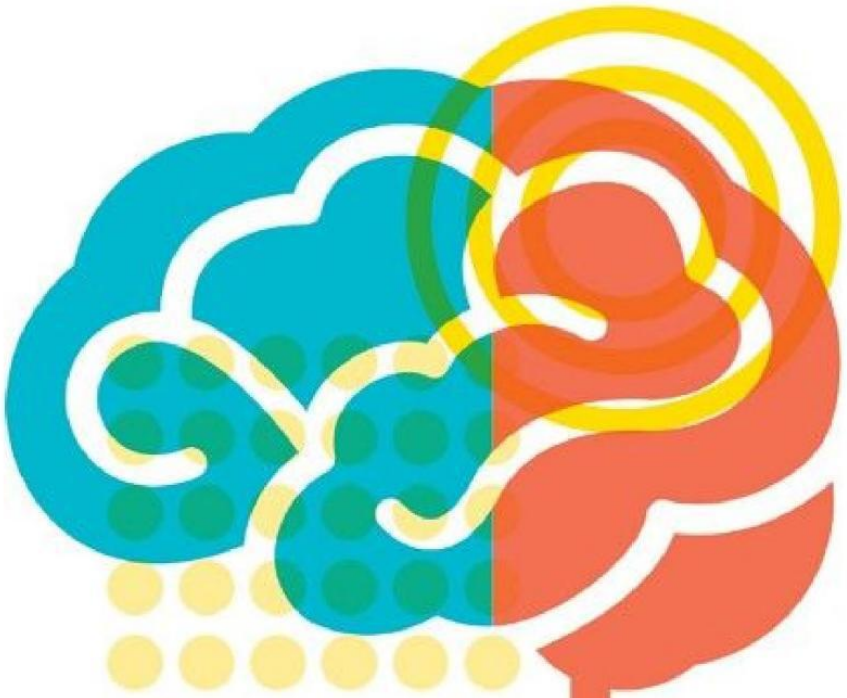

MindApps

Multistate Theory and Tools for Mind Design

Thomas B. Roberts, Ph.D.

Foreword by **James Fadiman, Ph.D.,**
author of *The Psychedelic Explorer's Guide*

Contents

This book is about mental vastness.

Foreword

By James Fadiman, Ph.D.

Mindapps is the first book to truly address the issues we all will confront as the current "what is consciousness?" paradigm continues to dissolve and waves of new research and reported experiences accumulate.

Roberts artfully lays out the critical agenda to connect a new paradigm to a dozen fields (keep in mind that it was LSD's resemblance to serotonin that led to the explosive growth of neuroscience). The book is chock full of suggestions on how to integrate psychedelic insights and observations into a more inclusive worldview, not only of consciousness but of human inner experience, multifaceted awareness of state specific learning, and a redefinition of "identity." Roberts also describes the major issues that will need to be integrated to form a reimaging of philosophy, ethics, religions (and religious experience), and ecology, including our relationships with the natural world and the nature of death—what dies and what persists? There's even a chapter of how mind maps, derived from psychedelic experiences, could transform literary criticism.

In Roberts's vision, psychonauts will need special training, just as botanists or microbiologists or anthropologists do. He outlines the need for new forms of education to accelerate the evolution of observational science and goes on to develop how such retraining could be successfully institutionalized.

Thank you, Tom Roberts, not only for drawing the new map but also for describing how to use the tools we need for more detailed and accurate map making.

James Fadiman, Ph.D., is the author of *The Psychedelic Explorer's Guide: Safe, Therapeutic, and Sacred Journeys* as well as coauthor with Jordan Gruber of the book *Healthy Selves: Who You Are and Why You Don't Know It.* Along with being an international presenter and consultant, Fadiman teaches at the Institute of

Transpersonal Psychology, which he helped found in 1975. He is also the former president of the Institute of Noetic Sciences.

