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 “driven 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 rainbows oscillate through the flesh. 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.

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
THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIEW

126

rare mountain fragrance snowdrop breath
organic rainbow constellation
from inside the tissues paradise rays transform the flesh
revolution of the beautiful in the protoplasm
micro-explosion in the nucleus
morning glory story older than the earth we walk on
electromagnetic apple in the ecstatic garden
the scimitar of lightning severs my head from my shoulders
celestial earth within my flesh awakens the subtle part of my solid
self
as caterpillar becomes butterfly so man becomes
a luminous giant thundering anthems
crown jewel on the forehead of our star the earth
recognize the other world in this one
the light takes me apart then puts me together again
bird in the mouth of the jaguar saved by a virgin’s hand
the markings on the tiger skin are in the language of the diamond
back rattlers
zero in on one of those acts bathed in the fragrance of the night
scars of passion like the markings on an animal’s coat
tell-tale traces of past experience
mother’s broth of many generations of lamentations
sort all the ingredients out
put each one in its proper place
now let’s begin again
the family of the forces in harmony
all back home again in one stew
traces of yesterday stirring in today’s home cooking
the dead in conscious contact with the living
ancestral traits alive and speaking
true nobility is this memory engraved in the bones
transformation thrice sanctified of the fossil into a living being
all the joy of what never was at last has a chance to be
scintillating at the peak each atom has danced its glory
when really pinned down up here
there is a lot of fast action for enormous stakes
scurrying of insect feet wars of species
whole lifetimes of energy being oozled up in a few instants
the marrow of the soul extracted
look into the fiery opal listen to the djinn
empty place between the eyes
space animal hidden in the human form
royal tiger science king game
armor of chain lightning links each star to its nerve

BOOK REVIEWS

Incredible night-hawks on the frontier of the open sky
extreme weathering of time along the seams of matter
cut that queen bee nectar with a knife of pollen
rainbow amoebas in my organism I am an organism of
crystallized light chords
each cell is an instrument in the orchestra of the body
floating cushion of joyous resonance
sound box swinging through the structure of the being
each cell in the body can communicate with any cell of any body
cosmic joke being played in the navel of the radiance
in the cauldron of exploding ether
you may think you are pissing it out of you
but it is in the salt of the bones forever

BOOK REVIEWS

BIOCHEMISTRY AND BEHAVIOR
Foreword by Dr. Gardner Murphy.
This is an outstanding summary
and review of present-day knowledge regarding the relations be-
 tween biochemistry and psychological functioning. One section,
entitled “Energy, Respiration and Psychological Function,” deals with
the various behavioral disturbances and alterations concomitant with alter-
tations in the respiratory cycle. Another section deals with the so-
called “Neurohumors,” also called neural transmitters, such as acetyl-
choline, norepinephrine, serotonin and others. Other sections deal with
“Hormonal Regulation,” chemical diagnosis of mental aberration,
“psychoactive agents” (including psychotomimetics, energizers, tran-
quilizers), biochemical genetics and behavior, etc. The volume of data
assembled is impressive, and in some cases important break-
throughs in understanding seem about ready to appear, and yet the
field still lacks unifying principles and models.

DRUGS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS
AND PSYCHOTHERAPY
By Mortimer Ostow, M.D. New York,
This volume takes, as its start-
ing point, Freud’s remark at the end of the Outline of Psycho-
analysis: “The future may teach us
how to exercise a direct influence,
by means of particular chemical substances, upon the amounts of en-
ergy and their distribution in the apparatus of the mind. It may
be that there are undreamed of possibilities of therapy.”
The author describes the action
of various drugs, chiefly tranquil-
izers, in terms of the psychoanalytic
system. Thus, tranquilizers are
described as reducing the ego’s
content of libidinal energy, the
energizers increase libido. Exten-
sive theoretical discussions are
given, plus two cases of drug psy-
chotherapy. Other drugs are classed
either as ego-intoxicants, impairing
ego-functioning, or ego-tonics, im-
proving ego-functioning. The dis-
cussion of these other drugs is weak,
but the book is interesting in pre-
senting what is probably the first
attempt to provide a consistent theoretic model, derived from the
psychoanalytic, for the explana-
tion and application of tranquil-
izers and energizers.