

APPENDICES

Journey With JC

Records with Accompanying Journal Notes not incorporated into main text

- A. Smoking Log.
- B. Records of “O,” “M,” and “I.”
 - Attachment 1. “Tale of a Bartholin Cyst”
- C. The Cases Against the ‘Diocese’.
- D. Yoga.
- E. Caregiving.

APPENDIX A

SMOKING LOG

I actually *like* the ‘taste’ of tobacco. Why some people take to it instantly while others are repelled instantly, is of great interest to me. I very clearly recall my first cigarette, at age 15, a junior in high school. My father, a light smoker, kept a pack of Lucky Strikes in a small ‘summer’ room off the garage. One afternoon—can’t say what moved me—I decided to try one and still remember how I felt a definite effect, a small but agreeable ‘sharpening’ of perception, and not put off a whit by the taste or process. No-smoking literature that asks the question, “Remember how *awful* that first taste of tobacco was?” is meaningless to a destined smoker. My smoking didn’t become habitual, however, until after I was a wife, mother and worker in high-paced, always-against-deadlines jobs. Smoking a cigarette definitely was both an anxiety controller and a relaxer.

Unlike my husband’s employer and our city’s schools, the city agency for which I worked had it as an official holiday, Veteran’s Day. It was the one day a year that I had home all to myself. That day in 1974 I decided to treat myself and devote the solitude to my long-arrested desire to write. The metabolic effects of my smoking ‘addiction’ especially interested me. I had learned that niacin was a derivative of nicotinic acid, and a few weeks before had bought a bottle of 100-milligram tablets as a possible dietary supplement. I had not yet lighted that day’s second cigarette (the last in the pack) when I got the bright idea of devising a test and write a record of an experiment whether doses of niacin could have any effect on my desire for a cigarette.

November 12, 1974

(I had not smoked a cigarette for 2 hours, 15 minutes, having consumed the last one in my last package at 6:45 a.m. Within a half-hour I had the urge for another, but making breakfast and bag lunches kept me busy until the family set off for the day...)

There are home and garden chores I normally would do, but this day I feel self-defiant. With the family off, I instead have settled myself, still in my robe, in the easy chair, along with a large mug of coffee and a chemistry book I’ve wanted to study. Bothered by the health data I’ve been seeing in the press I have been thinking I should end my smoking habit. I’ve decided to wait until the urge for a cigarette becomes undeniable....

8:30 a.m. *After reading and making notes for one and one-half hours I was interrupted by a chatty neighbor who stays until nine o’clock.*

9:05 *Attempting to resume my train of thought, I am aware of a small ‘internal gnaw’ in the area of my solar plexus. I definitely “want” a cigarette. I place a tablet of niacin on my tongue and allow it to dissolve.*

9:35 a.m. *The predicted flushing of skin has not occurred but I am aware of a slight ‘burning’ at the sides of my neck. I ponder whether there is any absorption from smoke as it passes the thyroid and parathyroid glands, before lung absorption. I have assigned feelings and intensity levels to the urge, as follows:*

November 12, 1974, continued

Feelings and intensity levels assigned:

[A] = times that the Ego encounters anxious hesitation due to composition doubts—thoughts about my ‘work’ being criticized by others as pointless, and why am I impelled to pursue it?

[B] = times of unexpected interruptions, accompanied by frustration and the need to exert patience.

[C] = times of losing concentration due to mental interruptions by thoughts relative to “what I should be doing” instead of reading and writing.

Assigned intensity levels for A, B or C would be 1 to 10, 10 being highest.

10:00 a.m.

My younger daughter has been returned home from school with a stomach upset [B-10]. I tend to her and attempt to return to writing [A-5]. On the way, I am distracted by the disorder I left in kitchen, etc [C-5].

10:25

I still am distracted by racing thoughts relative to ‘domestic disorganization.’

10:30

I place another niacin tablet in my mouth.

10:45

This time face, neck and upper chest become mildly flushed. The sensations seem strongest at the sides of the neck I do feel calmer, without the internal gnawing.

11:00-11:30

I have been reading peacefully; my daughter is likewise peacefully occupied.

11:30 *Break to fix lunch for us.*

12:30 p.m.

Back at reading and writing, my husband telephones. He has invited the department chairman to dinner at our house. [B and C 10]. I calculate, if I want to persist, I have perhaps only one hour left that I can ‘fritter’ away. I instantly am searching for a cigarette. I go out to the car to see if one may have fallen behind the seat. I think, I could go to my neighbor’s? I don’t want to go to the store!

12:40

I place another niacin tablet and a 10-grain kelp tablet in my mouth.

1:10

There is no flushing but I feel my forehead warm while at the same time a bit of an all-over chilling effect. It occurs to me I ought to have included taking my temperature in the experiment. I recall feeling this ‘outer’ chilling with the two prior doses; but I am very sensitive to cold in general, dressed lightly for a deep fall day and have been physically inactive—all of which prevents me from considering the ‘chilling effect’ as solid data.

1:30

I am in a happier state of mind, to the point where I am chuckling over this ‘story.’ However, I cannot say whether my mood is ascribable to the substituted niacin or because I have seized time to spend as I chose on a topic of interest to me. [A-5]

November 12, 1974, continued

1:40 p.m.

Time's a-wasting (cooking, house preparing, etc. to do and my person to ready, before guest arrival!) [C-10]. The 'experiment' must end; time to go to the store, not only for cigarettes but for dinner needs...

