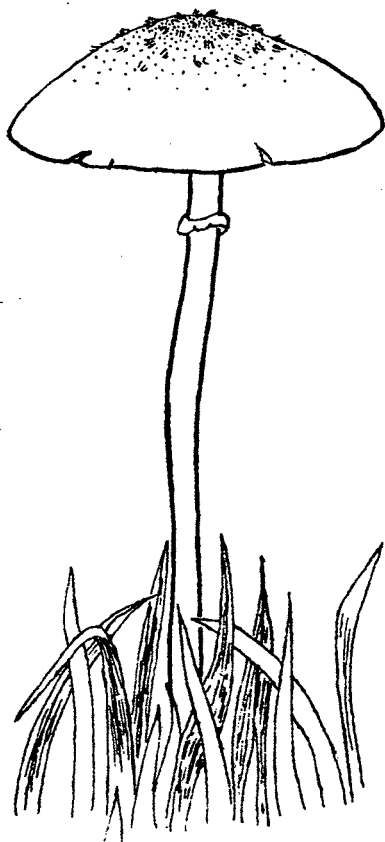
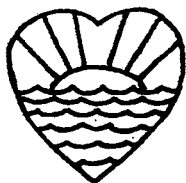


THE PSYCHOZOIC PRESS

Spring 1984 #7



Peele's Lepiota



An Information and
Communication Exchange
Paper on Psychedelics.

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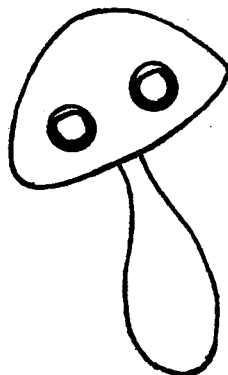
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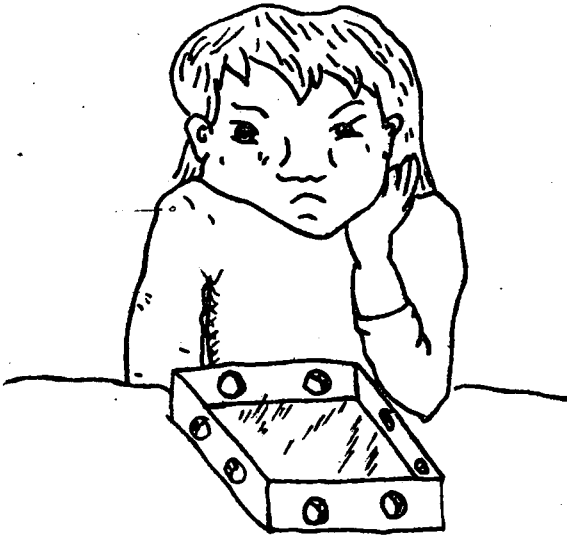
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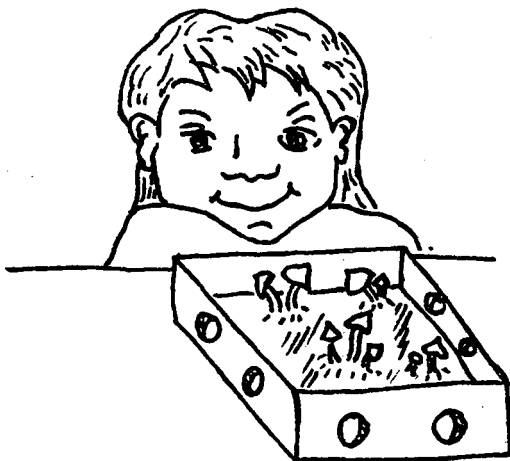
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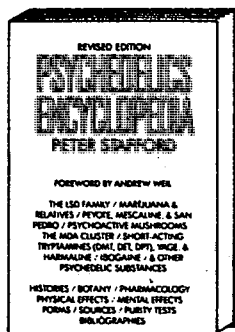
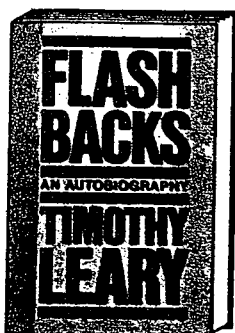
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The Oregon Marijuana Initiative is both a particular initiative proposal and the name of the organization sponsoring the proposal. The organization was formed in the Fall of 1981 by a group of people in the Portland area. From a handful of volunteers OMI has grown into a statewide organization. Petitioning began on the first OMI proposal in December 1981.

Then the 1982 petition drive gained momentum as the July 2 deadline for turning in signatures approached. In the last 48 hours over 15,000 signatures were collected by volunteers or arrived in the mail. Unfortunately, when the deadline arrived, OMI was just short of the 54,669 signatures needed to qualify for the November 1982 ballot. Organizers were disappointed by the near miss; a few additional volunteers would have made the difference. But most of the people involved in the first attempt were determined to try again.

Over the winter a new wording for the proposed law was drafted:

Be it enacted by the people of the State of Oregon:

...No person 18 years of age or older shall be subject to criminal liability or be subject to any permit or licence requirement or to any fine or forfeiture, solely for the private possession or cultivation of marijuana for the person's own consumption.

With enough hard work 1984 will be the year Oregon again leads the nation in developing progressive laws.

--The OMI Report, Vol. 2, #3. © 1983
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For purposes of judicial review all my works in the Psychozoic Press are fiction.

Thomas Lyttle

The probability that the information contained in PP is objectively factual varies between zero and certainty. If you cannot differentiate between the impossible and the inevitable, don't ask me because I can't either, (usually).

Elvin D. Smith

Means to an End:

LSD vs. Insanity--A Personal Account

Thomas Lyttle*

LSD (diethylamide of d-lysergic acid) is a chemical compound first synthesized as the 25th of a series of ergot derivatives by the Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann in 1938 while researching medicines to salve uterine contractions and migraine headaches.** This LSD-25 was shortly thereafter ingested in a small dose by the discoverer during routine laboratory work. Within about one hour LSD was found to be a most powerful non-toxic hallucinogen and neurological "skeleton key" capable of easily carrying Hofmann to the most extreme heights of fantasy and excitement, across psychological and spiritual barriers into undreamed of personal transformations and potentials. To put it simply, Hofmann's mind was blown!

*Copyright © 1984 by Thomas Lyttle. Used by permission.

**Hofmann's first published LSD research paper is a 1947 piece, coauthored with W.A. Stoll, describing LSD and its oxytoxic effects on the uterus of a rat. However, in 1943, many notes circulated between the two researchers concerning Hofmann's initial LSD trips. Excerpts from these notes have been published in about every major book on the subject of LSD.

Previous to this, psychiatrists had for years been making educated speculations about just such a chemical; one which would allow them free and easy access to the deeper parts of their patient's troubled minds. Early on in his career, the famous psychologist C.G. Jung also spent some time in ponder, wondering if such a chemical key to the unconscious might one day be discovered. He called this hypothetical compound "toxin X." These ideas blossomed for Jung while he was treating schizophrenia and researching the disorder's possible connection to personal chemistry.*

LSD quickly provided such easy access to the hidden repressed thoughts and feelings of its users that it was suggested in 1949 by the psychologist Condrau that LSD be combined with psychotherapy to create a "made in heaven" marriage between the two mind liberating forces. The chance clinical discovery

*"The Psychology of Dementia Praecox" by C.G. Jung; Journal of Neurological and Mental Disease, N.Y., 1906. I would discount this theoretical "glandular" approach for the also theoretical "double-bind" and meta-communications theories of Bateson, Erickson, et al in their original attempts at qualifying schizoid and schizophrenic phenomena. However, a solid scientific proof by either school (as well as others) has yet to be presented as fact.

by Albert Hofmann was here to take root, flourish and blossom into what was to become a most controversial, far-reaching and effective addition to the modern psychiatrist's arsenal.

This unorthodox and notably polemic offshoot of normal psychotherapy involves administering the elixer LSD to prepared psychiatric patients. These dosages range from 25 micrograms to a staggering 1500 micrograms, usually while in a controlled "laboratory setting."* Although initial clinical LSD research was strict in just what an acceptable laboratory setting entailed, more recent sympathetic approaches allow for emphasis on aesthetic, natural environs that support less technology and less artificial structure. These settings might range from "home-like" decorated hospital rooms to a spring garden or semi-secluded woods, etc in hopes of granting what are usually complimentary images for the psychiatrist and patient to work from.**

*There is a wide plethora of good, accessible works in the area of prescribed LSD dosages and their effects: LSD Psychotherapy by Stanislov Grof, Hunter House, 1980; The Problems and Prospects of LSD edited by T. Ungerleider, Charles Thomas, 1972; and LSD, the Problem Solving Psychedelic by P. Stafford and B. Golightly, Award Books, 1972.

**LSD, The Consciousness Expanding Drug edited by D. Soloman, G.P., Putman, 1964; The Use of LSD in Psychotherapy and Alcoholism edited by A. Abramson; Bobbs-Merrill, 1967.

In the lower (25-250 mcg.) psycholytic* doses, it has been voluminously documented that, when used as a precursor to more standard, time-tested techniques, LSD can sometimes remove a patient's restricting memory blocks, stimulate and stabilize related dream and fantasy images and allow for ecstatic heights of insight to bubble up and quench like a newly discovered well-spring. In a strong supportive setting, LSD can offer the room for him or her to "step outside" and watch physical and emotional defenses operate, relieve deep tensions and generally create a transcendence from the rampant over-intellectualization that modern man heavily depends on to communicate with others around about him, and more importantly, that he uses to communicate with himself. This rational, organized way of thinking often prevents a troubled person from making the important conceptual leap from the static, emotionally deadened state that is at the root of many modern mental disorders. This organic link with a more healthy growing and changing self-image is necessary for a true healing to occur; whether it be physical, existential, or spiritual.

The psycholytic forms of therapy are usually reserved for neurotic or psychosomatic patients. However, the most interesting and controversial psychiatric experiments are those involving psyche-

*This term, coined by British researcher Ronald Sandison, from the Greek lysis translates literally as "mind-loosening."

delic* doses (250+ mcg.) of LSD. The effects here are usually overwhelming and transpersonal in nature, leaving the patient unable to carry out any sort of rational, verbal dialogue for any length of time with the therapist. Also, in psychedelic therapy, the LSD trip can be longer lasting, sometimes extending several hours into twice the psycholytic length of duration.**

This form of LSD psychotherapy is designed to overload the normal perceptual circuits of the patient's mind and body and set deep archtypal and spiritual forces free. Usually hidden from our waking view, these unconscious powers are meant to instruct, heal, and transform through personal symbols and eccentric myth-like plays involving the patient at his very best and his very worst. Here the psychiatrist is less the

*This term, (literally, "mind manifesting") was created by a Canadian researcher named Hubbard in 1953 while using LSD to treat alcoholics. It was later popularized by Humphry Osmond.

