

## REPORT ON MMDA TAKEN September 5, 1965

Anna Cook

Since in my walrus type floundering about since then, I've managed to lose all notes made at the time, I'll try to do it by recall and then will undoubtedly find them.

Drug produced light nausea and slight dizziness within about 45 minutes and shortly after began to feel "psychedelic" effect. For awhile felt like mild dose LSD with slight disorientation and visual imagery at closing eyes. Imagery wasn't the vivid, sharp-colors type however, but like a kaleidoscope filled with pastel colored smoke. Reminded me of a gadget seen in New York museum of modern art in which constantly changing swirling colors were projected on a screen. Every now and then across this field floated and unidentifiable black shape/blob. Overall general effect sort of like Rorschach ink blots.

Within an hour I felt my mind snap into advanced gear and attention focus like a laser beam. Felt I KNEW what I was about and was thinking with unusual confidence and clarity. Total focus on Mike altho my response to him was less involved emotionally that it usually is in sessions. Was unable to cry for him or for self yet felt no hostility towards him or fear--just intellectual sort of endeavor and decide to do something effectual and positive. Was unable to account for some of this behavior and was very curious as to what diagnostic labels it would earn. Had an excess of energy and large overestimation of own strength - felt fully confident that I could hold down my half of Mike with no trouble until I recalled that this wouldn't be my normal realistic appraisal and then began to force a bit more caution. Could feel my own emotional state being blocked as almost with a physical barrier - knew there was great upset underneath and that it would leak out as drug wore off but was unable to feel it totally.

Time sense was slowed-kept looking at my watch and thinking more time must have passed than actually had, but wasn't disturbed by this. When Mike began walking around expounding his revelations I became restless - began wondering, wanting information and activity. I realized that as long as there was active action I could focus entirely on outside and was fine, but when things slowed down feelings of self coming back were distressing and I was stuck back with me and pain over Greg. Tried to turn it to interest and learning about Mike and about the total situation but kept wavering in attention between him and myself. By about 2pm was ready to start on Mike again, trying to get him to down and sort of cut off. He was unable and I took it as sort of a challenge. Martin seemed unwilling to direct him strongly and I finally played on his need to "help" me by giving me an hour with Martin. It worked. Put on the saddest music I could in order to dredge up hurt over Greg and whatever it represents but altho tears were there, it was all dampened and toned down. Knew I was very upset but that knowledge was more upsetting than the upset I knew was there.

Went out to the pool when Marty and Karol came. Mike was all shaken, pains in chest, unable to breath, felt nausea and choking sensations. Was marching up and down, back and forth like ward patient in a yard. Was disturbed by this and went to tune the guitar on the piano with Robert. Felt Mrs. W being annoyed by me in house and by my playing with Robert and knew I'd have felt hurt if it weren't for dampener of drug. Robert tuned the guitar and I went out to see what I could do with Mike. We talked awhile and I found myself able to play that guitar like never before - was elated and entranced with my own music and new ability... especially since I found I could work with Mike and play along at the same time, using it for sort of background and emphasis and attention changer. Talked to Mike about pains in chest - had him try Gestalt exercises but he was too far out. I felt him as a little boy asking mama to fix it and I felt like I'd like to be able to fix it, but not inadequate because I couldn't do so.

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