1

A Scent of Portent

My Journey into Mind Design

> *But the man who comes back through the Door in the Wall will never be quite the same as the man who went out. He will be* **wiser but less cocksure,**[1*1] *happier but less self-satisfied, humbler in acknowledging his ignorance yet better equipped to understand the relationship of words to things, of systematic reasoning to the unfathomable Mystery which it tries, forever vainly, to comprehend.*
>
> ALDOUS HUXLEY, *THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION*

As you read this chapter, a psychedelic intellectual autobiography, I hope you'll catch my sense of enthusiasm for ideas that psychedelics ignite. You'll notice some images of acorns and oak leaves. Why? Mighty oaks from little acorns grow. For me, the idea-acorns in this book grew into a rich interdisciplinary journey. I hope they will for you too. How did I begin?

LAKE TAHOE—MY FIRST TRIP, FEBRUARY 1970

Sitting on a beach in a bedraggled wicker chair, apparently left over from the previous summer and not worth taking inside for the winter. The clouds over Lake Tahoe roiled northward. Fascinating. I had never seen clouds move like

that. The view along the lakefront was black and white with browns and grays, a few neon bright spots dotted the shore across the gray lake.

What was that internal sense, that powerful hidden idea that I could feel but couldn't name? "This is interesting, important, deeply meaningful, profoundly significant, enormously curious." I had never had such an experience. "What is this? What's going on here?" More than clouds and lakeshore, I strongly felt it but didn't have a word for it. Now I'd call it an intuitive sense, a kind of intellectual scent, a portent of ideas—a foreshadowing that something meaningful has happened, is happening, will happen.

For others, psychedelic portent expresses itself in works of art, music, self-revelation, helping others achieve their insights, scientific curiosity, religious enthusiasm, intellectual exploration, or sensory delight. Ideas turned out to be my path. I should have expected as much; being someone who gets captivated by ideas. My sense of portent led me toward psychedelic ideas. Focusing on psychedelics followed my habitual idea-fascinations: **behaviorism**[2] as an undergraduate at Hamilton College, the radical approach to education and child rearing espoused by A. S. Neill in his book, ***Summerhill;***[3] immediately after college and through my masters program at the University of Connecticut; and **Maslow's needs hierarchy**[4] (a model of human needs that goes from the basic and physiological to the level of transcendence) as the topic of **my doctoral dissertation**[5] at Stanford. Looking back from half a century now, I recognize that it was the scent of ideas that captivated my mind, thanks in part to a course at Stanford in the spring of 1968.

THE HUMAN POTENTIAL CLASS AND OTHER STANFORD OPPORTUNITIES

Lake Tahoe was my first experience with psychedelics, but it wasn't my first exposure to psychedelic ideas. While I was writing my dissertation on Maslow's hierarchy of needs, I heard that professor **Willis Harman**[6]—in an oddly named department, Engineering Economic Systems—was working with Maslow's needs at Stanford Research Institute (since split off to the now independent SRI). I tried to sign up for his course Graduate Special: The Human Potential, but the seminar was so popular that I had to wait two quarters, until the spring of 1968,

to be admitted. About twenty-five or so students met weekly to discuss emerging topics, many of which were fringy at the time—meditation, Eastern religions, parapsychology, yoga and the martial arts, altered states of consciousness, and so forth. At one class meeting, a married couple who were students in the class described their first LSD session the previous weekend: flowers moving in a vase, shifts in time, and difficulty in expressing their experiences. Half, maybe three-fourths of the class joined the discussion. They understood what the couple were saying. They shared their own psychedelic experiences and insights. These were advanced graduate students from Stanford's diverse graduate programs, several kinds of engineering, the arts and sciences, the humanities, professional schools, and so forth. My view was jolted. I had thought drug users were supposed to be dirty, scruffy, septic, crazy-eyed, brain-damaged misfits with inferior minds, not grad students in a select seminar at a selective university.

What was going on?! In spite of the noisy **San Francisco acid scene,**[7] the anti-psychedelic **media hype,**[8] and the government anti-drug crusade, these realistic **novelty-seeking**[9] young intellectuals were enjoying psychedelics and even implied that they benefited from them somehow. During the discussion of psychedelics, I felt like a junior member of the class. Looking back at it now, I wonder whether the Human Potential seminar might have been the most intellectually diverse class at Stanford at that time. Perhaps ever?

