

TRANSCRIPT OF TWO-CB EXPERIENCE
 RENATO AND QUINN
 AUGUST 9, 1981

QUINN: It's Sunday, August 9th, 1981, and Q & R have ingested 20 mikes of 2CB at 5:40PM.

RENATO: I didn't taste a thing, and you thought it was bitter and had no aftertaste.

Q: Yes, but then I thought it had a metallic, laboratory, clinical sort of aftertaste. Now it's about 5 minutes in.

R: Now it's about 40 minutes after we started, and the first alert was about 15 minutes ago. One feels happy on it--I don't know if it's a feeling of relief, because one isn't clobbered! Thank heaven it's as light as this.

Q: Same here...I knew 15 mins ago I was under the influence of some mind-altering chemical. I was fearing something heavier...but it hasn't happened yet. Very happy about the whole thing, thank you!

R: I'm not sure I'd know I had taken anything yet if I hadn't been told.

Q: I know I would...I feel a general sluggishness...aware of turning my head, of motions in the room...attention is focused where it wasn't had I taken nothing. Similar to the very first blush of LSD...so far...or perhaps better, Mescaline.

Q: Its uh about 45 minutes in, and I just had a flash. Since we took this once before, on the train through Colorado, I feel a transportation back psychically to the time I was on the train.....

R: (Somewhat jubilous) NOW its exactly one hour. I feel more of it since last time I spoke. I feel warmer than I did 15 minutes ago.

Q: It's as though a heavy -- the air became very heavy.

R: Yeah. I sure don't want to smoke. I'm amazed at how easy it is to follow these long strings of dropped names in this NEW YORKER article.

Q: I, on the other hand, have no interest in reading at all.

R: ...String of input...

Q: Just feel very nice...

R: Visually, one can see everything's contrasty. The fog's in, so there's nothing to look AT, so yippee!

Q: pops eyes at R.

Your eyes are dilated. Are mine?

Q: Not as much as mine.

R: (laughs) How do YOU know?

I don't feel like getting up and looking into a mirror, so we will never... No sweaty palms, or clenchy teeth or ticks?

Q: (Clears throat)

No, but I feel a definite BUZZ.

It lifts me from a warmer morass in which I'd rather be. Keeps me awake, is what I mean.

R: (mumbles) There are no quality things on the solid surfaces?

Q: Well, a longer persistence of vision.

R: Yes. AND A LOT SLOWER TALKING, TOO. SO, that's enough (taping) -- it is quarter to seven.

Ten after seven. Quinn is writing a novel on my foot. With his fingers.

Q: I can feel every bone.

R: I have this incredible amount of inertia.

Unless one takes a substance like this, one's not aware of how the colors deepen as the light goes away...

Quinn has now moved into playing (Strauss') DON QUIXOTE on my foot with his fingers. The 'cello part.