

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I consider any form of psychotherapy desirable. I prefer LSD for a number of reasons. I believe that the goal of conventional therapy can be reached much quicker with LSD. One knows what he is getting into, and how long it will take, not to mention the fact that he will know how much the fee will be. Furthermore, the value of the experience is up to the individual, and another person does not interfere with the process as much as in traditional therapy.

Let me clarify what I meant when I said that the goal of therapy is reached much quicker with LSD. I feel that the goal of therapy involves a change in the way a person perceives his environment and himself. This means changing that filter that is based on the individual's past experience. The way a person perceives is determined by the types of experiences he has gone through. No matter what happens to me in the future, I will perceive in a certain way, and consequently, the experiences will either confirm or deny what I expect to happen. I will not be able to perceive freshly, or without a filtering screen, which distorts the experience towards my values, beliefs, feelings, etc. Now if my perceptions are determined by my past experiences, which involves truthful and false expectations, then it seems that I am missing very much in life. In order to change the intra-psychic conflicts, which in part determine my outlook on the world and myself, then I will have to go through an experience which transcends this ego-control. I want to be able to do away with my defenses and expectations.

In other words, I would like to experience life in a different way, which in a sense means doing away with one's biases. This seems to be the goal in conventional therapy, but in the LSD experience, this happens in its most pronounced form.

For the past two years, as a result of certain educational experiences which I will go into later, I have given a great deal of thought to my personal problems. I was at first concerned with what I now can see were specific problems. Gradually I have been able to group these disturbances into more generalized areas. I only hope that I am able to recall and adequately describe them now.

I believe that my main problem revolves around a pathological concern over what other people think of my behavior. I feel that a whole lot of energy is waiting to be released if I could just not worry what impression others have of me. This is a difficult idea to express because I am not a conformist to society's values, morals, norms, etc. I think that I have developed my own, unique set of principles based on my own experience, and they are constantly changing as I have new and different experiences. And I do not fear anybody finding out these facets of my personality. That is, I would not hesitate to tell somebody my personal feelings on sex, foreign policy, education, ethics, morals, or any other area where my opinions would be considered deviant from a conventional point of view.

I think maybe it is that I fear criticism, because I am usually very self-conscious in a strange setting. If I am riding down the street in my car, I am very sensitive to how others will interpret my behavior if I start swinging my arms and sort of dancing to the music, to give a specific example. Any time that I start to do something spontaneously (acting myself), I immediately become very self-conscious. Another example occurs to me. If I am in a classroom, and give my opinion on some theory, for example, I greatly fear the teacher saying that I am wrong, and then proceeding to give a great deal of evidence to

710
prove his point. I feel embarrassed that I was wrong. I realize that anybody can make mistakes, but I still have a fear of being corrected by others who possess more knowledge than I. Maybe it is a fear of those in a superior position, or authority figures; but I doubt that this is the case. It seems that I have a great push to be always right, with rightness being determined by those who would presumably know the most about a specific issue. I think that I have developed a great deal of information on many problems that confront an individual in his life, because I can usually keep up with the avant-garde in our area. This is mainly a result of a great deal of self-knowledge, and a very consistent belief-system that I have achieved as a result of being corrected so many times. I think that all of this knowledge has accumulated because I want to be protected from attack by others. I think that I am reasonably safe from any attacks on my belief-system at the present, because it is based on a great deal of conflict and experience through "caused" my growth. If I could just say and do things without a fear of criticism, or fear of other's impressions of my actions, then I really think that my life would be a much more enjoyable one. I feel that I am being very vague and confusing on this point, but maybe after our interviews this will become more clear.