I may have lived almost seven full hours without a cigarette, but I cannot say whether it was the niacin or the placebo of self-determination, occupying myself as I chose. For now, the physio- and psychological effects of nicotine absorption—whether directly through tissues the smoke traverses or via the bloodstream—I must leave to biochemists...

1975

I went seven months without a cigarette this year—mainly, I believe, because “JC” decided to quit and it was only fair that I join him. One might say, *well--if you were able to do without that long, you ought to be able to, permanently!* The amount of mental effort it took, however, was to the extreme and, truthfully, mind time I would have preferred using ‘better.’

I ‘fell off the wagon’ after a large dinner party for JC’s associates. Sitting at table, everything having gone perfectly, I was conscious of how that cigarette added to my feelings of self-satisfied gratitude.

Once again, I became a half-a-pack-a-day smoker, occasionally smoking more depending on circumstances.

1989

JC and I have been divorced for 10 years; I have been living and working as a single mother (my younger daughter not yet emancipated)...

Just like a baby, a feeding at regular intervals.... Nicotine... It offsets the adrenalization that occurs every time my Psyche is attacked by doubt, fear, despair or anger—Doubt, that I will prevail; Fear, lack of money or death waiting to do in a loved one or me; Despair, never to finish what one’s heart desires; Anger, much against the corporate body that has me in its grip once more (*10 hours of work a day for less wage than fair for eight—no time to create, except more money for superiors to waste...*)

1993

January 9

2:30 p.m.

It may be the weekend but there’s housework, cooking and gardening to do. Moreover, I haven’t yet dressed properly (while hating revealing humanness being a strong character trait). I light a cigarette but put it out after two drags. Certain facts from my amateur research seem screaming for proper assembly. I am no scientist [B-9] but something in my very bones (in which cigarette smoking is causing degeneration, I’m told!) forces me to keep a record with hope only that, if nothing else, it eventually gives solace to others, for I have some doubt I’ll live long enough to benefit from Science’s future revelations...

1993, continued

April 1

Cigarette Time of Day

1	9:00 a.m.	Managed today to avoid the 'typical first one. Accounting, a task I must bend mind to do. Inbetween, marketing, unloading groceries, preparing freezer foods, etc.
1	12:00 noon	'Reward'' when done with above.
1	2:00 p.m.	Working at writing.
1	3:30	"
1	5:30	"
1	7:30	"
<u>1</u>	8:30	"
7		

April 2

1	7:50 a.m.	Typical first one. In between, visit from non-smoking friend; dental appt.
1	11:00	Back home 'relaxer.'
1	2:00	Before study at library, 'preparatory' one.
1	3:00	Back from library, 'relaxer.'
1	4:30	Research reading, 'focuser.'
<u>1</u>	5:00	'Reward.'
6		

April 3

1	7:00 a.m.	Typical first one.
1	8:30	Researching.
1	9:00	"
1	11:00	"
1	11:45	Telephone call, family member.
1	Noon	Before beginning yard work.
1	3:40 p.m.	
1	5:05	
1	7:00	
<u>1</u>	9:40	
10		

[Have adopted not buying a supply package ahead of time, as a control.]

1993, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

April 4

1	7:45 a.m.	
1	8:45	
1	10:00	
1	12:30 p.m.	
1	5:00	
<u>1</u>	6:20	
6		[Ran out]

April 5

1	9:00	
1	10:00	
1	11:50	
1	1:00 p.m.	
1	6:00	
<u>1</u>	8:00	
6		

[Don't have details for above two days. Lighter smoking correlates with days of few to no interruptions, combined with other occupational activities]

April 6

1	8:00 a.m.	Working on manuscripts.
1	9:00	“
1	9:50	“
1	10:50	Family member has a problem.
1	3:00	Back to work but wiped out computer data.
1	5:30	“Misery.”
1	7:30	“Stress.”
1	Time not recorded.	
<u>1</u>	11:00	
9		

1996

Who counsels the psychiatrist?

1997

February 3

At 8:30 a.m., one hour after awakening, I light the last cigarette in my pack. “This is going to be my last cigarette!” I write *[how many times I thought that?]* Last night, JC said, “We need to stop smoking; we have too much to live for now.”

True!—but tell that to my addiction. Of one thing I'm certain: I cannot overcome it by conscious will alone.

1997, continued

April 7

1	7:30 a.m.	
		[In-between, dental appointment.]
1	11:30.	
1	12:30 p.m.	
1	2:10	Note during this time, said, "Misery—trying to stay with writing project."
1	4:10	
1	5:45	
1	6:45	
<u>1</u>	8:00	
8		

April 8

1	8:00 a.m.	
1	9:00	
?		Note said, "Continuing stress and depression re writing. Tried to stay on schedule but left off record; however, total count did not exceed:
9 or 10?		

April 9

Same type of day as yesterday.

April 10

1	9:00 a.m.	
1	10:30	
1	1:30 p.m.	
<u>1</u>	2:15	Like yesterday, record left off, but believe:
8 or 9?		

April 12

4	Between 8:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m.;	left off record—heavy family business day.
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April 13-16 "Heavy scheduling was met; smoking not *too* bad/never more than 9-10, and probably only 6-7 on the 16th.

April 19

1	7:30 a.m.	
1	8:45	
1	11:30	
1	1:00	
1	3:15	
1	4:00	

1997, April 19, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

1 9:00
1 10:00
8

Intervening week: Completed last review of a manuscript; completed and sent off a proposal. Didn't do too badly on cigarettes but didn't do especially well, either."

