DRUGS AND PHANTASY

THE EFFECTS OF LSD, PSYLOCYBIN, AND SERNYL ON COLLEGE STUDENTS

JOHN C. POLLARD, M.D., LEONARD UHR, PH.D., ELIZABETH STERN
A lot of nonsense, especially of a nonscientific sort, has been written in recent years about the marvelous effects of LSD, psilocybin, Sernyl, and other drugs variously known as “hallucinogenic,” “psychotomimetic,” “psychedelic,” and “consciousness expanding.” This book attempts to show the actual effects of these drugs. Within its pages the reader will find the raw data of a controlled experiment in drug comparison and synesthesia conducted at the University of Michigan Mental Health Research Institute. From the relatively spontaneous, unrehearsed, and unselfconscious narratives presented here, the reader will be able to judge for himself the effects each of the drugs—LSD, psilocybin, and Sernyl—produces on normal,
DRUGS and
THE EFFECTS OF LSD, PSYLOCYBIN,
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PREFACE

This book is not about hallucinogenic drugs, nor is it a description of the effects of these drugs. Rather, it presents glimpses of what actually happens to normal people when they take these drugs.

Jane, Frank, and the others were students who volunteered for an experiment. They took LSD-25, psilocybin, and Sernyl, each a drug that causes a temporary psychotic-like state, and they described their changing feelings and perceptions as they actually occurred. It is relatively uncommon for complete tape recordings to be made on the effects of several different drugs on a single person. What makes the material in this book especially interesting, in our opinion, is the standard and well-controlled situation under which our subjects experienced the effects of these drugs, and the objective way in which they imparted these effects to us.
These subjects were carefully instructed to talk about everything that was happening, as it happened; and every word and sound that they made was recorded on tape. Thus there is a feeling of immediacy in much of this material that can easily involve the reader and, occasionally, almost give him the feeling that he is there.

But since, in reality, nothing much really happened to our subjects, except for a few preprogrammed stimuli that we deliberately fed into their otherwise isolated world, it is the effects of the drugs, plus their own imaginations, that our subjects described. Often drugs are given to people in a quasi-religious setting or with a whole set of expectations aroused as to what will happen. Usually other people are present and strongly influence what happens. Most books and articles about these drugs are retrospective speculations about the “Drugs and I” written by professionals more dedicated to impressing the reader than to sharing their experiences. Our subjects were not professionals, but were students who had volunteered as experimental subjects to earn extra money. They knew drugs might be used but not the names of them, nor did they know details of the effects. They were never “on stage” or deliberately producing what they thought they should experience, but allowed themselves to wander through their strange experiences relatively unhampered by preconceptions and convictions.

The reason this experiment with hallucinogenic drugs was even undertaken was an interesting coincidence. Several years ago we were running a series of stress experiments at the Mental Health Research Institute of the University of Michigan. The stress situation that we used was sensory deprivation. We put people in something that resembled a space capsule, and limited their vision to a homogeneous, unchanging milky-white field, their hearing to the monotonous hiss of “white noise,” and touch to the limited amount of self-stimulation that cotton wrapping and light bindings would allow. According to popular scientific myth of the time, one hour of this and everyone is reduced to a state of babbling idiocy — a fallacy that revealed itself rapidly, but that is another story.

About this time, one of us was treating a severely ill fifteen-year-old youngster in an adjacent clinical unit. Mary, the patient, was an acutely and severely psychotic girl. One evening she was curled up on her bed and began screaming. She clasped her hands over her head and screamed, “It must go away.” Mary
was referring to the booming, thudding voice within her that said, “Die, die, whore, die.” Her therapist sat with her for a while and noticed that Mary’s looks of terror coincided with the dull thumping that was a seasonal idiosyncrasy of the heating system in the rather old building. In a quieter room, Mary was able to describe “a dull tolling, like a bell, or booming that said I was to die.” Mary’s sickness was of the nature that the associational transformation to the hallucinated voice was unmodified by the reality of the situation. The idea that hallucinations are “cued” by actual perceptions, which are in turn distorted by the intense feelings, is not new, but the evidence was largely speculative and anecdotal. How could this be tested experimentally?

The sensory deprivation situation, although by no means depriving all sensation, did permit almost all the sensory experiences, at least as far as sound, sight, and gross movement were concerned, to be controlled. And, as we had discovered and as the reader will see from browsing through what was said under the effects of the placebo, this “sensory deprivation” situation in itself had no effects. The physical apparatus was excellent. All we needed were people who hallucinated. Unfortunately, nearly all people who tell someone that they are hallucinating rapidly become patients (which is a very narrow-minded view, as the exclusive morbidness of hallucinations is yet another myth).

However, the availability of several hallucinogenic substances of considerable safety enabled us to produce a temporary toxic hallucinatory psychosis in otherwise completely healthy people. Not only could we produce cues such as spoken words and recorded noises, but in this controlled situation we could compare certain different but similar drugs. This we did, and having concluded the experiment we filed away the data — data that included the transcriptions that are reproduced in this book. It had not been our intention to publish these transcripts, but as we read the ever-increasing number of reports of hallucinogen-takers that ranged from frenetic evangelism to pseudosophism, we looked again at our material. Here we had raw data, unchanged, neither analyzed nor scored. Jane, Frank, and the others were young, intelligent students who took part in experiments with three hallucinogenic drugs. They were not trying to convince anybody of anything in particular, but were just doing as they had been directed, namely, to express their feelings and describe their experiences. Whether their experiences were banal
or beautiful, revealing or merely confusing, is up to the reader to decide. These are the clearest expositions produced under the influence of psychomimetic drugs that we have seen. They afford a close and intimate look at how these drugs affected these young people.

When Jane and the others volunteered to help us as subjects in our experiments, they did not know that their words would be published. Even though we have changed their names and most identifying material, they will, of course, be able to recognize themselves. For their participation and unhesitating permission to use their transcripts, we are deeply grateful. We also wish to thank Miss Carolyn Preish and Miss Linda Kiplinger who were not only our research assistants at the time of these experiments, but also undertook the extensive transcriptions, only a few of which are reproduced in this book.

Sandoz, Inc. supplied us with the LSD–25 and psilocybin, and we are particularly indebted to Dr. Leonard Achor and his associates who have continued to advise us regarding these drugs. Parke, Davis and Company supplied us with Sernyl.

J. C. P.
L. U.
E. S.

Ann Arbor
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IN YOUR OWN BOSOM YOU BEAR YOUR
HEAVEN AND EARTH; AND ALL YOU BEHOLD,
THO' IT APPEARS WITHOUT, IT IS WITHIN IN
YOUR IMAGINATION, OF WHICH THIS WORLD
OF MORTALITY IS BUT A SHADOW . . .

—William Blake, Jerusalem Plate 71
INTRODUCTION

This book is an attempt to show things as they are.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, and other drugs variously called "hallucinogenic," "psychotomimetic," "psychedelic," and "consciousness expanding." Often sublime, learned, and well-termed and exciting nonsense, especially as practiced by such writers as Michaux, Huxley, Koestler, or Burroughs, but nonsense nevertheless, in the sense that such writing is irrelevant to these drugs; for it tells far more about the author, his psyche, experiences, propensities, and learning. If William Burroughs, that somewhat out-of-the-ordinary Harvard graduate, self-styled ex-drug addict, turned guru, turned writer, who coined the term consciousness expand-
ing were logical, he would appreciate that this quite valid insight into the consciousness-expanding effects of these drugs invalidates the efforts of the self-conscious creative artist to say on the basis of his own experiences anything of value about the drugs, as opposed to his own rich and expanding consciousness.

Huxley writes about Middle Eastern architecture, Michaux about sex, Burroughs about the Marx Brothers in Sodom. Each of these artists has read and thought and expected too much, and has felt the compulsion to experience it and show it as it should be.

Science attempts to focus upon something that looks interesting and to grapple with it, untangling what it is. Science makes some of its greatest gains when the relation between observer and observed is explicated, whether by Freud, Heisenberg, or Einstein. Science, though it usually merely bumbles along, carries with it the crucial experimental baggage that guarantees self-correction in the long run. Art can illuminate with blinding clarity, but it finds the chimera irresistibly seductive. Nonscience might be more apt as a description of those drug accounts and discussions that show how clever, sensitive, learned, and oddball “drug plus I” can be. But our problem is to elucidate the effect of the drug alone.

This book gives the reader a chance to wander through some relatively spontaneous, unrehearsed, unself-conscious, relatively unstructured drug experiences. In our attempt to get a cross section of drug effects on typical people, we ran several small experiments in which we tried to control as much as possible what happened to our subjects, so that what they saw and said and did could, with some assurance, be attributed to the drug (or the sugar placebo) that they had taken. Of course, the drug acts upon the human being, and the result is the interaction between the two. But possibly you or I, or our college student subjects, when interacting with a drug, would put something less of self into the situation than a Huxley or a Michaux, with shades of Coleridge and Baudelaire. We are not primarily in pursuit,
along with Shakespeare and Lear, of “unaccommodated man . . . the thing itself.” Rather our thing is merely a group of fascinating chemicals, albeit chemicals that may offer intriguing help toward knowing ourselves.

What follows, then, is the raw results of rather well-controlled situations. The students whose responses are transcribed here were all told exactly the same thing (a very colorless description) about the possible effects of the drugs they were to take. They were all put into exactly the same environmental situation (a very colorless and uniform environment in which virtually nothing came in from the outside except the intended questions and sounds, so that we could reasonably infer that whatever happened came from the drug within). They were all asked the same questions, then asked to talk about and describe things as they happened. Everything they said was tape-recorded for later experimental analysis.

Possibly the most interesting results of these experiments were the tape recordings themselves: it is these that we transcribed and present here verbatim. They are interesting, we feel, precisely because of their ordinariness and the lack of interpretation offered with them, either by our relatively plain subjects or by us. They are interesting because of the extraordinariness of ordinary people at certain times in their lives: for example, under the influence of these drugs. Perhaps they are not as extraordinary as our Michaux’s and our Koestlers, but perhaps they are a bit more real and authentic, like primitive or found art.

Of course, we delude ourselves when we try to exercise complete control. All our subjects were people with expectations, poses, and personal reactions to the situation and to the drug. But the cross-sectioning from one drug to another, to the placebo condition, all in the same person, and from one person to another in the experiment as a whole, gives enough different reactions so that one can begin to feel the range of the effects of these drugs.

Full details of the experiments appear in previously published
papers, but a brief description is necessary at this point. We wished to see whether the effects of these drugs, LSD-25, psilocybin, and Sernyl, were measurably different. We gave the same subjects four different drug experiences, the fourth being a placebo, on four different occasions separated by one to two weeks. We were especially interested in the effects of the drugs when we used a bland, neutral, and uniform environment, because we were fascinated by the great discrepancy between the reports of marvelous effects in nonscientific writing, chiefly describing American Bohemians and Mexican Indians, and the scientific reports that almost uniformly found great amounts of anxiety in subjects who took these drugs for research purposes. We used a modified sensory-deprivation situation in that visual and auditory stimuli were controlled and the subjects lay comfortably on a couch, with their arms and legs loosely strapped to prevent excessive movements. Perhaps it would be better to consider this as a situation of "stimuli control" rather than of sensory deprivation. Questions and other sounds were occasionally "fed in," and we knew what sounds the subject was hearing.

The subjects heard readings from Edward Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes* and Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* early in the experiment. They were asked to comment on them. This afforded some impression of their ability to concentrate and to remember, and also gave us some indication of the onset of drug effects. Most of the transcripts included here begin at a later point, although the subjects occasionally refer to these readings. We also played, at varying times, four stimuli sounds (once each): footsteps, crickets, crowd sounds, and a gunshot. The synesthetic effect, that is, transformation from one sensory modality to another, was well demonstrated by several subjects who, for example, upon hearing the cricket sounds "saw" them. In fact, one subject, not included in this series, commented on hearing the gunshot that it was too near for safety, and if we were going to shoot at him, he'd quit!

The visual field was unaltered, except that the subject was
able to look down at his own body, but for the most part all that
could be seen was the inside of a milky white dome, a plastic
hemisphere (a Ganzfeld). We used all these controls over the
environment because we had the suspicion that it might not be
the drug but rather the anxiety-provoking hospital setting, in
which a rather frightening experimenter administered an un-
known agent with ominous implications, that might somehow
have generated in some experiments so much fear and anxiety.
So we tried to control the situation. We found rather interesting
differences from previously reported experiments, also some in-
dications of different effects between the two drugs, LSD and
psilocybin, that most investigators have felt were not only al-
most identical chemically, but were also similar in their effects.
We subsequently ran an experiment in which subjects were
given only one drug, and some short excerpts are included here.

In order to give the reader an objective and intimate feeling
of what happened to our subjects we print the verbatim tran-
scripts without alteration. We give the complete transcript for
one subject, starting at the points where the drugs seemed to
begin having effects, and successively shorter transcripts for the
others. The editing merely cut out redundant and uninteresting
material. In fact, we are presenting glimpses of what is essen-
tially "raw data." Notwithstanding that measurement currently
appears to be intrinsically respectable regardless of relevance, we
offer no attempt at a quantification of this material. Nor do we
attempt any analysis; not that we are against hermeneutics, but
we feel that to do so would dismiss the point of this book. The
reader must find what he will in these transcriptions and hope-
fully, unimpeded by a previous interpretation, he will use his
own unique senses to perceive the sensory experiences of these
subjects.

There has recently been a great flood of articles on psychoto-
mimetic drugs in popular journals and magazines. More recently
several books have appeared and these, like many of the articles,
seem to have been written for sensationalist appeal. The "cult" element, in-group, or whatever appellation the advocates of chemical nirvana deserve, are less than subtle in their attempts to convince everyone that these drugs are the best things that have happened since sex. The appeal, of course, is unlimited: it is the appeal of escape from psychological entrapment. The constant dissatisfaction with what we are, the gnawing belief that if only we could find the key we would not only respond to the Polonian exhortation to know thyself, but in truth our own creative being would be released. It is no wonder that do-it-yourself dream-analysis books, books on how to develop a better personality, and such sell like hot cakes. It is no wonder that the drugstore book counter has several collections of "actual case histories by reputable psychoanalysts" in which for thirty-five cents and some luck you might find yourself. In fact, so pervasive and attractive is this appeal that objective appraisal of the usefulness of these drugs has become almost impossible; the rich phantasies of expectation are so personal and complex that what is "actual" and what is spurious are scarcely definable.

And there is the other side, too. Just as people are for things for all sorts of good and bad reasons, others are against them. In a later part of this book we discuss some of the dangers that may be considered "real" but even these seem to have been caught up in a mass of emotionalism. Of course, the fact that serious illnesses occasionally become manifest after these drugs are taken cannot be disregarded, although we do not know whether the drugs caused them. A person who becomes seriously depressed several weeks after taking LSD may assume that he is depressed because of the effects of the drug. It could be argued that in some cases the drug may have postponed the depression. There is not yet adequate evidence that covert illness is not present in those who take these drugs and subsequently manifest illness. One might seriously question whether in view of the persistent lack of success in revealing any cause for psychoses, some psychiatrists have not approached LSD as a causative
agent with the zeal of bounty hunters. We may have been fortunate in the five years during which we have run experiments with these drugs in having none of our eighty or so subjects report persistent ill effects—although perhaps luck was aided by a reasonable discretion in choosing our subjects.

Our volunteer subjects are all over twenty-one. They are given a brief psychiatric examination, usually with psychological testing. Since most of them are students, they will have had a physical checkup within the last twelve months. We carefully eliminated borderline or overtly psychotic subjects as well as the depressed. The criteria regarding character disorders were less definite, but it became obvious that some subjects, more recently extremely well versed (albeit often incorrectly) in the effects of these drugs, were out after "kicks" and looked to the drug experience as either a stimulant to jaded appetites or an excuse to raise hell. Among our criteria was a mutual appraisal of our own motivation for using these drugs. A preoccupation with pathology is part of the medical heritage, and while we are against it, we, Gantry-like, are fascinated by it too. Such obvious precautions as warning the subject not to drive for a stated time and supervision by a nondrugged professional person during the "peak period of effects" would seem to be essential for any drugs as potent as these. We have found from our own and our subjects' experiences that even when most of the effects of the drugs have worn off, there is a great need for contact with others. A period of fear, when alone, is not uncommon several hours after the ingestion of LSD or psilocybin, a fear that is quite simply allayed by the presence of another person, preferably a friend or relative. Our precautions, while obviously necessary, are capable of creating a "set" of foreboding, if not alarm.

It is interesting to observe, however, that this did not appear to happen in the earlier experiments referred to in this book, for at that time references to psychotomimetic drugs were for the most part only to be found in technical books and journals. The few articles that did appear in the popular press had not yet
acquired the lip-smacking appeal that was later afforded by the Harvard fiasco. It is a curious paradox that in demanding uncontrolled freedom in the use of these drugs, the principals of that debacle have probably done more than anyone else in guaranteeing not only further real restrictions but also so jaundiced a public eye as to discourage research that is still permissible. The era of the naïve subject, an essential ingredient of objective research, has passed—at least in the university population. Our most recent volunteers have shown a fear of adverse effects that was not seen in the earlier experiments.

In his study of side effects and complications, Cohen revealed that in 1000 administrations of LSD to experimental subjects, there were no attempted suicides, and less than 1 in 1000 psychotic reactions that lasted over forty-eight hours. For patients undergoing therapy, the figures per thousand administrations were 1.2 attempted suicides, 0.4 successful suicides, and 1.8 had psychotic reactions; in fact, as Levine and Ludwig point out, the statistics better support a statement that the drug is extraordinarily safe, rather than dangerous. These figures compare favorably with the incidence of complications following electroshock treatment; however, psychiatrists who are not reluctant to use this form of treatment seem diffident about even testing the possible therapeutic uses of these drugs on the basis of possible dangers. Further, it is of significant interest that much criticism has been leveled at the claimed therapeutic usefulness of the drugs on the basis that these claims have not stood the tests of scientific rigor and methodology. One might ask what would be left of psychiatry if we similarly appraised some of its much loved and more “reputable” therapeutic tenets and discarded those that were found lacking.

We have briefly discussed the importance of “set” in our experiments. There is obviously a world of difference between the general physical environment of our experiments in a typical cinderblock research center designed for practicality rather than people and other less oppressively clinical situations that vary
from the homelike atmosphere of a friend's apartment to the
frank weirdness of a hipster's pad. Just as the drug experience
will reflect the environment, so will both the explicit and im-
plicit reasons for the experiment. The explicit reasons are usu-
ally clear enough both for the experimenter and subjects, but as
more and more eccentricities and misadventures have been asso-
associated with these drugs in the press, it is often impossible to
know what the subjects' motivations are, let alone their expecta-
tions. We have considered such unsubtle motivations as "I need
the money" or "My instructor says I have to take part in a psy-
chology experiment" as most acceptable, but more recently have
adopted not quite such a negative approach to the would-be
subjects who quite clearly wish a drug experience for "kicks." It
is curious how, although what this means is not quite known, it
is generally assumed that it is bad. Providing our subjects fulfill
the previously mentioned criteria we do not disqualify them be-
cause they are curious and still not sufficiently constricted by
convention so as not to try something new. These young people
do not always appear to be hedonistic thrill seekers who find
significance only in subjective experience rather than objective
achievement, but they have not yet settled for the all too com-
mon pliable and adjusted blandness. To take a brief excursion
from the fashionable ruts of thinking does not have to be sinful.
Contrary to popular phantasy, they are not reduced to animal-
istic, impulse-ridden, raving lunatics. We bring this up because it
would seem that the lessons of a total and an inflexible prohibi-
tion have been poorly learned. Already the illicit traffic in LSD
and psilocybin is alarming.

All the synthetic hallucinogenic drugs are restricted by federal
law to use for research purposes by approved professional inves-
tigators. The use of mescaline and peyote is forbidden under the
narcotic laws of several individual states. Presumably if you can
find a suitable magic mushroom, such as *Psilocybus mexicanus*,
there is nothing to stop your nibbling on it — except the rather
disconsolating fear that you may have misidentified it. We know
of no legislation concerning the sale, possession, or use of morning-glory seeds. It is undoubtedly difficult to know whether they are destined for a windowbox or as the essential ingredients of a psychedelic experience. But this too is hazardous and uncertain. Only two varieties apparently contain the hallucinogenic amide of lysergic acid, and in considerably varying amounts depending on the size and ripeness of the seeds. The infusion is vile tasting and nauseous, and the effect, compared to the synthetic drugs, is often disappointing. Other varieties of morning-glory seeds, easily confused by all but experts, may contain dangerous amounts of toxic ergot derivatives. Ergot poisoning is always serious and often fatal.

Given all the considerations we have outlined, of screening and supervision, we wonder if a less restrictive attitude would detract from the spurious glamour. It is not without significance that while many of our subjects claimed that they have thoroughly enjoyed the drug experiences, only one has ever requested to take the drug a second time.

REFERENCES

DRUGS AND PHANTASY
The Effects of LSD, Psilocybin, and Sernyl on College Students
IN HIS BOOK DOORS OF PERCEPTION, ALDOUS HUXLEY WROTE: “The problems raised by alcohol and tobacco cannot, it goes without saying, be solved by prohibition. The universal and ever-present urge to self-transcendence is not to be abolished by slamming the currently popular Doors in the Wall. The only reasonable policy is to open other, better doors in the hope of inducing men and women to exchange their old bad habits for new and less harmful ones. What is needed is a new drug which will relieve and console our suffering species without doing more harm in the long run than it does good in the short. Such a drug must be potent in minute doses and synthesizable. . . . It must be less toxic than opium or cocaine, less likely to produce unde-
sirable social consequences than alcohol or the barbiturates, less
inimical to heart and lungs than the tars and nicotine of ciga-
rettes. And, on the positive side, it should produce changes in
consciousness more interesting, more intrinsically valuable than
mere sedation or dreaminess, delusions of omnipotence or re-
lease from inhibition. . . . To most people, mescaline is almost
completely innocuous.” 1

Many people write and talk as though the hallucinogens have
given them the sort of transcendental contact with reality, the
godhead, humanity, knowledge, or themselves that mankind has
sought for ages. No wonder that they have received so much
attention from professionals and laymen alike. Instant relief and
instant enlightenment, anodynes to all of the pains of humanity.
Why not more than reality? Or merely more of reality, the est-
thetic and intellectual dividends without the years of discipline
and drudgery necessary to the artist, philosopher, or monk? In a
culture that already prepares and packages most of its “kicks,”
big and small, for the rather passive consumption of spectator
sports, television violence, and movie sex, where the cocktail
party is often the closest some ever come to engagement, pack-
aged instant nirvana is completely in style as part of today’s way
of life.

Huxley describes his mescaline experience: “I was looking at
my furniture not as the utilitarian who has to sit on chairs, to
write at desks and tables, not as the cameraman or scientific
recorder, but as the pure esthete whose concern is only with
forms and their relationships within the field of vision or the
picture space. But as I looked, this purely esthetic Cubist’s-eye
view gave place to what I can only describe as the sacramental
vision of reality. I was back . . . in a world where everything
shone with the Inner Light, and was infinite in its signifi-
cance.” 2

All the petty mendacious and materialistic pressures of life are
submerged suddenly by a glimpse of purity, of lost innocence,
of religion redefined.
WHAT ARE THE HALLUCINOGENS?

Drugs such as mescaline, LSD, and psilocybin belong to a group as hard to define as they are difficult to control. They are called "hallucinogenic" drugs, yet they seldom give subjects hallucinations. (Though they appear to change the objective environment, they rarely produce phantoms that have no factual existence.)

Gerard coined the term psychosomimetics on the assumption that the drugged state is a short-term imitation of a psychosis, specifically schizophrenia. This hypothesis raised hopes that studying the effects of the drug would reveal the causes and subsequently the cures of psychoses. The few objective comparisons between the mental processes of drugged subjects and psychotics have not given much credence to the theory. For instance, LSD causes raised sensory thresholds (such as increased critical flicker fusion threshold) that have not been found in schizophrenic patients. In fact perception appears to be unchanged in schizophrenics, at least by objective measures, whereas it is affected by psychotomimetic drugs.

We will further question, at the risk of being accused of semantic quibbling, whether the abnormal state induced by the drugs in "normal" people is in fact a psychosis. It is true that in the feelings of unreality, changes in body image, and in the hallucinations there are many features in common with the psychoses. But there are also differences. Not all skin rashes are measles. The definitions of psychosis are often elaborate and complex but they invariably imply a complete loss of reality testing. In the diagnostic and statistical manual of the American Psychiatric Association psychotic disorders are defined as "characterized by a varying degree of personality disintegration and failure to test and evaluate correctly external reality in various spheres. . . ." In none of the normal experimental subjects to whom we have given these drugs, nor in our own experience,
could these criteria be satisfied. The drug state is highly abnormal but just as it falls short of satisfying the technical criteria of psychosis, it certainly falls shorter of the layman's Hollywood-contaminated idea of a severe mental illness. We believe this to be an important point, for the expectations of the subject are paramount, not only in anticipating the effects, but also in generating considerable anxiety. One may well speculate that the well-read, would-be experimental subject about to have "a drug-induced psychosis" imagines all sorts of personal mayhem to be imminent. Depending upon his particular predilection, he no doubt could expect himself to be reduced to a babbling idiot or a homicidal sex fiend.

Turner, while not suggesting a new name for the group of drugs, has indicated that the clinical state resulting from taking LSD should be called "oneiric" or "oneirophrenia." He quotes Meduna's definition:

The basic symptom in the oneirophrenic condition is a disturbance of apperception. The sense modalities mostly affected, in order of frequency: Vision; various proprioceptions and interoceptions, including body image; smell; hearing; foggy or hazy vision (difficulty in central vision) — things look different. The patients usually fight the feeling of unreality. They succeed in rejecting the pathological experience for a surprisingly long period. As far as secondary symptoms go, patients react according to previous personality. The first reaction is fear and confusion. The type of hallucination in oneirophrenia is "exogenous," as occurs in delirium, mescaline and other states — not the "endogenous hallucinations" of schizophrenia.4

The fact that this group of drugs has been given many names, as also has the condition they produce, suggests that none of them are entirely satisfactory.

Alpert, Leary, and Metzner have used Humphrey Osmond's term psychedelic, to refer to LSD, psilocybin, and mescaline, and point out that psychedelic experiences may occur as well
through “sensory deprivation, Yoga exercises, disciplined medita­tion, religious or esthetic ecstasies, or spontaneously.” Os­mond says of his term, “It is clear, euphonious and uncontami­nated by other associations . . .” in which we agree. It means “mind-manifesting,” and therein lies the rub, because for many the drug experience can be more obfuscating than clarifying. William Burroughs prefers the term “consciousness-expand­ing.” Others refer to these drugs simply as “psycholytics.”

HISTORICAL USES OF HALLUCINOGENS

The use of drugs, for escape, medication, enrichment, as an anodyne, goes back as far as history and as far as mythology. (Was it a mushroom that Circe used?) But it is in this decade that hard-to-find and hard-to-grow hallucinogenic agents have been synthesized so as to be available in a pure state and limit­less quantity. Whereas hemp (*Cannabis sativa*) has long been cultivated in the East, Western Indian cultures used peyote (*Lophophora williamsii*). This is a cactus that grows in regions of Mexico and the southwestern United States. The plant grows underground, with only buttonlike protuberances above the surface. It is these buttons, “mescal buttons,” dried, that are eaten for the hallucinogenic effects. In Mexico, eating peyote was tied to religious rituals. It was from Mexican Indians that the American Indians first discovered its powers, and it has be­come an important aspect of their religion; important perhaps in proportion to their desperation in a disintegrating society.

Lewis Lewin, for whom the plant is named *Anhalonium lewinnii*, discovered and revealed the effects of peyote to the world of science. (Almost half a century ago Lewin used the term *phantastica*; this attractive word seems to have been aban­doned in favor of some of the more pretentious neologisms.) Ten years later the mescaline in peyote was isolated by Heffter. Mescaline was successfully synthesized in 1919. In 1938 Albert
Hofmann synthesized LSD. He evidently spilled it, for he had the drug on his fingers when he licked them, ingested some LSD, and experienced its hallucinogenic properties, reporting on these for the first time in 1943.

Suddenly there was a plethora of chemical agents that could affect human thinking in mysterious and perhaps profitable ways. Nor did the discoveries stop. Gordon Wasson in 1959 discovered hallucinogenic mushrooms in Mexico. Having heard of a mushroom cult, he succeeded in obtaining fourteen hallucinogenic species, many of them previously unknown to mycologists, belonging for the most part to the genus *Psilocybe*.

Wasson returned to Paris with his fungi, which were promptly analyzed and the hallucinogenic agent, psilocybin, synthesized by Albert Hofmann in the Sandoz Laboratories of Basel, Switzerland.

The number of chemicals continues to grow: Hofmann has isolated a hallucinogen in the seeds of morning-glory plants collected by Wasson, *Rivea corymbosa* and *Ipomoea tricolor* (Heavenly Blue and Pearly Gates).

**CHEMICAL SIMILARITIES**

Cerletti has demonstrated that some of these drugs have much in common chemically. “Although . . . LSD was of semi-synthetic origin, the main part of its molecule, namely lysergic acid, was the produce of the fungus *Claviceps purpurea*, growing as ergot of rye. . . . Psilocybine as well as lysergic acid are the first examples of naturally occurring indoles with substitution in position 4 of the ring. This fact links up psilocybine very nicely.
with LSD, whereas the mushroom known to botanists as psilocybe and to the Indians as teonanacatl or secret fungus comes in other respects in close connection with peyotl, the Aztec source of mescaline.” 8 The morning-glory seed has an indole structure as well. “Never before was it considered as probable that lysergic acid derivatives, the highly specific produces of a fungus, would also be synthesized by a plant.” 9

So the “Aztec triad,” peyote, teonanacatl, and ololiuqui — a cactus, a fungus, and a morning-glory plant — have in common their relation to LSD, the indole structure, and the hallucinogenic effect. The formula for mescaline (the chemical derived from peyote) is: 10

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CH₃O

CH₂

CH₂

CH₃O

NH₂
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The formula for psilocybin (derived from the mushroom) is:

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PO₃H₂

CH₂CH₂N

CH₃

CH₃

N
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Morning-glory seeds contain two lysergic-acid derivatives, isolysergic acid and lysergic acid amide, the formula for which is:
There is a drug, also classed an an hallucinogen, that has nothing in common with the indole chemicals above. It is phencyclidine, a synthetic compound also called "Sernyl" (more recently called "Sernylan") that, unlike the indolic substances mentioned, does not resemble any naturally occurring metabolites. It produces anesthesia without loss of consciousness, and if that had been all it did, then it would have been medically a very useful substance. The toxic side effects obviated its further use as an anesthetic. Chemically it is not unlike Demerol in structure.

It was these toxic side effects that first brought it to the attention of psychiatrists. The drug seems to act on the sensory cortex, thalamus, and midbrain in such a way as to set off external sensory stimuli, thereby producing a sort of sensory deprivation from within. The subjective experiences with phencyclidine, although showing considerable variability between subjects, are
usually described as being distinctly unpleasant. The sensation of intense coldness and numbness, rarely experienced with LSD-25 or psilocybin, and the lack of concomitant pleasurable imagery made it the least favored of the three drugs we used.

EXPERIENTIAL EFFECTS

What sort of effects is a person taking a hallucinogen likely to experience? The variability of alcohol is such that to be intoxicated may mean being high or depressed; sleepy, sexy, or talkative; friendly, or taciturn, or bellicose; nauseated; or nostalgic. It may produce all or any of these sensations in one person from one moment to the next. The consciousness-expanding drugs do this and more—much more. Commonly occurring drug-induced experiences include nausea; visions of color, lights, patterns; distance changes; synesthesia (reacting to one sensory stimulus as if it were another; for example, seeing bright colors as the result of hearing a noise); loss of the ability to measure time (a moment may seem like an hour, a decade, a lifetime); a lack of connection with one's own body (depersonalization), so that one's actions are outside and unrelated to the personality; increased sensitivity to other people; lability of thought processes; philosophical-religious sensations (such as Oneness, transcendence, Godhood); disrupted thinking. Any of these sensations may be accompanied by euphoria or anxiety. The number of possible reactions is legion. Each drug experience seems to depend for its effects not only on the physical health and momentary mood of the subject, but on the conditions under which the drug is given, the size of dosage, and the physical environment. The drug state is a subtle, precarious and manipulatable one. Trivial sensations become invested with importance and intensity. Casualness is perhaps the only sensation these drugs eliminate. An unpleasant noise may hurl a drugged subject from heights of euphoria into a sensory and emotional
gloom, dark, murky, haunting. Subjective measures of human capabilities frequently are at variance with objective ones. Impressive insights may be seen from the outside as banalities or mere nonsense. People within the drug experience find it difficult to participate in the world of reality. Michaux says, “He who has been aggressed by mescaline, who has known mental derangement from within, at its inception and almost meteorically, who having suddenly become impotent in a thousand things, has experienced the dramatic turns of the mind after which everything is changed, who, in a privileged way, has witnessed its stampede and its dislocations and its dissolution, known at present. . . . He is as if he were born a second time.” 11 What happens is an enigma, the memory of which remains so vivid that the world is never again the same. Among the psychotherapists who use the hallucinogens a real split develops between those who have and those who have not themselves experienced the drugs. The ones who have had the drugs invariably argue more forcefully for the efficacy of the experience than the others.

OBJECTIVE PHYSICAL EFFECTS

Many drugged persons have stated that their perception is much keener, but visual tests have failed to substantiate this; just the opposite as a matter of fact. Thresholds of sensitivity are raised. A study that measured the effects of mescaline, LSD-25, and psilocybin on perception found that perception of color, as judged by hue discrimination, actually decreased, and it took longer for drugged subjects to respond to visual stimuli. One hypothesis suggested this result was caused by the synesthetic effect of the drugs. But it was concluded that “the experience appears to be more subjective than related to increased sensitivity.” 12
A common drug experience is one of profound realization—insight; and yet objective studies have failed to corroborate this. "After administration of mescaline the subject's intellectual standards begin to exhibit deterioration. His thinking becomes more loose and slipshod. There is a weakening of the forces of control which direct his thought toward logic and evidence..." This may be due, however, to a lack of communication between the drugged person and the observer. Modifications of thinking may occur because other forces, suddenly more salient than the normal intellectual procedures, impinge on the mind of the subject. An intelligent student (Jane) made the following sequence of statements: "I still feel like I'm being whizzed through outer space. Some high velocity. I wish I could listen to the Tiger game on the radio. They might win. I don't know. I'm hungry." McKellar, much intrigued by the possibilities of studying human thought processes under hallucinogens, says: "Mescaline and other hallucinogenic drugs may alert people to notice things that are going on all the time in normal mental life. Typical human thinking is less characterized either by realistic assessment of evidence, or by sustained acts of logical inference than is often supposed." 

Since Hofmann's discovery of the effects of LSD, there has been much research in all aspects of its effects. Studies have been done on behavior using for subjects mealworms, monkeys, Siamese fighting fish, a tragic elephant (who ran about in a frenzy and then died), schizophrenic patients, psychiatrists, volunteers. As yet it is difficult to sort out any significant features of the collections of factual information.

Tests of the physiological and chemical effects of the hallucinogens have shown that LSD and psilocybin increase body temperature, pulse rate, respiratory rate and systolic blood pressure, and decrease the knee-jerk thresholds in humans. They appear to increase the level of serotonin in the brain.

People develop a tolerance to the drugs with continued use.
Cross-tolerances\textsuperscript{17} at least between LSD and psilocybin may develop. Some of the effects of LSD appear to be reduced or halted by the phenothiazine tranquilizers and barbiturates.

**PSYCHIATRIC USES**

*Drugs as Diagnostic Tools.* The most enthusiastic advocates of the hallucinogens are the psychotherapists, whose results are no doubt closely related to their optimism. It appears not to matter which drug they use.

Administering psilocybin has been used as a diagnostic procedure. When a patient is drugged, according to some therapists, “the outline of the underlying psychosis or neurosis is revealed or exaggerated as in a caricature by the induced psychological alterations, thus facilitating its identification.”\textsuperscript{18}

*Drugs for Alcoholics.*\textsuperscript{19} Hallucinogens have been used in combatting alcoholism among the Indians since 1907, when peyote was distributed to achieve this end. Recently the Saskatchewan provincial government issued a report favorably appraising the use of LSD-25 in the treatment of alcoholics. Many have suggested the alcoholic must undergo something like a religious conversion experience to be cured. Certainly this is a fundamental principle in the approach of Alcoholics Anonymous. Whether something similar happens to the alcoholic treated with LSD is difficult to determine, although the very nature of the LSD experience could be profoundly conducive to such a conversion. Therapists have given one dose or several doses with individual or group therapy preparation — or without any at all — claiming some degree of success. The lack of controls, inadequate follow-up, and the failure to establish basic criteria of improvement tend to undermine the potential usefulness of these drugs in a serious mental-health problem.

*Drugs in Therapy.* These drugs are used in lieu of, or in conjunction with, psychotherapy, with occasionally incredible re-
sults. One therapist reports the cure of a psychopathic homosexual.20 The patient had a violent reaction the second time he took LSD, presumably reliving the experience of his own birth, at which time his mother had hemorrhaged. The third time he remembered many of his repressed childhood experiences, tried to rape the psychiatrist (female) the fourth time, the fifth time felt omnipotent, etc. Eventually he married a nurse and was still happily married five years later. In a similar vein, a man was reported, after LSD treatment, to have transferred his sexual attentions from rubberized mackintoshes to his wife. Most clinical results are less spectacular, more equivocal; nevertheless, the evidence is piling up that the use of these drugs does enable patients to release and relive (abreact) repressed experiences. But not without contradictions.

One psychiatrist reports that he got better therapeutic results, by 10 percent, with standard patient-psychiatrist interviews than by using either of two abreactive drugs (of which one was LSD).21

Others disagree: "It may now be accepted that it is essentially the LSD which brings about these results [a broadening of the personality, greater resistance to stress] assisted, no doubt, by the psychotherapy, the immediate environment and other influences which are brought to bear on the patient during the period of active treatment. The evidence for this view is the ever increasing body of opinion concerning the efficacy of LSD in a wide range of psychoneurotic, psychopathic and near-psychotic disorders. . . . There is now an increasingly firm body of opinion that the psychological basis of LSD treatment lies in its peculiar property of releasing unconscious material." 22 Encouraging results have been obtained using LSD in conjunction with therapy in treating psychoneurotics, schizophrenics, and alcoholics. It was thought that using drugs shortened the duration of the therapy by hastening transference.23 Cohen reports that LSD may be useful when the progress in psychotherapy has been halted by an inability to get to repressed material.24
Psychotomimetics To Treat Psychopaths. One study reports success in treating criminal psychopaths. The drug experience cuts through the resistances of the patient, convincing him that there is in fact something the matter with him, and this induces the psychopath to participate willingly in the therapeutic process.\textsuperscript{25} Evidently the superficial symptoms of the hallucinogens are enough to convince such persons of their disorientation in a way that their antisocial behavior does not.