My second general problem is not being able to see the good in other people. You see, I consider myself to be a very sensitive person to other people's underlying feelings. This is so mainly because I think I have gone through the experiences that others are going through at the moment, so therefore, I can sense their feelings in that situation. You can say possibly that I generalize from my case to that of others. Because I can sense the feelings of the other person, I tend to assume a great deal about his personality, and the conclusions that I have come to about the state of most people is that they are very much lacking in self-awareness or knowledge. And, it seems to me, this blocks me from seeing the good qualities that they may possess. There seems to be very few people that I consider to be worthy of trust and love, because I feel that most people do not know what trust and love means. This feeling is very similar to what someone said, "How can people say I love you, when they do not even know who I am?" From reading the literature on this subject (the state of American people), I am supported in this feeling, but I feel that it too much clouds my opinions towards others. For example, it would be very difficult to see any desirable qualities in a person that I considered very naive and immature. In other words, I cannot perceive freshly or openly; it is hard for me to be open to experience in the sense that Maslow talks about.

The third general area that concerns me is that of existential or philosophical questions on value, truth, meaning, etc. For the past year I have noticed that my underlying purpose in many of the papers that I have written has been a concern with values. I have been trying to set up an "objective" value system, in a very similar way that Maslow has done. This may be a worthwhile ambition, but in my case this has been done, I think, to prove that I am right in my thoughts and behavior, i.e. to protect myself.

In summary, I think all these problems can be put in a larger generalization, by saying that I have a great desire to be able to be myself, to act spontaneously, to be open to experience, to perceive without judgment, i.e. to "self-actualize".

I was born in Berkeley, California at Alta Bates Hospital on July 26, 1943. As far as I know there were no unusual circumstances

surrounding my birth. I was the second child of my mother, but the first one that survived. As I understand it, the first child died in the process of delivery. After me my mother had two more children, one in 1945 and the other in 1948. Both were girls. All deliveries were normal.

I obviously cannot remember the earlier moments in my life, but of what I do remember there were no incidents that stood out as resembling significance. From a baby book that I have, in which my mother recorded my development, I found out that I was always a sensitive child, and this is important to me because this is part of my self-concept. I had all of the normal illnesses. There were not any unusual fixations, except that I remember my grandmother saying one time, and I cannot remember when it was, that I carried a shawl around for a long time. I remember that I loved to hold the shawl up to my nose and smell it. It seems that this lasted for a long period of time, probably about 5 or 6 years, although I am not sure. I remember no unusual feelings or circumstances in my early development, and there were none mentioned in the baby book.

My father is 50 years old and is in fair physical condition, although my mother told me today that he has something wrong with his heart. I think she said it was called algina, or something very similar to that. My father visited a psychiatrist just before his marriage, in 1937. I do not know much about the circumstances surrounding this. He had no further mental problems until about two years ago, when feelings of unreality or meaninglessness came up again. I say again because this seemed to be his problem on the first visit. He has been visiting various psychiatrists and psychologists for the past two years. He feels that he is not getting too much help, but my mother said he is improving. Since I am in psychology, he has asked my help on various questions that are bothering him, and this is the first time that we have really conversed about anything really important. I have seldom, if ever, come to my parents for help with problems in my life, because for some reason I thought that they could not provide adequate answers. I think there is some kind of an emotional separation between us, but I have been unable to pin it down. I know from memory that emotional outbursts were suppressed in me by my parents. That is, whenever I felt anger or hate it was immediately "pampered", or made to seem wrong. This same pattern was followed in matters concerning sex. I do not have the impression that my parents are moralistic in a strict sense of the word, but they did not accept these feelings to "run their course", rather they stepped in and stopped it. And I think this has a great deal to do with my feelings towards my parents now. I know when my father came to me and asked my help, I could not accept any emotion from him. There wasn't any, but I could feel myself becoming prepared for the possibility. What I am trying to say is that I couldn't stand to see my mother or father show emotion. From this it should be easily gathered that there is no love in our family from my point of view, at least. I really do not feel that they know who "I" is. Anyway to end up the discussion of my father I will say that he has always worked very hard (always been in construction work, mainly as a carpenter), and he quit school in the ninth grade to go to work for his parents. I should also say that I think he is fine man in other areas, such as his work for the Finnish Hall in Berkeley, and his past experiences in protest marches during various crucial periods in the United States history. He is up to date on important social issues of our time, and seems to follow my thinking on many of these same problems. (or should I change that around!!!)