April 23

1 9:00 a.m.
1 10:30
1 11:45
1 1:25 p.m.
1 3:00
1 5:30
1 8:45
7

May 20

Another trial to quit 'cold turkey':
0 8:15 a.m. "Desired one."
0 8:40 Reminded of desire by seeing ash tray.
0 9:10 Reminded of desire both by smell of coffee and seeing ash tray.
1 9:30
1 10:55 Dialogue commenced with needy friend.
1 11:30
1 11:45 Dialogue persisted; gave up counting...
?

1998

January 22

Purposely let myself run out of cigarettes yesterday at 8 p.m. Had first cup of coffee without a smoke. Did some chores before going to store, and delayed first cigarette until:
1 10:15 a.m.
1 10:45 Telephone conversation with aged mother re needs, etc.
1 11:00 Forced accounting before I could begin editing.
1 11:15 "Gathering thoughts."
2 Between 11 and 3:30; "better."
1/2 5:30 p.m. In car on way to computer class.
1 8:00 Home from class.
1 9:00
8 ½

1998, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

[Have changed to a brand that has no additives—American Spirit Blue.]

January 23

Up at 7:30. The new brand is difficult to adjust to; doesn't seem to deliver the same 'hit,' but I am going to stay with it.

1	8:00 a.m.	
1	Mid-morn	On way to doctor appt. "Maybe my recent mental hyperactivity is because I'm max on thyroid deficiency?"
1	1:00 p.m.	On way to hypnotherapist. (I'm missing the Vantage cigarettes I had smoked for years; I wonder about body getting accustomed to a certain mix?)
1	4:30	Outdoor at mother's; patience-controlling.
1	6:30	"Relaxing" in front of TV.
<u>1</u>	8:00	After supper.
6		[Limit much enhanced by occupied time away from home.]

August 6

This evening I begin a new experiment with "K-77." Cost, \$20 for 60 gel capsules; dosage on bottle says one to three capsules between meals and at bedtime. The circumstances are ideal, in that I will be working all evening on writing 'ego-related' stuff (including an important letter I have been struggling with for two days).

3	Prior hours	
1	7:30 p.m.	
1		First capsule, after three hours without one.
1	7:45	
	8:21	Thinking about having one, but feel quite relaxed despite mind-jerking family calls; don't feel that 'tugging' in the mid-section.
1	8:28	Without thinking.
	9:09	Picked up one, stuck it in mouth—this urge definitely ego-doubt-related and, to do something with hands while I think about wording. Didn't light it.
	9:40	Feel as if I might get through the night without another.
<u>1</u>	11:00	"Relaxing one before bed."
7		Doesn't seem like the K-77 contributed anything.

August 7

2	as of 11:00 a.m.	I don't attribute any use to the K-77. My efforts of the past decade, however, and some weaning of pure nicotine craving, have isolated the <i>act</i> of smoking, which is appearing as much a psychological as a physical influence (perhaps I should
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August 7, 1998, continued

say, the impact of psychical metabolism on physical?). The desire for a cigarette is most apparent when I have thoughts related to a specific psychical constellation around my writing--the lack of any validation of it, the doubts of its worth vis-a-vis time devoted to it—all now intensified by the caregiving of my aged mother and the ever-constant hovering expectation of Death...

Cigarette Time of Day

1 11:35

1 12:48 p.m.

6:04

Gave up keeping track—"too much ego-stuff." Believe I smoked:

4

8

1999

Initial notes: "Try for two-hour intervals," *i.e.* work on diminishing physical addiction, although seems that psychological stimuli are as great if not greater force.

April 11 Began substance studies. Smoked 8 cigarettes by 6 p.m.

Reviewed quitting procedure (Ferguson book). Have done most of the steps up to Stage Four. Next steps suggested: *adopt an incompatible activity; pinpoint/focus on more of the triggers to control—especially environmental; postpone every third one; brush teeth more times a day.* It's obvious from the following how little success I had, but it was a heavy day of combined project work and family requirements. I now am assigning "triggers", as indicated.

Cigarette Time of Day

So far: 8 to 6 p.m.

1 6:40

"Trigger-A" /Urge T-A—usual familiar need to 'break' feelings of urgency and doubt about work underway *vis-à-vis* other demands.

8:00

Urge T-B = discomfiture from reminder of my circumstances.

1 9:40

Urge T-C. This cigarette compoundedly satisfied "crave" plus heightening enjoyment of relaxation and favorite TV show.

10

April 12

0 7:30 a.m.

"Thinking about it."

0 7:50

Ditto; began work.

0 7:55

Ditto; kept working.

1 8:05

Telephone call from mother/she had a break-in last night.

