

ADRENOCROME

Eduardo Hidalgo



ADRENOCROME
& OTHER MYTHICAL DRUGS

Eduardo Hidalgo Downing (Madrid, 1970) is psychologist. He studied an MA Degree and an Expert Degree in Drug-dependency at the Universidad Complutense de Madrid. He is currently Managing Editor of *Psiconáutica*, book series edited by Amargord Publisher and dedicated to drugs from different perspectives. From 1999 to 2009 he was Coordinating Manager of *Energy Control* in Madrid, an organisation pioneer in forwarding programmes risk reduction and responsible consumption in nightlife settings. He has also worked as psychologist at several drug-dependency care offices. Since 2000 he teaches several courses as part of the Master's Degree and Expert's Degree on Drug-dependency at the Universidad Complutense de Madrid. Since 2004 he is member of the scientific committee of the Research Institute on Addictions, web site declared of public utility by the Spanish National Plan on Drugs. He has delivered more than a hundred lectures and courses and has also taught more than two hundred workshops in different educational institutions. Moreover, he has published nearly one hundred articles as regular contributor in specialised journals such as *Cáñamo*, *Cannabis Magazine* and *Ulises*. He is also author of the following books: *Ketamina* —translated into Italian as *Ketamina: il fattore K della*

psichedelia (Bepress, 2008)—, *Heroína, ¿Sabes lo que te metes? Pureza y adulteración de las drogas en España*, *Hedonismo sostenible*, *Diez mitos universales sobre drogas* and coauthor of *Manual para el uso de la información en programas preventivos del abuso de alcohol en jóvenes*, published by the Psychological Association

and funded by the National Plan on Drugs. He is also co-author of the books *Cannabis*, *LSD* and *Cocaína*, published by Amargord, where he has as well written the preface for the Spanish edition of Aleister Crowley's *Diary of a Drug Fiend*.

Apart from that, Eduardo Hidalgo has extensive direct experience in the consumption of psychoactive substances, as during the last twenty eight years he has taken many of them (amphetamine, methamphetamine, fentanyl, cocaine, cannabis, heroin, tobacco, ibogaine, oxycodone, LSD, DOC, kanna, morphine, coffee, 2CB, 2CE, 2CI, methadone, 5-MeO-DMT, 5-MeO-DIPT, crack, GHB, alcohol, ketamine, khat, DMT, DOB, mephedrone, methylone, wild dagga, MDMA, MDA, MDAI, tea, opium, kratom, psilocybe mushrooms, ayahuasca, *Salvia divinorum*, testosterone, several psychopharmaceuticals... as well as all kinds of adulterants, impurities and synthesis by-products).

Myth IX

Adrenochrome

It is frequently argued, it is frequently stated, it is frequently commented that adrenochrome doesn't exist, that it does exist; that it produces psychoactive effects, that this, that that and beyond that; that neither the one nor the other, but quite the contrary. What will be, will be, then and what will this substance do or fail to do? Keep on reading and, sooner than later, you will know.

Adrenochrome is a product just as intriguing as it is disturbing. Its trail can be seen in the most varied branches of popular culture, from the freakiest and most marginal ones to the purely scientific and academic ones; and its supposed effects are associated, invariably, with the most troubling aspects of our existence: delirium, madness, extreme violence, ritual sacrifices, cannibalism...

Let's keep track, therefore, of such cultural references and let's see what we can conclude from them:

1 – Do you remember *A Clockwork Orange*, that ultra-violent dystopia where the bad guy, the executioner, is re-educated until he becomes the good guy and, at the same time, the final victim of the story? Whether you remember it or not, we will refresh your memory: the following is the beginning of the very famous work by Anthony Burgess:

«What's it going to be then, eh?».

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is Pete, Georgie, and Dim. Dim being really dim, and we sat in the Korova Milkbar making up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening, a flip dark chill winter bastard though dry. The Ko Part 1 rova Milkbar was a milk-plus mesto, and you may, O my brothers, have forgotten what these mestos were like, things changing so skorry these days and everybody very quick to forget, newspapers not being read much neither.

Well, what they sold there was milk plus something else. They had no license for selling liquor, but there was no law yet against prodding some of the new veshches which they used to put into the old moloko, so you could peet it with vellocet or synthemesc or drenchrom or one or two other veshches which would give you a nice quiet horrorshow fifteen minutes admiring Bog And All His Holy Angels and Saints in your left shoe with lights bursting all over your mozg. Or you could peet milk with knives in it, as we used to say, and this would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of dirty twenty-to-one, and that was what we were peeting this evening I'm starting off the story with.^[1]

Interesting... However, the story about the fortunes and misfortunes of Alex and his droogs is pure fiction, so I can just use it as an appetizer in my labour as a myth hunter. Let us even now go unto the next reference.

2 – Here it is. Undoubtedly, the most well-known and renowned reference about this substance and the one that has contributed most to fuel the mythology that surrounds it in drug culture or subculture —whichever you prefer—:

«Take a hit out of that little brown bottle in my shaving kit». «What is it?».
«Adrenochrome», he said. «You won't need much. Just a little tiny taste». I got the bottle and dipped the head of a paper match into it. «That's about right», he said. «That stuff makes pure mescaline seem like gingerbeer. You'll go completely crazy if you take too much». I licked the end of the match. «Where'd you get this?», I asked. «You can't buy it». «Never mind», he said. «It's absolutely pure». I shook my head sadly. «Jesus! What kind of monster client have you picked up this time? There's only one source for this stuff...».

He nodded.

«The adrenaline glands from a living human body», I said. «It's no good if you get it out of a corpse». «I know», he replied. «But the guy didn't have any cash. He's one of these Satanism freaks. He offered me human blood –said it would make me higher than I'd ever been in my life», he laughed. «I thought he was kidding, so I told him I'd just as soon have an ounce or so of pure adrenochrome –or maybe just a fresh adrenalin gland to chew on».

I could already feel the stuff working on me. The first wave felt like a combination of mescaline and methedrine. Maybe I should take a swim, I thought.

«Yeah», my attorney was saying. «They nailed this guy for child molesting, but he swears he didn't do it. 'Why should I fuck with children?' he says; 'they're too small!'. He shrugged. «Christ, what could I say? Even a goddamn werewolf is entitled to legal counsel...

[...]

«Jesus, that stuff got right on top of you, didn't it?». I tried to smile.

«Well... nothing worse... no, this is worse...». It was hard to move my jaws; my tongue felt like burning magnesium. «No... nothing to worry about», I hissed. «Maybe if you could just... shove me into the pool, or something...».

«Goddamnit», he said. «You took too much. You're about to explode. Jesus, look at your face!». I couldn't move. Total paralysis now. Every muscle in me was contracted. I couldn't even move my eyeballs, much turn my head or talk.

«It won't last long», he said. «The first rush is the worst, ride the bastard out. If I put you in the pool right now, sink like a goddamn stone». I was sure of it. Not even my lungs seemed to be functioning. I needed artificial respiration, but I couldn't open my mouth to say so. I was going to die. Just sitting there on the bed, unable to move... Well, at least there's no pain. Probably, I'll black out in a few seconds, and after that it won't matter.

[...]

It was after midnight when I finally was able to talk and move around... But I was still not free of the drug; the voltage had merely been cranked down from 220 to 110. I was a babbling nervous wreck, flapping around the room like a wild animal, pouring sweat and unable to concentrate on any one thought for more than two or three seconds at a time.

[...]

«The action never stops in this town», said my attorney as we shuffled out to the car. «A man with the right contacts could probably pick up all the fresh adrenochrome he wanted, if he hung around here for a while». I agreed, but I wasn't quite up to it, right then. I hadn't slept for something like eighty hours, and that fearful ordeal with the drug had left me completely exhausted...

Stunning... Although, of course, the quote is taken from the novel *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, by the writer Hunter S. Thompson, exponent par excellence of Gonzo Journalism, a style of reporting in which the narrator's subjectivity

takes precedence and where real and fictional facts are mixed, followed and combined as the author pleases. In such a way, we still do not really have a reliable clue about the matter of adrenochrome, as we all know that the above-mentioned narration by Thompson is a delirious, fanciful and extremely exaggerated version of the trip to Las Vegas he made in 1971 with Oscar Zeta Acosta. It is virtually impossible to differentiate and distinguish between what really happened from what the crazy and brilliant journalist simply felt like telling us.

Therefore, let's better search for another testimony. It is certain that whatever we may find will be infinitely more centred and objective than Mr. Hunter's; it couldn't possibly be less so.

3 – Or, maybe, not?

Please have a look at the autobiographical statements by Arizona Wilder and make your own opinion:

About the age of five, they start training you for what they want you to be doing. They have analysed your tendencies, they study your reactions, and they will start training you for what role you should be going to have. About that time, there's a little marriage ceremony for the child. The child is married into the particular group, organised perpetrator group—you can call it that, you can call it cult—. The child is married into it and they are given a ring. Today on my little finger on this hand I have that little ring, it is a child ring. I don't know anyone else that has saved it, there are others that have gone across it, when they are older it's passed to them again to remind them, and they have thrown it out. I chose to save it because I want to talk about it and I want people to know these things are real. This ring has blood stings on it. It has a bar sinister and a crest on the side, and that is indicative of bloodline. There are others who have sworn in there.

They start involving you in rituals, they start watching you, they watch your reactions. They push you to be as involved as they can get you to be. In a ritual they will hold your hand on a knife when they do sacrifice. This is so horrific for a child that they really have a hard time. This is so deeper layer that they will fire a child. I was involved in all these things, I am not the only one, there are others, all children, that have grown up like this. That's what makes you a part of the group. They may tell you: «you know, you're one of us, you're just like us». Everything that's done in the ritual, child is involved in. It is very hard to be at a ritual and see other people

being hurt. It's hard enough when you are but you know you can... in on yourself and go away, but when you are helpless, watching others be tortured and see what they do there is very painful. At this point I still could not try to describe you how it feels, it's horrific.

[...]

There are children who are bred and born only to be sacrificed at some point in their lives. That is the purpose. There are so many children whose birth was not recorded.

[...]

These children are used in snuff films, porn films, ritual sacrifice, they are like slaves and they disappear. Some of them go underground, I mean literally, they are sent to underground cities and they never come back up. Some are food, they are good source, they are energy source. That's all they are.