**This range could vary widely according to personal body weight, chemistry, and also as to whether any adjunctive drugs are used to enhance mood or still anxiety. LSD is often combined with the stimulant Ritalin for this purpose in clinical settings. As well, it was mentioned in PP #5 that various MAO inhibitors unknowingly broken down during a meal could extend the time length of an LSD trip.

authoritative healer as a humble guide or helper limited to aiding or orienting the tripper in the physical realm.

In psychedelic therapy, all the valid, substantial LSD experiences and their results are developed for the most part, on the patient's internal, ethereal planes of experience. Here the psychiatric patient might become, for starters, the wide-eyed spiritual seeker, an extinct wild animal, his mother or his long-dead great-great grandmother, the musical F sharp note, or the current coursing through the electrical wiring in the walls. The secrets of telepathy, astral projection, quantum physics, time travel, life, death, and beyond, are commonly grasped and then lost in a wild swirl of personal images, DNA insights, universal love, or various assorted religious states of rapture.*

*Amazing Dope Tales and Haight Street Flashbacks by Steven Gaskin; The Book Publishing Co., 1980. This is a charming, down-to-Earth hippie discourse on psychedelic esoterica from a true believer.

Dimensions of Dying and Rebirth; A.R.E. Press, 1977. This thin book contains a good, solid scientific paper by Grof which deals with LSD produced personal and transpersonal phenomena. It's entitled "Transitions: Birth, Death, and Rebirth."

See also, Chemical Ecstasy: Psychedelic Drugs and Religion by W. Clark; Sheed and Ward, 1969; The Joyous Cosmology by Alan Watts; Vintage Books, 1970; The Private Sea: LSD and the Search for God, Quadrangle Books, 1967.

It is hoped that beneath all this lies the eternal, integrated and evolved portion of the patient's being which will now come forth to offer redemption, health, and happiness. This type of experience, whether while under a doctor's care or out on the street is a gamble and can be very dangerous, because not much is really known by the scientific community about these little-explored areas.

In contrast, it is often felt by the experienced psychedelists such things must be more than "just" drug related. Perhaps this is the solve et coagula that any shaman or dying person goes through.* If so, such things must surely lie far outside the scientific boundaries of psychiatry and medicine, and rightly so!

* * * * *

The lush, rolling Finger Lakes area of upstate New York is undoubtedly one

*Beyond Death by Stanislov and Christina Grof, Thames and Hudson, 1980. This oversized paperback is of the coffee table variety but still an enjoyable cross-cultural reference source.

The Psychedelic Experience by Metzner Alpert, and Leary, University Books, 1964. This is a unique manual for combining LSD tripping with imagery from the Tibetan Book of the Dead. It gives instructions for out-of-body navigating after death, or large dose LSD trips, which (it is assumed by the authors) parallel or interface in more ways than not.

of the most gorgeous places in the U.S. for hiking, camping and fishing or just relaxing in nature's over-grown glory. Between thousands of acres of state parks lie thousands of acres of vineyards and orchards heralded for connoisseur wines and the best varieties of apples, corn and watermelon. In the fall this bounty is backdropped by a panorama of changing colors and crisp harvest scents. Right in the center of this horn of plenty, on the upper tip of Seneca Lake, was where I had landed and temporarily settled for a few years to relax, reflect, and have fun. Seneca Lake is the deepest freshwater lake in the country and is a favorite for competitive trout fishing.

Unfortunately, it wasn't until about the autumn of 1977, when I arrived in the Finger Lakes area, that I began serious research and study of the available literature pertaining to LSD psychotherapy. It was then, and still is, hardly publicized outside academic circles.

At the time I was trying to find some feasible psycho-spiritual model from which to gauge my own blackmarket LSD experiences; which had been no ways tame and no ways small in number. Some quite startling reactions during my initial trips in another part of the country had a good part of me convinced that I had glimpsed some higher, eternal realities that had little to do with the drug beyond its role as a stimulant and catalyst. Just the same, I valued my skepticism and was drawn to the psychiatric

models for clues that might help me separate the absolute, immortal wheat from the personal, psychological shaft.

Right around this time I was coincidentally hired as a psychiatric aid by a nearby insane asylum, which was rooted on the banks of Seneca Lake right in the middle of miles of pine forests. My job consisted of becoming the new part of a ten-person psychotherapy team and acting as gofer, caretaker, and general roustabout for fifty or so long term chronic schizophrenics and psychotics.* By pure chance, this gave me the best opportunity imaginable for studying insanity first hand on a one-to-one basis. Being able to relate to the ideas and descriptions in many of my books on psychedelics and the disordered mind, based on my own observations and conclusions, was invaluable.

Some of you reading this might find yourself wondering just what an honest-to-goodness insane asylum might be like; who lives there and why, and whether it might be a better or worse place than the numerous media portrayals. In fact, whether these hostels can at all relate to any media description is a valid question. If you have at all wondered, you can now set your mind to rest. The best thing that you could do to help yourself understand about these places is to forget everything that you have ever learned about them; and the faster

*At the time of this writing I still find myself unsure as to just what these behavioral, medical, and legal labels really mean.

the better! For you see, unless you have had the pleasures of a stay in a house for the insane, my words about them just won't suffice. These places are by nature psycho-spiritual crucibles and are, in all ways, much more extreme than anything a book, movie, or word of mouth could impress upon you.

I knew that a lot of LSD research had been done in institutional settings, and although there exists a lot of data from the standpoint of the therapist, little has been printed from an experienced, well versed and literate LSD patient.

It was at this point that I started to put together a plan that would let me watch just such an intoxicated LSD patient trip while he was locked in a clinical psychiatric setting. I thought that being locked up without recourse to an exit would be what any LSD patient in any institution might have to deal with, for starters.

In planning my experiment, I knew I had the perfect clinic; I had the gullible patient (Hi!) and I had some good, clean blackmarket LSD in proper doses.* What I didn't have was the hospital's permission, a reasonable amount of common sense and a good life insurance policy in the event I met the wrong psychotic or violent patient while tripping. Still, I convinced myself that

*At the time I was using the reliable "Sorcerers Apprentice" blotter LSD in various doses. This had Mickey Mouse in his guise from the Disney movie stamped, in color, on perforated squares of paper.

win, lose, draw, or arrest, I was placed in this once-in-a-lifetime position to really learn something about psychiatry, psychedelics, and myself. Also, I secretly wanted to convince myself that tripping on LSD is different than psychosis, whether a lot of expensive scholarly books said so or not.

I worked during the day at the asylum and had the evenings off. During the late afternoon the eight-hour shift of janitors, therapists, nurses, and doctors would change. The night time brought a streamlined, smaller psychiatric crew to supervise a larger number of patients who were under lock and key both night and day for everyone's protection.

Some of the psychiatric wards, which are like army dorms (or any institutional living area) calm down a lot at night and don't need much supervision. In fact, some of the wards would have only one lay person on hand with a key to the oversized wooden doors which all had a small wire reinforced glass portal through which to observe the patients. Nobody else might be around for six or seven hours, except for us nuts.

It so happened that one such night "key man" was a close friend. The ward on which he worked was one where there was no other supervision; where nobody there knew me or had prejudices for or against me. Here was a place that I could spontaneously blend into while tripping and escape the usual "top-dog/underdog" mechanics of the standard therapist-patient relationship. I thought that this type of thing might just get a little weird on an acid trip--as if this

whole thing wasn't going to be weird enough on its own! I simply wanted to watch the inmates interact naturally in their home with their equals, and not adopt the artificial postures that they had learned to use to manipulate the daily authorities.

Rather than set a date and timetable for my experiment I had decided to hang loose, let the right time show up and then let nature take its course. Somewhere in the back of my mind, something told me that I wouldn't have long to wait.

One night shortly after this I was at home relaxing in front of my stereo and enjoying a really stoned LSD trip that was just coming on. In a flash I got up and left my room which was about a half mile from the asylum as the crow flies. This fresh direction in my trip wasn't without purpose. Although no traces of rhyme or reason could be found at the time, I found myself moving on foot across the moonlit grounds of the asylum. Up ahead was the locked psycho ward where my buddy was busy eyeballing and corralling stray patients.

To break up the night time monotony of his job, we had often enjoyed a friendly chillum or two while he was in the middle of his late night shift. I'm a night person, so he was used to my occasional visits to him and wasn't at all surprised when I showed up about 1 a.m. Although I was illegally trespassing while off duty, I knew how to avoid the hospital's a.m. security which went up to, but not beyond, the locked

violent wards of the several building asylum. As usual, his quick glance told me he was grateful for the diversion from a job too long worked. He unpacked a chillum, and I went to get a wet cloth for the mouthpiece.* The water faucet was outside the five-foot-wide, 50-year old wooden door, and my friend opened it by placing a metal key as thick as a tire iron into a keyhole the size of your thumb. (These things were built to last!)

By this time the oversized door was looking like Hollywood's best Transylvanian castle entrance and I was noticing the similarities between the color and grain in this aged wood and the ones that had been in the front door of my parents home as a child. Come to think of it, the glossy waxed linoleum beneath me did kinda resemble my old front porch covered with shiny ice. I had been seeing inappropriate colors for about half an hour now, and the differences in the colors of the two things in front of me were quickly dissolving and becoming moot; then exploding, suddenly becoming striking and unique to the point of inexpressability.

I was led down the hallway towards the patients social room which was still half-filled from a TV show. As I drew

*This Shivaite style of smoking involves placing lit, tightly wound twine (gundi) atop a bowl filled with bhang. This keeps things cooking and the wet cloth at the other end keeps things cool and sanitary.

nearer I started catching bits and pieces of the TV show and reassembling it in my mind like a Gysin-Burroghs cut-up divination. As these clues mounted, every few steps I made changed my mind concerning what lay ahead: A 3-d fun house, an Eleusis initiation chamber or a Martian meeting the first Earthlings?

All this revelry was cut short as I entered the room and 30 pair of baby blues (and a few baby browns) devoured me like a pack of wolves. It is the same for every new patient (or convict, or buck private) which I knew they would conclude I was. I suddenly became every alien invader from Genghis Khan to Margaret Mead as the lessons of mammalian territorial politics assualted my senses from hundreds of directions at once. The normal territorial instincts of primates would have been hard enough to sort out in my psychedelic state, but here was a cage; a microcosm and inflammation of everything humanly territorial bubbling like a cauldron. This cauldron, however, was madly cracked in a few spots and had been tossed in society's locked closet.

I knew that if I reacted in a hostile or fearful way it would decide my place in this micro-counter culture heirarchy on the spot. The anthropologist in me was smart, but the mystic in me was smarter! I flashed into the realization that no reactive signal from me to these jokers would be the best signal at this time. I immediately let go, let it be, and went transparent; I stopped my brain from organizing what was being collected

from my senses with a neat yoga-like trick that I had long ago picked up and perfected. This let the growing emotional charge within me run out; as with nobody at the controls to cause and effect such things, the emotions tend to discharge and lay still.