April 12, 1999, continued

<i>Cigarette</i>	<i>Time of Day</i>	
0	8:35	T-A; to keep me working.'
0	8:55	Ditto.
1	9:00	T-A
0	10:00	"
0	10:10	"
1	10:20	T-A + T-B; gave up.
0	1:10 p.m.	Not a strong urge.
		[The next two-hour period was broken by an unexpected visitor.]
0	1:12	T-A and T-B.
1	1:25	"
1	3:30	Visitor gone but interruption re theft, etc. etc.
1	4:30	"What-the-hell" feeling.
		[Rested and ready afterwards, and out for part of evening.]
1	9:20	'Relaxer.'
<u>1</u>	11:35	"For sheer pleasure."
8		

April 13

1	8:25 a.m.	Typical morning cigarette.
	9:25	T-A, T-B; can't get started; received business telephone call; consciously delayed smoke; began again to study and make research notes.
1	9:40	
1	10:40	T-A
1	2:10 p.m.	T-A
1	3:30	
1	6:00	"For sheer pleasure/relaxation."
1	8:00	T-C
<u>1</u>	9:10	T-A, B, C!—"This week has been too much!"
7		

April 14

1	7:40 a.m.	Typical.
1	8:30	"Feel like I'm giving up."
	10:00	Appointment with a needy friend also a smoker.
1	10:30	At friend's.
		[Shared MJ while visiting with a friend. Note that, just as THC appears to enhance all 'tastes,' it does the same to me with cigarettes; that is, I especially enjoy smoking one afterwards.]
2	10:45 - 11:15	At friend's.
1	12:20 p.m.	After lunch at restaurant with friend.
1	2:00	"Lit this one 'absentmindedly.'"
		[In between, rested; meditated; errands; light supper.]
1	6:45	"Pure reward." *Made note to examine this 'reward' thing.

April 14, 1999, continued

Cigarette Time of Day
1 8:00
9 + 1/3 MJ

April 15

Up at 7:30.
1 8:00 a.m. Usual #1 cigarette with coffee, newspaper.
1 9:15 To get to work on domestic accounting (“ugh!”); also noted “desire to have taste.”
1 10:15 Working on accounting; “adjusts my breathing.”
1 11:45 “Break time.”
1 12:30 p.m. After lunch.
1 1:30 Going over inventories.
1 1:48 With JC; “indulging in my Ego-self.”
1 2:15 Ditto.
1 5:00 After errands and dealing with mother’s security system.
1 6:45 Need to take a rest!, “being driven!” “must do some work on project!”
1 9:10 Project in good shape for time being; end of day...
11

April 16

1 7:00 a.m. With coffee.
1 8:10 Feeling pressure; artwork to Boris; domestic accounting conflicts with writing today.
1 9:00 At friend’s.
[Shared a Cannabis cigarette there.]
½ 9:20 Appt. with accountant.
1 10:45
1 11:45 Before errands with mother.
½ 4:00 p.m. Home—gardening: avoids smoking.
1 5:30 Relaxing/Lehrer Report, with coffee.
1 8:00
8 + ½ Cannabis cigarette

April 17

1 10:00 a.m. With coffee, after having been occupied fully by hand tasks/housecleaning/potting plants/art work.
1 10:40 Another “break” before more hard work in yard.
1 1:10 p.m. “ /reading, after lunch.
1 2:30 Trying to get myself into bath tub!—shopping to do; supper at a restaurant for a sister’s birthday, and need to visit a needy friend afterward.
1 7:45 On way to friend’s.
[Shared a Cannabis cigarette at friend’s.]

April 17, 1999, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

1 8:10 At friend's.
1/2 9:00 Home.
6 1/2 + 1/2 Cannabis cigarette.

April 18

1 7:30 a.m. With coffee.
1 8:00 Working.
1 10:45 Break; lots of yard and art work today.
1 1:00 p.m. After lunch/"break"
1 2:30 Telephone call from needy friend; on 'phone one hour!
[4 p.m. considered having a cigarette but skipped it; returned to my work]
1/2 5:00 "Neurotic" frustration; needed more yard work instead of writing.
1 7:35 *Finally* finished in yard; cup of coffee.
1 10:00 Relaxing watching TV.
7 1/2

April 19

Up at 7:10.

1 8:45 a.m. Working on *History*; interruption (call from depressed family member; difficulty exerting patience)
1 9:45 Computer went down; controlling frustration.
1 11:15 Doing family accounting; "rushed" feeling.
1 1:35 p.m. Before taking aged mother shopping; feeling 'hopelessness' over scheduling the writing.
1 4:30 "Reward" after trip to copy shop, post office, etc.
1 5:30 A "genuine" break, watching Lehrer with a cup of coffee (i.e. one of those times when smoking 'purely for enjoyment.)

[Privately I have noted at times I think I am going to have a cigarette but then have a few forgetful minutes; I see this as positive toward conscious delay in the future.]

1 7:00 Family member called.
1 7:30 Still on telephone!
1 9:00 Still on telephone!
1 10:00 Before bed; "*not a good day*"
11

April 20

Up at 7:30.

1 8:00 a.m. Typical one.
1 9:15 Computer repair man due at 10.
1 10:45 (Decided not to make detailed notes for rest of day; just when I smoke one.)

April 20, 1999, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

1	11:40	
1	2:40 p.m.	
1	3:40	
1	5:00	But then family member called, and needed to come over.
3?		I prepared dinner; visitor stayed until 8:30 p.m.
<u>1</u>	10 p.m.	
11		Another unsuccessful day.

April 21

		Up at 8:00
1	8:30 a.m.	With coffee.
1	9:30	Working but nervous; need to take mother to doctor at 11:15.
1	9:45!	“ “ “
1	1:00 p.m.	Home after long trek to doctor and pharmacy for prescription; much dialogue about what should be done as to her present circumstances. <u>Unable to continue record today.</u>
?		

