

LSD; HOW CAN — NOW THAT THOSE BIG FAT LETTERS ARE babbling out on coated stock from every newsstand ... But this was late 1959, early 1960, a full two years before Mom&Dad&Buddy&Sis heard of the dread letters and clucked because Drs. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert were french-frying the brains of Harvard boys with it. It was even before Dr. Humphry Osmond had invented the term "psychodelic," which was later amended to "psychedelic" to get rid of the nuthouse connotation of "psycho" ... LSD! It was quite a little secret to have stumbled onto, a hulking supersecret, in fact—the triumph of the guinea pigs! In a short time he and Lovell had tried the whole range of the drugs, LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, peyote, IT-290 the superamphetamine, Ditran the bumper, morning-glory seeds. They were onto a discovery that the Menlo Park clinicians themselves never—mighty fine irony here: the White Smocks were supposedly using *them*. Instead the White Smocks had handed them the very key itself. *And you don't even know, bub . . . with these drugs your perception is altered enough that you find yourself looking out of completely strange eyeholes. All of us have a great deal of our minds locked shut. We're shut off from our own world. Aand these drugs seem to be the key to open these locked doors. How many?—maybe two dozen people in the world were on to this incredible secret! One was Aldous Huxley, who had taken mescaline and written about it in *The Doors of Perception*. He compared the brain to a "reducing valve." In ordinary perception, the senses send an overwhelming flood of information to the brain, which the brain then filters down to a trickle it can manage for the purpose of survival in a highly competitive world. Man has become so rational, so utilitarian, that the trickle becomes most pale and thin. It is efficient, for mere survival, but it screens out the most wondrous part of man's potential experience without his even knowing it. *We're shut off from our own world*. Primitive man once experienced the rich and sparkling flood of the senses fully. Children experience it for a few months—until "normal" training, conditioning, close the doors on this other world, usually for good. Somehow, Huxley had said, the drugs opened these ancient doors. And through them modern man may at last go, and rediscover his divine birthright—*

But these are *words*, man! *And you couldn't put it into words*. The White Smocks liked to put it into words, like *hallucination* and *dissociative phenomena*. They could understand the visual skyrockets. Give them a good case of an ashtray turning into a Venus flytrap or eyelid movies of crystal cathedrals, and they could groove on that, *Kluver, op cit., p. 43n*. That was swell. *But don't you see?*—the visual stuff was just the décor with LSD. In fact, you might go through the whole experience without any true hallucination. The whole thing was... *the experience...* this certain indescribable *feeling*. ... Indescribable, because words can only jog the memory, and if there is no memory of... The *experience* of the barrier between the subjective and the objective, the personal and the impersonal, the *I* and the *not-I* disappearing ... that *feeling!*... Or can you remember when you were a child watching someone put a pencil to a sheet of paper for the first time, to draw a picture ... and the line begins to grow—into a nose! and it is not just a pattern of graphite line on a sheet of paper but the very miracle of creation itself and your own dreams flowed into that magical... growing... line, and it was not a picture but a *miracle...* an *experience...* and now that you're soaring on LSD that *feeling* is coming on again—only now the creation is of the entire universe—