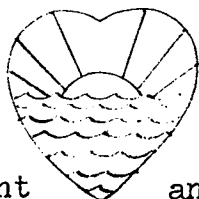
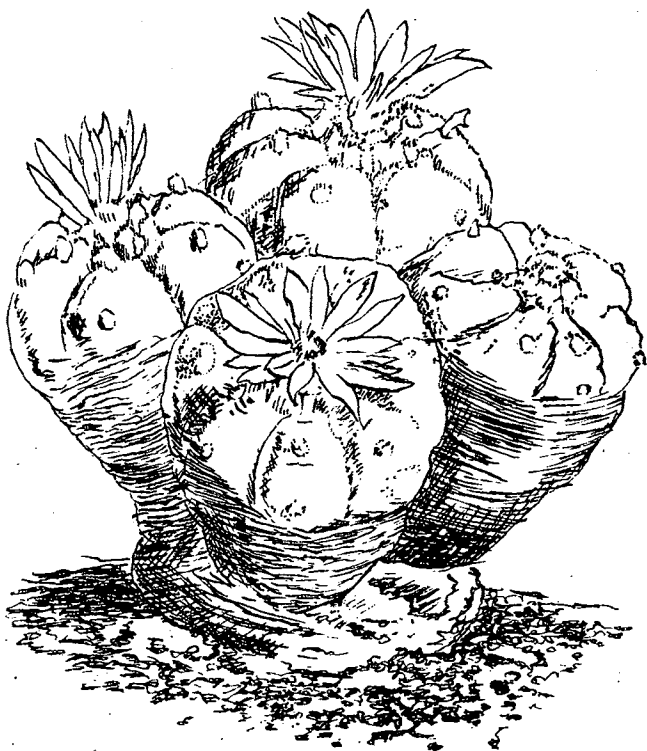


THE PSYCHOZOIC PRESS

Winter, 1983, No. 6



"In Light and Love"



An Information and Communication
Exchange Paper
on Psychedelics

Profiles on the Peyote Way Church.....9
 --Elvin D. Smith

Terence McKenna Interview, part 2.....26

A Close Encounter with Belladonna.....33
 --Thomas Lyttle

Interview with Stanley Krippner.....46

Impressions on PCP.....55
 --"Shane"

Pharmacology and Probability.....61
 --Dr. Michael Montagne

The Mailbox: A Note from Dr. Leary,
 Among Others.....67

 Cover: The first published illustration of Peyote appeared in Curtis' Botanical Magazine in 1847.

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 "A Close Encounter with Belladonna, Blacksheep of the Psychedelic Family" c 1983 by Thomas Lyttle.

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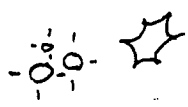
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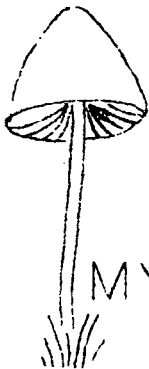
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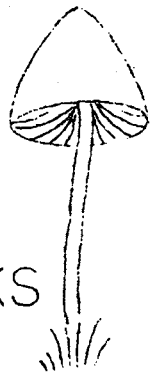
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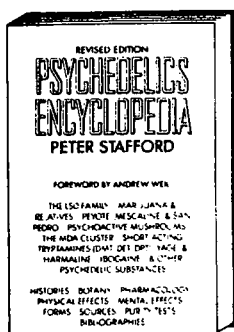
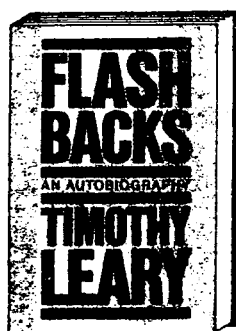
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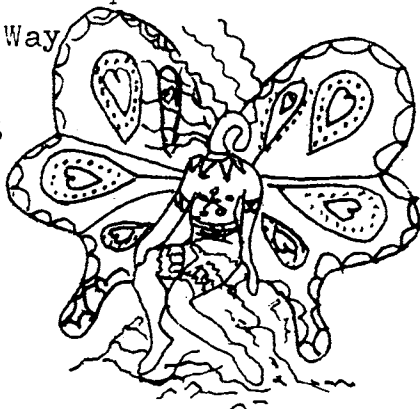
--show evidence of religious interests as demonstrated by travel, residence, study, or work in past years.

--not be in a rush to start something new.

--be willing to take the time to see all that we of the Peyote Way Church of God are up to and how you can best serve God's work.

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Secretary, Peyote Way
Church of God
Bonita Rt. Box 7X
Willcox, AZ 85643



Profiles in the
Peyote Way Church of God

The Peyote Way Church is God is about a hundred miles from anything. I stepped off the bus in Safford, Arizona, with another eighty or so miles to go, and hitched a ride to Bonita, an obscure community consisting of a general store, phone booth, and gas pump for the ranchers of the surrounding area. With eighteen miles to go, I set off down the dirt road on foot. There was no traffic. I figured about another seven hours walking would bring me to the church, unless I happened to luck out getting a ride. It was early in the morning, and I felt in high spirits despite the threatening clouds gathered against the hills ahead of me.

I had walked scarcely an hour when it began to rain. I had no coat, but fortunately it wasn't cold, though I was quickly soaked and my pack was getting heavier. The next couple hours brought intermittent showers, and turned the road to a soupy mud. I was glad to hear a pickup approaching from the rear, which gave me a lift for about five miles.

Runoff from the higher desert flats had begun to wash across the low-lying sections of the road. Several times I had to remove my shoes and wade through washouts a foot deep or more. By now my shoes had gravel in them, my clothes were muddy, and my legs wanted to drop off. I felt like throwing my pack away; it was not designed for being carried on

my back anyway. I rested briefly and spied a white-tailed deer crossing the road about a hundred yards ahead. I had also seen rabbits and smaller critters earlier, a gentle reminder that this country is a natural everyday habitat to many. I tried to obscure my miseries by reminding myself that I was "within walking distance" of the Church, and was there by my own choosing.

A distant mailbox appeared up the road and I thought perhaps that would be the "7X" box number marking their address. No luck, only number 5X. The silence and isolation of the place, coupled with my tired physical state and a two-day liquids-only fast which I had undertaken, set off some curious thoughts within my mind. Perhaps this road led through some sort of temporal infundibulum, and I'd spend the rest of eternity getting ever closer, but never reaching my destination. Hogwash, Elvin, quit whining about your trivial discomforts and grab that pack and get moving!

And sure enough, presently I did come to the Peyote Way Church. As I walked up the long driveway, I met Annie Zapf, and her baby daughter, Christian Joy. We exchanged brief greetings and walked up to the house, where Matthew Kent, her husband, was working in one of the pottery finishing studios. I was thinking about a hot shower, clean clothes, and a big meal. What I got was a job dressing down green pottery, preparing it for painting and firing.

Anyway, the weather was beginning to break. Matthew and I worked in one studio, and Immanual and Elizabeth work-

ed in the other. We exchanged small talk on Biblical teachings, the Sacrament of Peyote, and how the law infringes on the rights of people to use God-given plants of earth for spiritual enlightenment.

While I was there I knew it would be appropriate to interface my actions with the operations and objectives of the Church, but I also wanted to get a broader perspective on the situation into which I had come, so I took a short break to wander around the area, see the various buildings, and to hike up into the hills overlooking the house from the West. On the first low hill about a hundred yards from the house and at an elevation of about a hundred feet above the flat below was a tall flagpole embedded in concrete: an observatory on a clear night, or a quiet place for meditation and introspection during the day. The outbuildings consisted of some workshops, a barn for the goats, a long shop with a huge walk-in kiln off to the side, a swimming pool with two feet of dirty water in it, a large garden with ripe corn. And of course the ubiquitous datura plants, opuntia cactus, and mesquite bushes. Silent rusting skeletons of long since defunct automobiles, quietly peeling their paint in the summer sun politely remained out of sight and way of the busy producers of the microvillage below. Mysterious, enormous buzzing insects would approach and incite a twinge of paranoia for a few hours until I became accustomed to them. Peacocks and goats and dogs wandered about freely in peaceful harmony with the people. Sentry, a polite little dog aptly named,

accompanied me into the low hills surrounding the area, checking bushes for rattlesnakes or whatever other wild critters might happen to be hiding there. A large field of perhaps fifteen acres lie to the Northwest of the house had been farmed some years before, was now idle with tall grass swaying gently in the light breeze. The atmosphere of the place was reminiscent of an obscure mountainous region of North California I had lived in some years before, though instead of redwoods, the particular details of the region were appropriate to the desert environment.

Pottery and ceramic works were everywhere. In the kitchen as utensils: bowls, platters, plates, and drinking cups of assorted sizes and shapes. Ceramic wind chimes played their music from the pear trees, tiles composed into murals decorated the doors, walls, even outside on the chimney. And of course there were ceramic peyote buttons, literally thousands of them decorating everything from the visitor's greeting sign to doorways and gates. Others were incorporated into parts of larger design, as on bells, plates, vases, etc. Always the works were signed on the bottom: "Mana studios, 1948--19whatever" year it had been made.