Drugs in Group Therapy. Because these drugs seem to facilitate communication between people who take it together, it has been tried as a part of group therapy. Some psychiatrists report encouraging results using LSD with group psychotherapy.\textsuperscript{26}

Compassion for the Insane. Whatever its curative powers for those in need of help, the drugs surely serve a wholesome function in that therapists, attendants in mental hospitals, in fact all those who try the drugs, whether or not their experiences are actually psychotomimetic, develop compassion for the psychotic personalities who may have provoked revulsion or annoyance before. “How often in those interminable hours of experiencing the terrible decentering — interminable, though short in fact — how often has he not thought about his brothers, brothers without knowing it, no longer anybody’s brother, whose similar disorder in a deeper form, more hopeless and on the slope of the irreversible, will last for days and months which are like centuries, beaten by contradictions, by unknown psychic blows and shatterings of an absurd infinity from which they can draw nothing.” \textsuperscript{27}

DANGERS OF PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC USE OF DRUGS

Cohen and Ditman\textsuperscript{28} recently enumerated some of the dangers inherent in giving LSD to patients undergoing psychotherapy, who are, because of their unbalanced state, more suscepti-
ble to serious side effects than are normal volunteer subjects taking drugs. Although there is no danger of physiologic addiction (because of the rapid onset of tolerance) and physical disturbances caused by the drug are extremely rare, there is a possibility that patients will attribute to the drug any subsequent diseases, because the experience has been so intense. There is the danger, as well, that the drug will worsen depressive and anxiety states or confirm a patient's paranoid delusions, giving him the impression that he is redeemed, Christlike, and must take responsibility for leading the way (presumably the hallucinogenic way) to transcendence and salvation. And there is also the danger of suicide or prolonged psychotic reactions.

In the June 1, 1963, *Saturday Review*, Harry Asher describes such a prolonged reaction. He took thirty millionths of a gram of LSD, and instead of the effects diminishing and disappearing in several hours, he found that for several weeks he was incapable of work, had hallucinations, fears (of murdering his children, of sudden desires to leap from windows), insomnia. It was several months before he felt that he had returned to normal. This is a case in which the subject, far from being an unbalanced person dependent on psychotherapy, was a busy lecturer in physiology.

Nevertheless, Cohen states along with his warning, “The actual incidence of serious complications following LSD administration is not known. We believe, however, that they are infrequent. It is surprising that such a profound psychological experience leaves adverse residuals so rarely.”

**Problems in Evaluating Drug Effects**

Objective studies of the psychological effects of the drugs have been difficult to perform. One of the chief complicating factors is the choice of subjects. People who volunteer for drug research are a special segment of the society.
One study, having made clinical evaluations of fifty-six paid volunteers for drug studies, found a preponderance of psychopathology. Forty-one percent of the volunteers were thought to be in need of psychiatric treatment. It seems that the volunteers were motivated either by scientific interest and financial need or because of psychological disturbances.

Another factor which makes it hard to get consistent results is the crucial part played by the environment (as we have mentioned), both physical and mental, in determining the effects of the drugs on individuals. A sterile hospital atmosphere, with its many associations of illness and death, can easily give rise to anxiety in drug subjects. A less rigidly scientific setting may allow other experiences to interfere with the experiment. One’s intellectual prejudices and training also cause special effects.

In his personal effort to distinguish between drugs that he tested, Michaux steeped himself in the cultures from which they came. So hashish gave him visions that caused him to think that the architecture of Persia and Arabia — the arabesques and minarets and arches — was inspired by the specificity of the hashish vision. This sort of circularity can invalidate any subjective analysis of drug effects.

**OBJECTIVE PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES OF DRUG EFFECTS**

Some more objective studies of the different psychological effects of hallucinogens have been made. A slowing of reaction time as a result of orally administered LSD has been reported. This is the reverse of the results of an experiment wherein LSD was administered to mice and rats. Their reaction time (in avoidance of pain) was significantly shortened.

In general the studies with humans show that increasing the doses of drugs leads to increasing impairment of functions. Scores on arithmetic tests go down, as do scores on tests of
verbal reaction time.\textsuperscript{34} Motor functions seem to be less subject to
drug effects than sensory and high mental functions.\textsuperscript{35} In a study
testing the effects of LSD on impulse control, significant debil­
ity occurred with 75 and 100 µg of LSD on a Porteus Maze (a
simple paper and pencil test).\textsuperscript{36} The fact that motor functions
seem to be less affected than higher-level functioning lends some
credence to the belief that the drugs actually interfere with the
mental processes, rather than merely removing motivation and
desire for success.

A questionnaire given to drug subjects measured the effects of
the drug by response index to the questionnaire (the ratio of
number of responses to the dose in micrograms).\textsuperscript{37} It was found
that subjects cannot usually distinguish between LSD and psilo­
cybin taken orally, unless the doses are near the threshold level.

\textbf{LEGAL PROBLEMS}

Lately there has been much dispute over whether or not con­
sciousness expansion by means of drugs should be made readily
available to the public. Although Western society will embrace
any idiotic idea or practice in the name of medical science (the
doctor does no wrong whether he bleeds, lobotomizes, or cir­
cumcises), as a society we are opposed to “kicks, pleasure, en­
lightenment.” To be right, something must be painful. To be
valuable, it must be difficult. Alcohol is the only allowable es­
cape (not even cigarettes any more) and the fact that Prohibi­
tion in the United States is a political reality is a good indication
of our mixed feelings toward Huxley’s “open door.”

The exponents of nonmedical experience have received only
obloquy. The now famous Harvard case is a good illustration of
some of the problems raised by hallucinogens.

When, in the spring of 1963, Alpert left the staff of Harvard
University, there was a great deal of publicity about his and
Leary’s experiments with psychotomimetics, ranging from hys-
terical outcries about orgies to more muted complaints that the drugs had irreversible, damaging personality effects when taken more than a very few times.

Because of the clamor, Leary and Alpert continually ran into trouble. They set up an organization to continue their studies—International Federation for Internal Freedom (IFIF)—that was stymied both by the Food and Drug Administration and the community in which they lived. *Time* magazine (March 29, 1963) reported: “Soon Leary and Alpert plan to set up a utopia in an old hotel in Mexico, billed as a ‘community of transcendental living.’ In staid Massachusetts, they hope to have ‘multifamilial transcendental living’ in big old houses—if they can get around current zoning regulations. They dream of perfecting an ‘experimental typewriter,’ to record pink elephants, rampaging musical waterfalls and the other phenomena their subjects experience—‘so far beyond our normal experience that they cannot be expressed in our language.’”

In spite of being buffeted about (having to leave Mexico and settle again in the United States) Alpert and Leary have managed to produce a journal, *The Psychedelic Review*, and more recently, with Ralph Metzner, a manual, *The Psychedelic Experience*, based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. The religious direction of their studies is nowhere more evident. They include instructions for the attainment of The Drug Effect—enlightenment—while they or their disciples serve as High Priests of Internal Freedom, directing the mental images of their students in preconceived lines. “Even if you do feel attached to worldly games that you have renounced, you will not be able to play them, and they will be of no use to you. Therefore abandon weakness and attachment to them; cast them away wholly; renounce them from your heart. No matter who may be enjoying your possessions, or taking your role, have no feelings of miserliness or jealousy, but be prepared to renounce them willingly. Think that you are offering them to your internal freedom and to your expanded consciousness. Abide in the feeling of non-at-
attachment, devoid of weakness and craving." No wonder Harvard authorities found them unsupportable. Meditating monks have little place in middle-class America, and monks who convert their graduate students to not caring about Getting Ahead are anathema to schools.

THE QUESTION OF THE DRUGS' VALUE

What good or harm can the drugs do outside of the medical sphere? No one can say. After a thorough review of the effects of peyote and Cannabis, William McGlothlin raises the question of the value of drugs for the healthy and concludes provocatively: "The extent to which we explore these possibilities is largely dependent on our willingness to forsake the secure and familiar in favor of an exciting, but threatening unknown." An article in Scientific American reports: "In the light of the information now available about the uses and possible abuses of the hallucinogens, common sense surely decrees some form of social control. . . . The immediate research challenge presented by the hallucinogens is a practical question: Can ways be found to minimize or eliminate the hazards, and to identify and develop further the constructive potentialities of these powerful drugs?"

We feel that detailed firsthand accounts of experiences as they occurred (typescripts of tape recordings) by subjects, screened for stability, in sensorily controlled environments, will help to resolve the question of whether the hallucinogenic experience should be an available adjunct to life.

REFERENCES

2. Ibid., p. 21.


29. Ibid., p. 479.


WE NOW BEGIN TO PRESENT WHAT OUR SUBJECTS actually said. Previously we have indicated that we used a sensory deprivation situation, however, so that the reader may have a clearer impression of the situation that our subjects found themselves in, we present the following more detailed description of the experiments.

The physical arrangement of our controlled sensory input situation was as follows: the subject is loosely strapped to a foam rubber pad, his hands are placed in cotton mitts, and “white noise” is amplified through comfortable fitting sound barrier type earphones. A homogeneous, milky visual field is provided by the use of a 36 inch diameter Ganzfeld semisphere of sand-
blasted lucite placed over the subject’s head 12 inches above his eyes. The subjects enter the experiment unaware of what is required of them except that they know that they will be expected to take a drug, but as soon as they are in the experimental situation, prerecorded instructions are played on the tape recorder which the subject hears via the earphones. In this manner he is informed that the liquid he drank immediately before entering the room where the experiment takes place, may or may not have contained a drug. While he is not required to talk continually, he is told to report any feelings that he considers unusual and that anything he says will be tape recorded. He is informed that he is not in direct communication with anyone, and that the voice heard over the earphones is a tape recording, and that after three hours he will be released from the situation.

Five minutes after the onset of the experiment, a 20 minute
battery of previously taped orally administerable tests of immediate memory, perception, cognition, and imagination is given. This battery is repeated in matched form three times, in an attempt to evaluate objectively the onset of the drug effect during the first hour following ingestion. This is followed by 45 minutes of complete control of external inputs, that is, the omnimodal silence of random white noise and sensory deprivation. Following a 10 minute period of answers of the subject to self-appraisal questions about behavior and symptoms comes a 30 minute period during which ambiguous, provocative, auditory stimuli are presented to the subject.

This standardized procedure, with structured tape recorded instructions and tests and sensory control, was used to eliminate some of the uncontrolled variables to the greatest possible extent. The attempt to completely control the external sensations which impinge upon the subject was deemed of value in distinguishing central from peripheral drug effects in studies which attempt to clarify the role and the importance of external sensory inputs as triggering variables of the various drug effects, and which focus attention on the central cognitive and emotional effects, the external sensory input now no longer being intricately intermingled with sensation and perception of the drugs.

In this sensory attenuation situation, eight normal subjects, four men and four women, all college students over 21 years old, were examined in a self-controlled experiment concerned with the effects of the following drugs: (1) psilocybin, 20 mg, (2) lysergic acid-25, 150 μg, (3) matching placebo, (4) Sernyl, 10 mg. The order of drug application was the same for all subjects. The drugs were administered orally, dissolved in cherry syrup of identical taste, the subjects but not the experimenter being "blind."

JANE IS A SMALL GIRL, PRETTY, AND AT THE TIME OF THE experiment was just over twenty-one. She was an English major in her junior year in the College of Literature, Science and the Arts. In an adjective check list she described herself as “neat and dressed in good taste.” When we saw her, while her appearance was pleasant, she was not particularly neat nor was she dressed in contemporary coed style. In fact, her longish hair and very little makeup made her interestingly different, a fact probably not unknown to her. During her screening she was visibly tense but cooperated with all testing with businesslike efficiency. In the interview, she volunteered little but answered all questions readily.
Family life had not been particularly happy, and her parents were separated; she related her own broken engagement as possibly being caused by her uncertainty about marriage. The mess at home necessitated that she be extra sure. Now she was dating again, and found it was better this way, for a while.

Jane had a lot of interests: she wrote, read a lot, and liked Bergman movies and contemporary jazz. Schoolwork was not hard for her, but she settled for a grade average that was below her capabilities. She attended church regularly but said that she didn't think of herself as being particularly religious. Jane denied ever having taken drugs and drank very little; on one occasion she became quite intoxicated and she was thoroughly disgusted with herself. The need for money was the reason she gave for volunteering as a subject.

Jane was given 20 mg. of psilocybin at 1:30 P.M. It is now 2:20. She is lying on the couch in the experimental room.

I keep closing my eyes and seeing strange things. Just then I saw feet and legs with a black outline, made maybe by painters, sort of crawling over the end of the bed. They were attached to something but they never got far enough into the picture to show what they were attached to. Some of them were painted red, the toenails were painted red, so they must have been feminine. And the others weren't. There were three or four pairs.

Feel very heavy now. The back of my head is burning. Maybe it's my barrette pressing against my head but it feels very hot. I feel sort of dead, although I can move my hands and my legs all right. Feels like they're attached to someone else. Feels like the bed is being lightly shaken, very, very lightly shaken. Not up and down but parallel to the ground, to the floor. Feel very relaxed.

The dome seems about to take a color, a little bit, a light color. As I look at it, it gets darker. And it is turning a bluish
gray. And there’s a hand of some sort. Long pointed fingers, I think they’re nails, fingers. There’s much movement on the screen but there’s much color. If I close my eyes and then open them again, the dome clears itself. Doesn’t seem like my head’s attached to something, but I’m not sure what. Yet I can move the rest of my body. And I can feel it.

When I close my eyes, then I have all these funny sensations. Funny pictures, they’re all in beautiful colors. Greens and reds and browns and they all look like Picasso’s pictures. Doors opening up at triangular angles and there are all these colors. Most of them are—well, there are some yellows, separated by some reds, something like bricks, but they’re not regular. An unreal world. It must be my subconscious or something. If I open my eyes, now the screen is—the dome gets darker. Looks like something is moving on the outside. Right along the edge. Some writhing. There’s a figure—isn’t exactly a figure, huge wings like a hawk, head of a hawk but legs of a man beneath a bed. Now it’s gone.

Different shapes and color. Water is the only thing I can think of to relate it to. There’s so much movement and it doesn’t look like anything. A very ugly green face, with fires or horns sticking out of the head. It’s just a head. Very menacing. I think of either the witch in Sleeping Beauty or I think of something in, uh, an opera—oh, it’s supposed to represent the devil, anyhow.

I have the feeling until just now that I want to move my head, but I can’t. Very odd feeling. I have these curious—I don’t know if you’d call them emotions, but waves of maybe emotion... elation and depression. Just like the waves in the ocean. Come and go. If I perceive them as waves, one is elation and the other is depression. And my body is moving, not just my joint, but my knees, my whole body is moving involuntarily. Just sort of up and down, one side of it up and down. Not both sides together. Feels like sort of as if I was on a boat, in a rubber raft or something, and the water is moving me up and down, up and
down, as if I was lying in the raft, boat, and different parts of me are moving up and down.

I feel like I’m in a different world. I keep wondering how much of this I’m going to remember when it’s over. I suppose I’m supposed to relate it to *Alice in Wonderland*. I’m quite familiar with her because at Michigras my house worked on a project with a fraternity and our booth was *Through the Looking Glass*.

My body keeps jerking. When I close my eyes I can see ties hanging on a tie rack. Looks like on the wall of a ship, with an irregular side, or a jagged-edge porthole that keeps changing size and the ties are all colors, plaid, red and white plaid, green, looks like eyes on it. There’s a green hand. The upper portion of it is covered, partially covered. Like a piece of loose skin or something covering it. I see the impressions of long nails. Not protruding through it but along the front of the skin.

My body just feels like water now and it’s just moving up and down like water does. Like water in a bathtub. No matter whether I have my eyes open or closed, my body still moves, moves up and down. I don’t know whether it really moves, but it feels like it. I can’t decide whether I like it better with my eyes open or closed. I feel like a narrator but it is detached from what is going on around me.

Something interesting is going on in the dome right now. Beside from the buzzing silence, or whatever is in the microphone, if it wasn’t for that I’d just float away. I keep reasoning with myself. But I keep seeing all these strange things, and all these irregular patterns, going one way. I feel I’m suspended by my belt and the other part under it. And it still feels like I’m in a boat and it’s an odd feeling. Just waving back and forth like a jellyfish. Myriads of colors, greens and reds and blues. Like natural life pictures. Just a splash of color before my eyes. There’s something before my eyes, it’s all folded up and it looks like a baby. A baby that was born too soon. All these strange things, everything yellow and pink now. Pink stripes, everything is mov-
ing. A figure like an image, like Neptune without the beard. A baby Neptune.

I have my eyes open now. My heard burns but it just must be the barrette. I want to scratch my head, but it feels like it’s detached anyway so it wouldn’t do any good. The screen is a very pale blue now. And there are darker-blue figures, running around on it. Looks like a man just descended from the top of it. Like it was the top of the sky. And he was all a very bright blue. Very small figures. But it is a definite blue now. Moving wild, there are lots of points, sharp points like a saw. I wish I could find some analogy to give this picture, but everything is moving. Iridescent colors, now green and blue. I wish there was something definite I could tell you. My body feels like it was very heavy, not like it’s floating. I have my eyes open now. Very strange. Top of the dome. Oh, I just feel so overwhelmed by all of these things going on but I can’t describe them to you. There’s a little bit of pink and very light-blue shading, very pastelish. It fades by too fast to describe it. Going around and around, not in any regular going around like a clock, but back and forth and up and down around. Oh, and everything seems to have a rounded shape. I just saw a goat’s head with a hat on it. He had big eyes. Now it looks as if everything has stopped. There it goes again. Like a rocket shooting off with the tail spinning. All these things are very small, miniature. I wish they’d stay still long enough so I could describe them. They are sort of hollow without any base, with me under it. It has, uh, paddle-shaped protrusions now and then. Oh, it’s so strange!

My body is moving again. It feels like everything has stopped. I feel so relaxed. My voice sounds very far away. Oh, I feel like I’m growing taller. I suppose again I’m supposed to relate this to Alice in Wonderland with this feeling of growing taller, but my head’s staying in the same spot. Very strange. Oh dear, I feel so strange. I can’t describe it. Just like I’m growing smaller from within. It’s frustrating because I can’t describe it all to you.

Oh, that what I just told you, is so enjoyable and I open
my eyes again and this dome is very, very far. There's nothing going on in the dome now. Wherever I look, either behind my eyelids or in front of them, I can see something interesting. The back of my head is burning again. I should just quit mentioning that. It's burning. My talking is jerky. At least it feels that way; I don't know if it really is or not. But I have that feeling. Feels very strange. (Laughs) On the dome I think it's blurry; I can't concentrate on anything. My body is moving so strangely. It's going back and forth, back and forth, in my hips, feels like it's moving around and around. Feels very strange. Oh (Laughs). When I open my eyes I feel like my body is moving although I can't see it. Back and forth, it's moving itself, I'm sure. Not very fast. I look fat — oh, that sounds strange. I feel like I'm moving sort of like a caterpillar. I'm not getting anywhere but I'm moving up and down. Ohhh, I can't control it, I don't know for sure whether I'm really moving or not. (Laughs) It's all centered in the small of my back. Right now I'm trying to control these feelings but I can't. (Laughs) Oh, it's very strange. (Laughs) I wish I could describe it to you. I try to control one part and the other part goes off somewhere, moving in some odd way. Ohhh. (Laughs) I wish I could describe it to you. I must be moving because I can feel the strings on my feet, my ankles. Ohhh. (Laughs) I wish I could control it. Whether I have my eyes open or closed. Ohhh. (Laughs) Just sort of flowing. I don't know whether I'm breathing hard or not. I don't think so. Ohhh. (Laughs) It doesn't tickle but it gives me the same sensation. Strange to say, but I have to be moving constantly, but I don't. I wish I knew whether I was really moving or not. Ohhh, very strange. I've never felt like this before. Now even the upper part of my body is moving. It's — ohhh, I know what to relate it to. In the movies, when they sort of show a dream sequence, sort of blurring in, it sort of looks like water; you see in and out of these things, part of what's going on for just a second and then nothing. Ohhh. (Laughs) I can't get away from this feeling. It's not unpleasant but, ohhh, it
(laughs) feels like the whole couch is moving, up and down and around, and I can’t predict which way it’s going to move, and I can just see my feet sticking out there like two great big feet. Ohhh. (Laughs) Ohhh, not unpleasant but I have to keep moving. (Laughs) Just gentle moving up and down and around. Ohhh. (Laughs) I feel like I’m on a ride of some sort and I can’t control myself.

Oh, I just heard a car roar. Ohhh. (Laughs) I feel funny, strange. Ohhh. (Laughs) Oh, dear, this is so frustrating. My feet is lower but my legs, I’m almost in a V shape, with my feet at the bottom, my feet sticking out on one side and my head on the other. Yet I am moving again. My back’s moving. (Laughs) Ohhh. (Laughs) It’s so strange when I move my feet. Everything is yellow. Ohhh. (Laughs) It’s very strange. I wish I knew how to describe this. (Laughs) Really. (Laughs) It almost tickles but in a most pleasant way. (Laughs) This is so exhilarating, not the way a cold bath is exhilarating, but I suppose you can relate it to sexual experiences, but it’s not that either. I (laughs) just feel like I have to keep moving. And I’m not really moving against anything. Yet I am. The dome is moving and the light’s blue now. (Laughs) I am moving cause I can feel my feet rubbing against each other. And the strings on my feet are — ohhh. (Laughs)

I keep wondering what this drug is supposed to do. I feel sort of timeless. Ohhh (laughs), the whole thing is so overwhelming. Ohhh. (Laughs) It just feels like my feet are large and my head, the rest of my body, is sort of small, but it’s all moving. Ohhh. (Laughs) Feels like I’m on a roller coaster. Ohhh. (Laughs) Ahhh, I, ohhh, this is very strange. (Laughs) I can’t control my movements. Yes, I am moving. I just looked down under the dome and it’s very strange. (Laughs) I looked. Ohhh. Very strange. (Laughs) Oh, my. I (laughs), I’m moving up and down sort of flowing — like it’s not part of me. Ohhh. (Laughs) Ahhh, so strange, so strange. I can’t control it. (Laughs) I just flow up and down and the sides of my body aren’t together.
(Laughs) I wish something would stop it. It's so crazy. Ohhh.
(Laughs) [Time: 3:00] I can't control my emotions. Ohhh (Laughs), it's so strange. I keep thinking of the color yellow.
And I keep moving. What to do? Ohhh. (Laughs) I just can't stand it when I stop. Ohhh, I just move up and down and up and down. Ohhh, it's very strange. (Laughs) Ohhh, I wish I could relate it to something for you. But my whole body, it feels like I have no bones. I'm moving and moving. Ohhh. (Laughs)
Ohhh. (Laughs) It's so strange and thrilling.

Ohhh, I bet I couldn't walk. I'm not going, going to try, but I bet I couldn't walk. I couldn't stand still to get my feet on the ground. Ohhh. (Laughs) My arms feels like lead but the rest of my body's moving, from my back, my whole back and body is moving. Ohhh. (Laughs) I can see it and feel it. Ohhh. (Laughs) It's so strange. I can't control it. (Laughs) Ohhh. My hands are very clammy, against the cotton. My legs move as if I was riding a bicycle. I don't ride a bicycle — oh, I do ride a bicycle. I didn't know what I said that for. Ohhh. (Laughs)

I feel like I'm, I say these things to myself inside, yet I, I know my mouth is moving. I'm dry and my lips feel very parched. My body keeps mooooviinnggg. Ohhh. (Laughs) It's so strange. I don't know what I'd do if my legs and head were tied down. I can feel the binding on my ankle. My feet are — and my legs and knees feel so funny, so strange. (Laughs) Now I see sort of amber color. Very pretty. My knees are bent. (Laughs) Ohhh. Ohhh, I wish I could relate this to something for you. (Laughs) Ohhh. I'm keep saying it's so strange. I wish I could think of another adjective to describe it. Ohhh. (Laughs)

I know I won't remember any of this when I get out. I just hope there won't be a feeling of depression, when I leave here. Ohhh. I can't imagine anyone opening a door and coming in now or any other time. Maybe I'm in an insane world of my own. (Laughs) I keep moving. I don't know. Ohhh, ahhh. If I could just relax. Ohhh. (Laughs) I wonder if you have a camera on me. This is very strange. (Laughs) Ohhh. I wonder what my
face looks like. I wish I had a mirror. Ohhh. (Laughs) My whole body is lifted up. Ohhh. (Laughs) I just feel exhilarated. Ohhh. (Laughs) I hope I'm not like this when I get out of here. I can't control myself. (Laughs) Ohhh. Ahhh. My body keeps moving. The dome keeps moving, the inside keeps moving against the outside. Everything is moving back and forth. (Laughs) I feel like I'm talking so strangely. (Laughs) Ohhh. It looks like these pictures, ohhh, not awful, but strange pictures. Like you see in modern art museums. Ohhh. I can't picture myself with these earphones on and the microphone keeps moving up and down. Moving like (laughs), ohhh, so strange. Ohhh. I really wish I could relax. Ohhh. (Laughs) I'm moving up and down and up and down. And I feel like I'm not doing it myself because there's no exertion. I'm like muscles, moving, moving. I can't stay in one place, moving. (Laughs) Ohhh. (Laughs)

I'm very hungry. I haven't eaten all day and I keep moving. (Laughs) Ohhh. (Laughs) It's very strange. (Laughs) It's so strange. Ohhh, like I'm growing taller and taller. And yet when I'm thinking of myself as huge, I feel like an ox. Then I'm small. (Laughs) This is strange and I thought it would be hard to talk all this time. I keep talking and talking. Ohhh. I feel so strange. I'm very big now, and I'm moving. Strange world of movements up in the air. Ohhh. (Laughs) Every time I move I have to make my words move too. (Laughs) Ohhh. It's so strange. Ohhh.

Oh. I feel like I'm lying on a flat yellow board. Yellow seems to be predominating everything. Oh.

There's an eye watching me. Very strange. (Laughs) Moving up and down. (Laughs) Moving.

[Through the earphones Jane hears the following which has been previously recorded on tape.] I am now going to ask you a number of questions which I would like you to answer as straightforwardly and shortly as you possibly can.

Do you feel ill in any way?

No, I feel very exhilarated.
Do you feel nauseated?
   No, I'm not. Ohhh. (Laughs)

Do you have a feeling of choking?
   Well, no.

Is salivation increased or decreased?
   I can't tell. It feels normal, except my lips feel very dry.

Do you have a dry taste in your mouth?
   No. My tongue feels very moist.

Do you have an unusual taste in your mouth?
   No, I have no taste at all.

Are your lips numb or drawn back as if you were smiling?
   Not now, no. They were dry.

Does your head ache?
   No. My barrette doesn't hurt anymore.

Are things moving around you?
   Yes, I could see the edges of the dome and everything is moving. I'm moving. I can't control my movement.

Do you feel dizzy?
   Ah, not really, perhaps a little. No.

Is there difficulty in breathing?
   No, not at all.

Are you aware of your heartbeat?
   No, my stomach just growled.

Is it faster than usual?
   I can't feel my heart beating.
Are you sweating?
No, I feel cool. (laughs) Move —

Do you feel hot?
No, my hands feel warm, but I'm sure it's because of the cotton. Otherwise I feel very cool.

Do you feel cold?
No, it's a normal sort of temperature feeling.

Are the palms of your hands moist?
Yes, very, they're sticking to the cotton.

Are they dry?
They're moist.

Is your skin sensitive?
No, I can't feel it.

Do you have any funny feelings on your skin?
No (laughs), I just keep moving.

Do your hands and feet feel peculiar?
My hands, up to my forearms, feel deadish.

Do you feel heavy?
A little.

Or light?
A little heavy and I keep moving.

Is your hearing abnormal?
No, my hearing's all right.

Is it more acute than usual?
Uh, I can't tell really. I can hear fine.
Is your eyesight blurred?
   No, clear.

Do you feel weak or fatigued?
   No, I feel exhilarated. My hands feel numb now.

Do you feel as if you are in a dream?
   Yes, a dream.

Are you anxious?
   Yes, I'm anxious for something; I don't know what it is.

Can you guess what time it is?
   I have no idea what time it is.

Where are you at present?
   I'm in a room at Medical Health Research, under a dome, being tested for a drug.

Why are you here?
   Being tested for a drug.

Have you ever felt like this before, and if so, under what circumstances?
   No, my body keeps moving. (Laughs) I have no control over my movements.

Have you seen anything unusual?
   My eyes must have been closed most of the time and I see myself.

Did you hear anything unusual?
   No, I heard nothing unusual.

Are you afraid?
   No, just laughing. (Laughs)
This is the end of our questions.

Feel like I'm in a spaceship or something. My head feels very heavy and detached from me. And I keep moving. (Laughs) Ahhh. (Laughs) Oh, I can't control my movements. The dome is gray. I keep moving. I can't control my movements. (Laughs) As much as I try, I can't control myself. (Laughs) Ohhh. Feel like I have a rough fingernail. But it's not mine. (Laughs) Ohhh. It's so strange. Ohhh. (Laughs) I keep repeating this but I keep moving. I don't know how long I've been repeating this. Ohhh. I have to keep moving. Ohhh. (Mumbles) Moving around and around. (Laughs) Ohhh. Mmmm. Oh, I can't tell you how I feel. So detached from everything. Like pictures taken from the subconscious. Ohhh. I wonder if I'm really acting this way. And moving like this. So strange. (Laughs) Ohhh. I feel pressure on my pelvic region. Ohhh. That's what it is. Ohhh. It's not unpleasant. But it's pressure. Like when someone is having a baby or something. It's not hard.

Moving in the dome now. Every place—seems so strange. Ohhh. (Laughs) Too bad I don't act like this when I'm drunk or it's a good thing really, I suppose. I hope I'm really talking. So I can help you. Oh, I can't tell whether I'm talking or not. I just can't. Like the picture Black Orpheus we saw. Everybody had to move around all the time. (Laughs) This is [noise stimuli] crickets, moving across from right to left. I can't see them but I can hear crickets as if I was outside. I feel like a cricket myself. (Laughs) Ohhh. (Laughs) It stopped.

I wonder how I'm going to feel later. (Laughs) I wish there was something I could do to bring myself back to reality. (Laughs) Just moving. I feel out of proportion. Now like I'm— (Mumbles) Ohhh. (Laughs) So strange. I keep saying that. I feel like I'm doing the rumba now. (Laughs) Ohhh. Moving and the dome completely encircles me now. Oh, moving and the dome has blue streaks in it and I'm moving. Boy, I just
wonder what I’ll feel like when you take the dome off. Ohhh. A familiar buzzing sound in the earphones. Ohhh. *(Laughs)* I feel like doing the rumba. Or the cha-cha-cha or somethinggg. Something wonderful!


It made me feel good to say that. Ohhh. Ahhh. The dome is gray. Seashells around and around *(laughs)*, and I’m moving up and down. *(Laughs)* I hope they don’t let me listen to these afterwards. Ohhh. I feel so strange. So strange. *(Laughs)* The dome is smaller and closing in on me. In. *(Laughs)* It looks like a chicken and it looks like it’s trying to get into a flower? His foot’s sticking out. I feel like singing. But I don’t think I could if I tried. *(Sings)* Mmmmm. *(Sings)* *(Laughs)* So strange.

*[Changing tapes]* My mouth feels very small. *(Laughs)* *(Time 3:25)* Seems like I can almost hear a voice in the earphones. I can’t tell what that was. Sounded like a telephone ringing in the background. *[Noise stimuli]* *(Laughs)* I felt like I was on that bomb and coming down and purple and green and red, and they’re floating into black nothing. *(Laughs)* Still moving. Ohhh. Now I’m moving back and forth and up and down. *(Laughs)* I can’t describe it for you. Too bad. Ohhh. I feel like I’m being carried off and with hair floating in the breeze. My head, it feels like my head is large. Now I can feel moving with my body. Moving very slowly. Crazy thing. *(Sings)*

*[Noise stimuli]* Someone is sighing in the earphones. Someone is, oh, he’s having fun. He likes it. *(Laughs)* Crickets, oh, sounds like someone hit an iron bedspring. *(Laughs)* It’s all over. *(Sings)* My arms. Oh, I wonder how long I’ve been here. I’m sure I would be very uncomfortable. *(Laughs)* It’s not quite like a dream. I can’t describe it. Ohhh. Stop it. It sounded like that man was groaning. I suppose you could relate it to some-
thing sexual. Ohhh. I feel so great. I could feel great for a whole week now. I mean really. Before I came into this room I felt great, now I feel so strange. Ohhh.

Ho, ho, I wonder if, I know I can sing as I sang before but there's some flower vines running up. They start at one point, like at the bulb, and then they go up over an archway or something. And they have flowers on them; the vines are green. The vines are green and the flowers are yellow and pink and blue; no red ones. Oh, what was that? Strange. And I'm moving. Moving. (Hums) Sounds like a car just left. In my left ear. Oh, that's funny. (Laughs) I have the feeling that someone is sticking their high-heeled shoe into the cotton in my right hand. But I can't feel it, it's not there. When I move my hand, my hands are very wet. And the lower part of my body (laughs), body — well, my body's bent. Freud. I think he went too far. Ohhh. (Laughs) I'm moving. I look like I'm just moving. I just looked down at my body. I wish I had a mirror. I suppose that wouldn't help my seeing. And I thought I'd want to go to sleep but I don't. Ohhh. (Laughs) I feel, why do I always hear crickets? My throat is feeling a little bit constricted at the moment. And my left ear, I think it's my left ear, yes, the one on the left side of my body (laughs), it feels sort of wet. And I feel so strange. Like the — and they're moving with me. (Sings) I can't even hear my voice and I'm talking. (Talks in French) I feel every twitch in my body. And I am moving; I can see myself moving but it's so strange. Ohhh.

I hope I'm telling you what you want to know. I know part of my mind is aware, of the outside world really. I feel like my body, it's not a body, it's just sort of a mass. And a heart. And it's all jelly. And it has white socks on its feet. And now, oh, ahah, the left side of my body is moving right off. (Laughs) But the dome will keep me on. I can't measure time really. I feel like I've been at this for a long time.

Mmmm. That music when they played it; I can't remember what, who the composer was. It was somebody with a donkey,
yes. Something else. My mind keeps reeling. I wish I could relate something to something concrete. Try. Feels like I'm in outer space or something. All these different things going up and around me. [Noise stimuli] Oh, I hear a high shrill. I keep hearing crickets. I just read an article about caterpillars. And they were running around. One couldn't decide which way to go and he kept turning back and forth. (Laughs) The others followed him and every place he went they went. Caterpillars walking across the road. (Laughs) And it was strange. Sounded like something broke. I wonder if I can bring myself back to reality. I wish it would stop. Sounds like something, somebody keeps breaking in. Ohhh, no. It's annoying like it was in my head; the earphones are crackling. Now I can see a fire. It looks like a key and there's the crackling again. There's a cage and someone is opening the door of the cage. And there's a spider inside. But I'm not going in. I could stay here forever. It's so pleasant. Move slowly up and down, up and down, back and forth, ripple and wave. (Laughs) I keep my eyes closed now and I see a purple flower. Yellow, brown, I'm floating around. It must be like a dream. That's the only way. Tell the experiences. I can't tell if I've felt like this before now or not. Now that I'm in the experiment. Before when I was lying in my bed at 1234 Prospect Street on the right side of the room, in my own little bed, I, nothing. Ohhh. Sort of purple, pretty purple and there are crickets crackling around me. I have my own thoughts but you're not going to get them. (Laughs) Ohhh. Now it feels like somebody gave me a shot in my right arm and oh, I feel very strange. I can sing. No, I can't. I just tried. My hands are very wet. And I keep going up and down. My eyes are closed. It's a good thing I can't see anything or I'd probably tear the room apart. That's the way I feel. Ohhh. Tiger. Ohhh. Why do they make tigers on stationery? Ohhh. I sometimes feel I've told you these thrilling positions. But they're all brown and yellow now. How can positions be brown and yellow? Ohhh. Very strange. I'm moving. I sort of flowing back and forth, up and down.
I wonder if, I think her name’s Joyce, I wonder if she’s still in the room with me. I don’t know. I didn’t hear her when she left before. Ohhh. This is so strange. I don’t want it to ever, ever end. Not that I know that they’re going to make it end. Ohhh. My arms feel very strange. Feels like they’re heavy. I can lift them up, but they’re being hindered. Ohhh.

Everything seems so, uh, flowing now. Oh, now I’m caught in a whirlpool, oh, is that terrible! A waterfall. Slowly falling. (Laughs) Ohhh. I know I should keep still but now I’m all scrunched up. Now I’m looking down at the microphone. Ohhh, I’m very small. I look like I’m only about six inches across. And there are ripples in my dress. My feet are very big; I can see them down there. And there’s a gray cabinet with a glove, a notebook. And there’s something shiny like the top of a golf club. Ohhh. (Sings) There goes that song again. (Sings) Crackling like static on a radio, going back and forth in my head. Am I really talking? I must be. I can feel my lips with my tongue. But I can’t, I can’t reach up with my hands. It must be cooler outside; my dress feels coarse. My fingers feel numb. When, like when you have Novocain. When the dentist drills on your teeth. Strange sounds and there are kinds of lights flashing back and forth. Like a Hollywood premiere, over my head. I wish that I could really feel what I was really doing. All I want to do is to detach myself from everything in life.

Wish I had something to wipe my hands, my hands on. My tongue feels very big. I can’t be sure of what I’m doing, I’m sorry. My fingernails are yellow. I’m not moving. Dreamlike sensations. Ohhh. Now the microphone is touching the wood on the dome. The dome doesn’t seem like a ball, more flat. Everything’s transparent. Green and white. Like a Ping-Pong ball. I hope I’m really saying these things to let you know how I’m feeling. Now it feels like it’s closing on me. I can’t imagine how much time it takes. Now, here comes a train. Now I’m running through a subway. Like in Black Orpheus. I’m getting the myth and the picture mixed up. The girl was standing on a railroad
wire and Orpheus was her lover and they loved in a birdcage. Lovebirds, they were white. Anyhow, to get back to the story, she was hanging from this wire while Death was chasing her. And, uh, one of her shoes was coming off. This witch was going to release her. And it sparked and there she hung and Death caught her and took her away. And he went down to Hell to get her, and I know this really happened because I was talking to my roommate and they said it was the Trinity. I'm experiencing this whole thing in my mind again. Or I wouldn't be telling about it. I'm moving. The door is opening in front of me and there's a great big fat, well, he looks like a wooden soldier. And there are, I don't see why they, oh, there's somebody climbing up a wire. I don't know why. Like climbing up a fence. And I'm floating around. This must be a dream. This would be great for a dream experiment. Because it seems, I can't describe what it seems, but I have felt somewhat this way before in my dreams except that dreams aren't in color. Mine are mostly in technicolor, that's all I know. I'm talking. I have no conception of time. It must be one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine-ten—seems like a long time so with that to go by. Ten seconds, and then it seems like about ten minutes. Oh, that isn't long at all. Could be great to get into the subconscious. Moving around and almost tired. Hmmm.

I talked to my mother on the telephone and she was telling me all about some articles by Catherine Marshall, Peter Marshall, the minister, and Tyrone Power. That sounds like a sex symbol. I'm going up. Their eyes look like cups. It takes so much effort. My left leg on my left side, it's like rubber. Ohhh. I wish I could tell what kind of rubber I feel like. I have an eye, I have an eye. Yes, that's funny, I can't even feel my contact lenses. I thought maybe they'd give me a little trouble. My mind seems completely detached from my body. Yet I can feel my body. Sounds and pictures. Sounds are sharp-pointed blades of grass; that sounds like a sex symbol too. I'm very conscious of sex symbols; I think that's funny. Very funny. Ahhh. Dr. P——
said that — No, he didn’t either; he just asked me if I had ever been in trouble, and I said, “No, I’ve never been in trouble.” I’ve never been in trouble, the trouble that makes one pregnant. Ohhh, Now everything is green. I’m still . . . of when I’m talking. But I’m experiencing all these things. My eyes are closed. There’s a pregnant weed. (Laughs) That’s funny. It looks so awful. I shook my head and the whole bed shook.

