

Here begins the voyage one late August weekend with Jeremy and Gordon Grande to Black River Falls, Wisconsin. Here unfold the nuances of mind that tangled and twisted into a great psychedelic feast of eschatological proportions as we traipsed in and out of states of mind unfathomable to common perception.

The decision to go was made the Monday prior in a 130 degree sauna as the three of us sat in the little wooden hut behind the house of the Grandes boiling away our inhibitions through every pore of our bodies. The house of the Grandes always had a seat reserved in the anteroom of my reverence—growing up Jeremy's boasted a trampoline and foosball table and expansive basement with lights and projectors flashing on all the walls, excellent ambience for curious imps of all ages, and in the backyard towering over the house and even some of the lower treetops stood a daunting pyramidal structure that served as a ladder for a great swing that hung breathtakingly from the highest oak of the city. Up and up and up you'd climb in sheer terror of falling (and the swing hadn't even yet begun), no ropes or harness or any kind of security besides that certainty of not losing your own grip—just for a moment in such perilous situations—that security whose very certainty inspires hesitation. Slightly above or below, Jeremy would be dancing around swinging from beam to beam of the great structure, balance of a goat, yet infinite dexterity, no fear, complete trust in his own ability, cheering me on to get to the top, and then he'd clamber up right after and hand me the swing—a flat disc with a rope going straight through the center, the rope extending at a forty-five degree angle to the branch of the supporting tree. Swing one leg over the disc and grab the rope in between your thighs while with one arm you balance, precarious, leaning out from the tower—but no worries, the Grandes have not only done this a thousand times but were the ones who constructed it in its neophyte days, climbed up the tree in teenage years and erected the tower while simultaneously they stood atop it—and suddenly when you think you're secure as can be you let go with your one last arm-strand of safety and the tower of wood flies away from you and the rope tightens and your freefall is stifled by an enormous centripetal force, the only thing that keeps you alive, rocketing you back up into the arcing sky as you skim inches over the ground. But to the Grandes, the swing and the heights and the rocketing are just a little blip in their intrepid adventures. Jeremy lights up a grin as he swings, but mentally unfazed—knows the boundaries of possibility lie far over the horizon.

“Anyway,” says Gordon, nude in the sauna, to Jeremy and I in our underwear, “I'm bringing a ton of food—you can never have too much food camping. They've got restaurants and whatnot, but it's all a ripoff, they *do* want your money, that's for sure, but fuck that!” Jeremy and I nod in agreement. Neither of us have been to a *festival* like this before, but Gordon always hypes it up, especially to me —“I'm telling you, Jack! You've got to come to these things. Psytrance is incredible, there's nothing else like it”—so in June, where the previous festival in Black River Falls took place, we all unfortunately were out of the state, busy with working or travel or some trivial but inescapable facet of daily life, so we wait until August where the last weekend before the coming of school and classes is celebrated at the one and only adult campground (where sexual freedom is everyone's specialty) in Wisconsin. “I've never been to this particular event, though,” says Gordon, “but if it's similar to the other ones I've been at, it's going to be a good time, and don't worry about the party favors, we'll find some when we get there. There's always somebody walking around selling. Sometimes you've just got to ask, but there's nothing to worry about, now.” Of course, by party favors he means chemicals, the kind that you take when you want to realize that there are other indescribable states of mind lying on the forefront of consciousness, states of mind invisible except to the trained seeker, or to the untrained drug user. Where do we fit in? “The campground has a big fence all the way around it, so we don't have to worry about cops or anything. It's a pretty sweet setup—two stages, one in a big barn. Music for fifty hours straight. People wandering around naked, if they choose. A pond, too, so I'd really like to do some swimming. Although, did I tell you? A few years ago I went to one of these things and I ran into this guy who was just standing in the crowd staring off into space. I tried talking to him but he didn't really say much. Ten minutes later I come back and he's writhing and contorting on the ground. So me

and a couple of people around went up to one of the event coordinators and were like, 'hey, you think that guy over there's gonna be okay?' and the event guy just turns and sees the guy twisting around on the ground like he's having a seizure or something, and just says, 'yep. I wouldn't worry.' Next day I see him and ask him what happened, and he just shakes his head giggling!" Jeremy and I laugh at the prospects of high security. "Let's leave early, at one-ish, say? That way I can duck out of work, and we'll get there while it's still light out to set up camp." We agree, and Jeremy turns and says to me, "hell, I have no idea what to expect, but I'm glad you'll be there. I think we've got a good group. I'm pretty damn excited, though." "Haha! Yes, we'll certainly see how it goes," I comment. Jeremy and Gordon, towering over me like their great backyard structure over the woods—these are the sturdy posts that I feel I might need to lean against should my mind backfire and send me into a swirling abyss of frustrating discontent.

Come Friday, I get a call from Jeremy at two o' clock and we swing over to Gordon's, load up the back of my pickup truck with tents and a cooler of food and ropes and four hammocks—these hammocks are going to be sweet, says Jeremy—forgetting chairs, we realize later, but I bring twenty-five rice crispy treats and three mangos and a bag of pretzel chips and a change of clothes and sleeping bag and some books and that's it, not having much camping gear, Jeremy and I trusting all of everything to be taken care of by Gordon, who has *done this before* and *knows how it all goes down*. We shoot up over the hills to Black River Falls and get ice at a gas station and turn down an old country highway—Gordon knows the way, of course—is the way—is our guide into this chaos, Jeremy not knowing the specifics, but sharing at least a good portion of his genes with Gordon, mighty brothers of oak—and before us flashes a sign with the silhouette of a sexy woman leaning back out into the highway to cull passersby into her campground, and we laugh, but stop laughing then laugh some more because we are the passersby and her breasts point at our destination. Turning right, we rumble down a dirt driveway and park in a big field where other vehicles have already started to gather and unload their burdens. *No Adult Camping This Weekend*, says a sign over the checkin station. As if this festival, named *Karmachlysm*, were the exception. We show our I.D.'s, hand over our tickets, and while I'm getting a wristband with skulls and fire strapped around my arm, a door in the fence opens up and an old man with a farmers hat leans out completely naked (completely naked besides the hat, I suppose) to see who's checking in. He recognizes Gordon from previous events, tells him that if we ever need anything, Gordon can always reach him on his cellphone. Gordon thanks him, and later as we take our coolers and tent up to a campsite we've staked out in the woods, says, "I wonder where he keeps his cellphone..." "You should try and give it a call and see where it starts ringing," says I. Before the path, to keep out motorized vehicles, three fifty-five gallon drums wait like pegs in a child's toy, each one reading *Schaeffer's Specialized Lubricants*, and we laugh and wonder how many gallons of specialized lubricants even an adult campground could possibly need.