I went through all of this training. When I was about 12 years old, I started being ruled again to be a Mother Goddess. There are only three alive on the planet at the time.

[...]

So at these rituals there were, of course, sacrifices in which someone was killed or persons were killed. They have to be, so I read from those that have an argument with what I say, that any blood sacrifice is a willing participant. Well, yes, that's true. Those that are willing don't know they're going to be sacrificed. They believe and hold what they're doing is an honour. They are being honoured.

In order to have the adrenochrome come out in the blood, which is what the reptilians need, those that take human form and they need the adrenochrome to keep it, to extend their abilities, to for a little while have a more psychic ability, they need the adrenochrome.

The only way that the adrenochrome can come into the blood the way that they need it is by someone to be tortured and traumatized in a long way, and that is what they need. When that happens, there's approximately 10 cc of adrenochrome that will be coming out into the blood stream. And that is what the persons that this happens to are not told beforehand that they are going to die. This is why they're willing.

Staggering... Horrifying... Only that, if Hunter S. Thompson wrote being stoned up of his mind, writing in a literary sub-genre that he himself had invented, Mrs.

Wilder, even taking into account her possibly turbulent life and her part in the described rituals as victim and executioner, is purely and simply mad as a hatter. This is clearly demonstrated in the above statements, which form part of a more complete testimony aimed at revealing to the world the hidden motives, the skulduggery and the details of the way in which Illuminati and reptilians operate on planet Earth. In other words: conspiranoia —pure, simple and brought to the highest and most delirious extreme— that relentlessly invalidates the whole story, calling into question any possible fact, statement or argument that could have the slightest sign of being real, true or accurate^[2].

Once again, therefore, pure bullshit.

Or not?

Not entirely, since the allusions made by Thompson and Wilder about the adrenochrome and its connections to Satanism, rituals, torture and cannibalism do not prove to be as unwarranted and fantastic as it seemed to be at the beginning... At least, if we take into account that they are accurately reflected in the data and arguments contributed by other individuals whose reputation, reliability and mental stability are far from being questioned by anybody. Let's check, for this purpose, the following reference:

4-

The psychoactive substances produced by the human body are numerous and there are probably still lots to be discovered. They are produced by various organs and tissues, from the epiphyses to the adrenal glands, and are spread throughout the body through the blood stream. In any moment of a person's life, his/her body contains thousands of psychoactive molecules with sedative, hallucinogenic, euphoric or stimulant effects.

[...]

Adrenaline is the sympathomimetic drug par excellence, it increases the blood pressure and the heart rate and it's a molecule which in all likelihood is involved in the psychoactive effects of diverse cannibal preparations. In the overwhelming majority of cases of anthropophagy, the human victim is charged with adrenaline, as this hormone is produced in large quantities in the adrenal glands precisely in the moments of terror, like the moments that precede the brutal slaughter of

the victim. That is why the frequent torture of the victim before sacrificing it becomes meaningful, as it induces a hyperproduction of adrenaline and its metabolic products. Australian ngarrindjeri —for example— revealed through deep wounds the adrenal glands to scrape them and eat them taking care to keep the victim alive, they had optimized the discovery of the stimulant properties of the «renal fat» enhancing it with this technique, not only atrociously but also effectively.

Of particular interest are some substances in the metabolic chain of adrenaline, particularly the adrenochrome, produced by the breakdown of adrenaline and suspected of involvement in the pathological mechanisms of schizophrenia. Its psychoactive properties were observed in the 1950's but in the next breath they were thrown into question and nowadays the matter is in abeyance. However, it's difficult to ignore the mass of controlled self-experiments and anecdotal data about the adrenochrome and it is quite probable that in the metabolic chain adrenaline-adrenochrome-adrenolutine there is really something psychoactive.

Words by Giorgio Samorini, renowned Italian ethnobotanist, author, among others, of the book *Animals and Psychedelics*.

Phew... This whole thing is becoming exciting. So much so that perhaps an adrenaline rush is in order; so let's listen to the gothic post-punk of Sisters of Mercy and then continue...

5 – Adrenochrome:

We'll turn away in a passive decision
We'll take the steps through the unmarked door
A look back for another collision
But the boys of the spires
Are boys no more

Not black and red boys
Frightened by the night
By the catholic monochrome
The catholic girls now
Stark in their dark and white
Dread in monochrome
The sisters of mercy
High tide
Wide eyed

Sped on adrenochrome
For the sisters of mercy
Filled with
Panic in their eyes
Rise
Dead on adrenochrome

We had the power
We had the space
We had a sense of time and place
We knew the words
We knew the score
We knew what we were fighting for
For the freedom
The time to choose
But time to think
Is time to lose
The signals clash
And disappear
The shade too loud
And the sound unclear
For the

High tide
Wide eyed
Dread in monochrome
Denied in spite
Disliked in monochrome
Panic in their eyes
Rise
Dead and monochrome
The sisters of mercy
Spite
On adrenochrome

The way is clear
The road is closed
The damage done

And the course
Imposed you^[3]

Wooooooooooooooooooooow... We are out of our heads... If a Mandinga warrior sank his teeth the quantity and quality of the content of our adrenal glands would have him running around in ecstasy. We're flying high, ha, ha, ha! But well, it's OK, let's relax, it's time to be centred... We have a chapter under way and the way it's going we will never finish it. So let's retrace our steps and continue with the thread we were following, Samorini's statements about «the mass of controlled self-experiments and anecdotal data about the adrenochrome» and its relationship with the «pathological mechanisms of schizophrenia». The whole thing only gets more and more curious and disturbing. We need more clarity. Let's see what light the following Italian researcher can shed on the matter.

6 – *Il caro amico Giorgio* refers, specifically, to the «adrenochrome hypothesis» as a cause of the psychological disorders typical of schizophrenia. This theory was formulated in the 50's by Abram Hoffer (Canadian psychiatrist and biochemist) and Humphry Osmond... Yes, you have read correctly, Osmond: nothing more and nothing less than the British psychiatrist who coined the term «psychedelic»; the same person who devoted his life to the medical research of psychoactive substances; the one who gave Aldous Huxley the mescaline that would lead the English anarchist writer to edit *The Doors of Perception*. In other words: on this occasion, we are not talking about any freaky or crazy person... but about a formal scientist and an authentic heavy weight in the field of psychonautics. And this is what he says, among other things, about this alleged drug that is driving us insane:

We [Hoffer y Osmond] and our wives were the first human subjects to receive adrenochrome. [...] The first subject (A. Hoffer) received what we supposed was 1 mg in 1 ml of water subcutaneously. This makes a fine port-wine colored liquid. The injection was accompanied by a sharp and persistent pain at the site of injection. There were no recognizable psychological changes. Blood pressure and pulse readings taken every 5 minutes for half an hour showed no change.

The second subject (H. Osmond) was given what we believed was 0.5 mg. Again there were no pressor effects but there were marked psychological changes (see below).

Further experiments on our wives and one of us (A. Hoffer), using 1 mg subcutaneously, produced some minor results, but by this time it seemed that our adrenochrome, which is very unstable, was beginning to deteriorate. Five milligrams of this deteriorating solution was given to H. Osmond and produced a response which was unpleasantly prolonged.

Since the subcutaneous injections were so painful, the first intravenous injection was given to a volunteer, Mr. C. R. Jillings, M.A., clinical psychologist. It was believed that adrenochrome given by this route would be much less painful. Therefore, 1.0 mg of adrenochrome was diluted with 2 ml of sterile physiological saline and injected into the left antecubital vein. Almost immediately after the injection, Jillings experienced a very severe pain which travelled up his left arm to the praecordium. This lasted about 10 minutes and was accompanied by pallor and sweating. There were no obvious psychological effects apart from alarm and dismay in the experimenters. It was later discovered that, if the adrenochrome solution is mixed with blood from the patient's vein, pain can usually be completely avoided.

Later, Hoffer and his wife each took 10-mg doses intravenously and had marked changes, particularly in effect and behavior. Hoffer became overactive, showed poor judgment, and lack of insight. Hoffer's wife became deeply depressed for 4 days and endured a condition which was indistinguishable from an endogenous depression. This unpleasant experience was aggravated by lack of insight, for she was unable to relate her depression to the injection of adrenochrome, although her change of mood came on immediately after it.

To those who are familiar with mescaline and lysergic acid we would emphasize that judging from the little experience which we have, it does seem that adrenochrome is more insidious than these two hallucinogens, its effects last longer and possibly in consequence of this its administration is accompanied by a loss of insight. Since this may have serious results experimenters should guard their subjects very carefully.

Summary of an Account of an Adrenochrome Trial (September, 1952), 20-30 Hours Approximately [condensed from notes made at the time by the subject (Osmond)]

After the purple red liquid was injected into my right forearm I had a good deal of pain. I did not expect that we would get any results from a preliminary trial and so was not, as far as I can judge, in a state of heightened expectancy. The fact that my blood pressure did not rise suggests that I was not unduly tense. After about 10 minutes, while I was lying on a couch looking up at the ceiling, I found that it had changed color. It seemed that the lighting had become brighter. I asked Abe and Neil if they had noticed anything, but they had not. I looked across the room and it seemed to have changed in some not easily definable way. I wondered if I could have suggested these things to myself. I closed my eyes and a brightly colored

pattern of dots appeared. The colors were not as brilliant as those which I have seen under mescal, but were of the same type. The patterns of dots gradually resolved themselves into fish-like shapes. I felt that I was at the bottom of the sea or in an aquarium among a shoal of brilliant fishes. At one moment I concluded that I was a sea anemone in this pool. Abe and Neil kept pestering me to tell them what was happening, which annoyed me. They brought me a Van Gogh self-portrait to look at. I have never seen a picture so plastic and alive. Van Gogh gazed at me from the paper, crop headed, with hurt, mad eyes and seemed to be three dimensional. I felt that I could stroke the cloth of his coat and that he might turn around in his frame. Neil showed me the Rorschach cards. Their texture, their bas relief appearance, and the strange and amusing shapes which I had never before seen in the cards were extraordinary.

