

The ability to move is in me, but I don't normally jump up and down this time of evening. The dawn tape is pleasant to keep repeating. I'm considering becoming active, rather than sitting here looking into the candle and smelling the incense. . . .

Well, there is a drug going on. Lots of orange in the light. Sort of champagne roses to the . . . . An excessive contrast perhaps to spots of light against dark backgrounds. Sort of a diffusion there. Looking into a candle, it is . . . . Uh, the best example is when the phone rang (NS had placed a call) I noticed the light behind the button looked so pleasant. Tomorrow it'll be the same, but right now it looks cute.

At nine thirty, the dose is effective in that my circulation seems really good. And time is expanded. The last fifteen minutes were the longest since the experiment started. The exhilaration had been brought back, so is the idea of forgetting to breathe once in awhile. But otherwise, I am just . . . a little thirsty. The page before my eyes is mottled with oranges. Perhaps the ol' psychedelic paisley. But no. More metrical. In the dim orange light, the page looks slightly mottled and orange.

At nine forty-five, I'm still exhilarated and intoxicated. But the thought has occurred 'What is too much of this drug to take?', so now I know the height's over with. (Not true. The pauses on tape are now longer, and the speech, usually sibilants, was blurred).

(Two hours, twenty five minutes) We've been looking up a classified ad in the newspaper for a long standing service-at-home need. The violin in the Wagner (music) sounds really sweet. The lights are still suffused. But there is a definite return of sensation to my hands -- the tendons in my hands -- (Sighs)

Then thirty. I feel my auto-pilot breather is so relaxed, if one overdosed on this, one'd suffocate. Would relax out of, almost what's going on altogether. You'd have awake apnea (not a word I typically utilize!). Um, I'm basically feeling sane and light. The lights still have the orange filter. Everything quite pleasant, except I do not have a cigarette.

At ten forty five, there has been a lot of music I enjoyed. My continuity of observation begins to break . . . uh, I shift back and forth and am not able to follow things with as great unity as perhaps I just did before. The unity seems greatest when you are peaking. I think this is the indication I'm coming off.

Uh, if I'm wondering about coming off, I must be coming off this.

(By eleven fifty five, I announced I was tired and was going to bed. I said:) Frames are missing from my persistence of vision. The red fuschia against the grey fog is enhanced nicely. It seems to be moving back and forth with a tick-tock motion rather than in an arc.. This am expecting too much of a fuchsia.#

I went to bed in an hour. Usually, I remain up until 1 AM anyhow. The following two days, my stomach seemed unsettled and/or "acidic." This was not usual.

Hope this does some good to you. Thanks for allowing me this chance to help with your definitions.

Curtis Udley