Setting up camp, we have enough ropes and string a big web of hammocks through our low forest canopy, pitch the corner cut-out tent around a small tree, roll over a big spool for hay (or for something) onto its side for a table, open up a few cans of beer, take a few hits of marijuana out of my glass pipe (this is the easy part, now), climb into the hammocks, relax, get up, explore the campground. Thankfully it's not as labyrinthine as I've seen some campgrounds laid out, seems like even in blind stupors I may at least be able to navigate my way back to the site by groping at trees and stumbling over footpaths.

The characters of the festival start dawdling in over the hills. Everyone—nearly everyone—here is all done up in costume. Lots of skinny gothic kids with shirts off and hair tied back in black locks, fedoras atop wrinkled up scalps, followed by a troupe of colorful tribal dancers, boys and girls with whirling psychedelic clothing, fanning out in great flower petals as the women spin around. Heavy-set types bouncing down hillsides with *fat pants* billowing at sides in the wind, genies from the middle east, gorgeous raver chicks with painted faces and stomachs and bikini tops glistening in the dusk, an occasional naked man or woman strolling by through the trees.

The stages get going as the sun sets and Gordon leads Jeremy and myself down through the ground, greeting everyone as he goes, introducing us three to all of the campers. Everyone seems to be a character here, even Gordon—but Jeremy and I are just trees in a school play waiting around to see what happens. But for Gordon, *this is his thing, his element!* He recognizes someone he knows almost every five minutes, and tells us a story about how he met them. “Who are you again?” says a heavysset genie in a robe and a white tanktop. “Gordon, and you were... it's on the tip of my tongue...” “Eric,” interrupts Eric the genie. Eric the bearded genie, who knew! “Yo Jack, so this guy has a brother who looks really similar to him. That's why I was kind of confused. Kind of hilarious, though. He apparently once got in a fight with a cop over a golfcart. Apparently he had stolen some golfcart and was driving down the highway at full speed and there was a cop chasing him, or something, maybe it wasn't a golfcart if he had gotten on the highway... Anyway, so he crashes the golfcart into a tree, of course, drunk out of his mind and probably on a plethora of other drugs—he didn't remember any of this, by the way, was only told later—and at this point he's broken a couple ribs I think but he's so fucked up he doesn't care, and the cops are yelling at him to get out of the golfcart but he doesn't comply at all and just starts swearing at them and everything, so they get two of their biggest guys and just reach in there and yank him out of it and he gets thrown in jail.” “Dang! There sure are a lot of characters here,” I say.

We wander the campground, meet a Minnesota trio a few tents down. “Just waiting for the acid to kick in,” they tell us. We inquire as to where they found such a treat: “we're in the market for that as well,” says Gordon, and they say they'd love to help us but it was the last of the batch. Unfortunately. We continue our rounds meeting people, run into a girl named Sam who holds up a big bag of white wine and tells us to slap the baby. Gordon runs up and punches the bag full force, almost knocking it out of her hands, the bag swings wildly like a liquid punching bag, and Gordon screws open the spigot and empties a big mouthful into his gut, “slap the baby!” he yells, running off. Jeremy and I take our turns slapping the baby. More girls wander by into Sam's campground. Lots of Kates and lots of Ambers. “At least that's easy enough to remember,” I tell Jeremy, “only at this place can you yell out a name like Amber and be sure that someone in that direction will turn around.” “Hippie parents, I bet,” says Jeremy. After one pair of Ambers and Kates meander into the gathering, a fat bearded twenty-something stumbles over telling us, “I'm tripping reallllly hard right now. I don't know what's going on! I don't know! Aaaaahhh!” He tells us his name is the Burrito. “Burrito? That's a pretty good name,” I say. “No! *The Burrito!*” clarifies The Burrito. “He kind of even looks like a burrito,” I tell Gordon, who giggles and slaps the baby again, throwing his dangling arms wildly up into the air and aping around after the burrito. Amber and Kate go over to him and help him to walk in a straight line as his pupils take turns dilating to the techno beat that has just started to shake the whole campground and won't pause for a single minute until Sunday night. The Burrito turns back towards Gordon and Jeremy and me and says, “no no no you don't help me? See I got the pretty girls! You just want my pretty girls,” and he tries to run off with them, but as soon as he changes gears trips (and already tripping) and stumbles and the girls have to help him up again. “You know,” says Gordon, collected momentarily as the alcohol settles, “I think that's Eric's brother.” Ah, so The Burrito is the one who you shouldn't let drive your golfcart. Everything starts to make sense, doesn't it?

While everything still makes sense, we three return to the campsite and gobble down some magic mushrooms (psilocybe variety) that Gordon has brought in his lunchbox. He has some amount—I'm not sure about dosage, but looks like a lot to me—and he empties the bag on the table and separates it into three about equal piles, and we cover rice crispy treats with Nutella and squish 'em straight down over the mushrooms, and the little crumbling shroomies stick to the treats like washers and screws to an electromagnet. Gordon eats his whole portion, but Jeremy and I only down half, saving the rest for a later time of the night, taking things slowly, gradually embarking on this trip. Back down to the amusements we descend the hill, and I thank nature for her interesting variations of elevation, thank her for not making the Earth totally humdrum and flat. “Wait! We need more beer!” yells Gordon, and dashes back up the campsite and brings down beer for all of us. Starts drinking, has been drinking,

getting crazier and wilder and running and jumping and gallivanting in gallops over in between around under trees sprinkled over the hillside like the products of an acclivity so fertile even the dewdrops sprout up into willows and oaks. Slings his arms around dancing spinning yelling salutations out to everyone he passes Gordon Grande harumphs around the campsite unstoppable, gyrating like a kid's spilt jacks bouncing over a concrete sidewalk. Flailing and dancing, and I say "How ya doin' there Gordon?" And he returns, "I'm tripping balls!" But I, having taken about the same amount feel hardly much but a growing general intoxication eating away at my awareness. Jeremy says to me, "Jack, I know you've known Gordon for quite some time, but this is the real Gordon. Gordon in his element," and Gordon rolls into a ball down a hill and springs up again in a great starfish splay in front of the night clouds screaming in ecstatic wonder and drunkenness.