June 9 to June 10

5:50 pm. 6/9 to 8:50 a.m.		14 cigarettes over 40 hours: deducting sleep time, averaged one cigarette every 2 hours.
1 6/10, 9:00 a.m.		Note: “Try smoking 2 puffs (about 1/3 cigarette) every 2 hours.
	10:45	2 puffs.
1	11:10	Smoked the rest of the cigarette “to help me concentrate on working.”
1	2:45 p.m.	Failed in attempt.
1	3:45	
1	6:15	“Typical ‘relaxing’ one after long abstinence.
½	7:20	“For ‘enjoyment’ while watching a favorite program.
½	7:50	
<u>1</u>		Before bed.
7		

June 12

1	9:00 a.m.	[The “puff” experiment abandoned.]
1	10:30	
1	12:10 p.m.	
1	2:45	
1	5:15	
½	6:00	Needy friend came to visit; stayed late.
1	6:30	
1	8:00	
<u>1</u>	11:10	After friend left.
8 ½		

June, 1999, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

June 13

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 4 | Between 9:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. |
| <u>5</u> | Between 2:30 p.m. and bed (included telephone call with needy friend.) |
| 9 | |

August 17, 1999

Three decades since that 1974 day home alone and the little niacin experiment; and I'm still in the ring at 63 with little change. I'm reminded of Ringo--*Will I still need it? Will I still weed it, when I'm sixty-four?*...

Bought another bottle of niacin this week. Trying yet another combo of tricks. All the standard ones: keep only one ashtray so counting butts is unavoidable; buy only by one pack at a time; let the cigs run out (because it's HELL forcing myself to the store); deep-breathing exercises; meditation and auto-suggestion; plenty of vitamin C along with my other supplements; keeping drinking water bottles in kitchen and bathroom, and drinking from them several times a day.

This time, with the niacin, I will bite off a quarter tablet when I absolutely cannot fight the demand for a cigarette. It starts in my head: usually some springing of private fear, remorse, doubt, anxiety, etc. If I can think myself past it, the next strike is somewhere in the vicinity of my solar plexus—that “gnawing” sensation craving to be calmed. I have it at this moment. Against it I try to do two things: remember to remember that if I turn attention to something else—like making these notes—there can be a delayed period when I will become less aware of the urge. So long as I'm able to concentrate and be productive, I'm ahead. When all defensive action fails, I'll take the niacin...

Worked through last night until 5:00 a.m. this morning and smoked three cigarettes between 2 a.m. and 5 a.m. They were last in the house. At 1:00 p.m. I took a bite of niacin but I'll be going to store soon. Curious phenomenon: I feel hungry; now recognize how often I have put off eating with a cigarette.

Alas, it appears from dearth of notes that I aborted the niacin use. It appears further that the cause was a visit from a friend and being involved in much dialogue—also, probably sharing a cannabis cigarette, if the following release of stream of consciousness later that afternoon is any indication:

Death is death, whether by natural causes or self-annihilation by overdosing on poppy powder or clogging one's aveolaries with carcinogens. No way to know, whether our Self continues, afterwards. Some may think that mind-altering substances are means of achieving permanent freedom from the impediment of self-consciousness. True, one can obtain a respite from one's particular psychical wars—a fleeting truce between subconscious and ego. Artists of all types have made use of various substances to free their minds and denude selves, from whom many beloved creations have come. Nor can it be denied that “grass” makes for good honest dialogue. However, although some eastern masters acknowledge ‘drugged’ states can be enlightening, they correctly emphasize that such cannot substitute for nor yield ultimate self-realization, which demands consistent purity, discipline and practice...

Thoughts from the living claim their desire—our desire...ancestors' ancestresses, no fewer than we joined with Man in that state from whence all children come. And I persist in asking, still, why is it?—Man readily can believe one Roman or more cut off Hasdrubal's head which Claudius dropped on Hannibal; but, cannot, that a woman named Judith cut off Holofernes' head, and that her fellow governors hung it on their city wall?

I see myself as a cog in a machine in the vast atomically interacting Uni-verse, my fitted parts held in It and unconsciously destined for that which together they might be, all moving toward the highest of Its contained speed.... Held by what?.... Coming from where?—

Yet, how simple it is, when 'The I' glimpses It! Surely it is possible to break through that invisible glass! But, then, the veil drops, and one must edit away most of what has been writ...

2003

One Summer Day

I took three puffs off a butt before leaving for the Poet's Cafe. It's been months since I last participated there; and I realize I have hurdled one small milestone in that I didn't realize until I parked the car that I'd come away without cigarettes—this being an occasion where I definitely in the past would have smoked one, before entering—*contemplating a public reading without my trusty pack close at hand?* Previously impossible! What's more, altogether today I had only five 'coffin nails,' a new record. Otherwise, not much change....

2004

August 19-25

Vancouver trip; "Great Northern Smoke-Out"/visit to New Amsterdam Café on a trip with heavy-smoking friend. Combined with vacation--I did not try to control my smoking; probably smoked at least half a pack a day.

Cigarette Time of Day

December 30

1 9:30 a.m.

1 11:00

[Visit with needy friend; shared a cannabis cigarette.]

1 3:20 p.m.

1 4:20 Writing work.

½ 5:10 "

1/3 7:40

2/3 8:15

5 ½ Note: "Hard day, but fewer cigarettes!"

December 31

½ 7:45 a.m.

½ 9:15

1 10:45

[Visit with needy friend; shared a cannabis cigarette.]

December 31, 2004, continued

Cigarette Time of Day

1	2:00 p.m.	
1	5:00	
<u>1</u>	6:15	
5		Notes: "Very hard day, but fine!"