Trujillo's History of the Church

By 1961 I had been to quite a few meetings and had worked the fire man's office, the cedar man's, the drummer's, and had helped many Earth Mothers with the bringing of water. I had never run a Peyote meeting myself, but on Tuesday,

August 22, 1961, I was asked and on Saturday the Spirit moved me and it became my privilege to sit as road man for a 14 communicant road. From that time to 1968, I worked as a proselytizer on behalf of the Native American Church and Jesus Christ in several states.

May 1st, 1967. The first newspaper article setting forth in fairly objective terms the facts surrounding my sacramental use of Peyote. The article made a rather good case unwittingly or not, for the religious nature of the use of Peyote by members of the Native American Church in Denver, underscoring the fact that the legality of such usage was in process of litigation and being moved to a definitive judgement on the issue.

May 24th, 1967. It was established in court that I used peyote only in religious ceremonies. Dr. Omar Stewart, anthropologist, testified that peyote was used by members of the Native American Church (identifying himself as one of the members) to induce God-given hallucinations that result in meditative gentle orientation to existence and never producing violence or addiction. Stewart sang parts of ceremonial songs of Peyote rites used in the Church, and when he did so, the court was thereupon adjourned for the day, after the prosecuting attorney rather dumbfoundedly conceded that he had no cross examination...

May 25, 1967. Dr. Ruth Underhill, with pursed lips testifying for the prosecution, stated that she had attended about six peyote ceremonies and that she felt the Southwestern ceremonies

to which I had exposed her were unlike those of the Northwest in that they contained more silence and their fire was built somewhat differently. She also mentioned that I seemed to be a rather inexperienced road man. I admitted somewhat later that there are only varying degrees of ignorance the the holy way we fellowship in the worship of God.

June 28, 1967. Judge Connley ruled in favor of the religious use of Peyote, declaring that the existant Colorado law forbidding the possession or sale of Peyote as an infringement on the religious practices of the members of the Native American Church. Connley pointed out in his decision that the state only had the right to abridge any bona fide religious practice in a situation in which some compelling issue having to do with the actual persistence of the State itself was at stake. The prosecuting attorney publically announced his intention of carrying the case to the Colorado Supreme Court. I hailed the decision as a milestone in the furtherance of religious freedom and also expressed my belief that a decision had been made to render the use of Peyote legal only to the true believers and not to beatniks and sordid kick-seekers of our era.

During the months of August and September, there were such romantic events in Denver as to blow the most rigid out of their minds. The visits of Timothy Leary and Ralph Metzner to my working household and to the State of Colorado left the citizens of Denver irrevocably changed for the better. Tim Leary and Ralph Metzner broke through to a lot of

people and helped me to come to a point of purification and depth of purpose which are now self-perpetuating.

A Conversation with Trujillo

Trujillo's involvement with the Native American Church eventually came to a falling out, after which he formed the Peyote Way Church of God independently from the NAC. Trujillo's strong belief is that the spiritual experience of Peyote is not one which should be restricted on grounds of race, as the laws do. There has been some minor friction between the NAC and the Peyote Way Church because of the latter's non-conformity to the traditional ceremonies held in tipis. Chief Big Gripe, an honorary indiophile of the NAC, has been known to complain that the Spirit Walk idea is invalid because it doesn't include the use of the waterdrum, gourd rattle, and magic eagle bone whistle.

Trujillo, a slightly built man in his mid-50s, might at first give the impression of being a kindly and gentle older man, and he is--to a point. But it does not take too much conversation with him before you can get a clear picture of how firmly he stands on his beliefs. Years of experience with hard work, often facing ridicule and insults from more conventional members of the community have only tempered his faith, and given him an inner driving energy which seems to contagiously saturate those who work around him. His hands are rough from years of working with the earth, and his face lined with memories of tough experiences which can only be assimilated

by being part of them. His dark eyes are quick, his speech directly to the point without wasted words; a man who's educated himself surprisingly well. No one's going to fool Trujillo very far--he's much too busy to patronize trivia which has no spiritual value. He's as tough in survival as a desert cactus, as militant in his faith as a badger protecting its den, as energetic as a beaver in incarnating his ambitions.

"As the people get older that have been into psychedelics, as they reach their retirement, they will inevitably remember what they've received as far as the psychedelic experience is concerned. And you're not going to find that within the corporate structure, it's not there. And when they get the time and leisure to go for it, I believe, that's going to be the basis for most of the psychedelic congregation. I expect them to start forming around the mid-90's, and toward the year 2000, because they'll all be old enough then."

"Yes, many will be getting on toward senior citizenship age." I commented.

"You may be surprised to know that our main support group even now is the senior citizens. It wouldn't be if we were talking disorder. But we're talking order. We're talking registering, filing with the government, and everything they could possibly want in the way of control. So consequently we don't find much resistance with the older people because they've seen uncontrolled drugs; they've been victims, in some cases, in their own families. So we're talking control and found that to be a very welcome sub-



Immanuel Pardahtin Trujillo

"We're militant."

ject with most of these folks."

"Yes, I think that's why things kind of disintegrated from the scene at Haight-Ashbury, with people saying they 'buried' it back in '71. The movement seemed to fall apart because there was no restriction, no order, no coordinative goals. Everybody seemed to have the Grand Dream that would happen in its inevitable order, only it didn't. Out here you have things pretty well defined and are proceeding in an orderly way."

"Well, we're militant, and that has a lot to do with it."

I was a bit surprised by his comment, though I tried to take it in stride. "Non-violent militant, though, I take it?"

"Violence has never worked, and we don't use it here. I say we're militant, that means we're tight. This isn't some loose scene where people lay around in the sun and get loaded all day, because if we did, we'd soon be starving. We're tightly regimented to a life of productive activity, and we have to keep it that way as a matter of survival. Sometimes people come out here from the city and they don't seem to realize that when we live out here, if we start up a car to go to town, it's a fifty dollar bill, maybe more. So we don't go to town unless we can realize some return for our energy."

Then Immanuel was off again, as if to emphasize he had precious little time to waste instructing neophytes on how to survive in the Church. Annie, meantime, was busily loading the kiln in the firing room, so I thought I'd go see if she needed some help. On the wall behind her hung a ceramic plaque; a border of peyote buttons surrounding people and animals. The caption read:

Killing time isn't murder,
It's suicide.

Conversation with Annie Zapf

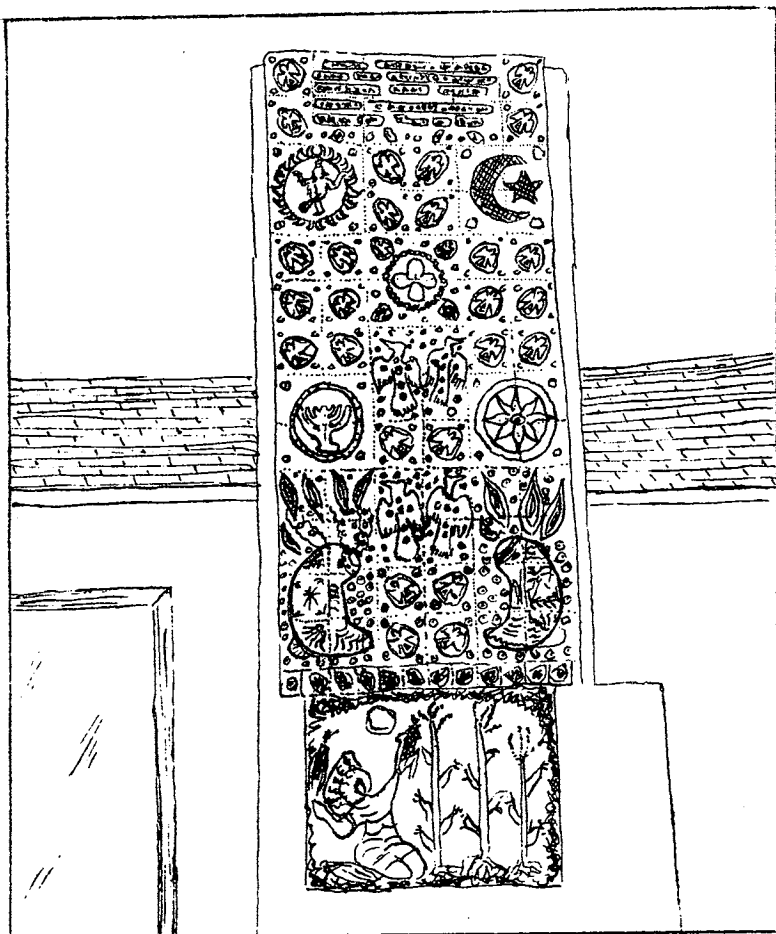
"Sometimes it's advantageous to suppress the desire to talk to others while on psychedelics; to just be still and listen to the revelations. The action of talking disrupts your receptivity.