My experiences in the laboratory were, on the whole, pleasant but when I left I found the corridors outside sinister and unfriendly. I wondered what the cracks in the floor meant and why there were so many of them. Once we got out of doors the hospital buildings, which I know well, seemed sharp and unfamiliar. As we drove through the streets the houses appeared to have some special meaning, but I couldn't tell what it was. In one window I saw a lamp burning and I was astonished by its grace and brilliance. I drew my friends' attention to it, but they were unimpressed.

We reached Abe's home where I felt cut off from people but not unhappy. I knew that I should be discussing the experience with Abe and his wife but could not be bothered to do so. I felt no special interest in our experiment and had no satisfaction at our success, although I told myself that it was very important. Before I got to sleep I noticed that the colored visions returned when I shut my eyes. (Normally I have hypnogogic visions after several minutes in a darkened room when I am tired.) I slept well.

Next morning, although I had only slept a few hours, life seemed good. Colors were bright and my appetite keen. I was completely aware of the possibilities arising from the experiment. Color had extra meaning for me. Voices, typewriting, any sound was very clear. With those whom I felt did not appreciate the importance of the new discovery I could have easily become irritable, but I was able to control myself.

H. Osmond's Second Adrenochrome Experience (1953) (PM)

I had 5 mg of adrenochrome this time because we thought that it was probably deteriorating.

I saw only a few visual patterns with my eyes closed. I had the feeling that there was something wonderful waiting to be seen, but somehow I couldn't see it. However, in the outside world everything seemed sharper and the Van Gogh was

three dimensional. I began to feel that I was losing touch with everything. My sister telephoned and, although I am usually glad to hear her voice, I couldn't feel any warmth or happiness. I watched a group of patients dancing and, although I enjoy watching dancing with the envious interest of one who is clumsy on his feet, I didn't have a flicker of feeling.

As we drove back to Abe's house a pedestrian walked across the road in front of us. I thought we might run him down, and watched with detached curiosity. I had no concern for the victim. We did not knock him down.

I began to wonder whether I was a person any more and to think that I might be a plant or a stone. As my feeling for these inanimate objects increased my feeling for and my interest in humans diminished. I felt indifferent towards humans and had to curb myself from making unpleasant personal remarks about them. I had no inclination to say more or less than I observed. If I was asked if I liked a picture I said what I felt and disregarded the owner's feeling.

I did not wish to talk and found it most comfortable to gaze at the floor or a lamp. Time seemed to be of no importance. I slept well that night and awoke feeling lively, but although I had to attend a meeting that morning, I did not hurry myself. Eventually I had to be more or less dragged out of the house by Abe. I had to get my car from a garage where it was being repaired. There was some trouble about finding it in the garage when at last I was seated in the driver's seat I realized that I couldn't drive it through traffic, although quite able to do so usually. I did not, however, feel anxious or distressed by this but persuaded the garage proprietor to drive me to my destination. I would, I believe, have normally found this a humiliating situation. I did not feel humiliated.

I attended the scientific meeting, and during it I wrote this note: "Dear Abe, this damn stuff is still working. The odd thing is that stress brings it on, after about 15 minutes. I have this 'glass wall other side of the barrier' feeling. It is fluctuant, almost intangible, but I know it is there. It wasn't there three quarters of an hour ago; the stress was the minor one of getting the car. I have a feeling that I don't know anyone here; absurd but unpleasant. Also some slight ideas of reference arising from my sensation of oddness. I have just begun to wonder if my hands are writing this, crazy of course."

I fluctuated for the rest of the day. While being driven home by my psychologist colleague, Mr. B. Stefaniuk, I discovered that I could not relate distance and time. I would see a vehicle far away on the long, straight prairie roads, but would be uncertain whether we might not be about to collide with it. We had coffee at a wayside halt and here I became disturbed by the covert glances of a sinister looking

man. I could not be sure whether he was “really” doing this or not. I went out to look at two wrecked cars which had been brought in to a nearby garage. I became deeply preoccupied with them and the fate of their occupants. I could only tear myself away from them with an effort. I seemed in some way to be involved in them.

Later in the day when I reached home the telephone rang. I took no notice of it and allowed it to ring itself out. Normally, no matter how tired I am, I respond to it. By the morning I felt that I was my usual self again.

And now, I will include a few brief observations made by Hoffer about the behaviour observed in Osmond after taking adrenochrome:

The change in Osmond, marked by strong preoccupation with inanimate objects, by a marked refusal to communicate with us, and by strong resistance to our requests, was in striking contrast with Osmond's normal social behavior.

On the occasion of Osmond's second trial the most noticeable objective change was his withdrawal from people. After the laboratory session, we drove to the home of A. Hoffer. Osmond entered, found a chair where he sat for approximately one hour intently examining the rug. He did not greet the group of people who were at the house nor enter into the discussion.

Osmond was anxious and fearful on retiring and once was found wandering about. In the morning he was easily distracted. He required two hours to dress.

Briefly, the changes noted were preoccupation with inanimate objects, negativism, loosening of the associative process, anxiety and distractibility.

Later, Hoffer and Osmond comment on the following:

Taubmann and Jantz reasoned that if adrenochrome was given under the tongue it would reach the brain with less destruction than by vein. They believed that it would get to the brain directly through the sublingual venous anastomosis, just as novocaine is believed to reach the brain more readily by this route. Many euphorants are commonly absorbed through the buccal mucosa, for example coca, betel nut, hashish. They, therefore, administered 3 mg adrenochrome as a powder under the tongue. The adrenochrome produced a biting sensation. After 10 minutes, the subject noted a slight feeling of facial warmth and tingling in the fingers. They often complained of mild pain about the heart region. All somatic feelings were gone within 30 minutes. Psychic changes occurred within 10 minutes. They varied from person to person and even from time to time in the same person. Depression was more frequent than euphoria.

Marked visual perceptual changes occurred. Colors of objects changed in quality and appeared peculiar or strange and disproportionate. Their perceptions of their own bodies were distorted. Distant objects appeared to be too close. Movement was observed in stationary objects. No disorders of thought or of consciousness were observed. All changes ceased after one-half hour. [...] Their adrenochrome crystallized very rapidly at the temperature of liquid carbon dioxide was less active than adrenochrome precipitated at higher temperatures.

However, the best psychological human studies were completed by Grof et al. (1963). [...] the dose of adrenochrome varied between 15 and 30 mg sublingually. [...] They finally concluded that the changes in thinking induced by adrenochrome were similar to those observed in schizophrenia.

In addition to the above, among other cases, Hoffer and Osmond, offer a detailed report of the reactions of a experienced psychiatrist —doctor A. B.— to the administration of 10 mg of adrenochrome sublingually and an undetermined amount orally. As the story takes several pages, I will only transcribe a few brief passages.

His reaction came on in about 10 minutes which is typical when it is given sublingually, and he remained under its influence until 1 gram of nicotinic acid partially restored his personality to normal, but he did not really become normal for several weeks or months.

His experience was characterized by the following changes.

Perception. Changes in afterimage, in lighting, in judging distance, in far vision and some feelings of unreality. Objects pulsed and the normal smooth relationship of size and distance was distorted. There were no hallucinations. Time became inconstant.

Thought-Content. He was irritable, abrupt, showed lack of judgment and no insight that he was different. He had, in fact, concluded he had been given placebo even though he saw his chemist weigh out the adrenochrome from her stock. The most striking changes were his absolute lack of insight and his poor judgment.

Process. He could not perform the simple serial sevens test.

Mood. He was irritable, slightly hostile and abrupt. It was apparent to every one who had any contact with him that they had never seen him this way before. [...]

Only after adrenochrome was his personality so changed he might not have been recognized by his colleagues and friends.

Let's put an end to the story of Hoffer and Osmond's investigations and arguments with two meaningful and revealing comments they make in their book *The Hallucinogens*.

The psychotomimetic experience induced by adrenochrome and adrenolutin does not resemble the usual LSD or mescaline experience. The changes occur primarily in thought and mood. Perceptual changes are subtle and not obvious. These are in sharp contrast with visual changes often found after consuming LSD.

[...]

Some of the changes produced by adrenochrome may persist several days, and in some cases the effects nearly led to disastrous results. [...] These experiences with adrenochrome have made us quite cautious with this drug which seems to be so mild in its action but which can be so dangerous because of the lack of insight it induces in some subjects.

I am flabbergasted at these reports, especially so taking into account their source. However, as Samorini has already point out, the «theory of adrenochrome» as an explanation of the psychological disruptions of schizophrenia, and the treatment of this disorder based on mega-doses of vitamins (which was what Hoffer suggested) were finally relegated to the burden of memories of psychiatry or directly refuted and rejected by the psychiatric establishment in subsequent publications. This also made the psychoactive potential of adrenochrome sink into oblivion. That's what's been testified by another *capo dei capi* of drugology, no less than Alexander Shulgin, who, in his much-acclaimed and indispensable work, *PIHKAL*, declares the following:

...there had been interest in reports that adrenalin that had become old and discolored seemed to elicit central effects in man. The oxidation products were identified as the deeply colored indolic compound adrenochrome and the colorless analogue adrenolutin. The controversy that these reports created just sort of died away, and the adrenochrome family has never been accepted as being psychedelic. No one in the scientific community today is looking in and about the area, and at

present this is considered as an interesting historical footnote.

Such contradictions and controversies between scientists and masters of psychonautics are quite disconcerting... They really leave us in a deadlock: if they themselves have decided to forget about the issue and bring the matter to a close, to whom can we turn for help in resolving our remaining questions? Exactly, to the recreational consumers, the learned drugophiles, those who participate in the diverse online forums telling and sharing their knowledges, impressions and experiences with drugs. Let's see, then, what they tell.

7 – Above all, I must start by saying that, broadly speaking, drug consumers usually consider that adrenochrome is a substance belonging to drugologic mythology, a fictitious substance or, at least, an exaggeration and a literary licence by Hunter S. Thompson. Some others, however, swear blind having tried it. In the most active drug forum in Spanish (*Cannabis Café*), we can find, for example, two testimonies. This is what they say and this is how they say and write it:

In The Case Of Adrenochrome I Did Only Once And With That I Had Enough To Say "No More!" As It Is A Substance Which Is Extracted From The Pineal Gland Of The Human Being And It's The Breaking Down Of Adrenaline And A Friend I Met In Canada Was The One Who Gave It To Me And Truly I Don't Know Which Fucking Dead He Took It From Because To Get That The Dead Has To Be Almost Very Fresh.