2005

I have begun smoking cigarettes only partially. I have been indulging as noted modestly in cannabis via a friend—enough for me to believe it should be included in the record.

January 1 through January 4

Four to five of nicotine each day but not one smoked entirely each time.

[Note: Should I be concerned about relighting a partially smoked cigarette?—recall reading that tar accumulates in back part of cigarette as it is smoked? Perhaps not significant with the non-additive cigarettes?]

Cigarette Time of Day

		<u>Nicotine</u>	<u>Cannabis Puffs</u>
		<u>Puffs</u>	
<u>January 5</u>			
1/3	10:00 a.m.	2	
2/3	11:15	4	
	3:30 p.m.		3, With friend.
½	3:50		
½	4:40		
1/3	5:10	3	
2/3	6:10	3	
<u>1</u>	7:30		
4			"Easier day."

January 6

1/3	7:15 a.m.	2	
2/3	10:40	4	
1	Noon		
1	2:30 p.m.		
½	3:40	3	
½	4:30	3	
1	6:30		
<u>1</u>	10:15		
6			"Worked on writing from 2:30 to bedtime."

2005, continued

<i>Cigarette</i>	<i>Time of Day</i>	<u>Nicotine Puffs</u>	<u>Cannabis Puffs</u>
<u>January 7</u>			
1/3	8:00 a.m.	2	“Caregiver call.”
2/3	9:30		
1	12:30 p.m.	4	“Reward.”
1/2	2:30	3	
1/2	4:10	3	
<u>1</u>	6:30		
4			
<u>January 8</u>			
5			Closest spacing in afternoon, dealing with family problems. *Lower numbers also reflect added time away from home.*
<u>January 9</u>			
1	8:00 a.m.		
	10:05	4	
1	10:45		
1	11:30		
1	2:10 p.m.		
1	3:50		
1	5:45		Stressful family telephone business/calls this afternoon and continuing into evening. (Depressed.)
1	7:15		
<u>1</u>	8:45		
8			
<u>January 10</u>			
6			Spaced much as usual, but number lower because of added time away from home.
<u>January 11</u>			
4			Two were smoked half-each. Shared Cannabis cigarette with friend.
	12:15 p.m.	4	
<u>January 12</u>			
6 1/2	(11:20 a.m.	3	“ “ “ “ “
<u>January 13</u>			
5 1/2			Two were smoked half-each at wide intervals.

2005, continued

<i>Cigarette</i>	<i>Time of Day</i>	<u>Nicotine</u>	<u>Cannabis Puffs</u>	
		<u>Puffs</u>		
<u>January 14</u>				
1	8:55 a.m.			
1	10:20			
1	11:50			
	3:40 p.m.	4		Shared with friend.
1	4:30			
1	4:45			Frustrated; need to stop writing to cook.
1	6:00			Stressed with upcoming trip details.
<u>1</u>	7:10			Ditto; many preparations needed.
7				“Lousy control again!”

January 15
6 ½ Two were smoked by halves.

February Health exam: Results of tread mill heart stress test showed heart is strong. PCP said lung x-ray showed lungs slightly ‘elongated’ (could be an early precursor of emphysema) but no ‘bad’ spots.
Doctor suggested I might try “the patch.”
Lots of stress connected with caregiving, as well as *History* project.

Late February

A fall dislocated the well-worn, all-important vertebra between lumbar and sacral parts of my spine. Resulting pain both is in the area of the herniated disk and down buttocks and backs of legs.

March

Pain from the back injury has increased; especially bad in morning.
Consulted primary care physician and had tests. “Pretty bad arthritis from L4 to S5.”
I did not take advantage then of offered prescription drugs.
Attended one physical therapy session; amended weekly yoga session to avoid back stress and strengthen stomach muscles. Had shoe inserts made to straighten torso.

April 5

Reconsulted PCP because of spine-related pain. Prescribed, Naproxen painkiller and inflammation reliever, 500 mg.; Methocarbamol muscle relaxant, 750 mg.
Blood pressure found to be elevated (unusual for me); prescribed daily dose of 10 mg. Lisinopril. (I also have been taking a daily dose of Levothroid for some years, to correct low thyroid condition.)

Have used the muscle relaxant at bedtime; seems to help a bit. I have delayed using the Naproxen because of my general aversion to taking medications.

2005, continued

<i>Cigarette</i>	<i>Time of Day</i>	<i>Nicotine</i>	
	<u>Puffs</u>	<u>THC Puffs</u>	
<u>May 10</u>			
8:30 a.m.		3	Back pain heavy, even when sitting this a.m.. Supplied by a friend/‘Medium grade’ THC definitely helps with the chronic pain; my friend is willing to supply me with home- grown marijuana if/when I want it.
8:45	3		Accounting to do.
10:10	2		For ‘distraction.’
10:20 – 10:50 a.m.:			Yoga: focus drawn several times to breathing.
10:55	3		
12:45 p.m.	<u>3</u>		
	11		Up to bedtime, 11 puffs = about 1 ½ cigarettes, plus one and a half cigarettes = total between <u>3</u> and <u>4 cigarettes today</u> .

Tried the Naproxen once but didn’t like the ‘vagueness’ it produced in me. Am focusing on posture and avoidance of strain to minimize the back pain.

May 20

Caregiving responsibilities have increased on two sides; there isn’t time for record-keeping, but I believe cigarette quantity doesn’t exceed prior ranges. I am able because of my friend to have a few Cannabis puffs each morning.