Although I had signed up for Willis Harman's course to find out what he knew about Maslow's hierarchy of needs, I instead found out about psychedelics and the human potential movement. One of my fellow students was a newspaper reporter from a newspaper in Minneapolis–St. Paul who had a journalism award of some sort to attend Stanford. He had a ticket to a lecture that he couldn't use and gave it to me. At that time the **Esalen Institute**[10] in Big Sur created Esalen at Stanford. Because it cost so much for students to attend seminars in their institute along the coast, Esalen brought its presenters and group leaders to Palo Alto for weekend sessions, both scholarly and experiential. My ticket was for a lecturer whom I'd never heard of, but the ticket was free, so I decided to go. The topic was religions East and West, with comments on psychedelics. If he was boring, I thought, I could always walk out.

Erudite, charming, entertaining, witty—**Alan Watts**[11] was far from boring! My view jolted again: it was possible to think about psychedelics learnedly, philosophically, psychologically, and religiously.

Seed ideas that had been planted in my mind in Willis Harman's class and Watts's talk were germinating on the shore of Lake Tahoe, but I missed, or at

least delayed, responding to other clues. Abraham Maslow was at the Laughlin Foundation in Menlo Park, almost next door to Stanford, so I asked him to serve as an outside member of my dissertation committee. He declined, saying that he would probably "crap out," meaning die. He was right. I finished my dissertation in 1972; he died in 1970. However, when I had visited his office, he told me that he was working on something new and described it a bit. I didn't catch on, but it turned out to be the needs-hierarchy level beyond **self-actualization:**[12] self-transcendence. **Maslow was interested in LSD**[13] and the **work of Stanislav Grof.**[14] Although I didn't realize it at the time because I was still working on the five-level needs-hierarchy he had created in 1954, Maslow's hints about self-transcendence, psychedelics, and transpersonal psychology lay dormant in me, to emerge intellectually after I finished my dissertation in 1972.

RAINBOWS IN VOLCANOLAND—ICELAND

Although I didn't anticipate it at Tahoe, the scent of portent led me to ideas, and by lucky chance I was invited to a meeting of major international scholars and psychotherapists discussing psychedelics at the "International Invitational Conference on Transpersonal Psychology and Psychobiology," sponsored by Geir Vilhjálmsson, head of the Institute for Consciousness Research in Reykjavík. We met in May–June 1972 at a school in **Bïfrost,**[15] a rural site in northwestern Iceland. With travel so difficult and dangerous during the winter, public schools were residential during the school year and turned into guest hotels during summer vacations.

The isolated conference site was geologically primitive, fresh, and surrounded by stark northern natural beauty. A moderate-size volcano cone rose behind the school. A massive lava escarpment ran off into the distance. The stones were volcanic cinders and boulders. Plants scratched out their existence here and there, especially in the protection of streambeds. In Icelandic, and apparently in Old Norse, Bïfrost meant "rainbow bridge to the sky," an apt metaphor for a psychedelic conference; appropriately enough, we often saw rainbows following quick short showers.

The fifty-eight invited participants came from more fields than the conference's title indicated: psychiatry, theology, comparative religions,

orientology, mythology, psychosynthesis, physiology, physics, chemistry, music therapy, choreography, and dance. Most came from the United States and Canada, with nine from Iceland and a considerable contingent from Europe, including participants from England, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and France.

Starting out, I had no idea who these people were, but that soon changed. Flying there together, living together, eating together, meeting together, with none of the distractions that city-based conferences offer, and especially due to our shared interests, a sense of cohesiveness developed rapidly. Thanks to our host, Geir, we even swam together. He took us to a sort of Icelandic version of a village swimming hole; we took an hour off to swim in a lava tube filled with geothermically heated water. (However, raw lava is sharp; I still have a scar on my right foot.)

The participants composed a veritable "Who's Who" of the field.