Jeremy is soon to follow, who has now scarfed down the rest of his mushrooms (and I finish up mine as well), but is well ahead of me on the drink, pounding away beers to keep up with his brother the Gordon. And soon Jeremy, whom I once knew as an unbendable representation of stoicism and coolheadedness, who traversed rock ledges and towers with mountaingoat dexterity, who could look down from precipices without watching his sweat fall from his brow to the depths below, who was my pillar of support in case of times of need—now swings lumbering like a great giant just waking up scrambling crusty-eyed for his wife or his coffee and cream, staggering stumbling mumbling guffawing at the whole situation waddling in the tracks of his brother, the lithe and enormous imp, the two steering the campground in loop-de-loops like pilot and copilot of a make-believe plane. Aye how the two pillars are losing their footing. And there I follow beginning to drown in a deep hole, deciding not to drink for I want to feel the effects of the mushrooms, but now they're all muddled up with those of the weed, and I can't distinguish one from the other despite the two being very different experiences. Lo, how when you see for the first time the great shadetree shake in the storm you begin to question the strength of your own roots. And I wonder *what on Earth is going on?* Why can't I concentrate or focus on anything following the Grandes around through the woods. And I clamber around, and suddenly all three of us are sitting (on what, I couldn't tell you—"well that was a fuck-up," says Gordon. "A sincere fuck-up," says Jeremy. "How could we have forgotten chairs? What will be put below our asses?" "At least we've got hammocks," says I, and they both nod and say, "ahh good point, what we lack in seating we make up for in hammocks!" "It's hammock science," I exclaim. "And we are hammock scientists!" "I've got a P.H.D. in hammock science!" And all fall over laughing.) and our neighbor wanders over—a girl named Kasey with nothing on but a bikini bottom and a yoshi backpack, breasts painted neon and just hanging out there as she bounces along to our campsite. She looks at me and names me *Brownman*, and I laugh and agree to the name, being entranced even in my stupor by her nudity. And a girl with dark-hair (probably a Kate) runs over with a camera and says "Smile, Guys!" and the trio from Madison turns and the shutter clicks and the moment is at once embalmed in a maze of bits and electrons wrapped up in an shiny digital folio. To be re-examined at a later date.

Everything starts to get crazy at this point. I follow Gordon and Jeremy as they dash on back down the hill to the main stage where everything is now completely lit up neon and dayglo, and lights are spinning around, the techno stages reminding me of halloween with spiderweb fabrics stretching and pulled out in bat-like corners across the elevations of the stage. The beat rolls on inexorable, vibrating the whole scene and everything shakes and rumbles, and Gordon and Jeremy lead me on running across the campground like two galvanized medieval horses charging forth under their own command while I ride in the chariot behind them hanging on for dear old life. Dogs run by dangling glowsticks from their collars and leave random little trails of light behind them that moments later melt back into the darkness. We bump on up to the main stage, shrouded by a psychedelic barn (used for what one can only guess when the *No Adult Camping This Weekend* sign isn't up), and there on a side stage dances a stripper named *Pynk Ink* on a silver pole spinning to an empty crowd. More stumbling and I wander back to the campsite, reaching out hands for trees to find my way there in the darkness, and I pull open the tent and get inside, wrap my sleeping bag around myself waiting for the cold—I

hadn't prepared for the cold! Only brought T-shirt and shorts—to subside, and finally I find a good position on the rock-hard ground (don't get me wrong, though—some of my best sleeps have been on slabs of rock), and I notice that if I don't move then just enough heat stays in the bag for me to keep warm and drift off... And slowly the psilocybin and THC melt together into a soothing blanket, the former not helping unless I allow it... And the eyelids swing together like doors to a ballroom closing up after a last dance... And the lights dim... And the music becomes indistinguishable from the beat of my heart... And at last consciousness begins to ebb away revealing sweet sleep... And Gordon and Jeremy come tearing back into the tent rolling about doing somersaults, yelling “Jack come out with us!” “We're going to go smoke with neighbors we just met!” And the whole tent shakes and stirs and rattles and broils and I tell them I'm trying to sleep, not trying to be rude, but just tired, and Gordon yells, “let's go swimming,” and general chaos ensues, but at last they must have wandered off, for my next memory starts when the sun rises in the morn.

The following day, Saturday, is when the mind really starts to unravel. We wake with the hangover only found in campgrounds, stiff and groggy, never enough sleep, dozing off in the cold at three in the morning, eyes opening again just after dawn. Headaches abounding and Gordon takes a gulp of the Cambucha he's brought from Madison to wash down the eerily bitter taste of yesternight. Bacon and eggs and corned-beef hash get the morning going and start to clear up the drowsiness that's permeating not just our campsite but all the surrounding ones as the Saturday air winnows its way around the tree trunks. We go for a walk to wash up and fetch water from a spigot down below, sticking out of a big meadow where the lower stage still hops and bounces with its invincible beat, some D.J. with hamburger headphones spinning nuances into rhythmic techno sensations. The ultraviolet neon paintings look somber in the daylight. A few girls giggle as they shower beautifully in the open air before us. Gordon runs into an older fellow from Austin by the name of Charlie, and Charlie prepares for us ten hits of our drug of choice, LSD. Taking out a little vial the size of a finger nail and depositing a single drop on each of ten Altoid mints, letting them dry in the shady light. Gordon gets a ziploc bag and fills it up, and we drive off to Black River Falls to go swimming in the river, saving the LSD for when we return.

Immediately upon our arrival back at the campsite, the three of us dose, chewing up slowly a tablet each, and retiring to nap in the hammocks strung up in the trees like an insectival infestation of comfort. I go wandering off after a bit, unable to drift off—the beat from the stages makes even the hammock supports shiver. The little community we've entered into seems to be taking a breather, preparing for the shenanigans of Saturday night. The performers are all sitting around picnic tables smoking hookahs or spreading peanut butter on loaves of French bread for lunch. A few have out batons or firesticks unlit and are practicing for when the night falls, spinning everything around in intertwining yet concentric circles each morphing into new arcing shapes. An hour later, and I ask Jeremy, “feel anything?” “Not yet...” he says lying in the hammock. “Okay, let's take another.” “Okay.” But Gordon doesn't want one quite yet—strange, to my guess, for I always viewed him as our chemical leader—something so Buddha-esque about the Grandes that always yielded a strange appeal, this being again among others a primary reason I find myself dropping acid with the two at a three-day techno rave in a little beat-down Wisconsin town's adults-only campground—what on Earth would a younger me think of the present self? Gordon says he'll nap a little and then try it out. Jeremy and I wander downhill to explore a new woodland of tents with a friend named Kathy, also from Austin, and who seems nice enough, accompanying us around the festival. She's staying in Madison, she says, but “had to come up for a psytrance festival for my birthday! It's tomorrow!” And we make sure not to forget to wish her a happy birthday at midnight. The three of us (Gordon replaced by Kathy momentarily as the former snoozes up in the tent) meander towards a couple from Iowa who have out big cardboard sheets and in the middle of one in curly handwriting is scrawled *Morgan*, and etched across the other with charcoal from the fire is *David*. We introduce ourselves, and they tell us they're from Iowa, making