After a timeless moment or two I reincarnated and sat dazed, far-flung, and flustered. Some of the more animated oriented schizophrenics started to get hip to me and to the fact that contrary to what I was really (!) going through, it appeared, at least to them, that I was acceptably half-nuts and operating outside of the "sane" dialectics that led them to their own psycho-spiritual predicaments.

A few immediately gave, what was to me, some sense of approval with speechless body movements that were congruous and consonant and contained direct eye contact. This gave me some hint of an irrational bypass system of the brains that schizophrenics, mystics, and acid heads might tap into and out of to establish rapport. This is probably unconscious as it occurs, which is why it remains so well hidden from both its creators and conscious observers. With psychedelics I had access to these usually out-of-reach parts of my mind, at least temporarily. This experience gave a lot of credence to the communications theories of Gregory Bateson and Milton Erickson who maintain that such is off and on in the case with the usually misunderstood quandrum of schizo-

phrenia.*

As if to push me farther along, through and beyond this line of rationale, the two hands of God, wearing gloves that looked like long-term psychotics, approached and pointed to the glowing TV. This set up a chain of synchronicity that was literally out of this world! It was one of those things where the TV started a plot in word or picture; the plot was next picked up by some patient coming around the corner who added to it without even knowing the TV was on. Then the plot would jump back into the TV and continue. Like a story would be on TV about giving flowers, then an oblivious person would come up, bump a table and knock a flower vase over smashing the pot. Then when you glance back to the TV, the first thing you see would be an oil painting of a broken flower vase. You know what I mean, except that it might go for seven or eight glances, each one referencing an unfolding plot that is written both spontaneously and randomly, but would

*Dissonant and/or conflicting levels of body language can be clues to pinpointing similar mental and emotional states according to the science of kinesics. Bateson and Erickson claim that body posture, as well as voice inflection, use of syntax and other verbal and sub-verbal devices for communicating become mixed up during early youth and later blossom into schizophrenia. What I saw was a reverse of obverse; an agreement instead of a tangle at these deep unconscious levels.

make perfect sense, not just to you, but to a football stadium full of people. It's uncanny and has happened to me on a variety of LSD trips.

Maybe it's like a junction of parallel universes each containing similar enough elements to effect a reflex quantum composite, sometimes tumbling into "our" dimension and sometimes merging elsewhere...Maybe.

Or perhaps it has to do with some hidden way that we process and organize information; and it is this that backfires and creates the impression that there is causality or synchronicity when actually it is just random bits that get creatively organized during a fluke of brain functioning...Maybe.

By now the whole asylum scenario had mutated into areas that had so little to do with psychiatry and science that I had used as a premise that I gave up trying to force my experiences into this type of conceptual mold. I was leaning in favor of something above and beyond mere science, but was so high at this point that I couldn't begin to organize or fix my ideas in any sort of presentable way. Things were moving right along! At this moment I noticed five patients standing up in front of the TV, blocking my view for no apparent purpose.

For some reason I flashed into some of the ideas that Illuminatus! author Robert Anton Wilson tossed my way when he made me a Pope in the Discordian Society. The results of the Discordian's

confusion contest were enclosed with his letter.* This mail-in contest involved members donating five written words that were meant to cause varying degrees of confusion when read in a row. Trying to make some sense or draw meaning from them would result in an exercise that became an exorcism of the strict modes of normal, linear thinking. Breaking the line (or chain) of association and syntax into more fluid patterns of thought was the goal of the trip here.

It was just this kind of prankish, Dadaistic comedy that the Discordians found effectively pleasant, and able to free up and alternate your way of looking at the world. As a prerequisite to the more important mystical states that these folks trafficked in, it was great fun!

Remembering all this made me laugh out loud in spite of my attempts at playing the serious scientist. I realized that I was in the same perceptual cage as all the psychotics sitting

*Personal letter to the author from Malaclypse the Younger (Greg Hill) and Mordecai the Foul (Robert Anton Wilson) dated around 10-75. "The Discordian Society is now completely discordian (decentralized). Greg Hill and I are both too busy with other projects to do anything about serving as central clearing house for Discordians," pronounced a 10-81 letter to me from Wilson. The Discordian bible, entitled Principia Discordia, is back in print from: Loompanics, P.O. Box 264, Mason, MI 48854.

around me and standing in front of the TV set. The five psychotic syncopators now left the TV for the more up-to-date fascinations of the room's steam radiator, which had just come to life with a slow hiss.

Taking everything into consideration, I felt that I was still ahead in this crazy game, since I could laugh openly and easily. Laughter was, to me, still the lowest common denominator in most human communication.*

While I was still giggling uncontrollably over all this, I heard a familiar but distinctive sound from down the long hall that I had earlier in the evening entered. As the footsteps got closer and closer, I knew that it would soon be time to leave this place and go my way back into the world of the sane.

Although I felt that I had missed or forgotten a lot during the last couple of hours in this magic theater, I wasn't at all disappointed. I knew that what I did retain would nourish me for years to come. Whatever else I might pretend after all this was over wouldn't keep these very important insights from returning to me again and again.

As I recount, I find that too many parts of this unusual trip have been

*...unlike smiling, which is a much more complicated celebration and expression of emotion. Some theorists claim that while schizophrenics can easily laugh, they have a much harder time organizing the complex emotional information represented by a simple smile.

carried alone and undigested by me for too long a time...far too long, I fear. I grow impatient to be done with them, write them to their conclusion and go on to other more important lessons of the mind and the spirit. Lately, during these recent times, I might think a lot about such things.

In closing my way to you, I have humbly confessed what are, in truth, dire needs and obligations. With this article I have let them loose to run away. The images have been known elsewhere, in part, by many people, including William Burroughs in his instance, and others, uttering and petitioning me from my cassette deck to the jazz riffs of Kaiser Marshall's 1926 "Once or Twice"....

Fade out overtakes image
in subliminal slow sheets
Dripping out of the tape
recorder

--1962-68 Burroughs, from
The Ticket That Exploded

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AYAHUASCA DRINKERS
AMONG THE CHAMA INDIANS*

Heinz Kusel

Some time ago I read an article describing the experience of consuming peyote, a cactus, with Indians of South Dakota. I could not help being reminded of the ayahuasca drinkers of northeast Peru. I lived for seven years traveling and trading in the Upper Amazon region and often heard stories about the effect of the drug. Once on a long canoe trip down the river my Indian companion had chanted the song of the "Goddess of Ayahuasca." Ayahuasca, a Quencha word meaning "vine of death," is the collective name for various climbing tropical lianas and also designates the tea prepared from the leaves of the vine, either by itself or in combination with other leaves.

Indians and low-class mestizos alike visit the ayahuasquero or witchdoctor when they are ailing, or think they need a general check-up, or want to make an
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Interested readers should also see "The Sound of Rushing Waters" by Michael Harner on shamanic witchcraft practiced by the Hivaro Indians of the Amazon Basin. Discusses the use of ayshuasca and other substances to communicate with the spirit world in order to effect healings or bewitchment. Natural Science vol. 38, No. 6, 1968.

important decision, or simply because they feel like it. Among the scattered halfcastes and natives of the swamps and rain-forests of the Ucayali region, the ayhuasca cult plays a significant role in their religious medical practices and provides them with a good deal of entertainment.

Repeatedly I heard how in a vision induced by drinking the tea prepared from the liana the patient had preceived the specific plant needed for his cure, had later searched and found it in the jungle and had subsequently recovered. To the enigmatic mind of the Indian, ayahuasca opens the gate to the healing properties of the forces of nature at whose mercy he lives. A recurrent theme, whenever the natives refer to the results of the drug, is the vision of the procession of plants, with garlic, the "king" of the good plants, leading the way. Garlic, tobacco, quinine, and oje,* (a tree latex processed in Iquitos and exported to a pharmaceutical firm in New York for use in a remedy against hookworm), are at the head of a long line of friendly, elf-like plants which in ayahuasca visions bow to man, offering their services.

The half-civilized Chama Indians, sturdy fellows, who today specialize in drawing mahogany and cedar logs for the sawmills in Iquitos, undergo a "purge" of ayahuasca before they enter the flooded areas of the forest to float out the logs and assemble them into tremendous rafts. For a cure of that nature they prepare themselves by a prolonged

**Ficus helmianthiogoga*

diet, avoiding meat, salt, alcohol, and sugar.

Aside from the main use of the drug for curing or keeping the consumer in good general condition ayahuasca will, according to its users, induce clairvoyance and may, for example, solve a theft or prophecy the success or failure of a given enterprise. A man might be planning a trip to a certain river where he knows of a good place to tap rubber, but to be sure of good results he will consult ayahuasca first. After that, more than likely he will abandon the enterprise altogether and set off in another direction to pan gold, hunt pecuary, or do something else.

In these unhurried hours and days I arrived at an insight into the natives' fantastic beliefs and images, the richness of which is equalled only by the growth of the surrounding vegetation.

MAN, PLANT, AND ANIMAL PASSIVELY UNDERGO THE IRRATIATIONS OF EACH OTHER. SOMETIMES THEY EVEN ACQUIRE EACH OTHER'S CHARACTERISTICS.

Their superstitions, ideas and images freely cross and recross the borderline of reality in strangely patterned ways. Their stories have one thing in common: Man, plant, and animal are one, forever woven into an inextricable pattern of cause and effect. Later I found that ayahuasca visions are the fabrics that illustrate endless combinations of this pattern. Man, plant, and animal also

passively undergo the irradiations of each other--irradiations of powers that to us are mostly non-existent. Somehow, sometimes, they even acquire each other's characteristics.

Once, while drifting in a canoe, the Campa Indian with me disturbed the silence by imitating the voice of the cotomono, a copper-colored monkey. A cotomono from the shore answered him. A third joined in. After a while the whole shoreline seemed to come alive with cotomonos. The natives use this ability to imitate voices to such a degree that hunting takes on the character of treacherous assassination.

Though hardly in the way of an equivalent, the animal world "puts out" a bird that I heard one night, on the Pachitea River. It filled the darkness with a descending scale of glass-clear notes. Quite likely it is a beautiful scale, but nevertheless it resembles the hysterical laughter of an insane woman. It shocked me; I felt upset, mocked, laughed at.

Everything "calls" in the jungle. Once a Campa Indian in my boat, when we were drifting far from the shore, was "called" by ayahuasca, followed the "call," and later emerged from the forest with a sampling of the fairly rare liana that today is cultivated by the ayhuasquero in secret spots. I myself certainly did not hear the call.