My arms are very wet and very heavy. A butterfly just fluttered by my brain. Wonder if he is going to speak again. Wonder how long I’ve been here. There’s all sorts of sounds in this dream world. I keep thinking of pictures that they paint, modern art, where eyes are where they shouldn’t be except in the imagination. My throat doesn’t feel as constricted as it was. I can feel my tongue sticking up toward the end of my mouth. Ohhh. It must be crawling up the edge of my mouth. No, not my real mouth, but the edge of my mouth when I have my eyes closed. I’m floating in a dream. Talking. I’m thirsty.

What are two and two? Two and two are four. Where am I? I am in a room in the Medical Health Research Institute on — I don’t know what street it’s on, but it’s across from Kresge Library of the University Hospital, and there Couzens Hall is kitty-corner, but the Medical Health building isn’t exactly on the corner. I’m not a sorority girl and I’m glad. Very warm. That eyelids feel very heavy. The dome, uh, is sort of bent at the top. Oh, I feel like I could go on like this forever. I can think of my roommate’s name, I know her, Ellen. I know what she looks like. She wore a red costume in the Michigras parade, I know that. I helped make the costume. I’m still very warm.

This sound that I’m hearing, it’s sort of normal now. I hear it all the time. Not quite like crickets, just a static sound. Something just went past my mind. Sounded like a buzzer. Oh, it’s so strange. I can move. Yes, I can move. I’m so warm. I’m so warm. Hmmm. And I know it’s cold outside because I wore my trench coat here with a black scarf around my head. And my hair is up and I can feel the barrette but it doesn’t hurt. My
teeth feel funny on my lips, not bite it. My arms hurt. Some­thing just flitted past, it’s green. And there is some sound. If I was normal I couldn’t stand all this sound. It’s a very good thing that I’m not normal now.

I feel like my fingers are stuck. I can look down and I’m all right. My right arm and wrist, just below my elbow, feels like someone gave me a shot and I feel like a jelly mass. Feel like I have a cold. Not moving as much now. I can wiggle my toes and I’m getting warm and my right arm hurts. I can move it all right. I wonder if my foot still hurts. Somebody stepped on my foot at Michigras and there’s a big scab on it. Well, I know who did it — John. We were in a horror show and either I got scared or he did, and I — anyhow, he stepped on my foot. That’s all that’s important and he didn’t do it intentionally. But he didn’t bend down and use his handerchief to wipe it off, like Tom did. I keep comparing the two. I should compare them. Except I feel sort of motherly toward Tom and I feel like a caterpillar.

I’d like to get up but I know I’m not supposed to. I might hurt something. I wonder if there’s somebody in the room with me. I don’t see anybody or anything, but I didn’t hear that woman leave. Joyce’s her name, I think. Ohhh. Pink, it’s the same feeling. Same pink as the inside of rabbit’s ear. I just wonder what it’s like out there in the real world. Sounds like a plane, they sort of pass. I’d like to hear myself talk. Sounds so strange. My favorite song is supposed to be “Laura.” (Sings) Ohhh. (Sings) Purple and green and horrible colors. Oh, well, I wish I could remember. Let’s see, today is Tuesday, April 26, and it’s somewhere between one and four in the afternoon, I have no idea where. I feel relaxed. Something crackled in my ear. I feel warm now. Pretty yellow. Oh, I was telling you what I did today. Today is April 26, 1960, and it’s between one and four in the afternoon. I’m in the Medical Health Research Institute building. Well, I already told you where that was. It’s kitty-corner from Couzens Hall.
Oh, it sounds like someone’s moving underneath me. But I’m not afraid because I know I’m under the influence of a drug and that I’m abnormal, and there’s no need for me to be afraid. Uh, I’m glad that’s over. I got that out, that’s very good. But my hands feel very large. It’s not—I just looked at it. It’s emerging from the cotton like a—like, I don’t know what. Like a white flower. Uh, I wish I had a drink of water. My throat is dry because I’ve been talking too much. I wonder if—oh, must be sounds outwardly. But I don’t seem to have this exhilarating moving that I had before. I feel like I’m lying on a bed.

This is the end of the experiment.

Transcriber’s comment: During this experiment the subject very often squealed. Whenever you find (Laughs), that is when she made a noise along with the laugh as if someone had pinched her.
EIGHT DAYS LATER JANE RETURNED TO THE INSTITUTE FOR the second phase of the experiment. We purposely did not interview the subjects again and we did not discuss the previous experience. She seemed relaxed and pleasant and if at all different from the first time, a little more at ease. This time she was given LSD-25, 150 µg. Again the transcription starts approximately 50 minutes later.

I still feel chills going up and down my back. I feel like my body is waving up and down. And my voice seems like it’s in a dream. My arms are cold. Ohhh. I feel like I’m waving around
especially in the portion of my body between my knees and just under the shoulder blades. I'm still not seeing anything strange. The dome is sort of golden color on the right, presumably because the sun is coming in the window through the curtain. I have an uncontrollable urge to yawn, but I can't yawn. I feel very uncomfortable because I can't control this movement of my body. I'm just moving around and around uncontrollably back and forth, up and down, sort of a nonpatterned fashion. And I'm still cold. It's very uncomfortable. I can't describe it to you. It's sort of a, a feeling of complete uncontrol. Just a situation where you don't know what to do. My body's moving more and more. I can feel the tape pull on my ankles. I'm moving up and down, and going back and forth and around. Like it's a great effort for me to move but I have to move. And I'm still cold. I'm quite aware that I'm very hungry. I keep moving around. I feel sort of, not panicked, but that's the way I want to describe it. It's not a fear panic, it's a feeling of not knowing, not being able to do anything. I've always wondered what an epileptic felt like—well, this must be it, can't control movements of his body. I don't know why it's such an effort for me to move but I have to move. I feel like I'm all bound up in something and I have to get out. And I'm cold. Very cold. My hands are just a little damp. And it's such an effort for me to move. I can't stay still, I can't stand it. It's sort of a writhing. I suppose you could compare it to a snake.

I think it's strange that I'm not seeing things yet. The dome is still golden in the right-hand side where the sun is shining through the curtain. Now I've stopped moving. The dome seems like a whole world of nothingness. I'm seeing images now. Very delicate light images on the left-hand side. They're crab-like or insectlike creatures with segmented bodies. And I see tentacles, hairlike tentacles reaching.

It seems like someone just opened the door; I can see a light. Yes, someone did open the door; it's closed again. I'm still moving; I'm moving again now. Now I can't describe to you the
images I saw because the light disturbed them. I can see nothing distinguishable.

The sounds in the earphones, it's like air rushing, not quite a wind. Sounds like air rushing. I feel right now like I'm very relaxed. Yet, that I have a very tense hold on myself and I can't tell which it is. I feel like I'm waving up and down now. But I want to go to sleep. Very strange. My voice sounds very far away. And I keep feeling shivers run up and down my back and my body keeps waving. I hear the wind. And I feel like I can't keep my eyes open but I just have to. It sounded like someone made a reverberating step outside, or pounding, but I shouldn't be able to hear outside the earphones.

Now my body isn't waving, it's jerking. I feel very small and compact, yet I keep moving around. I'm still not seeing anything, almost frustrating because I have nothing to describe to you. My teeth, my mouth feels very thick. And I feel like I'm writhing and can't help it. My voice sounds very far away. And I still have shivers. I feel like someone is pushing me up from the small of my back and I have to rise up, up, up, up. I feel like I'm talking very smally. I'm down again. I just feel like my body is on a raft in the ocean, it's waving. All the waves come at a different time and to a different part of my body. My lips feel dry and rather large. My back feels heavy and large now. I have to press my feet down.

I hope I'm talking right because I can't tell. It seems like I put the wrong emphasis on the wrong words and I'm talking very slowly and I can't talk any faster. It feels like my body is all disjointed and roaming around, yet still connected in some ways. It's not unpleasant, but it's rather uncomfortable because I can't control it. One doesn't always have oneself under control.

My arms are very cold. My feet — I wish I could curl up in a little ball and get warm. I still feel hungry. I'm moving around. I have to rise up. Just part of me has to rise up. I don't feel like getting up and walking. I don't feel like I could walk. I don't even know what walk is. I'm just writhing. It's, I can't describe:
what I mean. I just feel uncomfortable. Like I wish I could get control of myself. I can’t even control myself. And I’m still cold. I don’t know why I have to writhe like this. I just have to go back and forth and I can’t control it. I can’t predetermine which way I’m going to go. When I try to, I just go the other direction. I feel like I’m breathing hard, like I’m under a great strain, doing heavy work or something. But I’m not, I just feel like I’m being pressed down upon. I just heard a shrill sound go on in the earphones. I’m still not seeing anything. Just writhing around. I wish I could get myself under control. I just keep writhing up and down. From my back to my hips I just move. Wherever there’s a joint in my body, I just move. And it seems like a great effort. I feel like I’m very closely enclosed. I can’t get out. Yet I’m not panicked about it.

My feet are cold. I feel very small. Very small. I have no conception of my head anymore. I’m writhing around. I can feel my own body but it’s such an exertion to move and I keep moving around. I breathe hard like I’m under a great strain. I feel like I’m almost in a vacuum. The small of my back keeps moving. I wish it would stop. Ohhh. I just move. And it’s not unpleasant, it’s just uncomfortable because I can’t control my movements. I’m sure I’ve said this and said this many times.

I feel like I’m very hungry. I haven’t eaten for four hours. I’m very hungry. My body keeps moving around burning up energy. I’m just writhing. There’s really nothing to describe to you. The writhing goes until I want to burst my rib cage. The dome is still, as I described it before, a little golden in the right-hand corner where the sun is coming through the curtains. I feel like I don’t have a head, just my mouth is moving and I keep writhing around. I wish I could either come back to reality or lose myself completely in my own world. I feel it’s pleasant, but frustrating. I keep moving. Back and forth, around. Hmmm. It’s very pleasant, but I can’t control it.

My mouth, or my lips feel very dry. I feel very squished now, sort of narrow. My feet are cold, they feel very large and cold.
And the rest of me is small and just writhing around, uncontrollably. (Laughis) And it’s, ohhh, it’s not unpleasant. I can’t describe the feeling. It’s sort of frustrating, I suppose, but I don’t know why it’s frustrating. I feel almost like I do when I get up in the morning. I have to stretch my body and my limbs and get them into working order for another day.

I’m hearing some sounds but I can’t describe them to you. They’re just wavings and sounds. Intensities and decretions. My body keeps moving around. And I wish I could control it but I can’t. These sounds — the — I’m trying to distinguish something, but I can’t. I can’t concentrate long enough because my body is moving so and I — it’s such an effort to move up and down around, just writhing. Moving around like a snake. It’s very strange. I’m very cold. I feel like I have goose bumps all over me. I feel like I must get out of the encasement that is surrounding me. I feel sort of half asleep. It sounds like a wheel coming toward me. With all sorts of shrill sounds on it. But I don’t move, I just keep writhing around. I wish I’d disjoint myself and stop this entirely. It’s very disconcerting, not being able to control it. And yet, I feel like I’m doing such hard work.

Now I’m lying still. I’m still not seeing anything on the dome. It’s just like it was before. Golden on the right-hand corner because the sun is shining through the curtains on the window. It seems like it’s getting larger though. I can hardly hear my voice. I keep writhing around, pressuring my poor empty stomach. I shouldn’t feel that hungry; I didn’t feel that hungry when I came in, but I just keep moving around. Like I can’t complete a movement or don’t want to. I feel like I’m just stretching, as I said before, when I get up in the morning. Stretching every limb as far as it will go. But it doesn’t help now. Stretch — I just get all tangled up again. And I keep moving around. I feel like I can think very straight, but I feel like I’m not talking straight at all. I’m so preoccupied with the control of my body, it’s such an effort.
Maybe if I just — I wonder what would happen if I just let it go. Now I feel like I'm stuck in a well, with my feet out of a well and I heard a car go away in the distance. Everything seems blurred, like premieres like on a screen, on a movie screen. I don't feel that my words are clear at all. My lips feel large. And I can't control my movements. I must not be telling you much. It's all I'm feeling, just writhing.

I wonder if there's someone in the room with me. I don't think so. I didn't see anyone. I was wondering.

I keep moving. It's sort of a pleasurable pain, hard to describe. My feet are not cold anymore. I feel like it's such an effort, every movement, movement, and I can't control them. My body's just writhing around, up and down and around. And down. Ohhh. It's just an effort and I feel like my back hurts. My hands feel very large to themselves. My thumb feels immense. Ohhh.

(Laughs)

I feel like my eyes are very bright and wide open. But I'm trying to obtain something by all this movement, yet I'm not doing — sort of striving to drive and I'm just not seeing anything or hearing anything. I'm just moving around, just writhing and I just can't control it. It's very, very hard. Ohhh. It's such an effort to move and I have to move. I seem half in and half out of reality. I feel like I'm not telling you a thing. I just heard a light pounding sound in the earphones. It's so hard for me to concentrate on any one thing because I keep moving, I keep writhing around. I don't feel constrained now; I just feel that I have to move in these odd ways. It's not like a human being. I don't know what I would refer it to, but I just move. It's frustrating, to say the least.

(Sings) It sounded like I was hearing that sound. I feel like I'm under such heavy physical exertion. I keep moving around. Oh, I should have better control of myself. Oh, I wish I would feel like I was floating. I don't feel that way. I just feel like I'm lying here just writhing around and I can't stop it, and my knees feel very weak. Very weak. My lips are dry and I feel like going
to sleep. Yet, with all the distracting sounds I can't distinguish, it
doesn't sound like anything. They just get louder and increase,
and decrease, and get louder, and decrease just to annoy me.
And I say it like I want to get revenge, but how can you get re­
venge on a sound which you can't even distinguish?

I wish I would . . . writhing around like this. I don't feel
that my eyes are bright anymore. They seem dim and bleary. I
just hope I'm speaking out loud. I can't tell. I'm writhing
around. Like I can't get enough fresh air. Yet I'm not choking,
nauseated or anything. I'm very hungry and it feels like my belt
is moving up on me so it's just under my chin. This is a pleasant
feeling but I can't describe it. It's like nothing I've ever felt
before. I feel half asleep like I do in class sometimes; I just have
to go to sleep but I can't. I have to keep awake also. And now I
keep moving around. I can't keep the connection from one
thought to another. Yet I am aware that there are thoughts and
there are connections. But I'm more concerned now with my
body which is writhing around. I feel like I'm talking in a dream
under very strenuous conditions. (Laughs) I can't describe to
you what I'm doing. It's so — it's just writhing, just uncon­
nected, disconnected, I'm still not seeing anything. I feel as
though I should be in great pain but I'm not. And my back
across my shoulder, not my shoulder, across my middle of my
back, feels very tired and stiff; yet the lower part of my back
keeps moving around torturing it. There are lights going on
across the dome but there's nothing I can distinguish. Ahhh, I
wish I could tell you about the writhing. It's just a writhing
around, yet I seem perfectly aware of reality and now I'm laugh­
ing. My feet are cold. I think of all these delightful things to say
but I can't say them.

Now I'm starting — lots of light, nothing I can describe to
you on the dome. Just lots of lights moving around. They're sort
of gray and white, just mixtures.

I feel like my mouth is not under control. Like I wish I could
get myself under control or just lose myself altogether, just kind
of, ohhh, something. My arms feel very, very heavy, and I don’t feel like I have any elbows. Just a shoulder and a forearm. Ahhh. This writhing is getting my muscles well worked out anyway. If I really do move, I can’t tell, it’s just the way I feel. It seems like such an effort to move, and such an effort to talk. I have to form every letter. So precise, so precisely. Or it gets sloppy. Comes out, I feel like you probably can’t hear me. Because there’s such static in my ears but there’s no noise that I can describe to you. I’m just writhing around and I don’t know what to compare this feeling with. It’s just one of uncontrol, I suppose. I feel like I’m asleep. But I know I’m not asleep. I wish I were. Ohhh, I feel like when I just get up in the morning, yet my head feels very small and the rest of me feels very big. And I can’t control the movements. I just keep moving. Just writhing, that’s the only way that I can describe it.

And I feel like everything — ohhh, there are many sounds and they are all confused. It’s as though a siren were trying to talk to me but can’t make itself understood. Ohhh, I feel out of breath. Like I can’t get enough air and I’m so sleepy. My mouth feels so large and dry, and my voice sounds so far away and I can’t do anything with it. Ohhh. It’s such an effort to move, yet I have to move. Now my arms feel light like they’re floating away. My right leg just jerked uncontrollably and I’m very hungry, very hungry. Sounded like a horse just blew out its lips. I don’t know why I feel like I can’t get enough air. Ohhh, like I’m under water. That’s the feeling, yes. I feel like I do when I’m in water and I can’t get enough breath. My chest feels heavy and I have to get it out of the water before I can get a breath. I feel like I’m being all twisted around inside and these sounds keep annoying me but I can’t tell you what they sound like. They’re just there, that’s all. And I keep writhing around. I feel like my belt’s too tight, but it can’t be.

Now I hear voices in the background, like they’re trying to sing but they don’t quite come through. I still feel like my eyes are very heavy but I’m just compelled to open them. I feel like
laughing. But my laugh will be drowned in and enfolded as I move around. And I'm so hungry. Ohhh, I wish I could see something so I could describe it to you, but everything is sort of just blank. Except I'm writhing around and it's very — I feel like I have to get my breath. As I said before, like I'm under water and I have to get my breath. Now I feel like waving up and down like I was on a wave twisting up — and it sort of tickles.

I wonder if all my inhibitions are being done away with.

I wish I could see something on the dome or in my head to describe to you. You must think I'm very stupid not to have anything going on in my head except this voice that keeps talking and talking, and I don't think of what words to say but they come out, sort of foggy. And I feel like I'm just moving around. And my voice seems separate from me. It's just an effort to move. I feel like I'm giving you nothing to go on at all here, but I just keep writhing around and there's nothing to describe. Only I wish it would stop, this writhing. My lips are very dry, very dry. *(laughs)* Ohhh, I wish I could stop this feeling of not being able to control what I'm doing. I feel like I'm very tense yet I'm very relaxed at the same time and it's very disjointing. I wish I could get my breath. Ohhh, I wish there was something to describe to you but I just have this writhing feeling that I've had for it seems like hours and hours and I can't control my movements. If I try they just get out of control and move around and around and up and down and around. I must look very strange if I'm — if I was outside the dome looking at myself. It must look very strange.

I feel very pleasant and shadowy now. Like I'm in a shadow. I'm cool, very cool. It feels like the shadow comes over the sun and then the sun comes out again and this keeps going on and I keep writhing under both. My mouth feels very thick, like I can't pronounce my *th*'s very well. And it's such an effort to do anything — to lie still or to move.

I wonder what this can be compared to? It couldn't be Hell
and I don’t think it could be Heaven either because everything
in Heaven is unchanging. It must be boring. I don’t know why I
said that. Now I’m grinning and I keep moving around. I’m
trying to get out of something and I can’t. But I know I’m not
moving that much because I’m not trying to get my arms out of
the, the places where they’re tied and I know I can. I can feel
the foam rubber. I feel very breathless, very breathless. And I
feel like I should feel very wonderful. Ohhh. I keep comparing
my feelings to, uh, a seashore or like when we’re on a boat. We
have a sailboat, like when we’re on the boat, the freshness and
the nearness of the water, and I right now, I feel like I’m all
immersed in water. Yet I’m not getting wet. My mouth is very
dry. My tongue feels very large, very large. And I keep moving.
There’s nothing going on for me to describe to you. I feel like
I should be describing something but I just keep moving. And I
don’t see anything in particular. Nothing at all, really. It’s just
light. I — my voice sounds very far away. Like when I had my
ears plugged up or like my head was all plugged up. I feel, even
when I lie still I feel like I’m moving. It’s so strange. I feel like
I’m almost asleep but not quite. Nothing distinct is going on.
Even my movements are very vague now. Nothing is precise or
clearly outlined, as in reality. I wish there was something to de­
scribe to you. I feel like nothing, just lying here enjoying all this,
and I’m not doing anything for you. And your purpose.
I say “enjoying this” because it’s sort of pleasant but pleas­
antly painful. The static stopped in the earphones. I feel like
I’m whirling around and around now, and around and around. I
feel like I’m all mind and no body. Yet I’m aware of my body
because my left shoulder hurts. My eyes won’t stay open. I can’t
tell what they’re doing but they’re moving around. I feel like I
can’t get enough breath, real air, oxygen. And my legs are cold.
I’m not seeing any of the tremendous images that I saw the last
time I was under the drug, I just keep writhing around. All these
strange — just disjointed world. Nothing fits together so I can
describe it to you. I can’t say I see something that looks like
... because I don't see anything that looks like anything. I just keep moving around, straining the muscles in my back—oh, but it's pleasant. And somehow I feel it shouldn't feel pleasant.

I feel like I'm asleep, my lips feel so large. I feel like my brain is just a pinpoint and the rest of me is just huge.

It's a good thing I don't have a mirror about now. I probably am grimacing and everything.

I hope you can hear what I'm saying because it sounds like I'm saying this all to myself, all to myself alone.

I wish I'd quit moving around, straining all my muscles so. I don't feel hungry anymore. I feel that my mind is separate from my body, like I can think much more clearly than I seem to be by the way I'm talking. I'm not seeing anything strange that I can explain to you or experiencing anything strange except that I'm—my body is writhing around. And I have this feeling as though my head were all closed in because I can't get my breath very well. I know there's plenty of air here. I'm the only person in the room and I even thought the window was open because my feet were so cold. I've lost all conception of time now. I just keep writhing up and down. (Laughs) It's sort of pleasing but I don't feel like I'm saying anything or doing anything that would be of any value for you to know. It all seems like it's going on in my head and I don't know how loud I can talk. Ohhh, that just sounds like a squawk in my head. I feel like I've been running, running around, up and down and I'm all out of breath. But I still have plenty of breath to talk in. My body looks like it's just moving around, like water on glass. Shimmering. I'm shimmering. I keep writhing, I suppose you could correlate the two.

I feel—I was going to say I feel like myself, only it's very strange, it's a very strange thing to say. But I don't feel particularly abnormal, though I know I must be because my head feels very small and some of the things I've been saying are strange but I don't feel like I'm saying anything to you that will help you. I feel I should be doing something but I just can't. And I'm
not seeing or hearing anything. The right-hand corner of the dome is still just like the sun was coming in through the curtain. I feel like I'm talking better now; maybe it's false conception. My body's jerking, my ears feel funny. My movements are jerky. I just raised my hand. And my movements are very jerky. I keep wishing I could see some of the wonderful things I saw when I was in here last time. Nothing comes. Everything's just a blank. Ohhh, it's frustrating, not being able to see or to do a thing, when I have a feeling that so much is going on and I can't get to it, I'm just trying to get there. I just want to stretch but I can't. My feet are so large. I have a hole in my left index finger that feels like it isn't mine at all. It's attached to me but it's very large. And I can't even hear my voice. I feel like I'm in one big yawn and a yawn must end sometime but why won't this end? It's pleasing like a yawn but, after all, a yawn's got to end sometime.

Ohhh. I feel like I'm all compressed up into this dome and it's just one little me and it's so strange because I can't do anything, I can't communicate in any way. I'm just useless. I feel like a blob. Ohhh. I feel like a blob sometimes anyhow. Ohhh. I wish I'd quit writhing around. I just feel like I'm stretching and straining so hard. But it doesn't help. I feel like I'd like to go to sleep but I keep stretching like I want to get up. Ohhh.

I feel like I've been smoking too much. There's a lot of congestion in my chest and my lungs. Of course I'm all disjointed anyhow. I don't know whether you can understand how, the words I'm saying or not. My mouth is very large and very dry and I feel like going to sleep. Just one mad sleep. But I can't. I have to tell you what is going on.

The dome's gotten smaller since I last opened my eyes. Pressing down on me. I can't breathe. As I take a large breath, I say I can't breathe.

I feel so useless just lying here writhing around. I don't feel like I can answer any questions or be of any use in any way.
Strange lights going on all around. They just sort of flow like a continually dawning. I feel like I’d like to speak French but I can’t. I should, ohhh, if I could describe to you. My back feels like it’s in a hundred segments and it keeps moving around, writhing around and I can’t stop it. And I, I can’t breathe very well either. I would like to just crawl up inside this dome and feel nothing, I guess. Oh, if I could just relax and let go. Just relax, this whole burden is so heavy. I keep writhing under this tremendous pressure. Oh, if I could just get away, and I can’t do anything quick enough, can’t do anything distinctly enough to get away from this burden.

I’m still not seeing anything to describe to you. Just a few lights moving around but they’re inconsequential. Ohhh, I sure feel like I’m under water, like I must get my breath or I’ll die. But I know I’m in a room and I’m not under water and I won’t die. Last week I might have wished I’d died but I don’t this week. And here I was lying here thinking that this thing would never take effect and I’d never get back into my little world. I feel like one of those people in—when they have polio and they can’t breathe for themselves, they have to have a machine breathe for them and they can only talk when they get a breath and that’s the way I feel. It’s all very strange. Everything’s so unreal. I can just barely remember Dr. P—’s voice asking me if I felt nauseated or sick in any way. I don’t. I feel just like a blob. I’m not doing anything. Maybe like something’s doing something inside of me writhing around but I do have a hard time breathing. I feel like there’s a tight band around my chest. A shrill sound just came through the earphones. This world is so strange. I wish I could describe it to you better. It’s just sort of dreamy. That’s why I compare it to water, I guess. That’s why I feel like I’m under water, because this dream world is just little shades of light moving around, back and forth, and there’s nothing distinct to be seen. I wish there were because if there were, it would be so wonderful. So very wonderful.
Oh, I've stopped moving now. And it's so wonderful but I still have a hard time breathing. Like my belt was up around my chest but of course it isn't. I'm not that short.

Oh, that sounded funny.

Ohhh. I'm seeing a few pastel colors.

It's such an effort to talk. I'm sorry it's such an effort to talk.

I'm seeing, as I said, pastel colors, green and pink and yellow and I feel like I'm being floated away, just floated away. Not like I was floating up and down on a rough shore like I felt before — there I am writhing again. Why must I writhe? I feel breathless, like I have to get my breath. Yet I feel very wide awake. If I could only breathe better! Ahhh. I would like to breathe better, I really would. My mouth feels like it's coming down, yet my voice is staying up there on a level plane. And it sounds so funny. Ohhh. I feel sort of wet now. Like I'm under water. I know my skin's not wet but I feel wet. I can't get my breath. Ohhh. I feel sort of like I'm just being pressed down upon so heavily, so very heavily. If I could only go to sleep.

I'm not seeing any of the delightful things that I saw before, when I was under here last week. How can it be so different two times? Oh, I wish I could have something to describe to you. I want to describe something to you so bad but I can't because there's nothing going on. (Cries) Ohhh. This world is so drab and nothing, I can't see anything and I am not feeling anything especially great. I don't know. Maybe I'd just wish I were back in reality. I think maybe I would. On Michigan's campus walking around. I wish I didn't feel so constricted. Like I can't get my breath. But it looks like I'm under water, too, and I know I'm not under water. This is very strange. My back hurts. The muscles are so tired and I keep moving around and hurting them, ever and ever, into infinitude, infinitude. If I could just go to sleep and get rid of all this static in my ears and this feeling that I have to close my eyes yet I have to keep them open at the same time yet there's nothing to see. It's most disturbing.

Maybe I'm on a dream, in a dream, I don't know. But I find it
hard to breathe. My tongue feels very odd to my teeth which also feel very big. The lights are moving around on the dome and there aren't any images I can explain to you. Looks like a lot of eyes looking at me, strange eyes like out of a comic book, dream. Oh, I wish I could get out from under this tremendous burden on my chest. Will it ever end, will it ever end, will it ever end?

I feel like the inside of my head's an insect factory. All these strange noises going in and around it and my voice isn't even in there. I feel like my ears and my mouth and my nose are all plugged up and I can't breathe very well. I'd like to cough and I'd like to talk which I am doing. But I can't do anything very well. I guess I'm just a blob. But if I could go to sleep I'd be so much better. Because I can't describe anything to you, there is nothing going on around to describe.

My hands feel very large. And bony. But my hands aren't large and bony. They're small and white and soft like the hands of a lady, lady should be.

Oh, I feel like I'm in one tremendous yawn. Ohhh, and it's made of foam rubber and I'd like to get out of this because I'd like to breathe again. I would really like to be able to breathe. I wish I knew what time it was. This is all very boring. Nothing is going on in my head. I feel like a large congestion or something. (Laughs) Ohhh. Like I have to stretch and stretch and it doesn't do any good to stretch and stretch. Oh, what a tremendous burden and I just can't let go of it. Get out from under this tremendous burden and see what I'm writhing under. Oh, this is such a frustrating situation because I can't do anything and see anything and all I do is lie here and writhe around. It's very discouraging and disgusting.

I wonder how long I've been here. Oh, I keep moving up and down. And I do find it so hard to breathe. Like everything's pressing down, down, down on my, on my lungs. Like when I had bronchitis, how open and empty my lungs felt. And my chest, that's the way I feel. Feel like I'm being dissected or
something. And this strange . . . is so narrow and so nothing. I'd much rather be out in reality. I remember last time I was under, I liked it very much. It was a world all my own. With all the images I saw and it was very pleasant. It wasn't frustrating and pressing me down like this one is. I'll be glad when this is over.

I wish I could control my voice because I know it's just going up and down. I feel like I'm being no help at all. How can I tell you when I feel nothing? Well, maybe this is what you want to know— that I feel nothing. I see nothing. The inside of the dome, I suppose I consider it to be my whole world, but it's just a world of light moving around and no distinct colors of light or anything, just like shadows on a sunny day, always on a sunny day. And I'm so sleepy. Ohhh, I'm so sleepy, why can't I go to sleep? (Cries)

I wonder what it would be like to see another person when I'm like this. I would really like to know because here I am in a little world all my own, nothing can intrude, and if I bring another person in it would be very strange. Then it would be reality. Yes, it would be strange, because I'm not in reality now. Ohhh, I'm being pressed down upon and I'm hungry too. I feel very normal really except I can't breathe well, it's like, like I'm in a big yawn or like I have a cold or something. My chest is all congested. Oh, why can't I just lie here and be quiet and wait until something happens? Nothing's happening. I feel very—like my mind is very alert, yet my eyes aren't. My eyes feel very sleepy and large. Now I feel like I'm thoroughly strapped down and I can't move. There I was writhing all over the place before. My eyes are moving around. I can feel my contact lenses against the lids. It's funny how physiological and the inner brain get all mixed up together. Oh, it's a glorious feeling. I wouldn't say glorious if I were out in the real world. I would just say very pleasant, very pleasant.

It seems like I've been under here for such a long time. And
that I'm not feeling anything, I'm just lying here. I can't be of any use to anyone or anything because I can't see anything. It's so very frustrating. I wish I knew what time it was. At least I keep talking, that's one thing. I just hope you can understand, I hope I'm speaking in English.

Today I was writing my notes in English class in French and the girl next to me was trying to catch something that I had gotten in my notes, but she couldn't read French. So she couldn't.

This seems all very mixed up, I can't tell what's real and what I'm imagining. I mean like that incident I just described. I can't remember clearly if it really happened. I'm sure it did. I was in my English Bible class, English 182, and I was writing in French. I can remember writing the Jesus in French, only it's the same in English, and I was wondering how it would be different written in French, Jesu or something. And I forgot where I was now. Oh, I was just, I just know that it happened. Because I returned the girl's notebook — oh, this is all very boring to you I'm sure. Nothing I do is of any consequence. I just lie here and move around and I can't see anything extraordinary or anything, just one big yawn. I can't imagine anything being outside of this yawn. It's like the whole universe.

I wrote a poem one time, something about a moon-centered bowl of universe, one of my favorite phrases. Makes me feel good but I don't know why I said it just then.

My lips are very dry. I wish I could get my breath better. I hurt. Not unpleasantly, but like I'm struggling so hard, so very hard and nothing, nothing can help me. Because I'm just a blob. Oh, oh, if I could only stretch and come into reality or do something. If I could just get into the world of my own or into the world of reality I'd be all right, but this in-between state is so obnoxious. Because I can't feel either pleasure or pain. That's what it is. It's a sort of nebulous between-the-two. Oh, if I could only go one way or the other, off in space. Ahhh, it's funny.
Everything's in pastel colors. It's, it seems like everything was in bright reds and blues but this time everything is gentle and sweet in pastel colors.

I feel so useless just lying here writhing around and not being able to see anything. And I can't breathe well. I feel like I'm just waiting for the experiment to be over. This is ridiculous, because I could just as easily wait and sleep as lie here and have all these movements go through my body. And I can't breathe. I'd like to be able to breathe again. I keep seeing butterflies and things fluttering past. It's hard for me to talk.

Ohhh, I'm hungry, I'm very hungry.

If I just relax and let myself go I'd be all right, down to the depths of nothingness. And just let myself gooo.

It seems like I can't take any actions of my own. I'm trying to all with my mind and my voice, the little waves my voice makes. Everything is twisted and waved.

I wish I could breathe better. If I could only breathe.

This is ridiculous. Here I am lying here, now you ask me where, in a room in the Medical Health Research Institute. And I feel like my throat, my chest is tremendously congested. Almost to a pain. It's utterly ridiculous. My arms and my legs, my legs are tied together and my arms are strapped down lightly and I have earphones on and a microphone and there's a dome over my head. Yet I can't imagine what it would be like outside this dome. I suppose this is the purpose of the dome. Why you put it in the experiment. It's a perfect place to project anything and everything onto. There just must be nothing in me to project because nothing's coming out, and my lips are very dry and I just feel horrible. I don't feel sick, I just feel sort of mangled. Like somebody has been hitting me in the mouth and that's the way my lips feel. And my stomach keeps writhing around because it's hungry. I'm just miserable.

Oh, when I was in the dream last time it was so wonderful. Oh. It was so wonderful. I felt like I was floating around on a cloud, just floating around so nicely. Without any support un-
der me. I keep wanting to mention the word sex and I know I shouldn’t but it’s out now. Maybe I’ll feel better.

I don’t know why I’ve just got to move. Oh, if I could only just stretch and get up, but I don’t feel like walking. I feel like lying still but I can’t. I wish I could come back to reality and get out of this dream visit. It’s, well, I guess it’s because I can’t control it. And if something interesting was going on I guess it would be all right but this is very boring. I know the inside of my own mind isn’t a blank, that’s where I am. There’s just nothing going on anywhere. Except I feel that my body must surge out.

My, oh, my hands feel so funny. They feel very large. My fingers feel very large. I wish I could breathe better. Boy, I must be smoking too much. No, I know, it’s this, the feeling of pressure on my chest and being under water that’s making me feel that I can’t breathe well. Now that’s a nice combination. Ohhh. If I could only stretch and then go to sleep. Stretch out and go to sleep in my own little room, wherever that is, on the end of the tree, hanging from the twig of a tree. Oh, that sounds nice.

I wish I could breathe better. Maybe I am just a blob, but I still have to breathe even, give me at least some air. There, I got some. Thank you.

I feel like the right side of my mouth is very far to the right side, and the left side is very far to the left side. They’re not coming together somehow. Very strange. I feel like I’m lying very still. Compressed by speed to lie still. Like I was taking a long trip. That’s why I can’t breathe. That’s the feeling I would have, yes, I wouldn’t be able to breathe if the air was going by me very, very fast. That’s what it is, I’m just, I just have the feeling that I’m traveling through space very fast. And that’s why I can’t breathe, because the air’s going by so fast. I wish it would stop and I’d come back to reality.

Oh, this is so frustrating and boring. Just writhing around. There’s nothing to describe to you of any interest and here I am yawning. I thought that was sort of an interesting image,
though, of my describing the way I feel inside— one great big yawning. I said something the other day about a tea-stained cup of reality. Oh, that's so nice.

Oh, if I could only let myself go. Let myself go. (Cries) Get away from all this pressure—tremendous, horrible pressure—just like the very air itself were pressing so hard on me. Oh, it's awful. It seems like the lights went off. I have no conception of time but it seemed that it was lighter in here before. Oh, I feel so uncomfortable. My chest, ahhh, there's just nothing for me to describe to you; it's so frustrating; why can't I describe something to you? There isn't anything to describe. Just one blob of nothingness.

Well, it's sort of, as I said before, all different colors, sort of iridescent like a rainbow. And every now and then a gust of wind will come in and blow aside the fog and I can see what's going on behind. And it's very black and there are pretty greens and lavenders, all sorts of streaks of colors. Streaking across the sky. They're all having so much fun, so much fun. And I'm so restricted, so tied down, right now I feel like I can't move. My mouth is very dry. I don't like this at all. It's uncomfortable. Sort of, if you want uncomfortableness to have a color—you didn't ask for one, I know, but I'll give you one—it's sort of an icky green. I have always hated that color of green. Here I am under it, writhing around, and I want to go to sleep and I'm hungry. I'm still feeling the basic human, human needs. But I feel that I'm, I could never come in contact with a human being. I wouldn't know what one looked like if I saw one. I don't like this feeling at all. Oh, I don't like it at all, not at all. Oh, well, I guess I can stand it, but it's horrible. It's just one complete nothingness. I wonder if this is what death is like. Oh, if this is what death is like I—I was going to say I'd just as soon die, but I, I just want to never live or die. I know what life's like. I've decided that life's pretty nice. Well, I was pretty depressed for so long. But now, when I get up and get out of this room, I should feel—what I can feel in a depressed state or unde-
pressed state—I will feel in an undepressed state, I will feel
good. But I just feel so nothing, like I’m just writhing around. 
And I don’t feel wonderful or horrible or anything. It’s just very 
unpleasant. I’d just rather not be here, that’s all. But I know I 
have to stay. Oh-hum.

I know I shouldn’t move around like that as I mustn’t harm 
the equipment. That sounds funny. I feel like I’m under water.
Everything is rippling all over above me. But I can’t see any of 
those fantastic, tremendous images that I saw when I was here 
the last time and it’s so frustrating. (Cries) It’s just like knowing 
that something is happening but you can’t know it. Oh, I’ll be 
glad when this is over, it’s just something that I have to endure. 
I hope it’s not too much longer. Oh I feel so nothing. Why 
can’t I do something, see something? I can’t describe anything 
to you because there’s nothing going on. Maybe my lack of 
description is enough. Maybe you know what I’m feeling.

I can feel my eyes burning. They seem very wide open. My 
hands feel very large. Sort of clammy. Strange. And as I said 
before, I can’t breathe well. And it’s disturbing. I wish Dr. P—
would come in and say something to me. I feel like all of this 
is pressing down on me. Oh, it seems funny that I should be 
lying here having everything I say being recorded but I’m not 
saying anything of any consequence. I can look down and see 
the microphone, and I can see my body writhing and I wish it 
would stop; I wish it would stop. (Cries) I wish it, the whole 
thing, would stop. That I would be normal again, and I could 
get up and walk out of here and say hello to all my friends. Oh, 
this is so horrible!

