

trillions of brown-silver blades blended together into a vast wavering fur. Far below was the panorama of foggy Berkeley and Oakland and the bay. --It all began to loom in timelessness and beauty. --I thought I was going to enter the Olympian Universe. I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE OLYMPIAN UNIVERSE! --I had been expecting something like a marijuana high I realized that if I entered the Olympian that I Hadn't yet recovered sufficiently from my last high to hold myself together.

Heat swelled in my genitals and rose to my stomach. --I felt agonizing and perfect fear. I wanted to ask the others to go back so I could take thorazine. I couldn't talk. The car swerved around a hairpin bend in the road giving me another view of the silverbrown grass-fur and the vast unwanted dearness of the view.

Suddenly I was fighting with 'Captain Zero' -- I mean the whole disordered and eternity-seeking consciousness that is no longer mammalian in nature but belongs to the order of molecules and inert matter! I decided that all I could do was to go with it -- to let Zero take over, But then I was sure that I would not come back. ~~Then~~ I tried to hold back the high but realized I would do myself damage that way. Then I tried to get on top of the whole high and control it. all in all, I tried perhaps fifteen or twenty either unrecalable or almost indescribable means to ~~either~~ control or escape the high.

During this time I believed that I was going to pieces and I would possibly never be with the human-world again. My insides were going wild and my conscious mind seemed to be the only force holding me together. At one point I managed to ask