If this jungle life in its irrational mutual dependency forms a picture of general confusion, ayahuasca is the magic mirror that reflects this confusion as something beautiful and attract-

ive. For whomever I listened to, all manifested the enjoyment of a wondrous spectacle that was pleasing to the senses. If fearsome visions occurred, they said that the ayahuasquero could easily dispel them by shaking a dry twig near the ear of the affected drinker, or by blowing the smoke of a cigarette on the crown of his head. The aesthetic climax of the spectacle was, they claimed, the vision of the goddess with concealed eyes who dwelt inside the twining tropical vine.

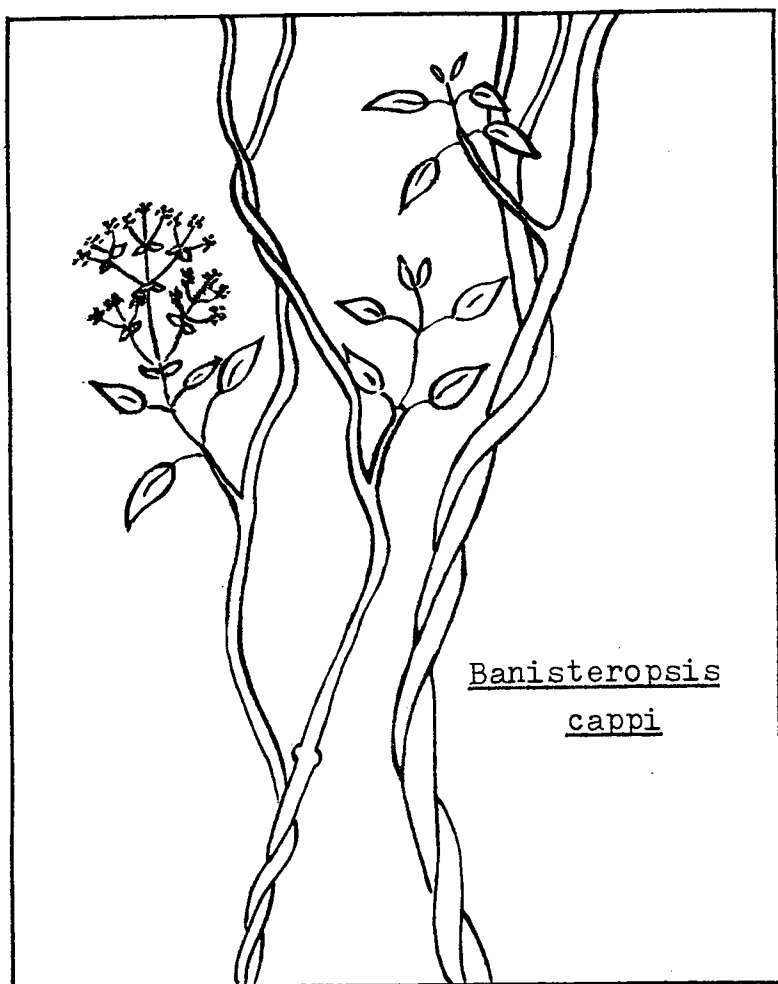
Many times I listened to these tales, but it never crossed my mind to try the liana myself. It belonged definitely to the low-class Indian lore, to something sordid, outside of the law, something publicly frowned upon like the binding-up of the heads that the Chamas practice on their babies, or like burying one twin alive as they also do, or so many other equally fantastic or ghastly things.

In 1949 I had my headquarters in a white-washed brick house in Pucallpa overlooking a wide curve of the Ucayali. Pucallpa at that time was a village of about 200 homes, a Catholic church, an American Protestant mission, a Masonic temple and two primitive hotels. The place had gained some importance by being at the end of the only road, precariously connecting Lima and the Pacific with a navigable river of the Amazon system. It had also an airport

which could be used when the ground was dry. After the war and the falling of prices for rubber, the importance of the road decreased, and Pucallpa fell back to the stagnation of a Peruvian jungle settlement.

At that time I realized that my days in the jungle were coming to an end and in spite of being somewhat skeptical about the possible effects of the drug, decided to try it.

I drank the bitter salty extract of the vine three times. It seemed too much trouble to look for a venerated great ayahuasquero like Juan Inuma, who lived up the river near Masiese. There were a number of less widely esteemed fellows in Pucallpa, such as Nolorbe, who was recommended to me as the most reliable of the witchdoctors in the village. His hut was the last upstream in the long row of buildings above the steep shore of Pucallpa. It was there that I found myself sitting on an empty gasoline crate one night, while other people squatted on the floor. I drank the required dose--about a quart--and nothing happened. The only noticeable effect was an increased auditory sensitivity, which is the reason why the drug is consumed in secluded places at night. A neighborhood rooster crowed recklessly which upset me considerably for it seemed to happen right in my head. The people in the hut were disturbed also for they sighed and shifted their positions uneasily. Nolorbe blamed the ineffectiveness of the drug on the fact that it had not been freshly prepared.



Another evening the guide who carried my blanket led me to a hut far outside the limits of the village. The hut, a typical structure of a floor on stilts without walls, covered by a thatched roof, belonged to Saldaña, a mestizo I did not particularly like, who had many patients in the village. I lay down on

the raised floor of beaten palmbark overlooking the clearing, and Saldaña handed me a bottle of ayahuasca. I started to drink and heard him singing behind a partition where he was tending his patients. I listened carefully to the startling song that is always sung in Quencha, the language of the highland Indians which only old people in the Ucayali region speak. The song starts with a shrill musical question and continues with a series of answers, intermixed with hissing sounds and syn-copated with guttural noises produced by the tounge against the palate. I drank the whole dose Saldaña had prepared for me and felt slightly dizzy and nauseated. After a while I climbed down from the raised floor, using the ladder, made as usual by hacking footholes into an upright log. The clearing and surrounding jungle looked as though covered with white ashes in the strong moonlight. From the hut behind me I heard the sound of voices speaking monotonously. I heard Saldaña intermittently singing the song or administering his cures.

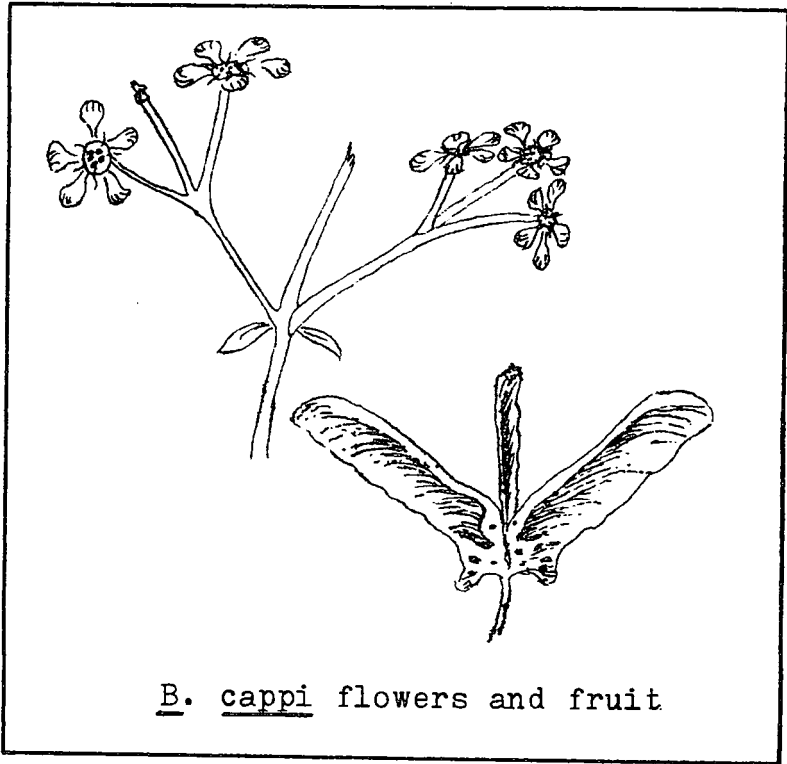
One of the procedures used to relieve a pain is actually to suck the pain out of the hurting member. When this had been repeated often enough, the pain is supposed to be located in the doctor's mouth and removed from there by spitting. Again my stimulated hearing reported those awful noises so intensely that at times they were hard to endure.

The next day Saldaña attributed this failure to the fact that I had a slight cold. I was more skeptical than ever.

After all, if unlike those people I was not able to hear the call of the plant or to walk noiselessly through the jungle, maybe I lacked also the required acuteness of senses to meet the iridescent goddess.

I am glad that I went a third time. I made another appointment with Nolorbe for a Saturday night. I walked out to his place at the edge of the forest at about 10 p.m. I realized that his one-room house that stood in darkness and silence was crowded and waited outside until he emerged. I told him that I would rather not join the crowd and he obligingly showed me a good-sized canoe pulled up for repairs and resting about twenty feet from the cane wall of his shack towards the edge of the jungle.

I wrapped myself in a blanket and lay down comfortably, my shoulders against the cedar walls of the dugout, my head resting on the slanting stern. I felt relaxed and full of expectation. Nolorbe had appeared eager and confident. A small, barefooted Indian, with something queer and slightly funny about his face, he showed a nervousness which did not go with his sturdy native build. He seemed to be never quite present, as if continuously distracted by frequent encounters with his vegetable gods and devils. His eyes were not steady but pulled in different directions. While somewhat fearful, there was something very happy about this man, as if a hidden gaiety were buried under his worried features. He believed himself smart and powerful; he lived a glorious life, even if sometimes he seemed to go to pieces in his



B. cappi flowers and fruit

effort to walk back and forth professionally between two equally puzzling worlds. I remembered seeing him once in the Comisaria in conflict with one of them, accused again of leading a disorderly life and practicing quackery. He was standing in his formerly green trousers, before a wooden table and the Peruvian flag, answering the rude Guardia Civil with a humble smile, his eyes going apolegitically in all directions.

He soon appeared with a gourdful of liquid he had carefully prepared by stewing for hours the leaves of the vine with those of another plant, whose name

possibly was his secret. He squatted at the canoe and whispered, his eyes going sideways: "Gringo, today you will experience the real thing; I will serve you well, we will have the true intoxication; you will be satisfied, wait and see..." And he left me alone.

THE BIRD'S WHISTLING AND MELODIOUS SOUND AT THE END OF HIS CALL SEEMED TO TOUCH ME LIKE A WHIPLASH.

After a while a girl approached me from the hut and asked for a cigarette. She lighted it, inhaled, and for a moment I saw her wide face surrounded by hard black hair; then she walked noiselessly back into the hut. A tu-ayo bird began to call repeatedly, high above my face. The whistling and melodious sound at the end of his call seemed to touch me like a whiplash. A truck loaded with cedarboards left the village, and on the distant highway accelerated madly and shifted gears. By that time I knew the drug was working in me, felt fine and heard Nolorbe whispering near my ear again: "Do you want more? Shall I give you more? Do you want to see the goddess well?" And again I drank the full gourd of cool, bitter liquid. I cannot say how often Nolorbe was present, whispering and drinking with me, singing the song near my ear and far away, treating his patients and making those awful primitive noises that I despised. There was another sound that upset me more than anything, like something round falling into a deep well, a mysterious, slippery

and indecent sound. (Much later I found out that it was produced by the normally innocuous action of Nolorbe ladling water out of an old oil barrel by means of a small gourd.) I yawned through what seemed to be an interminable night, till the muscles of my face were strained; sometimes I yawned so hard that it seemed to me as loud as the roaring of the sea on a rocky coast. Things got so gay, absorbing and beautiful, that I had to laugh foolishly. The laughter came out of my insides of its own accord and shook me absurdly. At the same time I cried, and the tears that were running down my face were annoying, but they kept running madly, and no matter how often I wiped my cheeks, I could not dry them.

