2 hrs) was pleasant enough. It was noisy for H going into it, but it seemed OK. Both C, H and I had lots of moments of amusement. In fact, H seemed to compare it with 2CB for the hilarity aspect.

But after 2 hours, a dark side appeared for both H and C. C stated that her discomfort was that she didn't know who she is now. Life is changing for her. As she views it, her viewpoint of her life and herself is changing and there is considerable discomfort there. Certainly there is an unhappiness that her father is definitely dying. She is unhappy about the amount of support she can or cannot give her mother. She is unhappy about her job. She is probably disquieted by H at times, though this latter point is vague. In all, she has been in an uncomfortable place in the last year. I try to support her as much as possible, but I find that I can't really answer the questions that she generates.

H's discomfiture is probably more obvious, though why it takes the turn of such body discomfort is beyond me. She had a hard week in both studies and in relationships. Anyway, someplace along the line she became very uncomfortable and described that she was in a really dark place. How dark I don't know, but obviously it was quite dark. (I somewhat think that both C and H supported each other in their dark places). H became quite restless. Some place along the line she wanted to take a walk. We both declined and off she went. She returned within 10 minutes.

Probably an hour later, H wanted to walk around again. C declined, but I went with her. We took the walk that you and I had done the other day. She seemed OK, but irritable. Her body ached as before. She really didn't seem to be in all that bad a space, but did complain about body aches. Some time along the way H took a hot bath. After that C and I took a hot shower together. Later in the day and near dusk, all three of us went on a hike around the block. It was a reasonable walk and the conversation was OK.

So, from where I am, how do I interpret all this? This is the first time that I have ever seen C in a bad situation with this material. Can it be the problems of her father, or her job? Or is it something more deep? Could the presence of H be a

factor? I really don't know though I suspect it's particularly her relationship with the family.

I had decided some months ago that H is much more complicated than I thought. It is difficult to follow where she is or how she acts. She seems to take a very circuitous act with her husband that I find a little difficult to follow. I think she is really trying to set up protective barriers for themselves at the same time. At times they are really argumentative to the extreme. The relationship can be at times quite noisy and the consequences takes a tremendous toll on both of them. When the noise gets too great, H simply goes to bed and sleeps for a very long time.

H's body problems are not particularly unique to this experience. She has them at times regardless whether she is in an experience. On riding with Pegasus, she invariably has some body problems though they never seem to get in the way of the enjoyment of the experience. I could interpret the body experience as an expression of her problems, but I'm not quite sure that that my interpretation has any reality.

How do I add a different reality to this? In the early evening before her boyfriend picked her up, H suggested a fire in the fireplace. Now I haven't had a fire there for quite a while, partly because of safety considerations. We had the fireplace chimney cleaned last year and now everything is safe. So we did have a fire. C and I went downstairs to check what firewood we had. We had some coal and some wood. We brought it up and started the fire which burned quite well. Now I know we will have a fire for the Christmas party. (This paragraph seems long for just a fire in a fireplace!) What is more interesting is that we cracked 6 pounds of walnuts while sitting in front of the fireplace. Someone gave us unshelled walnuts and I fussed so much about keeping unshelled walnuts around that they actually got shelled within 3 weeks of getting them.

H went off for the night with her boyfriend. She said she fell asleep by 1AM. Both C and I slept well that night. There didn't seem to be any consequences the next day. It was a different experience and much different than I expected. H did express that she is not daunted by the events and would welcome it again sometime.

Love, N.

#E 487-

