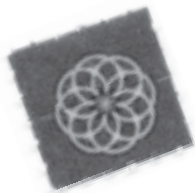
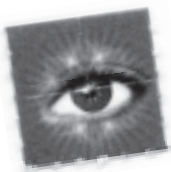


My father was a successful Chicago attorney. Then after taking LSD, he moved our family to Los Angeles and opened a metaphysical bookstore. Around 1974, when I turned 13, I had my bar mitzvah. Afterward, my father told me, "Now I will show you a real bar mitzvah." We went to a mountaintop in Colorado. He spent a few hours explaining what to expect from LSD, and how to handle its effects. He emphasized that this was a spiritual experience. On top of the mountain with my father, the LSD was very, very, powerful. We watched the clouds move and open up. My heartbeat seemed synchronized with everything in the natural environment. This rite-of-passage was very beautiful. From then on, I only took LSD for spiritual purposes. I could not understand why other kids used it recreationally, casually tripping at Disney World. My father and I shared many other trips in the coming years.

In a strange twist of events, I eventually introduced him to MDMA, which greatly pleased him.

– Anonymous



[M]y father persisted in asking me such questions as:

"Who was the king of England" during this time or that time?

Initially I turned my attention away from the visions and answered him.

But finally I told him he was bothering me.

(My mother later wrote, In "I Ate the Sacred Mushroom,"

her article published in the May 19, 1957 issue of *This Week* magazine:

"From a distance I heard my daughter Masha say impatiently,

'Oh Father, I'm having too good a time to bother talking to you!'")

For although I could answer his questions I preferred the wonderful visions. ...

My father never told me why he felt it would be good for me to try the sacred mushrooms.

But he genuinely wished to share his life with me and all his experiences.

