

## A son's report: 2CB

Recently, I had my first experiences with a psychedelic drug known as 2CB. What makes this unusual compared to most peoples' experiences is that I tried it with my mother. I'll admit this is certainly not a typical parent-child bonding; however my mother and I are not a typical family. We have a rapport far more like that of friends. She has always supported me in whatever decision I made in my life whether it was to backpack across Europe or go to college and earn a degree in Engineering (the latter is my current pursuit). She has done her best to help me follow my dreams.

I recently visited my mother in her home in California for two weeks. On one of those evenings her friends invited us to join them - they had several doses of 2CB and they were offering my mother and I each a hit. As I said, this was my first experience with 2CB and I was a bit nervous about the idea of trying something new. Having my mother there was a big help in my decision; not so much for maternal security, but because she is like an old friend, someone whom I've known forever and for whom I have a great deal of trust.

My description of the experience can only be worded as having a very strange animated film in my mind. When I closed my eyes, the ghost images left from lights and white objects would fade into strange but identifiable characters which would become animated, changing shape and color until eventually they would form a repetitive screen like a cloth pattern or an Escher print. I could start the process anew by opening my eyes briefly and closing them again. It is a mild hallucinogen, although very long lasting and without the bad effects that some people get from LSD. I'm glad I had the opportunity to discuss the effects with my mother and to compare them to her own. I'm sure that the majority of the people in the world don't have such a relaxed relationship with their parents, which is unfortunate, because it was a very strong bonding in our relationship. I will always remember this experience with 2CB and that my mother was there to share it with me.

Tracy

## A mother's report: 2CB

It had been some months since my 19 year old son and I had been together; he is establishing a life for himself in Washington state, and his visit was a gift. We talked and visited in the usual ways, catching up on news and projects, and meeting friends.

A woman friend of mine was also visiting for a few days, and invited us to share in a treasured evening with some 2CB she had had for some time. I invited my son along for the experience - we had never shared any

hallucinogens, though he had taken LSD with friends during his final year of high school, and had told me later of the experience.

My own history with psychedelics is varied - first sampling mescaline in college and trying LSD and MDMA in subsequent years. I had discontinued use of hallucinogens some years ago; feeling complete in some ways and disappointed in others. The LSD experiences I'd had led to more ego bashing than I felt comfortable with even though hallucinogens had opened up my inner eyes and helped create the perspective that I currently maintain on my world. I had shared trips with friends and a brother in my teens and 20's in the spirit of growth and exploration that as a decade passed became familiar and treacherous. When Ecstasy came into my circle of friends I tried it, recognizing the blissful state of MDMA from years earlier. I enjoyed the connection with friends and my internal world, but (unfounded) rumors of liver toxicity helped me downplay further recreational endeavors.

Encouraged by my friend's previous experiences, I went forward by intuition into the 2CB experience with my son. 2CB is a gentle friend - colorful internal journeys are possible with closed eyes. A delightful sensuality plays over the skin and the sense of body is heightened. We spent hours in a hot tub world floating and waking dreaming in a completely nurturing environment. The gentle clarity and loving acceptance that I felt was deeply satisfying. I surrendered into an essential embrace of unconditional love. I felt it for the friends with whom I shared the experiences and for my son. We had the stars for our ceiling and small need for words as barometers for our individual states.

At a midway point my son chose to leave the tub and go to another part of the property on his own. I profoundly entered into the letting go aspect of my parenting, allowing his choice of direction and environment. I experienced random visions of him estranged, alone, an incomplete form. I also felt a soothing acceptance of his growth, his direction, his individuation.

I so enjoyed my time with my son and with my friends that I can hardly imagine a more perfect experience. Most importantly, I feel more comfortable within myself over the natural process of my child's growing independence, which, while inevitable, leaves a tearing sense of loss without deep internal reflection.

Sharing a vision of the world from an altered perspective of touch, sound, and vision gave my son and I an opportunity for closeness and communion that I haven't felt within the normal day to day living we've shared for so many years. The ability to perceive him as unique in the moment helps me to honor his separateness and simultaneously revel in our commonality.

Susan