

REPORT OF EXPERIMENT December 9, 1980

Subjects: Peggy and Fred

Dosage: Peggy, 120 m.g. MDMA, Fred 1 blue tab LSD

Background: Our last experiment on November 19 worked out very well, and I wished to continue the development initiated there. I was anxious to apply my new learning to an intenser amount of chemical. I hoped with my new knowledge to avoid the previous discomfort of the pure substance, and also to avoid the lingering physiological effects of the MDMA. Peggy preferred to take only the MDMA.

8:53 A.M. Start on empty stomach.

9:20 I am feeling quite a bit, Peggy doesn't notice yet.

9:38 Peggy is beginning to notice, but it is very mild. There is a slight unpleasant chemical taste in her mouth; she can taste her fillings.

10:05 Peggy feels great, quite talkative, nothing negative. I have gotten very deeply into myself, with powerful feelings, a lot of negativity, and pain. Peggy wonders how it would work to use MDMA as Steck wished, for a depressed person to take it alone. She concludes that they would remain depressed, since they are creating the depression.

10:20 Peggy takes 40 m.g. supplement. Our experiences go completely different paths, with very little commonality. Peggy is happy, active, wraps Christmas present. She is much more energetic throughout the day than is usual for her. She feels good all day, but not as euphoric as in our group experiments. Later in the day she gets more pensive, and feels my negative state has dragged her down, but she stays pretty well on top.

I am completely engrossed in myself, and feel strongly driven to enter into myself, I spend most of the day looking at all aspects of myself with a strong negative bias, in that everything coming up seems to be something I am doing wrong. I experience my father's pain on facing death, my aunt's pain in taking care of him, my pain of lack of caring, the problems of many of the people I have dealt with in the last few weeks, my ego involvement in Multimedia, my relationship with It is not as intense as the DOM experience of last spring, and lets up during the day as I work through it, leading to beautiful, enjoyable experience in the afternoon. However, the negativity never completely left and in the evening I was pensive. I seemed to always see the black side of everything. Two times when I went outside during the day I enjoyed the beauty and life of the outdoors immensely, but after a while missed Peggy and returned. Despite being quite intoxicated, it was fairly easy to manage the phonograph, keeping the fire going, ect.

The height of the experience for me came around 2 p.m., listening to Beethoven's 2nd symphony, laying on the sofa looking out the window at the sky and the mountains. I felt a powerful rage and rebelliousness within me. I was Satan, and destroying all the beauty that God created. Whatever appeared, I destroyed it to prove my power. I knew that under any circumstances. Following this, I had a very peaceful, loving withdrawal cuddled up with Peggy.

Remarkably, I awoke the next morning without a trace of negativity, feeling strong, cleansed, very much myself, neither manic not depressed. This has continued. It all seemed most worthwhile.