The first visual experience was like fireworks. Then a continuously creating power produced a wealth of simple and elaborate flat patterns in color. There were patterns that consisted of twining

THE SONG IN THE BACKGROUND SEEMED TO PHYSICALLY TOUCH A BRAIN CENTER AND STARTED NEW CENTERS OF HALLUCINATIONS WHICH KEPT CHANGING TO THE RYTHM OF HIS CHANT.

repeats, and other geometrically organized with rectangles or squares that were like Maya designs or those decorations which the Chama paint on their thin, ringing pottery.

The visions were in constant flux. First intermittently, then successively, the flat patterns gave way to deep-brown,

purple, or beige depths, like dimly lighted caves in which the walls were too far away to be perceived. At times snake-like stems of plants were growing profusely in the depths, at others these were covered with arrangements of myriads of lights that like dewdrops of gems adorned them. Now and then brilliant light illuminated the scene as though by photographic flash, showing wide landscapes with trees placed at regular intervals or just empty plains. A big ship with many flags appeared in one of these flashes, a merry-go-round with people dressed in highly colored garments in another. The song of Nolorbe in the background seemed to physically touch a brain center, and each of his hissing guttural syncopations hurt and started new centers of hallucinations which kept on moving and changing to the rythm of his chant. At a certain point I felt, helplessly, that Nolorbe and his song could do anything with me. There was one note in his song, that came back again and again, which made me slide deeper, whenever it appeared, deeper and deeper into a place where I might lose consciousness. If, to reassure myself, I opened my eyes, I saw the dark wall of the jungle covered with jewels as if a net of lights had been thrown over it. Upon closing my eyes again, I could renew the precession of slick, well-lighted images.

There were two very definite attractions; I enjoyed the unreality of a created world. The images were not casual, accidental or imperfect, but fully or-

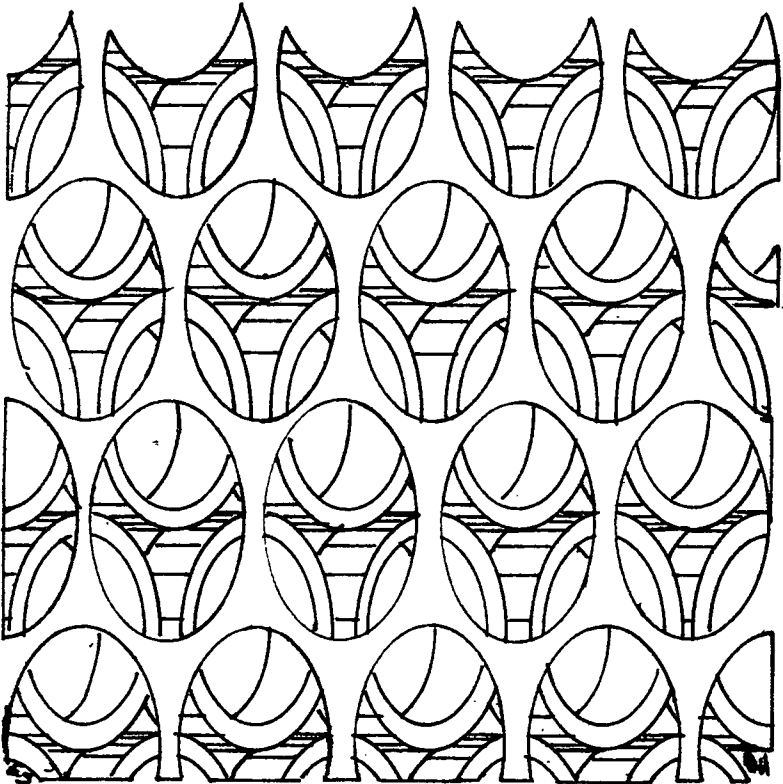
ganized to the last detail of highly complex, consistent, yet forever changing designs. They were harmonized in color and had a slick, sensuous, polished finish. The other attraction of which I was very conscious at the time was an inexplicable sensation of intimacy with the visions. They were mine and concerned only me. I remembered an Indian telling me that whenever he drank ayahuasca he had such beautiful visions that he used to put his hands over his eyes for fear somebody might steal them. I felt the same way.

The color scheme became a harmony of browns and greens. Naked dancers appeared turning slowly in spiral movements. Spots of brassy lights played on their bodies which gave them the texture of polished stones. Their faces were inclined and hidden in deep shadows. Their coming into existence in the center of the vision coincided with the rhythm of Nolorbe's song, and they advanced forward and to the sides, turning slowly. I longed to see their faces. At last the whole field of vision was taken up by a single dancer with inclined face covered by a raised arm. As my desire to see the face became unendurable, it appeared suddenly in full close-up with closed eyes. I know that when the extraordinary face opened them, I experienced a satisfaction of a kind I had never known. It was the visual solution of a personal riddle.

I got up and walked away without disturbing Nolorbe. When I arrived home I was still subject to uncontrollable fits

of yawning and laughter. I sat down before my house. I remember that a drop of dew fell from the tin roof, and its impact was so noisy that it made me shudder. I looked at my watch and realized it was not yet midnight. The next day and for quite some time I felt unusually well.

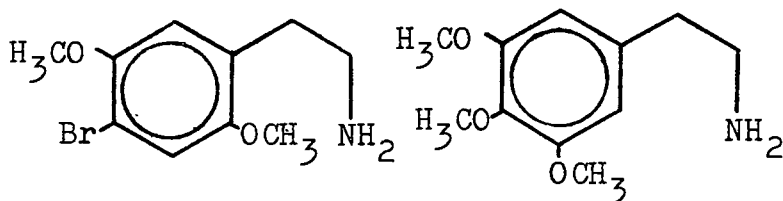
Three years later, in a letter from Pucallpa, I heard that Nolorbe had been accused of "bewitching a man into insanity" and had been jailed in Iquitos.



AN EXPERIENCE WITH 2-CB*

Del Williamson

If you are familiar with the chemical constituency of peyote, you know that the magical cactus contains dozens of other active alkaloids besides mescaline. The mescaline molecule, a ring with a "tail" of ethylamine, can be modified in literally hundreds of different ways, by adding or removing various peripheral radicals.



2-CB

Mescaline

Alexander Shulgin, inventor and investigator of the properties of many of the mescaline analogs recently took part in the Entheogenic Conference held at the University of California in Santa Barbra. Shulgin discussed several new compounds, and one in particular which was mentioned was the compound known as 2-CB. He described 2-CB as "a tool which ties the mental process directly and constructively to the physical soma."

I was recently invited to partake in the experiencing of this unusual compound. This was not a guessing game or a

*2,5-dimethoxy-4-bromophenethylamine

trial and error experimentation, because the people who were with me were all knowledgeable and had a good measure of familiarity with the substance. Of course I was curious about it, and a little apprehensive, but my guide assured me that the quantity was not a high dose, and my prior experience with other psychedelics should make it easy for me to assimilate the experience.

It must have been close to 3:00 a.m. when we finally took 18 mg each. Mark, my guide, had experimented with higher doses, and reassured me that it would be a fairly mild experience. Before the session, I listened carefully to one of the tapes of Shulgin's lecture in which he almost tearfully expressed concern that 2-CB should never become a commercial enterprise. The tape mentioned twenty mg as a medium dose for a 150 lb. person.

It was about 35 minutes before I started coming on. A tingling sensation in my legs--no, in my whole body. Not exactly tingling, but more like a warm shiver. Feeling elated and light, I noticed some peripheral imagery, but still very light.

My brother, who had taken only a sub-threshold dose of perhaps five mg, sat on the couch and talked with me while Mark laid down on the carpet. Thoughts were flying around in my mind and my brother and I were having some interesting conversation.

Then I looked over at Mark, who was by now snoring like a cartoon character, and I said to my brother, "Looks like

Mark has finally conked out."

But to my surprise, he was wide awake, and responded alertly, "Nope, still with you!"

I noticed much the same effect myself a short while later. Lying on the couch, resting, watching the visual show with detached fascination and much internal thought, I was almost in a dream state. With my eyes closed, I could have fooled anyone into thinking I was asleep. Yet I heard every sound and knew clearly everything going on around me.

Some minor mental schisms arose within my mind. A difficult phenomenon to explain, but one fairly common with higher doses of LSD or LSA. The feeling is one of being composed of myriads of different parts; each part divided from the others. Pulsings and oscillations of the ratio of positivity to negativity, cheese going through a shredder, leaves dropping from trees, and such. Disturbing somewhat, but fortunately not very intense. I recognized the feeling from other psychedelic experiences and knew that it was not progressing with intensity enough to be alarming. I also recognized that it was a manifestation of a poor set; the excitement and hullabaloo of holiday activities, fighting traffic, seeing relatives, and all, followed by the extraordinary tranquility of the psychedelic experience... So the feeling was no great problem.

How thoughtful it was that Mark had stayed in the living room with us. Then I realized the reason he had done so was to make sure everything was going all

right with us, and no complications were going to arise. Later, after the effects began to wane, he did go to bed.

I thought about God and what a privilege it was to be one of the few people to whom had been revealed at least a tiny bit of the alternate state of consciousness experience. Life is filled with ups and downs for any situation in which you are involved, and that is what makes it so grand and interesting, though sometimes we don't realize it till much later.

Hallucinations are much different than on LSD or psilocybin, or even mescaline. With those substances, the frequency of hallucinations is fairly high. For example, with LSD, you take 100 mcg, and the imagery is almost continuous in the ascending phase, though not highly intense. With 2-CB, however, the imagery is worked into gradually, so you may get strong, visually transcendent hallucinations every two to ten minutes depending on how still or active you are. Mescaline is somewhat similar in its lower doses, but still the frequency of imagery is higher than with 2-CB. This "low frequency" or intermittancy of visual imagery makes it somewhat more easily managed than LSD, psilocybin, or mescaline.

After I had been talking to my brother for a while, and Mark had finally left the room to go to bed, I was feeling somewhat drowsy. I lay down, and many interesting things were going through my mind. Yet I didn't seem to have the energy to reach over and turn

on the tape recorder again, and besides, that activity would disrupt the flow of consciousness which I found was quite enjoyable. Little or no visual imagery occurred with my eyes closed. Instead, I found that by holding my lids in a nearly shut position, letting only enough light in to vaguely perceive form I had the option of "going into" the imagery much deeper than I had previously thought possible.

