

April 2 1960. 350mg of mescaline administered orally at 9:15A.M.

Subjects: A.T. Shulgin, Robert Thompson, Nina Shulgin

Observers: Taylor + Veronica Wolf, Henry Brock.

The 350mg of mescaline had been dissolved in a small amount of warm water, and although I was expecting a horribly unpleasant taste, I was pleased to note that it was no worse than many medicines - being a bit bitter and metallic, and leaving a metallic aftertaste on the back of the tongue. The first impression of nausea was noticed about 30 minutes after administration. I had consciously prepared myself to fight the nausea as long as possible, and I found by walking about and leaning out the window for air that I was indeed able to combat the nausea and not vomit. After an hour this discomfort was greatly reduced and eventually disappeared completely. During the onset of nausea, an increasing awareness, of intoxication was noted - light-headedness and some loss of inhibition.

When the subjects had passed beyond the stage of active nausea, the observers took us out of the house I was aware of an intensification of color and a considerable change in the texture of the cloth of my skirt and the concrete of the sidewalk and of certain flowers and leaves which I was given. I experienced the desire to laugh hysterically at what I could only describe as the completely ridiculous state of the entire world.

Although I was afraid of motion, the subjects were persuaded to take a drive in the car. Taylor who was driving turned on the radio and suddenly the music "The March of the Science Children" from "The King + I" became the most clearly perfect background music for the parody of real life which was indeed the normal activity of Telegraph Avenue on any Saturday morning. The perfectly ordinary people on their perfectly ordinary errands were clearly the most cleverly contrived set of characters all performing all manner of eccentric activities for our particular hilarity and enjoyment. I felt that I was at the same time both observing and performing in a thoroughly hilarious picture. I experienced one moment of transcendental happiness when while passing Epworth Hall I looked out of the window and up at the building and I was suddenly in Italy looking up at a gay apartment building with its shutters flung open and sunshine and window box mill flower.

Taylor then directed the car up Fish Ranch Road where to me we seemed to be flying and by closing my eyes and looking up at the sunlight flickering through the leaves of the trees, I saw wonderful geometric shapes in brilliant colors of reds and greens and all their shades. These visions were not unlike a kaleidoscope, but surpassing in beauty of color and design anything I had ever seen in any kaleidoscope.

We stopped at a lookout spot overlooking the Bay, but this vast view did not seem particularly to enchant me I found the scene uncomfortably hot, as I sat on the seat of the car looking down at the ground. As I sat there the earth became a mosaic of beautiful stones which were placed in intricate design which soon all began to move in a serpentine. I then became aware that I was looking at not a mosaic of stone, but the beautiful skins of many reptiles all moving, then this impression gave way to the feeling that indeed I was seeing the skin of a large reptile, and as I