

Dec. '69.

Something to Teach

I am thirty years old and it is three years since I got the third eye. Seven years ago I smoked my first joint. Before that my skull had sealed and my growth was officially at an end. I had been training to be a charter-ed accountant before going into the stock exchange, but just before taking the final exams early in 1963 I left my job and renounced the life that had been planned for me. After my first joint I knew I had made the right decision.

I was well educated. As a result of that by the end of it I knew how to learn. The core of my education was languages, ancient greek, latin, french and german, so the emphasis was always on the meaning of the word. Once my time was all my own I devoted the best part of it to the pursuit of knowledge. I was aware that I knew very little about myself. Gradually reading gave way to writing. After turning on my writing changed form, becoming much looser; streams of free association poured out of my brain along arm, hand, fingers and pen onto the paper. Though it was often hard to make sense of what I had written, intuitively I knew that it was not unimportant to me. It was the beginning of a self-analysis. I had to look at what I was saying. For other people it was just streams of words without special significance, but to me it was the story of my life like a jigsaw puzzle to be pieced together. I had intended to make my living by writing, but what had I to say that made any difference to anyone else?

In 1964 I was given some mescaline in Torremolinos. When the trip was over I knew that all my problems could be solved by regaining the state of mind I had experienced then. I remember feeling the miraculous ease with which one performs a task as complicated as the articulation of a word. The only problem was how to get some more mescaline.

Soon after that, early in 1965, I heard tell of someone who had drilled a hole in his head to get permanently high. I put it down as another crankish idea and didn't think much about it. Later that year I went to Ibiza, looking for mescaline or LSD. I knew a few people who had taken acid and said it was even greater than mescaline. In Ibiza I met an american girl called Fran, in whose house stayed Bart Huges, the dutchman who had drilled the hole in his skull. Bart was away at the time but due back soon with some acid. I asked Fran what was behind the operation and she said it was done to increase the volume of blood in the brain. I said you couldn't increase the volume of blood without decreasing the volume of something else, but Fran knew no more than she had told me. It was not until later that I found out from Bart that there is a corresponding decrease in the volume of cerebrospinal fluid. That is the water in which the whole brain and central nervous system floats, and the decrease in its volume has no detrimental effects.

When Bart arrived with the LSD he said, "take sugar with it, and extra vitamin C". The three of us took trips together. For Fran and me it was our first trip. Bart brought a huge two-kilo bag of sugarlumps and some lemons

and we squeezed the juice from the lemons into saucers and dipped the lumps of sugar in it before eating them. The trip lasted all night long, an ecstatic parabola, with gravity bringing the brainblood down again as the sun was coming up.

The next day I read the open letter explaining the mechanism and wrote down a few questions to ask Bart on certain points that I could not fully understand. His answers cleared up my misunderstandings and thus was the foundation of my disciplehood laid. It was three months' concentrated work on the words of the scroll and open letter, arranging them into the shortest possible complete account of all the relevant facts and experiments in English, that enabled me to ask every question I could think of on every detail from the most central to the most peripheral. Fortunately Bart had been looking for someone to help him with the English version when I met him. By the time we had finished it I really understood it.

Understanding the mechanism of brainbloodvolume enables one to take LSD or other hallucinatory drugs without harm and gives one control over the expansion of one's own consciousness. Once you know the mechanism you can increase the brainbloodvolume in innumerable ways and any number of laws cannot prevent you putting your own blood in your own ~~blown~~ brain when you wish. Having fully understood the mechanism I was excited at the prospect of releasing the news to a breathless world. I saw no reason to doubt that other people would be as glad to hear it as I had been. Bart warned me that it had not been so for him in Amsterdam. It was three years since he had discovered the mechanism, but still the world was totally ignorant of the fact. He had conducted a publicity campaign, but the scandal journalists had ~~intensified~~ fastened onto the sensational aspects of the operation and completely ignored the explanation. The mechanism was never mentioned.

I had to find out for myself that it was as he said it was. I spent two years telling everyone I met about it, writing letters to papers and magazines, writing a book about it, giving talks, turning on people with sugar and vitamin C etc. etc., until finally I had to admit that it was like banging your head against a brick wall, without even a fractured skull to show for it. Hardly anything was published, no interest was raised. The world was still the same, full of empty adults unable to fulfil themselves. "Well, it's their problem", I said to myself in the end, "if they don't want to learn, why try to teach them?". Then I stopped going out and telling people and only answered questions I was asked. That way one knows there is some interest in the subject in the person to whom one is talking.

What was it that was so important about the discovery of the mechanism of brainbloodvolume? Before understanding that you need an experience and an explanation. You must increase the brainbloodvolume to experience the state of expanded consciousness. This can be done in many ways, for example by yoga headstands or breathing exercises, by smoking pot or jumping out of a hot bath into a cold bath, which puts you on total adrenal constriction and squeezes you high in a few seconds. Some ~~people~~ people can put themselves on adrenalin at will with a magic formula. Having experienced life at the

Highest level, that is maximal brainmetabolism (with a far greater area of contact between bloodstream and braincells than in adult man more glucose and oxygen is taken from the blood than normally), it is very likely that you will want to repeat the experience. A trip above the clouds to the mountain top can give you a taste for heights, but to build a house and live up there you need to know all about local conditions. Having had the experience you still need the explanation. There is no substitute for studying the scroll "Homo Sapiens Correctus". Nothing essential is left out on it. All the words on it can be found in a dictionary (medical or otherwise) and they are all words with precise meanings or definitions, except the word "ego", which is defined on the second scroll "The Ego".

The LSD movement got off the ground simultaneously in Europe and in America. In the United States the "high priest" was Timothy Leary. Bart Huges' actions had always two prime objectives, to enlighten the adult and to empty the mental hospitals of all but those with organic diseases. The effect of Leary's actions was to fill the mental hospitals with sugar-lack flip-outs.

The discovery of the mechanism of brainbloodvolume has revealed the reason for the success of trepanation in the treatment of insanity. The operation has been performed since prehistoric times. By restoring to the intra-cranial arteries and capillaries the pulsation which dies when the skull seals at the end of growth the benefits of youth are perpetuated, the ability to learn new skills and understand complicated explanations, the energy and enthusiasm to pursue dreams to their realisation. Some get these gifts by accident; fractures of the skull, mastoid operations, the loss of sight in both eyes or only one, all produce more blood in the brain.

Just as society now has the task of casting off the yoke of tyranny by reducing government to a manageable machine to serve its purposes, so the individual must free himself from the tyranny of his ego, not by losing it altogether, so that there's no one at home in the head to give orders to the limbs, but by reducing its importance to the level of an efficient civil servant. The talking ape needs an ego like a car needs a driver. The adult's ego, like his government, becomes the instrument of repression. In the adult's brain the ego feels threatened by anything which attracts attention (blood) away from its own province, the speech system. By increasing the amount of blood in all parts of the brain you dispense with the need to squeeze blood into the speech system by constricting the arteries leading to other parts of the brain. There is enough there anyway without depriving the rest of the brain of its share. This is the benefit of trepanation.

The performance of trepanation is rightly the duty of the medical profession. Bart could find no one to perform it for him, so he did it for himself. He was a medical student and had sufficient knowledge of operating techniques to do this. I was able to do it only after studying the subject very carefully. My advice to other people is "find a doctor to trepan you".