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My mother is about 47 and seems to be in fine mental and physical health, as far as normality goes, but you must have sensed by now my feelings towards being normal. She has had attacks of asthma in the past, and I don't know if they are still occurring or not. She is the one who seems to be the emotional "suppressor" of the family. I believe that my father is more or less guided by her wants, and this has been the case throughout the marriage, as far as I can tell. She is probably the epitome of normality as far as her values, attitudes, ideas, feelings, behavior, etc. are concerned. She does not have any interest in social problems, national problems, world problems, or any other kind of problems, except those that concern her immediate environment, which is very small. As for questions of "Who am I?", or "Where am I going?", there is also no concern. As you can probably tell, I do not respect this kind of attitude very much, but I have grown to accept it. She has been a good mother in other respects, such as caring for me, and bringing me up. But her conceptions of what a person should grow up to be are based on those that the society has imposed on her, and this seriously conflicts with my thoughts on this matter. In fact, there is almost no discussion on anything that I consider to be very important. I used to try to arouse interest in her concerning things outside her immediate environment, but I soon realized this was a hopeless task. I still do have the desire to tell her things that have happened to me that have been exciting, but I am also aware at the same time that I cannot go into anything too deeply, and this, I feel, takes away from the satisfaction of talking to her. I realize that she has tried to do her best, and I sincerely appreciate this, and possibly I love her for this, although I don't think I will know if this is true until she dies, or something seriously happens that destroys her psychological comfortability.

I have two sisters, one 19 and the other 16. I think there is a closer feeling between us than between my parents. My younger sister and I were the "darlings" of the family, and my other sister was the ugly duckling, so to speak. I think that because of her facial appearance, and possibly being born second, that this had a great deal to do with her development. She is what you might consider a "beatnik", although I dislike this term, because it classifies her and is derogatory to most people. I think that she is very mature and thoughtful person, with a great deal of insight into her own problems and those of others. This has occurred, I think, because she has had to look outside the family for love, and consequently was forced to question her belief-system. She tried social organizations, and then the church, but neither provided her with what she wanted. Now she identifies with those that think mainly for themselves, or non-conformists. I greatly respect her for this.

My younger sister is in the eleventh grade in high school, and at the present identifies with the "rah-rah" high school girl. She is greatly concerned with boys, and this seems to be her whole life. This used to bother me a little bit, because we (my older sister and I) had rejected the conventional, and it seemed that she fell into it. But I realize now that this may be just a passing stage, but then again, I sometimes have my doubts. She has a great deal of trust in me because I accept her behavior, such as smoking and drinking sometimes, while my parents would severely reprimand her for this. She asks for my advice on many things, and it gives me pleasure to do what I can for her. I only hope she can transcend her present state of mind.

Freeze and talk to the "hip" crowd. This is an important point as you will see later.

In 1960 I went to junior college, and I played intercollegiate basketball. While on the team I met many Negroes, since the team was mainly composed of Negroes. Gradually, I became good friends with many of them. After one of our games one of them asked me to go to a party with him. I went, and I was the only white person at the party. This really made me self-conscious. But, after this I started going to many more parties, and also I learned to dance, which also helped a great deal, since dancing was never encouraged among my white friends. All in all, I learned a great deal about many things that I would have never learned with my white friends in Albany. The important thing that made me go around with Negroes, ~~was~~ was that I was so "dissatisfied" with my life in Albany, and when I saw how much I enjoyed being around Negroes, since they accepted me, I really completely rejected my friends in Albany. Their attitudes towards me weren't the ideal sort either, mainly because of my radical change in my interests. As I began to see how naive and immature most white people were, from my experiences with Negroes, I really rejected all white people on this basis. I started to go around with only Negroes, and obviously I eventually had to face social pressure from white people, especially my parents, who were not for the idea of me going around with only Negroes. They did not understand why I did this. Anyway I never really changed my behavior for my entire two years at Contra College, although at the end of the second year I began to see their point, and I made attempts to change my actions.

