THE acknowledgements

I live in the high desert of one of the United States of America named New Mexico, but don't picture sand dunes and cactus, rather alfalfa farms along the Rio Grande and ranch land east and west. So here I am up at 4:00 am, working on this paragraph because I can't sleep, thinking how to begin the book. I glance out the east window of the little house I built for my wife and myself just east of the river, in the center of the state. It's pitch black, across miles of flat valley floor. Then I see a glimmer of headlights coming down from the town of Mountainair, headed west on the highway past our house, cross the river to the interstate, and north to Albuquerque —a very long commute to work.

It dawned on me how much work can be required, even before we get to work, which answered how I was to begin the book—not simply with a list of names, but rather to acknowledge the story behind how friends and cohorts endorsed and helped promote the book.

The *Psychedelic Renaissance* has been well underway for over a decade, and I must confess my late approach is simply because I had been stuck back there in *The Psychedelic Middle Ages*, unaware the renaissance had arrived. My earliest acknowledgement that such a discussion might someday take place was in my 1980 book *Metalsphere, The Altered State of Word*, a quasi-anthology of psychedelic and mystic thought which, like the '60s - 80s, had silently faded into oblivion.

In the 2000s, when I first heard the term *Psychedelic Science*, I got unstuck, but then I immediately remembered the political naiveté of the 60's and the fact that the Nixonian war on drugs is still raging.
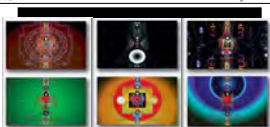
*Metalsphere:
The Altered State of Word,
1980*

Screen shots from the DVD Kundalini-shakti ani-meditation, titled: *"The Altered State of Heart"*

Leary's Castalia:

In 1983, the non-profit IFIF, International Federation For Internal Freedom, was disbanded, and The **Castalia Foundation** was put in its stead. Leary opened the Millbrook hermitage around that time. Millbrook was the name of the place, the hermitage but 'Castalia' was its mission, its vision. Leary has borrowed the name Castalia out of Hermann Hesse Nobel Prize winning book Das Glasperlenspiel (The Glass Bead Game), also known as Magister Ludi (Master of the Game).

The story is set in the 23rd century, somewhere in Europe, and is about an utopian pedagogic community named Castalia and the Castalian Order, who played the 'Game' and were in charge of several Castalian Schools there and around the world.

Even before the Millbrook hermitage was close in 1968, Leary's Castalian vision had vanished.

Timothy Francis Leary, 1920–1996

Hermann Karl Hesse, 1877–1962

Hesse's Castalia:

Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game* was published in 1943, when he was 66. It was his last novel. In the book, the newly appointed Master of the Game, Joseph Knecht (the narrator in the book), does not tell us exactly what the Game means, nor how exactly it is played, and certainly Leary, like any reader of the book, can only guess at what the game is and how it is played.

Hesse does tell us the known history of Castalia, which we can surmise had its beginnings anticipated in Hesse's earlier book *Journey to the East*. Like my reader, Leary may have been interested in how the Game works. But Leary was most interested in the social implications of attempting to institutionalize a vision that could support a scientific as well as a cultural investigation into what he thought was the Game.

I do apologize for recounting the perils of being caught in the *politics of consciousness*, which Leary called *"The Politics of Ecstasy."* My purpose is not merely FYI, but to show how today's *Renaissance* is as fragile, and under the same amount and kind of pressure, as Leary's *Castalia*. My hope is that *The Renaissance* continues indefinitely, or at least long enough for me to share in its cover, to finish all these financial burden of our conversation, before the window of opportunity slams shut on my slow two-finger typing of these sentences.

Richard Nixon publicly declared Timothy Leary *"the most dangerous man in America."* Yet, I ask you, who was more dangerous, that crook or Tim with this more honest declaration?:

"Don't take LSD unless you are very

well prepared, unless you are specifically prepared to go out of your mind. Don't take it unless you have someone that's very experienced with you to guide you through it. And don't take it unless you are ready to have your perspective on yourself and your life radically changed, because you're gonna be a different person, and you should be ready to face this possibility.

– Timothy Leary

That warning is as well founded today as it was then, and coming from someone who very well knew experientially what to fear, it stands in stark contrast to unfounded warnings out of fear of losing political control. Leary and his fellow Castalians took seriously the human fear of losing track of the *I* for a few hours, and having *"your perspective and life radically changed."*

ALTHOUGH THE BLISS OF BEING IS MORE THE POINT, THERE IS A SHAPE, AN ART, TO IT

*So this is it.
This must be
eternity, being
in this perfectly
shaped room,
in this perfect
space, a perfect
bliss.*

Tetraspherical opal in two inch diameter orb.   by Dr. Green Glassworks, Las Cruces, NM.