I know I can press the button but I’m not going to. Not until 
it gets me so bad that I can’t stand it. I want to do something to 
help the experiment but this is just such a nothingness. I’m not 
seeing anything except lights, sort of flowing back and forth, and 
I’m not hearing any distinct sounds. I’m just getting tremen-
dously frustrated, that’s all. (Cries)

Oh, I feel so pressed down upon. Oh, if I could only breathe.
Oh, I know I'm all right. I couldn't be anything but all right. But it seems so strange to me to be describing what I'm describ­ing, if I'm describing anything. I just feel like it's all such a waste of time and nonintellectual. It's ridiculous. I still feel like I'm being whizzed through outer space. Some high velocity. I wish I could listen to the Tiger game on the radio. They might win. I don't know. I'm hungry. I'm so hungry. Why don't they come and get me? I suppose I haven't been here for three hours yet. He should break in again saying, "Do I feel all right and am I nauseated?" Maybe he would ask me some more numbers. It's hard for me to remember what is outside of this horrible little world. It's a horrible, horrible little thing. My mind was so much more interesting. When it saw all of those tremendous images and made me feel so good. But why is this so nothing? I just feel pressed down upon and the time goes so slowly, I think. Of course, I have no conception just lying here. It's all so very tiresome. Why can't everything let me alone, let me sleep? I don't feel like I'm in a big yawn anymore. I just feel so tired. So very tired. The earphones just crackled. Like someone is going to speak, but I guess not. Oh, this is so horrible.

This is the end of the experiment.
This time, as she guesses, Jane did not take a drug. We reproduce practically all she said—starting again after 50 minutes. Not only does this give an excellent comparison with the other experiences, but it tells us much about Jane.

I wonder how long a considerable time is. I’m very sleepy still. I don’t know if I can keep my eyes open that long. However long that is. I still feel very normal, a little restless, like I’d like to get up and walk around. Or read or do something useful. And there’s nothing particularly different going on in my head. I’m
not seeing anything. My body feels completely normal. I, I don’t know what to tell you. There’s just nothing.

I could be useful to myself right now or try memorizing a piece that I have to memorize. Let’s see if I can remember it. It’s First Corinthians, chapter thirteen. “Though I speak in the tongue of men and of angels and have not charity, I am as a sounding gong and clanging cymbal.” Well, I remembered the first verse anyhow. I’m supposed to memorize this whole chapter, for my English Bible class, and then write a paper on it. I don’t suppose this is the place to be doing my homework, but there’s nothing else to do. And I feel like I have to say something — to let you know what I’m thinking.

I was telling one of my friends about these experiments and she came up with the idea that perhaps it was sensory deprivation of a sort because I can’t see outside the dome very much and I can’t hear outside the dome, because I can never hear Joyce go out of the room. Last time I could only tell because I could see the light from the door when it opened. Since I have a natural communication problem anyhow this is very difficult. I, of course, can get no response from a machine.

It’s getting cold in here. I can feel a breeze on my feet. I wonder if this is the kind of microphone — no it wouldn’t be the same kind they use. Well, it might be at that because they can clip them on. They use them when they sing and have them hanging around their necks on television. Could very well be. Ohhh. This bed’s uncomfortable. It’s hard. I thought my bed at school was hard. Ohhh. Now I know how a child feels when you put it to bed for a nap and it’s not sleepy. Or in this case, it’s like sitting in a classroom and knowing you have to keep awake to listen to the lecture but so sleepy. Actually I’d much rather be up.

Love, hate, uh, emotion, sorrow, joy, pleasure, pain — well, no, that’s not an emotion. Um, none of those rhyme with any division of time. I don’t know. I’m afraid to close my eyes ’cause I’ll go to sleep, and my eyes hurt from looking at the whiteness
of this dome with the light shining through it. And I'm not wearing my contact lenses today. I didn't have time to put them in.

Ohhh. I once heard about a woman who was in solitary confinement for three years and never saw another human being during all that time. I've often wondered how she could stand it. She — I know she had an excellent mind; she must have just taken the knowledge she had in her mind when she went into the confinement and used it to gain more knowledge without experiencing anything. But nothing. It's a very interesting problem. I've often thought about writing about it. But it's such a fantastic topic that I don't feel that I could give it justice. It would have to be a sort of stream-of-conscious thing, but I'm very poor at that. As right now shows.

This is really rather tiring. There's so many things to do. I suppose I might as well make use of my time, as I said before, as long as I have to be here. I didn't really realize what a difference being normal, if I am, and after being under the effects of this drug, what a difference there was. Now I know. Under the drugs, well, the last drug, anyhow, I felt that I was thinking very clearly but that I had no control over my body.

I've often thought it would be an interesting idea to — for people not to have bodies, just to have minds. This is one of my favorite theories because bodies take up so much time and trivialities and emotions, and I suppose all the beauties of human life really, but being an idealist, I would like to be immersed in my mind. It would be a horrible life, really, I suppose. Because no one else would be around to be immersed in their mind to share thoughts with, and I suppose even the mind needs this community consolation, or something.

Oh, I keep yawning. I'm so sleepy. So ridiculous. Of course I haven't had any sleep, as usual. I've been staying up all hours of the night trying to solve the world's problems and only succeeding in bringing them to the forefront where they worry me; and then, of course, there are my own problems which everyone else
tries to solve. And then there are other people's problems that have to be solved, which I put my two-cents' worth in on.

Ohhh. I'm not supposed to be able to hear outside these earphones but I just heard a car leave. I don't know which way this room is facing, I'll have to check and see when I get up. Because it could have come from the earphones, I remember being under the effects of the drug and hearing a car leave. Ohhh.

I'm glad it's warmer in here this time. I was just freezing before.

Oh, I feel like going to sleep, I'd better keep talking.

E. E. Cummings last night, he cited a poem that Tom and I memorized about Christmastime. About Buffalo Bill's defunct [?] who used to ride the water-smooth, silver stallion and shoot, one, two, three, four, five, pigeons just like that. What I want to know is — oh, I messed it up. Jesus, he was a handsome man. What I want to know is, How do you like your blue-eyed boy, Mr. Death? That appeals to me for some reason. It has no particular esthetic value, I don't suppose, but it's nice. And then there's my favorite line from Emerson. "If the sages ask thee why, thy beauty is wasted on the earth and sky, tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being." I like that very much. I'm going to have to make it a point this summer to memorize more poetry because I do get such pleasure out of it.

Ohhh, I like that selection of "Scarlet Ribbons" that you played. It was very beautiful. I think I like it better instrumental than with the words. Of course, Perry Como sort of just sings. Not particularly artistic about it. But then he appeals to many people, so he's pleasing.

John and I were talking this morning about a concept of Wallace Stevens, the poet who says that man created God in his own image, and this has many implications. It would be very nice just to sit and think about it. Man created God in his own image because man is conceited and man needs vanity, vanity; that is why the medieval conception of the world as the center of the
universe existed. Stevens also said that God existed in medieval times because everyone believed in Him, and if a man believes in something, then it is. He wouldn’t agree with Berkeley at all, I don’t think. No, he wouldn’t. Oh, but that’s beside the point. Uh, Stevens has a concept of idealism somewhat like mine, I think. The intellectual is the thing to be desired, but then he always manages to throw in a little of reality in his poetry. I guess he’s saying that reality is necessary. Sometimes I wish it weren’t, but I guess it is and that’s something that one just has to face and accept, without complaint.

I find it very hard to accept something that I don’t particularly like. I suppose anyone does. I’m always feeling that I’m the only person in the world who ever feels this particular way about any particular subject. It, this is very erroneous. Ellen and I were talking about it, my roommate, the other night. I have a very hard time communicating in a group situation. Individual communication is much easier though; communication at all is, I find, quite difficult and useless unless the person has a head on their shoulders. Of course, there’s no way to find out if a person has a head on their shoulders or not unless you talk to him but I, I can’t seem to put this concept into effect yet. Ellen said — well, implied — that few people think I have any brains. Well, as long as I feel that I do, then I suppose that’s all that’s necessary. Because I never allow myself any recognition, somehow I always fool around and let someone else get the recognition. Not that I really mind. It’s difficult for me to think in this way. Of course, it’s hard to look upon one’s self, to just step back a few feet and say, “This is Jane Parks and she’s a human being, and what do you think of her brain?” It’s very hard to do. And people, people are so, well, guarded that they refuse to tell one. Of course, if someone did tell me that I was conceited or stupid or disgusting or revolting or something, I would get angry. I suppose that’s social taboos on language. And what is said and what isn’t.

Lately I’ve been trying to find something, since I don’t have
a firm foundation in religion, to base my social mores on. I have
them definitely, but I can't find any place to put them. It's like
walking around with them in my hands and trying to find a shelf
to put them on, but there isn't one. I have placed all my values
in myself. But I think social mores just come from outside. And
since I don't follow a more unless I truly believe in it and find it
necessary to happiness, both with myself and with those closest
to me, then I have no room for it; so I can't place the basis for
my social mores in society because society doesn't matter. I
mean certainly it's nice to be socially acceptable and to have two
cars in the garage, and to have the name of Jones, which every­
one tries to come up to, to use a famous American cliché, I
suppose; but there's more to life than conforming to society. I
like to think of myself as an individual. This right away classifies
me. But I would much rather be classified as an individual than
as a member of society. And I'm continually getting into argu­
ments with, about this sort of thing, with people. If I can't find
a reason for something I can see no use in just following society
in. It's one of my most unaccepted theories in this, is the fact
that I don't want children. Because I wouldn't want to bring
children into a world such as this. And besides, other people are
having plenty of children; and also I don't want the responsibil­
ity of bringing a child up and I can see no reason for having
children just to be having children. I think it's the most assinine
thing in the world.

Another one of my, uh, shot-down concepts is the fact that I
feel that I cannot love or hate. I never have, maybe I will. But
people seem aghast at this. But I can't love or hate. This lack of
emotion I think was partially responsible for my broken engage­
ment, but of course there was more to that. I was talking yester­
day to a friend of mine, female, who had spoken to my Bible
instructor. I had never spoken to him personally. But he's a very
dogmatic and interesting man. He has the old-fashioned views
—which probably were much easier on women — of a woman:
someone to take care of a home, and to raise children, and to take care of her husband without any concern for her own place in the world other than just raising a family, etc. But he said that any woman — he didn’t say “girl,” he said “woman,” and he applied the term to her — with anything upstairs in her head, should settle for no less than she deserves in a man. She shouldn’t even consider less. And I feel very much this is what I’ve been doing. I’ve made a deep promise to myself that I’m going to cultivate the parts of me which will enable me to find a man who is good enough for me. I don’t think my fiancé was and I don’t think any of the boys I’m dating now are. Not that I’m particularly, not that I’m being conceited about this — of course I’m conceited — but I’m trying to be honest with myself. I don’t really know what I want in a fellow, but I know I’ll find it and I know that I’ll know when I find it. I know he’ll be older and wiser than I, or else I couldn’t respect him. And he’ll be interested in the same things I am because I don’t respect people who don’t have an interest in the esthetic arts, esthetic appreciation and values of life. But he’ll also be practical enough to counteract my romanticism and idealism. The earphones just buzzed. Stopped. I think these things need to be counteracted. But I feel that if I put them aside as part of my personality, that there would just be a hole left with nothing to replace it. At least I think my ideals have a touch of practicality in the right place. I can recognize what is wrong with something and I think still accept it. I don’t look at the world through rose-colored glasses but I would just like to. I would like to have a world that was rosy and wouldn’t need rose-colored glasses to be looked at through.

It’s strange that I can lie here, laying my basic, uh, beliefs before you. I don’t do this to anyone. I’m getting no response. Maybe this is the trouble. I should just tape all my ideas and then people would know that I was doing some thinking, without my having to tolerate response. It’s not a matter of tolera-
tion because I enjoy response but I, myself, cannot respond well in a conversation situation, I’m afraid that I have admitted this, very ashamedly, that I have cultivated the art of small talk which I just abhor. But it’s sometimes necessary in a social situation in which one finds oneself. Like on a coffee date or a blind date or something until you really get down to brass tacks and can talk about something concrete, some concrete idea or piece of prose or poetry or picture or music. It’s funny, I feel like these things occupy my mind more than, than really the effort it is to live. The effort that one must put into living. Perhaps this is why I don’t get as much out of life as I could. Even though I am interested in all the esthetic or most of the esthetic offerings of life, this had not occurred to me before.

I rather wish I had this tape recording. Because I feel right now that I’m saying the things I should have said a long time ago to myself. I’m formulating ideas. Or I’m putting the ideas that I’ve formulated into words. It’s very difficult for me to do this. My eyes are very tired. And I’m still sleepy, but my voice is getting very dry and my throat from talking, and I get thirsty very easily. Perhaps it’s nerves.

I’m very glad that I wasn’t given the same drug this time that I was last. That was a very horrible experience. Very uncomfortable.

Oh dear. I have everyone geared for my coming back a blithering idiot or something. Here I’ll come back completely normal. Maybe I can work tonight if I get back in time.

I’m speaking of not being able to love, or hate. It’s very strange, my reactions to these two emotions in other people. I pity them. It’s a feeling of compassion. For instance, right now, there was one of the boys I’m dating, I’m quite concerned about. Because for one thing, I’m very sure that he’s in love with me, or so very close to it, and yet I can’t stop seeing him now even if he is. Because it’s so close to finals and he must get good grades. And there’s no telling what effect it might have on him.
But I'm very worried about him. I feel sorry for him. He cannot accept society because society won't accept him, and it's just like going around in a circle because if one, either society or he, would stop, he would catch up and would be fine. But he continually does things that make him rejected by society. And he needs acceptance so. I think that I would be a very good woman for him. But he could do nothing for me but drag me down. I'm positive of that. Besides, I'm not in love with him. I could stop seeing him tomorrow and it wouldn't bother me. This goes for all the boys I'm dating.

I don't know, know why this happens. This is the third time a boy has fallen in love with me; maybe I need a man to fall in love with me. I don't know. I would like to think that I'm a woman in the true sense of the word, a complete full individual with something to offer a man as a companion, but I don't know. I'm awfully selfish in my individualisms and I don't usually sacrifice for others. Superficially yes, but not really. It's, it must be certainly a personality defect. There are many defects, large ones too, that I must work on. I think if a baby ever knew how hard it was to grow up, it would just give up and die. I almost did. Only I wasn't a baby. Oh, when I think of that last year — right now I feel that I have something to live for. I don't know what, but I know there's something and I'll find it someday. And my life will be searching for this and when I find it I'll be satisfied. Or urged on to higher things. I don't suppose satisfaction would be the, the right sort of thing for me to feel because I, I'm no good when I'm content. Even being rejected so many times this year, not being able to be an honor resident, not being able to go to England, uh, not being accepted really in the dorm, and my broken engagement, and all these things taken in a lump, a pretty heavy blow. But I've taken it wonderfully well, I think, for me, because I'm usually pretty emotional about this sort of thing. I feel that something very, very wonderful is going to happen to me. I have no idea what it is, it could come in the
form of, of a future husband, or a trip somewhere, or an educational opportunity, or a job — just anything. I'm anxious, so anxious to find out.

I am now going to ask you a number of questions which I would like you to answer as straightforwardly and shortly as you possibly can.

Do you feel ill in any way?
  No.

Are you nauseated?
  No.

Do you have a feeling of choking?
  No.

Is salivation increased or decreased?
  It's normal.

Do you have a dry taste in your mouth?
  No.

Do you have an unusual taste in your mouth?
  No.

Are your lips numb or drawn back as if you were smiling?
  No.

Does your head ache?
  No.

Are things moving around you?
  No.

Do you feel dizzy?
  No.
Is there difficulty in breathing? 
   No.

Are you aware of your heartbeat? 
   No.

Is it faster than usual? 
   No.

Are you sweating? 
   No.

Are you hot? 
   No.

Or cold? 
   No, I’m not.

Are the palms of your hands moist or dry? 
   No, they’re a little moist from the cotton, I think.

Is your skin sensitive? 
   No.

Do you have a funny feeling on your skin? 
   No.

Do your hands and feet feel peculiar? 
   No.

Do you feel heavy or light? 
   I feel normal.

Is your hearing abnormal? 
   No, it’s normal.
Is it more acute than usual?
[No reply]

Is your eyesight blurred?
No.

Do you feel weak or fatigued?
No.

Do you feel as if you are in a dream?
No.

Are you anxious?
No.

Can you guess what time it is?
Oh, about four.

Where are you at present?
In a room in the Medical Health Research Institute building, on the second floor.

Why are you here?
I’m taking a drug experiment, participating in a drug experiment.

Have you ever felt like this before, and if so, under what circumstances?
Yes, I feel like this all the time. I feel completely normal.

Did you see anything unusual?
No.

Did you hear anything unusual?
No.
Did you feel anything unusual?  
No.

Are you afraid?  
No.

This is the end of our questions.

I hope it's not much longer. Probably about half an hour. I can't remember what I was talking about now. Tom, I think. I'll have to think of something else to talk about. Oh, dear, I'm so tired of lying here. Oh, I wish I could take a nap. This is a perfect opportunity.

Well, it looks like nothing was given to me this time. I remember Dr. P— said perhaps nothing would be given to me in one of the experiments. Oh, I can't close my eyes, I'll go to sleep. Wonder if they'll give me an antidrug with this, because it must have been just plain syrup or whatever that is they give it in.

I would certainly like to get up from here but I better not.

I'm very hungry. They had blueberry pancakes for lunch. I adore blueberry pancakes.

I've got to think of some way to stop seeing Tom without hurting him deeply, which he can't afford. I just don't know what to do. At least I know now that I'm not alone in the world, having problems such as this to deal with. I don't know. Perhaps the best thing would be to let it ride and be busy now and then when he calls. And then at the end of the semester just not write to him or talk to him. Maybe I could talk to him. And tell him what my feelings are, that I'm not looking for a husband and that I'll only be dating boys older than I am. I can't say he's not good enough for me but that is true. Everyone agrees. I just don't know. He's so sweet and he needs me, but I've heard it said that as soon as someone loves someone else, the lover is dependent on the beloved and the beloved . . . there's some-
thing about an indebtedness or something there. Uh, the lover is indebted to the beloved and it reverses the situation that should be present. I wish this would come clearer.

Oh, I'm too sleepy to think right now. Very tired. I would certainly like to go to sleep. I don't think the drug has anything to do with it though, I'm usually like this anyhow. I've also got to do something about where I'm going to live next year. I don't know. I wish my mother would call. She must have gotten my letter by now. I don't know. I think it's getting cold in here. Wonder where the tape recorder is. Wonder if it's under the pillow. Well, I better not fool around. I don't want to bother anything. I just wonder what kind of a drug they'll give me next time. Those first two were just about as opposite as they could get; one pleasure, the other very heavy depression. And I thought that was very funny when they played “Laura.” It must have been on purpose. Along with the French and that particular selection from Alice in Wonderland at the tea party. Uh, oh well, this has been a very interesting thing while I did it. Thought it was very funny when Miss O'Leary came up to me after the first experiment and saying, “Oh, you poor brave girl.” I think it will be good for her to get out of the country. She needs a change of scenery. One gets too big for Ann Arbor after a while, I think. There's so much going on, the place is so narrow-minded in a sense. All this intellectualism, I don't see how it can be. But sometimes it just makes me sick to look out at all these people that I know and associate with and think, “These are the elite of the country.” It bothers me, it does. These are the people who could be getting things done or who'll be goofing things up, when the time comes. In international relations, in just everything.

One of my eyes is watering. I must put my lenses in when I get back to the dorm. Oh, I hope I can get a paper written tonight. I have a French test tomorrow. I hope I do well on that too. I should with all the help I've been getting.

Oh, it would be interesting to know how many words or how
many times I've used the word "I" on this tape. I suppose that's what I'm supposed to be talking about, but that poor word gets overused.

Oh, I wish this were over with. I came in here at one thirty, two thirty, four thirty, oh. I don't think it was four a little while ago when I said that. I haven't been here for two and a half hours. Oh, I wonder how much longer I have to go. I'd never be any good in solitary confinement. Oh, now if I could just talk in my sleep, I could go to sleep and talk too. But, I can't, so . . . Oh, I can see the person who listens to this tape, yawning as I do. Oh, to be able to move again.

Oh [noise stimuli], sound of water being stirred coming through the earphone, sort of scared me at first. Oh. I wonder if they played that when I felt like I was under water last time. Oh, if they had, I think I would have died. I thought they'd been playing sounds through these things. But I didn't, I wasn't sure that it wasn't part of my own mind. I got absorbed in my own thoughts and that really scared me. Being so close to my ears. My hearing must be much better under those drugs. Sound is a little different in the earphones right now but I can't distinguish what it is. It's not just the steady blowing sound.

Oh, I wish this would end. I suppose they want to see what I'm like when I'm normal, during three hours of time. I don't know. But I'm awfully hungry.

I really enjoyed those concerts. From the concert series. Wish I could have heard more. I think it's a good idea to buy season tickets. I think I'll do that. I'm sure Mother and John would like Van Cliburn; he'll be here twice. I'll write and ask them if they'd like me to get tickets for them. And it's all so far in advance, but oh, well, maybe I could just go ahead and buy the tickets and I can always sell them.

Oh. Even if I just had someone to talk to. That'll be the next thing. Springing someone on me while I'm lying here. I think that would scare the living daylights out of me.

Oh, I would like to know what time it is. Oh, I'm so sleepy.
But I can’t go to sleep. If someone would ask me if I, what I would do if I were tied down for three hours — I’m not exactly tied down, but in a sense, yes, that I would think — I wouldn’t have known what to tell them.

This is quite interesting. [Noise stimuli] Sounds like someone snoring now. That doesn’t help my sleepiness any. It’s funny. Wonder what kinds of sounds were coming over there — what was in my head and what I really heard over the earphones. Oh, my. Maybe I can get off into another tangent. And really talk again. I would like a cigarette. That’s no tangent to get off on, though. And I can expect to be interrupted at any moment by water running or someone snoring.

We were talking about interruptions last night. Again communication. Tom says that I communicate my expression by my eyes more than I do by words. It’s getting cold in here. I can feel a breeze on my feet. Oh, I wonder if this is the kind of microphone, no it wouldn’t be, the same kind they use — well, it might be at that because they clip them on. They use when they sing and have them hanging around their necks, on television. Could very well be. Oh. This bed’s uncomfortable. It’s hard. I thought my bed at school was hard. Oh. Now I know how a child feels when you put it to bed for a nap and it’s not sleepy. In this case, it’s like sitting in a classroom and knowing you have to keep awake to listen to the lecture but sooo sleepy. Actually I’d rather be up doing something. [Noise stimuli] Another sound. Someone groaning. Hmmmph. That’s very interesting. These different sounds that they put on here. I’m very hungry. I think I’ve said that about four times. Seems like it should be about time for this to be over. Let’s say I don’t amuse myself too well. Oh. Sounds very faintly like airplanes going past in these earphones. Oh, I wish there was something to occupy my mind or my hands or something. Oh, there’s a telephone up there. Hmmmph. Oh, I’m so restless.

I hope it’s nice out the rest of the week. I get so tired of wearing winter clothes. Of course, I don’t have time for sunbathing
anyhow. Time for nothing but three papers that have to be written. And a French final passed.

Oh. I was doing so well for a while. I was talking about beliefs. Sometimes I don’t think I have any beliefs. But I guess I do. [Noise stimuli] Sounds like a clock shop. A cuckoo clock and all these clocks ticking. I wonder what the time interval between noises is, about every five minutes? I don’t know. I suppose that would give me time to react to them if I was under the drug. But I’m hungry. I haven’t eaten for about seven hours. Since seven this morning. Oh. Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four. Oh, nine hours if its four. Oh, it certainly wasn’t four before. It must have been three thirty, probably just wishful thinking.

I wonder what Wayne Allen meant the other day when he said, “That’s what I like about Jane, she doesn’t fit anywhere.” That still bothers me. I’m sure he meant it as a compliment but I’m not sure exactly what kind. That sense of communication that we all have also disturbs me, because I feel like I’m always putting something over on Tom when I talk to his friend with my eyes. But I can’t help it because he talks back. A sort of nonexistent conversation.

Oh, I think it would be very interesting to hear this tape. Perhaps it would be more interesting than the others. Because this is the way I really am and the way I think. Spastic, I think. It’s about time for another sound, I’d say. Could be ten-minute intervals, I don’t know. I don’t think so. Oh. Wish I had a watch on. I guess this should show me that I’ve got to cultivate my mind in such a way that I can entertain myself without having to be entertained. [Noise stimuli] I don’t know what that sound was. Squeaking. Maybe a lion roaring or something. A man imitating a lion’s roar.

Oh. I wonder if I’ll have an interview with Dr. P—— before the last experiment is over. Or, after the last experiment is over. It would be very interesting to see what he had to say. Oh. I wonder why they leave the windows in here open but the cur-
tains flutter in the breeze. Oh, if I could only get up from here. I'll go mad. I would just love to hear the voice come in and say, "This is the end of the experiment. Lie quietly until someone comes to get you." I can hear the light sounds that I thought were crickets, just barely hear them. Oh, gosh. Oh. There's nothing going on in my head to tell you. I'm just completely and absolutely bored with myself. I hate to admit this really. It's a wonder other people don't get bored with me. They must. Of course, I'm better entertaining people than I am entertaining myself. Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't make rash statements without thinking. But I'm very bored. It would really be neat if they played my own voice on this tape. They very well could. An interesting thought. Wonder what my reaction would be under the drug. Oh. Oh. There's a high shrill sound. And there's some light coming through the windows. I didn't know the sunlight was shining enough for the sunlight to come through. I'd like to get outside and see.

Oh. John said he might come over tonight to see if, what kind of a reaction I got from the drug. This'll be funny. Of course, I could always put something on. That might be interesting to try. I'll see. Of course, if Tom comes over tonight, I'm not feeling well.

Oh. Seems like this would end soon. Please let it end soon. Three hours is a long time to lie here doing nothing.

(Sings) That song sounds very strange for me to be singing but I do it all the time, when I'm alone, or when I'm not alone. When I walk along the street, I sing. And I don't know if this is especially because I'm happy. This is because I feel like it. I suppose I'm a little impulsive but I like to sing, I really do. Oh, it helps pass the time away. My goodness, the time goes so slow. It went so fast under those drugs. It didn't seem like three hours at all. Oh, if I could just close my eyes and go to sleep.

It's funny about that song "Laura." It sort of got roped into being my favorite song. I like it all right. It's very funny. I told John, one of my boy friends, that that was my favorite song, just
for something to say. And the next weekend, I believe it was, I went to a dance with Tim, and John showed up there, with another girl. So, when Larry asked me if I wanted anything special requested, I said “Laura.” And I had them play “Laura” and then the next night I went out with John, and I got to go in his room in the Quad, and the first record he put on was “Laura.” (Laughs) A sort of a silent communication across the ballroom like the song “Some Enchanted Evening.”

Life is so funny. I don’t see how I could ever think that it wasn’t worth living. Because I’m really so happy now even though things have been going badly. I think it’s good to be happy when things are going badly. Because what is it going to be like when things are going well?

It’s very cold in here, the breeze on my feet.

Oh, I’ll be glad when school’s out and I can do some of the things I want like learn to play the piano, and read some of the books I want to read, and play golf. I’d like to learn to paint too. I don’t know. It’s pretty expensive. I don’t know whether I have a job or not this summer. I don’t know. I don’t know how it’s going to be in Birmingham this summer without any men around. Jim was always around last summer. So handy. I’d like to know what he’s doing now, but I’m going to keep my fingers completely out of the whole mess. I don’t know how I can be so cruel to those who love me. It’s quite strange. I suppose I’m afraid to love, myself, afraid that the same thing I’m doing to these boys will be done to me. Very cruel attitude to take.

Oh. I wish this were over with. I think I’m more restless now than I am when I’m under the drug. It’s ridiculous. I feel like I’m coming down with a cold. My roommate just got over with one. Oh, I can’t think of anything to say, I’m so sleepy. My eyes just want to close and stay there. Hmmm, I wish I could tell you something. I’d hate to have to listen to this tape back and try to get something out of it. There’s not much said. I suppose I’ve told more than I know, as usual. But I’m not especially trying to keep anything back so . . .
Oh. I wish they'd come after me. I'm going to go insane. I have no self-discipline. Ohhh.

Boy, I look fat from this position. My legs. I've got to go on a diet, that's all there is to it. Oh. Another evidence of lack of willpower. Oh. I hope I got a letter from Mother today. It will be interesting to see what she has to say in answer to my, has to say in answer to my last letter. Oh. All this time. (Sings)

Oh, I was very surprised this morning and pleased. Dr. R——, my English Bible instructor, read us a poem by Blake that I used to sing when I was in glee club. "Little lamb, little lamb, who made thee?" and it goes on and on. But it's so charming. We used to sing it, but I can't remember the melody. I don't remember. I wish I knew what time it was. No clock or anything that I can see. And I don't want to get up. I was told to stay here so . . . Ohhh. Hasn't been a sound for quite a while. The time goes so slowly when one is alone anyhow. Oh. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" Ohhh, I'll be all lint and fuzz from this bed. This is the only thing I have to wear so . . . Oh, this weather, I wish it would make up its mind and stay spring. Ohhh. Dr. P——, I'm just waiting to hear your voice. Please come in soon. It will be so welcome, you don't know how. Oh. Oh. (Sings) Oh.

This is the end of the experiment.

Oh, thank God.

Transcriber's Comment: The subject yawned continually throughout this experiment.
JANE HAD BEEN GIVEN 10 MG. OF SERNYL AND, LIKE MOST subjects, found it very unpleasant. Without the pleasant effects of altering imagery, Sernyl often causes marked feelings of de-personalization — of loss of "body self." In Jane, as with the others, there was a preoccupation with the abnormal bodily sensations.

"If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." "If I have the power of prophecy and have all knowledge, so that . . ."

I feel like a log. Just lying here. I feel like I can't think any-
thing even. And I can’t express myself even if I can think because it’s hard for me to talk. My lips are numb. It’s so uncomfortable. My perception is very bad. I can still see the room, the chair, the cotton, my dress, the microphone, the dome, and the cabinet at the end of the bed but I feel, well, doped or something. I feel very small. I’m very sleepy still. I don’t like this feeling of being a log or drunk or something. Because I can’t think. Nothing is clear. My body feels constricted somehow, I don’t know how. Like it’s compact. Or something. I’d just like to go to sleep. I wish there was something I could tell you but the inside of my mind is a glaring white. And I close my eyes or open them, it’s the same, the white of the dome or the white inside my mind. Just a blank wall. I feel very weak or brittle or something. I know I’m not brittle ’cause I can wiggle my toes. But the reaction is very slow, and jerky. I don’t know what this drug is trying to do. I just feel sort of nebulous. Like I’m here, what’ll you do with me?

I wonder how long I’ve been here. I’m so sleepy. Yet I can’t go to sleep and I can’t stay awake. It’s a horrible feeling. My lips are still very numb. But I don’t think anything that I can tell you. My mind is just a complete blank. Reminds me of the book 1984. The main character said, “I will see you in a place where there is no darkness.” I just feel like a lump of flesh. I’m not able to think of anything. I’ve always wondered what it would be like to be blind and deaf and dumb. It would be horrible.

I’d like to know what time it is. I feel like I’ve just wakened up or something. I’m ready to go. Like I’ve just wakened up in the morning. Very strange drug. All I can think of are, um, strawberry parfaits with a spoon sticking out. I would very much like to know how long I’ve been here. I have such a strange feeling. I can’t explain it. Like I’m still asleep, yet I’m not asleep, I’m awake.

I was very disturbed when I came in here this afternoon. I’m trying to remember why. Oh, I know now. A friend of mine, a male friend, is in love with me and I find it impossible to return
his love. And it's just a constant dilemma. I realize right now that I'm not in reality but I'm not in a world of my own either. I'm just somewhere but nowhere. I was even crying before. I feel so sorry for him. He's so — oh, I just don't know what to do about it. I can't think clearly about it now so I just better stop thinking about it. Maybe the time will go.

I'm not hungry. I just feel like moving around but I can't move around. I would like to know what time it is. I have a horrible feeling of tightness. Oh. This is a very strange drug. Doesn't produce images. I don't feel bad, I don't feel like I'm drowning, I don't feel normal. I just feel somewhere, but nowhere. I feel like I'm trying to wake up but it's such a long process, waking up.

Oh, I've got a paper to write tonight. I hope I can get it done. So much to do before the semester is over. I don't think the full impact of it has hit me yet. But it better hit me soon.

My lips still feel very numb. I feel like I could answer any questions that might be asked me but I don't feel like formulating my own questions. I feel restrained or something. How long does it take to wake up? My toes keep wiggling. I look so short. Well, I'm not very tall, after all.

I wish sometime I could just sit down and have a talk with myself, and just get inside myself and understand myself. So that I can know what to do with myself. I don't know, I get myself in such horrible situations with all sorts of people, nice people. Sometimes I hate this University because it isn't really life. It's just a flat portion of life. I feel like I'd like to get out into life and live. I have to get my education first.

I can't think clearly now so I shouldn't try to think out my problems. I'm sleepy, or something. It's a very strange feeling. Sort of half awake, half asleep. I feel so small. Miniature. Oh, I'm not seeing any visions, or anything. I just feel numb, like I'm frozen or something. Feel like I should be talking, but I can't think of anything to talk about. Everything is so white, inside my head, and in the dome, and the earphones are buzzing.
now. Sounds like my alarm clock but I've been sleeping through my alarm clock in the morning. I just feel suspended in . . .

I'll never turn Buddhist. (Sings) I can't even sing now. I have no connection between things. I don't suppose I could put two and two together and get four even. I think that's strange that I'm not hungry because I was very hungry when I came over here. Oh, if I could only go to sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep. I don't feel like I'm telling you anything. I just feel sort of like a blob and nothing else. I've been under here quite a while. Dr. P—— should be coming in and asking me questions soon. I feel numb all over.

Oh, my. "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." Gertrude Stein. Why can't I write a poem of regret, or soriness? I hate the inadequateness of the English language. I received two letters today; one was a poem, it said, "Jane, Jane." No, it said, "On a Tuesday morning I went walking, it rained. Jane, Jane, if I give you something will you treat it gently?" I shook and cried when I read it. I feel nothing now. I feel empty of all emotion. If this is what a person feels like without emotions I wouldn't want to be a person without emotions. Like a zombie or something. But then emotions bring difficulty into life because one cannot always love those who love him, or her. I just wish I could write a poem to express how I feel, to feel, to tell him how I feel, to soothe his hurt. Oh. Why must I be so stupid and lack so much willpower? Why can't I be the person I'd like to be? Strong, and have something to give someone, not just a charming little façade of me. But a real something. A real experience. I should be ashamed of myself, for playing with hearts like I do. I can see these things coming, why can't I have the willpower to prevent them from happening? All the wrong kind of men fall in love with me. It's the dilemma of the modern woman. She has no place in society. If she has any brains at all or any education at all, she wants to be heard by men, but men will not listen to her because she is a woman. Whether her ideas are good or not, in
order to listen to, they must be tremendously spectacular and superior to the men’s ideas.

Oh, I feel so strange. Like I’m in a swimming pool or something. Not under water though. I’ll just be glad when I can go home and cry. And deal with my problems when I’m home, write a letter, and cry.

How can I ask that I be respected when I do such stupid things? Oh. I just wonder what this summer’s going to be like. I’ve got to find a husband somewhere. A husband who’ll fit what I want in a man — that is my campaign for next year. That isn’t why I came to college, but I’ll be twenty-four when I get out of here. Or almost twenty-four, not quite. That’s strange to think of the future. I have decided not to accept a man that is in any way lower than myself. I didn’t put that well at all. I’m not thinking well, though. But I would just like to have something to love and to hold. Some basis from which to direct the course of my future life. All of these things bother me. In fact, I feel like crying now. I feel so sorry for John. I feel so sorry for him. I could just cry, really cry. I knew this would come in the experiment. Why can’t I have the willpower to stop these things before they begin? I knew he’d fall in love with me and I knew that I couldn’t love him, why couldn’t I stop it, why, why, why?

Oh. I’m feeling sorry for myself again and I’m crying. I’m also thinking out loud. My lips are numb. Oh. I want to really live my life, not just to exist but to live it to the fullest. But I don’t know how to get this fullness out of my life. I’d like to find a man who could help me do this. I know there are a lot of men whom I could help do this but wouldn’t help me, and I can give myself up to a man who needs me. I’ve got to need him too.

Oh, I’ll be so very glad when this year ends, very glad. Maybe it’ll give me a chance to catch my breath and to develop myself into a human being who’ll be attractive to the kind of man I want. Right now I feel like I’m inside of a jar. I don’t know why a jar, but just inside of a jar. Oh. I’m very miserable. How can I treat people the way I do?
I have no conception of time. I could probably lie here for an eternity and not know the difference. I have been crying. I'd like to go to sleep. And just be able to do what I want to do, when I want to do it. Oh. I feel so wheezy. My whole body reels numb.

I'd like to have a cigarette right now.

Oh. The inside of my mind seems crystal clear and there's nothing going on in there. And there's no such thing as time. I know there is in reality, but I would prefer not to accept it.

I wonder how I'm going to feel tonight. I have that stupid paper to write on "Art as an Experience."

I wish I could express the way I feel. Sort of a frozen corpse or something without any thought. And I'm just lying here for a temporary period or something. I don't have any special desire to move at present. I would just like to sleep or something. I don't know. I would just like to sleep. I would like to know what time it is. I have no conception of time. My lips are numb. I feel as though I were in a very deep sleep, yet I'm awake. That's a strange thing to say, I know. I hope I'm talking. I can't tell. Oh. I feel so shut in. Like I have facial on my face, or something, and I can't move my muscles. I feel so small. And so sleepy. And everything's so white. And I always wonder why I make such a mess out of my life. Why can't I just meet people and just say hello and not involve them? Oh. Next year I want to look for a husband but what am I going to do with Tom? What? I'll never get a husband if he's around. I really don't know what I want in a husband even. Oh. My lips are so numb. My eyes feel like they've been crying. I'm sure they have. I can't remember from one minute to the next what I've said. Everything is very bright but my eyes won't stay open. Even when they're closed, everything's bright. It's horrible. When your eyes are closed, things are supposed to be dark. But they're not. I'm glad I've had the experience of these drug experiments, but oh, . . . my toes want to wiggle all the time. My lips are so numb. And they feel like someone else's. I feel dry and hard.
I wonder how a person feels when he's dead. It would be very frustrating to be dead, I think. Just lying there rotting, not being able to do anything. I don't see how a mind can die. That must be the soul that goes to Heaven. But I'm not sure that I believe in Heaven. So, I don't know.

Oh, there are so many things I have to decide on. So many things. I feel like singing, but I don't feel capable of it. I don't think I could carry a tune in a bucket, as my mother says. I can't even talk. My mouth is so heavy and hard.

Oh. I wish I could go to sleep. I keep seeing green. I guess it's because it's springtime. And the walls of the room are green, or aqua. I would prefer just to lie here, to sleep.

I am going to ask you a number of questions which I would like you to answer as straightforwardly and shortly as you possibly can.

Do you feel ill in any way?
No.

Are you nauseated?
No.

Do you have a feeling of choking?
No.

Is salivation increased or decreased?
It's normal.

Do you have a dry taste in your mouth?
No.

Do you have an unusual taste in your mouth?
No.

Are your lips numb or drawn back as if you were smiling?
Yes. They're not drawn back but they're numb.

Does your head ache?
No.
Are things moving around you?
   No.

Do you feel dizzy?
   A little.

Is there difficulty in breathing?
   No.

Are you aware of your heartbeat?
   No.

Is it faster than usual?
   I don’t know. I’m not aware of it.

Are you sweating?
   No.

Are you hot?
   No.

Or cold?
   No. I just feel numb.