"A certain amount of isolation from the hectic life of urban activity is desirable to develop a Church such as ours. The idea of being away from street

traffic, horns honking, phones ringing, televisions playing, and concern over whether the police are going to bust in and neighbors complain--it is an advantage to eliminate these interferences from polluting the mind, just like the fasting before the Spirit Walk cleans the body and prepares it for a spiritual experience.

"I never worry about injury from animals, except possibly rattlesnakes in my own ignorance. So to avoid that, I always check out my Spirit Walk area, make my fire, and I feel very secure in that none of the wildlife creatures will make troublesome situations. Yet if you are in the city, there are so many question marks about what you might run into, or people dropping in unexpectedly. So going on the Spirit Walk actually stabilizes things which would otherwise be much more variable and uncertain in an urban setting. If you're really still, you can begin to notice quite an abundance of wildlife out in the desert and really gain an appreciation for the harmony of nature.

"I'm for anything that supresses ego, because I think that's how you can get to know God--by getting rid of egoic attachments. Like the Bible says in John, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' What I think Immanuel is trying to get away from too, is the idea that when some revelation does come through, it's real easy to let the ego come back in when people start saying, 'What a great teacher, what a holy person, a prophet,' or all that stuff, and you have to be careful to remember



Ceramic mural of the Peyote Way Church of God. Above two meditating figures are four symbols of the world religions surrounding the PWC symbol: Hindu Shiva dancer, Islamic, Judeo-Christian seven-branched candlestick, and the eight-armed Buddha wheel. Smaller figures are stylized birds and peyote. A separate mural below depicts woman harvesting blue corn. Much detail has been lost in this reproduction.

that the revelation isn't from the individual's ego, no matter who they are, it's from God. Matthew was mentioning something similar yesterday to the effect that Jesus wasn't trying to teach the people a specific, ordered kind of behavior, but instead was teaching the principles of a higher way of thinking. And the leaders of the conventional churches of his day saw it as a threat; an imposition, or opposition to the traditional conformities they had been maintaining.

"I became a Mormon when I was in College. Sometimes I feel our Church is more Mormon than the Mormon Church.

"Many natural plants in their natural form have uses, and to us, misuse of the Sacrament would be refining it into mescaline. If that happens, it can turn into a drug of abuse real easy.

"It is important to teach people that psychedelics are a class of drugs unique from stimulants, depressants, and of course the addicting opiates. Those are not consciousness enhancing drugs. Granted, they'll give you some kind of experience, but with the psychedelics, you have to deal with the unknown, the fear of ego death, the wanting to come back, and that is what inhibits people from abusing them. Peyote doesn't cause the problems often seen with those other drugs, or even with refined psychedelics like LSD and mescaline crystals often found in the cities."

I think no visitor to the church has ever failed to notice the proliferation

of religiously oriented material tacked up on the walls, Bible books and study texts in the bookshelves, selected verses on tiny cards posted on bathroom mirrors and kitchen windows. Pictures of Joseph Smith translating the gold plates, Solman's Head of Christ, angelic visions appearing to prayerful and devout men, even a picture of Tim Leary with prayerfully folded hands.

My Spirit Walk

On the morning of my day for the Spirit Walk, Senior Counselor Matthew Kent provided me with an abundant supply of Peyote buttons, some dried, some fresh, and instructed me with the proper method of preparing and eating them. It was about 7:00 A.M. when I set out for my chosen area with the small basket of Sacrament, a Bible, and a canteen of water.

Although I ate only a small amount of the Sacrament, I found it to be an extraordinary experience, and one I'll not forget. The preliminary fasting of two days had a great deal to do with sensitizing my system to its effects. Yet once I had eaten the Peyote, and it began to be absorbed into my body, I found myself quite energized. I did not get sick, but instead delighted in exploring the nooks and niches in the hills immediately around my Spirit Walk area.

As I returned to my Spirit Walk area, it dawned on me that I had "forgotten" to feel hungry and weak as I had the day before. I decided to thumb through my

Bible. I was letting pages flip by, not really thinking about where to look. It stopped in the Book of Proverbs:

He that is of a merry heart
Hath a continual feast.

(Prov. 15:33)

No wonder, then, I felt not at all hungry or famished--my heart was about as "merry" as it could get! State of mind does have a tremendous influence on physical well-being.

It was quite a privilege to have made the connection with PWC and the Spirit Walk concept, as it was a perfectly matched idea with my own practice of using psychedelics in an isolated wilderness spot, though of course I hadn't thought of naming it as such. It occurred to me that there were some advantages, at least for me personally, to utilize the Spirit Walk concept rather than the Peyote Road ceremonies as traditionally practiced by the Native American Church. Even assuming I could have wangled an invitation to one, it might have taken much more preparation to familiarize myself with the other participants, the unfamiliar setting, and the unusual procedure of ritual. I don't mean to imply that the NAC ceremonies are in any way inferior, but for myself, not having been brought up in that particular cultural background, it would have necessitated much more "preliminary tuning" of my set to that setting than it did for me to go on the Spirit Walk, a technique with which I was already familiar.

I felt I'd like to stay there for

years. But by the late afternoon, hard objectivity reminded me that my canteen was empty and my skin had had a bit more sun than it had been accustomed to. Quite a memorable experience, but neither good trips nor bummers can go on forever. I phased myself back into the harmony of the living beings around the Church, broke my fast (surprising how much appreciation for the taste of natural foods one can acquire after fasting) and thanked God.

Sleeping out in the warm air that night, I listened to the curious calls of the night creatures. Crickets, the little rascals, kept trying to work rhythm and blues into the symphony played by the others. Then the frogs chimed in for an hour or so, followed by a pair of prairie dogs chirping to each other in stereo on either side of me. The coyotes came in with the coda as I shut down the higher complexes of alpha rhythms and slid into the envelope of pleasant dreams. As dawn broke the next morning, Leo was wandering around somewhere up by the house whistling Bach's Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring. What a trip.

Leo M., who had arrived at the Church from his hometown a couple days prior, quite conveniently offered me a ride back to the bus route.* We had exchanged a fair amount of correspondence in the months preceeding my visit, and by the

*Leo is a First Degree Clergy member of the Church, the same Leo M. who authored "Thoughts on Psychedelic Sacraments and Traditional Religions, " PP #4.

time we actually met, we felt like old friends. As we cruised along through the desert in his open-air jeep, he pointed out various places of historical and current interest: the Kennicott copper mines, the ancient dwelling grounds of a lost Indian tribe, and the awesome Arizona sunsets (which, unfortunately, my little box camera failed to photograph justifiably). Leo had been baptized at the Church only a month before, and was trying to work his personal life into a situation of total service to the Church.

While I thought I had been working the clay projects for the Church, it turned out they returned everything I had made to me, and they are still being used around my home today. And the ceramic wind chimes I hung on either side of my front porch--well, when the November winds blow in off the ocean, their unique clinking reminds me of the people, the Spirit Walk, and the experience of the Peyote Way Church of God. I'll be making it back for more of that experience in the future. It's a long, tough road to get there, but you'll come away with a memory that lasts a lifetime.

Transcendental Trivia

I hate to see folks skip over today in the excitement of planning for tomorrow.

--T.L.

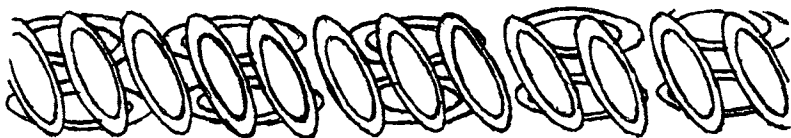
TERENCE McKENNA INTERVIEW

Elvin D. Smith

(Part 2)

You could say Grower's Guide launched the starship and provided the initial acceleration. Now that we're so close to hyperdimensional shock wave as we transfer into the higher dimensions, the ontological linguistic transformation McKenna speaks of becomes necessary, indeed, the most obvious choice, of communication. There is quite a shock front to get the hyperdimensional shift to become probabilistically localized, but his discussion on time and the I Ching in The Invisible Landscape make the potentialities distinctly visible.

But what I first noticed about Terence was not what he was saying, but how he was saying it. (Those of you who have heard him speak or heard his tapes will know what I'm talking about). Terence, and his brother too, both have a peculiar way of enunciating every word with a lucidity unlike any other speaker I've heard. Perhaps he has access to a 7-element hyperdimensional communications processor or something--"Fascinating" as Spock would say. Probably a skilled hypnotist besides.



McKenna: Telepathy I assume to be mind to mind transfer of thought but with no ontological transformation of language. In other words, if you could hear what I'm thinking without me speaking, that would be telepathy.

But what I'm talking about is something very different. It is actually an ontological transformation of the language so that language is no longer perceived with the ears, it's perceived with the eyes. When I speak, between you and me there comes into being the subject that I am discussing, and we can both look at it and I turn it for you, and you behold then, my intent, rather than you hear my intent.