- **Walter H. Clark.**[16] Former dean of Hartford Seminary and professor at Andover-Newton Theological Seminary, author of ***The Psychology of Religion,***[17] past president of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion. In 1962, then a psychology professor at Andover Newton Seminary, Clark had enlisted several graduate students there to participate in the Marsh Chapel Experiment—now more informally called "**the Good Friday Experiment**"[18]—along with himself as one of the faculty/participants. His 1969 book, ***Chemical Ecstasy: Psychedelic Drugs and Religion,***[19] was the first book by a Western theologian to seriously discuss the use of psychedelics as what eventually became called *entheogens*. (*Entheogens* are "psychedelics that are intentionally used spiritually; that is, they generate (*engen*) the experience of god (*theo*) within.")
- **Joseph Campbell.**[20] When I later told a friend that I particularly enjoyed Joseph Campbell's lecture, she asked, "*The* Joseph Campbell?" I didn't know he was *the* anybody. But he was in fact the well-known world authority on myths, legends, and folktales; his book ***The Hero with a Thousand Faces***[21] was de rigueur in many college classes. Rich with slides, his lecture went up the Tibetan Buddhist chakras and down the Hindu chakras. He gave his listeners the energizing feeling that there was nothing he'd rather be doing than talking to them right there and right then. That was my lesson on how good a good lecture can be. One that has never been surpassed.

proceedings weren't published; although **four general reports**[27] appeared.

At Squaw Valley, I didn't find out much about Council Grove, but I knew I wanted to attend. Attendance was limited to the number of bunks at the campground, however. How could I get invited? Luck struck again. By an odd quirk in funding, my university department received some unexpected funding during the 1972–1973 academic year. I applied for a grant to fund a conference, and it was funded. Council Grove was held every year during the week after Easter, so I planned the first "Conference on Applications of Transpersonal Psychology to Education" to meet immediately after Council Grove and invited many of the Council Grove people to present, given that they were already in the Midwest. It worked. The next year I was invited and attended for two additional years, until the series ended, to be replaced by a conference that specialized in "energy"—*energy* in the psychological sense, not oil, gas, or wind. Although I didn't realize it at the time, thanks to Council Grove, my view of the human mind expanded greatly.

Elmer and Alyce Green,[28] of the Menninger Foundation, co-creators of the conference, specialized in biofeedback, which at the time was widely dismissed: so-called well-informed people "knew" that it was impossible to voluntarily control the autonomic nervous system and endocrine system. Other new and exploratory ideas were welcome there too: progressive relaxation, imagery and visualization, hypnosis, meditation and Eastern religious practices, a variety of psychoactive drugs, Native American spiritual practices, therapeutic touch, massage, yoga and the martial arts, Asian medicines, acupuncture, chanting and breathing exercises, various forms of bodywork, and so forth. Anomaly-friendly participants discussed psychic phenomena, near-death experiences, and out-of-the-body reports.

Hearing these topics discussed with both scientific skepticism and open-minded speculation broadened my view of ways to explore consciousness beyond psychedelics, and eventually led me to see psychedelics as one collection of methods among many, but still my favorite one.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN—INARI, FINLAND

The midseventies were a fertile time for nurturing additional ideas. Following

the 1972 Bïfrost meeting, in 1975 Geir organized the "Second International Invitational Conference on Transpersonal Psychology and Society." In my CV, I have the location as Lojosaratnsskart, Iceland, but I haven't been able to find the town on a map of Iceland or on Google, even with adjustments in spelling. Many people from the first meeting attended, and the places of others were filled by some Council Grove people, others from the Association for Transpersonal Psychology, and more from Europe. Again, our cohesion increased thanks to living together in an isolated school.

There was talk of a third meeting in another three years, but one bunch of us didn't want to wait so long, so we decided to form another group and have one in 1976. Most of our group were from Scandinavia (broadly considered geographically and genealogically), so we jokingly called ourselves "the Scandinavian renegades." At some time during the planning, I mentioned that one of my school textbooks had a series of photographs that showed the midnight sun at stages all the way around a horizon, and I hoped that our conference the next year could take place at a midnight sun time and location.

The main organizers were Leo Matos, a Brazilian living in Denmark, and Beni Furman, a Finnish medical school student, and his many friends. The Finns arranged for us to celebrate twenty-four hours of sunlight at the "Midnight Sun International Conference on Transpersonal Psychology." We met in another off-session school on June 24–29, 1976, near Lake Inari in the far north conifer woods of Finland, and I got to see the midnight sun over several days. As in Iceland and Council Grove, Inari's rural woodsy setting promoted group cohesiveness. The largest contingent by far were Finns, with fewer Americans, and more Europeans, thanks to easier travel. Prince Peter of Denmark brought a group of Tibetan monks who had sought refuge in Denmark, and they stretched the scope of our ideas by participating in several sessions.

