

See TB, page 668
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Notes for the eventual book - writing essay - pensees

I am just now possibly beginning to tomsoate - a bizarre word, a hopeless word, that may some day carry the message that relates it back to the concept of euphoria, the blessed state of well-being the contentment of inner-peace.

But to "tomso" as a verb requires that one get the three general directions of drug-induced "altered states of consc." into their three points of compass. The psychedelic (LSD, Mescaline, Psiletc, DOB, very-much CPM and MAL, DOM (and DOet regardless of Hewitt!)) which goes the visual route, with the sensory in close pursuit with visual (eyes-open things with edges, retinal games, occipital syntheses) or the eyes-closed imagery (the doors to the mosque, the grain of the wood, the specks of gray that fall amongst the reds and the blues of the impressionist's representations) or the eyes-closed fantasy (in which you are indeed going out along the edges of your body, into someone others space, and eventually imposing to that degree that you- must "awake" and apologize.).

Then, there is the stimulant, again dose-dependent, in which the nerved are wired up, there is no sleep because there is no hiding from images and meanings and the body lies there unwilling to yield guard since the heart is very personal and pumping, the interpretive psyche is very much there and demanding recognition the wind-up of the attentive that primes the active pump for action, and which becomes productive but remains emotionally sessile for as many hours as the chemical chooses.

Both of these directions are target goals, and sometimes no one and sometimes the other commands the definition of a drug experience.

But the third is the euphoria, the continuous "threshold" that makes you aware, that fluffs the senses, but which seems not, at any level, to "take-over" or to "command" the ship. This was first seen with TOMSO, hence the term tomso-effect. This originally reflected the interaction between Tomso and alcohol, giving disinhibition at any level of interaction (any \pm with tomso, and modest booze). If one argues that alcohol opens that system to the drug, then the drug is causative. Not so. The drug catalyzes the body (mind, maybe psyche) into (let's call it, euphoria) and then alcohol lets it wash sans responsibilities in this (third direction) altered state. In this area several materials that I can call the "perpetual" thresholds. Never- to be expressed as psychedelics or as stimulants. Always to be the precious catalysts of true openness.

So, the most recent, TB, as an ephemeral catalyst of euphoria, without substance, without body, and sadly never to be pinned in the butterfly collection.

An interesting, and somehow unresolved, day.

S.