

perience to end and to return to the meanings of daily loves and realities. ~~but~~ I had adjusted enough to make it through the high. My companions closed their eyes and began having brain movies. (Earlier my eyes had been forced shut many times by the euphoric hallucinogen pleasure.) Now I held my eyes open not wanting brain movies or visions. When I closed my eyes experimentally I saw only glorious and pleasing blackness.

We talked desultorily and and dozelessly and I realized that I was able to see through the eyes of my companions. They were seeing stark reality exactly as I saw it. I wanted to talk to Robert and find out who he was. I found talking too difficult. My eyes were beginning to close again with exhaustion and pleasure.

When I lit cigarettes I could not find my lips well and they were numbed. Matches kept blowing out in a wind that was not strong enough to blow them out. We wobbled when we walked.

We stayed in the little stand of trees. I sat for a while then got up and sat in another place. Then I got up again & etc.

Except for visual sensation, which was just on the verge of mescaline or psilocybin vision in clarity, I seemed to be sealed from sensation and living in a kind of hyper-lucidity of sense -- a pleasant paradox.

I lay back and closed my eyes and practiced raising the goddess Kundalini (The Serpent Power) from the base chakra and through my body. I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ succeeded in raising the power, for the first time, past my shoulders and into my head. I realized, as I did it, that I was not truly raising the Serpent Power but rather cleaning the nerve tubes. However, I achieved