When you hear my intent, what happens is I make small mouth noises which have meanings assigned to them in the language called English; you have an English dictionary in your head. So my small mouth noises impinge on your brain and you look in your English dictionary and you figure out what I'm saying, because we have a more or less common body of meaning, although there can be misunderstanding if the subject is subtle.

I'm talking though, about a kind of psychedelic language--you can almost think of it as an audio hologram--where sound is used to produce visual displays that are

(McKenna)

mutually beheld.

This idea, which counts fairly outlandish, is actually very old. Philo Judeaus, an Alexandrian Jew of the second century talked about the more perfect Logos, posing the question "What would be the more perfect Logos?" And he said it would be a phenomenon that would move from being heard to being be-held without there being at any point a noticable transition from one to the other.

And this would have just remained wild theological rambling, if it weren't for the fact psilocybin and the tryptamine hallucinogens, especially DMT, make this possible. By singing and making linguistic vocalizations on these psychoactive compounds you can then produce a synesthesia glossolalia; you can control the contour of the hallucinogenic topology to such a degree that you can put meaning onto it. In other words, you are no longer the passive observer of an alien continuum, you are in fact, through sound, imprinting onto this continuum intent and meanings, so it becomes a sculptable medium. And this is what mushroom shamen know, I think This is happening at higher doses than are usually taken in a recreational context in this society. But above five grams, if you weigh in the 140 pound range, and you take it in comfortable, dark, sit-

uations where you lie still in complete darkness with your eyes closed, no music, and you work with it, this becomes possible. The whole shamanic tradition, that touches mescaline as well, stresses the magic song; the song which is not willed, but comes through you. With ayahuasca in the Amazon, the same thing, the magic song is very much stressed.

So I think there is a potential technology; a fusing of language, psychoactive drugs, and thought, that could produce this ontologically different form of communication. In a sense, to return to your question, it is telepathy, but it's a whole different idea about what telepathy would be like rather than being mind to mind transfer of spoken thought.

And I lecture about this. What I'm concerned to do professionally is to try and get people to re-define the psychedelic experience; at least the tryptamine-based psychedelic experience; psilocybin, DMT, and ayahuasca. It isn't the psychedelic model that we inherit from the 50's or the 60's; that you are opened to past emotional trauma, that you have deep insight into your personal existence, that you uncover traumatic material and resolve it. The Freudian and Jungian models of the psychedelic experience don't prepare you for the phenomenology of

psilocybin at high doses; something else is going on. We're going to have to have a new model because it relates to all this linguistic stuff and the way in which language and the visual cortex are keyed and controlled. It hints, you know, at a new potential for an expression of humanness that is not technological, except in the mushroom as the product of technology.

And it's like language. The way in which language emerged must have been similar to this. In fact it's possible to suggest, you know, that man was formed by interaction of curious higher primates with hallucinogenic plants. Because in experiments with monkeys where they had available DMT pipes where the monkey could walk over and take a hit if he wanted to, but he didn't have to, certain monkeys would become literally fascinated by consciousness; by the phenomenon of watching themselves to through some kind of totally weird transformation.

That lays the basis. Once you are fascinated by a neurophysiological response, the more you trigger it, the more the credos are laid down for it to be more and more accesable. So you can just imagine these monkeys bootstrapping themselves toward Milton, Shakespear, Bach, and Einstein with these plant hallucinogens.

Press: So your're actually saying then that we're going through a second or higher phase of learning with these hallucinogens.

McKenna: Right. The cultural catalysis that is a product of hallucinogens is now entering a new phase and it's related to, you know, an ontological transformation of how we perceive and handle language. And I'm sure technology will have some role to play in this.

Information is what is loose on this planet. If you were to come in a flying saucer from another star system and observe the Earth, you would not have Linnean bias of seeing everything in terms of competing species. What you would see is that there is a gene swarm on this planet; an immense gene swarm furiously exchanging genes, but species are not being differentiated out of it. And that gene swarm represents an information swarm, because DNA is essentially a way of storing and transmitting and replicating information. That is what life is.

But then 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 when you get to the level of computers and technology, it's almost like consciousness is beginning to move

out of the monkeys and into the excreted, reeflike, technoconcre-scense that the monkeys produce. We are more like coral animals, taking metal out of the earth and crimping it with ideas and excreting it as machinery. I think it was Marshall McLuhan who said people are the genitals of technology they exist to design next year's model and make it better. Information has this desire to self-reflect and replicate itself.

And of course, the psychedelics relate very closely to this because what they are essentially are information---Well, they're probes of some sort, reporting. It's like telemetric data coming in from nearby and not so nearby dimen-tions, but they are entirely in-terpretable as information, and in that sense probably susceptible to analysis by information theory.

***** (Continued next issue) *****

Transcendental Trivia

Nothing is true.

Everything is permitted.

--D.Y.

A Close Encccunter with Belladonna,
Black Sheep of the Psychedelic World

by

Thomas Lyttle

One major difference between classic and psychedelic models of how the human mind works lies rotted in two opposing concepts of the "Self." Often in the psychedelic/gnostic world there exists the idea that we came into the world happy, holy and free; a clean slate on which might be written ideas of health or illness according to the people and places around us. Although this "self," for most, is the source of all suffering, hesitation, and desire, it is in truth, only a fiction.

A wide host of psychedelics, as well as Eastern philosophies like yoga, Zen, or Tantra, attempt to temporarily dissolve this false "self" to reveal the higher, more universal essence beneath. Getting in touch with this essence is necessary, for it nourishes and revitalizes us spiritually and emotionally.

The more traditional non-psychedelic view of the self maintains that who we are often equals our personality, possessions, friends, or what we look like. When a person starts to question or lose touch with these self-conscious illusions, he or she is thought of as being either mentally deranged and/or suffering from possession. If the person has a normal, healthy psychological orientation, he or she will tend to believe it with anxiety. This is generally the ac-

cepted view of such psychedelic luminaries as Alan Watts and Andrew Weil.*

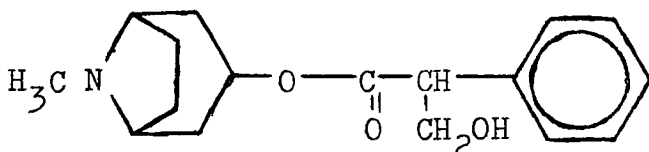
One highly unorthodox and very controversial group of people who questioned the traditional psycho-spiritual dictates of their times were the Wiccans or Witches of medieval Europe. They based their secret credo on a variety of fertility rites, concourse with nature spirits, and held among themselves a Gnostic/psychedelic tradition which included the ritual use of Henbane (Hyo-scyamus niger), Mandrake (Mandragora of-ficinarum), and Belladonna or Deadly Nightshade (Atropa belladonna).** These plants are all members of the Nightshade family and all contain the active alkaloid hyoscyamine.

Hyoscyamine (and a similar, although more hallucinogenic alkaloid, scopolamine) is used by the medical profession to treat glaucoma, colitis, and other disorders which are typified by hypertrophy, partial paralysis or reflex spasms (such as advanced labor pains during childbirth). It is an extreme mus-

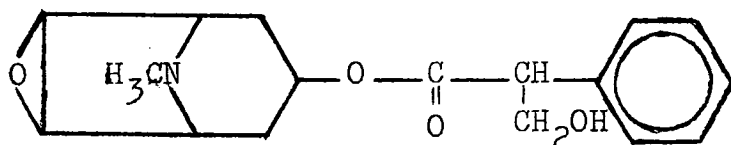
*See The Joyous Cosmology, Alan Watts, Vintage Books, 1962, and The Natural Mind by Andrew Weil, Houghton-Mifflin, 1972.

**The Witch Cult in Western Europe, Margret Murray, Oxford University Press, 1921. I would also direct the serious researcher to M. Harner's Hallucinogens in European Witchcraft, and the outstanding collection on this subject which is contained in the library at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

cle relaxant and anti-spasmodic agent.* However, during the Middle Ages, witches found that these active alkaloids, in the form of Belladonna and other Nightshades produced (besides drowsiness and loss of reflexes) extreme vertigo which



Atropine



Scopolamine

led to a feeling of weightlessness and flying. These were followed by extreme disorder of thought, hallucination, and out-of-body experiences.

This traditional use of psychoactives among the Wiccans has continued, in private, to this day. However, instead of the somewhat depressive effects of the Nightshades, a substitution to the somewhat more gentle and joyous effects of cannabis, peyote, and psilocybin have sometimes been enacted. I should point out that this ritual use of hallucinogens among initiate witches is by no

*Physicians Desk Reference, 1983, Litton Industries, Oradell, NJ.

means universal. When they are used, it is with prudence, and only as an adjunct to more serious spiritual goals, as opposed to an end in themselves.

My own investigation into Wiccan and other similar magical systems has endured over a ten-year period. This had encompassed training and initiation into a number of occult secret societies and Wiccan covens including "The Circle of Lunar Mysteries" and Aleister Crowley's "Ordo Templi Orientas."* While the use of psychedelics as an aid to ritual magic is not promoted, neither is it admonished by these groups. They both are very serious religious bodies and are most definitely not soliciting thrill seekers or publicity.