I really did not change my attitudes after I started at San Francisco State, because I still identified with Negroes, and most of my friends were Negroes. But I did begin to see that there were some white people who were "on it". And this was a real insight to me at this time. The most important point to be aware of at this point is that I started to face some conflict within myself, and as you know this is the first step to self-knowledge. This conflict became fairly intense during my first semester at State in 1962. Anyway at the end of the first semester I began to read about the racial conflict in our country. I started reading books like mad. This continued until the beginning of my second year at State. After all this reading and consequent understanding of what I was doing, I lost interest in books on the Negro and white struggle. It was at this time that I took general semantics from S.I. Hayakawa. This was the turning point in my life, if I could pick one. During this course my interests spread out to all areas. I was no longer concerned with just one of my conflicts, but rather I saw many of them. I now started to ask myself some serious questions about life. I found many answers in books in philosophy, psychology, general semantics, communication theory, etc. I saw in general semantics the cure-all for man's problems, since the principles seemingly resolved all of mine. How wrong I was!!! Actually this was just the beginning of my growth, as I found out later. After taking this course, I changed my major from sociology to speech, since this was the best way to get into teaching general semantics.

As my self-knowledge increased, I decided to go into psychology, which is my present major. During the past two years since taking general semantics, I have felt that I have been constantly growing in self-insight, and furthermore, this insight has been very rapid, to the point that I now feel that I am a very mature person for my age. I really do not feel there are too many people that can make me psychologically uncomfortable.

My goal about six months ago was to get a PHD in psychology. But, I have lost these delusions. I no longer have the desire to go

to school for the rest of my life! I thought of my goals in life, (which are helping people in some sort of a therapeutic relationship) and also considered how much money I needed to get along in life on, and as a result of these considerations, I have decided that ~~##~~ I would not go beyond a master's degree in social work, if that. Right now I am concerned with my obligation to the service. I have not made up my mind on this subject yet. Many people, of whose opinions I value, feel that I am lost and really do not know where I am going, but I do not feel this way. To me, it is just that I have learned more about myself, and when you learn more about yourself, one's overt behavior will also change. I do not feel at all uncomfortable any more about my thoughts and behavior, although it used to upset me a great deal.

As far as my job status goes, I will say that I have mainly worked only during the summer so that I could make some money for the coming school semester. I do not recall anything unusual about my past jobs. My relationships were usually good, and I can't say that there have ever been any real problems. At the present time I am working full-time at Jvenile Hall in San Leandro as an intermittent group counselor. I intend to keep on with this position and work full-time during my remaining years at school. The question seems to be referring to permanent jobs, but mine have all been a temporary sort, ones that I do not intend to make my life's work.

I have not been in service as yet, since I get deferments for school. I have just begun to seriously consider the possibility that I may have to join someday, unless I stay in school for a long time (which I do not intend to do), or get married, and I think this would be a very rash decision. So I am really involved in thinking how I am going to get out of the service, since I have serious negative feelings towards the services. I feel this would be a waste of two years of my life, because I feel that the services in general are filled with little men who think they are important and have to prove ~~##~~ it all the time. I do not think I could "survive" under the disciplinary conditions of the army. This may be a good, or significant learning experience for some "punk" kid, but I do not feel it would help me very much. If anything it would further my "hate" for the army. Although, my opinion could not get too much further in disagreement.

I have not had any unusual fines, only the usual traffic tickets. Once I was caught drinking in my car when I was under age, and I feared the court at this time. I think that I used to have a great fear of being caught doing something wrong, but now I do not think this true so much. I do have a respect for law and the police, and I more or less accept their behavior in many cases, even their actions at the recent sit-in at the University of California.

My goals in life center around making an adequate salary to provide for my future family. No I do not mean they center around making money, but mainly they center around immaterial rewards such as love, self-knowledge, and the understanding of others. I want to do something that involves the helping of others to understand themselves if I am capable of this. I do not need a great deal of money, and therefore, there are many jobs I could get that would satisfy my goal, ~~##~~ that only require a BA. I think that my life will alternate between learning and enjoying life with my knowledge at the moment.