Lying silently on the couch this way, a curious landscape appeared. Not highly detailed and articulate as with mushrooms, but edges and discreet parts were sharply defined. In the midst of this interesting place was the most beautiful, vibrant, silvery-white dome-like structure; perhaps the Jewel of the Universe, or at least of my mind. When I opened my eyes wider, the vision vanished and I could see that the landscape which had been so vivid was no more than the fingers of my left hand out of focus a few inches in front of my face. And the brilliant, magnificent dome of light which so beautifully enhanced that enchanted place was no more than the unfocussed reflection of light off the surface of my wedding ring.

To achieve such an intensity of visual imagery with LSD would have taken about 200 mcg. But when I opened my eyes to return to the here and now, the visual intensity of the experience fell off sharply, so it was then like a sub-threshold dose of LSD.

I experimented with the "nearly shut" eyes technique for the next hour or so

and found it to be very enjoyable, serene, and entertaining. I found I could also force myself, if I wanted, to hold the visions, voluntarily, to the point where they would become uncomfortable... Those endless banks of synchronous miniture windmills, with their wicked little bipolar propellers slicing their way through the etheric matrix of my mind...Enough of that; time for some more conversation with my brother.

"Have you ever noticed," I said to him, how there are different kinds of creative thinking? Some kinds of problems, you know, you work and work on them, maybe for months and months, until finally you can come up with an answer. Then there's other kinds of thinking where you don't really think consciously about it, the answer just pops into your mind. It's already perfectly focussed."

And my brother says, "Yeah. Or sometimes you know what you want, and the picture is there but you don't know how to go about materializing it to make it work. You don't have the knowledge. So you go and investigate for the knowledge, and nobody wants to tell you the knowledge, because it would put somebody out of business or whatever. Just because they don't have the knowledge, they'll tell you it's impossible to do."

Then I was thinking about what he had just said in application to the controversy over controlled substances. "It's a similar situation with drugs. People don't want drugs in society because they think it's too dangerous, but in fact they are really saying it's just some-

thing beyond their knowledge, so it shouldn't be around for anyone; thus it's 'impossible' to have uncontrolled drugs." But of course that attitude arises from fear and ignorance about these substances, which is then coupled with the beauracratic brainwashing by the political systems people. Of course they don't want people changing their consciousness to such a state that they are no longer dependant on this system.

It went along like this for another hour or better, till dawn began to break. Finally I had to lie down and get some rest. I was a bit disappointed that I didn't have the "central experience" of peaking out which is characteristic of other entheogens. Nor was there any ego loss, out-of-body experiences or dissolution of being. The transcendence principle is manifested mainly as visual phenomena. But then with only a single experience, one can't really extrapolate too much about what would go on at higher doses.

On the whole, a very enjoyable experience. It was interesting that there was a much broader range of personal options (on the mental plane) with which I could enter or not into the visual experience. Obviously this range would diminish as dosage was increased.

On the other hand, I did not feel it to be much of a spiritual experience, but possibly I wasn't in the mind-set for a spiritual trip. I considered it an exploratory venture, and a learning experience. It did seem to enhance interpersonal communication, though while

going through such a phase, the imagery was considerably diminished.

The option of intense visualization or not would seem to suggest that 2-CB might be effectively used in controlled environment situations for the purpose of enhancing its effects with a given dosage. The "nearly shut eyes" technique would probably work well with any low level light situation, such as candle-light or moonlight.

The laid back feeling which at one time makes one feel as if he is on the brink of sleep, not caring to move, but still very much mentally active and alert, is quite a contrast from LSD and psilocybin, though I've heard scattered references to people not wanting to move when they are on peyote. Of course on the indole hallucinogens, you can move around, or lie still and go into the trip as you prefer, but it's optional. The 2-CB seemed to have a decidedly tranquilizing effect, probably due to the bromine, I would guess. Makes one want to speculate about differences in physiological effects which would be brought about by omitting the bromine atom and/or altering the number and sequence of the methoxy radicals on the ring.

We all got up around 9:00 a.m. Mark was asking me about the trip and how it went. He offered me a hit of his DMT which I had to tactfully decline. I would have really liked to try the DMT, because I'd never really done it before. But the 2-CB experience was now beginning to gel in my mind, and I thought if

I smoked the DMT, it might create some confusion. And I had a long drive to get back home, so it seemed like not an appropriate time for hasty drug experiments. Anyway, there would be other times.

It was about a hundred miles back to my place. Having had only a couple hours sleep, I thought I would be totally exhausted by the time we got back home. But to my surprise, I felt quite awake, energetic, and alert, but not speedy.

Honey for the Day After?

A journal on beekeeping, Gleanings in Bee Culture, mentioned in their January '84 issue an unusual use of honey which may be of interest to readers. The "Siftings" column by Charles Mraz, makes reference to the use of mushrooms by hippies and psychedelic pilgrims in Mexico which followed Wasson's report of mycolotry in Mesoamerica. The article stated that the eating of copious quantities of honey following a mushroom trip would prevent the "psychedelic blues" which often follow for a few days after an excursion. The article further stated that such use of honey would enable the tripper to repeatedly take mushrooms for up to five consecutive days, apparently with little tolerance build up. The honey sugar levulose is converted by the liver to glycogen, which helps the body restore chemical balance.

But I can't help but question the practice of such repeated tripping. I've often found it takes considerable time
(to p. 70)

TERENCE MCKENNA

(Part 3)

McKenna: With culture, and the advent of language, and then the further advent of alphabets and writing, information is taking on this more and more intense, rapidly replicating and self-reflecting ability.

And of course, the psychedelics relate very closely to this because what they are essentially, are information probes of some sort, reporting telemetric data coming in from nearby and not so nearby dimensions. But they are entirely interpretable as information, and in that sense probably susceptible to analysis by information theory.

PP: You talked quite a bit too, about the UFO experience. I've read a few references to people who have had a perception of "galactic consciousness" with LSD. I've had that experience too. But I notice you have made quite a point of differentiating the tryptamine hallucinogens from others.

McKenna: Well, I'm not sure what you mean by "galactic consciousness." I can imagine that LSD gives you a vast and sympathetic perspective with nature on an astronomical scale. But what I'm talking about with these tryptamines is some-

(McKenna)

thing a little different. The sense of the presence of an intellect of some sort. The sense that there are life forms, and forms of conscious organization that really are alien and bizarre. But the problem is that they are not 30,000 light years away, they somehow, somehow, interpenetrate the here and now.

This is a persistent claim of shamanism and of true folkloric thinking worldwide, but it's a very alien idea to the last thousand years of Western thinking where we have been definitely on the retreat from the idea that the universe is populated with teaming angels, demons, or anything else.

Again, the reason I link the UFO to psilocybin is because in the high dose situation, or in the repeated high dose situation in isolation, the psilocybin experience blends imperceptably into what is called the "contact experience."

And nobody likes to hear this, because the UFO people are very jealous of their UFO's and absolutely convinced that they come from the stars and are made of metal and bear great hope for mankind. They think that any explanation which explains this in terms of human psychology or something like that is a reductionment, but

(McKenna)

actually I don't think this is true.

I think the UFO represents a sort of "shock wave" of concrecence; it precedes concrecence. It's a shadow of concrecence that haunts time and has always haunted time. It comes and goes, in and out of history. It is like a reflection of the end of history. It is the spiral lens-shaped topology left when everything flows together; when the temporal vectors collapse, you know, and we pass beyond description...

Press: The thing I was thinking of just then is the attitude we have toward these UFO's now probably is not much different than primitive men had about the moon and stars 10,000 years ago. They probably looked up in the sky and wondered what the silvery disk of white light was which moved across the sky at night.

McKenna: Yes, that's right. And you don't have to go back 10,000 years. A very interesting parallel to the relationship of the flying saucer to modern people is the relationship of the search for the philosopher's stone to the psychology of people in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Here it was rumored, you know, that certain people could produce a magical object that would give you long life,

(McKenna)

transmute substances into gold; it was just this mystical substance that would do everything, the universal panacea. Certain people claimed to have seen it or possessed it at one time, and wild and fantastic speculation was launched around this thing. And thus it served as a great impetus to the exploration of physical matter.

And then as more and more was discovered about physical matter, obsession with the philosopher's stone was slowly itself transformed into modern science.

And I think the UFO obsession, if it develops correctly, will slowly change from an obsession with brotherly space people who will come and save us from ourselves into a much deeper appreciation of the hyperdimensional nature of consciousness, and the realization that all mind is Mind; there is only one Mind. Humanness is a name for a section of mind that we exercise some control over, but information passes everywhere. There's an aphorism--Understanding passes everywhere.

Press: How about the UFO experience in relation to other types of light visions like people seeing angles and saints and Virgin Mary's. Ezekiel's UFO, are you familiar with that?

McKenna: Sure. That's all this business of "the other" presenting itself within the context of the historical situation. In other words, what happens is that you're somebody in some historical period and you're out in the wilderness. Something very strange begins to happen. The immediate symptoms of it are that the hair on the back of your neck stands up and your knees feel weak and you see a tremendous light descending from the sky. At that point your mind throws an enormous question out in the universe which is, "WHAT'S HAPPENING?" And the answer comes back dependant on your historical situation. It is either without doubt, a manifestation of Krishna or the Virgin Mary, or the flying saucer, or the philosopher's stone, or your personal guardian spirit--it depends entirely on who you are. You explain; the mind just goes into a tizzy of explanation whenever the mind is confronted with something it can't immediately dismiss, it falls into a frenzy of explanation, and that is what happens in that situation.

And again, it has close parallels with these tryptamine hallucinogens. Because what happens when you smoke DMT and what makes it so strange is you immediately have these very complicated, three (at least,) possibly

(McKenna)

four dimensional hallucinations by which you are surrounded. And you attempt immediately to pour language onto them and you say, "It's a...it's like a..." and it doesn't work. And the more that it doesn't work the monkey inside you begins to go into some kind of shock, because language is supposed to work.

Press: So that triggers the glossolalia-like phenomenon you were talking about in the Esalen lecture?*

McKenna: Well, in an effort to utter what the thing is, and seeing that English is hopeless, you are abandoned to your deeper intuition, and out of that comes the glossolalia which then is actually able to "lock" that modality and affect it or "dance" with it (you wouldn't say "control" it) but you can then enter the flow and go through these changes with it.