It was because of my interest in these matters that I had been searching for some source of fresh, non-pharmaceutical Belladonna to experiment with. I felt that after ingestion I might be able to gauge whether this substance did in truth have some latent spiritual quality from which I might be able to benefit. As well, I wanted to gain a 20th century grasp into the 16th century spiritual happenstance of the Witches, which I thought would be invaluable from an anthropological and psycho-spiritual viewpoint.

*For the seriously interested, a contact address might be 6550 Co. N., Rt. 3, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin 53950.

**P.O. Box 2303, Berkeley, CA 94702, might get you a letter from Crowley's hand-picked successor, Hymenaeus Alpha.

I obtained from a friend, who knew of my interests in these matters, some dried flowers and leaves from some locally grown Belladonna. I felt it would be



Belladonna flower

best to experiment alone in the morning while my fiancee was at work. My diary, two pens, a stack of LP's, and the rest of the day was ahead of me. I got out the teapot, set it atop the fire, and got ready to see what it was that I had, or that had me! By now, my mood and curiosity were bubbling in time with the hot tea, and I was ready for a real interesting time.

The following pages are taken verbatim from my diary dated 2/3/83 at 10:00 a.m. For clarity, I will interject the time at intervals. I was unable to do this during the experience, but pieced it accurately together. Also, no changes or editing was done to the text, so bear with any half-completed thoughts or first, second, and third person hopscotch.

(10:00 a.m.) So I took about one gram, compressed silver dollar size, dried leaves of the Belladonna Deadly Nightshade and in a golden tea ball boiled it for about 25 minutes, then let it steep for another 10 minutes. Afterwards, with honey, I drank this ancient tea. After about 15-20 minutes, I started feeling alternating numbness and extreme tingling in the ends of fingers and toes up on to mid-forearms and calfs. At the same time, a slight undulating effect on mind concentration was starting. Rolling, kind of like I was on a boat or something--probably inner ear relaxing?

(11:00 a.m.) So when I went to piss, I got up about half way from the couch; I couldn't completely stand and lost all ability to determine up from down. Like

I WORKED MY WEIGH UP INTO MY NEEDS...

the floor became like the wall, which as I stumbled, I tried to hold on to. After about 30 seconds on the rug, I realized that I wasn't leaning against a wall, but the floor. Such de-balancing of gravity and coordination was unnerving but not frightening. So I worked my weigh up into my needs and tried to crawl, but

I ended up with my face on the rug, not my body! It was like the rug was a curtain and I was trying to crawl through it. Like it wasn't below me, but in front of me!

(12:00 noon) So my fiancée comes in after about 30 minutes for lunch and as I attempt to talk, then I realize my mouth is as dry as sandpaper and larynx hardly works, barely a whisper could find its way out.

At this time I wasn't aware of the antisecretory and muscle relaxing effects. Derivatives of Belladonna, atropine, and scopolamine, do have these side effects also. However, not trying to taint or preprogram the experience, I avoided descriptions of Belladonna like the plague. I was aware of the extreme toxicity and potential for brain damage or respiratory failure. No heart problems except possible arrhythmia. Belladonna is used also as a heart stimulant. Also, my left arm started to spasm for about 10 or 15 minutes.

So my fiancée goes Look at your eyes. And I go to the bathroom and wow are my pupils dilated unbelievably big. like never have I seen such dilation even with acid or a visit to the eye doctor. It's wild!

I later learned that during the Middle Ages women would place distilled droplets of juice into their eyes to enlarge their pupils to be sexy. Anyhow, I tried to read but anything closer than 3 feet was a blur. I thought "concussion-brain damage" real quick from banging my head on the carpet. Then cancelled for more time....Don't jump to conclusions

yet to prepackage rest of trip. Do not introduce fear now, Wise One! Wait later to reflect. Still the undulating balance is throughout. I need to lay still, still moving, but not speedy, like LSD-slow ride organic. So she leaves me to work.

The thing with LSD and such is if you don't like the trip you usually can leave the set/setting and change somewhat the experience but here I was so dis-equilibrated that rolling over is next to impossible. I thought in echos. Anything can happen next, and it started to quicken! So I saw some city from a faraway place like England (?) and as I watched, I was there and went to scratch my eyes and when my fingers hit my eyes, I knew they were closed. And when I opened them, eye was back here into my body. Whew! It was strong as hell in the dosage I took. The M.D.'s give only 10 mg (1/100 my amount) to patients as a relaxant. These hallucinations were quite real and unlike dreams or other psychedelics; were more tinted with culture and people of a different though somewhat recognizable place and time. Eyes closed and visions were as real as this page of scribbling in front of you, so help me God! So I lay on my back unable to swallow, see closer than 3-4 feet, roll over or think straight for about four hours before the effects diminished enough for me to take a piss.

(2:00 p.m.) Also I tried to scratch my nose and missed my face by 6-12 inches three times in a row. I thought; "This could be trouble." I reached for a glass of cranberry juice on the coffee

table and as I squeezed to pick it up, the phantom glass melted between my clenched hands. And I looking again, saw it anywhere from 3 inches to 2 feet from my hand. Depth and balance were suspended and coordination was terrible--true poisoning.

(7:00 p.m. 2/4/83) The effect lasted for two days now. Dilation of pupils is slightly diminished but still there after about 30 hours. Still a light high but salavary functions now active. Coordination like a good reefer or lude. Luckily the amount I used allowed effects without panic or real arrythmia and repsiratory stress. Lucky! Totally unique in its own deadly way. Too strong and unnerving for a repeat performance ever!

Conclusions

The first thing I should point out is that in the text of my diary I extimated the weight of the solid plant at one gram. The active alkaloids probably were closer to 200 mg. Prescription doses range around 15 mg.

Much of my experience ran contrary to those in pspular fiction, like the poisoned townsflok in Robert Anton Wilson's story "Deadly Nightshade."* I found myself unable to move with a sandpaper dry larynx for about three and one-half hours. This makes me wonder about the characters in his story who danced and wandered around chanting and creating mayham after accidentally ingesting Belladonna.

*Right Where You are Sitting Now--Further Tales of the Illuminatti, by Robert Anton Wilson, And/Or Press, 1982.

I should also qualify the tremendously swift power of this deadly plant. Luckily for me, the dosage I took (and I foolishly took all that was given me) was extremely toxic but nonlethal for my size and weight.

Let me plead with anyone interested in reproducing these experiments. Proceed with due care and caution, and please have privacy with a clear-minded partner in the vicinity in case of emergency. Almost all sources agree, however, that this trip is one that few would care to repeat, and I would have to concur. Although Belladonna is extremely hallucinogenic, it is too physically unnerving in psychoactive doses to be enjoyable.

In closing, I can now easily understand the occult use of Belladonna for the spiritually inclined--but only for those who care for a one-way ticket to the spirit world. The guardians into this plant's inner being are extremely fierce and their ordeals surely leave many widows to cry out and gnash their teeth in the night. However, I can't deny that dancing at death's door probably does leave one with some sense of transcendence, benefit, and grace.*

And think deeply, O prince, about such matters; I was so much older before meeting this psychedelic black-sheep....For in its wake, I'm younger and stronger than that now.

*Beyond Death, Stanislof and Christina Grof, Thanes & Hudson, 1980, would elaborate on this belief from a multi-cultural standpoint

For the benefit of the reader, I've enclosed a short bibliography. These books are useful for anyone interested in the Nightshades; however, some of them are out of print.

Any further bits of information on this unusual and ancient psychedelic plant in legend or from personal account would prove very interesting and worthwhile.

Taber's Cyclopedic Medical Dictionary E.A. Davis, 1978. Discusses how Belladonna alkaloids temporarily dissolve acetylcholine, a transmitter of nerve impulses at synapses and myoneural junctions.

A History of Secret Societies by S. Daural; Citadel Press, 1961. Interesting accounts of Walapai, Powhatten, and Diequeno Indian initiation ceremonies involving the alkaloids scopolamine and atropine.

The Withces' Pharmacopeia, R. Fletcher, Aug., 1896. Bulletin of the Jhon Hopkins Hospital.

Illuminatus! vol. 3, by R.A. Wilson and Robert Shea. Dell, 1975. Appendix concerns a Belladonna-Stramonium-Hashish smoking mixture.

"Witchcraft, Psychopathology and Hallucination," British Journal of Psychiatry, 3:439-45, B. Barnett.

Sex and Drugs, Robert Anton Wilson, Playboy Press, 1973. Several interesting accounts of Belladonna trips and their effect on memory.