Increased pain convinced me to try the Naproxen again. It does cut off pain a goodly degree for perhaps two to three hours per pill; but, once more, I don’t like the particular type of ‘distancing’ side effect it seems to have on me—a lethargy which, although not unpleasant, cuts back also on ambition and energy. The cannabis effect is more agreeable.

June 30

No detailed records in interim but the nicotine remains about **6-7**, an occasional high of **9**. Small cannabis morning dose continues, which appears to provide the same but less distracting distancing as Naproxen.

September 15

Last evening I did something I have done so rarely that I almost missed it in my notes: I consciously indulged in a small amount of alcohol (one of those tiny bottles like once handed out on airplanes; probably three tablespoons). This was a Glenlivet single malt scotch, which I drank fully-witted on an empty stomach, just enough to quiet mind and slow body in the midst of the turmoil of recent days of excessive caregiving, the depression it causes, and an exhausting time schedule.

I’ve resorted only a few times over all the years, to using alcohol as a self-prescribed ‘medicine’. I have no ‘taste’ at all for alcohol—even for wine, as my family well can testify. It will be of great interest to me when Science discovers precisely what it is of

2005, continued

individual bodies that makes for constitutional differences in tastes as to addictive substances.

September 28

Focusing again on the nicotine habit, I believe I am getting ready to try ‘the patch.’ Today however, unusually free of domestic, or project scheduling, I tried using will power, alone, to go without nicotine and give mind up totally to “the Writer...”

...got through the day with only a few “puffs” but accomplished nothing of value. I wound up making shorthand notes practically non-stop, 90 percent of it boringly useless stream of consciousness.

[Time did not permit record keeping for the remainder of 2005 or January 2006; Nicotine and Cannabis uses were in same ranges, and I used neither Naproxen or muscle relaxant.]

2006

February 23 through March 1

Eight days, 18 cigarettes, smoked two or three puffs at a time. My lungs seem reluctant to draw in as much as they used to; I’m finding myself sometimes *blowing out* the smoke instead of inhaling and taking a deep breath, instead. I’ve begun to focus on how I do seem to have a habit of ‘arresting’ breath (*holding breath*), and I wonder what is the cause of that. I’m reminded of the mother in the TV series, *All In the Family*, repeatedly told to “stifle” herself. For the first time I am receiving a clear picture of how I have used cigarettes to stifle *mind*, not speech.

This period worked out to about 1 to 2 cigarettes a day, exceptional in that I was on vacation, usually a time when my smoking increases.

March 28

The experienced alleviation (thanks to my cannabis friend) of spine-related discomfort finally caused me to submit to a physical by a doctor who prescribes medical marijuana. The Physician’s Statement certifies me to buy cannabis at regional dispensaries for six months, after which I would need medical assessment as to benefit and recertification.

I employed three inhalations twice a day—shortly after arising, and in the latter part of the afternoon. It was very useful in distancing physical pain so that I could completely comfortably pass the day. The morning dose was especially welcomed, especially on a morning after an unwisely strenuous previous day in the garden. (One note said, “Barely made it from bed this morning due to back; had to crawl part of the way.”) After the cannabis dose, pain at times was 100 percent unnoticed.

Nicotine smoking over the ensuing six months stayed within recent ranges.

September

Decided not to incur the doctor fee for cannabis recertification—*admittedly* because my friend will supply me. Truthfully, I was not comfortable with the quality of some of the bought cannabis. Because of the non-legalization/standardization controls, one cannot

2006 continued

know where or in what conditions the herb is cultivated and handled, as well as its strengths. My friend's home-grown vegetation is very carefully, knowledgeably tended and cured.

I consulted my Primary Care Physician about "the patch." She suggested I begin with the "Step Two" dose, 14 mg.

September 28 – Day One of The Patch

The patch went on the left shoulder, after I arose from bed.

	<u>Nicotine Puffs</u>	<u>Cannabis Puffs</u>
9:00 a.m.		3
5:00 p.m.		4

Daytime thought intervals: *Watching the raindrops puddle outside the kitchen door, perfect little repeating concentric circles widening into each other, cancelling each other out at their outer rims. It tempted me to think again about light...* "This is a time when a cigarette would be nice..." *...dwelling on Mishra's admonition to distinguish between impulse and compulse...* "Another time when a cigarette would taste so good...*the Ego thinking it has grasped some wonderful insight...pondering the psychological effects of childhood development and long-lasting effects of parenting....* "What of 'the Path?'"—*is one embracing it to follow every provocation of Self to act? Etcetera--as to thinking and urges, for the day...*

Obviously, urges for a cigarette still happened, but there was less mind struggle to escape the thought. I did feel an unusual 'calmness' overall.

I decided not to wear the patch overnight, since I am an excellent sleeper and never have an urge to get up and have a smoke.

September 29

The patch went on the right shoulder this morning.

During the day I notice a definite *mental* calmness compared to my usual state of mind. Thought of a cigarette seems to arise at about the same intervals, by the same triggers, but I am able to get by them easier. There were three urges in the a.m.; I recognized the *emotional* pushes behind whatever is the biochemical they release, which creates the condition that nicotine assuages. There seem to be differing degrees of emotion/stimulation--the one most noted, psychical 'revulsion' to most of the day being eaten by domestic chores.