lifecharts for a homework assignment. “Homework at a psytrance festival?” says Kathy. “Don't worry, it's hippie homework,” responds Morgan. “We're making lifecharts. Basically we're supposed to take this sheet of paper and fill it up with our goals and try to put them into categories. You know, like family, work, spirituality. It helps to see everything you want in life written down in ink on a single sheet of paper. Makes it all not seem so daunting.” Defining prospects, goals, and emotions always helps them become more clear. Such is the power of words over the human mind. They ring with the same rhythm as neuronal signals. We leave David and Morgan and I say, “I'll come check up on you guys and your life charts in a bit, okay?” They smile and say of course.

We continue circling clockwise around the campground, and Jeremy returns to the site, Kathy disappears, and I meander past the big pond, seeing new tents pop up and folks in costume sitting outside eating Nutrigain bars and talking about techno. The world starts to hum. I can feel the first tablet start acting. The new state of mind starts to take over. Nice and slowly. LSD creeps over your soul like a sunrise over the mountains. Everything shines with harmony. The beat of the base, the two stages, they zip zap zoeing of electronic cadences, birds chirping over last week's sex party, fires crackling in old wheel hub pits, chattering faces as The Burrito is already zonked out of existence and his friends try to get him to stand up and pass a sobriety test just so they'll all get a few hilarious laughs. Everything becomes a symphony of sight and sound, don't you hear the whistle of flames start to meld together with the singsong of raver chicks and the punks waving arms back and forth at the giving tree where cereal and pipes and paraphernalia of all sorts and coloring books and tictacs abound over the roots? Colors zingzang and vibrate warming me up with their brilliance as I make my circle and begin my trapeze through the wood back to the campsite. And something else changes when the acid hits. The veil of what we call sobriety lifts up over my eyelid sluice and true light starts to pour in and old notions escape over the falls. The mind starts to speed up, words finding words finding themselves, getting lost, spinning like merry-go-rounds as kid neurons run them into hyperspeed and jump on holding the rails as they're slung about. Soft warm fingers of acid reach up over the occipital and cull the nervous brain into a sweet dream—yet eyes remaining open. I return to where I left Gordon, and I expect the two brothers to be lazing, languid, in their hammocks swinging lightly dozing, but I don't see them until I hear murmurs inside the tent. Corners and bits of movement draw my attention without regard to my own volition, and I twitch around at each one in sudden inexplicable curiosity as each little bit at the center of my vision starts oozing out of its place, but as soon as I gain focus the periphery begins wavering and I turn back away, surely making my way into the tent. Unzipping the main door I find Gordon sitting cross-legged (Buddha, what did I tell you?) and Jeremy lying down rolling about in his sleeping bag. “How are you guys doing?” says I. “We're on drugs!” exclaims Gordon, and Jeremy just giggles. “Good good good. Me too. I guess it's working. And you know what?” I pause, hesitating... “I think this is just the first one working. Wait till the second gets going!” “Heeheeheehee” says Jeremy. “Let's step outside!”—dragging the two brothers out into the air. Claustrophobia starting to make me feel uncomfortable, I find peace in the open air, where distances start to lose all meaning and vision morphs into a collage of tree trunks and campfires dancing around a pine-needled forest. Everything starts to feel like a dream.

Down the hill the evening erupts with the tribal sound of didgeridoos. I hear elephants yawning and Australian jackrabbits bounding up and down hillsides with the beat—oh the beat, ever persistent, driving everything forward, creating the rhythm, setting the pace of the trip—when the beat speeds up, so doth your consciousness—and there's a whole gathering of costumed individuals scampering about blowing into these big hulking vibrational instruments, a colony of religious diehards caught in the throes of ancient times. “Do you guys hear the didgeridoos?” I ask. “Yes! What are they didgeridooing?” says Gordon. “I don't know, but whatever it is, they know how to didgeridoo it!” “Oh no they didgeridon't!” yells Jeremy, and we all fall over rolling in a fit of laughter. Strange to be laughing, I've never seen Jeremy get so tickled by simple jokes, but he tries to have a sip of beer and spews it all over the place unable to control the hilarity of the situation. I fear he might not be able to

breathe. Shit, can you believe what's going on down there? The sun is still up, but when it goes down, the whole world will shake and everyone will enter the sacred trance of psychedelic awareness.

We wander over to the lake, starting to trip most definitely, and I say to Jeremy, “so how goes it?” And Jeremy just responds, “it's already starting to get crazy. I've never done this kind of stuff on its own before—always been drinking or high or something.” “Ain't the clarity of everything just blinding sometimes?” “Absolutely true.” And we get to the pond and sit down on the beach, where an Asian man decked out in skimpy tie-dye shirt and pigtails runs down screaming with a girl on his hand down to a castle in the sand where a white-shirt psychonaut sits kingly in his throne over-looking the scum-filled pond. “You swam in that scum, Gordon?” “I was drunk!” I'll bet Buddha sees beauty in pondscum. Sitting down on the beach, we watch the wind rustle the trees and ripples peel out over the surface of the pond. The water undulates, and the waves escape into the sand, which begins to lift up and roll over in great breaking waves, but pause a moment and all is back to normal. A moment later and the sand presents great patterns, swirls of beige honeycombs creating all sorts of colors I'd never even imagined before. “I bet the sand was granulated by the power of pelvic thrusts,” I tell the brothers, all three of us rolling around laughing again. What a hilarious idea, adult camping. But now I feel more adult tripping than I ever have naked. Someone needs to redo their definitions. “Hey check out this guy,” says Gordon, and a visitor in a red shirt waving a baton around comes running down over the grassy knoll into the sand, swinging his stick in great arcs, and the baton leaves trails like sparklers hesitating in the air, and he whirls it around and around and around and around and then launches it up into the sky, and the spinning stick just hovers there spinning against blue like the hands of a clock swinging unstopably fast right backward into the past, and then bam falls straight into the sand and the red-shirted daredevil dives into the sand missing the stick for his great finale—gets up, brushes himself off, walks over, and we three clap for him, and he introduces himself as Carl.