Are the palms of your hands moist or dry?
   I can’t tell.

Is your skin sensitive?
   Yes.

Do you have a funny feeling on your skin?
   No.

Do your hands and feet feel peculiar?
   Yes.
Do you feel heavy or light?
   I feel sort of buoyant.

Is your hearing abnormal?
   No.

Is it more acute than usual?
   Perception is difficult.

Is your eyesight blurred?
   Yes.

Do you feel weak or fatigued?
   I feel heavy.

Do you feel as if you are in a dream?
   No.

Are you anxious?
   No.

Can you guess what time it is?
   Hmmm, three thirty.

Why are you here?
   I'm here to take a psychology experiment.

Where are you at present?
   I am in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in the Medical Health Research Institute building, in a room with Dr. P—’s name on it on the second floor.

Have you ever felt like this before; and if so, under what circumstances?
   At first I felt drunk, but I've never felt exactly like this before.
Did you see anything unusual?
No.

Did you hear anything unusual?
No.

Do you feel anything unusual?
I feel like a block of wood.

Are you afraid?
No.

This is the end of your questions.

I'm very sleepy. Oh, I wish I could just go to sleep. I can't see very well. I feel like I'm lying on a cot, which I am. But I can't see. My skin feels funny. I feel very small. I'm not having any experiences. This drug has been strange, as I have said before. I just feel sort of nothing. Like I'm experiencing nothing, like I'm just not a part of life at all. I'm sleepy though. I would like to go to sleep. My lips are still numb. I feel like I'd like to wake up, like I've been sleeping. I know I've been crying, I can remember. I was crying about John. (Sings) I can't even sing. I'd like to sing very much but I can't. I bought the record from Black Orpheus Saturday, and I like it very much. I don't feel anxious, I just feel impatient. And I'm not hungry. This is a very odd feeling. I can't think of an analogy. (Hums) Oh, this is ridiculous. (Sings)

[Noise stimuli] Sound just came over the earphones of a — I don't know what it was. (Imitates noise) Like a bird or something.

All I can perceive is white and yellow.

Oh, I'd like to just go to sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep. I feel like I did the first night when I came into my room at the University and Mary was there — my roommate.
(Laughs) That was a long time ago. Almost a year. A year is a long time. It is very hard for me to think of years and days and weeks, minutes here. I know I have to have a paper tomorrow. I have four pages to write yet. And I remember I had a coffee date this morning with John. And I’ll be so glad when I get home on June 4. June 4 I’ll be home. I make such a mess out of things. I have to find a roommate for next year.

Oh. It’s funny I can sing without singing. I can feel the waves of the music going over me. I wish I could know what I felt like. Sort of sinking, sinking, sinking feeling, yet not quite. I can’t keep my eyes open.

[Noise stimuli] Sound just came through the earphone, sounded like a warning sound for one of those horror movies, not horror movies, but a movie like On the Beach. A warning of something.

I feel like I’m Aqua but I know I have an orange dress on. Oh. I would certainly like to know what I would act like if I was up and walking around under this drug. I feel like going to sleep. I can’t do that. My lips are very numb and my toes are numb. My thumbs are even numb. Oh. (Hums)

I’m not thinking anything but I just feel nebulous. It’s a very horrible feeling. Like a maggot or something. Wonder what time it is. Let’s see, tonight I have to finish that paper on “Art as an Experience” and do my French assignment. Pretty soon finals will be over and done with. Right now I can’t connect reality with unreality. I’ll be so glad to get home this summer, so very glad, so very glad, so very, very, very glad. Maybe I can find a place to hang onto and feel like I’m floating around in the air all the time. Oh. “Though I speak in the tongues of men, though I speak in the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity I am as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” Sounds very strange to me. Trying to memorize the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. I can’t even talk. Oh. (Hums)

What a strange thing life is. Life and being and everything, and ohhh . . . going so slowly. I think this is even worse than
last time when I wasn’t even under the influence of a drug. Now I am, I know, because I can’t see well. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen. Last Saturday one of the girls on our floor had us participate in a psychology experiment in which we had to relate the alphabet backwards. It’s hard. A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p — I can’t even think of it now. A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z. [Noise stimuli] Sounds like somebody snoring. I would like to be snoring now too. He sounds like he’s snoring. Oh. I feel so nauseous. Oh. I do hope I can write my paper tonight. This is an odd drug. I feel like I’m talking like Faulkner. He doesn’t use any punctuation or capitalization or anything. He just talks and talks and talks and talks anyway. It’s ridiculous.

Mmmm. I think this should be over soon. And then the lady will come in and I will wake up maybe, I hope. Mmmm. Mmmm. (Hums) Oh, that’s from Black Orpheus, I think. I can’t tell if it was supposed to be. It made a tremendous impression on me. Oh. I feel so sleepy. My face feels all dried out, small. It’s funny. I feel old. [Noise stimuli] Sounds like somebody’s, some cuckoo clock is coming out or something, a clock shop. This drug is very odd. I can’t pin down the effect it has on me. It just leaves me in a state of half asleep and half waked. With numb lips. (Hums) I wish I knew the words to it, they’re in Portuguese. And I don’t speak Portuguese.

Oh. I’ll be glad to get home and in my own bed tonight. I’ll be glad to get home in Birmingham and go to bed in my own room.

[Noise stimuli] Sounds like somebody screamed. [Noise stimuli] Sounds like somebody’s crying. I remember last time when I was normal all these noises were just on the tape.

I wish they’d hurry up. I’d like to go home. I wish somebody would snap their fingers so I’d wake up. Ummm. (Hums)

“If the sages ask thee why, thy beauty is wasted on the earth and sky, tell them, dear, that if thou it may foreseeing, then
beauty is its own excuse for being.” “If eyes are made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being.” (Hums)

Sounds like a motor is running somewhere. I wish this would end. I could go home and go to bed and sleep and sleep and sleep. (Hums) Oh, I can’t even sing. Oh. I want to go home. I want it to be sunshiny outside, and bright and cheery and not rainy and dreary. Why do I speak in rhymes? My lips feel numb and heavy. (Hums)

I can see me staying up all night, writing that stupid paper on “Art as an Experience.” Oh, twenty-five hundred words, oh. Got six pages of it written, just four more to go. Oh, I’ll be so glad when this semester is over and I can go home. It won’t be any better at home. It’ll still be life. I guess I just want to get out of life. But I can’t do that, I just want to live and live until I die. Mmmm.

I wish they’d come and get me. I’ve been in here an awful long time, awful, awful long time. (Hums) Oh. (Hums) Feet are ugly things. Feet are ugly things. They’re made to walk on and that’s all. Oh. I want to go home and go to bed. Go home and go to bed. I’m not sleepy any more though. I can’t keep my eyes open because the light is too bright. (Hums) Oh. I still feel half awake and half asleep. I’d like to get up and get out of here. Surely I’ve been in here for three hours by now. (Hums) Oh, I wish this experiment would end. This is awww — just go mad.

(Whistles) Oh. (Hums) It’s funny, I’ve been trying to remember that melody all day and I can’t. My lips are still numb but I think they’re losing a little bit of their numbness. Maybe the drug is wearing off. I hope so. I wish they’d come in after me, I’m not saying anything, I’m just singing. (Hums) I still feel very small. I wonder what time it is. It must be about time for the experiment to end, but I said that a long time ago, I’m sure. Mmmm. (Hums) My mind is so blank. Why can’t I think? Everything seems light but I can’t think. And it’s very difficult for me to talk. I’ll have to set English words to that music. (Hums) Oh. (Hums) I wish they’d come and get me.
Wonder what time it is. Dr. P—, it’s surely four thirty by now.

This has been a crazy drug. I still can’t see very well. (Hums) I feel like it should be about seven at night. (Hums) Oh. I’m not hungry, I’m not thirsty. Mmmm. (Hums)

That melody does something to me. I just can’t get rid of it. Surely this experiment should be over soon. My gosh. I haven’t heard a sound for ages. (Hums)

I wonder why I always sing. Most people don’t go around singing all the time like I do. It’s ridiculous. No, it isn’t. Because I like to sing.

Oh, this, this drug, it’s very strange. I can’t feel that it’s had any specific effect on me. Except my lips are so numb. (Hums) (Sings) I can’t even carry a tune still. I can hum but I can’t carry a tune. Wonder why that is. Strange. (Sings)

I wish some thoughts would go through my head so I could relate them to you. I just wish the experiment would end. Mmmm. (Hums) Guess I’m all here. Oh. (Hums) Oh, I’m not saying anything. I can’t think of anything to say. There’s nothing going on in my head. Just empty, empty. (Whistles) (Hums) Ohhh. (Hums) I wish they’d come and get me. I’m just lying here doing nothing. I’m not thinking, I can’t talk very well. I’m just singing. It seems like the three hours should be up. The lights on, ohhh. (Sings) Oh, this is ridiculous. I’m sure, I’m sure it’s the end by now. (Hums) I haven’t heard any sounds in so long. Won’t that voice ever come in and say, “This is the end of the experiment, lie quietly until we come and get you”? Oh, please. (Hums) I feel pretty good now. I hope I can walk all right. I just don’t know how much longer I can lie here, doing nothing, feeling nothing. That drug has had such a nebulous effect on me. (Hums) My feet feel cold. (Sings) Oh, this is ridiculous. I’m just lying here doing nothing. I can’t even think. It’s impossible for me to think. Oh, Please come and get me. I know you can’t answer my requests, my responses, but it’s the time, my gosh.
Wonder what it's doing outside. It's probably raining like mad. Oh. Well, I wish this would get over with or they'd ask me some questions or something. I'm going mad. Aqua mad.

(Hums)

Oh, come on. I can't think. I can't tell you anything. This drug has taken all thought off my brain. Ohhh. You're not just going to let me lie here until I ring the button, are you? I don't want to ring the button, but I may have to. This is very odd. I'd like to get up and walk around. To tell how I really feel. I can't tell when I'm lying down. I wish I had a cigarette. (Sings) Oh, this is horrible. I'm ruining that beautiful song. Oh, I don't think I can go on much longer. Oh. There's nothing to talk about because there's no thoughts going on in my head. Ridiculous, absurd. I can't think about anything. I guess this is what they call being empty-headed. Very uncomfortable, really. Not physically, but mentally. Wonder what time it is. Wish they would hurry up. This is horrible. (Whistles) Just nothing, nothing over the earphones but a breeze. Oh. Great. Oh, I wish I could go to sleep. Or I was hungry or something that I could tell you about. But there's nothing. Wish they'd come and say something. I'll go mad. I said that before.

I can see all right now. There's my coat over there and my black scarf, the chair, and a thing on the wall with a thing to push. There's a bookcase at the end of my feet, there's a dome over my head and the microphone around my neck and earphones around my ears, over my ears, I can't hear. My feet are tied together. And my hands are in mitts. And I want to go home.

(Hums) I feel pretty good now. Wish she'd come and get me. Did you forget about me? This is horrible. Oh. Guess I'm not quite normal. My face feels funny. (Hums) I'd like to sit up. There's nothing to talk about. My brain is absolutely empty. Just like this dome over my head. The numbness in my lips is wearing off. I'm beginning to feel normal. Oh, this is ridiculous. Oh, my. If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels and
have not charity, I am as a sounding, clanging, as sounding brass or clanging cymbal. Oh. What's the use? What's the use of it all? I don't know what to talk about. *(Hums)* I've just about talked myself out, I think.

Now I'm getting cold. Shivers. Seems like I've been in here an awful long time. *(Hums)* Oh, there's nothing to talk about. My brain is absolutely devoid of all thoughts. I'm not even hungry. I just have a call to nature. I can see all right. Seems like I've been in here for about five hours. I've got to think of a poem to write to John. Oh, that poor guy. Poor, poor guy. Ohhh. Oh, please come and get me, please. There are no sounds, no nothing. I feel pretty normal. Oh. This is horrible.

*This is the end of the experiment.*

Transcriber's Comment: *All during this experiment whenever the subject hummed* *(Hums)* *she was humming the same melody over and over again. I do not know what it was; it was not "Laura."*
FRANK WAS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, A SENIOR IN THE SCHOOL
of Literature, Science and the Arts, anticipating entering a
medical school the next fall. He talked about this, as he did
most things, with a confident fluency and lots of enthusiasm.
On graduation he was planning to marry and was presently a
little concerned that his social life might be showing in his
grades. In fact, coming from a high school where he had gradu­
ated with an average of A—, he, like so many of his peers, found
his C+ average at the University of Michigan both disappoint­
ing and perplexing. An athletic fellow, he had been active in
varsity gymnastics for several years but guessed he would “have
to give more time to studying in the future.” Frank considered
himself gregarious; he liked to be around lots of people but drank little. He denied ever taking drugs before for other than medical reasons. He said that his volunteering for a drug experiment might have something to do with the fact he was going into medicine, but that it was mostly because he wanted to earn some money.

The transcript begins a little earlier in the three hour session. Frank is just concluding answering some of the questions he had heard through the earphones. In Frank's case, the complete transcripts are not reproduced. We have included the questions again to show that Frank, while he experienced intense imagery, as did others, and also appeared rambling and confused, nevertheless answered the questions well.

This is so great. I'm sorry I'm taking so long to answer these questions but I'm watching the patterns change on the roof of this little ceiling here. It's great. Sorta like crystallized snowflakes that just keep changing patterns all the time. They're pretty to watch. Good. It's wonderful. Arms getting awfully heavy. Think they're being tied off. The thing over my head has seemed to become alive now. Whether it's the need for creating motion or not I don't know. Feel like I'm in the middle of a big snow hill. This pink color is real strange. It comes and goes. I think it might be from — I don't know whether it would be the need for color or not. Oh, it's funny. All around when I look with my fingers ... With my fingers? No, with my eyes.

I get very vacillating kind of mood here. Sort of sometimes serious and other times I don't care.

Oh, that was different. The moving pattern now of the red pattern has seemed to form a, oh, a head like one of those pre-time pterodactyls. No wings, just the head. Sorta a fiery head, a dragon head. That's real nice. It's like watching cloud forma-
tions. Around and— it’s really amusing. Okay. Around and around. There’s a formation that looks to me like a skull of some sort. There’s that pink color back again, green tints this time too. As soon as I blink my eyes, it goes away momentarily but if I stare at it again it comes right back. If I let my mind wander, it’s really strange. Things that come out. There seems to be a big red spider’s web over in the left, upper left corner. But it goes away if I think it’s a spider’s web. I can just see that out of the corner of my eye, like trying to catch a phantom that isn’t really there. When I look at it, it’s gone.

I seem to want to lift my body right up, up to the ceiling. Not the ceiling of the room, but the fluid ceiling of this thing over my head.

I was having a little fantasy a little while ago. Uh, hmmm. I just got a spark or something made me jump. I don’t know what it was. Made me nervous. Everything in here seems alive now. Feels as if something — there’s heat on my foot. Moving, moving. This is strange. Keep wanting to drift away, drift away. With my eyes open I want to drift away up to the top. And I don’t feel any . . .

Beginning to feel very restless, very tense. My feet are warm. Remember thinking just a while ago whether this was a drug or just cherry juice. Hmmm. Still not sure.

A wheel. Yes. The— now wait a minute. I’m not sure whether I’m manufacturing this or not. Awful warm. My right arm seems to be cramped or something. There’s sort of an I-don’t-care-either. My nose itches. I want to scratch it. I find myself getting very tense and anxious, if I let my mind just go blank. The anxiousness disappears if I let myself concentrate on it for a while. It’s really strange. The eyes creating movement like that. A real red pattern’s all over the ceiling. It’s a kind of euphoria. Wanting to be out, mixed with fear, I think it is. Real strange. I find myself wanting to cry for help. If I let my mind wander, it just runs in all kinds of patterns. It’s hard. I’ll let it wander out loud.
The patterns are moving again. I don't know what I'm afraid of. I have an intense fear of something. That pair of red lips. Hmmmm. Very strange. My mind feels alive. Right now I'm dizzy trying to form — there we are, I reconstructed from the panels up here my fiancée's face. That's — whole lips. There's a girl with a wedding dress on. Stands to reason. Just for a moment and then it's gone. Seems like there's a big dark spot over here waiting to — it's gone now.

There. Just relax. And let the world go by. I feel great. Fearful. And sweating. Things are starting to move again and they're all red. My eyes won't stay still, they move and search around. I created it, I guess, now. There it goes. I wonder if those are the minute, minute movings of my eyeballs I'm not aware of. Hmmmph.

I'm very hot. Very hot.

Green, ohhh. Just got a new color now, it's green. I keep feeling I want to slide away from reality. There's a crown — no, I seem to hear, I was reconstructing voices a minute ago. That's funny. My arm's beginning to ache.

Water in my eye, can't come out. My eyes are watering. (Laughs) They're getting full of water. I feel like I'm going to cry. Gone away now. No, this is funny. I, at first, felt something in my eye like someone squirted juice in it and then all of a sudden my eyes got all watery. Feels almost like an oil. But I think it's sweat. It's really funny. No, I'm sure it's sweat. Ummm. Very strange. Yeah.

The water in my eye was sweat, I guess. Because I'm back with it again. It's really funny. I felt like I was riding off the brink that time. I just wanted to go. Here we go again. Awful warm. The sun. Very tense. Find myself not being able to relax. Creating illusions. Very funny. Whoop. I'm really warm. The air in here is awfully stuffy. Keep trying to form figures, out of the sky up here. There's one upside down with a head on it. No go. As soon as I realize I'm forming them, I chase them away. It's strange. Find myself very tight, too, very apprehensive, I think.
I'm awful warm. There's a high-pitched whine now in the—well, not high-pitched, it's gone now. There's static in the earphones now; it's interrupted momentarily now.

It almost seems as if I'm creating hallucinations for myself. Everything's moving and it's red. That's if I stare. If I close my eyes, what happens? Hmmm. There's a big hole. I don't know whether I'm supposed to keep my eyes open or closed. I keep them open and I stare. I'm awfully warm. There's something brown now. Brown and it turns to red. Brown, red, and green. Whoops, there it goes. It's red now.

I want to run away. That's what I feel like. Very apprehensive about this whole business. Ummm. Blue. Won't go away. There's blue. Keep wanting to fall out, off a cliff and let myself go and I'm fighting it. I'm fighting something, I don't know whether it's going to sleep or what it is. I stay and stare.

Ooops, there it goes. If I stare at the white, I feel like I'm flying. There we—yeah. Feel like I'm in the nose cone of a bomber or something, or a—what it's like is I feel like I'm in the space ship that has a big window. Maybe that's wishful thinking, though. It's strange. I know I'm with me. I can feel my feet. And my toes, my hands, and my body but I want to run.

Ummm. Feel like there's a weight standing on my stomach. Find it very hard to lay in one place on my back. Getting very uncomfortable. There's a Zuñi bird. Zuñi bird is the Zuñi thunderbird, a dance the men used to do. Find myself slipping away. Getting very restless. It's strange. I have no conception of time. I—about an hour must have passed or so. Hmmmph. My arm aching, I want to move. Feels like I'm—there's an eagle's head.

Microphone just fell over. And I pushed it back. I wonder if that's what this thing is. How about that?


Find the people—no, not people. I hear people's shouts.
They go away after. Nuts . . . Whee. Very strange. I feel very hot. And the microphone just slid down my neck. I want to fly. This is silly. Whoops, there it goes again. There we go. There we go, back in, whoops. I hear the throbbing beat of an airplane engine. That's what it sounds like. My right arm feels like it's lost. Whoops. What the hell's that? Boy, I'm awful warm. There goes the top again. Moving around and around and around. It's funny how the eye will create movement when there isn't any for itself. There it goes. Feel like I'm going too. Feels like something out of a science fiction or something. Whoops. That's very funny. I just saw a configuration of—well, there's a chicken embryo and a human embryo. They're gone now. Well, something's coming back. Ohhh. Felt awful stiff. Microphone's slipping down my neck. Hope there's another one. Feel like no one can hear me. Is anyone here? Guess not. Find my mind wandering to all the scientific facts that I know. Wheee. I want to slide. Slide. Ohhh. Want to call out but I can't, so I won't. Wheee. I'm creating color again. Pink now. Very warm, I'm sweating. Color is moving, I'm creating movement again. Around it goes. And back. Around and back. And back and around. And ly-de-ly. Wheee.

Ummm. Now, what's that? A yellow light moving, seems to be, there it is now. Feel like I'm dredging up creatures from science-fiction novels. Here's one with a — yep, let's see . . . he's got a bird head and a fiery red, well, something on the top. He had a, a shield and it looked like a bird warrior. All feathered. Hmmm, how about that?

Feel like someone is standing on my stomach. It may be because I haven't eaten enough. Awfully warm in the genitals, I keep wanting to move. Almost to assure myself that I'm still capable. It's very funny. Right now I'm awfully tight. My stomach's tightening up.

Hmmm, what's that? Electrical discharges. Arm aches. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be doing, reporting or enjoying. A sunfish, angelfish, no. What the hell? Hmmm. There goes my
right eye this time. It's gone away. Nope, it's back again. The whole thing's pink. The whole top of this thing is pink and my eyes just sting. It's gone now. (Laughs) This is really funny. I'm awful warm. This is great. Everything is red, no pink. My eyes feel like they're growing fur. But I think it's just sweat. Everything's pink. Pink, pink, pink. All I see is pink and I'm warm. And I'm tight. Everything's moving. I hear a strange noise in the, in the earphones like people, children screaming. Oh, no, it's birds. Wheee. Wheee. My right foot is awfully warm. The microphone feels like it's choking me. Awful warm. I feel like a space pilot would feel. Oh, that's interesting. What the hell's that? What an ugly little head. Ha, ha. Constructing figures again, my mind's pleasure. Selecting. Ha, ha, ha. Ohh, what's that over there?

_I am now going to ask you a number of questions which I would like you to answer as straightforwardly and as shortly as you possibly can._

Oh, hello. Okay.

_Do you feel ill in any way?_

No, I feel great.

_Are you nauseated?_

Nope.

_Do you have a feeling of choking?_

A little, but I think it's because the microphone is on my chest. Or it's off on the side now, so . . .

_Is salivation increased or decreased?_

About the same.

_Do you have a dry taste in your mouth?_

I did have a little while ago, but I don't have now.
Do you have an unusual taste in your mouth? Or a bitter taste?  
Nope, none.

Are your lips numb? Or drawn back as if you were smiling?  
No.

Does your head ache?  
No.

Are things moving around you?  
Yes. The ceiling of this silly thing is moving.

Do you feel dizzy?  
No, I don’t.

Is there difficulty in breathing?  
Seems to be a — well, not real difficult, but there’s a . . .

Are you aware of your heartbeat? Is it faster than usual?  
No, now I am.

Are you sweating?  
Yes, profusely.

Are you hot? Or cold?  
Very hot. No, I feel hot.

Are the palms of your hands moist?  
Yes.

Or dry?  
No.

Or cold?  
No.
Is your skin sensitive?
   No. My right arm’s getting numb.

Do you have a funny feeling on your skin?
   No.

Do your hands and feet feel peculiar?
   My feet are hot. They feel blown up almost.

Do you feel heavy?
   Very.

Or light?
   Heavy now.

Is your hearing abnormal?
   It’s abnormally acute, I would say.

Is it more acute than usual?
   Yes.

Is your eyesight blurred?
   Yes.

Do you feel weak or fatigued?
   No.

Do you feel as if you are in a dream?
   No.

Are you anxious?
   Yes. I was earlier but I’m not now, when I hear your voice.

Can you guess what time it is?
   I’ve no idea. Not very late, though. About seven, maybe seven thirty.
Where are you at present?
In a building on — oh, what the heck. Mental Health Research, second floor.

Why are you here?
I'm here because of an experiment on drugs.

Have you ever felt like this before; and if so, under what circumstances?
No. Never.

Did you see anything unusual?
Yes.

Did you hear anything unusual?
Yes. Voices. Strangely enough.

Are you afraid?
I was, I'm not now.

This is the end of your questions. We will now continue with the experiment. Please lie down quietly and report all your experiences and thoughts. We will contact you again at the end of the experiment. Thank you. [All subjects heard these sentences after the final questioning.]

Roger, over and out. Here I go creating pictures again. Keep thinking I hear people whispering, but . . . Eagle. Wheee. That's funny. Seems to be someone standing over me. Radar dome. There is a band of darkness across it. Hmmm, a saber-toothed tiger. No, that's not what it is. What is it?
Mouth is very dry now. My right arm aches. Here come the red spots again. I think I'm seeing my — yeah, I wonder . . . Oh, that is what it is. Doggone. Ha, ha. I heard a hum and people laughing and talking. Sounded like a real busy corner of New York City. (Laughs) This is funny. I hear a frog — a frog?
FRANK UNDER PSilocybin: A frog? Makes me think of when we used to go to the water last summer. (*Laughs*) Find myself wanting to go back there. But I can’t. Very funny. Feel very uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable. Find myself moving my legs in time with the moving top here. *[Noise stimuli]* Hear noises. I’m hallucinating up a nude woman here. It’s gone away now. Everything’s red. Seems like I hear music in the background. Like the radio when I was a little boy. A clock, a clock, huh. *Butterfly*, brown butterfly. Now he’s red. Now there’s a hand. Awful warm. Find myself listening to the static, careening noise for me to listen to, everything’s moving again now. I’ll close my eyes and see what happens.

Funny. I felt like a bunch of little feet were walking on me. My right foot’s warmer than my left. Right arm’s sore, awful sore. Feel like a little boy almost. I’m hallucinating again. What’s that? Hmmm. Something was stuck in my ears, like ear sockets. *[Noise stimuli]* Ha. (*Laughs*) I just heard someone was shooting a bullet. A *car*. Stomach’s awfully tight. My ears seem full. Here comes a noise. Funny. I find myself just tightening right up as I lay here and what the hell’s that noise? I just heard an explosion. Oh, a small war. (*Laughs*) Wheeee. I find myself so tight. I found myself shrinking away from the top of this thing. (*Laughs*) Had a dream about a minute ago about a war, I was ducking. Trying to get down under this couch deeper and deeper and deeper, but it didn’t seem like a couch then. I’m scared. I hear a war. I hear someone groaning, someone’s groaning. There’s a war going on behind him. Awful hot. I’m hearing all sorts of strange noises now. There’s that war. There it goes. Machine guns, the whole works. I can’t help myself, I’m squirming around this couch like I’m a — gone away now. Hear water mumbling. Feel like I’m floating away. Shrinking away. Oh. A face swaying. Ugly face, square features, two noses — one nose? — no, two noses, no lips, large strange features. Kind of ugly. My right arm feels like it’s gone. Ha, ha. There’s that red spot again. Boy, I’m awful tight. There’s the war again. Find myself
tightening up very much. That war. It’s gone now. I hear a ma­
chine. A bomb, two bombs, three bombs. Very strange. I hear it. I’m afraid. The war’s gone now. Red. Feel like I’m floating away. Very strange. I’m not sure whether I hear people scream­

Very funny. Caught myself making myself cracking my jaw back and forth from left to right. Like a metronome. Very funny. Take great pleasure out of that for some reason. One foot feels longer than the other. My right one seems longer than the other one. Ha, ha, ha, what is that thing? No, gone away now. Wheee. [Noise stimuli] There goes a sound in the earphones like a high-pitched whine. Almost like a signal sound. Warm all of a sudden. Looks like there’s a head bending over this thing. Gee, my chest is warm. Breathing fast. Right arm’s funny. Sore. That’s funny. I just had the thought that that’s the one that my dad doesn’t have, is the right one.

Here comes the war again. Interjected by a frog? (Laughs) So funny. Everything’s pink again now. Try to relax and I can’t. Little red spots in front of me again. I find myself afraid, from hearing myself talk, I guess, I don’t know. My mind, whooo, wanders. Those red spots look like—My chest is awful warm. Awful warm. Sounds that are offered in the earphones or the static. Everything’s stationary now, including me. I feel de­
tached for some reason from the rest of my body, although I know it’s there. I feel like a head, a big head, fathead, yeah. Very funny. There’s, whoops, an embryo and it turned into a mouse. Oh, yes, it would, wouldn’t it? Whooo, oh, what the hell is that? Hey, there’s a snake’s head now. Gone away. Get the feeling there’s a head standing over me. Hello. I’m awful warm. Awful warm. Here I go again. I’m being pressed down into the couch. I hear a war mixed with kids screaming. Sounded like the schoolyard back when I was small. Want to run. Now, it’s more like a war. I’m very uncomfortable. My left leg (laughs), my
left leg is tightening up. If I realize it is — it is, I can feel it — I can let it down again.

I hear a radio. That’s Caroline Gay and I sitting in front of the radio when we’re little. That’s what it sounded like. Caroline Gay, she’s married now.

That’s funny. My left leg’s tight again. It shouldn’t be. Everything’s red. My feet are crossed. (Laughs) Oh, I just had a wonderful thought. My feet are crossed. That’s really funny. Just like Christ when they crucified him. And there I am. Spread-eagle across — wait a minute. Delusions are great. It’s so funny. What the hell is that thing? I don’t know why my feet are crossed like that. Heard noises a while ago. Like a tractor.

Here comes the war again. Scared, I guess. Machine guns. Carbine. Heavy machine gun off in the brush. There’s little things whistling over me, in the earphones, but I crouch down. Everything’s red again. My stomach’s tight and my feet are tight, rather uncomfortable. More fear, I think. War. I don’t know. Hear a strange — oh, ahhh, uhhh, awful stiff. I want to stretch. Feel closed in. I think those things must be corpuscles, red — no, white ones. Yeah, that’s what they are. Sweat on the end of my nose. I lost track of my nose a while ago. Ohhh, I’m stiff. My right arm is stiff. Ahhh, horrible taste. I’m not sure what it was, but it didn’t taste too good. Thought I heard some noises again. A bird? So what’s a bird doing in here? Ohhh. (Laughs) I have such an intense pain in my right arm I can’t believe it. Like someone — (Laughs) No, it’s not a muscle cramp. It’s, what the hell is it? What — it’s gone now. Sounded like someone was drilling in my arm or putting pressure on my right arm. Same arm my father lost somehow, I don’t know how. Somehow in the war or how he lost it. Walking movement. I want to make funny movements with my mouth. Marching-type movements. Feel very uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable. Hot. Comes that damn machine gun again. That damn war, there goes my stomach. I’m moving once again. Aw-
ful type. Red. Looks like someone is standing over me, a head. That’s a head. Figure bending over me, the right-hand side—no, awful tight, cut my arm off? No. Kind of silly. Awful tight. Don’t know why my legs are tightening up like they are. Think I must be doing it, I don’t know why. Like this red droplets all over the ceiling. It’s almost like a bomb’s-eye chart. (Laughs) Thinking of the Communist Chinese, Johnny, Korea—maybe I wish I was there. I don’t know. Feel like I got something in the arm. Arm’s awful sore. Right arm. Warm. Mouth’s dry. Feel like I’m wounded. Funny. Yeah, I’ve been shot and left. (Laughs) That’s the way it goes, I guess. Comes some bombs. Ha. There’s those damn machine guns again. (Laughs) I hear it. There’s nothing I can do about it. (Laughs) It’s so funny. I think we lost the microphone. (Laughs) My stomach’s tight. Almost like I’ve been shot in the stomach and I’m wrapped up. Arm’s sore. Stomach muscles are tight. Feel like I’m laying under a big—no, under a big leaf? Listening to the sounds of the battle all around me. My arm’s awfully sore. Like someone drilling into it just above the elbow, about half-way above, pull it out. Like shrapnel. No. Oh yeah. Bird? Oh, birds. I swear those are corpuscles. Red ones. I betcha that’s what they are. I’m seeing the inside of my eye. That’s the blood. (Laughs) Funny, that’s what it is, sure. Blood moving through the tissues in my eyes. Has to be. Yes. Birds? What the hell is going on here? Feel like I’m in a fighter plane now. I mean a bomber. (Laughs) Looking out through the—either the tail nose or something. That’s funny. I know I’m not. I know I’m here. Nope.


*This is the end of our experiment.*
FRANK WAS GIVEN 150 µG OF LSD-25. THE TRANSCRIPTION BEGINS about 50 minutes later.

With my eyes closed, it's like Fantasia, the movie Fantasia. The colors change, move and dance around each other. *(Laughs)* What the hell is that? Uhhh. Nawww. Go way *(laugh)*, go away. Well, well there he is, back again. Shield and all. *(Laughs)* There are things in a state of red flux, not really red. Sort of moving around. I'm trying to form these cells into pictures, but I won't let them. My jaws are very tight. Any position I go into, it seems, I seem to want to hold. It's funny. It's real strange. My legs are feeling a little funny. *(Laughs)* I don't
know how to describe them. They're there. They periodically tighten up, though. Maybe that's me. I think, but I'm not sure. Hmmm, to do, to do, to do. Hmmm. Very restless. My feet are warm. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Feel like I've been to the movie for the second time. I've seen the show already. I, eeee, what the hell. My goodness, what was that thing? Like a skull, not a skull. It had a hat on. A skull with a hat on, that's what it was. A skull with a hat on.

My jaws are awfully tight. Nothing really drastic going on. Periodic chills going down my body. Foot twitched. This is really strange. It's like talking to God or something. Talking to someone you can't see or feel or touch or smell. Jaws are very tight. Can't remember whether I had a drug or not. Guess I did. Nothing — I'm just talking to hear myself talk.

Ohhh, here's something. My stomach is so warm. Feel like I'm completely detached from my body until I move it. Almost feel like there's a — I don't know — there's something around my chin of some kind. Makes me grit my lower jaw. Very funny. Almost like I'm mad at the world and I set my jaw to catch 'em with 'em. (Laughs)

My eyes are stinging. I was probably wrong. Must have been just sweat. Felt like iodine at first. Blink and it goes away.

Mmmm, boy! Awfully warm in here. (Laughs)

Catch myself setting my jaw periodically. I don't know why. Guess I'll have to do something. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. (Mumbles) The muscles in my back are improving. Everything is red, red, red, red. Like a big spider's web and it moves. Mmmm. Ohhh, Mmmm. Very funny. Feels like my head's floating off my body. That's doing it. (Laughs) Feels like one half of me keeps sliding away. My left hand. Wants to get away or something. Nothing really much. Catch my mind wandering around. Really funny. I feel right now (laugh) relaxed. One leg keeps wanting to tighten up. And then I tighten up the other one to counteract it (laugh), feels like half of me is sliding off one side. Very funny. Silly thing to turn into a spider. Strange,
sort of floating sensation. Sort of pick up and float around, up and down, in a spiral and down. Very, very tight. Want to drift off, feel like I'm drifting away. (Mumbles) Feel tight, feel like — (laugh) what an experience! — feel like my left foot is longer than my right for some reason, about a foot longer. I know it isn't, though. (Mumbles) Hmmm, hot and cold flashes. Feel like I'm all cramped up for some reason. Can't lie in one place. Somebody's laying on me. (Laughs) Feels like somebody is sticking something in my eyeball. Find it's only sweat. (Laughs)

Here we go again. Ohhh, wonderful. Everything's getting allll pink, pink, pink, pink, pink. What the hell's going on here? Nothing. Just really (laugh), really funny. I feel like I'm being stepped on from four different ways. Chills running up and down my body. My feet feel like they're walking again. It's really funny. (Laughs) I want to walk. (Laughs) So I'm walking. (Hums) It's really funny. For some reason I want to walk (laugh), to walk around. (Hums)

Well, I've stopped walking now. But I'm holding both my toes, they're holding each other. Everything's just moving. Feel good. I think. It seems like I'm floating on top of the couch. I'm not. That's what it feels like. Hmmm. (Laughs) There goes my stomach going to float. That's what it feels like. Hmmm. (Laughs) Ohhh, feel like my stomach is bloated, bloated. Hmmm. Bloatd. Awful tight. Warm. Cramped in. Awful warm, awful, awful warm. I find myself wanting to fight these effects somehow. I don't know. I'm not comfortable. Feels like someone is standing on my stomach. Feel like I'm a baby just experiencing experience and . . . my legs don't feel like they belong to me. Keep thinking they belong to somebody else. I can experience them, I can press my toes but — kind of strange. Feel like I'm in a little world all of my own right now. World I don't even want to be in. Ha.

I am now going to ask you a number of questions which I would like you to answer as straightforwardly and as shortly as you possibly can.
Do you feel ill in any way?
   No. Well, I do and I don't. *(Laughs)* I felt sick to my stomach earlier. *(Laughs)* I don't know if that came over the headphones or where it came from.

Are you nauseated?
   No. *(Laughs)* This is really funny.

Do you have a feeling of choking?
   No. *(Laughs)*

Is salivation increased or decreased?
   About the same.

Do I feel like I'm floating away from you? Far, far, far. Feel so jammed in right now, stuck.

Are things moving around you?
   Oh, you're back with me *(laugh)*. Yes. *(Laughs)* I just heard another click. Really strange. I feel like I'm floating up off the bed that I'm lying on. I really do.

Are your lips numb? Or drawn back as if you were smiling?
   No. I'm sweating profusely and I'm quivering all over.

Does your head ache?
   No.

Are things moving around you?
   Yes.

Do you feel dizzy?
   No.

Is there difficulty in breathing?
   Not much.
Are you aware of your heartbeat?  
No. I'm not.

Is it faster than usual?  
Wait a minute and I'll tell you.

Are you sweating?  
Very much. My heartbeat is faster.

Are you hot?  
Very.

Do you feel cold?  
No, hot. I did feel hot and cold before.

Are the palms of your hands moist?  
Yes.

Are they dry?  
Moist.

Does your skin feel sensitive?  
No.

Do you have any feelings on your skin?  
No.

Do your hands and feet feel peculiar?  
My left foot . . .

Do you feel heavy?  
(Laughs) Who just dropped that board? [There was noise in earphones.]  
(Laughs) Very.

Is your hearing abnormal?  
Yes. It is.
Is it more acute than usual?
   I can't decide.

Is your eyesight blurred?
   Well, if you call everything blurred . . .

Do you feel weak or fatigued?
   No. I don't feel much at all. (Laughs)

Do you feel as if you are in a dream?
   Not really. I just feel like I'm floating on a cloud.

Are you anxious?
   I was, very much. More concerned, I think, than anything.

Can you guess what time it is?
   Around seven thirty.

Where are you at present?

Why are you here?
   Participate in a drug experiment, report how I feel.

Have you ever felt like this before; and if so, under what circumstances?
   Yeah, last week. Last week under these same circumstances.

Have you seen anything unusual?
   Nothing really.

Did you hear anything unusual?
   No. I heard somebody drop a door. (Laughs)

Are you afraid?
   No.
This is the end of your questions. We will continue with the experiment. Please stay lying down quietly and report all your experiences and thoughts. We will contact you again at the end of the experiment.

Okey-dokey. Check in, Roger, over and out. Hmmm.  
[Noise stimuli] Someone's crying? Someone's crying and someone's walking out of a room. Sounded like my mother. I heard that, by the way. I did hear it. That's so funny. Someone crying, someone walking out of a room. Feel like I'm shrinking. I feel like I'm shrinking (laugh). Wheee. I feel like I'm shrinking. (Laughs) Wheee, is that queer! Wheee. Is that fun! (Laughs) I can't help it. I feel like I'm shrinking. Now I'm stretching back out again. Now I'm shrinking again. (Laughs) My fingertips feel funny. And I'm really tight or something. Wow! I can't get over this. I'm awful tight. It's really queer. I feel like I've lost my one side completely. Feel strange. Can't describe the feeling. I feel light and heavy all at once. It's really funny. Like someone is alternately standing on me or something. Facial contortions seem to be a rage these days. I feel for some strange reason my right arm, yeah, that's my right arm — whoops, there go my eyes again. (Laughs) Whee. Uh, everything happening at once. I feel awful tight in my right arm; I've got room, it's just sore. I'm quivering. Felt like I was shrinking and fading away all at the same time. I can't divorce my thoughts long enough to talk. Find it very hard to come away. I always want to participate more than I want to describe. I hear fire sirens. Very strange. My feet and arms and hands don't feel part of my head. Each leg . . . This has been coming on periodically. Stomach's tight. One leg's higher than the other. One leg keeps feeling about one foot higher than the other, all the time. For some strange reason. Tight. War's on again. I keep wanting to run to fantasyland.