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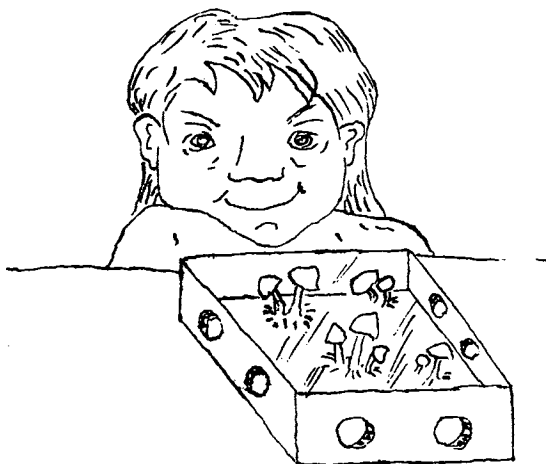
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A Short Interview with

Dr. Stanley Krippner

Krippner took his first drug sessions with Leary's group at Harvard in 1963. Dr. Krippner, student of altered states, is now recognized throughout the world for his distinguished work in many new, untapped areas of scientific study. Currently the Faculty Chairman of the Saybrook Institute of Humanistic Psychology in San Francisco, Dr. Krippner has also served as President of the Association for Humanistic Psychology, and as Director, from 1964-73, of the Dream Laboratory and Maimonides Medical Center in New York. A noted author as well as a scientist and worldwide lecturer, he has written or coauthored several books in such areas of human behavior as dream studies, parapsychology, and healing. These works include Dream Telepathy, The Realms of Healing, Song of the Siren, Human Possibilities, and The Kirlian Aura.

PP: Dr. Krippner, you've done quite a lot of writing on psychedelics and creativity, and most investigators seem to agree that there is some creativity brought about by the psychedelic experience.

Krippner: Associated with the psychedelic experience, I think would be more correct. "Brought about" is a little premature to use as a term for what happens. But creativity is associated with the psychedelic experience at least, yes.

PP: I see. Then what should a person know or learn to most effectively utilize this potential creativity aspect?

Krippner: I of course could not recommend that somebody use the psychedelic experience for creative purposes, one way or the other. This would depend on their preparation, the quality of the substance, the set and the setting, etc. But what the artists and musicians in my interviews found out was, first of all, that they were for the most part, incapable of doing good work while they were under the influence of the drug. However, they could certainly take notes when the experience was over, or maybe through a tape recorder make observations on the experience, and then those insights could serve as the raw materials for something they might do creatively.

PP: Leary also wrote in his book Flashbacks that you had first taken psychedelics with his group at Harvard. What effect did that experience have on your understanding of psychology?

Krippner: I've written about that in some detail in my book Song of the Siren, so there's really no point in repeating what I've said in that book. But I certainly spoke very highly of the experience and felt that it make me more aware of

some of the dimensions of consciousness and have often referred back to that experience in much of what I have written. But again, I think that experiences of that nature, properly done, can provide one with a knowledge of the scope of human consciousness which one

"(PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE) CAN PROVIDE A VISION, BUT THE VISION HAS TO BE INCARNATED."

can then follow up through other means. In other words, it can provide a vision, but the vision has to be "incarnated," and the vision can be incarnated by means of discipline, by means of writing, by means of research, by means of composing music, making scientific discoveries, and so forth, rather than to jump immediately into another psychedelic experience.

PP: There's more to the experience than just taking the drug, then.

Krippner: That's right. That's only the beginning.

PP: How important are psychedelics in the evolution of consciousness? Are they just a convenience accessory; something useful but not essential for the evolution of human mind, or are they playing a crucial role in formulating a more accurate model of how the mind interacts with its environment?



Dr. Stanley Krippner

(Adapted from the photograph by Bonnie Colodzin in Human Possibilities, Anchor Press/Doubleday, New York, 1980.)

Krippner: In answering that question, I would have to take exception to the word "evolution." I don't think human consciousness has to evolve. I think that at the present time we have a perfectly

splendid organ, the human brain, and a perfectly splendid system, the nervous system, and what we need to do is to explore the potentials of the brain and nervous system. I don't think it has to evolve physiologically any more than it has. I think that what has to change is our society and our culture and our understanding of consciousness. That can all be done without any change on the physiological level. I think psychedelic experiences and experiences not related to drugs, dream states, meditation, mystical experiences, and others, can be very helpful in demonstrating the associations we have with other forms of consciousness, other human beings, nature, and the planet. Once we reach those understandings we'll be less likely to spoil the environment, to pollute the planet, to go to war against our fellow human beings, etc. This is the area in which I would like to see what you call "evolution" take place. But this has to do with changing our institutions rather than any type of physiological change which I simply don't think is necessary.

PP: More an evolution of mental attitudes, then, rather than of physical being.

Krippner: Well, that's one way to put it. Because certainly when you

change culture, you change mental attitudes. And I think psychedelics can be one of many, many agents of change. For some people, of course, it's been very crucial in their past, and I wish there were opportunities for these experiences to be more available in the future than they are.

PP: I understand that you're some expert on research into psychic phenomena which has been done in the Soviet Union.* Have the Soviets experimented with psychedelics in this line of exploration?

Krippner: When you use the word "expert," you have to face the fact that nobody outside the Soviet Union knows much about what's being done. It's really problematic. Of course there are rumors that in the 50's and 60's there was some use of psychedelics in psychic exploration, but the rumors also indicate that the psychedelics are so unpredictable that the experience could not be controlled, especially in view of any likelihood of using the experience for strategic, military, or espionage purposes. In other words, just about the same thing the American researchers of the CIA found.

*The question was phrased based on Dr. Leary's comments about Krippner in the book Flashbacks. (J.P. Tarcher, 1983).

PP: Yes, I've heard a little about that. I think Dr. Marty Lee is working on a book about the CIA's involvement with psychedelics. So what's your thinking about the abolition of research on LSD?

Krippner: I have consistently taken the position that more research is needed, that we do have competent people available to do the research. But these researchers are very demoralized. They don't have support from science, they don't have support from the government, they don't have support from private foundations to do the research and so they're no longer motivated to submit applications for research grants, so the situation is very much moribund right now. To give you an example of that, Sidney Cohen and I put together a book nearly two years ago with chapters written by nearly all the significant researchers in the field, past and present, in the United States. The publisher was unable to get the money to have the book published, and now the book is just sitting there. We were hoping that this book would be a stimulus to continue exploration, but it's been a major disappointment to both of us that the book cannot get off the ground. In our afterword to the book, Dr. Cohen and I did write about different ways in which we felt research could continue in this area.

Comments

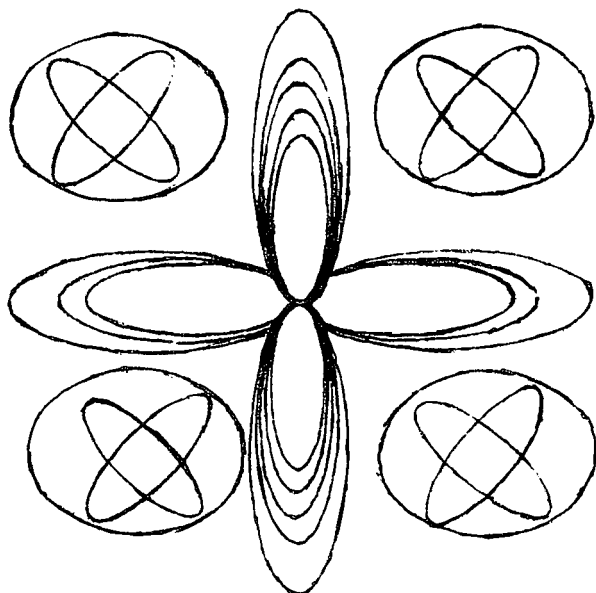
In the paper to which he refers, the authors point out that psychedelics are a preferable tool with which the scientist can work in his study of altered states of consciousness, since they can be quantitatively controlled under uniform conditions. Identifying a neurophysiological correlation between psychedelic effects and brain function would provide important insights regarding the structure, operation, and capabilities of the mind.

Another interesting approach is suggested, the potential of which will be recognized by those who have been fortunate (or misfortunate) enough to have had experiences with very high doses of psychedelics:

Another useful distinction is among the three major brain formations: The cerebral cortex, limbic system, and brain stem (i.e., the "human," "mammalian," and "reptilian" brains.) These three formations are markedly different in chemistry and in structure; for example, the cortex encodes language; the limbic system, emotional experience, and the brain stem, instinctual behavior. LSD-type drugs may disrupt the harmony among these formations, producing an emotional reaction or instinctual response (hoarding, growling, grooming) that is not appropriate to the situation (Restak, 1979, p. 51). Thus, it is apparent that LSD could be used to study the action of neurotransmitters, cortical hemispheric interaction, and

the interplay of the cortex, limbic system, and brain stem. Scientific psychology is now vitally interested in the mind/brain problem: LSD-type drugs offer a unique tool for this kind of investigation.

Although the media and government have done their best to squelch interest in psychedelic research, it will go on, with or without the blessing of traditional institutions. The underground research train, in fact, has scarcely warmed up its engines, and its final destination is yet unknown.



Personal Impressions on PCP

by

"Shane"

As a new contributor and one who has yet to read an issue of Psychozoic, I don't know if there is any consensus of opinion among your readers on PCP. I do know that my own experiences and impressions are radically different and opposed to what the media is experssing, as well as the majority of people who express opinions when the subject comes up.