“That's quite the performance you've got going there, Carl,” says Gordon. Carl replies, “just wait till the night time when everything lights up. I've got tubes and glow sticks, and they'll all spin around and be *craazy*. Yes yes yes one crazy night it will be, I just have to be sober by the morning.” “Sober?” says Gordon, perplexed, “what? Why on Earth?” “Well, I gotta get over to Minnesota, you know that state over the border? Gotta get over there tomorrow morning, meeting some friends, said I'd go rockclimbing.” “Ahhhh...” says Gordon. “You guys climb yourselves?” “Sure thing.” Though I don't, Gordon is quite the expert, climbing once up over the balcony of our third-story apartment and snagging a sandal he'd landed on the downstairs neighbors' apartment as he tried to launch it over our railing. “Well, yeah,” says Carl, “and you know, climbing is terrible when you're hungover, and you know the worst part? You don't even realize it until you're there. You're like ahh, well whatever the air's gonna be good for me and driving down to the place and you get up and set everything up hiking and you still feel like shit and then you get tied up and in and the belayer's all set and you're like bleah but you go anyway and then next thing you know” (he sticks his arms straight out and squeezes his fists) “nsnngngngnhghhh and then you're like ahh shit 'puking!' looking down from fifty feet up the rock and then your belayer's like 'puke on!' and he pulls out a little umbrella. Ah shit nnnnnngghghnnghg.” “Puke on!” repeats Jeremy, and more rolling around laughing, and as Carl waves his hands around they leave trails in the air like his baton was doing earlier, stopping photons in their tracks for half a second (but to lightspeed, that's eternity), but that delay is already trippy enough. And the sand undulates below us, *nothing sits still on LSD*. And Carl starts telling us about how he tried to climb in Utah, “and you know what I thought about Utah? Fences and mormons and a few shitty rocks. And you know what it was like? Well that's what it was like: fences and mormons and shitty rocks. But wait, then you get to Canyonland! Canyonland!” he yells. “And then it's like woah, it would barely be that cool if the mormons weren't so shitty. Seriously. Canyonland is amazing. And then guess what you get to Nevada and it's all like, well hey you think Utah had no rules? Nevada really has no rules. No laws or nothing. You can do whatever you want there. In fact the only laws they have—they have one sign that says 'Don't shoot this sign' and you know what? You know what? People shoot that sign! And if the

sign said 'please don't shoot this sign' they'd shoot the 'please', and then they'd shoot that sign! Oh god, it's very strange. But good rock climbing, very good rock climbing. One time my friends and me, we decided to try to get there in one go, just drive on down there—do you know how long it took? Like twenty-five hours just in one direction. We tried to drive all the way there and go rock-climbing and then get back. And we went rock climbing and it was great because there were no rules so we were all drunk or hungover and then we climbed and it was like nnnnsgnngghghghnnn” (squeezing fists again) “and then we got back in the car and we came back and it was another twenty-five hours, and the best part was....” and so on and so forth Carl rambles off the ballad of his days, ending at last with “and the moral of the story is, it was a shitload of driving, and all for a *very silly trip*.” And Carl tells us he was pleased to make our acquaintances and we all stand up and shake hands and then all bow (because why not bow when someone interesting has fallen face first in the sand in front of you and then told you the story of his life?) and Carl dances away and we promise to meet again as the night waxes on.

“Woah Carl!” says Jeremy, and we all giggle when we get back to the campsite. Laugh for a good hour or so. Lying in the hammock I watch the trees bend above me, and now that night's coming the starlight begins to bleed through the leaves in hexagonal patterns that project themselves down onto the patterns of pine needles on the ground. And the branches of trees swish and swirl around and meld together into needlework scarves. “The logs keep joining together, all becoming one big log!” says Jeremy. And we jest for a while, and I say “I'm almost scared to back down there.” The beat thickens and drives the night forward. “It is going to be tribal down there. Just tribal.” Thinking of the fire spinners from the night before and the lasers rocketing lightspeed out over the meadow projected on the trees. Only tonight everyone (including myself) is going to be on a lot more drugs. “This is like the tribal dance of the New Zealanders before they invaded Australia for the first time,” says I. “They knew Australia was there because they saw the echo of the ocean waves off the southern shore. But jeezus, they did not know how big it was. Australia's fucking huge! It's bigger than the U.S., it's bigger than the world! It's bigger than the whole world.” Mind going crazy, words twisting together into silly ideas. “And do you know what happened when they finally got there? Well not much. Because, you know why? Australia didn't have anything interesting!” “Their only export was didgeridoos!” says Gordon. “And the New Zealanders said, 'what are we going to didgeridoo with these?’” “But they took them anyway,” says Jeremy. “Yeah, and then Australia,” I interject, “was all like 'oh no you didgeridi'in't!” More rolling around, but now that second pill has definitely started to act, and we three are on the rise to the next level of consciousness, presently just masked by galvanizing giggles.

So the Grandes lie around in hammocks and I let them drift off for brief naps and I go moseying down inching my way over to the campsite of David and Morgan. The beat and the acid make each footstep deliberate but incredibly languid, and only after much tribulation do I locate the couple and their lifecharts. David's is all decked out with natural ingredients: “all the designs are from things I found around the site. I made these marks with blackberries, and the orange is from carrots, and there's some hummus sprinkled in there with the charcoal.” Ain't life a great buffet? Among the categories of David's life chart are family, travel, relationships, fitness, and under fitness is scrawled in beautiful handwriting, “be able to play with my kids.” “That's a pretty damn good measure of fitness,” I tell David. “Have you looked at the relationships one? See there, that second one?” And right below the big charcoal and hummus header of *relationships* is written “have the best sex of my life all of the time.” “Yep, that's a good one!” I say. “And check it out,” says Morgan, “followed by three exclamation points!!!” “Well you wouldn't want to miss that one, of course. All the others are minor compared to that.” “Hell, well there's a damn lot of value in being honest these days.” Morgan pulls her life chart out from inside the tent—not as many cutouts from the woods and the foliage as David's, but the whole thing decorated in curling subtitles and the goals of Morgan stamped in all capitals with a great umbrella drawn encompassing the entire poster with the label *spirituality*. Ahhh... “spirituality.” What is life but an expression of the spirit?