Very strange, I find — hmmm, doesn't feel like I'm reporting the things I should be reporting, for some strange reason. Hard
to — feel like I’m floating on air again. Except there’s some­thing hot right where my chest ought to be. My right arm feels like it — very strange. My head is going to float right off. (Laughs) I have the feeling my body’s tight. It must be. Strange. My right foot feels like it’s way off in midair. Very strange. Feel awful tight. Whooo. Very strange. Pain in my chest. Pain — [Noise] (Laughs) I just heard a car come to a halt. (Laughs) Ohhh, sounded like a crash almost, kind of . . . Boy, some dream! I have a real tight chest. Real tight like someone’s got their . . . I feel like I have a real queer body shape too. Very strange. My left leg wants to float away. Awful tight. Like the center of my stomach is gone somewhere. I feel like I’m all out of shape. I’m not sure what. Chest is awfully tight. Boy. (Mumbles) Ohhh. Huh. I feel like I’m cut in half, so help me. Really funny. My right arm is lower than my left, and my left is higher than my right. I feel like, ahhh, wheee, the whole right side of my body is just tight as all get out. Feels like it, anyway. Feels like the whole right side of my body is tight, tight, tight. It just doesn’t seem to be there. Real tight. I can’t describe how my body feels. Just feels like I’m not part of me. Really funny. My legs are floating down, away and out. My right arm, boy, it feels like it weighs, feels like it weighs about eighteen thousand pounds. Hmmm. Oh. It feels like it’s going to fall out. Warm chest. Oh, hard time breathing. Awful hard. Must be, my right arm feels like it’s pressed against me for some rea­son. Tight. Being laid on or something. Feel sick. I feel good and sick. I really do. Feel like I’m about eight feet now. Muscle twitch in my back. My right arm feels real strange. Hard to de­scribe it. It just barely exists. I’m tied down or something. I feel all scrunched together. Muscle twitching on my back some­where. Tighter. I feel like I’m — like my head doesn’t belong to the rest of me.

funny. Everything’s just going along. I feel like I’m floating. My right arm feels like it’s going to come off any minute now. Got something in my right eye. Blood, I think. Awful tight. My hands feel like they’re — oh, that’s strange — like they’re covered in something. I just want to move, to get out and run or do anything. Muscles in my back are awful tight. I’m awful tight. My whole right arm feels like it’s starting to quiver. For a moment I thought I was back in the hospital. Still feel that way. Feel like I was going back to see . . . or something. Fire siren. Boy, am I ever tight. My stomach feels like it is tight as a board. Feel like someone is standing on my feet. Really funny. I don’t feel like I’m reacting to my own body now. I feel like I’m away from it. Or something. Doesn’t feel like I have any control over my body. But I do. Really strange. My feet feel like they’re a million miles apart. My right arm aches. Try and relax and I can’t. Awful tight.

[Noise stimuli] (Laughs) I heard a railroad train. An electric train, like it was going to run over me.

Boy, I feel like I’m forced together. Funny. Very funny. For some reason I feel . . . almost content to lay here and experience rather than talk. I’m trying not to but . . . I feel awful tight. I feel like I’m laying on my arm. My arm feels like I’ve been laying on it. Getting awfully uncomfortable. Something’s standing on my arm, on my chest, warm. Pain in my arm, my right arm. My mouth feels completely unshaped. I feel completely out of shape. For some reason, my mouth — I feel like I’m talking to the side or something, queer angle. Hot. Awful tight. My right leg is tightening right up. Almost as if I had a cramp, at least that’s what it feels like. I feel like I want to run. My whole right leg seems to be cramped, for some reason. Someone seems to be pushing on it. Feel like I can’t get up. There’s someone standing on top of me, I don’t want it there. Find myself very uncomfortable, very, very uncomfortable. My feet are moving.

Real strange little animal off to my left. He’s got — it’s like
death's-head. That's what it is. It's got a — mouth is open, jaws, hanging out like that.

I feel like I'm floating away on a cloud. I can't find the little button — oh, there it is. Very funny. Awful tight. Feel like I'm inside an egg. Hard to breathe. This is queer. I'm just sort of walking on air, sort of feel like now. I think I'm doing that myself. Heard a baby cry just now. Baby cry again. Tears in my eyes. Why do I have tears in my eyes? I feel like I want to cry. Feel tight, awfully tight.


Everything's really going haywire now. At least it feels like it. Everything's just sort of spinning around. And settling down now. Nope, there it goes again. Feels like I'm in four places at once. Feels like I'm trying to run in four different directions, all at once. Here comes the war again. I feel like I'm laying on two different planes or something. I'm scared. Awful scared. Awful tight. I want to relax and I can't. I don't feel like I can. Got that pain in my right arm again. Feel like I'm floating away, floating away. My legs are quivering. My teeth feel like they're moving. Really strange. My teeth feel like they're moving. They aren't. They want to move. Feel like I'm cut in half. Like I'm being pushed down and down and down. Feel like I'm being pushed down. Feel like I'm being pushed down. Funny. Can't control that feeling. I'm tight but not tight, all at once. Just sort of sitting here in this room not doing much. I don't know. I don't like this. I feel like I want out. Feels, feel like I'm being pushed down, down, down, down, down. That's what it feels like. Like I'm being stood on. I want to lift up my right arm and I can't. Very uncomfortable.

Oh, boy. I'm scared, for some reason. I'm really scared. I feel like I want to duck or something. The whole sky seems to be on fire. I'm awful wet. Oh, I feel hot, sticky, feel like I want out.

Now I can't describe how I feel. My right arm feels — I don't
seem to be in the position I think I am. Or something. Feels like I'm over here but I'm not. Roll over onto my side or something. My right arm feels like it's going to fall out. Felt for a while like I lost the power of speech. I feel like I'm coming through several layers of something or other. Click, click, click. Feel awful warm. There's a blue spot up here that looks like water. Changing shapes, moving all around. I just heard a jet plane. Feel awful tight. My legs are tight. My legs don't feel the same any more, feel like I'm laying head down with my feet up in the air. Feel like I was just plugged into an electrode. I feel completely out of touch. I must be so tight, but I'm not sure. My muscles in my back are all right. Awful warm. Feel like I'm floating up. Shivering. I feel like I'm a snake, coiling and uncoiling. That's the way I feel. Feel tight. Something's on my chest again. Pushing out of shape, that's what it feels like. Very strange. I feel like I'm being pushed out of shape. Keep thinking I hear a record start, or something go on.

This is the end of the experiment.

Holy mackerel!
WITH SERNYL FRANK, TOO, WAS PREOCCUPIED WITH bodily sensations. Maybe by coldness he meant numbness. It was 72° in the room.

Frank was given 10 mg. of Sernyl.

Wheee. (Whistles) I feel disassociated with the world. Ha. Wheee. Where the hell am I? Disassociated completely. For some reason, I feel like I’m back at the camp. That’s really. Now I’m back at camp. I can see that poem on the wall. I can. Called
“Windjammer,” or “Sea-Fever”; that’s actually what it’s called—“Sea-Fever.” “When the wheels kick and the wild wheel’s spinning and—” (Laughs and whistles) Ah, it’s wonderful. Sailing, sailing, sailing.

Ohhh. (Whistles) Feel like I’m in the middle of a big screen. (Whistles) Not even sure I’m awake. (Hums) Boy. Either my eyes must be very dilated or something. Because I can’t—it’s really funny. (Whistles) My goodness. No differentiation or curvature at all. Just a big screen. Not really sure whether I want it or not.

I feel good, I feel great, I’m alive, I’m awake. Talking out loud, what’s even more. Hmmm. My eyes don’t seem to focus at all. Just sort of like I’m free as a bird flying softly through the air, tweet, tweet, tweet. And here I lay. Like an egg with its chicken cut off. (Laughs) An egg with its chicken cut off? Wait a minute. Whoa, horse. Heigh-ho, Silver. (Hums) I’m really hyper. I feel like an egg. Pink, pink egg, blue egg, green egg, and a purple egg. But an egg. (Laughs) Very strange. (Laughs)

Ahhh, hey, señor. Hmmm. ¿Usted habla Español, Señor? (Whistles)


Pero tu estás aquí, en Español. Vive en la casa. ¿Cómo es la vida? La vida es la sueña. Ahhh, del sueño. Right, right, right. Del sueño, del sueño, del sueño. ¿Cómo es la vida? La vida es la sueña. ¿Por qué es la vida la sueña? ¿Por qué la vida, mmmm, babyyyy? (Sings in Spanish)

I feel like I’m out of touch. (Laughs) Really funny. Ah, my goodness, my, my, my goodness. Right now I feel like I could learn a whole book of organic chemistry. I feel so wide awake, it makes me sick. I really feel my mind feels so active. Geeee.
[Sings] “Au près de ma blonde.” There I was swimming through the desert, choo-choo-choo, wouldn’t cha know it, I lost my scratch.

Whew . . . a quarter to ten. What time did I get here? Eight twenty, nine thirty. That’s all. Let’s see, twenty after eight, after nine, I’ve only been here an hour. Oh, goodness. Whoop. Happy hyper. (Sings in Spanish) I don’t feel anythingggg. I feel hyper, excited. Very excited. Very, very excited. (Whistles)

Let’s see. Let’s do some more organic chemistry. I really feel like I’m detached. Funny feeling, I know I’m not. (Clucks with his tongue) My feet are cold. (Whistles) (Sings in Latin) “Gaudéamus igitur.” I don’t even see any pretty pictures. I can’t get my eyes to focus, I’ll tell you that much. I’m hyper. And here I lay, caught. Lain strangled in the jungles. Zoom-zoom. I’m now thinking out loud. Hooray. And have been ever since I started. My feet are cold. Wheee ohhh. Hooray, rah, rah, rah. (Sings “Au près de me blonde,” etc., again) I just feel hyper, just hyper, that’s all. Very alert, extremely so. My eyes feel like they’re — how can eyes feel like they’re dilated? There’s a question for you. Answer it, stupid. (Whistles) And there I was laying at Mental Health Research Institute looking into a big screen trying to answer questions that I put to myself. Hmmm.

Away, aloha, New York. I am what I am and that’s all I am. How about that? There’s a statement for you. I will compose poetry. Very strange. (Laughs) I don’t feel like I’ve taken anything. And yet, whooo, here I am. “I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky; and all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by. And the wheel’s kick and wind whistling, the wild wind sailing.” And heigh-ho, Pretoria. Whewwww. Oh my goodness. My mind seems very restless tonight, very active. Going around and around and around in circles. This happens periodically. Tune in next week, wheee.

I think we better turn to another station. Happy New Year everybody. Here’s this choo-choo train. (Sings “Off we go into
the wild blue yonder") Always wanted to be a space pilot. Swishh. Relax and enjoy life. It’s a wonderful feeling.

What the hell’s this? (Laughs) Looks like a (laugh) — mmmmm, there I was, swishing through the air. I don’t feel attached to anything. Just sort of floating along, merrily on my way. (Whistles) I feel like I’m laying cockeyed. I can’t describe how I feel but I’m laying cockeyed. (Whistles) Happy New Year. I feel higher than a kite. (Laughs) Feel like I want to get up and fly away. Zooop-di-do. My goodness. (Whistles) Feels like my head’s attached to my body in a real funny position. (Laughs) Like it’s off to the side or something. I don’t know. Wheee, nuts. I feel real strange. I feel like I’m floating or something. Floating away, floating away. There I was, hmmmmph, really queer. Hmmmph, my hands feel like they’re turned backwards, like my hands are turned around or something. I don’t know. I feel like I’m floating off the couch. Wheee. I feel like my body, I feel like I’m laying straight, but I’m laying crooked. Now I don’t know how to describe it. If you know what I mean. I mean my body isn’t where I think it is.

Wait a minute. Is that right? No, it isn’t either. Mmmmy goodness. Can’t focus my eyes. I think I’m just coming under the effects of the drug now. That’s what it seems like to me, anyway. I seem to be paralyzed — not paralyzed, but I don’t want to move. I seem to want to lay still and look at the ceiling. It seems to be flat, and red-spotted. Ohhh. I’ll close my eyes ’cause I don’t want to look at it. It’s really queer. A real strange configuration, this thing over my head is taking. It seems to sweep in and away from me. Away from me. Up and away from me. The drug is just taking effect now. Must be. I can’t focus my eyes at all. I feel like I’m floating away. I feel as if one leg is higher than the other. I feel like my right leg doesn’t know what my left leg’s doing. No eye focus. Feel like I’m floating away, floating away. I feel big. Ten after ten. My feet feel like they’re on different levels. They aren’t, but they feel like they are.

Seems like I’m standing inside of a big cone, now. I feel dead,
dead, dead, dead, dead, dead. That's all. Just dead. (Mumbles) Everything is white, pink, white. My eyes won't focus. My right foot is cold. Or feels cold. I feel like I'm dead. I just feel like I'm dead. That's all. I'm laying here and I'm dead. Feel like I'm surrounded by ice. Crystallized ice. Ice. My feet feel like ice, too. They're cold. I'm cold.

[At this time Frank is asked the questions. He is correctly oriented to time and place. He denies any unusual bodily sensations, but said he felt cold.]

Okey-dokey. I'm cold. Just cold. Mmmm. Another control, it looks like. It almost feels like another control. I feel dead. I'm cold — boy, am I cold! Hmmmph. Under sedation, all right. Nothing to see or report. I just feel — [Noise stimuli] A funny noise in the earphones. I think it's coming over a recorder though. I'm cold. I feel like I'm packed in ice. It's cold. Boy, my feet are really cold. I feel like there's a draft going over my feet or my feet are in cold water. Man, my feet are cold. [Noise stimuli] I'll go crazy for a whole hour. I don't feel like I am under a drug, now. (Sings “Au près de ma blonde,” etc.) But I am cold. The drug's worn off, I betcha, that's what it feels like. If I had one. Si, Señor.

[Noise stimuli] (Laughs) It sounds good, anyway. Oh, there's some moaning noises in the earphones. Moaning or some other noises; I think they're recorded, though. I feel like whatever it was, if I was under sedation, If I was under the effects of the drug at all, they have gone. Approximately ten minutes ago. [Noise stimuli] A funny noise. Sounds like someone, like an old chime type of clock or something. Went away. On a record again, I think. [Noise stimuli] Sounded like a scream. Someone crying. Both on record, I think.

Nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Hmmmm. My feet are warmer now. The toes are anyway. All the effects of the drug are gone. If I had any to begin with.

John Masefield. I think that's who wrote “Sea Fever.” That's who it was. I'm almost positive now.
“Put your little foot, put your little foot *(singing)*, put your little foot right down. Put your little foot, put your little foot, put your little foot right down. Then you go to the left and you go to the right.” *(Sings “Dixie”)* Ohhh. Two hours and nothing. Five after eleven. My feet are cold. *(Laughs)* I solved the problem. Hmm. *(Snores and makes all kinds of odd noises with his mouth — verbal sounds like imitating bird calls, etc.)*


*This is the end of the experiment.*

Hot dog. Give me about thirty seconds and I’ll remove myself.
TIM, TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD, WAS A JUNIOR IN THE SCHOOL of Literature, Science and the Arts majoring in psychology. A big, husky fellow, it was not surprising that he had been an enthusiastic football player at one time. But recently he had had little time for athletics, since he felt that, having changed his major several times, he was somewhat behind academically. At the University of Michigan his grades were better, atypically, than they had been in high school. He suggested that the reason for this was because the high school teachers were not stimulating. He dated little, indicating that it had not always been that way. For recreation he read a lot, "mostly psych books, but some good novels," and occasionally went to a movie. He drank only
rarely, with friends, and denied ever having taken drugs. His reasons for volunteering were given as curiosity and “it pays well.”

In this first session with Tim, we have included more of the testing. Tim seemed to have had a drug effect much earlier than the others. With orally taken drugs there is always a considerable variation in the rate of absorption. He took 20 mg. of psilocybin.

The feeling I have is very floating. The dome before me keeps changing in shape, in fact; again I see the snow-shaped, snow-flaked-shaped, or snow-flaked patterned shapes and forms. They don’t really have any colors yet, all white crystal. I have a rather uneasy feeling, I’m afraid, in my body but that’s because my hearts’ beating so hard. It’s beating rather — it beats hard and more often than it should; it’s being stimulated.

The shapes in front of my eyes keep changing. There’s a faint tinge of green or red and red and blue in each part of the crystal shapes but they aren’t yet very, not yet, extremely faint; rather still fine, still finely shaped and finely wrought. My heart is still beating rather wildly. I wish it would stop and I’d be able to lie here more comfortably. I have an uneasy feeling, not exactly of nausea, but approaching nausea. My whole body seems to be, seems to be — it’s the feeling before nausea although it’s not.

The canopy above my head seems to be moving in shape now as well as form and it doesn’t seem to be round any longer as it was. I could detect a round shape before but not any longer. My voice seems to be removed from my, my body and my feelings. I detect a warm sensation by my legs, although I’m not sure whether it’s me or what it is. My heart is still beating wildly. I see myriads of shapes and forms in front of my eyes, none of which I look at in color; they’re all still white, like a stained-glass
window that’s all white — that’s just exactly what it looks like. But it keeps moving, moving in shape.

I’m beginning to perspire now. I wish that would go away. The canopy above my head has a dented-in side; the dented-in side seems to change, once it’s above my chest and it’s to the left of me above my head. The part above my head stays above me. My voice seems to be removed, my voice seems to be rather cold and unattached. I don’t think my voice is particularly affected by what I’m experiencing.

I’m beginning to get flicks of color now like bits from a kaleidoscope. They’re coming together. I wish I could lie here. Everything is beginning to have a kaleidoscopic horror to it but it’s not, it’s not there yet. It’s sorta beginning to jell. Everything moves sorta like a blob of protoplasm now, a twisting turning blob of protoplasm of color in front of me.

My legs feel rather heavy right now.

I wish the loudspeaker would interject with something.

Now it looks like a stained-glass window of three or four or five layers, each one moving a different way in the nature of protoplasm, as a blob of protoplasm would move. I still feel mildly nauseous as if I had been drinking beer or something. It’s a rather unpleasant feeling. The whole thing is beginning again to move like protoplasm, it still keeps moving like protoplasm. There are little flecks of each different color from each side, in the protoplasm. I have a distinct uneasy feeling, although my heart isn’t beating hard anymore. I still have this feeling of sort of being pressed down now. Now I am more comfortable than I have been in the length of the experiment. My heart has stopped beating. The whole thing is moving before me. My arms seem to be floating now. And the canopy seems to be floating before me. The canopy seems to be floating before me. I still have those sensations of, of movement.

I have a distinct pain in my stomach; my stomach is contracting. That’s what it is, I knew it was, something was happening of that nature. My stomach was contracting. I still have the sen-
sation of movement in front of my eyes but they’re bigger now, larger. I feel as if something is pressing in on my stomach. As if something is pressing in on my stomach and my, and my area between my stomach and my chest. It feels that way. Feels more and more as if someone is touching the area between my stomach and my chest. And just slowly just pushing down there. Even though I take a breath, it’s still there. Slowly pushing down.

I can’t focus very well on anything anymore and my stomach seems to have been tensed up or something. As if my stomach were tensed up. Everything has now a spiral effect and is — the whole, everything, what, that I see — is, is, is one twirling mass and jell of jelly but is still white although everything, each little sparkle, each little part of each little shape, of each little has a filmy look. Now I have — it has a filmy look as if oil, as if it were oily, oily film.

**Repeat these digits forward: six, one, two.**

Six, one, two.

**Six, one, five, eight.**

Six, one, five, eight.

**Five, two, one, eight, six.**

Five, two, one, eight, six.

**Now repeat these digits backwards: two, five, nine.**

Nine, five, two.

**Eight, four, one, three.**

Three, four, one, eight.

**Nine, seven, eight, five, two.**

Two, five, seven, one, nine. Still feels like something is pushing in my stomach. But not so hard now. Now I have a slight increase in the switching in the volume of the receiver.
What is similar between a cat and a mouse?
They're both animals.

What is similar between a piano and a violin?
They're both musical instruments.

Name a part of a house that rhymes with the word that means the opposite of less.
Door. There's now a distinct uneasy feeling. I don't know if I'm supposed to be describing this or not; I think I . . . The whole panorama in front of me seems to have been opened up now, the whole — now it's beginning to have a film in front of my eyes. It's jelling in front of my eyes. At one time it was open way up like a cathedral, like a huge cathedral, but now . . .

Name a number that rhymes with the word for what we feel when we think of our enemies.
Eight. Now the effects are beginning to set on my throat, and I have a funny sensation in my mouth although I still don't taste of anything yet. I feel as if it's going to be bitter or something. The pattern, the — I don't want to keep using that word.

In two minutes make as many words as you can from the word pleasure.
Sure, please, sure, please.

Now listen to this piece of music and in the way you did last time, describe it. [Music]
It's a rather — sounds Western, although I think it's deceptively Western because it has a syncopated beat. It sorta gaily skips along; it seemed to match the formations that were before me, were being formed while it was being played. It reminded me of a horse. I don't know if I'm supposed to paint pictures for it, but it reminded me of a horse or a, a person out West galloping along. Not very. Sorta carefree and gay. I'm beginning to
taste salt now. Tastes something like. My taste buds are being . . . It’s rather annoying. I wish I were, not touched that way. My body is beginning to tingle or something, not very lightly, or not very strongly but rather lightly. I’m beginning to think I’m having irrita—becoming irritated at having to describe this although I’m wishing I could move somehow, move something or other. I’m wondering if I shouldn’t. The sensations I’m having are rather hard to describe.

**Listen to some recordings of rhymes of Edward Lear and when the recordings have stopped, in the three minutes that follow, try to recall what you can about the rhymes. [Readings]**

The voice seems to be coming out of, seems to be coming out of nowhere into a sort of Walt Disney-like formation, tremendous formations I see before my eyes. Don’t seem to aptly descr— all seem to aptly describe what the voice is saying. My body seems to be floating along in a sea of water. It’s as if I were on a bed and the bed were somehow in a sea of water and were being thrown along, being swept along with this, while all the time in front of my eyes I see ever-changing formations and what I see now are finely wrought lines, geometric line drawings ever changing, ever—circles, little extremely, extremely small squares and circles — and it’s as if the whole thing were a diaphanous film in front of my eyes. It keeps changing. One’ll be purple, one’ll be green, one is gray, one is orange, one is brown—keep changing before my eyes. My salivary glands seem to be stopped up and my feet becoming warm. The whole thing is so wonderfully picturesque.

**There will be no more questions for ten minutes.**

This is just as if, as if I were floating along. There seems to be a binding, my salivary glands are bound to my jaw or something. Now everything is becoming, in front of me, the whole canopy has become—it doesn’t even seem like a canopy anymore. But
it's more like an environment; it's become, it's shifting again, it's becoming, comes down close to my eyes and then shifts back further away from my eyes. I'm beginning to taste — it's not a, a describable taste. I'm beginning to salivate more now. Now my body seems to be, seems to be more mobile. I have sorta an internal silence, tremendous silence, irritating noise in the earphones has been increased to a tremendous silence.

And someone is still pressing down on my stomach. As if they were preparing to open the canopy before me and sort of deliver me into — as if the canopy would open and reveal what's beyond the canopy now. It's, I'm not sure I want to let myself be drawn along by what these forms seem to be making. But they seem to be preparing to open in the top, and all the forms gathering along the sides now, opening up the, gathering at the top and opening. It's not opening but it's growing lighter and lighter. Into a long, long syringical form. It gets lighter and lighter. It's as if it were raining out now on top of the, on top of the canopy. My body just then had some flashes of tingles of feeling, not nausea, not any longer. The canopy is still forming. There are, it feels as if there are — still waiting to show what's beyond the canopy, as if now it were a huge window, two-way observatory with huge windows to a house — anyway, there's windows opening into the sun but it's raining out. It's not into the sun, it's into the light and it's raining out. The shapes are still in front of my eyes.

My one finger is cold, the other fingers are hot. My body now feels as if my body had been moved out of the bed it was in, the soft bed that it was in, and now it's being drawn along. I don't want to use the word from as if I were being taken by someone somewhere. My left side is very warm, my right side is pretty warm too. The sound hasn't changed much since before, and I no longer have a nauseous feeling but my body seems — my legs are much colder than before. In front of my eyes is still the, is still the — as if the sky were obscured by these figure drawings, by these, this film that keeps changing.
It's still as if someone were pressing down on my stomach. And I wish it wouldn't. I wish I didn't feel, because it's a little nauseating. It's as if someone were going up and down my body pushing down on it. Now my whole body feels as if it were, it was put in a container of some sort. And it were being, not taken anywhere, but sensations are with my body now, not with my eyes. Although I still see a mass in front of my eyes this whole time I'm talking—changing. It's as if I were in a cathedral and I kept looking at the window, the rose window, though it didn't have any color to it, it was all white and it kept changing in shape and form. Once in a while I feel that I don't, I'm trying not to let myself be taken all the way down or in by this, not by this, but being swept along while I'm holding back a bit, for some reason.

Sorta feels like someone is sitting on the bed now, and now for the first time the bed, it's as if I were on a rubber ball or soft rubber pillow that kept changing in shape by someone underneath. Now I have the green color sensation that I had; everything is turning green now instead of white. I had this at the beginning. The forearm of my left arm is rather warm now. And now it's feeling as if someone is touching the upper part of my right arm. I don't know how I can describe this so objectively. My voice seems to be removed from my body.

*Repeat these digits forward: five, eight, two.*

Five, eight, two.

*Six, four, three, nine.*

Six, four, three, nine.

*Four, two, seven, three, one.*

Four, two, seven, three, one.

*Now repeat these digits backward: six, two, nine.*

Nine, two, six.
Three, two, seven, nine.
    Seven, two, three, nine.
    Nine, seven, three, two.

One, five, one, two, eight.
    Eight, two, one, five, one.

What is the similarity between paper and radio?
    Both can be used as a means, as a medium, as one of the media for communication, the newspaper or radio.

What is the similarity between an egg and a seed?
    They are both used for, they both, the, they’re both something before they’re grown up. I realize that isn’t . . .

Name a number that rhymes with the name of a very tall plant.
    I don’t know a very tall, name a number that, name a number that, a very tall plant. He seems to be making less and less sense. As if now I were just hanging on for the ride. The taste now becomes distinctly bitter, bitter sensation and then it seems to be becoming warmer.

Name the word meaning leader that rhymes with the name for a painful emotion.
    Leader that rhymes with painful emotion.

Make as many words as you can in two minutes out of the word detached.
    I’m finding it very hard to concentrate. D, e, t, a, attach, detached — I can’t think of the word in any other way than in which it is, other than which it is. I can’t change it around. Detached, Detached. I’m having attacks of seriousness and laughter here. Kind of curious, Detached. Feelings of — my mouth is salivating distinctly, distinctly bitter. Someone is still pressing down on my stomach. I find it extremely hard to con-
centrate on what I’m doing. I can’t think of the word detached in any other form except the way it’s written. I can’t break it up anymore. It’s becoming more and more warm. Certain areas of my body, my groin and around my arm, feels like someone is pushing in on the outside of my arms.

I want you to listen to this music and then describe it in the two minutes after the music has stopped. [Music]

I find it distinctly amusing music, sort of fits the formations I was seeing. It reminds me of an English draw—a British artist who draws weird contraptions; they’re not very, they have all the eighteenth-century, all the Victorian trappings, the little curlicues and the wheels. This music reminds me of that, rather silly, outdated, but quaint and amusing music. It didn’t seem to be played exactly the way it should have been, it could have been played better, I think. I have periods of laughter when everything seems funny and this whole thing seems a farce and fantastic. And the world seems to be . . .

Now listen to this conversation, once again from Through the Looking Glass by Lewis Carroll. See what you can remember during the two minutes that follow the recording. [Reading]

I don’t remember anything from the whole thing but it was distinctly funny at the time and I remember laughing, laughing out loud, not even being able to control my laughter. Maybe it was the way they said something or something they said. And knowing, I feel as if I want to join into the game, join in the game and it’s the most delightful, Through the Looking Glass, Alice in Wonderland spectacle I could imagine, but I feel so tied down to this earth, and if I could just join it and follow the pleading voices I could go where I’m so tied down and my voice is so tied down. Their voices are so delightful and mine is still tied down to this earth. And I feel as if someone were pushing me up and I’m still reluctant to join, as if they were, this whole thing were distinctly uproariously funny and as if it’s one grand
and glorious spectacle that I would just, that I could just . . . I'm having trouble speaking now. I, it's as if I were in an armchair and I could hold on, or a, or a, or a — I forget sometimes — a roller coaster. I could hang on and go into fairyland.

There will be no more questioning for a considerable time. Please remember that the only way we can find out the effects of the drug is by you continually keeping us informed of any experiences you are having. Everything you say is being recorded just as these questions and answers are recorded.

I feel as if I had been given a ticket to fairyland and the last, that listening of that voice was the last I would hear of this earth for some time. My mouth keeps salivating and I don't have the desire for movement I had — it seems as if I were moving, whether I am or not. It seems as if every organ in my body was moving and fluctuating now. My, I itch and I am being — feels like the — I distinctly have hot and cold flashes as if I were sitting on a hot, it's warm now, hot bowl of Jello or something. I had an itchy feeling a little while ago but that's gone now. And I get cold flashes. I get, I still have that bitter taste in my mouth which is salivating. Irritating — it keeps sticking there. Interrupts my talking.

I have to, once in a while, just like then, I get a flash of — it's accompanied with a small sound and a flash of, of, of, not pain, but a flash of, not even — it's almost as if I were embarking on a long voyage and my speech is becoming disconnected. I can't put anything together very well. My nose itches still but it's not really itching; it's, it becomes cold, then it becomes itching. And then I have first, I have the feeling that I'm enjoying this immensely and I want to stay and then the feeling that the overall sensation is that I don't want to and then I can't join into it. It changes so quickly it's hard to describe. I have slightly the feeling of nausea but it sorta wafts over.

While I'm describing this there's a still within . . . while the
whole curtain before me is, is moving up and down as if it came out of some gigantic Walt Disney picture. I know if I stop talking I have trouble starting it if I have trouble, I have trouble speaking. Feels like it is trying to draw me in or as if I were being, not necessarily hypnotized but just if I could stop speaking and if I could just sort of follow along where it leads me. I have the distinct feeling that I wish I could just stop talking and follow where it leads me, sorta as a joy ride or a, almost a sensation ride. I don’t need to hear things now that I, my speech is coming so disconnected. Here, it sounds as if sirens were flashing? Were being blown a long, long ways away. Now it’s as if I were hearing almost, maybe I’m preparing to hear the ding-dong of the bells and the flashing of the siren although it doesn’t seem to come.

Now it’s as if I were swimming and above me — I were under water, and above me is the water and now I can almost see things, almost, I almost see figures above me. It’s as if I were looking into, breathing under water, looking up from underneath into the sunlight, but I can’t see sunlight, just, it’s just all anonymous. My arm feels red, it’s very — and one arm feels higher than the other now. My right arm feels much higher than the left arm. And I feel as if my finger’s on the panic button. I feel as if I were taking this as to be grown in size and now taking this as a joy stick for guiding a plane or something for a ride through something that is weird and bizarre sensation.

I feel, my left side feels cold, although this thing is becoming very amusing. My left hand is cold but the top of my left arm is warm; my fingers are cold. (Laughs) I’m having a passing spell of laughter now. This whole thing seems absurd and funny.

And now there’s a sort of vortex in the corner, a whirlpool, and the whole thing seems to be graying off. (Laughs) I find this incredibly amusing, I don’t know why. It’s as if it were enticing me to laughter. Laugh along with it. It is really funny. I’m not sure I want to laugh and yet I’m laughing. It’s funny, I don’t know why. I’m laughing partly at myself and partly — and
not, it’s not, it, and now it’s not, now it’s not — it stopped being funny. (Laughs) I’m laughing partly at me and partly at it. It’s a strange sensation, it’s sort of —

This whole time the figures in front of me have been changing but not radically. I find a distinctive willingness to talk; it’s as if my — now, it’s, it’s becoming amusing again. It feels as if someone were taking my body and tickling me although it’s not, I can’t feel them tickling me, I can feel the sensation because I can feel I’m laughing because of that, it’s not because anyone has told me anything funny. I have the exact feeling as just before someone tickles you, or before someone is trying to tickle you, it’s, it’s a feeling —

This whole thing seems to be one big amusement park. I used to have a touch with reality but my — I could wiggle my toes — but now they don’t even seem so tied to me. I have distinctly comfortable flashes as this whole thing is wonderfully comfortable and gay and that I’m sort of in my own bed and I’m — and that, and that I have other feelings where I don’t feel like talking and I don’t, I’d rather not say anything.

Here’s one of those funny spells again. I’d rather not say anything. My speech sort of, sounds sort of disconnected. (Laughs) Everything seems sort of funny now, I don’t know why. It’s as if I were being, not as if I were being prodded, it’s as if I were being tickled, or something. I can almost see when I moved my legs then, involuntarily. And just as if I were not being tickled, because I can’t feel the hands or anything, but everything is so amusing now. I have to laugh, it seems so funny because I feel like an idiot but I’m laughing anyway, it’s so funny.

I feel awfully careless today, as I’m talking and talking as if nothing were coming out, I just keep talking. Now that spell has subsided and I had to keep saying that. Now my speech is disconnected now. I don’t want to stop talking or I’ll run out of things to say. This whole thing feels funny and, and it feels as if they were tickling me, and I feel like — it’s amusing. It’s a very distinctly laugh-provoking situation, everything is so funny. I’m
laughing out loud and I feel like, I feel like a combination of an idiot and one who doesn’t know whether to laugh or not.

Now everything has — I’m not sure I’ve experienced a sensation like this before. I have the feeling of somebody moving to my right now. It gives a distinctly third-dimensional look to everything, but everything still has a humor to it. I feel very careless and talkative and like I was sort of a pilot to sensationland.

Now it’s subsiding. I hadn’t had, throughout this thing, much desire to talk; now I had two flashes. I’m not sure what those flashes are; I just, they just keep coming and going. Maybe they’re reluctance flashes or something. I felt like someone, I guess it might have been me, but it still is sort of amusing. The — it’s so funny I can’t even describe it. There’s nothing, the whole situation before my eyes hasn’t changed much. It changes all the time, but it hasn’t changed much radically in general shape or form but up in the right-hand corner of the canopy now I thought I saw somebody move but I think it may be me. It feels as if I, now, the speech is coming out and I’m not controlling it; it’s just so funny and I don’t want to say anything because I, it’s so funny.

I haven’t — it’s sort of dark up there now and the earphones feel distinctly warm and comfortable. I feel as if I were in my own bed and sort of floating. Now I feel as if contractions in my legs, and the bitter — I don’t really know where I am now. It’s just sort of an old sensation world floating along and I see — everything is so amusing — I see skies and I don’t see stars. What do I see? I saw a helicopter a minute ago. It’s sorta pick-your-own-sensation dream world; it’s back and forth. It’s really sort of amusing.

I don’t know. I feel like an idiot. That’s the only sensation I, thing I can say. I’m such an idiot laughing at myself. I feel now as if I were out in the outside looking at me and laughing but I have these moments of laughter when everything is sorta funny.
I have the distinct feeling I hope no one is watching me although I'm sure it doesn't matter.

Then I had two flashes — they're becoming more impressionable. They're more, I have the feeling now that I'm not tied down to any particular bed or anything, that I'm just sorta floating. Although why this is so funny, I'm not sure. I'm not, I realize it's almost all I can do to hang on to these, to this as if I'm wiggling my feet like some people do when they, when they are tickled or they are touched or prodded in some way or other. I still, nothing is funny when I, it's only funny 'cause it's tickled funny or — and now it feels as if I were on a nice soft bed and it were moving up and down under me, sort of rolling up and down, underneath my spine. There's a distinctly pleasurable feeling of laughing so much but I'm not sure what I'm laughing about.

Now every, every horrible feeling I've had has passed and I feel gay and carefree and as if somebody keeps tickling me and prodding me to make sure, this whole thing must be distinctly amusing to anyone who were observing it, anyone who's observing it. I can't be too objective now, it's just sorta being wafted away in the breeze. Again I feel like such an idiot, standing here. I'm not standing here, I'm just sorta sitting here. I feel gay and cocky and laugh. I haven't felt this happy in a long time. I feel very happy and distinctly pleasurable and everything is floating around me and now I feel as if I'm being tickled and I can't feel a hand. And I just can't help laughing. Oh boy, this is pretty funny. And I don't want to lose control of myself but it's very likely. The words are just coming helter-skelter. I think it's me that's moving up and down, or that it's I that's moving up and down. This whole thing is pretty funny. I wish — I've had this feeling before but I can't remember where. It's as if someone were pushing down on my stomach and tickling me and I'm rather sensitive to it, tickling on my stomach anyway. And also it's so amusing although I wish I'd stop doing that. I have
flashes of heat and bitterness at the same time which are rather distinctive.

Now everything is not so pleasant anymore. It doesn’t feel like — now it’s humorous again. I see a rickshaw of all things; It just went passing by. It’s all of a sudden dark and humorous and I don’t — it’s distinctly amusing — I don’t know, again I’m laughing and the words just come helter-skelter and lickety-split-like. This is pretty good fun actually. I was laughing and I feel like I get these flashes and actually distinct pain, and I’m using the same words over and over to describe this, but it’s the most tremendous sensation I have ever — it’s all, it’s just so pleasurable I can’t describe. It’s just sort of soft, my back is, just as if somebody were, not rolling or rubbing my back now, but as if they were just sort of soft, as if what I were on were softly rolling and whirling, not whirring, rolling along, and now as if every part of my body were being thousands and thousands of tiny, were being moved, not like Gulliver’s Travels, but I’m just being floated along. It’s not — I’m still, I’m afraid I’m overreluctant to go, that’s the only trouble. But now it’s distinctly funny again.

I don’t know, I have these comings, I wish someone would come. I have the desire to go to — to urinate and I wish someone would stop tickling me. I just. It’s very hard to hold it back, but it’s all this tickling. I wish someone would talk to me, over the microphone, because this is, I feel like I’m a child again, asking to leave the room or something. Now the desire to go to the bathroom has subsided a little, I . . . Now that someone tickles me again it comes back again. I’m tremendously joyful.

Now my head seems to be moved back deeper than underneath my body and someone were moving my, like I were on a bed of a thousand — I’m laughing again, I don’t know why, I keep — a thousand — my, it feels as though I were on a bed in a hospital, and I can hardly hold myself back from laughing. It’s as if my feet were being lowered now; it’s nice and warm and sort of tickles now. The whole sensation is like one great big
tickle. I did find it a bit irritating before to be under here; now this whole thing is extremely amusing. I feel awful, I feel giddy. I feel the — try to compose myself but it's rather hard. Now I'm not sure I, I don't know where I am here. It's sort of hard to get myself composed. It's as if I were being presented a kaleidoscope movie or something and being tickled at the same time. Laughing. I feel very giddy and very, very — I'm trying to think of the word and it won't come. I feel very, not self-conscious but very foolish, like I'm supposed to be dignified and, and compose myself and describe this — but it's really very funny, (Laughs) I can't help from laughing — in respectable, not respectable but serious words and I can't. I keep laughing and breaking the whole thing up.