I can remember when LSD was the buga-boo of the media with stories of staring into the sun and chromosome damage being the antiadvertisement of the day. Meanwhile, PCP was around and being ignored. It was being sold for a buck or given away in the form of "Peace tabs." It was

"THE CLOSEST I HAVE EVER COME TO A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE WAS WHEN I WAS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF PCP."

being smoked on mint leaves as crystal or angel dust and was being sold in caps to snort or swallow as cannabinoil or THC. In southern California its use was as widespread as LSD but it just wasn't a topic for vituperation or scorn--yet.

My first experience with PCP was at the tender age of fourteen. The very first time I o.d.'d in that I smoked so much crystal that I had to crawl on the floor to the bathroom and vomit, laying there for hours slurring my speech. So I

found out right away it was not just a psychedelic but also a strong central nervous system depressant. Even that first experience still holds many good memories for me, and I can honestly say since then I've never abused it to the point of incapacitation and marked physical depressant symptoms, though on one occasion some freshly sprayed dust nearly caused me to suffocate because my lungs froze from the ether.

I want to convey to the reader that the closest I have ever come to religious experience was when I was under the influence of PCP. In fact the first time I ever heard of it being sold as cannabinal, (not that I knew at the time it was PCP) I was told by a "member" of the so-called Brotherhood of Eternal Love that sniffing two caps would make me see God.

I don't claim that every time I've been dusted that I've seen God--far from it. In fact, I'm an atheist or the next closest thing to it which is a dubber in Tibetan Buddhism, meaning to me, the Creator is void. Anyway, the main reason I brought up Tibetan Buddhism is because one of the prime examples of a "religious" state occurred after I rubbed a fairly large dosage on my gums and proceeded to reread Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism by Lama Govinda. The unique aspects of cognition can most easily be described as spontaneous meditation.

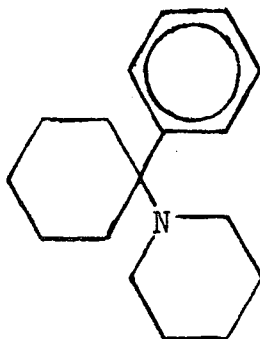
I am a notoriously poor meditator, be it emptying my mind all together or focussing on a certain object, my mind is indeed like the proverbial monkey. But under the influence of PCP, as soon as I

intellectually understood a described state, I would spontaneously enter that state. I stayed up for at least four hours and rapidly read the book, stopping for significant periods whenever I had an "aha!" experience. Of course this is all subjective, but what drug experience isn't?

Another memorable experience was on both LSD and PCP when I sat smoking pot with a friend looking at the moon and we held hands in perhaps the only truly pristine and platonic physical contact I've ever had. My relationship with this fellow (we are both heterosexual males) did not maintain this peak of oneness, but thinking of all the layers of emotional armor that dissolved, it is still a memorable experience.

On numerous occasions I have noted a telepathic phenomenon where a small group of people will start to anticipate trains of thoughts and the conversation would seem to proceed nonsensically to any outside listener, but perfectly intelligible to those personally involved. Also the person with the strongest will can often dominate a small group almost unbeknownst to himself or the others until analytic retrospection sets in.

Physically, PCP is miraculous. As a practitioner of Yoga, I can categorically state that exercises physically impossible become easy on PCP. Headstands can be maintained effortlessly, positions where the arms are held up at 60 degrees can be maintained for 30 minutes when ordinarily anything over five minutes becomes excruciating. At the same time, one-pointed shows on a visual or



PCP: 1-(1-phenylcyclohexyl)piperidine

audio stimulus, real or imagined, become easy.

In short, I think PCP is a magical or mystical tool, or for skeptics like myself, it is a broadening experience that is both unique and useful and individualizing.

Why it has become such a bummer is only a matter of speculation to me. Possibly it is due to lack of the proper chemicals--the substances commonly found

"IT IS A SHORT TERM CURE FOR HEROIN WITHDRAWAL WHICH COMPLETELY ELIMINATES PHYSICAL CRAVING FOR OPIATES."

of nowhere near pure phencyclidine phosphate--this is the most likely cause. Also it might be frightening for uneducated people, and possibly for some racial types due to their unique genetic configuration. But for intelligent mind voyages, it is not an experience to be

avoided or approached from a negative attitude.

PCP is not comparable to the other psychedelics because it is neither a stimulant (such as MDA or mescaline) or purely psychedelic; (as LSD) it is a depressant. As such it has an interesting use as a perfect substance for heroin withdrawal. It is no mere palliative but an actual short term cure which completely eliminates physical craving for opiates.

My personal advice is no PCP high should be maintained for longer than an average psychedelic session would last. As with most drugs, it is the users who try to stay on it constantly who have "burn-out" reactions. The best method for crystalline PCP is to rub it on your gums; for dust, it is smoking.

Among all the negative literature on PCP, I hope I stand out, not like a sore thumb, but like Diogenes' honest man. Don't be brainwashed about PCP. It is one hell of a good trip.

((While I've never experienced PCP, and don't intend to, I should remind the readers that my personal preferences are not a criteria for selection of material to be published. The article was descriptive of both subjective and objective effects, provided some insight into the reasons why PCP has began becoming a drug of choice among some people, and was written in a way which shows how the drug is relevant to other psychedelics.

Is is a cure for heroin withdrawal?

This may be a topic for investigation by qualified medical people to research, but I'm going to remain skeptical, at least until more information on this comes up. I would suspect it more likely anesthetizes the withdrawal symptoms rather than being an actual cure for addiction.))

We welcome feedback from our readers. You can present your thoughts, information or creative contributions for publication, anonymously or otherwise. Since we're trying to keep costs down to make the Press available to more people, we can't afford to pay for written works as such, but then we can publish material which would be rejected by a bigger publisher. Whether anyone's attitude is positive or negative matters little but contributions should be relevant to the topic of psychedelics.

Between the Realm of Dreams and the End of the Rainbow lies a Nonspace in Alltime. Its sectors are available to all for the making, provided they apply three Elementry Principles of Creation:

Unity

Dichotomy

Transcendence

Pharmacology and Probability

by

Dr. Michael Montagne

Pharmacology describes for us, in scientific terms, what a drug does in the body. It tells us how a drug acts after it is taken, and what effects are expected to occur as a result of that action. Around the beginning of this century, a scientist named Paul Ehrlich used the words "magic bullet" to describe what he thought should be the ideal pharmacological action of all drugs. Drugs should seek out and selectively kill bacteria, or they should go right to the target organ or cell (e.g., an hallucinogenic chemical going to a nerve cell in the brain) to cause effects to occur, in each instance without affecting other cells in the person's body. This way of thinking is very common now, in the ways scientists search for and develop new drugs, health professionals treat patients with drugs, and people use drugs for whatever reason or purpose. There is a tendency for all of us to believe that a given drug has just one main effect. Other effects which occasionally occur are called "side effects," and these are usually considered unwanted or described in negative terms.

This way of thinking is not necessarily bad. In fact, specific drugs do kill specific bacteria very well. Many synthetic narcotics are designed chemically to produce a given effect. However, this way of thinking can also create

problems for drug takers. The two main problems are that the drug user might not realize that any given drug has a number and variety of potential effects, and that any given drug effect has a certain chance of occurring. These two notions are very important for users of hallucinogens and other psychoactive substances to understand, since these drugs can lead to a tremendous number and variety of effects during any given experience.

The first point is to always remember that no drug has just one single effect. Most people know that aspirin relieves mild to moderate pain, such as headaches and minor muscle aches. This is known as the analgesic effect of aspirin. Many people also know that aspirin reduces a fever when you have a cold or flu. This is known as the anti-pyretic (fever-reducing) effect of aspirin. And some people know that aspirin reduces inflammation in joints and muscles which occurs in diseases such as arthritis. This is known as the anti-inflammatory effect of aspirin. So if you think of aspirin as a painkiller, you would only be partly right; because as we have just seen, aspirin has at least three main effects. There may even be other effects not yet discovered or reported. Recently it has been discovered that another effect aspirin might have is to reduce the chances of having a heart attack. Aspirin is not a magic bullet; it has a variety of possible effects.

The phenothiazine tranquilizers (one well known example is Thorazine) were

originally developed for use as anesthetics in surgery. When their effectiveness as anesthetics was found to be only fair, it was discovered that they could be used as urinary antiseptics, to kill bacteria in urinary tract infections. At a later time, it was also discovered that they were even more effective as anti-emetics, used to stop vomiting. But eventually scientists and physicians decided that the main effect of these drugs was their anti-psychotic property which makes them useful in treating many psychiatric disorders. This is quite a change over a short period of time in what is believed to be the main effect of a drug.