The life charts get me going, get tracks laid out in my mind towards contemplations of all the

possibilities *of life itself*, tracks of instantaneous steel to guide the rumbling unstoppable acid train as it swerves around synapses coming close to derailing every time it takes a sharp turn. And I say, “jeeeeee that’s a big project, a life chart. Life is so goddamn grand. How could you possibly fit it all on a single page?” And they ask me what I would put on my life chart, and I tell them “I have no idea at all right now.” “It’s too complex to think about.” I see *South America* written on David’s travel section, and I tell them that’s a good goal, and maybe I’d like to get there pretty soon myself, “forget about the norms of society for a while, forget about school, see what else the world has to offer. I’d love to get into some manual labor job that works my ass off but makes me strong and has a beautiful view overlooking the mountains. Maybe logging,” I tell them. “I’ve been reading that great Ken Kesey novel *Sometimes a Great Notion* about these lumberjacks of the Oregon Coastal Range” (and here I pause in my surprise that these chasers of psychedelic trance festivals have never heard of Ken Kesey, have never heard of the crazy uncle of the LSD revolution (if Leary was the grandfather, that is), who commanded the tie-dye school bus across the country wrapping up curious minds and souls into the LSD state of mind) “and I just think it would be great to haul wood around for a year or so until the muddiness of my soul clears up a bit.” “It’s so sad, though,” says David, “to see what the logging operations do to the forest. Like when you look up at a mountainside and you see a little square of green chopped out of the woods. So unnatural. It’s so weird to see a perfect square of emptiness staked out in nature.” Then Morgan continues, “it’s like the little shaved patch in your hair after a surgery.” Says I, “you can only hope the surgery is for the good of the head!” “Sure thing.” “Better hope they’re putting something in rather than taking something out.” “What would you put in?” says David. “You know, that’s a good point.” “Yeah... I think the head’s pretty good just the way it is.” And so on rambling as the LSD makes the contours of Morgan’s and David’s faces bend and twist and coalesce into one. Two nymphs come out of the forest to figure out their livelihoods. What’s best for the well-being? And how strange it is to see another human being while under the influence of psychedelics. At the time you’re questioning your own existence, wondering if everything isn’t just an illusion, but you bump into these curiosities of other people, and you can’t deny who they are. Among the qualities of nature, the humans are countable, and somehow they make it all seem so worth it, even as photons twist and tangle careening around retinas, the undeniable thing is the presence of other people. And so we exchange valedictions and I make my way up to the campsite again.

And my whole body begins to feel light and I ascend to the peak of the hill as if no effort has been exerted at all. Slowly still, dragging my steps along the way—the night is young, and I have all the time in the world, for time slows down as well, just like a river run deep—I find Gordon and Jeremy wrapped in their hammocks and Jeremy talking about the garden of Eden. Edenic is the perfect word, and though I struggle in my mind to describe such an indescribable state as having a head full of acid, *edenic* certainly for a while suffices. And we swing around wondering if this is how Adam and Eve must have felt before they ate from the tree of knowledge and became like God. And the curiosity designing itself over even the presence of apples in the Bible... “where did apples even originate? Did they have them back in the time of creation?” “Who knows? It doesn’t matter, though, you’re not supposed to take it seriously...” “but even so, how could they have even known what an apple was... if they didn’t exist. Sure the symbolism is there—they needed something that opened up their doorway to unadulterated cosmic consciousness, but if there weren’t even apples, then our friends the Biblical creators must have at least written their treatise when the apple was a commonplace fruit.” But the trivialities melt away and what seeps in through the window of understanding is the LSD state of mind, an elevation of consciousness *not actually particular to LSD* but reachable through other tangible and intangible means—other *similar* drugs of course being one method, but the more admirable vehicle (I believe) stemming from the meditations of the great Buddhas, lo how they could enter these states themselves just by leaning back against a tree and opening their hearts, emptying their souls. Lo how their spirits floated inches above the tops of their heads as they traversed planes of existence unknown to the common man. *Edenic*... And Gordon swoops in saying, “and if there were possibly an email in

the garden of Eden...” “An email in the garden of Eden!” “The one email in the garden of Eden...” “And it just says,” quoth Jeremy, “it's all good – God.” “Hahahaha! What more could it possibly say? What an edenic email! How simple utterly simple. Perfect. It's all good. Because it is all good...” And then all at once so suddenly the idea of *good* seems so strange. What a concept developed by humanity—didn't exist before minds, couldn't have. What is *good* to rocks and atoms reacting with each other? But yes, when dawned the human era we chose *good* to oppose *bad*, the two defining each other, and now I start to wonder and wonder and wonder and wonder, the words that describe my thoughts barely (not even, most of the time, to be honest) keeping up with the thoughts themselves, getting lost, sidetracked, bent up over the hill rolling down covered in sediment and tufts of grass as they slide down the gritty backs of my cortices and spin out of control bouncing around careening back into my brain. *But what is good?* It's what we seek, silly! *No... too simple...* good God! Getting confusing. *Am I good?* I hope so, but what if I'm not? What does it even mean to *be good*? What if I'm bad? Who cares? *Well it all revolves around definitions now, doesn't it?* Yes, certainly, sure. But what are the definitions? What value hath they? Just words, just words. But perhaps useful for clarity. *But Jack, what is that you're always saying about definitions again?* There's no value in spending time bickering over them! Think about all the politics and himhawing that could be stifled at last by just admitting that people have different definitions of things, that's at the bottom of it all, because definitions are *a priori*, they are the roots of the great worldly trees of wisdom and also injustice. And mind now running out of control, spinning, letting the acid take over. And I pause and start looking at the trees as night has now fallen completely and the stars above swing between leaves, and the mind creates constellations that have never before been seen. But back to the question of *good*—what use is being good if you can just redefine good? And now getting stuck in a hole I'm familiar with from previous trips. *Is taking LSD good? Is this state of mind good? Am I enjoying this? Should I ever do this again?* It's not the deep eschatological hole that I've traipsed around peering down into before, but it's still a frustrating loop that culls at least some worry to the forefront of the present state of mind. *Well, I answer, haven't I two options? The first one is easy but unfulfilling—I could just define this present state of mind (somewhere I wasn't twenty minutes ago, but now teetering over the—“yes, there is the acid hole, that's something you've got to watch out for,” says Gordon—edge of the hole) as something bad—I know there's a hole in the forest, a big deep pit—an infinite abyss in the garden of Eden, a well that could take away lives—if I admit it's a well, then I just have to stay away from it and let my mind run frolicking about in the rest of Eden—surely there's plenty more to do, plenty more places to find, plenty of people to interact with, states of mind to cultivate more giggles and the acknowledgment that LSD is a damn good drug!* But... but... and the mind runs full throttled, too bad the words can't keep up, because—I begin to realize, that I personally am of the sort that uses words to guide my own thoughts, how much the cavemen without language missed out on, how useful is the power of speech to help out with the clarity of it all—but *I know there is a hole in the garden of Eden, I know where the edges of the acid hole are. Couldn't I just take a peak down it and try not to get scared? I think the real answer to this predicament is to redefine the hole! Yes that's it! Realizing that depth is height, and looking into the infinite abyss is the same as looking up into heaven. The hole is a part of Eden, the pit expands the boundaries, for Eden hazards all states of mind. Yarr... but then wherein lies the good? Eden is too vast to be confined by good or bad, isn't it? The two unify when you look down that hole, but goddamn goddammit! It's terrifying somehow. I know I shouldn't be terrified, but when I run back to the antipodes of that Edenic garden of mind I see the hole there, the abyss, and I keep trying to look down but get scared and turn away but then but then... but then... zing! whump comes back flying that horrid compunction that's built only for the frustration of mind, that guilt of accepting the hole and staying away... No, Jack. You must understand the hole, peer down it until you see that it's not a hole. For once you see that it's not a hole, you cannot fall. But until then, watch your step! And aye! If I don't come to terms with the hole then I've come on this acid trip for nothing, and that's not what I wanted to do, and now I'll have to do it again, but my plan was to learn how to not “need” acid to understand things. And*