My Experience Was Enough To Write A Book From It, I Remember That He Gave Me A Little Toothpick And Immersed It In A Greyish-Blackish Substance And Put It In My Mouth Because I Had Asked Him If He Didn't Have Any Of Those Substances We Like L

And All That. Once Having Tried About One Hour Later I Began To Feel A Terrible Worry And A Very Severe Dizziness And I Finished Puking I Didn't Believe But I Came Down From That Trip About Two Days Later And What Was Incredible For Me Was The Small Amount With Which I Got So Very High Two Days Hallucinating Things That Really Didn't Even Exist And I Ended Up Feeling Crazy

It's Like Watching Your Death In Life In A Way Obviously Much More Crooked. But Even So I Thank Him Because It Served As An Experience Not To Do Again It's The Psychedelic I Have Ever Tried After Dmt.
Kaleidoscope, September 1st, 2006.

for me it was a too strong experience in fact man after doing it I am almost sure that you won't want to do again unless in a long while and not because the experience is infernal but because it is too exhausting, your back ends up like a shit and the pain is too much as if you had taken 4 drops of lsd but well visuals themselves are very different because with this stuff you see things coming from your imagination, things that don't even exist it's like being inside a videogame and seeing how everything around you is like plasticine that breaths and at least what I saw were very long tentacles coming out from my friend's chest that went upward and ended in a huge sparkle of dazzling white light that I couldn't see directly and apart from that what I felt not being from adreno was that all the time you are like nervous with great concern as if you had taken some lines of coke
Kaleidoscope, September, 2nd, 2006.

On 4 September 2006 Aland Alejand (a member who, curiously or suspiciously, registered and made his debut at the forum that same day) answers.

let's see, my friend, I don't fucking believe you but I have an open mind and live close to your place, I live in azcapo and I am ready to meet you to see what the fuck. If you manage to get it (which I really doubt), write to my mail and we agree to meet where you say, you give me a little bit for present and I check it.

Kaleidoscope answers:

of course what about meeting tomorrow in viveros floresta at 3:00 pm? in the roundabout

On 10 September Aland Alejand writes again:

well, I write until today because I bumped into this guy (kaleidoscope or however it's written) and he's cool I really liked him after a while chatting, but let's go to

what you're interested, this guy gave me poison, the shit I tried was horrible and far from a good trip it made me craze for 2 days and 2 nights, with the most horrible experiences I have ever tried seriously. my parents still ask me what was what I did and they want to make studies of me. I have sent the other proof to a laboratory and the day after tomorrow they give me the results, but independently of what it is I don't think it is for human consumption, it's something very very strong and I am still confused apart from the problems I had with my parents. Never try it, there's no point in feeling so out of control, but I being a busybody fuck I did one of the worst stupid things.

I'm afraid of going to get the results, what if they start to make questions, what shall I do? is it safe going? and if it is, it is illegal taking it from humans, isn't it? answer please!!!

On the 13th, Alan writes the following:

NO FUCKING WAY this shit is adrenochrome well that's what I think because in the test they say apart from the molecular structures it has that I don't fucking understand and some percentages of each that I neither understand in conclusion it says that it's an oxidation or breaking down of adrenaline and a mild amount of chromium but nearly nothing I don't know but this for me is adrenochrome

Next, some users call into question the veracity or the meaning of such testing. The forum participants wait for Kaleidoscope to keep his promise and send some proofs of the substance to one of the members of *Cannabis Café*...And that's the end of the story (as usual in these cases).

Let's check now the Anglo-Saxon forums to see if we find something... Yes, here you are: a so-called MadShroomer posted the following on 18 August 2006 at *Drugs-forum.com*:

SWIM [you already know: Someone Who Is Not Me] experience with Adrenochrome... [...] SWIM drank 3 vials (10ml each) and feeling just like Mr. HST in Fear and Loathing, crawled into bath tub but only mild relief followed by 18 hours sleep (SWIM doesn't remember much except being DELIRIOUS and not

being able to tell if the lightning flashes in the room were real or not, plus feeling all shaky and on fire, did feel the way it was shown in the movie, most unpleasant).

We once again have before us, therefore, the testimony of someone who claims to have consumed adrenochrome first-hand (as the use of the acronym SWIM is no more than a naïve formula that is often used by English-speaking forumers to avoid a potential accusation of promoting the use of drugs or any other similar offense). The problem with MadShroomer's statements is that he says that he experienced the same effects described in the film version of Thompson's book (where, in fact, the adrenochrome scene is much more exaggerated and delirious than in the original work) and, however, it is also a fact that, as mentioned in *Wikipedia*, the director of the film, Terry Gilliam, recognizes, in the comments at the DVD version of the film, that the scene is exaggerated and fictitious. Further, the film director emphasizes that the drug belongs completely to the field of fiction and he even seems to be unaware of the real existence of a drug with such name. Therefore, in the light of these statements, the veracity of MadShroomer's testimony begins to flag a little bit. On the other hand, as we have entered the Free Encyclopedia, let's say that, in it, about the psychoactivity of adrenochrome, they just say that «there has been controversy about whether adrenochrome can be classified as a psychotropic drug». Nothing else.

That being so, it is time to resort, for one fucking time, to the most rigorous and reliable web page about drugs: *Erowid*. Let's go to the trip-reports section to see what they have in there: to be precise, exactly two reports and a request for people to send more.

In the first story, called «Worst Headache Imaginable», the author—who injected oxidized and spoiled epinephrine— obtains just that: an unbearable and intermittent headache which lasted for seven days. In the second report, called «Killing the Myth», the victim gets 250 mg of adrenochrome freebase and ingests, during several days, 100 mg sublingually (loads if we compare with the dosages used by Osmond and the rest of researchers from the 50's), 25 mg smoked (vaporised in a crack pipe) and 50 mg snorted. These are his his words about the experience:

The three trials gave me the exact same effects, which were very light and really uninteresting (I wouldn't even call it a high).

First, it's wasn't hallucinogen nor psychedelic. I had a feeling of warmth through my body, I felt a numbness in my hands and my head (possibly linked to the haemostatic effect), there was some slight sedation, and a very slight short lived euphoria (the euphoria was a slightly more pronounced when smoked, but still very short lived).

There's also some minor visual change (no visuals, just that I would see the room slightly differently than usual, but honestly that was some really minor change, a joint of hashish would have done the same, nothing really noticeable). There might be some slight myosis too (=little pupils), not really sure.

To sum up, effects were extremely weak, absolutely not fun nor psychedelic in anyway, and short lived (I would say the slight initial euphoria is gone within 4-5 minutes, and the few strange feelings that I experience from the stuff are gone within about 1 hour (I couldn't say the exact duration as I didn't really checked my watch)

Needless to say I was very disappointed by this uninteresting compound.

The effects I had from it were flimsy, there was a definite effect on my vision and my mental state for sure but I would definitely not call it 'hallucinogenic'.

Again, interesting, revealing and...disconcerting. Let's see, then, what we can find in the rest of sections in *Erowid*: one picture, some links to external resources like Wikipedia, the legal status of this substance in the USA (where it isn't forbidden), a number of bibliographic references, one of them from Adam Gottlieb's book *Legal Highs* in which the author declares that adrenochrome semicarbazone, in a dose of 100 mg taken orally, causes physical stimulation, feeling of well-being and a slight reduction of thought processes, and very little else. There's no info about doses, effects, duration, contraindications, side effects... Nothing at all. In fact, in the summary of the page, the effects are classified with this word: «Controversial».

Therefore, my dear friends, if not even Erowid is capable of concluding anything about this stuff, we'd better give up theories and bibliographic references and pass directly unto practice. There's no other chance.

Let's go to Google, then, and write: "buy adrenochrome", to see what we can find... Check this, it's what we found at a first sight:

Yahoo-Answers:

Question: «Where can I buy adrenochrome? I live in Ontario (Canada) and I wanted to buy some cause some people I know were talking about it but I don't know where I can get it from?».

Answer: «It is a fictional drug. You can't, because it's not real, sorry».

Bloody fuck, this is crazy! Finally it is going to be true that this substance has a close relationship with psychological mechanisms of schizophrenia: fuck, if just by reading about it I am completely neurotic —because of so much contradictory and discordant information—, I don't even want to imagine how it must be taking it!

Anyway, let's relax again. Let's breathe deeply and search for other sites of interest to see where they lead... Ale-hop! Here: *Generics Med*, «buy cheap adrenochrome injection». An apparently reliable web page which seems to be dedicated to selling Cialis, Viagra and things like that but where for the very, very cheap price of 1,29 dollars you can buy phials of 25 mg/ml monosemicarbazone adrenochrome plus an ampoule of injectable water. The medical uses mentioned are limited, basically, to the reduction in bleeding and haemorrhages during and after surgical procedures. Neither in the section referring to side effects nor in any other is there any mention of any kind of psychoactive effects.

Perfect, it seems that there are new evidences of the existence of this mythical substance. And, in fact, I soon had the opportunity to corroborate that it really exists. My dear friend Juan Carlos Usó passed me the link (thanks very much) of a Spanish web similar to *eBay* where someone sells an old and empty pharmaceutical bottle of adrenochrome. It costs 3 EUR plus postage and packing (5 EUR in total). I decided to buy it... Some days after I received the order and, surprise!, inside the bottle there are eight tablets as ancient as the bottle itself

(thanks, also, to you, gentleman).

Great. I have my first sample. However, I will continue to search, as I would like to obtain fresher products than the one I have just acquired, which seems to have been synthesized in the age of mods and beatniks.

