BOB: How long did this pitying thing last?
KARL: It must have lasted two hours. It was awful! It was as if—The chick began crying and crying and crying, and I kept holding her and comforting her and wiping away her tears and—
LES: And you knew the reasons? You knew it was the drug? You were conscious of that?
KARL: Yes.
LES: You knew you couldn’t control it?
KARL: Right. Because it really was real. This pity was profound, and deep.
BOB: It was sort of an empathy with all mankind?
KARL: It really was.
LES: It was felt, but you had no control?

KARL: It was as if all restrictions on feeling had completely gone out; and when all restrictions are loosened, after all, you will feel like this all the time. You will feel so emotional you can’t live, actually. I mean, our restrictions and inhibitions are necessary, you know . . . these “callousness” things. Our “callousnesses” are necessary in order that we function. But, anyway, finally it became too much, and I threw up, just from mental vertigo. And then I went up to bed and I lay down, and when I got up about—by this time it was morning, about 9 o’clock in the morning—I got up about noon, and I was stoned. But I just had a big head and nothing else; it was very silly. And the girl didn’t get up until later in the afternoon. Meanwhile there was nothing between us again. And I was exhausted. Finally she came down, and she started bullshitting. “Oh,” she said, “Wow! I really had a strange, you know, ‘attitude’ last night. I guess I was kind of tired . . . .” And all kinds of—You know, she wouldn’t believe she was high. So I was a little disgusted with her. Anyway, we sat there, you know, playing with Fred’s kids, and then Fred put on some Bach, and the first measures of this music did something to trigger, at least for a couple of seconds, this experience. And the girl stopped what she was doing, and her eyes opened wide again, you know, and we both looked at each other. And I got all weak, kind of, and had to sit down, because it all came flooding back. And right away, you know, no matter what she said after that, she knew she couldn’t fool me, and she knew that I knew that she couldn’t fool me, and so forth. Well, anyway, that was that.
because of too many non-integrated LSD experiences, synchronicity will appear to be just one more, or perhaps the ultimate demonstration, that It doesn't care about you.

My friend, if he ever frees himself from the erroneous assumptions which have led him to believe he is being persecuted rather than instructed, will no doubt be the world's greatest expert on demonology, and one may see in this expectation (he is a Capricorn) an excuse for his present suffering. However, be that as it may, the lesson I see in his experience for myself and others—at least for other non-Capricorns—is "the same old one": MAKE UP A GOOD STORY ABOUT YOURSELF, OR NONE AT ALL.

I must add at once that I consider the latter alternative almost impossible. It is, in fact, satori—ultimate mastery—total relaxation at the state of highest tension, and anyone who imagines he can transcend plot in ordinary life because of visions is a fool. Nor will "powers" do it—they merely assist in producing the "state of highest tension." Unfortunately, the teachings of Tim Leary have been widely misinterpreted as an excuse for just wandering around in the world in an aimless manner, such behavior being thought of as a demonstration of one's freedom from "games routines." The idea is that you trust the world to take care of you (scrounge), have those great visions every now and then, and wait for Der Tag, when you will be transported out of this purgatory and into the Great Beyond. Unfortunately, this attitude is dangerous as well as silly. If it was just silly I would advocate it without hesitation as much preferable to teaching school, bombarding the oriental peasantry, or any other common way of life.

What we ought to do is give up our (dirty) neuroses in favor of (clean) karma, but what apparently happens in many cases is that karma (the Plot) is abandoned, or is ignored, and the neuroses inflated to truly magnificent proportions. Man is a myth maker. If he can bring his ordinary life into conformance with the Plot with a capital P (karma) he is on the path, he need not be "dropped to the pasture with blows," but if he refuses to "read his lines" he is at the mercy of that which proceeds from "the gates of horn." Wandering around backstage, he will be frightened by the jumbled paraphernalia, the incongruously disordered scenery and props.

Plot/plot. If the Plot is not accepted, then it must all be some kind of a "plot." Instead of a wise order, a fiendish design.

I cannot advocate a second LSD experience until the first is integrated. In fact, I regard all visionary experience as secondary to the correct apprehension of "what is going on" in this world. (Or, better, in this system.) Seeing things is not the object.

The object is to become what you are.

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I feel like a rocket that has just been launched brain waves travel at the speed of light shot through by all the stars tense liquid movements turn me inside out I am in all the worlds at once after I have made a flute from the bones of my own skeleton then I can begin to dance my own ghost is holy and it is all I have mother earth alive within me calling all her children home lost ones playing in the sky I am in all your eyes we are all inside each other's bones all wearing jewels from the same ocean radioactive salt sounding in each ear it is working just like magic sure as shit writing with my own intestines writing in my own intestines signature of maker sealer in order of the chromosomes supreme secret foundation of the empire protector of what is fine in all the worlds of what in all the worlds holds true coming up from beneath out of the abyss tortoise shell oracle from the depths of time seed of the space tribe planted before history began rainbows oscillate through the flesh innumerable worlds revolving in the galaxy of each individual sack of skin each sensitive hungry island universe of an ego has been alive in all the centuries all the centuries are alive in me now all is here now all that ever was since time began sea of primal radiance foam from which beauty springs