

2C-B

EXPERIMENT WITH 2-CB

25mg 2C-B

Date: March 30, 1981

Subjects: Fred and Peggy

Place: Lone Pine Residence

Background: The experiment on March 11 was such a huge success that we planned to repeat it. Since I wanted to learn more about this material, I planned to try a higher dose. We thought we would explore the format of taking it early and staying in bed. We started a little later than originally planned, as on awakening, I felt I had to complete some chores before I would be comfortable with the experiment.

8:02 A.M. Start, Peggy ingests 16 m.g., I take 25 m.g., both on empty stomach. We stay in bed.

8:42. I feel very strongly. It is coming on much faster, with much more intensity than last time. Peggy is having visual enhancement. We get up to go to the john, and find that we are extremely cold. It is hard to get warm even with the electric blanket. This the coldest we have ever been in an experience. We are reminded of Aaron Gates' "psychedelic cold" he always used to experience.

9:00. I am very intoxicated. We change to a warmer bedroom, still sharply feeling the cold. We have a very good talk together. I begin to feel heavily drawn to an inward experience. Feel extremely tired, like there's nothing to do but let go. Becomes very unpleasant. I search for source of pain - go back in time to see if something happened to me. Feel enormous pain of indecision -- I draw myself out between alternatives, suffering excruciating pain, as if on purpose. Run across a profound fear of death, and pain of death. Looking at it the pain subsides, consciousness moves on. It feels right to flow with experience, to focus on the subject until I achieve understanding. I have to admit I'm a coward, and let the experience flow on.

10:00. Peggy goes to the bathroom, doesn't like what she sees in the mirror. I think she looks great, very alive. I tell her so, I am curious how I look. I go to look for optically ground mirror we used in the foundation. Don't know where it is. Impulse is to ask Peggy, but am aware I have shut off operation of my memory by relaying on Peggy. I search diligently, unsuccessful. I finally tell her. She goes right to it, extracts it from a place I carefully searched. I look in the mirror to see if I am truly the cause of my pain, how I do it. I sense this self-involvement is the cause of much of my pain -- I need to be open to and relate to others. I become aware that God will lift all this suffering from me if I ask Him. It seems wrong to do so -- do I prefer to understand? Then I realize that I strongly feel that there must be a price to pay. I look -- there is no price. It is a free gift. This is incomprehensible to me. How can you give without expecting something in return? The beauty and wonder of it is marvelous. I ask to be free, but perhaps not wholeheartedly, as the pain subsides only slowly. Peggy and I talk. I tell her there are many times I don't like her, which is quite a blow to her. We talk about the freedom of discussing our feelings with each other. She understands, and about 80% accepts. I tell her that I feel less blocked from her than the previous experience, in spite of my negative dives.