Certainly, I could call on the medical web mentioned previously and prevent further mess but, whatever the reason, I am not completely convinced about it. Thus, action was taken to search for another supplier of semicarbazone adrenochrome, and I found an American web page that has laboratories and distributors in Spain. I contacted them. Absolute reliability. I ordered one gram. I waited for it to come and, in the meanwhile, I tried to pull strings in order to get pure and simple adrenochrome from the world's most reliable producer and provider of chemical products. Another good friend, with very good contacts and possibilities, gave me a hand (thanks a lot), but finally he didn't succeed. Under those circumstances, I begin to doubt that I will be able to achieve the product. A Chinese seller offers it to me at a very high price. I am about to tell him to fuck with a clownfish but I hold myself back as maybe, in the end, he becomes the only available source. I reconsider it and talk with my friend and publisher Chema de la Quintana. We devised a crazy plan that had no possibilities of bearing any fruit —like all our plans, especially his—. It works! I will shortly receive at home 50 mg of adrenochrome in two phials of 25 mg each. Bloody great! It's like having just bought cocaine from Pablo Escobar himself —if he weren't dead, you can be sure that, if we had that wish, we would also achieve that, and if we got into our head and insisted on it, we would finally achieve it even with him being dead, ha, ha, ha).

Well, mission accomplished. The products are ordered. Now we only have to receive them. Tense countdown. Then, one day, I had a phone call:

«¿Eduardo Hidalgo?».

«Yes, it's me».

«Look, I am going there with the adrenochrome. Will the lorry fit through your street?».»

«What the fuck», I think to myself, «the lorry, he says. If I have only ordered 50 mg! Let's see what they deliver... Maybe I made a big mess and ordered 50 kg, which to be true, for the price I paid for them they could well be several hundreds of kilograms». «Yes, yes, don't worry, it will surely fit, and if it doesn't, just park wherever you can and we will see what to do».

At that time I had to go out, so I asked my family to store it in the freezer, as those are the supplier's recommendations. When I go back I find out that they had to empty one whole shelf to keep the adrenochrome (that turns out to be the gram of semicarbazone), as the bottle is packed in a white polycarbonate case twice the size of a shoebox, due to the fact that it brings with it, above and below, large containers of «re-usable non-toxic refrigerant» to keep the substance, more than cool, frozen. Well, the matter has turned out to be quite thorny and bulky, but I feel relieved, as I wouldn't like to imagine what could have happened if there had really been a mistake in the order and the carrier had pretended to unload the whole lorry at my parents' house.

In any case, when it came to receiving the two 25 mg phials left, the case is the same or a bigger size than the previous, so there's hardly room in the house for the meat, the fish, the vegetables and the pizzas. But we have surplus of the mythical product of the oxidation of adrenaline!

Therefore, we can be more than satisfied and, carefully and sparingly, begin with the trials as soon as possible, both in order that the substance does not degrade and in order to be able to stock the freezer with food and avoid starving or end up devouring each other ourselves the way Samorini would like.

Well, to be honest, the first trial had already been done at the moment I received the ancient pharmaceutical bottle made in Spain. On the inside, as we already mentioned above, there were eight old pills; and on the outside, a label claiming, simply: Adrenochrome, 12 tablets, Porriño (Pontevedra). Be that as it may, the thing is that on September 7th 2011, at 13:16 I decided to administer myself one

sublingually. I didn't notice anything at all. Therefore, at 13:50 I took another one and had a bath, after which I felt slightly more clear headed and cheerful, even though I didn't perceive anything out of the ordinary, except when, at some point, when going out of the room, I saw a little piece of plastic on the floor, I picked it up and threw it in the bin (which seemed to me a bit disconcerting). Later, I had lunch and, as it is commanded, I had a little nap, after which I proceeded to tidy my room, something which, rather than disconcerting, it was truly unusual. Then, I thought about taking 4 tablets in one go, to see what happened, but as I didn't know the dosage, it seemed nonsense. So I decided to do it. However, finally, sense prevailed and I didn't do it. End of story.

The first week of October I received the adrenochrome semicarbazone and, as soon as the weekend came by, I proceeded to consume it (October 8th 2011). I took my precision scale to calculate the dose stated by Gottlieb —100 mg— but, once more, it proved to lack the much-extolled precision and made a real mess of it. Finally, I decided to manage it my way, at the most, and I ended up administering what I calculate were about 300 mg sublingually. My teeth were red like blood and I prayed to Saturn hoping that such a colour vanished soon, as, on the contrary, we would have a little problem. Fortunately, after a mouthwash with water, the teeth recovered their usual mayonnaise-yellow colour. Again, we had a bath and, exactly as stated by Adam Gottlieb, I felt physically stimulated, in a light or subtle way, nothing to see with amphetamine, but stimulated, and at the same time feeling a certain degree of mental torpor (quite marked and evident in certain moments). And the point is that, again and surprisingly, I caught myself doing the laundry (never seen before!); after which I had lunch and took a proper nap. Period.

Personal conclusion from my first-hand experience with adrenochrome semicarbazone: it is a drug which seems to place the consumer in the optimum state for performing household duties, not showing, besides, any incompatibility with naps. For my part, there is nothing else to say about this substance (except commenting that, once taken, I put it in a smaller case, but things didn't change,

because ten days later I got the other adrenochrome in its huge case and the freezer was full again).

On October 18th 2011, as I already said, I received the other adrenochrome, not the one taken by Gottlieb but the one taken by Osmond, that is, the good one, the true one, the authentic, the one that supposedly makes you lose your mind. Because of logistical questions I could not take it till the 31st of October. In other words, it remained almost 13 days in the freezer at the manufacturers recommended temperature (-20°), so their properties should remain unaffected. The truth is that I had programmed the intake for the 31st in the morning, in the house of our publisher, who would act as an external observer in case there were a lack of insight towards the experience, and to baby-sit for me if things went wrong (for that purpose we had also collected some vitamin B3 — used by Hoffer and Osmond as an antidote to bad adrenochromic experiences—; and also Risperdal Flas®, the newer generation antipsychotic medication in case megadoses of vitamins didn't take effect). In other words, everything was tied up, with no loose ends. The route we had chosen for this first administration was the intravenous, for the simple reason that, more than junkies, we are old school professionals, people like —differences aside— John C. Lilly or Osmond and Hoffer themselves, psychologists and psychiatrists who first self-administered the substances and then, if anything, gave them to the others; not like «drugabusologists» of today, who talk and talk about all kind of drugs boasting, at the same time, about not having ever tried any of them. Lastly, in either case, the thing is that if the practitioners from the 50's had began using this route, I wanted to do exactly the same. Only that, if we had prepared the intake for the 31st in the morning, the result was that, in the end, events took over and we finally did it that same day, but at 0:10 instead of at 12:00, so to say, at night and alone, without baby-sitter or any other flourishes. The reason why the experiment was unexpectedly and impetuously moved forward was no other than that on 30th in the afternoon, more or less at 20:00, I drank several beers (and more than one milligram of trankimazin), then I had supper with a little bit of wine, and after supper I was so high that I couldn't hold myself back and, as soon as the clock indicated that the scheduled day had come, I rushed towards the

adrenochrome and proceeded to inject it (no doubt, John C. Lilly would have done the same).

Be that as it may, I shall below give you the mandatory trip-report. Here it is:

Summary of the story of a trial with 25 mg of adrenochrome administered intravenously (October 2011), 20-30 hours approximately, condensed in notes taken by the subject (E. Hidalgo Downing... yes, Downing, like the guitarist from Judas Priest).

0:10. Euphoria. That's what I feel. I think: «Fuck! This shit does get you high!». It causes me a clear rush —not comparable with the fixes of coke, heroin, MDMA or speed, but rush—. Anyway, I don't experience visual disturbances or catch the eye of lamps, carpets or my fucking arse. Everything is very normal and seem very normal. Everything but me, I feel accelerated, euphoric, high as a fucking reptilian after having enjoyed together with the Pope and Barak Osama a Pantagruelian banquet of subhuman babies' adrenal glands (come off it!, I have drunk so much that it couldn't be otherwise, ha, ha, ha; added to the struggle of realizing the dream of shooting up Sigma Aldrich's adrenochrome, so I'd better not tell you... that's why I do not exclude the possibility that the euphoria is nothing but the result of the beers drunk and the happiness and satisfaction derived from having been able to successfully complete an impossible mission. —Who knows... I was too drunk to distinguish it now with absolute certainty—).

The point is that, once the score is known (acceleration, euphoria, good vibes, high and absolute absence of perceptive disruptions, I decide to go to bed.

After all, judging from Hoffer and Osmond's testimonies, the effect of the substance is as long and prolonged as the shadow of a cypress, so my conclusion is that I'd better sleep for a while and see what happens the following day, when, as it was planned, I go to my publisher's house to make him comply the agreement: inviting me to a paella and, on the way and just in case, playing the role of babysitter and external and impartial observer (ha!).

3:10. I go to bed. And I sleep.

At eight in the morning the alarm clock goes off. I hit the snooze button. I laze about in bed. What's wrong? I like lazing about and I can afford it. I fall asleep again (no balls, no glory!). I wake up after a while, laughing out loud (I can't remember at what).

I get up at 9:13. Very good mood, although with headache and hangover. I reckon up what I have drunk: two 33 cl cans of black Voll Damm; two litres of Amstel,

two 33 cl of Mahou Clásica (Spanish beer), one 50 cl can of Mahou 5 Estrellas (idem), one double beer in a pub, one or two (let's say two or three) glasses of wine, 1 mg and a little bit of trankimazin. This was from 8 pm till 3 am. In other words, as pollutant variables of the bioassay we should bear in mind the possible—just possible— influence of alcohol and alprazolam (peccadillo compared with the probable interference that the consumption of heroin, cocaine, amphetamine, alcohol and trankimazin would have exerted just a few days before, only that, on that occasion, despite the mess, I retained enough lucidity to abort the operation).

Once I got up, the first thing I saw was the plastic wrapping of the adrenochrome broken with my teeth. I piss myself laughing when I remember the voracity when the time came to get my teeth into the substance. Scissors? What the heck scissors! I opened the packaging with my teeth, with the yearning of a cannibal, with the same avidity and lack of self control and manners that they say the Queen of England shows when what I had at that time that fateful night is at her hand (ha, ha, ha).

The truth is that I am very jocular and with very good vibes.