Now it's getting real, real. I feel as if I were in a blanket, a blanket which completely overcovers me, which covers me over, as if I were being covered over by a blanket. And now it's so ticklish, I still, I still want to laugh. It's so distinctly amusing and I have these bitter sensations, but they're not really bitter. It's like a tremendous joy ride through some sensations but I, my hands are nice and warm and my feet are warm and I don't seem taken back to when I was a child. Not necessarily a child, but when I was, when I was — I feel very giddy and, and not as if I were under the influence of alcohol but really, actually it is, because it's more and more relaxed, more and more, more and more, not discomposed, uncomposed. I'm not, at least I'm not as uncomposed as I was, to say the least. I feel very self-conscious and like I were a child, as if I were a child and I was little and I had these feelings of, feelings of respectable, respectability, but actually the whole thing seems sort of amusing. Sitting in here talking, it's as if I were in some sort of contraption, talking, and as if someone were poking me and tickling me, and now I feel warm again. It's the funniest sensation. I can't, I care — from the outside I, it must be pretty funny, from the outside. I can't — I have these flashes that — stop and get ahold of yourself but really I can't. It's so funny. I'm not — this is—
laughing. I can't, I don't want to laugh 'cause it's not, it's not dignified, but it's funny. Yeah, it's the funniest thing that's happened yet.

But now I feel like, now as if everything in front of me is turning sort of pinkish and my eyes are, my eyes are — I don't know, everything is so funny. I, it's, the things in front of my eyes are, are, are unreal. This is amusing. It's sort of hard now to describe it. I feel like talking but I wish I could go to the bathroom. It's one thing I, at first I thought it was going to be a long time but this is really fantastic. It's still as if I were sitting in a, in a, in a bath of water or something. Now it's a bed now, a soft bed of, of cotton. The whole bed is a soft bed of cotton and are being gently swayed back and forth and, and I felt so giddy, I felt just like a, a woman, so very giddy. It's as if I were ten years old or — and being tickled and I can't, I can't, I can't, it's so hard to get ahold of myself. I can't, I can't stop laughing because the, I feel so, the whole, I can't, it's as if I were trying to describe this whole thing, as if I were being tickled and in the meantime the whole thing must be distinctly amusing and I have the feeling I'm making a fool of myself and then, and I'm, and that I'm, I feel very foolish and very silly going under the, like I were going under the, under the, like I were being taken out, like I, like I were a kid being taken down, this is, like I were a kid being taken down, down to the, not anywhere particular, but I have the feeling I were, that I were, that I am a child now and I were being taken back. I keep getting confused when I'm talking. I feel so, I feel so unrestrained and joy. I really do. I feel joy. And my speech is becoming giddy but I can't, I can't control it. I want to be, as if I were a child, and I want to be, not necessarily a child, but I'm certainly not a dignified college student, whatever they, they are supposed to be, but I'm laughing. It sorta takes me back to the speech of this girl I was going with before.

I have the feeling all around me now that I, that there are
these obvious figures that are moving so distinctly, a distinct — this whole thing looks very funny but like they were distinctly bad and I were supposed to perceive them as bad and now it's as if they were tickling my feet again. I can see, it's still sorta funny, it's as if something on my right there were big and big and ominous and, and black, it's as if I could sort of, I keep thinking of it as a Greyhound bus terminal for some reason or other. Now I can even see the buses, but I think this is consider­ably, as it's extremely amusing and my speech is so giddy that I can't control myself and rather than, I just sorta hang on and enjoy the ride. I feel as though I were being transported some­where as a child. Into a, I don't know, I, it's as if I were being transported as a child into a —

I can't think because I'm trying to be so composed and I keep getting so giddy. But I, I still have to go to the bathroom and that's the way a child puts it, I guess. I still have to urinate. I'm still feeling this is pretty funny. I'm glad it feels this way because if it didn't it'd be pretty boring, not boring, but it'd be pretty, it's pretty extremely giddy gay feeling and I'd hardly describe myself as composed because I feel so gay and light. But before I had feelings of, of my mouth was being choked with the saliva from the bitter, gay feelings of happiness as if I were a child, not that, I can't see anything, any sights that I saw as a child or any vivid recollections that I had as a child but I just had the feeling that I were not, am not so old anymore. And that I haven't got any carefree, any, any, any, that I haven't got any, any — I can't even think of the word. I feel like I'm a ten-year-old and giddy and I can't, like I were a little girl, I can't even keep track of, I can't keep, can't keep myself composed, I keep laughing and I had the feeling a long, long time ago. I haven't had this feeling in a long time and I keep laughing as if this whole thing were funny and I'm trying to be serious and I can't, it's so funny. I know I've said this before but it keeps coming back and, now once in a while I have the feeling of, of get serious and then it
keeps coming back and I feel so gay and giddy again, I feel more like a, not necessarily, a — I keep running out of words once in a while.

It's sort of a, the words keep coming forth and come forth and they, I have again that feeling of being taken to, not a sensation ride, because that's an adult term to describe it, but I sort of lose track of myself here and I have no relation of time at all. I'm trying to be composed and think of all the things to describe and it's as if I were a child and I keep saying that I were, were being taken on a joy ride and my little sister were, little sister kept poking me or something and I couldn't enjoy it because we have a big joke between ourselves or my little brother and I. I have a feeling of, of, of distinct pain there or something. I don't know what happened. I can't, it really does seem that I — I don't even have any sisters, that's what's so funny. But I do feel sorta giddy and my brother, I don't see him. I feel littler than he is now. I feel as if I were, I were, I was just a little guy and he were a big tall fella and he's more strong than —

I feel pretty funny, I feel pretty secure because, well, my feet are getting cold now, I have cold feet. That's a fine how-do-you-do. My feet are getting cold and I wish somebody would — I feel like I'm sitting inside here and my feet sticking out and they're cold. I wish somebody would, somebody would put some shoes on, or something, my feet are cold.

I'm glad this thing is so funny. I just feel distinctly, I just can't, I can't compose myself. It's so amusing. I don't feel tipsy because under boo — alcohol, I won't say booze, all the feelings of being an adult are there but now I feel as if I were a child and the, and that the only, I don't have any link with reality at all. It's just sort of, just sort of, well, again now my, my, it's sort of — You want me to describe to the outside world the way things are in here. I don't — It's as if my feet were — What can I do with — It's so amusing I can't. I feel very gidy and wish I
could control myself. But I wish somebody would quit tickling me. I get all wrapped up in the thing.

Now I, my feet are really cold. I wish somebody would quit, come in and cover them and I wish somebody would talk to me to give me some tie to reality. I feel as if I were being, as if I were a little child. As if I were a little child and they were taking me back to — all the time in front of my eyes. I hate to keep describing the same things, but, I, I, I just can't, I just can't.

Every once in a while, rarely, once in a while, I have the feeling that I'm me. I don't remember who I am. This whole thing is sort of funny. I know who I am. I don't seem to have very much tie with anybody out there. And I, just feel sorta gay and, and nice in here, it's nice and warm, it's cozy. And I feel as if I were a child, I still have to go to the bathroom and now once in a while every, I get flashes of, of adult, as if I were back, I were back, back as an adult. (Laughs) But I keep getting flashes of, of childhood and I keep thinking something is going to come later that's not going to be so, so funny and I had better not laugh. I better not laugh so much. Right now it's still pretty funny. And I feel distinctly gay and, and I, my choices of words are not so good sometimes. Right now, somber for one minute and then giddy the next moment and, and my words would come helter-skelter and I'm trying to be, not respectable, trying to be composed and, and everything and I just can't because I keep getting tickled or something. My brother and I, we used to have these fights. We didn't. I don't know. I had the feeling I was back in my childhood and we were, he was tickling me or somebody was tickling me. I hate to be tickled anyway. And I don't feel what I'm supposed to feel like although I, now I don't feel so good, I, and then I feel distinctly not somber.

I feel, I see red now. I'm seeing — what do I see now? It looks like a honeycomb. The whole thing looks like a honeycomb. This, like my last link with civilization were a long, long time ago and the voice, and now, I'm supposed to sit here and de-
scribe all these sensations and some of them are pretty funny. But the other ones aren't so funny. I distinctly have to go to the bathroom now. And I wish that, I wish that I were allowed to. My grammar is coming helter-skelter but it isn't any different now. My lips are sticking together because of that bitter sensation. But I do feel as if I were, as if I was just a child now, and I didn't have any pressures or any, any — sounds like the voice is coming back — but I didn't have any, any questions or anything of a student and I feel gay and giddy, the way I do under a lot of cups of coffee now but I don't, the whole, the whole guise of being a big student is gone and everything is funny and I, I like to laugh and I feel very giddy and I don't feel as if anything is, but I can still remember the things I have to do for the semester but it doesn't really make any difference now. I feel sort of torn apart, as if I had to do things for the semester and as if, as if I were a child and it didn't make any difference and I just now let the whole thing go. Part of me is my time back there at the University and part of me — University sounds so funny now. Part of me is, I really do feel as if I were ten years old. Even though I do like a distinct somber person I've been lately, I just feel so giddy, my speech is coming helter-skelter. I have a tendency to, whenever I get confused.

All of a sudden the whole mass of being there, this is all taken away from me and, and back to my childhood and, and someone is tickling my feet and I was, I was sitting on a bed or something and there was, I can feel someone tickling my feet. And I feel very giddy. And I'm laughing and I feel very emotional. I can't, it's as if I were trying to be a grown-up, but I can't because somebody keeps tying me to a post. I have these flashes of being somber and I've got to control myself. I'd better be serious and get serious now. Somebody keeps poking me again. This whole thing is so funny. This must be strictly amusing to everybody. It's pretty funny to me. Somebody keeps tickling me. I realize I'm in here but I don't feel like I'm a child. Nothing I, nothing seems to matter, but I feel so gay and giddy and childish as
though someone were tickling me or something. Boy, this feels good. Oh, boy, it's pretty funny. I feel like I'm saying things I, dignified and sober — not necessarily sober — but anyway it doesn't say when anyone tickles. This is a feeling I haven't felt some, a long time. This whole mass is coming out underneath me. I don't necessarily feel I, I feel like when I was little and when, when I was — it's been so, it's been a long time, it's been so long since I was tickled and, and could stop and forget all the cares I had and just lie back and laugh and have a good time and now I have the feeling of having a good time, now I have the feeling of being tied down with the outside world. I don't feel like a visitor here but I feel like I was having a good time and someone were tickling me.

I'm always on the bottom of this thing, I don't know why. I get a feeling once in a while of, not the feeling so pleasurable before — Oh, here comes the voice again. The feeling was so pleasurable before.

*We are now going to ask you a series of questions which I would like you to answer as straightforwardly and as shortly as you possible can.*

*Do you feel ill in any way?*

No, I don't feel ill at all. I feel as if your voice were, were, were sort of not an adult but I feel distinctly giddy and odd. Now I'm beginning to feel, not necessarily ill, but my feet are getting cold.

*Are you nauseated?*

No, not really — well, now that you mention it, I was feeling nauseated, yeah, not distinctly nauseated, but yeah, I'm nauseated now.

*Do you have a feeling of choking?*

No, I don't have a feeling of choking. But I do have a feeling of, this is so tied down with my behavior when I was little, I
feel like I was ten and giddy and I laugh, thinking everything is so —

_Is your salivation increased or decreased?_

My salivation is de-increased. That seems like a funny word, like a word that I wouldn’t be saying right now because I’m not very old or supposed to know a word like that.

_Do you have a dry taste in your mouth?_

Yeah, I have a dry taste in my mouth. And I, I have not a bitter taste, but sort of, sort of a — I can’t think of the word now.

_Do you have an unusual taste in your mouth?_

No, I don’t have an unusual taste in my mouth. It feels like a link with the outside world, I feel so gay and giddy and childish. I just want to describe everything in here and get there —

_Do your lips feel numb?_

My lips aren’t numb, no.

_As if they were drawn back as if you were smiling?_

Yeah, you can say that again. Laughing like crazy in here. I feel as if I were in here and laughing, and that this voice, not, not a voice, this voice were, were —

_Does your head ache?_

No, my head doesn’t ache. This is the only tie with the outside world, whatever outside world there is. But my head feels fine, it feels pretty good. My feet —

_Are things moving around you?_

Yeah, that’s for sure. I feel like my speech must be coming like I was fifteen years old and I couldn’t, I couldn’t compose myself here, the serious words here —
Do you feel dizzy?
   No, I don’t feel dizzy. I feel sort of giddy, but not dizzy.

Do you have difficulty in breathing?
   No, I don’t have difficulty in breathing. I get all the air I want. As a matter of fact, it’s sort of cold in here. I feel like a draft.

Are you aware of your heartbeat?
   My heart isn’t beating anymore. My heart is — Not anymore, I can’t even feel it. I don’t know where it is now.

Are you sweating?
   No, I’m not sweating. Although I still have [inaudible] no, I don’t know what’s so funny about that.

Do you feel cold?
   No, I don’t feel cold. Oh boy, no, I feel —

Do your hands feel moist?
   No, I feel — how would I feel? — no. I must have been about ten when I was sort of smart.

Do your hands feel sensitive?
   No, although if you keep mentioning these things they may happen. I wish you’d stop it.

Do you have funny feelings in your skin?
   Every time you say, “Do you have a funny feeling on your skin,” I get one naturally.

Do your hands and your feet feel peculiar?
   Yeah, very peculiar. Now I’m beginning to be sober and somber.

Do you feel heavy?
   No, I feel sort of giddy and light. I, I —
Is your hearing abnormal?
No, my hearing is fine. Oh boy, this is pretty good.

Is it more acute than usual?
No. Let's see, where am I? Yeah, it seems pretty good.

Is your eyesight blurred?
No, my eyesight's not so good anyway. My eyesight is —

Do you feel weak?
No, I don't feel weak. I feel sort of childish. I feel pretty strong. Although I don't know what now.

Do you feel as if you are in a dream?
No. I just feel extremely giddy. I can't control myself. As if I were a child.

Are you anxious?
I keep getting flashes of trying to be serious and I — oh, boy —

What time is it?
I really have no idea. It must be about, I don't know, about five. What time did we start here? I don't know.

Where are you?
It seems like I, I don't know where I am. It seems like I'm in the, the composed college student sitting here but I, I, I'm not. I feel like I'm laughing at myself.

Have you ever felt like this before?
Yeah, I felt like this a long time ago though and I'm using speech I used a long time ago and never, haven't used in a long, long time.

Under what circumstances?
Very giddy speech and my, I've just sort of thrown off the
cares of university life and I haven't, I haven't got any somber intellectual —

**Did you see anything unusual?**
No, not recently. I, ah boy, this is so funny, tickling my —

**Did you hear anything unusual?**
No, I keep hearing your voice, but, but, I, let me see, where am I here? I'm, am having trouble following here —

**Are you afraid?**
No, I'm not afraid. I was at first, though. But now I'm coming back to sitting under here, but I keep forgetting I'm sitting under here, but I —

*This is the end of our questions. We will continue with the experiment. Please stay lying down quietly telling us all your experiences. We will contact you again at the end of the experiment. Thank you.*

Now I, I feel like I were going on a voyage, at least a long, long trip and that was — I better, the way I'm describing things is so, so — Here, I'm trying to collect myself and I feel distinctly sort of, of — I'm trying to look at my nose here but it doesn't look very, it looks all blurry and, and blurry and, and there's that darn tickling me again and I don't know, and ah boy, it's a long time since I felt like this. I keep seeing, keep saying that because I'm not sure whether I'm a, supposed to be a college student lying here or if I'm back in my own childhood, a pretty happy childhood, but then I still have these flashes of college speech and have flashes of, of old speech that I have when I haven't talked for a long time. I, I have this distinct feeling of not wanting to talk; I have to force myself to talk. Whereas before I was giddy and rather — here we go again. And now they're — where am I here? — it's not as if it were a dream exactly but the speech I haven't used in a long, long time or at least it doesn't seem like
it, I have, or now I have, can't remember what I was, what it was like when I was, I guess I used it when I was grown up but, but, ah boy, all these things are so funny. And I keep using these trite expressions and I think they're trite but they're, I haven't used them for a long, long time. I've got to compose myself and describe what's in here now.

Now let's see where am I here, I don't know where I am. This is, I know from this, from knowing this is the University of Michigan but it seems so silly because I, but how can I be here, I'm not even old enough to go to the University. Big deal, I feel like I was in high school or something now, this real cocksureness sort of humor — well, let's see, I — very high-schoolish-type speech and I try to describe this in, in terms of, of — Oh, I feel pretty good, in terms of — I still feel as if someone is tickling me, and I can't, I can't, I can't describe, I can't, I don't know, I keep this knowledge of what I have. And it keeps coming back to me and making me serious and then as a psychologist of whatever I am, and then it makes me serious and then I, I realize that I can't be a psychologist because I'm so giddy, it's as if I, I don't know. I feel like a, how can I be a psychologist if I'm fifteen years old or ten years old or whatever I am? If I'm so giddy as all this? I feel gay and wild, distinctly just the whole thing were one big tickle. I still, I feel like real cocky and bold and, and, the words are coming. I've stopped using big university words, and I don't think I could talk German if I had to anymore. I don't think I, even, I don't, I don't even know — now I'm getting serious again. I get serious and composed. And I got to get serious and, and —

[Noise stimuli] What's this? Now I'm hearing something in the, I don't know what it was. Sort of heard things in the, in the earphones. I really don't know what it was.

Boy, I have felt gay before, but this is too much.

Oh boy, now I hear something. [Noise stimuli] Sounds like a cricket. How silly, crickets don't belong here. I just got to get composed here. Where am I? Now I can see crickets and everything's boy, I don't know if I'm hearing crickets over the ear-
phones or whether, or whether, I, or whether, I hear — I keep getting these serious flashes, I got to get serious. And sit back — I'm sarcastic — and let's see, where am I?

Oh, my eyes are getting heavy now. First time I was conscious of my eyes now. And now I'm becoming, whoops, I was becoming composed for a second there. Now my arms are getting sort of heavy. I hope this describing it doesn't make them do it, it does have a tendency to do that. I, this is, I have the knowledge of something I, I, I don't know, I have the knowledge that I had when I was in the University but I feel like I couldn't have, because I was only about ten years old. And I feel real giddy and I just gotta pull myself together here, now, my arms feel sorta tired and hard, not hard, but I feel I'd like to move my arms sort of and, and they're not hurting, a little bit, yeah. I still gotta go to the bathroom and I've had the constant sensation of that all the way through. I have no idea of what time it is. But I imagine, I'm trying to be objective in describing all of this but I'm sure this is pretty hard.

Oh, I keep shaking, shaking this thing when I move and it brings me back to where I am. I try, I'll try to be, oh boy, I'll try to be somber and intellectualizing and I can't do that. The, here comes back the old psychologist or something in me. Now I'm a little kid again. My arms feel heavy and I haven't felt like I felt for a long time. Although I don't feel like I'm, I'm removed from my own, old self but I, ah, that's pretty funny, I, I like to laugh. Oh boy, ah, this is about the funniest thing I, I feel so giddy now and just a second and I'll describe what's occurring here. My mouth feels dry and I, ah boy, I'm just sorta letting things go here now. I, now I'm hearing something. Let's see, what is this? I'm hearing something, I don't know what it is. Now I'm back where I'm supposed to be. I'm a college student, University of Michigan, really composed. Now, now, I'm not anymore. Get serious, will you? Sort of hurting my elbows. Of course, that's probably supposed to be expected. There's that old somber speech again.

I'm still trying to look at my nose, and I can't. It's still sliding
back and forth and my skin looks sort of green. I hope it's not my color. Oh boy, I wish I'd get that sensation in my arms, felt good before, 'cause they sure hurt now. I wonder if it's me or if it's the, the feeling of the, I don't know what, the drug, oh yeah, the drug. Yeah, I forgot about the drug. Ah yeah, get serious here. There's some noises coming over the microphone. [Noise stimuli] Now, that's kinda cool. What's the bullet for? I'm not particularly getting any — I feel [noise stimuli], ah, this is pretty good. I felt, now I feel pretty gay, like playing with cars or something now. Not necessarily because the cars are coming on the thing but, but I decided I must be growing up or something. I don't know. I better get serious now. My arms sort of hurt now. But my arms, my arms sorta hurt and I'm completely removed from where I was, I — where am I? It's a good thing they didn't give me my glasses for these things. Boy, ah, boy, I still don't have the feeling when I was before though when I was, I felt so young, and now I feel older. I'm not sure whether they're putting these, these sounds over the mike or I am but — they're coming anyway. I don't think I, well, I couldn't be having these sounds. This is so ridiculous. No, unfortunately I didn't grow up in the war. I did, but you know. This is sort of, like having all these sounds. Wish I could move my arms now. The war doesn't seem too serious. Now I'm trying to get serious and, ah, oh boy, now I realize all this is being described, I mean, all this is being — where am I?

Oh boy, oh boy, oh, ripping good laugh, oh boy. Wish I could sorta move my arms now. Not necessarily awakening but oh, you mean I gotta go through this every day now? Boy, this is really something. I know what it was, I'm supposed, this is exactly what I used to say when I was twelve. When we went to Niagara Falls, and I looked so silly. That's what it is. Oh, oh, I have all the feelings that I had then. I must be getting older because I, all the facial expressions I have now, all the silly subtleties. My arms are sorta getting tired. Like a little kid who's getting tired of this experiment or something. My arms are getting tired.
[Noise stimuli] What's that? Oh, now I've heard some ridiculous things but that's about the most ridiculous. Oh, come on. I hear these noises—let's see, where are they? I'm reacting, I'm reacting to them instead of describing them. I wish these noises or someone going mmmm, uh or mmmm would stop, distinctly preposterous. No, that isn't particularly a word I would be using.

I do wish now that I could go to the john, it's getting pretty bad.

Now, I haven't been this way in a long time although my arms are beginning to, beginning to hurt now. I have no relation to time. I don't feel sick anymore. It feels as if I've just awakened or now, I almost hear birds chirping although there's nothing over the mike. And I never felt as if this were a flat place here. I'm awakened—wak—I'm waking up, or I'm awakening now and my speech is all going helter-skelter.

Now, I don't know what I'm talking on. Now, let's see, this whole thing's, this is the first time I've really noticed what's sorta going on before me, having no relation at all to time. I wish I, it'd speak to me again, sort of. I don't have these feelings of humor anymore. Here we come again. Not necessarily humor but, but feelings of—oh, here we go—no, feelings of I'm just like my brother now. Sort of, get serious. And shape up here, now where am I? Let's see, I'm seventeen now. No, I must be more than that. That couldn't be what I am. My arms are beginning to hurt though. I wish the time would be up now. Now I don't feel so good. I feel grown up now, sort of, in ways and actions. The painful process of growing up. I feel distinctly, distinctly, I don't know why my arms should feel so bad. I'm just lying around here, lying around—what? I'm shaking the whole bed here. I sorta feel as if I don't know what I'm saying. I'm giddy like I used to have been for a long time and I'm trying to be composed, sorta, like a college student.

Now I feel tired and just lying back and my arms, I feel these padders, comfortable my arms are getting, my arms still hurt,
dam it. There's no way I can fix it so my arms — feel sorta irritated and restless now. And my voice seems sorta, of giddy and, my voice just, once in a while I get these feelings of humor. That must be the university humor coming on. You get the impression that I'm growing up, I, I — let's see, where am I now? I must be growing up and I wish this whole thing now — oh man, feels like I'm waking up. Using expressions I haven't used for quite a while.

It still seems light to me where it didn't seem light before. It might be the changing light on the thing. Now I'm getting so rational. And so acute, now my feet, feels like I'm, my feet are going and I feel much more able to describe the situation the way it is. Although I still have the feeling, ah boy, I must be about seventeen now, and somebody is still poking me. I'm supposed to be respectable and I'm pretty much respectable and I — not respectable but respectful and my, respectable — I know that I'm supposed to be dignified. I'm grown up and all that but I still don't feel like I am.

Now I wonder why the thought of hunger came into my mind. I'm not really hungry.

Ah, ah, ah, I'm trying to describe now. That's the, that's the thing now, I'm trying to hold back. Not necessarily holding back, but I'm collecting, collecting being eclectic. All these pretty smart words you've learned. Let's see, what am I going to describe now? I don't feel as giddy and as, giddy and as gay as I did before. And, oh boy, I still know German all the way through. I didn't say that too logically. I seem to be growing up now and I'm still, and my speech is the way it has been and I argue with somebody now. My mouth is full of saliva now, saliva, and I'm not so composed as I used to be. I'm — university life and, university life is still so important. I feel like I were, I feel like I felt about two or three years ago, although it's hard to imagine how I felt then because I'm so composed and suave now. Ha!

Now I feel sort of, my arms are beginning to feel heavy now,
and sort of numb, I guess. I have the feeling that I've known—I wonder what time it is. I wish I, I'm either coming out of it or I'm growing up, or something—anyway I'm, I'm trying to hold my urine back and I'm just. Big cushiony feeling about this place. I, it keeps me so—ah, there's that old giddy feeling. I don't feel so giddy as I did before. Now, now I feel more serious and not composed. The effect of the drug is either wearing off or I feel that I can describe things in a, in the way that they're supposed to be described, here. But I do feel—oh, here we go again, oh, now I don't feel as if I should be taken back as far as to his childhood. Even the selection of words I notice, I'm noticing, but I don't feel. Let's see, where am I? I don't feel as childish as I did before. I feel more somber, not necessarily somber—I don't know why I keep using that word. I feel more, not inhibited, I feel sorta inhibited, uninhibited, although I'm not supposed to know, to know that word. I feel sort of, like giving up, floating. I'm not moving my muscles now, my back muscles, my back muscles and I shouldn't, I don't know, this is voluntary and I have the feeling being swooned or being carried along although I once in a while get a pang of this humor and laughter, this ticklish laughter. I better not, because I really have to go to the bathroom now. But I, now it comes back intermittently.

I always get the feeling, the feeling keeps recurring, that I'm trying to use good grammar, but that's university grammar, that's grown up. Let's see now, my speech is becoming helter-skelter. I feel sorta as if I'm grown up and I've awakened, although I still have a trace of that giddy childhood. But I'm laughing now as if I hadn't for a long time and I feel, to look back as, as a grown-up psychologist, that this is not so humorous anymore and my choice of words isn't so, so I must have a mass now, of grown-up-ness and that my choice of words isn't so poor anymore, or childish anymore.

And now I just sorta lie back and, and—oh, by the way I'm supposed to be describing again. My, my lips are bitter and I,
my lips are dry and I, where am I? I'm still not the age I'm supposed to be, with all the problems I've got, like term papers and all that. But every time I think of that I get nauseous. Now that's a fine how-do-you-do. It figures. Oh, boy. I, I feel sorta the way I do when a semester ends, not that I do usually normally but, but—I'm talking a lot here. Let's see, where am I? The way my speech sometimes gets when I'm not watching my defenses or when I'm not watching my syntax or something, I don't know. I'm not sure what that means. When I'm not watching my grammar.

Now I just felt my lips and I have a beard. But it doesn't seem like I should have. I just again hardly feel like I were a child but I'm, not a child, but keep licking my lip and now it's, now it's drying off. I feel sorta composed and somber and I can describe very well now, now what's going on with more well-chosen adjectives. I have these insights now that I didn't have before, before of, of not humor, but yeah, that is humor. Everything has an underlying touch of humor, which is probably the way things go now. But I feel very gay and, now, giddy, the way I haven't felt for a long, long time. Like everything, and that now, it's like knowing somebody, like not having all the burdens and everything, when you know people, all the masks are having, feel as if I should express myself better, better now than I have. Now I have the feeling that I have sort of, sort of, oh, of sort of being wafted along again now. I haven't had this feeling for a while. I don't know what time it is. I still have to go to the bathroom, as I have all the way through here. I have some underlying tone, note of giddiness to everything. But the way I'm describing things now, the way I'm describing things now, the way I can describe things when I'm not trying to hide anything. I'm trying to be down-to-earth, not down-to-earth even but trying to, this is a feeling I sincerely, sincerity, sincere feeling that I've had, for a long, that I haven't had for a long time. Not necessarily bad but let's see, how do I want to phrase this? Everything sort of has an underlying or an undertone of, it's an overtone of sarcasm or wit
to it, but now it seems sincere. I really feel like I could talk to somebody sincerely and without any, without any, without any masks and knowing people. That he put before him or I put before me, or all those things.

I don’t feel any attacks of humors any more, and I feel the humor, is more, comes here, is more, more dignified and more, I’ve learned how to cope with the humor and all. Oh, no, I get these attacks of humor although this thing that I have now—I hope when I get old I still, I hope when I grow old I, I still can have the same humor as I did, or have had now.

I keep forgetting that I’m in here and all the time before me I’ve had these changing feelings. I wish somebody would talk to me now. I’m interested in talking to somebody. I, I’m getting the feeling now that I hope this is all coming through on the microphone. I’d like to move my arms now. Feels like somebody is pushing down on the, on the joint between my elbow, on my elbow and my feet aren’t cold anymore the way they used to be. I really wish I could go to the bathroom though.

This is the way, I’m speaking now the way I do when I’m, I drink too much coffee. Now I haven’t got anymore fronts above me. I’ve had recently. I just noticed now that I’ve had these masks in front of people recently. And that I haven’t been able to talk someway because I’ve lost my, my, I really have lost my, my humor lately. I don’t know what’s the matter. My sense of humor, I, went way down to the cares of being a student, a serious university student. I feel as if I lost my sense of humor now and that my sincere sense of good, laughing good humor and that the feeling recently I just haven’t, when I laugh, it hasn’t been. I haven’t laughed, I haven’t laughed even in the last six months, I haven’t laughed the way I have now. When I’ve had these serious tests and pressures and all that sort of thing. I just feel like there was nothing pressing on me now although I know there is. I, I feel like I’ve had four, not four but three cups of coffee. I feel very gay and on top of the world. And in love with everybody, the way it should be. And philosophical.
And no pretenses or, or willing to take every viewpoint, as it comes.

I do wish someone would speak to me, though, because I'm getting a little bit tired now. I am awakened or grown up. I keep getting a bitter feeling. My arm's beginning to hurt. But I feel as if I were, the cares of the last five months, and everything have been removed from me and I can just speak my heart freely. I don't want to describe any sensations now, any sensations that have come in front of me, any pictures that have come in front of me, because I, it's all been about the same thing. I've, I'm still amused by the same things. And I wish that darn guise of, darn guise of sarcasm, not sarcasm, but cynicism, that's it, I wish I could get rid of that. Sort of tickles some things like my mother was. I'm not tickled so much anymore, or yeah, oh no, oh boy, I guess maybe so, I don't know.

Seem to have lost the solemn descriptive tone I had before.

Oh boy, I wish I could move my arms though.

Let's see, where am I now? I, I was going back, almost going to be a, going back to my childhood again, and now I'm getting sorta warm and my arms are getting sorta warm. And it feels like I were in a shower, or were in a shower, or however the saying goes. And I know how it goes, unfortunately. Here's that cynicism creeping up again. And it feels like five years ago when I didn't have that cynicism and sarcastic worldly that I've gotten lately. I don't know what that, what the, what the importance of that is, but that's sort of good because I can look at myself sort of the way I am, sort of silly, when you get right down to it. I've always been sort of humorous, not humorous, humorful, I don't know why I, why I should have been so serious, serious lately. I'm refusing to laugh at things. I have a ripping good laugh in a long time and I, let's see, when I stop to think about it now, I'm using my speech like I'm a child again.

Oh boy, I wish I could move now. I know I'm not supposed to move very much now, although as these things are on me—
But now I have, the problems are starting to come back to me, not weighty problems but I can sort of be philosophical about them. Lately I've been too, been too serious about my problems, too philosophical and too — oh boy, this is sorta keen — I don't have any problems, really, I just feel like talking and talking. I don't feel giddy but I feel as if I've graduated from this darn place and I just could get out of here and I, do what I wanted to do. And I could be cheerful and humorous if I wanted to and not, my humor isn't dictated by the, by what everybody, I don't know what everybody else thinks necessarily, but by what is going on.

I still feel light, naturally, because of this fluorescent light. It just occurred to me, all, all the time I had the feeling that there was a, a, a, a window over here by my right foot, or I mean outside, you know, on that side of the room but, and that it should be getting darker or something but it doesn't seem to be doing so. My speech has still got this sort of pedantic tone, pedantic, tone to it, sort of like a travel through word-land or something. I don't know what it is, I feel like I was a student where I wasn't so influenced to be creative and all the things that lately have been influencing me as a senior. I'm now becoming philosophical and, and, and this place is making me, I get the more, I feel like, not necessarily speaking, I just feel like sitting back and, and reflecting on what saying, just thinking actually there speaking out loud is, is — the effects of the drug are either wearing off or I'm getting more serious. Now I seem more myself and more composed and there's no fear or anything, there was a little fear at first but now everything seems to have been, seems to be rounding out again.

I wish somebody would, still wish somebody would speak to me. I don't feel as giddy as I did before. And I've got, I'm trying to be sincere, sincere. Why does that word keep popping up now? I must be getting tired now. That's a word that's been concerning me lately. This is sorta a mental catharsis, this whole
thing. It really does seem like I'm in a catharsis. Boy, it sure
takes effect, this drug sure takes effect nicely on my boy. [Whist­
tles] I'm really a gemmy subject.

 Anyway, I still have the feeling that underlying all that I'm
saying here now is, what I'm saying now actually equals what
I'm doing, what I say on the University underlies this humor
that I had when I was a little child but I didn't have, haven't
had much of it lately. I don't know what happened to it. I seem
to have lost it. My somber big-deal overtones have to grow up
and be a, face the world, as a senior or something. I feel gay and
I don't — I feel like expressing myself. Oh, my mother's this
way but sometimes I, oh, it's hard to make, to express myself
this way around her because I, I don't have a necessarily mask
with her but, but lately I've been so serious and once in a while
I've been humorous. But really I feel pretty optimistic about
things lately, the burdens of going through, getting a job and
going to Germany and all those things are sort of unbearable.

I thought the drug, the effects of the drugs are wearing off,
but, evidently not. I wouldn't be hearing things on the loud­
speaker and also getting the effects of, I hope I can go to, I don't
know, I, I don't feel serious. I just feel philosophical and like
thinking back on, this is all becoming a, this whole thing is be­
coming a, a description of this of my, of my tour through grow­
ing up or something. And I feel like I've lost my cares of, I feel
as if I may feel now when I've graduated from this place. I feel
gay and carefree and as if the end is ahead and now I can sit
back and I don't have to be burdened by the cares of the world.
And sort of lie back and when I couldn't lie back before, now I
can lie back and just sort of assume the role of, not philosophi­
cal, but just assume a carefree attitude.

My arm is beginning to hurt. I haven't had lately any sensa­
tions of my body. My arms pain me but that's, it just plain pains
me, I wish I could move it.

Oh boy, I'm not becoming bored with me down here but I'm,
I just feel as though, the way I feel when I will graduate from
here, the way I felt when all the pressure is removed, I just feel happy and gay and carefree and everything is just sort of amusing and everything is sort of amusing and the way I get once in a while when the true me seeps through but, but oh, boy, is, is this supposed to be a tour through my life here? Sort of shed, sort of as the saying goes, shed the real me. And now it's coming back to be a philosophical old age. Only once in a while do I come back to a reality, I feel I don't, I can see when I have a bad childhood, when I reflect on, underneath this, I feel as if I were under, under the blanket, or something, under a blanket, and as if I, under a shell or something, or, a, since my hands are tied up and my feet are tied up and my - now I had a flash of something, I don't know what. I do wish somebody would talk to me though. I don't feel like talking right now though.

I still am not sure whether, when I get back to the point where, where, where — there now, I can't remember, I keep getting these recurrences of humor. Back to the point, where, where, where, where I haven't had to laugh in such a long time that I can look at things and laugh and see it's funny and all that sort of — the psychologist in me won't let me laugh. Ohhh, no, am I going back to childhood again? I keep getting these recurring feelings that I'm going back to childhood again. And all this profound, not profound, intellectualizing I'm doing here. A bunch of mishmash, it probably is. I've forgotten now. Let's see now. Now what am I thinking? Ohhh, I just feel sorta reflective. Like sitting back again and reflecting. Like I'm on a deck chair of an ocean liner going over to Germany. Oh, I wish I were going there now. I'm going over to Europe or anyplace sunny and warm and the way things should be instead of the way around here.

Now I wish I could sorta move my arm, but I'm still lying back and, and I can see more clearly the, this, this, this bulb that I'm under but I, but I — it'll be good to get out of it. I don't know what. Now let's see, where am I? I feel like it's the exact same feeling I have about three in the morning, when I've just
talked all night and I just, the things that come, laugh at any­thing. Anything's funny but now I'm sorta tired. Not tired but
I'm not thinking of what I'm saying, it's just coming out. Kind
of, the words are coming out, not necessarily thoughts behind
them. Because to say the least, incoherent. But the way, the
way you would if you were sitting on a deck chair, or on
the lawn, look up and sorta feel the earth go around. I don't
know if, I don't know if it's — [noise, maybe static.]

What was that? I don't know what that was. I didn't quite
catch the significance. I feel as though I were emerging from
somewhere and a very little while I won't be able to go from
here. I sure would like to, would like to end up, I'm getting
tired. Hmmm, I'm hungry and I'd like to eat something. And I
don't know why I have to be so serious. And I do wish someone
would talk to me though. Feel like sorta now like I don't feel
like talking anymore —

The experiment is now over.
TIM UNDER LSD–25

"... nothing seems to have any time."

Tim's response to LSD was detailed by him in the same way he had described his responses to psilocybin. However, here he has more to say about time distortion. Each of the subjects was in the experimental room for four hours. Despite the subjective experience of time being so variable, when asked to estimate the time at the end of the experiment none made errors greater than 30 minutes.

Tim was given 150 μg of LSD–25. We reproduce only a few excerpts from the original 42 pages of transcript in which Tim talks about time.
One minute I'm, I'm under here for three hours and the next minute it's, it's, time has moved away and my voice, I know I'm me, all the time. Before, last time I was under here I had a relationship to time but now I don't. I have no relation to time, my thoughts just keep going helter-skelter. And if I happen to correspond with what — now I'm getting rational again. It seems like it's been a long time. Now I must be in one of these moods where I'm not perceiving too well and everything, this button seems to me to be, uh, first a part of it's soft and then I perceive it as wanting to make it go and the next, I'm feeling a totally different concept. Now it's spinning around like it has before. I'm perceiving this in an entirely different context now. I'm perceiving it in the context of, uh, uh — it changes so fast I can't even describe it. Now I can hear crickets and this whole, the whole situation, now — last time it took so long, I remember it took so long, it seemed like it was so long outside. Now let me get this straight. Last time it seemed now I perceive this button, this has a relation to everything.

I feel a little bit nauseous again. Now, I'm not describing anything because, the sensations I feel, but I can't describe the way I feel. One minute I'm here and next minute I'm not. I have a distinct consciousness about this, this three-hour period underneath this, the, uh, canopy dome, one minute it's, it's — it seems to be changing all the time. One minute it's long and the next minute it's short and, and it keeps, it seems hard and, and it's been so long since someone's talked to me and the sensations keep coming and I try to describe them.