*Tryptamine Hallucinogens and Consciousness, by McKenna. Dolphin Tapes, P.O. Box 71, Big Sur, CA 93920

(Continued next issue)

The LEPIOTA PEELE MUSHROOM*

Stephen L. Peele

Genus: *Leucoagaricus*
Species: *ginerascens*
Common Name: Peele's *Lepiota*

The author in no way encourages that any laws be broken pertaining to any species of mushrooms. The purpose of this manuscript is to prevent the accidental ingestion of this mushroom. Several new and until now, unknown compounds have been found. A compound which is manufactured by the human brain has also been found. Scans show no traces of psilocybin or psilocin. These two compounds make up the list for active compounds in a vast number of mushrooms. Once again, these two compounds are not present. There have been reports of adverse effects on children who have accidentally ingested mushrooms containing psilocybin and psilocin. The fear of these two toxins is not to be associated with this mushroom.

Several mycologists in other countries are now working to verify the reports our chemist made. We do know that the active compounds present have a short life span. Once dried, they break down at a very fast rate. Even if held under cold storage, the breakdown occurs. Only fresh samples are active. Because this mushroom bruises red, it is most important not to confuse it with *Agaricus placomyces*, or *A. silvaticus*, choice

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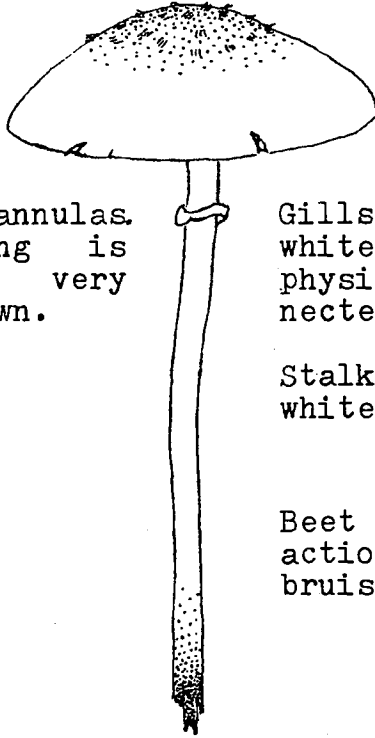
edibles to many. Use all points of identification. In cases of accidental ingestion of this mushroom, victims recovered with no known side effects.

Description

Cap is 1½" to 3" across and parasol shaped. The young are white with the very top of the bulb beige yellow. The young, unopened caps are entirely smooth. As the cap matures, the yellow disappears completely, leaving a faint brown in the center of the cap, and small brown scales appear in the center also. At this stage its resemblance to *Chlorophyllum molybdites* is awesome, at least while looking down on the cap. At this top view the only difference is size and the amount of scales. Even the ring on the stalk will sometimes come loose and movable on both species. When the mushroom is turned over for gill examination however the two are clearly separated. The mature *C. molybdites* has green gills, the *Lepiota* will have pure white gills. These white gills are close, and they do not touch the stalk. That is to say, they reach to the stalk, but they are not physically connected to the stalk. The ring on the stalk is also white. The mushroom has no cup or volva below the stalk. Always check this on any gilled mushroom. There is always the possibility of *Amanita*, and I always hunt with that thought in mind. The most striking characteristic of this mushroom is the bruised color reaction. Within thirty seconds after bruising, the area will change to a deep beet red. The younger

Light brown and slightly scaly in center of cap

Pure white



Superior annulus. This ring is white or very faint brown.

Gills are pure white and not physically connected to stalk

Stalk is pure white

Beet red reaction where bruised

Always dig up the base of any white gilled mushroom to check for the cup-like structure known as the volva. This would indicate the Amanita. Lepiota peelee does not have this volva structure.



L. peelee identification features

mushrooms seen to change color the brightest. Older samples will appear a brown maroon. Both the cap and stalk react in this manner. The flesh has almost no taste, being only slightly earthy. It is found in pastures and around barns. It seems totally associated with cow fertilizer, but rarely ever is it found growing directly from cow pies. Gardens that have been enriched with cow dung seem to be good hunting grounds. Pastures that have good shade trees are also good producers. It seems to like shaded areas rather than out in the open. High grassy areas, under shade trees, in meadows or pastures with cows, seem to be best. When found growing under these conditions, another characteristic trait is shown. The mycelium of this mushroom will sometimes grow above the ground in a thick, mat-like condition. It is not soft and easy to tear as you would expect. Instead it is quite tough, and even hard to lift from the ground. I have noted this condition many times, and when growing in this state the number of mushrooms usually exceed fifty. I have seen these mycelium mats as large as 20' X 25', producing well over 200 mushrooms! July, August, and September are the only months that produce this mushroom.

When viewed under the microscope, the spores are slightly elliptical, thin-walled, with a pore at the apex. Also remember that there is no indication of the color beet red until the white cap or stalk is bruised. No matter how careful you are, the white stem will

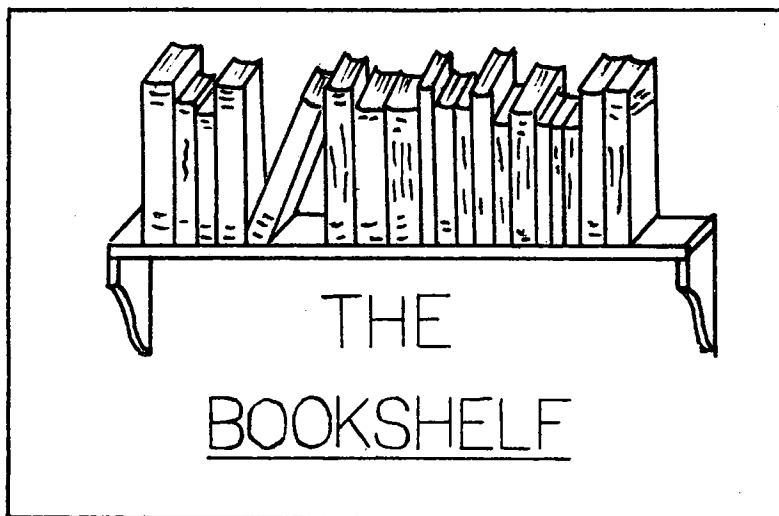
still change color at the point of detachment.

The characteristics of the mushrooms in the genus *Lepiota* are white spores, free gills, and no volva or cup. They possess scales on the cap which are actually part of the cap tissue, not remnants of the universal veil material. They also have a superior ring. The unidentified mushroom just discussed has all of these traits. There are about thirty species of *Lepiota*, but none I have found match this *Lepiota* mushroom exactly. It may be that this particular mushroom has never been classified, but from my standpoint it is not rare, at least not on the Gulf coast. It is also worth mentioning that the hallucinogenic toxin present is unknown to me at the time of this printing.

(from p. 59)

tions the experience brings, and going into another trip day after day would not be constructive use of the mushroom; it could even become confusing and bring about a temporary "psychedelic psychosis." Nevertheless, honey has been recognized as a medicinal agent since ancient times. I, for one, have never had the "acid blues," but many people have mentioned to me that they do have trouble getting started again after a trip. It is logical that honey, with its natural sugars, would revitalize physical energy, and be better than trying to do it with some synthetic drug.

((Info courtesy J.B.))



A Treasury of Hashish. Alexander Sumach, 1976. Stoneworks Publishing Company, 2186 Queen St. E., Toronto, Canada. 154 pages.

This book is the most detailed study on hashish and cannabis I have ever seen. A hand lettered text is accompanied by photographs, detailed illustrations and an occasional cartoon. Covers all aspects of hashish, including historical, ethnic, medical, botanical, and blackmarketeering.

Dr. Sumach is decidedly a factual humanist in presenting his encyclopedic knowledge of cannabis and hashish. It is not presented as a lot of dry scientific data, but as a very interesting and layman-readable discussions. For example, a credible assesment of now growing environments and genetics interact to modify percentages of the various alkaloids is brief and to the point

without bringing in confusing and extraneous data. He describes several lab tests for cannabis, and how with only a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry, you can do a "beam test" to get an idea of potency for a particular sample. Various methods of making hashish the world over are discussed, with recommendations on how to eliminate undesirable elements from the raw material. Do you know how to recognize various grades and qualities of hashish when traveling in Eastern lands? Read the book to find out how to avoid getting stuck with camel dung-adulterated "tourist grade" kief.

Dr. Sumach's book is as educational as a formal text, yet as enjoyable to read as a Freak Brothers comic. Recommended!

Song of the Siren: A Parapsychological Odyssey. Stanley Krippner, Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1977. 310 pages. Order from Saybrook Inst., 1772 Vallejo St., San Francisco, CA.

Krippner is taking the stand that the psychedelic experience is only one of many realms of experience which can shed light on the function of the human mind. His observations at Millbrook on the psychedelic experience have brought about some interesting speculations about the nature of synchronicity and ESP. But other problems came up:

By the end of 1966, there was little chance that psychedelics would be used to investigate paranormal phenomena scientifically. Thousands of students and artists were carrying

out their own experiments....while respectable scientists could not obtain from Sandoz or the FDA (what) was available on the street corner. It was clear to me that psychedelics provided science an unparalleled opportunity to study human consciousness; as a result of Leary's radical actions and the U.S. government's reactionary views, this opportunity was lost.

Krippner has noted that interest in psychedelic experiences has stimulated interest in all forms of altered consciousness, and he is one author who has tried to understand how the psychedelic experience fits in with other extraordinary experiences. He has done some quite interesting studies in fields such as dream telepathy, hypnotic states, sensory deprivation, biofeedback, and psychic healing. He has conscientiously taken note of how frauds and charlatans try to take advantage of people's sincere interest in extraordinary phenomena, and for this reason is a bit hard-nosed in his insistent stance about the use of scientific method to study such matters.

However, such research has been hampered by the structure of the very methods used to study them. It has only been within the last quarter century that credible institutions are recognizing the halting first steps of this protoscience. Still, there is a great skepticism and reluctance to support such fields of study. So what had motivated Dr. Krippner to maintain years of research working with shoestring

budgets under constant heckling by arrogant "materialist" scientists?

I devoted 10 years to parapsychology research because of a lifetime curiosity concerning the scope of human consciousness as well as a commitment to the development of human potential. The findings suggest that there exists in the universe a dimension of existence (which) could teach us more than we know about time and space. It could expand our development of intellect, emotion, intuition and creativity. It might even demonstrate that human beings do not end at the boundaries of their skin, but exist as part of a network of consciousness...

So consciousness research, however difficult, is worth the effort, and Song of the Siren is worth the reading.

Kitaro Ki by Kitaro. Canyon Records, 1982

This is an easy listening selection of electronic music nicely done on what seems to be fairly good recording equipment. If you've been wearied by the overbearing morbitities of Tomita or the frivolous escapades of Synergy, you'll find Kitaro Ki refreshingly different.