I have a bath. I realize that I have red stains on three fingers. That unequivocal blood colour doesn't remove even after being half an hour in water. I piss myself. A recurring dream I have long experienced comes out of my mind. It revolves around a stiff I keep hidden in a remote place. It is a dream I have almost concluded: last time I was about to get rid of the body, and I don't know what else, throwing it into a garbage compactor, but in the last moment I woke up or was woken up. Now I crack up laughing, yet other times I have woken very worried and having to call on my memory and persuade myself that I haven't killed anybody and I don't have any corpse hidden somewhere—at least, that's what I can remember—. Anyway, if anyone is interested (and if not, it makes no difference) I must say that the dream is still unfinished. Since I wrote the first notes of this story till I have gone ahead with the final redaction I have dreamt again with the matter. On this latter occasion, I had the bright idea of collecting all the incriminating evidences of the crime (things written by me and some more data and indictable objects) and, when I was going to get rid of them—again, in the garbage compactor—, a law enforcer caught me redhanded: a crime, about which nobody knew anything, explained in minute detail by the offender himself. What a jerk! Fucking jerk! Like me. In a moment, the fucking murder nobody had known about before becomes the news of the day. All the filth is now chasing me—because, in spite of everything, I have managed to escape from the aforementioned law and order enforcer—. In just a few hours even the last security agent of the subway knows my face. My minutes are numbered. I make a phone call. I go to the airport, to set a course for Colombia. Someone wakes me up again: «Edu, do you have to work today?». No, fuck, I don't have to work, the only thing I want is to

terminate this stiff stuff and with one thing and another there is no way, for heaven's sake!!!

Anyway... I get up and and get dressed. I take my underwear and when I am about to wear it, I am struck by its red colour, red like the pure blood charged with adrenochrome. «Oh, what a slut», I think, «as if you were going to flirt or something», and then I piss myself laughing again. I have probably worn it one hundred thousand times and I had never thought anything about my underwear. To be true, I have never ever thought anything about my underwear. Well, yes, I remember that, years ago, in my adolescence, when I shared room and underwear with my twin brother, I used to think: «what the hell does this guy do with his girlfriend?». There were some of the underpants with a hole in the middle of the front side. Years later I realized that my brother made the same question about me and my girlfriend. I burst into tears laughing. The curious thing is that we never found out the origin or the reason for these holes. Moreover, I must confess that yes, I do still nowadays think something about my underwear. In particular, about a pair of yellow underpants belonging to a multi coloured pack given time ago to me by my ex girlfriend. The thing is that I am not superstitious at all. Truly, nothing at all. However, I don't know why, but I get squeamish wearing those yellow underpants. I try to avoid it whenever I can but, sometimes, I have no other choice, especially since I have separated and now nobody—neither my mother nor my girlfriend nor my nonexistent lovers—are in charge of supplying me with underwear.

Well, let's get straight to the point. The thing is that I get dressed and go out to the street. I go to the bank to make some arrangements (in other words, trying to cancel, for the umpteenth time, my credit cards, which are fucking me up for the last two years). I laugh out loud thinking that, with those stains on my fingers, everybody is going to realize that I am a reptilian.

On the way I phone Chemita (the publisher) to tell him that I am going there, that I am alive and not dangerous (ha, ha, ha, it wouldn't be different if I were, he is always ready for battle, we both know, as he says, more than once we have risked our lives with a gaze, so neither the adrenochrome nor the Illuminati or my God are going to intimidate us now).

On the way to the bank I take the empty litres of beer to the bottle bank (those were the days when you were given 5 pesetas for every bottle... lots of money and binges we went on thanks to that blessed and extinct barter system).

One: crash! Two: crash! Three: crash! And so up to nine, although, as I say to my children: «well, I didn't drink them all last night, ha, ha, ha!». In fact, I see that one is almost full, so that, doing the accounts and in my defence, I realize that during

the previous night —or during any other, who knows?— I drank almost one litre less than the estimated... (and even so, how drunk I was!, whatever the night, no doubt about it).

Subsequently, after finishing unsuccessfully my banking procedures —and there's many more of this coming— I address the operational centre of Editorial Amargord directly. For the purpose, I take the antidotes, just in case and because, what the hell, the truth is that I have been long looking forward to sinking my teeth into vitamin B3 as much as into adrenochrome (I have to feed the habit, my friends).

I think about taking something to write about my impressions, following my colleague and publisher's recommendation for bringing with me a notepad for the occasion, but I don't do it. It's something personal: I cannot stand notepads, sheets of paper seem too much for me and cigarette papers always get lost in my hands, bastards! Therefore, I didn't take anything but my head, on my shoulders, and in it I was noting down the following:

The day before the intake I was quite depressed, well, fairly depressed, at least. Today I have gotten up humorous, I have already said it, but in the train, on my way to Colmenar, I feel strange, people look quite «weird», their gestures and movements seem odd, a couple of times even threatening (now I understand that, like that psychiatrist mentioned by Hoffer and Osmond, I misjudged distances and felt that, sometimes, some individuals invaded aggressively my vital space, when they didn't really do). The thing is that, in such circumstances, I refrain from looking at the people. Everybody seems to me super freaky. If I look at them more than one tenth of a second, I can't hold back my laughter. Therefore, I don't give a damn to the deals, I have a good number of them in my daily life and without adrenochrome involved.

I have intense feelings of derealization and some paranoid tinges (the impression that some other silly bugger is looking at me funny and things like that). Women's breasts attract my attention above all. «What a bitch! Like everyone's», some guys will say. However, it's not that, it's not the sexual attraction (which is also present —what a pair of ears some of them have...—), it's because I find them extremely strange, odd, disconcerting, especially when, because of the rush when walking, they swing up and down: boing, boing, boing... Freaky planet... How strange creatures! I was truly dumbfounded...

After changing in Atocha station, I take a seat in a subway car almost without passengers. The low presence of humanoids makes me feel relaxed. I look through the windows and let the time pass. I start thinking about my life. It causes me tremendous anguish (don't let it scare you, it has nothing to see with adrenochrome but with my life: it would also happen to you if you were in my place), so tremendous

that it makes me stop such thinkings in my tracks. I can't bear them, although, a bit later, they show up again but, once more, I reject them instantly, this time of sheer boredom, mere weariness, which reveals to me as a wonderful effect of the adrenochrome, as I am usually capable of thinking over about that kind of things for a long while, feeling incapable of putting a stop to the issue. Therefore, I forget about everything and limit myself to observing, absorbed and dumbed, the fields of the northern mountains of Madrid. Nevertheless, after a while, a whole group of thoughts intertwine in my mind, competing to monopolize what arises and bubbles in my adrenochromized brain. On the one hand, I feel damn hungry and I look forward to eating the promised paella, trying to taste it in advance. On the other, I sense that, when I arrive to Chema's house, I will have to explain my experience; and I don't feel like doing it at all. The thing is that, once reached the point, all this «ideological» dispute begins to get up my nose to death. And that lasts until when, thanks to God, I reach my destiny: Chema's (and Ines', and Alejandra's, and Miguel's and the landlady's) house, where, fortunately, nobody asks me great questions about nothing at all (in a show of how wise, kind and hospitable, like few other, they are and have always been).

Even so, I feel quite strange, even more when I start talking with Miguel and I cross with his gaze, shining, penetrating, full —like no other— of light, of life, of sanity, of madness and of good marihuana.

No more discussion: I decide to take the B3 before lunch and before it weirds me out. Perhaps that makes me relax and, on the way, verify if nicotinamide does really take effect and, with that, confirming or refuting if adrenochrome had taken it. And, indeed, after the paella and the vitamins I feel better, normal, but tired, feeling like having a nap. I have a terrible headache. I lay on the sofa while Chema, Miguel and Alexis talk... At times I can't avoid bursting out laughing, their conversation is completely schizoid, it seems that they are the ones who have taken adrenochrome. Chema tries to communicate to Alexis the concept of one of his countless projects. He strings together, incessantly, ideas and images, each one as dreamlike, poetic, beautiful, surreal, incomprehensible, hilarious or everything at the same time than the next: «there could be water, a cascade, a girl that appears in there, for no apparent reason —she may lack an arm, for example—». Alexis, knocked equally by the stream of «Amargordian» poetry and the tremendous hangover he carries on his back, drinks slowly and deliberately a big cup of coffee. He pays the most attention he can pay and tries to obtain a general understanding of what his interlocutor seeks to convey to him. Although I fear that he doesn't manage (neither him nor anybody). Miguel talks to himself, uttering sentences that move on upon inscrutable paths and that usually end in a big laughter that makes him cough as if he had a slime in his

throat about to be expelled and invade the whole living room. Inés impeaches him: «That problem that you have...». Miguel doesn't let her end the sentence, he is in charge of doing it: «I have two thousand different problems and I have gone through 14,428 different processes, ha, ha, ha, ha, cof, cof, cof, cof, bruaaahh!!!».

Things like that, ha, ha, ha.

Finally we are all exhausted, feeling like a nap. Miguel takes me to Madrid. From there I take the bus and go to my house and, now, I take some notes about the experience.

The following day I wake up (as every day until today). I am normal and I realize that I wasn't yesterday (there's nothing new under the sun, it's not the first time it happens to me). It was something subtle, but I wasn't normal. Today, as Osmond would say, «I am me again», although I play a round of Pokemon Crystal and the pictures seem quite strange in their colour and size —and I have spent many hours with this game without anything similar happening—.

In hindsight, Chema says that the day we have talked about I behaved normally, but I looked strange. I don't know, he will, I have no idea, but the truth is that I have been several times to his house and I had never laid on the sofa, closed my eyes and not minded about anything, as I did that day, and I have gone to his house with more than a hangover in many other times.

That is, more or less, all I can say about the intravenous bioassay. Therefore, I change below to present the trip-report of the intake made sublingually.

Summary of the story of an essay with 25 mg of adrenochrome administered sublingually (November, 2011), 20-30 hours approximately, condensed in notes taken by the subject (E. Hidalgo Downing... yes, indeed, Downing, it's not Domínguez, I am completely sure about that. Downing, like the Judas Priest guitarist. —jOh, my Gosh! How many times will I have to say it?—).

Firstly, I must state that I decided to use this other route of administration because in the 50's it had been used in many studies and had demonstrated to be highly effective. Otherwise, I took into consideration that this way of ingesting the substance kept —as opposed to the injected— bigger (and more evident) similarities with the supposed way used by reptilians, Satanists and cannibals. Therefore, in an attempt to get as close and accurately as possible to their experience, I chose, as I have already commented, this consumption method, and used, to the effect, a dose —25 mg— that fitted perfectly within the threshold typically used in the ancient psychiatric experiments (15-30 mg).

