

how the dosage had been figured. --I was reassured by comparing the dosage to mescaline dosage. For a moment I grasped the fact that I could go through three hours of the fear. Then my insides and mind went wilder. Jesus, I could not enter Olympia again!!

When the car stopped I was in control and the aroused molecular consciousness had dissipated. The number of exits and ordinary animal powers that I ~~had~~ tried had given me control. I account the sudden gaining of sureness to ~~wide~~ experience with hallucinogens. I don't think any of the methods that I tried worked -- but the number of possibilities gave me an assurance that I could control me even in Olympia.

I told the others what had happened and felt I could enjoy some of the day. For a moment I felt the joy of relief

(Interestingly, none of the other participants got to the Olympian Universe during the high. I account the fact that I touched the border of time to a predisposition distraited in my body chemistry through earlier experience with peyote and psilocybin.)

As we walked up the footpath over golden brown dust I saw footprints of birds, tennis shoes, and bare feet. The frightening nature of tracks and artifacts began to overwhelm me. As I walked I tried to insulate myself from the sight. To my right was the dream panorama of hundreds of square miles of enchanted cities and dream reality fog pouring upon them from the bay. I was not interested and only cared about keeping myself together and not slipping back to meet Captain Zero.

The short, eternal, uphill walk exhausted us and we fell on the ground in a tiny stand of trees. I still wanted the ex-