Kitaro does some interesting things in "Stream of Being" with signal splitting and time delays that can be enrapturing at an altitude of...Well, let's just say it's easily understood by psychedelists. He also brings in an

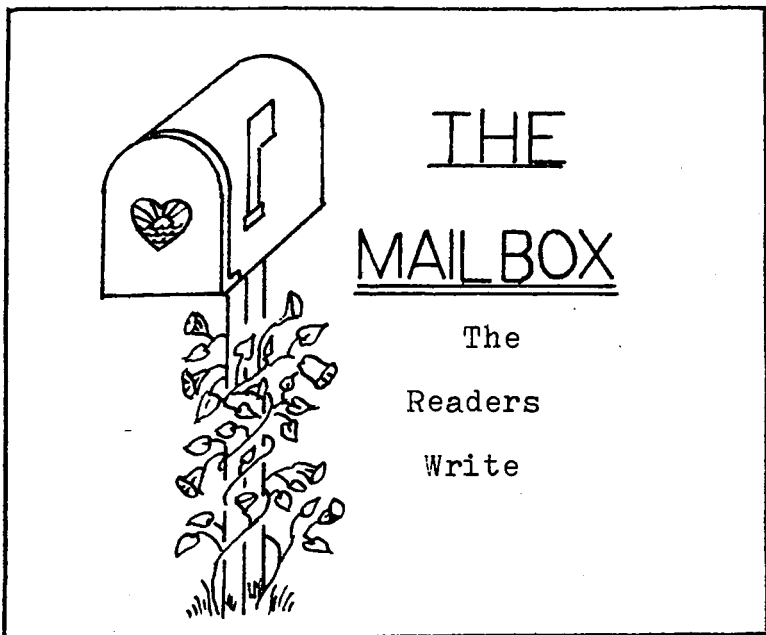
acoustic guitar which interfaces extraordinarily well with the electronic phonetics. A couple of the cuts are a bit stilted, but on the whole, the record is pleasing as background music for study, or just relaxing.

Invitation for Contributory Works

The Psychozoic Press is a non-profit experimental project; an informational advisory and communication exchange paper. We welcome contributions and are always open to comments, criticisms, and suggestions on how to improve the Press. Factual information, poetry, opinion, short stories, essays, newspaper items, and graphic works relevant to psychedelics would be acceptable. Contributors may wish to be recognized, remain anonymous, or use a pen name, and the Press will comply with the wishes of the contributor in this respect. No articles on buying, dealing, or availability of illicit drugs, please, though it's all right to talk about them. Contributions will become the property of the Press unless you already have copyright rights, in which case we can only reprint the article with your permission.

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Elvin,

Just a quick note to compliment you for presenting an excellent showing in The Psychozoic Press #6. I enjoyed the interview with Krippner, which must have been interesting for you to do. Glad to see that Leary also may lend a hand sometime.

The letter in #6 concerning long-term storage of LSD was interesting. There are several other gasses that displace oxygen so Sandoz could have used helium or any inert gas. No oxygen. However, a better method which would prevent any breakdown of the LSD would be to get some anhydrous ethanol and proceed to dissolve samples of LSD in ethanol. Any cuts in the LSD such as sugar or starch

(found in microdot) or paper (in blötter) will sink away from the LSD. Three cc of alcohol would cover 100 blots. Now to get your dose back, take a pin and dip. One drop will form on the head and with a little sampling you can adjust. The alcohol will knock out light, heat, and oxygen, the three factors that cause destruction. What's left and how well it holds up depends on the natural stability of the molecules in the LSD. The rate at which molecules naturally break apart is probably only available from Stoll or Hofmann. The half-life (deterioration time) estimated by Sandoz should be multiplied tremendously with this method.

(XXXXXX)

((The ethanol will not filter out potentially harmful light, but it could be kept in a dark bottle. Interesting.))

Dear PP,

Do you know where I can get DET or DPT? According to Stafford, these may still be legal.

Dear Press,

How about harmaline or harmine? I think these are not yet on the controlled substances list.

Dear Elvin,

Greetings from Boston (cold and snowy)! Again you have asked me a question for which I cannot seem to find a very good answer. DMT, DET, and DPT are

all controlled, Schedule I Federally and in most states. Some of their intermediates are available through chemical supply houses (and the DEA through entrapment ads in High Times and elsewhere). Of course, these chemicals are closely watched (even though they may be legal to purchase), similar to the situation with precursors for synthesizing PCP. This approach can be time-consuming, costly, and a bit hairy with regard to different regulatory agencies.

Harmine, harmaline, and others are a different story. They don't appear to be controlled, but then I can't find them in the few chemical supply cataloges I checked. I have never heard mention of their availability in any media or sub-cultural publications (including legal and herbal high booklets). Yaje (Banisteropsis cappi) from which they all derive, is also quite rare up here. Many people say that the plant has to be freshly cut to be potent, and others say that only the extracted or synthesized substances make it up here. I have only run into yaje once, when a friend of mine brought some back from a trip to Brazil, never since.

Sincerely,
Dr. Michael Montagne

((Dr. Dennis McKenna, who is one of the country's foremost authorities on harmala alkaloids, has recently informed me

...rather hefty doses of beta-carbolines are required in order for

them to be hallucinogenic by themselves (ca. 500-1000 mg). Their role in the ayahuasca brew is probably based on their activity as MAO inhibitors (which they are in much lower doses, probably one-tenth to one-hundredth of their hallucinogenic dose); thus they could prevent oxidative deamination of the DMT in ayahuasca (provided by the admixture plants, Psychotria viridis and related sp.) by liver MAO and thus enable it to become orally active.

Pegnam harmala does have some potential as an hallucinogen, but I would say the way to use it would be in combination with some other tryptamine containing plant...

Dr. McKenna also provided a copy of "The Simple Beta-Carboline Alkaloids," (Allen and Holmstead, Phytochemistry, 1980, vol. 19, pp 1537-1582) which lists 64 kinds of B-carbolines. These simple B-carbolines have a widespread taxonomic distribution (about 100 sp.) which undoubtedly reflects their ease of formation from precursor compounds.

The B-carbolines, which include the harmala alkaloids mentioned previously, are among the most interesting of psychedelics to study because it has been shown that they are also synthesized endogenously within the human brain. along with certain tryptamines (C. Nar-anjo). More on this in later issues.)

Dear Sir,

Do you know anything about IT-290? This was mentioned in Tom Wolfe's book about Ken Kesey as one of the experimental drugs at the veteran's hospital.

((I've never seen any reference to it besides the one you mentioned. I did write to Kesey about it but received no reply.))

Dear Hipsters,

Here I ponder the forthcoming psychedelic revolution with a devotion beyond exploration motives. It's quite strange being born fifteen years too late for the first Owsley Pink Wedges and Batman blotter, but, living only 30 miles from Kent State, I discovered leftover freaks with lots of cool trip! Yes, these college journeys every weekend to my enlightened counterparts were nonetheless "consciousness expansion experiments." But it must have been all the weird music or the four-way tabs of Dragon that produced the lingering lusts for visionary quests.

Now that I have departed my discreet midwestern locality, I realize horrifically that Las Vegas is totally irrelevant to psychedelics..... It seems that this city is based on 24 hours of fast-paced amphetamine consumption.

I'm definitely ready for any "Zen modifiers" that may be available. Although I still receive intermittent doses of blotter, it's not the same as

having cool mind-manifesting compounds handy! So I pass the time listening to my "Dead" albums wishing for liquid essence to inhibit my stash. No such luck! What a drag!

I'll bet you folks up in Oregon have lots of cool shroom and blots. Don't deny the allegation; I'm not the CIA but merely a twisted character craving a good trip. Yes, even if I could somehow get you people to percieve that I really am desperate for any mind altering compound--yes, send them anonymously so you don't feel entrapped. I'll gladly send (anonymously) cool indica. Although I know that decriminalized states such as yours have vast quantities of jammin' buds, Nevada does too! But you have to be discreet or you will be incarcerated for a paltry amount of green vegetable matter. That's right! This ironic legal system will imprison an individual with murderers and rapists for just possessing a Holy Sacrament. So please have mercy on a psychotic (as seen through moral majority rule for altering my consciousness). Send me just a couple tabs or shrooms anonymously marked IFIF.

--A True Tripster

((Nah!))

Dear Elvin,

Greetings and congratulations! Another issue; just a quick note here. Looking forward to browsing through this latest

Psychozoic Press. Had a chance so far to read your adventure to Arizona Peyote Way Church. The prose in this story is excellently written.

A mailing address for Dr. Leary would be appreciated. I'm in the midst of sending these memorandums around to interested parties.

Best Wishes,
Ethan

((Ethan Marcano is one of the Directors of The Fane of the Psilocybe Mushroom Association. The memorandum to which he refers is involved with the legal problems about having the mushroom declared exempt from the drug control laws. The Fane may have a chance to accomplish this because they were using the mushroom before the laws in their home country were passed. A brief article on the Fane appeared in PP #3.

I do not hand out addresses or mailing lists, but if anyone wants to contact others to whom the Press is being mailed, I will forward mail for you. Then if the recipient wants to respond, give his address or not, any further communication would be at his option.))

Dear Elvin,

Since no radical or hip movement groups are doing anything to legalize chemical accomodation, by use of LSD, or whatever chemicals needed by prescription to restore my, and other peoples, eyesight to normal, I'm doing it myself.

My goal is to legalize LSD to the

point where anyone can get a prescription, by the same criteria that eyeglasses are prescribed today. Of course, I want my eyesight restored to 20/20, wouldn't you?

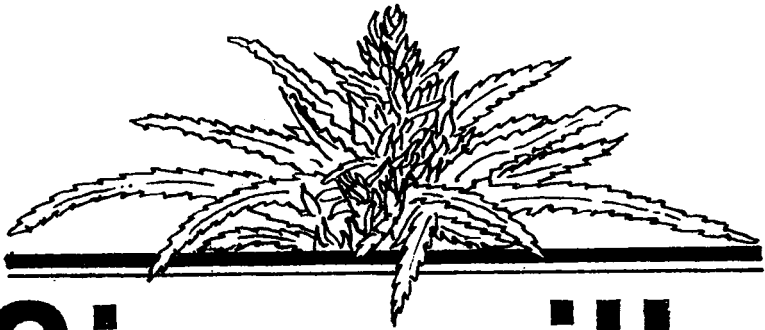
I live in a state where prisoners are blinded in headache glasses; where school districts covertly have juvenile delinquents like myself blinded to 20/780 at age 16; 20/400 at age 10. This is my autobiography in half a sentence. Presumably to wear ridiculously thick headache glasses for the rest of my life.

On August 9, 1983, I strung a banner across the steps of the federal building and courthouse in Binghamton, NY. I do not remember the exact wording of the banner, which was made of adding machine tape, attached to the staircase banister in front of the building.

In the message, I stressed that chemical accomodation should be available to all persons without regard to race, color, creed, behavior, or criminal record.

Disparaging and encouraging comments are split fifty-fifty by ordinary people I meet. Could this mean one-half of the people are ready for LSD and other psychedelics to assume their rightful place in the pharmacopeia, as marijuana has begun to be used for cancer chemotherapy, nausea relief and glaucoma treatment in some states?

Sincerely,
J.S.



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