The second point is that any specific drug effect has a certain chance of occurring. People who think of drugs as magic bullets also tend to think that the drug goes right to the target organ or cell in the body and that an effect will then take place. The effect will occur, just as when one thinks that aspirin will always relieve one's headache. Again, the person may only be partly right. For some people, every time they take an aspirin their headache goes away. However, this is not always the case; perhaps you took your usual dose of aspirin once to relieve a headache and were quite surprised when it did not go away. Instead of thinking that every time you take a drug an effect will occur, it is better to think that any given drug effect has a probability or chance of occurring. In this sense, you can determine what the probability is of any given effect occurring should

you take (or once you have taken) a drug. Some examples might help you see this.

If a person takes a barbiturate, a sleeping pill, and goes into the bedroom and lies down, then more than likely he will fall asleep. On the other hand, if that person's friends suddenly stop by and take him to a noisy party, then it is much less likely that the person will fall asleep as a result of taking the drug. Hallucinogens are drugs which have a great number and variety of effects, even in the same person. People have experienced some effects at some times and other effects at other times. Some people say that enhancement of senses, distortion of time and space, and a feeling of silliness or a desire to laugh are effects which occur almost all of the time. Other people say that each time they take an hallucinogen they have a different experience. As you can see, the chance or probability that a specific drug effect will occur can range, for any person in any given situation, from 100% (certain to occur; always occurs) to 0% (cannot possibly occur; never occurs).

How can this way of thinking help you to improve your drug-taking behaviors and the experiences you have? If you realize that a number of different effects, each with a certain chance or probability of occurrence, can potentially be experienced with a given drug, then you can gain a better understanding and even some control over your drug taking. A number of different things influence the probability that a specific

effect will be experienced. One of the most important of these is the dose of the drug that is taken. Small doses of LSD will lead to the experiencing of some effects. As you increase the amount of LSD that you take, the probability that other effects will occur usually increases. Many users know that in order to have a good chance, or probability, of experiencing true hallucinations, distortion of space, or a heightened sense of creativity, larger doses of the drug must be taken. Of course, increasing the dose may also increase the probability that other effects, which you consider undesirable or unpleasant, might occur. Other factors which can influence the probability of occurrence of drug effect include the basic pharmacological action of the drug taken, the person's body weight and metabolism, the setting of use, past experiences with the drug, interactions with other drugs or food taken at the same time,* the expectations and mood of the person prior to use, and a host of others. This way of thinking can be helpful in identifying those factors which might increase

*This factor, like many others, can either increase or decrease the probability that certain effects might occur; one drug might interact with another in the body and inhibit its action, thus reducing the chances that effects will occur, while in another instance, such as the interaction of alcohol and tranquilizers, the probability that some effects will occur, such as drowsiness, increases greatly.

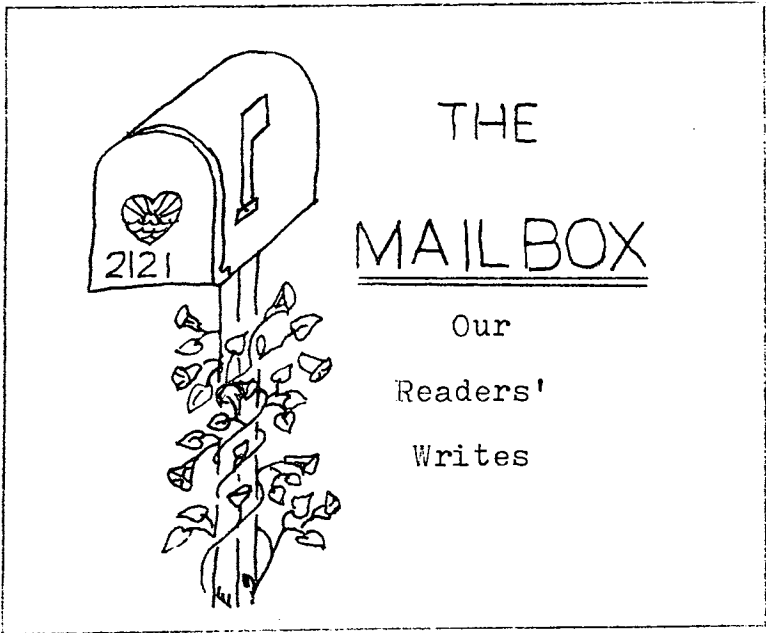
the probability of having desirable effects and those which might decrease the chance of having unwanted effects. In this way you can plan and structure your drug taking in order to achieve an optimal experience.

The knowledgeable drug taker can use the idea of pharmacological probability to enhance his or her experiences and to improve the appropriateness of his or her drug taking behaviors. Hopefully, more people will begin to think in these terms, so a broadening of our knowledge about drug and drug effects can take place.

The "Bookshelf Reviews" will be back in the Spring issue.

Addresses of Drug analysis labs are available for anyone wishing to know. Send an SASE with inquiry.

This issue of the Psychozoic Press was printed courtesy of International Oxidation Institute. Many thanks to the kind folks there for their interest and support.



Dear Psychozoic People,

Recently it has occurred to me that perhaps it would be advantageous to purchase a single order of a "lifetime supply" of LSD rather than buying small quantities over the years, during which time quality and potency may vary. I'm concerned about oxidation because I wouldn't want to keep such a quantity in the refrigerator, though it could be kept cool underground. Any other suggestions for long-term storage would be appreciated.

Sincerely,
Noname

((I have known of LSD three years old which had undergone only a fractional loss of potency after being stored at

room temperature and out of sunlight. A knowledgeable author had this to say:

In Siva Sankar's LSD: A Total Study, I recall some discussion of this but I haven't that book at hand. Sandoz stored its under nitrogen, and provided it in a sealed vial as a liquid. Bigwood's impression is that if it is kept cool and in an airtight container, it loses about half its potency over a decade.

You might want to experiment with different methods. Store some in vials of distilled boiled water, and others in airtight containers. Bottled nitrogen is usually available in small canisters from chemical supply companies and would also be non-reactive with the LSD.))

Thank you for the Fall issue of the Psychozoic Press. Like the two previous issues I welcomed it with great pleasure and interest.

Keep up the good work because definitely "communication is preferable to isolation," and the communication and attitude your publication provides deserve appreciation. My sincere thanks for that.

Also I want to ask you, or perhaps the readers of the Psychozoic Press, if there are any LSD psychotherapies, research projects or sensory deprivation experiments carried on now in the U.S. or Canada?

Keep well, Elvin!
A.S., Canada

Dear Elvin Smith...

THANKS for sending me THE PSYCHOZOIC PRESS. It's well written and serves a most valuable function. Facts and logical observations are certainly needed in this controversial area and you are doing a great job. Thanks for putting me on your mailing list. I'll stay in touch and try to send you material that will be of interest to you and your readers. Intelligent use of psychedelic plants and drugs is zooming. Cycles are fascinating, aren't they.

Best wishes and keep in contact.

Timothy Leary

Hi--

I was turned on by my son to peyote in 1966 when I was 44 years old. It's been a lot of changes, de-escalating down to poverty and finally leveling off somewhere. From the visionary 60's to the dramatic 70's to the turtle 80's. Anyhow, outside of marijuana which I've been using for most of 35 years or so, my use of psychoactive substances has slowed down a lot in the last two years.

Recently I alked to have a non-substance-using psychedelic experience, as some kind of faith enforcing reminder, and I did it in two dreams. I've tried to tell people about it, because it seemed really important to me that it could happen. But nobody was interested, or maybe they didn't trust the information because a substance wasn't involved (except, one

assumes, some juices in the brain). Here's what I wrote in my book the next morning:

Oct. 5/ I'm with a man and woman somewhere. I wasn't going to drop acid, but then I do. They leave and I'm alone. Time/space dissolves and, as the familiar world crumbles and the experience of nothingness and everythingness starts, I hear my voice from nowhere, saying, "Oh, how I love LSD. I always forget how much I love this experience." My voice is disembodied, light, happy.

Oct.20/ Another psychedelic dream but wowie-zowie, what a one. I lost my personality as everything started to speed up. The whole texture and fabric of 3-D reality started shaking apart, and everything was happening an once. I KNEW MYSELF. (Underlined twice). As I Am. But it was all going too fast to hold on to anything at all. There was golden light that was me, and all of history that was me, and atoms and splinters of activity rainbowing in every direction.

But I wasn't ready to die from this stolid, slowed-down insane but nice reality, so I started to be Elizabeth again, who was chortling with delight at consciously experiencing at least a little bit of it."

Love and good growing,
Elizabeth

Dear Elvin,

I really feel that we are supporting an important subject that soon will bear some surprising fruit for all of us. I'm not interested in being paid for contributions of what is essentially free information about psychedelic research. My own past experiences with these substances has more than reimbursed me in advance. Your Press can now only compliment these experiences in a very good way. My finished article should be in your hands in about eight weeks so you can take the time to consider it with a bit of liesure.


I always read your paper from cover to cover and recommend it to the right folks who can appreciate the info. Keep up the good work, friend.

Live long and prosper,
T.L., FL

Dear Mr. Smith,

We always read PP from cover to cover and wish you good luck with it. Thank you for the letter and kind words re. The Invisible Landscape.

Terence McKenna



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