then here we go defining things as unfortunate, that the trip is being “bad” but I don't think I could take that, when good is what we're supposed to seek, and if I can't come to terms with good and bad, then the two will mix in my mind and just run me up the wall confusing everything in sight in interminable frustration! “Ahh! Ahhhhh... ahhh!!!” But in a moment everything starts to subside, and suddenly I see anew the starlight peeking out through the trees, and Jeremy says, “wow these woods are just beautiful at night. There are so many more stars than in Madison here.” And “yes, absolutely,” I agree. “I sure am glad I came”—trying to convince myself that all of this really *is* good. And at some point I come to the realization that although I can use LSD to help me find answers to a few of the tough questions, it really just opens up new perspectives, and in the end, not a single one of those tough questions is actually *easy*. *So don't worry*, says I, *the frustration is to be expected*. And I have a momentary break from the chaos. And in a few minutes, we decide, it's time to go down to the stage.

Dusk has passed and we therefore deliver ourselves unto the night. The fire-spinners have awoken, and they swing around flames in mesmerizing patterns before the stage that still pushes forward its invincible beat. The stimulation of it all is incredible. Girls and guys done up in glittering bright glow-in-the-dark costumes spin around throwing arms up in the air dancing. A completely naked girl stands up in the front facing the stage shaking her whole body at frequencies unfathomable to the common dancer and thousands of infinitesimal ripples fly across her vibrating buttocks and thighs. The bass of the techno beat almost overcomes voices, but somehow they have picked just the right pitch so that although you cannot hear yourself think, you can hear yourself speak, and you can even hear others. Jeremy and I agree that “everything's getting ridiculous!” We look around and the whole setup is outrageous. Glowsticks on big rods spinning everywhere—and look! There's Carl drunk out of his gourd spinning his lightstick around falling over every time he stands up—and the trails the lights leave write out cursive in the dark—many folks dancing, some just sitting staring at the techno stage. Besides the lights show of the stage—everything in a twenty foot radius just glowing or changing colors, and huge lasers spitting out patterns hundreds of feet down the meadow, and lines of firepits glowing receding into the distance to meet at a vanishing point I could poke my finger at but that is actually infinitely far away, and the great spider-bat webs lighting up again, fading from blue to red to mauve to yellow, everything going crazy, mushroom lamps on the ground lit up like rainbows spinning around in the wind—besides the light show of the stage, a fat man in suit and tie (*Suit and Tie Guy* is his pen name) stands in an outdoor control room of synthesizing electronics with thousands of blips and bleeps that make the whole Earth waver as the lights run from one corner of his synthesizer to the other like slinkies rocketing down the stairs. Next to the stage are two enormous screens, upon which are projected visuals of flowers morphing together, mellifluous paint flowing between stamens and petals, and I stand there just staring for minutes that feel like hours that feel like years, and the screens of blossoms and buds reach out tendrils of light that slip in through the tearducts and wrap themselves around my retinas, expanding in rivulets of light to warm up the revving brain, and the unfolding hyacinthine petals reaching their dendritic fingertips crawling around the inside of my skull, wrapping themselves over my cerebrum like fresh ivy over an ancient ziggurat. But the massage of light is too much sometimes—“what a sensation overload,” quoth Jeremy (Gordon dances before the stage), “the pinnacle of the evolution of things that people on drugs like to stare at”—“Hahahaha!” And now the deep thoughts have subsided, been replaced by the great tickle of all of the senses on LSD, and now I understand the nature of these types of festivals, why all these folks have gathered from states all around to become part of this great motion. And suddenly the whole festival feels so tribal, I lose control over my own thoughts, get tossed into the mighty rumbling of the speakers. The hallway of firepits opens up into laser patterns calling me towards the infinity that awaits. The sensations overwhelm me and I get swooped up into the beautiful—just beautiful (and who would have thought I'd ever think that about techno)—beautiful... pandemonium. I understand now how the warriors of ancient times could prepare for battle, or how they could become so enveloped in religious experiences. It is a consequence of human nature—*THE DESIRE TO BE PART OF THE GREAT VIBRATION*—for

it *does* in fact, feel good. Overwhelmingly good. Breathtaking to the point of cosmic orgasm where suddenly your mind collapses in on itself, and I have to say to Jeremy, “let's get out of here, it's too much,” and Jeremy thinks that's a fantastic idea, and we escape begrudgingly down the hallway of infinite flame towards the other side of the campground, delayed only by the inching footsteps of the dragging pace of our existence.