My interests at the moment are mainly on the psychedelic experience, and my theoretical reasons for taking the substance. I am interested in most every philosophical problem, and I do a lot of reading

on subjects that are related to these philosophical interests. I guess you could say that my interests are the same as my goals, and that is in answering the questions of "Who Am I?", and "Where Am I Going?", along with the living of life.

I was raised in an atheistic atmosphere. That is, neither of my parents had any belief in a GOD. My father because of his interest in social problems, couldn't bring himself to believe in any sort of conventional religion, and he never ~~was~~ went far enough on the matter to consider some deeper meanings behind religion. My mother just never had any belief at all, and I doubt if she questioned her thoughts at all. You must remember what I have explained before on my attitudes towards my mother's outside interests, or lack of them. Therefore, I never had any formal religious training, although I do recall going to church once in a while upon the influence of some religious minded person in my environment.

I always considered myself to be atheistic until the last few years, coinciding with the growth experience during the semester that I took ~~general~~ general semantics. It is then that I began to wonder how so many people that I respected for many other reasons ~~were~~ talked about god and religion as though it was something important in their lives. A conflict in my beliefs developed, and I had to work on it just as I had done in many other areas during this time. I began to think a little deeper about religion and myself, and also the relationship between what I had been reading in other areas and the concept of religion. It here that I found some answers to my questions, although it took a lot of thought. My beliefs on religion center around the individual, just as my philosophy of life does. I consider my personal convictions and thoughts as what I faith in, or better, I have faith in myself, not in any outside force. I do not like to think that I am guided by some external authority that we call GOD. I rather think that my thoughts and actions have reference only to me, I am guided by my own freewill. I doubt whether I can be clear on this subject; I would rather discuss this face-to-face. Many other people have expressed what I think much better than I could ever hope to, and these people would be Erich Fromm, Rollo May, Carl Rogers, Abraham Maslow, Sartre, etc. The psychedelic experience has been compared to a religious experience, and I believe that my conceptions of religion involve this type of feeling. I somewhat consider religion to be an emotional state, in which you feel "close to God", or you feel a strong identification with something that seems to be so wonderful and different that "it must be the real God". My most religious moments are when I have lost self-consciousness, and become totally involved in something that gives rise to an emotional experience that is felt as wonderful, or ecstatic. Maybe religion is a feeling that some people attribute to something external to themselves and call it god. I think my views are somewhere along this line ~~of~~ of thought.

I first had a cigarette when I was about six years old, and I must have tried some more after this time, but I cannot remember. I started smoking when I was 16, and my parents severely punished me the first time they saw me with a cigarette in my hands. I think it was out of shock that they reacted the way they did, but anyway this

gives you some idea of the way they conceived of deviant behavior of their child. I do not think that a parent should ever be shocked by their child's behavior, rather they should expect things like this to happen. Anyway, I had to smoke behind their backs until I was in junior college.

I remember very well my first experience with alcohol. It was the day before Mother's Day, and I was about 16 years old. I got so drunk that I threw-up on a policeman, and all over the station where they took me. This was my first real encounter with the law. My mother all about had a nervous breakdown, but my father somewhat expected that to happen sooner or later, since he also did it when he was a child. I had a great fear of my mother mainly on both of these experiences. At the present time I would say that I drink moderately, and I smoke about a pack of cigarettes a day.

The only drugs that I have taken was marijuana, and that was about 7 months ago. The experience was not enjoyable, mainly because I did not have much trust in the people I was with, and because I was always trying to analyze what was happening during the experience. I was afraid that I was being fooled, that nothing was happening to me really. That is, I knew what to expect, or I thought I knew, and consequently I was looking for this to happen, and constantly wondering if there was really something happening to me. The effects were nausea, a sick feeling, a dryness of the tongue, and tiredness. This really bothered me that I was different, and did not feel good behind the grass, and actually it turned out to be a desirable experience in the long run, because I got more insight into my behavior, by thinking about why I was different. Future experiences with marijuana have been enjoyable.