Secondly, I must warn that, in this second occasion, there weren't —at least in the beginning— pollutant variables of any kind: we hadn't taken previously (neither the day nor the night before) any psychoactive substance, and we didn't take any other drug together with the intake (after a while we took something, but not much... you will have the chance to know it later).

Thirdly, I will cut the lecture and tell you what happened:

The first weekend of November, in other words, barely five days after having injected adrenochrome, I made an enormous and formidable exercise of restraint, I behaved well, I slept well and, as I have stated before, without previous consumptions involved, I got up on Saturday morning, at about 12 pm or so, I had a bath, got dressed and all those things and, when I was ready for action, I proceeded to phone my dear colleague Manuel, on whom, after speculating about it with the *I Ching* (it's a joke), I had decided that, this time, should fall the mission of babysitting and external observation (at this point, don't ask me why this very man himself —who knows me very well and could clearly imagine what was coming down on top of him — didn't gave me an absolute no, because I don't understand it either). The thing is that I phone him to tell him that I am ready and to ask him if he is too. And, as was to be expected, he is (Mr. Manuel is, above all, what he knows as «ordered people», ha, ha, ha, ha). Therefore, that's that. I go there, up to his neighbourhood, up to his house, which, since then, will be remembered by both of us and forever as the scene where the first adrenochromic ritual ever happened in Madrid city took place (in the Barbarian provinces of the outskirts you already know that the credit and the medal went to Chema's landlady's house, in Colmenar Viejo, *Colme*, for the aboriginals, whose psychiatric hordes include another good friend, José Carlos Bouso Sáiz, first researcher, in Spain and in the whole world, who had official permissions to conduct clinical studies with MDMA in the treatment of post-traumatic syndrome in women who had been victims of sexual assaults).

Well, the thing is that, once arranged the appointment, I proceed to go to the bathroom to execute, in privacy, the consummating act, so to speak. This time, I proceed with absolute neatness and perfect manners: I take, calmly, the phial of adrenochrome; I open it and pour its entire content over my sublingual glands. After that, I look in the mirror and... I am horrified: My God! How awful! I have the whole mouth cavity filled to the brim with a red cannibal holocaust colour. The picture is much more shocking than when I ingested the semicarbazone. That time it struck me and grabbed my attention, but, what the fuck, this one, now, even scares me: I look like Hannibal Lecter seconds after having devoured the entrails of the poor Porky. My goodness... I am so frightened! I think about taking a photograph, but I conclude that, to make the most of it —instead of just reflecting an absolutely filthy

state—I would require favours from a professional photographer, and I don't have any at hand. I know two of them: Miguel Pérez Pardo and Javier Marín. The former will be in bed or at the pub (his pub, our pub, Tapas y Fotos) and the latter, well, the latter I better don't tell (what a lout!, ha, ha, ha, ha).

It is exactly 13:42. I recover from the fright; I make a mouth rinse (everything stays neat) and I go out to the street.

Again, I have a very good mood. So good that, suddenly, I find myself completely pissed laughing (it's 13:49, so to say, barely seven minutes have passed since the intake); and this way, walking like crazy —crying, bumping around and zigzagging in laughter—, I will spend the rest of the way (approximately half an hour) to the train station.

Right from the start, the «yellow» of the traffic lights attracts my attention. I don't know if it has a touch or a special brightness, but the thing is that it grabs my attention, which makes me instantly realize that I am colour-blind and that yellow colour is «really» (or for the parliamentary majority) red. In fact, I myself had always called «red» what my whole life had seen as «yellow». Héctor, aged 3, while the colour of the traffic lights changed, was saying: «green», «red», «green», «red». Jorge, aged 7, looked at me gawping, he laughed out loud and told me if I was dumb or what when I asked him: «Seriously, dude, what colour do you see in that traffic light?». «Red, daddy, red, how should I see it?». «Well, I see it yellow, ha, ha, ha, ha». It's been centuries since I know I was colour-blind, but I had never realized that I called the red in the traffic lights by its real name due to a matter of mere linguistic imitation and not according to what my senses dictate (anyway, I must say that, when it comes to traffic lights, whether they are red or yellow, I distinguish them perfectly from the green, so, in visual terms, I am impeccably qualified to drive competently a motor vehicle, a different thing is that I don't feel like getting my driver licence).

The memory of these things makes me cry with laughter. And I laugh again when I feel that, apart from seeing «yellow» the «red», I see it a bit blurred, while I remind again that I am myopic (one dioptre in each eye) and that I don't wear glasses (fuck, I couldn't but abdicate wearing them: I left them in restaurant terraces, they fell down and I stamped on them in the pubs, they broke when hanging from the collar and picking my sons up... so in the end, I just needed them to see things clearly in the distance —to see close up I had to take them off because they bothered me—, and I think: to see in the distance there's no need to wear glasses, you just have to get close enough... and it's also much cheaper, as the last ones costed 20,000 pesetas [120 euros]).

I keep laughing like a stupid while, from the colouration and blurriness, I go on to

notice the plants. They talk to me! Plants talk to me! In order to understand them and capture their message it's necessary to know how to interpret their codes... This one needs a pruning, here we should reap; that one lacks water; ferric chlorosis —it needs Nitrofoska—...

Clearly, I see the world with different eyes, although, again, it has nothing to see with adrenochrome but with the fact that, after working for years as a psychologist, now, following Confucius' guidelines^[4], I am a gardener, professional and qualified, he, he, he.

I keep on my way and I encounter a group of foreigners on a bike ride: they seem to be a father and his three little children. I can't avoid hearing what they say (they don't whisper but shout). The supposed father: «Nobody can... blah, blah, blah». One of the supposed daughters: «¡Que sí! ¡Que sí que se puede! [*«Yes, you can», in Spanish*]».

I piss myself laughing again. I remind of one of mi sisters' husband —the living incarnation of the mix between the typical absent-minded foreigner and the mad scientist, in other words, the highest degree of «living in a daze»—. Those memories overlap with the ones from my childhood, when my mother talked to us in English and I (and my twin brother) answered to her in Spanish (that explains our current situation, with three older daughters who are totally bilingual, and we are a couple of yokels who can hardly get by in English, just enough to survive in case of requiring to satisfy some need or we have a set-back in remote and strange lands —like Uganda, for example, where, paradoxically, even the dumbest person in class speaks better English than us).

Then I take the last stretch of my walking tour. And, as I had never done before, I pay attention to the name of the street I am crossing: «Calle de los Trenes» [Trains Street]. Ha, ha, ha, ha! It can't be true that we are so ignorants. I imagine the the municipal plenary meeting deliberating about the nomenclature to allocate the street plan.

Major: «Let's see, what name do we give to that street in the station?».

Councillor: «Well, Trains Street, I think».

Major: «Ten points, my friend, bull's eye!».

All the meeting: «Let's talk no more: Trains Street. Next thing: the path towards Húmera».

Councillor: «Well, Húmera Road, shit, don't be stupid!».

Major and meeting in unison: «Sold!».

And so on until they fill the whole map...

I can't stop thinking: «What the fuck, at some point I should move to live in a place like Leganés, where they have a street devoted to AC/DC and thus, on the way, I steal the plaque». By the way, I wouldn't be the first one to do it, because, as you may already know, every other minute they have to put a new one because the «army of the litre bottles of beer» and the «heavy is not violence» one (they don't say anything about urban vandalism) take them to their homes, like trophies, day after day.

Still laughing my head off, I enter the station and sit down on a bench to take notes (this time I have taken a piece of paper and a pen). While I write, I feel a slight buzzing in my ears. I smoke a cigarette. The buzzing changes from slight to intense, and no, it's not a train howling. Despite that, I don't feel any pins or pains or nothing alike, except a huge hole in the stomach, let's call it hunger, without any more flourishes.

The world becomes veiled by a thin, very thin patina of unreality. People still seem super freaky and looking at them brings about an uncontrollable laughter. Therefore, again, I give looking at someone a miss. In fact, in the train I prefer not to sit down to avoid the most of coming into visual contact with whoever. Nevertheless, in the end I am overcome by laziness and take a seat, staying on my side —like turning my back on the people— and I devote myself to look through the window, watching how images follow one another as in Patty de Frutos' video «Llamé al futuro y no lo cogió nadie» [«I phoned to the future and nobody answered»], but in better focus.

I look at my hands and I find that my thumb is stained with adrenochrome, only that, this time, instead of reminding me of blood, it seems as if I had been eating Risetos.

I reach my destiny and I phone Manuel: «Dude, I'm here. Where do we meet? There's a huge monolith in the middle of the square, shall I wait for you over there, Manolitow?».

I approach the mentioned block of stone —about 200 metres tall, or 20, or whatever, the thing is that it was much taller than me— with the firm intention to climb to the top, but, if I remember rightly, the surface of it was completely flat, there was nothing to grasp (Manuel can correct me if I lie or I am wrong). Therefore, my joke is fucked up and I have no other choice than to wait for my friend at the base of the monument instead of at its top.

Mr. Manuel turns up. I see him coming from the distance. «What's up, buddy?».
«Long time no see, dickhead!». «Thanks, dude!». «Let's go to drink some beers...».

We go to drink some beers. We get into any café, the first we find. And we start

talking —so to say: I utter one of those unbearable and interminable speeches that, selflessly and in an uncomprehensive way, my blessed friends are used to resist stoically (usually until 10 pm, at the very most, until 5:30 am) before they dash off like a shot, whether they do on foot or by taxi, saying «well, dude, I'm off», and tchas!, they suddenly disappear, leaving me, as a general rule, at the mercy of all kinds of crusties, junkies, immigrants, go-getters, schizos and vagrants until late in the morning—.

While I come out with the usual string of garbage, I look sideways at a group of women sitting at a table and they still seem super freaky to me, so I focus my whole attention on Manuel, who instils me confidence and doesn't generate strange sensations. Then, the guy, taking advantage of the fact that I stop talking for a moment to drink a sip of my beer, goes and asks:

«And when are you going to take it?».

«No, buddy, I have already taken it, before going out».