The Inari meeting went so well, we wanted to continue in future years. There already was a Transpersonal Institute and an Association for Transpersonal Psychology (ATP) with its *Journal of Transpersonal Psychology,* made up largely of Americans; in fact, *JTP*'s first issue listed the "American Transpersonal Association." To geographically broaden its scope, we organized the **International Transpersonal Association,**[29] and—to encourage people with broader disciplinary interests to feel welcome—we dropped "psychology" from its name. Stan Grof agreed to be our first president. Two years later ITA jelled into a formal organization.

SPROUTING IDEAS IN THE 1980s

Stanford, Tahoe, Iceland, Council Grove, Finland—together they seeded a hybrid line of ideas: humanistic psychology → transpersonal psychology → consciousness → drug policy → psychedelics → entheogens → multistate mind. In the 1980s, the seeds sprouted.*[4]

1981—The First Psychedelics Course in Higher Education

In 1981, I started teaching my psychedelics course. Its original title was Psychedelic Research, but some students thought "research" implied that the course would have too many statistics so they didn't take it. So I changed its name to Psychedelic Mindview. I think it underwent several other name changes from time to time. I hoped and expected that once I taught a psychedelics course at Northern Illinois University that other professors would start similar courses at their colleges and universities. I broke the ice, but there weren't any other boats.

Each semester I taught the course as a one-off, temporary special topic course until the early 2000s. Then, my assistant department chair said that it was time to make it a regular catalog course; temporary courses were supposed to be limited to only three years, not twenty. So I went through the usual curriculum process, which included only one impeding bump. To reflect the name of our department, the title became Foundations of Psychedelic Studies in Education. "Foundations" was part of our departmental name, and "in Education" was because it was in the College of Education; that kept the College of Liberal Arts and Science off our backs for infringing on their territory, not that I saw any likelihood that they had any interest in psychedelics. Briefly, it had the course number 420. Neither my assistant chair nor I realized that the number **420**[30] had strong marijuana associations, but in our department, 420 was already being used for a different course, so it ended up with 426. Too bad!

1981—Litcrit and Psychocriticism

With my own background of having been an undergraduate English major, I naturally connected my psychological and psychedelic explorations to

literature. So I submitted an article to *The CEA Critic,* an official journal of the College English Association, **"Consciousness Criticism,"**[31] which appeared in the thematic edition *The Academy and the Mind: I*. In it I proposed three varieties of psychocriticism: consciousness, transpersonal, and Grofian (referring to the approach of Stanislav Grof, one of the world's foremost psychedelic researchers).

1982—The Loonie

During the summer of 1982, I taught at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, a home of bright students and friendly colleagues in a lively city. Sometime later when a new $1 Canadian coin appeared, it had a loon on the back and a likeness of Her Majesty on the front. After I returned to Northern Illinois University in DeKalb, Illinois, I wrote a letter-to-the-editor of the *Toronto Star* suggesting that the coin be nicknamed "the loony two" for its two loons, back and front. I never saw the letter in print, but apparently my letter was printed, as I soon received a letter from a royalist who thought that I should have shown more respect to Her Majesty. If Her Majesty reads this, I much belatedly do apologize. Although I intended "the loony two" just for the $1 coin, apparently the name caught on as the current $2 Canadian currency is called "the toonie." I apologize to all Canadians who touch their specie.

1983—Coming Out of the Psychedelic Closet

It was with some trepidation that I faced the publication of the book ***Psychedelic Reflections,***[32] to which I had been invited to contribute a chapter. In it I mentioned for the first time that I had actually done psychedelics. This step out of the psychedelic closet came about from an invitation from Jake Bakalar, whom I had met in the spring of 1978 as a fellow seminarian in a monthlong seminar titled "Frontiers of Science" (nicely vague), led by Stan and Christina Grof at Esalen Institute. James "Jake" Bakalar was coauthor with Lester Grinspoon of *Psychedelic Drugs Reconsidered,* a book that I still consult. I worried. What would my colleagues think? What about people "across campus"? How might the public react? Should I respond to their reactions? I didn't want to be seen as the Timothy Leary of Northern Illinois University.