As you could easily judge from what I have said so far about my parents, my attitudes towards sex were anything but desirable. They never discussed the subject with me; I had to learn all of what I knew on the street. My father once attempted to educate me, but he failed badly. I felt at that time that I knew just about as much as he did on the subject; anyway I felt that he could not help me much. The consequences of this lack of training made themselves felt later in my life.

I had one homosexual experience when I was in the 6 or 7th grade. I look on it as part of the normal development of a man, and I have not had any desire for the opposite sex since then. I have masturbated since I was about 11 years old, at least this is as far back as I can remember. I continue to do so when times get hard!! The only fear that I had about masturbation was that I did not want my parents to find out about it, mainly because I feared their reaction.

The first experience that I had with the opposite sex that involved anything other ~~than~~ than kissing was when I was in the 10th grade (14 yrs.). I never did have intercourse with this girl, mainly because I handled the situation wrongly, which was because I was very immature. In the 11th grade I had my first real experience with a girl. This girl had had experience with another person before she met me, and desired intercourse with me, except I had difficulty completing the act. I think it was mainly out of the fear of intercourse, arising out of my inadequate preparation. Anyway, I developed great fear that I would freeze up in the future, but this fear was lessened somewhat by completing intercourse with a prostitute a few years later, and a few more times after that. But, I still had the fear in me that I would not be able to complete the act with someone who was not a prostitute. My fears were overcome thanks to a girl that I met last summer, whom

I started going with. She had been married and had one child. She accepted my fears about intercourse, and consequently helped me overcome whatever was holding me back. After this I had adequate sexual experiences. I do not believe that I have any problems at the present time.

I had all of the normal illnesses of childhood and none of them gave any unnatural effect. As for illnesses since that time, I have had no fears about any of them. I have never had any phobias that I have become aware of, concerning physical illness.

There have no hereditary or chronic illnesses in our family history.

I see myself as a very sensitive and emotional person, and also a very knowledgeable and mature person. I am aware of many of my problems, and have resolved many of my past difficulties by pursuing them until some clarity came forth. I am not a moody person, and I am always ready to listen to another person relate his experiences to me. I am very interested in the behavior of other people. I think that I have gone through many experiences that most other people have not yet experienced, and that is why I feel more intellectually and emotionally mature than most people that I meet. I do not feel that I deceive myself very often, although I am aware that one can never get to know his "real" self. I feel that my philosophies are very consistent, and that is because I have given so much thought to who I am. I think I do have feelings of inadequacy when I am in the presence of someone that I consider superior to me in some respect. To give an example, I felt very uncomfortable in your presence the first time that I met you. I feel that I can judge the personality of other people very quickly. This is because I feel that I have a great deal of insight into the behavior of another person; I feel that I can pick out the significant or underlying patterns of thought of most people. I think that I am beginning to see more good things in people ~~than~~ than I did before. All in all, I feel that I am enjoying life much more than I used to. I think that I am unconventional in thought and action, and I consider this to be desirable. I actually feel very comfortable psychologically but I am ready to be upset at any time, because this has happened in the past whenever I have felt to be comfortable.

I feel that I desire close, personal relationships with people; that is, I cannot use another person, or purposely tell a complete lie about myself. I feel that I have to be truthful, and I wish others to be the same way towards me. I think that I need a love relationship because when I start talking to a woman I usually find out that the relationship ends up in one of us making a decision to continue full-blown or completely break off. This is because I develop a relationship to its fullest possibilities as quick as I can. Other things in my past experience makes me come to the conclusion that I want to develop a serious relationship.

My concept of love involves a number of words, such as trust, freedom, the ability to accept what happens between us, or the ability to go out of your mind with the other person. This concept is very complex, and I think that I would only get confused if I went into it. I would much rather talk to you about it. When I am feeling neutral, or not involved, I find it very difficult to talk about a subject that I feel very deep about. In an interpersonal atmosphere, this would not