Back at the campsite Jeremy and I take a few hits from the old weed pipe, and Gordon joins us in a few moments (nice to have that familiar feeling to latch onto for at least a little time while the acid keeps accelerating your brain across unknown lands towards the antipodes of the mind (coined by Huxley regarding his mescaline experience)). The woods are peaceful again, and we take a walk stopping by all of the artwork laid out by these psytrance heads—those folks who follow these parties around the country as though it were genuinely some kind of religion (hey, though, who's to dismiss any style of life like that?)—and a whole stand of ultraviolet painting draws us into its aura, and we walk over there and stare—just stare, entranced, mind unifying with the vibrational oozing twirling light-producing colors—and most of the art is just trails of random glow-in-the-dark paint dripped across canvas, but as we gaze into its depths it all appears three-dimensional and Gordon and I have to stick out hands and touch the surface to convince ourselves of its flatness, but even then I see my fingers meld into the extra-dimensioned world of creative glow-in-the-dark, and dragging fingertips across it can't comprehend but see everything flow like gullies of black and green and blue winding down from the hills and into each other to meet at a fantastic whirling estuary where—“it all just keeps on moving, Gordon! How do they make it all move like that?”—I stand gawking in the luminance of it all, and there's no other feeling to describe it. And then restless in the stimulation of eye my mind rambles off again down some lonesome tracks and *suddenly*, I begin to wonder and *understand some of these Buddhist concepts I've been hearing about*. I pause for a moment and take stock of all that's going on, the torrents of imagery that are inundating my sense, *begin to question what sense actually is*, what is this *seeing* nonsense all about anyhow? *Just photons reaching their electromagnetic hands through space to vibrate my rods and cones and send signals and sensations of colors up to that old work-horse “the brain.”* But suddenly, all at once, *I am no longer the receiver of light, I am no longer the interpreter of dreams*. I am now a source of luminance, *radiating in all directions, generator of photons*, I am *inside* the seeing as I have never known before. *And the mind reverberates and I recall the phrase “seeing inside seeing,” and time retreats into the shadows and for the first time I seize this opportunity, and I turn my vision INWARDS upon vision itself, light seeing light—the world stands still forever and disappears in an instant when photonic dreams doth mingle too intimately with the vanguard of perception—looking at my own looking, luminance seeing itself, just as the universe through human machines hath defined its existence, and the swirling cycle of self-consistency, the created causing the creator, for neither could exist without the other—and I know, I know I know I know this is a moment I have been seeking in life and must take advantage of, lest it slip out into the receding tides of a fatefully recalled LSD trip, to roll up into the surf like a great whale and turn up its hide to flash sunlight momentarily into your eye from the deep blue sea.*

So I open my mind.

And in through the intangible doors of perception and consciousness pours the overwhelming estuary of tumultuous thoughts and emotions fighting for a spot in my peanut shell capsule of wonder like pigs clambering for a teat on the rolled-over sow, and the shell starts to hiss and weaken, fibers twisting and tearing as I let this cyclical process of seeing within seeing within seeing within seeing within seeing and so on and so forth bubble up and it's just tooooooo much! And I shut the doors of perception, but slamming his little foot in the door—so that it's still cracked and the wind of disquietude breathes through—slamming his little foot in the door is guilt (and as I know now and have known for all time, guilt is not a friendly face to let grimace continually in your mind while you're having a psychedelic experience, peeving you the whole way along the trip, telling you you don't deserve to be here, there are better things in life, stop wasting your time!), but the guilt is of mere

conceptual proportions and is no match for the eschatological hole developing in my soul that I'm trying so desperately to see as not a hole but as a great tower of mysticism that I can climb within and beside and ascertain undeniable truths. But. I just can't handle it! "Tie me up to the mast like great Odysseus as I unplug my ears, but loyal crew, cover thine own so that you can't hear my screams and heartbreaking commands. And now, now that we all are set up, fly past the sirens of Cape Pelorum and let me hear their song!" But their song is too powerful, and I see myself falling into the acid hole, losing control, mind breaking out of body (will I still be here when I get up? "there is no I, you fool! So stop asking that question!"). No, Jack. Here we go again. Think hard (I can't think at all, right now, head swirling, someone opened it up and shoved in too many crazy ideas!), think hard about the good and bad. Why do you call this acid hole bad? Yes, it may be overwhelming, but accept it. Do not fear for your life—if your ego dies, then so be it, there is no shame there—you won't be letting anyone down. Instead—instead of drowning in unwarranted woefulness, allow your comprehension of good to expand, let it encompass all thought like a shadow expanding over infinite land as the sun sets below a mountain. Allow the chaos, allow the torrent of trauma, allow pandemonium to transpire, allow the unstoppable dance of synapses and neurons, allow them all to frolic, yet remain calm, be subtle (that was one of your goals now, wasn't it, sir?) and everything will become clear. Aye, but the clarity is blinding! I'm not ready for such understanding! And here comes the guilt again—what if I can't take it back with me, what if I can't share it with the world, what if I can't even reach back into that state of mind to see within seeing, to allow all thoughts to float by on an ocean of contentment, when the chemicals melt out of my body? Ahhh! Ahhh... Jeremy and Gordon and I decide to smoke some more pot to calm down a little bit, for even Jeremy the oak tree is beginning to admit that he's getting scared at some point... so we smoke and things settle down a little. "We're over the peak," says Gordon. Summited the great LSD mountain and are now hiking down over the other side. The things we could see from such heights! We sit around the campfire and cook up some steaks, flank steaks marinated in Auntie Chung's Korean Barbecue sauce, and we skewer them with spits of wood and turn them slowly over the fire. "It's meat on a stick!" says Jeremy. And we all grunt and eat our—delicious, absolutely unbelievably tasty, especially after this exhausting mind-riling—meat on a stick, and we three sit there not saying much, laughing, three cavemen grunting, farting, belching their way into consciousness, just like in the old days—only back then everything happened on a much slower time scale—who are we to so hurry the expansion of mind that takes centuries?

And there we sit by the campfire, quiet. We wander around a bit, pass by the great roaring bonfire lighting up the field before the main stage, recognizing a few faces from the night before, smile and jest as the acid keeps going, but slowly melts back into memory (where oh where are the LSD memories stored? if only I could pull them back out at will...) and we retire to our nest of hammocks. And the breeze has come down, and the air is chill. I pull my sleeping bag into one of the Grandes' hammocks and curl up, smoke some more weed, let the somnolence stirred up by this adventure wash over my body like ripples of breeze through the prairie around me, let the mind wander into dream, let all things subside, finding warmth at four-in-the-morning in my cozy bag and hammock, let the weekend sing lullabies as I meander out of consciousness, but this time at least into a sweet and familiar realm. And thus as I fade from this wonderland of wakefulness, so ends the sojourn of mind as the gale settles down to barely a stir under the night sky.