«Oh, bollocks, well, I see you quite normal, if that can be said of you». Well, the last words, the ones following the third comma, are invented, although, to be true, the story has also its nuances, because, time after that, during a meeting I had with Dr. X Caudevilla, the the Island Council of Fuerteventura —so to say, Mr. Raúl del Pino— and Georgie (yes, Georgie, does he not need any more introductions?), the first two go and utter that they don't believe anything about my experience with adrenochrome, that it cannot be considered of any validity because, in their opinion and from their particular views of life, my organism has been for so, so long, loaded down with metabolites derived from abuse —yes, abuse, what a pair of dickheads! And what about them? Eh?— of the most diverse substances that, using the actual words, «their possible interactions with any other drug that I take or stop taking invalidate every word I say about any issue». In other words, what is called «brutal logic». Impossible to make the slightest attempt to refute this esteemed and respected colleagues' arguments...

This being said, we finish the beers and go to buy some more, to a supermarket or a pound shop, I can't remember, the thing is that we also bought some pizzas. Manuel pays. In other words, he plays the whore and also pays the bed. Like always and like all the people who, for some time now, have an appointment with me, who never has a coin, as I always end up spending it with the crusties with whom they leave me behind, the very bastards, in the middle of the night and of the big city.

We go up to his house, well, you know, his landlady's house. The house that, as I commented previously, has already created its niche in the history of Spanish psychonautics.

Beer here, beer there... We talk about Burning Man, Facebook, his girlfriend, a day in which I ended up singing flamenco in the underground with a couple of junkies—we were even applauded— (ha, ha, ha, ha)^[5], about this, about that... Pizzas are ready. Yum, yum, yum; gloo, gloo, gloo; munch, munch, munch; and blah, blah, blah... I see the world (so to say, the living room of Manu's house, of about 15 square metres, or 5 or 25, how should I know?, the thing is that it was much bigger than me) under a slight, very slight, patina of unreality, as if, in between, there were a thin layer of clingfilm (nothing to see with the wall of glass Osmond talked about). So slight and so thin that, gradually, between sip and sip, bite and bite, sentence and sentence, finally it goes and disappears completely.

At a point I feel very normal. Absolutely and completely normal. Therefore, I wrap up my experiment and think that we could score some grams of speed and go on a good spree. Mr. Manuel, you already know, a law-abiding citizen if there ever was one, takes me, instead, to buy a postcard of a Sevillian flamenco dancer—with her skirt, her ornamental comb, her mantilla and all that stuff—to send it (with a small present hidden in the underskirt) to a friend who lives in the States. Then, he invites me again to some beers and he gets revenge and takes it out on me delivering a mind-boggling speech in which he pinpoints his incredible experiences with a being worthy of appearing in the *Anthology of Crazy and Abnormal People in World History* (I would really transcribe some parts of his story, but I am not up to the issue, it's indescribable; Manuel should tell it in his own handwriting, as the matter is worthy, at least, for a trilogy like *The Lord of the Rings* or *Matrix*).

After that, we consider the meeting over and each of us makes his way to his house. And so, here and this way, the story of my second (or fourth, depending on the point of view) experience with adrenochrome reaches an end. Therefore, at this point, I just have to give some last conclusions and bring this issue to a close.

Last conclusions:

Let's start from the beginning, without any mercy or delay...

1 – Adrenochrome semicarbazone is an absolute bullshit, it is of no value in psychoactive terms. To the effect, and due to its effects, it is infinitely more useful to drink a cup of coffee.

It goes without saying that all these aren't but my own, untransferable and particular opinions about the present matter. If someone has different ones, they are welcome.

2 – Again, in respect of my experience, it is worth dismissing, fully, the overwhelming psychedelic effects of adrenochrome mentioned by Hunter S. Thompson, as well as its usual physiological side effects (paralysis, lack of breathing and blah, blah, blah). This, in the end (and despite the more than evident alteration of perception suffered by Osmond and other subjects in the experiments from the 50's), matches fully up with the general conclusions that were reached by the majority of such researches. In other words: «The changes occur primarily in thought and mood. Perceptual changes are subtle and not obvious. These are in sharp contrast with visual changes often found after consuming LSD» (Hoffer and Osmond).

3 – In my case, as you already had the chance to know, the «perceptual changes» were minimal or nonexistent (Pokemon thing and little more). However, obviously and—as for me— without any question, it caused a palpable modulation of the frame of mind and my own mental processing. After all, when it came to do both intakes, I found myself unusually jocular and cheerful, any foolishness was enormously funny; while I perceived reality with marked sensations of unreality and, as I commented previously, I had minor and very punctual paranoid hints. This, again, coincides with the mentioned conclusions of the studies made in the fifties. Let's remember, once again: «They finally concluded that the changes in thinking induced by adrenochrome were similar to those observed in schizophrenia» (Grof, S. *et al.*).

Apart from that, the fact that the intravenous intake was clouded by the consumption of alcohol and trankimazin does not invalidate the bioassay, as I take and have taken alcohol and trankimazin (as well as some others) now and then, and although I can sometimes have jocular hangovers, the sensations of unreality, the paranoid hints and all that stuff is something I hadn't experienced for more than twenty years (with the exception of a punctual transitory phenomenon—of no importance at all— after a marathon consumption of speed occurred about... one and a half years ago). Equally, in respect of the sublingual intake, I should mention that I do, day after day, the comical and delirious rambling through the street up to the train

station —being sober, with hangover, abstinent, stoned...— without having had, till the moment, such tremendous fits of laughter. And that coincides, again, with Hoffer and Osmond's statements: «Depression was more frequent than euphoria», so to say: there was euphoria, minimal, but euphoria. Finally, the high, the speeding up, the acceleration... associated with the intravenous assay, despite the pollutant variables (consumption of alcohol, alprazolam and euphoria derived from having been able to accomplish an «impossible mission») coincide, to a large extent, both with Samorini's interpretations («Australian ngarrindjeri [...] had optimized the discovery of the stimulant properties of the “renal fat” enhancing it with this technique, not only atrociously but also effectively») and Hoffer's ones, as, let's remember, he became hyperactive (while his wife sunk into a depressive state).

At the same time, the variation in the duration of effects depending on the route of administration (in my case much more prolonged with the intravenous route) does neither contradict the thesis or the conclusions made by the renowned researchers from the 50's: «All somatic feelings were gone within 30 minutes. Psychic changes occurred within 10 minutes. They varied from person to person and even from time to time in the same person» (again, nothing new under the sun: Osmond himself —intravenously— experienced the effects for days, while the psychiatrist A. B. —using sublingual route— was affected for weeks or months; and for most of the experimental subjects it lasted barely one hour, or half an hour or so, although, in some cases, as the authors point out, the effects were much more prolonged and, generally, disastrous).

4 – This being said, from my personal experience, I would conclude —in keeping with what virtually all researchers from the middle of the 20th century said — that adrenochrome exerts, no doubt about it, clear, although subtle, effects on the central nervous system (even though, as usual, there are people who react more, less or nothing at all —the minority, in this latter case—). Those effects, according to my opinion, match up and tally better with the term «psychotomimetic» (similar to psychosis) than to psychedelic (although, as I

have already commented, and as the scientists themselves commented at their time, such effects are usually soft and subtle, rather than looking like a pure and hard psychotic break; but, anyway, it does have its psychotic touches and nuances).

5 – On the other hand, I didn't experience any lack of insight. I was continuously conscious and aware that «something weird was happening», which is in perfect harmony with Osmond's stories but does not contradict the fact that some other individuals lack such an insight. You know: every person reacts differently. Similarly, the fact that my babysitters (Chema and Manuel) saw me «normal» or nearly normal does neither invalidate or contradict my perception that, in reality, I wasn't, as, after all, on both occasions, when I felt weirder was when I was on my way to meet them, so to say, just before seeing them. At the same time, I must say, vehemently, that someone suffering from an unquestionable psychosis can pretend to be, for the average person —at least during an accidental and fortuitous encounter— as someone perfectly «normal and in his/her right mind». And this is something, my dear readers, that I can assure you of truthfully because, more than twenty years ago, I myself suffered from a long, very long-lasting toxic psychosis and I could tell thousands of old stories of people (known and unknown) with whom I talked —completely psychotic— and of whom, once finished and left behind the so-called disorder, I reminded, I met them again, I mentioned to them, very ashamed, such encounters and conversations, and they were amazed, telling that, during those talks, I seemed to them «the most normal and, at the same time, the most wonderful person in the world», ha, ha, ha!!! (what the hell they had taken?).

6 – Having said that, my general impression of the matter —in case someone is interested— can be summarized in the fact that adrenochrome lacks, basically, any interest as a recreational drug: apart from the fact that the purchase of the substance is quite expensive and difficult, its effects are very soft and subtle (and about this I agree totally with the writer of the trip-report published in *Erowid* —«Killing the myth»—, who says that a joint or any other usual drug make you higher, even in psychotomimetic terms). Nevertheless, I also agree,

completely, with Giorgio Samorini when he states that «it is quite probable that in the metabolic chain adrenaline-adrenochrome-adrenolutine there is really something psychoactive». Perhaps this is something of no interest for the consumers of usual drugs but, in my opinion, should be for researchers in the field of psychology and underlying neurobiological mechanisms or related to psychosis.

7 – And these are, more or less (doesn't matter if I forget something) the things I can remember and comment about adrenochrome. This is the grain of sand I can contribute with about about such a singular substance. This is, so far, the end of my story, my particular experience and vision about the matter –based on the revision of existing literature and on three bio-assays, riddled with all kinds of contaminating variables and therefore without any claim to science-. That's it. Let's hope, however, that other people take the wheel. Anyway, you know, as for me —I already said it—, in my personal capacity, I consider the whole issue closed.

Clock-clock.

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Myth X

Pigeonine

It is frequently argued, it is frequently stated, it is frequently said that pigeon droppings, once they are dry, have a high stimulant, hallucinogenic and addictive effect. Can that be true? Can that be false? What will be, will be...? Keep on reading and, sooner than later, you will know.

Some time ago I wrote an article about the presumed psychoactive potential of spiderwebs and I sent it to Cannabis Magazine for publication. The editor-in-chief, my good friend and colleague Raúl del Pino said, somehow anxious and surprised, how much he thought he had contributed to the spread of this myth. He told me that, after hearing the story of a Colombian guy who assured him that