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enjoy this feeling of luxurious languor. "I am prone to be prone."
I feel just a little bit incoherent, possibly slightly ataxic.
Here, Just lie out in the sun; I've never been so completely
relaxed by anything before. This is a fine way to sidestep worries
and just enjoy life. At times I have feelings of lucidity and contact
with the world and I can wander around, up and down the hillside,
among the fields and trees with no problems at all. But then a little
later I want to get away from people and just lie down with my thoughts
and visions. There are no feelings about feelings. The euphoric
state comes in waves like a great prolonged orgasm. When the drug
effects start wearing off, one feels what might best be described in
the marriage manuals as the "afterglow."

I think 200 mg is an excellent dose. Here I drop in on my sub-
conscious without going to sleep altogether. There is a little
feeling of depersonalization. Earlier in the day I felt my legs and
feet were detached from my body when I nodded my head from side to
side; an illusion somewhat akin to the Pulfrich effect causing the
lighted end of a cigarette to appear to detach itself from the body
of the cigarette when waved in a semi-darkened room.

Just now on closing my eyes, I am able to see some very brilliant
regal purple velvet encrusted with silver broaches on an ermine white
background. The scene changes to a rich golden effulgent light
pervading everything when I turn with eyes closed towards the sun.
However, in shading the eyes, the whole scene becomes drenched in
brilliant blue. A feeling of warmth and gregariousness pervaded me
as the drug began to wear off. It was most pleasant to be with

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