No relation to time. Everything is as if I've been in here hours, and weeks. Everything is spinning all around and I, I don't know which way's up and which way's down. It seems as if I've been here at least — well, a long time. They're about to take me out of here. Now I'm, now I'm perception of, of, uh, uh, one moment I know where I am and the next moment I don't know where I am. And one moment I know what time it
is and the next moment I don’t know what time it is. And one moment I know where I am and who I am and the next moment I don’t know where I am and who I am. Uh, here are the feelings I have. The whole time must be confused because the whole concept of time, because nothing seems to have any time. Um, must be about, um, well I’d, I thought it, I feel like it was a long time I’ve been sitting here talking but it’s been years, yet it must not have been judging by the, by the, by the way the experiment is going. Judging by when the length of time it took for the voice to come in. It just seems like forever and ever and ever. I don’t know what time is what time and, and I’m perceiving and hearing, uh, more acutely. My, my hearing is more acute than before and now it seems to pull my stomach in and the whole, everything is spinning around again and now it’s all different colors and I don’t know what time it is or where am I or I’ve just lost all identity. I know who I am, but I don’t know what time it is. I can’t even think what time it is. I can’t even imagine what time it could be. It’s just no time. There’s just no time. Now I remember when I came in here it was one thirty. Uh, now I am seeing figures again, faces, and right now it’s distinctly unpleasant and it feels like I’ve been here for weeks and days and I’m so tired now. And I wish this experiment were over with now. Getting very tired and, very sleepy and feel like I’ve been under here for weeks.

Seems like now I’ve been here for a long, long time and, uh, now I can be more philosophical about being under here a long, long time. I don’t know why this sensation should occur to me now. I’m seeing very vivid colors now. Pink and, and, and, uh, green and blue and, the colors seems to shift back and forth from, I just don’t know when, what in relationship to what, what is in relationship to what here, and completely confused in time. In front of me I see, uh, just a changing sort of maze. Let’s see, in front of me I see, uh, just a, I don’t know what. Where am I here? Everything, each little incident seems to be
magnified now and I get the feeling I'm leaving my describing my voice.

Now I'm seeing everything red. Bloody red. And now yellow and now orange. Seems like I've been under here about six months now and I have no relation to how long I've been under here. Let's see, everything is sort of still spinning around and I can see things in green, red, orange, pink, blue. It seems like, uh, uh, I've been here for a long, long time talking, under here for a long, long time talking now.
SOME YEARS AFTER THE EXPERIMENT IN WHICH JANE, Frank, and Tim took part, we again ran an experiment involving the use of LSD-25. Details of the experiment do not matter at this point; let it suffice to say that it had something to do with the effects of LSD-25 on tests of creativity. Creativity itself, so variously defined and illusively capricious in nature, is probably impossible to measure and evaluate. There are, however, tests related to various aspects of the creative process and several of these were used in our study. It had a relatively simple before-and-after-taking-the-drug design with a “no drug” control. Although it is usual to control for drug effects by giving a placebo, this is foolish in an LSD experiment where the drug action is so...
marked; however, we couldn't justify using a physiologically active drug as a control as has been done elsewhere. Since the subjects were tested in the nondrug state as well as later, they did act to some extent as their own controls. Among the several tests we used was a brief period of "free association." The term is not an accurate one, even in its relatively pure form in the psychoanalytic model, and certainly one cannot free-associate for fifteen minutes just like that. Some people are better at it than others, but all need training and practice. The difficulties were common to all subjects, however, each subject getting exactly the same instructions but none of them having had training or preparation before.

Some excerpts from their remarks are reproduced here as glimpses of further reactions to LSD. The situation was entirely different from the previous experiment: here the subjects just lay on a couch and spoke into the ever-present though unobtrusive microphone. There was another important difference and that was the dosage. If we had given the same dosage, 150 μg of LSD, as we had in the other experiments, few of our subjects would have been able to undertake some of the tests, two or three of which were quite complex, and we would not, therefore, have been able to study anything. We had to determine a dosage that was on the one hand sufficient to cause a drug effect, and yet on the other did not prevent participation in the experiment. In this experiment, the subject received an average of 40 μg of LSD calculated on a weight basis. This is less than one third of the dose that was given in the earlier experiment.

Bill, whose transcript comes first, was a single "pilot" subject. We had not yet found an optimal dose, so the formality of the usual experimental procedures was somewhat relaxed. After the screening interview with Dr. P——, Bill, a drama major, had chatted with him about the theater, a topic in which both shared considerable enthusiasm. In the first fifteen minutes of
“free association” Bill, unaccustomed to public speaking as he was, talked freely, with generalizations about his present life, his girl friend, and a recent domestic drama that had unfolded in his lodginghouse.

Two hours after taking the LSD, his comments were much more personal and his brief relationship with the examiner took on both emotional and reminiscent overtones.

Bill Speaks. (Laughs) Oh, my. Yuk. He wants me to, yuk. All right, I'll tell you what's happening, I'm not really nervous, I'm just sort of high. I have a strange feeling in my loins, it's between the hip bones, there, and it's akin to, you know, right before the climax. You were right, Doc. Sort of an ecstasy and not getting there. But it's not down in the sex organ, unquote, itself, it's right between the hip bones, there, the pelvis region. Also very hungry. Ohhh, bet I could talk for an hour, or two or three. The wind is still blowing those drapes, that I first observed, looks very nice. What else? (Laughs) So he photographs those things, that's going to be funny, because the cold symmetrical logic I had in the first one there is going to be offset by that face I made. It's rather ingenious the way, you know, it is three-dimensional. I can hear my watch ticking, because I've got my hands underneath my head. And my feet are going up and down because I'm up there. Weird, boy — that feeling in the pelvis is really, huh, funny.

Doctor, I had an interesting thought while I was, you know, doing that mosaic, that I want to tell you about. You're, to me, you know, you are a real nice person, I like ya, but few people — and I'm really stupid now, I can feel it, I mean stupid talking, so I'll settle down here — few people can make me feel dwarfed in intelligence, or in — actually it's not intelligence that I respect so much, because I, and I've said this many times, have a, um, ah, I differentiate between what I call “educated” people and what I call “informed” people. I'm staring at the little black dots on the ceiling again to keep my logic straight. Now, in-
formed people are those who have gathered after a certain amount, number of years of education, quote-unquote, lots of information about a specific thing. I call these people “informed.” My dad, I think, used these words to me first. I’m sure he did. “Educated,” however—and I’m not sure, yeah, probably the same definition my dad gave it—“educated” I feel means people who not only have enough information in a certain area so that they can function as a useful member of society—how about that phrase?—but really also—Educated, oh yeah, there are—oh, come on, I know what they are (laughs)—the people who have a great deal of knowledge about people and situations and emotions, and how people work together, or apart or whatever, as an individual. Lots of information about other people, the way they work, the way they think and feel. Lots of information, more than anything else, probably about yourself. A sort of existentialist probe into your being, the real foundation, the real knowledge of what the hell you are, and its acceptance. Guess I’ve got to go along with it. Guess I’ve got no use for rebels. But there are people, people who know art and literature, music, history, lots of information on a lot of topics, and appreciation for it all, coupled with enough information on a specific thing to get along in the world. And keep it interesting and useful. People who know about love and hate, people who can love and hate, people who are vigorous, and filled with a—I’m just doubling my fist now, to try and show you, you know, the go-in-there man, and they get there. Lots of strength, lots of vitality, lots of human being to them; they are not vegetables, they’re people. These all-around people I call “educated.” And rather, as opposed to that narrow small god-awful human being I hate, who happens to know a little bit about nuclear biophysics, nothing about his wife, nothing about his kids, nothing about the people who are not around him, who has never been to a show, never read a book or a poem, couldn’t tell you the Egyptian from the Assyrian, but nuclear biophysics is his bit
— oh, he's got a title. These people I don't, they're not in competition with me for my feeling of place.

But now to back to where I started, and how about this for tying everything in? This drug isn't as strong as I'm making it out to be, I don't think, if you even gave me one. You must have, I got some weird — Well, anyway, you, Doctor, are one of those few people, and they come along periodically, who really makes me — I'm talking of Dr. P——, in case anybody else is listening to this — I think, I think he deserves recognition here, you know, the credit, signed by Bill Ashby, and the director of this show is, ah, you know, and I don't know who is writing the script (laugh). Well anyway, he is one of the few people who dwarf me, who I can feel, comfortably now, not uncomfortably, but feel like I'm in the presence of a person who is not only just informed but educated.

Now that's a nice little thesis there, and I could write a paper about that.

I'm pulling on my penis right now. Bill, don't do that, not nice.

Ah, I'd like to get up and walk around this room, but I don't dare. You know, being an actor I'm very mike-conscious now, does that — oh, it's a little better when it's right out in front, and you use your full resonant voice, and articulate, things like that. Inflect, the whole bit. I'm holding the mike right out in front of me here.

Oh, it's weird. Guys a bunch of nuts around here. I still, I think I may go to Harlan Hatcher about this whole bit, seriously, about those slots in the doors in the lounge. I don't know, I mean I don't really have anything against them, but it's so psychiatric, ha, ha, ha, and then the other night, day I came in, one of the first days I was up here and I walked up to the secretary and I noticed these, I noticed the slots in the doors, and one thing that really struck me was the coffee lounge which is right across from your office there, because I went in there and
had coffee and a whole gob of food, couple big plates of, full of food, for about thirty cents, forty cents, something like that. Nice. And well, anyways I walked up to the secretary and I commented very suavely and she wasn’t affected at all. I probably wasn’t dressed well enough. I don’t dress well enough, but I commented that — I don’t dress well enough for anything but a hayride, I think. Hah, hah, cute. Ah, I commented that even the colors of the doors in this nutty building — you know, once you walk in here, you see, knowing this is the Mental Health Research Institute, I don’t know why you have to tie that onto the end but it’s there, knowing what the building is, you know, you begin to suspect everything, this psychiatric crap, you know — why do they have a yellow door and a green room, like I got right here in front of me? It does go nicely with the yellow drapes, though, that’s right, but you know. (Laughs)

Get your hand off your penis, Bill. I’m telling you that, you know, that feeling, it’s not there too much now. The one between my hips. Kind of weird, it’s moving everywhere now, it’s weird. It’s a tingle.

Oh, I was going to tell you about the three coat racks over there, very scientifically, looks like, designed coat racks, so as not to upset your collar because it’s got this curved thing, look like faces. Right there, I’m using a gesture you can’t see, that is beautiful, and it looked like, you know, well, funny faces, well in a weird way.

Oh, meant to tell you, just a moment ago when I was thinking very clearly and logically and running that little argument for you, I was staring at these little dots in the soundproofing I mentioned, and in the ceiling here. When I was a kid I used to sit on the toilet and stare at the lines that the tiles made on the other side of the bathtub, when the shower curtain is open, which is open most of the time. And if I stared long enough and hard enough without really focusing but just stared in general at that wall, the lines would move, not all over, but just up and down, back and forth, sideways, ah, the ah — I hear footsteps in
the hall, you’re going to stop me; no — the lines would move on the tiles. Well, the dots do the same thing here on the (laugh) perforated ceiling. Thought I’d tell you that, and I imagine if I stared at the venetian blinds, not venetian blinds, but venetian blind-like structure that is over these overhead lights here, they would move also. Let me try it.

Awr, I’m not interested.

The wind is dying down a little bit. Doesn’t seem to be blowing the drapes with quite so much velocity. Certainly aren’t billowing like they were the first time I was here. That hissing sound is still — I swear to God it’s not the heater, it’s the wind outside — but it’s just so steady, steady wind out there, lots of trees to break it down I suppose. Keep it kind of steady, if there are trees out there.

Things to talk about. (Makes sounds with his feet against the canopy.) That’s my feet, making that noise. I’m a jiggler and I, you know, ah, nail biter (snaps fingers in a rhythm also), nose picker, smoker — lots of nervous habits. One time, get this, you know, my dramatics coach was watching me for a long time, knows me inside and out, because whatever happens to regenerate its way up on the surface in a characterization that is you, that fits the character, you know, it’s honest, it’s the character, but it happens, you know, everything has to come from you anyhow, but when it comes up, you know, after a year, year and a half of watching you on stage, and in classrooms, scenes and things, whether you ever opened your mouth to this guy or not he’d know you inside and out. And Doc N—— knows me. And this broad, I don’t know who the hell she was — let me think, I don’t know, some fink in the class, couldn’t act a lick — and she said, after I had gotten done with a scene she says, I don’t know, “He was just so relaxed.” And N—— turned to her and said, “My dahling —” he talks like that — “I can’t ever imagine a situation in which Bill would be relaxed.” And God, is that true, because like, ah (starts snapping his fingers), he doesn’t live with me, you know, so he can’t see all, you know, and I
don't smoke in the classroom, stuff like that, but he knew me inside, that much, to know that although, well, when I hit a chair, I drape it. Or a couch or anything like that, or a bed, or if I'm standing I'll lean against the wall, just sort of drape myself wherever I go, just thinking that it helps conceal some of your size, you know, fat, stuff like that. You learn that when you're fat, like wear a lot of loose clothing, dark clothing, and stuff. I used to weigh two hundred and twenty pounds — wouldn't believe it would you? I would.

Anyway, from, where was I? (Still snapping fingers.) Doc N——, and then came the nervous bit, and (stops snapping fingers), and oh yeah, I'll tell you, see, like, this girl, she just sees me walking around and sitting down, and different things, smoking cigarettes and, I give the appearance of, you know, being really calm. But (starts snapping fingers) I'm never calm, I'm very nervous. Eat like a horse that's got to run in about an hour, you know, fast. And (stops snapping fingers) in fact, I may be, and this is bragging (laugh), I may be the fastest eater in this city, without competition, I mean, you know, without being really in a race. But just sitting down at a table with any group of people, I invariably beat them. I, there isn't, I have never seen anyone, couple guys, Dave Campbell eats fast, but he can't catch me. My roommate, Dale Carson — I've been sitting across from him now, only been living with him a couple months — he sat there the other night without looking like he was gulping his food, trying to outeat me, while I sat there and very leisurely, defeated him.

Tom was a dull sort of fellow. The solid, hard-working type, honest, and sincere, the backbone of any good society, who knows where he'll go and once he gets there will be totally satisfied. Like all subjects he'd been told he was to miss his lunch, and he was very hungry. Apart from some color imagery and the fact that he was more hungry, there appeared to be little change
in his free association from the nondrug state to the drug state. His reactions are included to illustrate what is, however, a not particularly unusual effect — namely, very little.

_Tom Speaks._ (Mumbling to self) Think about the newspaper. The newspaper (yawn) I was looking at. The _Michigan Daily_ — World's Fair, colorful costumes and everything.

I'm so hungry, and so dizzy, I don't know what's happening. Uhnnn. (Mumbles) I'm so hungry, and dizzy. I don't know what's happening. I have to have something to eat. (Pause, sigh)

I don't know why, but I think of kaleidoscope. Colors and uh — all the different colors and uh — I'm too dizzy, I can't move, ohhh, I'm so dizzy.

(Sigh) Boy, I'll be glad when I'm home tonight. Wait, I'm not so dizzy now. Just a minute. Now I'm not dizzy. (Sighs, mumbles) Don't feel very creative at all. The whole test is for me to feel creative, and I don't feel creative. I don't know. All I want to do (laugh) is go home. I wish . . . wish (mumble), because just makes me feel bad. I don't feel good. I want some of my wife's good cooking. Boy, all I can think of is food and hamburgers and — I'm so dizzy I don't know what I'm saying. Uh.

Oh, flashes of yellow and white light, they're coming in, ohhhh, and uh . . . I see a lot of pretty triangles and, and geometrical things, they're all coming out and some are white and some are flashes of red and orange and flashes of yellow and they're really pretty and all kinds of designs and Christmas card designs saying Noël and (mumbles). But I'm so hungry I . . . I don't know why (mumble). I can't always see lightning. Ohhh. (Pause)

Just wish that I could sleep and have something to eat. So dizzy, where am I? I need something to eat. What am I doing in this situation? I must have been outa my mind to put myself in such a situation. When I get so hungry I want something to eat.
That's all I can think about. I can't think about anything pretty or anything else. *(Mumbling)*

Those curtains are sure a pretty yellow color. Thanksgiving pumpkins in orange colors and . . . *(Pause)*

It'll be nice to get home. Wonder what Alice's doing right now? *(Pause, sigh)*

I'm so dizzy. Atlas spaceship again. But it's not like an Atlas spaceship because it's small at the top and bigger at the bottom, and if it's smaller at the top than it is at the bottom then it couldn't be an — like a missile, because a missile's the same all the way up.

This sure seems longer than seventeen minutes — than fifteen minutes. I don't know. *(Sigh)* I just want to sleep. I just sleep now. But there's always the flashes of light coming in, they're so pretty. Flashes of green light and flashes of white light and flashes of orange light and flashes of all kinds of . . . uhhh *(mumble)*. I see an eye looking at me — I don't know, it's just an eye — lot of triangles, all kinds of different-colored triangles.

Ohhh — what — I'm hungry. What am I doing talking to myself? I feel like a nut or something. I just go off into unconsciousness. I guess that's the whole idea is when I go off into unconsciousness, they want to know what I say. They want to know what kind of pretty pictures I see. I see a lot of pretty pictures. Everybody sees pretty pictures when they close their eyes *(mumble)*, it's just that some people can draw them and some people can't draw them. Some people like me that can't draw them just have to close their eyes to see them usually. *(Pause)* I see so many pretty things and I wish I could draw them. I wish I could save them and see them later. Uhnnn. I'm hungry, and dizzy. *(Pause)*

I wonder how long I've been here. I'm sorry my watch is broken. *(Moving about, pause, sigh)* I'll think about my watch . . . I'm sorry it's broken. *(Pause, sigh)*

I wish we would go to the — how can I — say what things come to my mind when my mind is so dizzy? Terribly dizzy, so
terribly dizzy, so terribly hungry. So terribly fed up with this, I want to go home. Want Alice to come home. Snuggle up to Alice when I get outa this.

How can I talk, see so many geometrical figures? Uhhh. (Pause) Can’t understand what makes . . . I know it’s been fifteen minutes. I can’t understand it. It’s hard for me to keep my perception up. Now I see — I can realize — things, the microphone here. But I’m so dizzy when I close my eyes, and I just wander off into a dream world. It’s because I’m so dizzy and I haven’t eaten anything and I’m so hungry. I sure wouldn’t recommend this job for anything if a person couldn’t eat while he took the drug. I don’t know what I’m doing at all.

(Moving about) Uhhh. (Moving) Uhhh. I was dreaming . . . I dreamed I was off in a place, uh, it’s like Hawaii . . . some South Seas island with . . . with . . . dancers . . . boy, they look cool. Now there, uh . . . But, I’m so hungry. I’m sure this must make an interesting recording. I wonder if they’re recording things . . . all the little things I say.

I see a real eerie-looking creature — no, it’s . . . it’s an eye. It’s white and black and red and ohhh, I don’t know, it’s light flashing, I’m always seeing light flashing, only it’s too close to — I don’t know. Now there’s a pretty blue light and a pretty green light and the blue and green together. But they look pretty together. And there’s a light that goes on white and green and blue and the other and . . .

We have included Rick because so little seemed to happen to him despite his efforts to be cooperative and “have things happen.” In fact he seemed to have been trying so hard to “wax philosophical” that it can only be assumed that little of what he said was spontaneous. “I really can’t think of any unpleasant things to say. I hope I am not disappointing anyone.” One might wonder what his “set” was.
Rick Speaks. I’m wondering again how I’m being scored on what I say. Suddenly I feel like a, feel no different at all than I did last time I was in here; uh, what I drank was just water, and all the manifestations I felt were just — just, uh, things I felt, not things that have been activated by a chemical in my system. I’m wondering when fifteen minutes will be up. And I’m thinking what it would be like to sky-dive, even though I don’t really dig heights. I think, I think that would be quite an experience to fly.

I find myself holding laughter back again. Laughing at nothing. And everything. (Sighs) And wondering what anything or everything means. (Pause) What does it mean, that I can go play music, or read, or think, or talk to a microphone, or take tests? So people can find out why human beings think like I do, I imagine. Ah, science. Ah, shit.

Anyway (pause), I wonder who will be listening to this, and I wonder what you’re thinking as you’re listening to this, whoever you may be. And I wonder what you’d say if you were laying down in the room and told to talk for fifteen minutes. Would you resolve any of the crises in the, uh, world? I won’t. I’m working on myself. But then, uh, I guess the meaning of life is just life. There is no meaning, doesn’t have to be. You just live. You go ahead the way that you see is the best way. And I wonder when the fifteen minutes will be up, are they up? I don’t really think so. All this, all this silent tape whistling by, recording — recording my thoughts for scoring is it? Well, I hope I pass. (Pause)

I’m also wondering what that, uh, thing over in the corner is. Looks like a . . . out-of-shape water heater. Or else a nose cone for a rocket.

Freedom seven, six, eight, hike.

And, I wonder what — I guess “doctor” and “father” are close. That’s one of the words I reacted to. The last word, “doctor,” and I reacted “father.” I’ve been thinking about that. Well, not really, but I have to say something. And that’s as good
as anything else. (Sighs) Healer, someone who heals, takes care of you when you’re hurt. I imagine that’s the image doctors are supposed to, uh, create, beneficent healers. Inefficient healers. (Laughs) No offense . . . meant.

Anyway, I wish that guy would hurry up and come back so he can take my blood pressure, if I have any.

Oh, this bed is comfortable, it’s awfully soft — sponge rubber. An allen wrench, thumb screws, and the iron maiden. I still don’t think this is being recorded. But then, why would he just leave me here? Maybe it’s being piped out of the building instead of music, that would be interesting. (Laughs) Oh. A sense of humor is a saving grace . . . to a point. And I did feel kind of anxious when I was alone doing the mosaic, I really got nervous, it was really weird. Guess I did it fast. But uh . . . Lamont Cranston knows.

The holes in the ceiling are pretty interesting. (Pause)

Ow, oh wish I could remember how to pronounce Faulkner’s coutr — county. His fictional county in Ole Miss. Little intellectuals, pseudo-intellectuals.

Ah, yes? Thought I heard something. I can’t really think of any unpleasant things to say. I hope I’m not disappointing anyone. I mean, not that I haven’t had unpleasant things happen to me, but uh, none that are really still troubling me that much. As I mentioned before, uh, closest unpleasant thing that’s happened to me is, uh, is I had an argument with my wife last night. Wish I knew more . . . but it really doesn’t seem to matter. Compared to so many other things . . . or anything that has meaning. And I still wonder whether I got the drug or not. Uh . . .

If Tom was dull, then Carl was odd. At least he worked very hard to have everyone think of him this way. Carl has considerable talent as an artist, although he was quite self-effacing about this. The LSD experience was, he told us later, extremely pleas-
urable for him. Carl’s somewhat earthy language in this session differed from his speech in the interview and the pre-testing, but he was instructed to say what came to mind. As Carl’s consciousness loosened he wondered, as many subjects do, if he would lose control and become violent. He did not.

Carl Speaks. Uhhh. Uhhh. Ohhh, ’m ’kay! I’m free as a breeze, there’s nothing under the bed. (Pause) I just feeling so fucking — There’s a light — oh, I’s just about seeing it. I can’t say I is, I cain’t say I isn’t. (Laughs)

Oh, yeah. Somp’ns done knocked me out. Oh, yeah, I ain’t sure what’s happening, I can’t talk too loud now, even. I see that little rubber band, just holding the microphone. Shit, I can’t even talk like I’m supposed to. I’m just vibrating everywhere. Altogether, I’d rather be in Philadelphia. Yes suh.

I got a feeling, feels great — oh! I gotta get home. I’m just afloatin’ around and, oh, it feels so good. Oh shit, I wish Susie was here. Ohhh, me. (Mumbles) Oh, uh . . . I can’t sit still. I just want to fly out of me. Yeah. Ahhh. It’s just so hard to get control of yourself. Here again . . . ohhh (laugh, mumble), oh, oh, oh damn.

I got, uh, oh, this bed is just so funny. (Moving about) What is that little green light looking at me, and these shadows just seem so funny. And the thought of the (mumble), the classics had a large circulation. (Mimicking someone) Trouble myself. (Pauses) Can’t say I’ve quite felt like this before or not but it sure feels good now. (Talking while moving around on bed, unclear) Nervous, uh, just like to get away completely. I didn’t think I could talk like this. Goddamn. (Laughs) Shit. I’m drunk, I’m drunk.

This bed . . . ohhh. Can you hear — oh, I guess you can hear, it’s right up above my head. I can’t decide (mumble). Oh damn, it’s an octopus. (Laughs) I didn’t really see an octopus, but it should be one. (Laughs) Oh. Oh (laugh), oh yeah. Tell
it to keep on the talking. Just wanted a look, girl . . . what are they doing out there? (laughs) Oh yeah, oh Susie, I wish you were here now. Oh boy, I don't want to get too violent. (mumbles) looks like we're connected up here. Yeah, I guess they did give me that drug. (pause)

One, two, three, four.

Uh . . . still here but I's just looking around me now. Oh boy. (pause) Boy, look at them curtains. I sure would like to engage, there is an awful lot of fun. Bet uh . . . look a lot different.

Oh, woe is me. It's very hard to lie here. It's easy to talk now but oh, but oh, it's not. But goddamn, everything's so contradictory. I want to get up and yet I can't and yet I don't. I don't know . . . oh shit. Oh, I wish I had my camera. Oh God. Oh God, uh wish, uh camera. This is ridiculous. Damn it, wish I could take a picture. Oh, I should start glazing my pots now. Oh shit. (sighs) (low, reciting something under breath) . . . what the shit it is. (laughs) Oh boy, this is stupid. (laughs, mumbles)

Oh Bill, pay me back in a hurry. (laughs) Oh, God. Ohhh, all them goddamn words keep coming back to me, ohhh them words. I wouldn't mind (rest of sentence mumbled). Oh (mumble). Ba-tee-mo-co-da-roda. (pause) Oh boy. Oh boy, goddamn it, I bring me a camera, buy me a camera. (mumble) . . . camera, I don't know. There I go again talking. (mumble) I really didn't mind going on (mumble). I can't lie down now, now I can't. Things really contradict themselves right now. Yes suh. Altogether, I'd rather be in Philadelphia. That's a lie. I'd rather be right here.

Somebody is banging in the (mumble) system. I got to stop talking but I can't, I can't. Didn't stop. Yes, suh. Oh, this room is mighty nice. I guess I wouldn't rather be in Philadelphia. I'm glad I was — what's that noise in the — oh, it's Novocain . . . that goddamn dentist is catching up with me. I haven't been to
the dentist in three years. I can't afford it. I even brushed my
teeth eight times a day. Wellll. Oh, Shadow. How 'bout that
Lamont Cranston?

Oh, wish I had my guitar. Hoho (laugh), that'd be ridiculous.
Couldn't play a single chord. Uh. (Mumble) I'd like one.

Ohhh. Ahhh. I wish I had to get up at — oh goddamn. What?
A mint-flavored bed? (Bouncing around on bed) Well, it was.
No it isn't, goddamn, who ever heard of a mint-flavored bed?
(Laughs)

I's is really feeling like I ain't giving the doctors what they
want, but I can't help it. Ohhh, where's that ward? Ah, shit, I
got a (mumble); I can't hold on. Ohhh. Oh, just a little bit
more I'd be away. (Laughs) Some psychoanalysis. Goddamn. I
ain't . . . oh goddamn (mumble). 'S gonna knock off. God­
damn, knock off. I wish I could think (mumble). Oh God, any­
thing! I can't sit still here. I gotta do . . . ohhh.

Oh, am I . . . Oh, I'd like to be reading some (name mum­
bled) right now. What a great man. I think I'm (mumble).
Any — anyone? Out in that desert with no tea. Yes, sir. Eh boy,
I couldn't take that nonsense. Look at this thing — I can't —
I'm looking at him so funny . . . oh shit, it's just a figment
of . . . I wish I were . . . wish things could materialize but
they just — oh look at that — what am I supposed to do . . .
I'm talking! God — goddamn I hate to talk, I guess I do.
(Sighs)

Hold on. I can't tell. I'm depressed. That feeling. Oh there it
is. Yeahhhh (laugh). Oh, feeling good. Oh (mumble), you'd
better be here. I'm never — ohhh, make it home, ohhh. Susie
should be here. Uh. What the hell they doing . . . doesn't
mean a thing to me. (Mumble) That's, you know, you gotta put
up with it. Some, y'know, in what way and not — who am I
kidding? I know what the fuck is going on. I just (mumble).
You know it. Who the hell am I talking to? (Mumble) Zero­
one-nine. (Mumble) . . . take a piss but I don't. But I proba­
ably do the way I go. Yes suhhhh. Who took the cord out of my
(mumble)? Something's hanging on — awful fishy going on. Oh boy, I can even tickle myself today. Oh yeah, I can see them little kids everywhere hollering. Oh, goddamn, won't they come out of that stupid shower. It's out (laugh) . . . what do you mean, it's not a shower. It's not a — what are you trying to say? Ohhh . . .
IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS WE HAVE PRESENTED THE VERBATIM TRANSCRIPTS OF STUDENTS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THREE DIFFERENT HALLUCINOGENIC DRUGS. THESE ARE NOT BLURRED RETROSPECTIVE DESCRIPTIONS TEMPERED BY TIME AND MODIFIED BY THE WISH TO APPEAR ELOQUENT AND LITERARY. THESE ARE NOT JUST DESCRIPTIONS BUT ARE THE EXPERIENCES AS THEY WERE ACTUALLY LIVED AND PERCEIVED BY OUR SUBJECTS.

THE DRUGS AND THEIR EFFECTS

In contrast to the 10 mg dose of Sernyl, the amounts of LSD-25, and psilocybin, were more than adequate to give our sub-
jects a full drug effect. Very roughly, and only from a quantitative point of view, the 150 μg of LSD and the 20 mg of psilocybin are equivalent to a half pint to a pint of hard liquor, in that the person who ingests such a dose almost certainly goes completely under, unless he is consciously or unconsciously resisting very strongly; but on the other hand, a quart or more might give even greater effects. (The effects of alcohol and the hallucinogens in no way resemble each other, except for a brief euphoric period that usually passes rapidly.) The 10 mg dose of Sernyl taken orally is relatively mild, as judged from an earlier experiment in our laboratory in which far more profound effects were obtained from Sernyl administered by means of an intravenous drip that was cut off only when subjects (in this case professional psychiatrists and psychologists) completely lost contact with reality.

The effects of these drugs on our subjects were quite various. But only with a larger number of examples would an adequate picture of the range of possible effects be apparent. Most important, the deliberately bland and neutral setting of our experiments gave effects quite different from the anxiety-provoking hospital setting of the more typical experiment on the one hand, and from the religious or partylike atmosphere of the more typical nonscientific experience on the other hand. The effects of these drugs appear to be quite contagious, so that when several people take them together, there is a profound emotional interplay between them, even though very often they might hardly appear to notice one another. Just as with alcohol, when people anticipate certain types of experiences, it is extremely easy to realize them. Thus we have not presented the range of effects that would be evidenced by some of the consciousness-expanding jags of the Leary-Alpert-Burroughs-Huxley groups.

In a bland environment we found that psilocybin gave almost all subjects pleasurable experiences, and that LSD, although definitely less pleasurable, was far more so than had previously been reported in the scientific literature. But note that this con-
trast between the two drugs may well be the result of an unwit­
ting discrepancy between the supposedly comparable dosages
that we gave. Just as you cannot equate the value of two qualita­
tively different things — for example, the pleasure to be derived
from two apples versus twenty grapes — so you cannot really
equate the dosages of two different drugs. A more complete ex­
periment would use several different doses of each of the drugs,
and attempt to overlay the curve of effects from one drug to
another.

THE VALUES AND DANGERS
OF HALLUCINOGENIC DRUGS

What are the general implications that might be drawn from
such data as these, and from those experiments and casual expe­
riences that have been concerned with the hallucinogenic drugs?
The effects of these drugs are profound and various. They can
be extremely anxiety-provoking, and they can be extremely joy-
producing and revelatory. These effects are obviously a function
not only of the drug, but also of the setting of both subjects and
experimenters, and of the personality of the subject and the ex­
pectations. The effect of a single dose wears off usually by the
next day. A small but appreciable percentage of subjects have ef­
fects that continue for several days, or even weeks. Often these
continuing effects are not unpleasant; but frequently they are un-
pleasant, both because it is unnerving to know that one is in a
bizarre state, and is remaining in this state long past the time
that he desired to return to normal business and pleasure, and
because the state becomes unpleasant and anxiety-producing in
itself. But the effect of a single dose does usually wear off, and
then, so far as scientists have been able to determine in objective
tests or clinical assessments, no ill effects or permanent impair-
ments of any sort remain.

But this is not nearly so reassuring a statement as it should be,
for we do not have anything like an adequate battery of objec-
tive tests and clinical methods. There may well be residual effects, either impairments or improvements, that have so far gone undetected. And since it is far more likely that a change to the normal organism is a change for the worse rather than the better, since the normal state is in general the body's best approximation to an optimal state, the fact that we are relatively ignorant as to all of the possible effects that we have not been able adequately to measure suggests that the safe way to play it would be not to let people take these drugs.

On the other hand, there are many experiences to which we must subject ourselves, our children, and our friends, whose effects might be equally deleterious, salutary, or irrelevant, and about which we know even less. Roller coasters, football, fairy tales, fraternity initiations, Army basic training, discrimination, death, and being shielded from death are just a few that immediately come to mind. That is, a rich and healthy life is full of decisions based upon inadequate information and decisions that subject one to dangers. The person who does nothing that might be dangerous should, if he is really captive to his own logic, not even leave his own bed. The life without variety of experience or danger may well be the most dangerous life of all.

Thus the fact that a large majority of the people who have taken these drugs (with the exception of Sernyl) have found it a worthwhile experience, often an extremely profound and important experience, is worth serious consideration. Many people have obviously felt that the drug experience had important good effects. Many psychiatrists have felt that the drug was helpful in improving their patients.

**Effects of a Single Drug Dose**

We find that the single experience of an hallucinogenic drug is, when structured properly, a strongly positive experience. The effects recede quickly, usually overnight, and, so far as science
has been able to measure them, no changes remain permanently. A very small percentage of people are triggered into psychosis, but there is little reason to think that this is any greater than the number who would be so affected by any experience, such as psychotherapy or a day-to-day crisis, that would similarly make them face themselves. If people could be adequately screened for their stability, then possibly those who might become psychotic as an aftermath could be eliminated. But we do not really have adequate diagnostic screening devices; and, of course, it is almost impossible for someone to make such a judgment about himself. The danger, small but real, remains. The values, however, may well be great, and it is extremely important to get more scientific information about this whole matter. There is good reason to believe that these drugs may have important effects in freeing the typical subject and making him more creative, sensitive, and insightful. If this is, indeed, a way of bringing out the artist, the seer, the compassionate man in all of us, it seems foolish to avoid the issue of studying these drugs carefully to determine how and when they can safely be used.


The effects of repeated ingestion of the drugs is a very different matter. Statements have been made, especially in relation to the Harvard incidents, that people who have taken these drugs more than five or six times have been fundamentally changed. Sometimes this change has been characterized as psychosis, sometimes as disruptive, antisocial behavior; almost always, except for those who have themselves undergone this change, it has been characterized for the worst. Certainly there have been extreme shifts in values and orientations toward living, as in the Harvard professors who flouted most of the accepted standards of academic and scholarly life and became, essentially,
religious prophets. Those who took the drugs have not become addicts, for these drugs are neither physically nor psychically addicting. Nor have they become intellectually impaired, unless we insist that the writings of people like Billy Graham or Søren Kierkegaard are impaired in comparison to the writings of Fred Skinner or Charles Darwin. The mother proud of her son, the college professor, might well be shocked by such a change, but we should admit of the possibility that mothers proud of sons who are prophets and seers would be equally shocked to find college professors on their hands.

The evidence one way or the other as to the long-term effects of these drugs, especially after repeated doses, is weak, and there have been no scientific studies at all. Scattered observations of friends and colleagues have suggested changes, seen by the unsympathetic as tending toward bad breaks with the accepted values of our culture, seen by those who have changed as being tantamount to revelation. But this is certainly an age that has little use for revelation, saints, or the like.

The point has been made that those cultures, for example the Indians of the Southwest and Mexico, that have allowed or even encouraged the drug experience have been passive, stagnant cultures. But there are certainly too many other factors involved for us to know whether this is even a relevant observation, much less a true one. These drugs attack some of the deepest values of our culture—competition, material achievement, striving—and also our intellectual achievement, social responsibility, and self-realization. Or at least the types of intellectual achievement and self-realization that the drugs lead toward are very different from our present understanding of these things. These drugs, in fact, are probably rather close in their effects to the trends of Beat, disengaged, Zen-influenced art that we have seen in recent years. But such artists are still producing and achieving, and it is perhaps the alienated and unproductive Greenwich village hanger-on and Berkeley dropout who exemplify the drugs' tendencies.
The personality of people who have repeatedly taken these drugs has a funny flavor of cocksureness, of messianic smugness. But so does the personality of many other people (relatively uncommon in our day) who have become deeply committed or have found the light. Is this a sign of impairment or of pathology, at least when it results from drugs? It seems to us that there is a real possibility of danger here; but, again, we simply do not have any pertinent objective, scientific evidence on this matter.

Even more dangerous is the possibility that there are relatively straightforward physiological effects from repeated use of these drugs, effects that may not show themselves for years. The single experience is so profound; do we have enough confidence in the brain’s ability to recover from repeated traumas of this sort without permanent changes? We are inclined to feel that the profound physical effects of a single dose can probably be overcome quite effectively by the body’s recuperative powers, and that, overall, the positive psychological effects can quite reasonably lead an individual to judge that a drug experience is worth the risk. But the effects of repeated experiences is quite another matter. The body’s basic mechanisms for recovery from repeated trauma tend to adapt to and compensate for these traumas. That is, often the trauma does in fact have a permanent effect, but the body is flexible enough to make up quite completely for this effect. But repeated effects of this sort will simply wear away at the body’s physical resources until there is no more ability to restore, adapt, or compensate. Of course, all that we are really saying is that a risk is worth taking if the possible gains are sufficiently great, but that at some point the risk becomes great enough to make the bet unattractive.

Where does this leave us? Our greatest need today is for enlightened, objective research. These drugs have been, for different people and often for the same person, marvelous and terrible things. They are worth knowing much more about. Their possible harmful effects are only very sketchily known, especially when it comes to the long-term effects of repeated use. But they
are rather widely used, in experiments, therapy, and casual situations. We must make a far more intensive effort to find out whether they have any really dangerous physical or psychological effects. Psychiatrists will prescribe them and students will take them, whether we find this out or not. Prohibition and a head-in-the-sand attitude are not only alien to the spirit of scientific and intellectual inquiry but also harmful in that they prolong ignorance.

Ironically, as we have noted before, the net effect of the propagandizing by those, for example, the dropouts from the ranks of Harvard professors, who want to douse society in these drugs, has been to harden opinion against the drugs, and appreciably reduce the possibility of disinterested research. Equally reprehensible has been the timid reaction of the academic and research establishment, which has tended to prohibit, avoid controversy and publicity, and quietly turned away to other, safer problems.
healthy individuals. Their responses to these drugs, administered in a clinical situation, provide as accurate an account of the effects of drugs as is available in the literature.

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