The book came out . . . no reaction. I listed it on my annual evaluation form . . . no reaction. No big deal! Considering that I was already teaching my psychedelics course, I suppose they had already figured it out. What was a big thing to me was insignificant to others. Like so many people then, and even now, I built up my own apprehension. Based on my experience, my advice is: be brave.

In fact it doesn't take much bravery at all. You'll probably get a big yawn.

1984—Dear DEA

On the morning of April 13th, Rick Doblin of MAPS called me. He was organizing a group of professionals to petition the Drug Enforcement Administration to hold hearings on the scheduling of MDMA. They intended to schedule it along with heroin and other dangerous drugs with no medical uses into Schedule I of the Controlled Substances Act.

Although we had met and corresponded earlier, this was the first of Rick's projects that I became involved in. Starting then and growing since, I admire his unbounded energy, optimism, and lifelong, selfless dedication to human benefit.

As soon as Rick called, I got up, went into my office, and wrote the **first letter**[33] of Rick's MDMA campaign to the DEA. I wish I had kept their reply; it was standard bureaucratese, recognizing that as a citizen I had a right to request a hearing. My co-petitioners were Lester Grinspoon, a psychiatrist at Harvard Medical School and recognized scholar of psychoactive drugs; pharmacist June Riedlinger; and George Greer, a psychiatrist who did an early pilot study of the subjective effects of MDMA. I had been one of his volunteers. This caught the DEA by surprise, and, as they phrased it, a drug had recruited some defenders. Administrative law judge Frances Young presided. An administrative law judge is a government official charged with evaluating the evidence, in this case on rescheduling. He found that MDMA had established medical benefits with low to moderate potential for abuse and should be on Schedule III. After such a hearing, the DEA is then supposed to take the findings into account when they schedule. However, a new head of the DEA, John Lawn, who had been an upper-level FBI agent, but with no medical training or experience, ignored Judge Young's findings and placed MDMA in Schedule I. **An opinion piece**[34] covers this and related problems with scheduling.

1985—Bicycle Day

As with most of my ideas, I didn't sense a problem then try to find a solution. As usual, when the idea of a day to celebrate psychedelics popped in my head, it immediately felt right; I later discovered or made up reasons for it. No need to go through my rationalizations. You either see and feel it or you don't. Contrary to what I suppose many people imagine, **Bicycle Day**[35] (see appendix C) celebrations were not heavy drug-taking days but were more like family gatherings. There were always children present. Whether it took place inside or

and I thought that ATE would benefit from a Transpersonal and Humanistic SIG, so we founded one. At that time, Jerry was Senior Policy Analyst in Education for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The SIG existed for a few years then decided its interests overlapped with the Affective Education SIG, and so merged into it.

ENTER MINDAPPS

Half a century after the Human Potential class, after the scent of portent, after all the intervening events, where has this taken me? Thanks to Willis Harman and the Human Potential class at Stanford, I learned that drug takers are not scrambled-brain, drug-crazed, dope fiends—at least some of them aren't—and that an internationally renowned scholar could find them worth his attention. Thanks to my Lake Tahoe experience plus more than a hundred similar ones since, psychedelics boosted my curiosity, introducing me to interlocking parts of the neurosciences, the arts and literature, mythology, anthropology, the ancient classical period, social relations, history, enthnography, botany, philosophy, religion, health, policy, and law. Thanks to Council Grove, I realized that besides psychedelics there are also many other psychotechnologies. Thanks to the "Midnight Sun" conference, my colleagues, sources of ideas, and conferences have widened internationally.

In a vague, general sort of way, the scent of portent has taken me on a parallel course to a four-year undergraduate program with every year expanded into a decade. In the seventies, my first decade, I got my intellectual feet wet by meeting people and getting to know organizations, sort of who's who and what's where. The eighties encouraged me to try many new things—some lasted; others didn't. In my third decade, the nineties, I found my interest in drug policy and especially religious liberty focusing on entheogens. In the first decade of the twenty-first century I developed my entheogenic interests further, then realized that they connected me to a still wider multistate view, one that needed new ideas, new ways of looking at things, and a fresh vocabulary to express them.

Most strongly, taken together as a whole, the past half century of ideas and experiences has intensified my curiosity about what our minds are and what they might become, and I've coined words and phrases that are the faces of the ideas with which I'm working. It would be nice to be able to say that ideas occur

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