The patch seems to have no effect on oral quiescence, however. I think about (and frequently go for) a snack or meal more often/sooner than usually I would. (I tried oral pacifiers in the past: in the early 80's, a fake cigarette with menthol inside; '89, a short-lived try with nicotine gum, sillily chewing myself into a sore mouth; '92, chewing on licorice root I bought from an herbalist;

I still take the morning and afternoon doses of cannabis. One of my notes reports, "Four inhalations of 'above-average' grade of a small cannabis cigarette provided total forgetfulness of body pain along with increased 'clarity' of consciousness."

October 5

Despite the mental calmness I have a very obvious increase in need to get up and move about at more numerous intervals. This causes me to wonder about how much nicotine

2006, October, continued

the patch actually was delivering compared with my particular smoked self-doses—nicotine, after all, being a stimulant. I considered cutting the patch in half but its instructions state that its composition won't allow that.

Cannabis doses continue in same amounts.

October 6

Decided to research cigarette nicotine content on-line. I am astounded. The patch steadily is delivering *much greater* an amount of nicotine than did the number of cigarettes I ordinarily smoked! (www.ErowidTobaccoVault, online.)

I could change to the 'third step,' lower-dose patch, but it also would deliver more nicotine steadily than my number of cigarettes.

I have decided to abandon the patch altogether.

Cannabis doses continue in same amounts.

October 21, 3 p.m. to October 23, 7 p.m.

Averaged one cigarette every 1.9 waking hours, a slight increase. ("Mother still in hospital but keeping hold on myself.") Cannabis doses continue in same amounts.

October 23, 7 p.m. to October 26, a total of 67 hours

Smoked one pack = 20 cigarettes. 67 hours less 24 hours of sleep = 43 waking hours, divided by 20 cigarettes = 1 cigarette every 2+ hours.

Cannabis doses continue in same amounts.

October 27, 2006 to January 13, 2007

Number of cigarettes smoked daily stayed at an average of one every two hours, or **8 a day**. (Two-hour 'dosing' has become obvious.)

Cannabis doses continue in same amounts.

2007

July 3

*My life totally changed January 14, when JC was struck with fatal illness. (See book, *Journey With JC, Epilogue*). During his long hospitalization I smoked less than usual, being in circumstances where I either would not or could not smoke; and of course any record keeping was abandoned. (Also abandoned was a scheduled back surgery--implantation of an "x-stop" device between two vertebrae, originally scheduled for March).*

Over the period February 14 (the day of JC's death) to this July day, my nicotine smoking reincreased to half-a-pack almost every day. I continued cannabis doses through March 23 from a supply on hand. By March 23 I was concerned over temptation to use it more often to alleviate psychological stress. I had to acknowledge that the grieving was altogether making me vulnerable to smoking more than best for me while realistically facing new life conditions. I decided to dispose of the remaining cannabis supply.

But JC had left a collection of seeds carefully collected from prior plantings during the period of a medical certificate. When I came across them in late spring, curiosity decided me to try growing. I didn't sprout the seeds first; I simply placed a dozen or so in the herb bed, from which three plants developed between the rosemary and sage.

2007 continued

The plants seemed to like it there, but I had planted late in the season. They were not much higher than my midriff when I had to harvest them. As with any horticulture, there is much to know about strains and methods; and, despite consulting JC's technical references, my effort was definitely amateurish. The buds did not have a heavy resin coating when harvested, probably due to the late planting and insufficient light as the sun in its move toward winter passed behind the oak trees. I wasn't able to decipher JC's code on the little seed container, but did discover after harvest that the plants were a "sensimilla" strain—that is, a breed that produces no seeds.

My three plants were so innocuous looking! It seemed most reasonable that I be able to have a small amount of the herb in my garden; and I had good feelings, planting JC's seeds, and imagining him warmly watching my novice effort, probably saying, "Now you're finding out just how professional my knowledge was!" Members of my family were worried, however, about the plants in full view in my backyard, without the necessary medical certificate I had abandoned (cost of which being beyond my reduced widow budget). I thought, *now who in the world would notice?*

Well, when a couple of repairmen came to work on the property, one said, "Hmmm, those plants look pretty puny."

"You're not going to turn me in?" I asked; and he laughed.

The plants' effects were mild and short-lived, but I was grateful for brief psychological relief they provided when grief—itsself never losing strength--returned to overwhelm me.

July 4

11:30 a.m. I just smoked the last cigarette in my current package, which had four at the beginning of the day—one more than I usually smoke in the mornings. I'll be without the one or two I would smoke in the interim until I go to the store. (I'm reminded of a comment by a woman encountered some thirty years ago, who had managed to quit: "The best part is that you don't need to go out to buy them.")

4:00 p.m. I've resumed work at the p.c. after errands and buying cigarettes. I undoubtedly will smoke another four or five before the day is up.

July 7

The change to American Spirit blue in 1998 I believe has had great impact on smoking *per se*. Indeed I have not researched whether it is true, that the non-additive smokes purportedly are more 'volatile' and deliver nicotine more quickly into the bloodstream, thus brain, than 'particulate' smokes (which have the additives), where the substance is delivered only from, and first stays longer in the lungs.

2008

October 21

Still that half-pack a day, but also still need to hack at Writer's stack. I don't know how many times I've said that the end was in sight; this time, it well may be. Matter of fact, having this moment finished typing notes, I'm off to the corner store 'cause I've only one cig left in my pack. "Everyone has to die from something," a barmaid once said to me. On the

way to the store I ask myself, “If you could have chosen never to have smoked and live longer, but not see accomplished what has been, would you have?” (Truthfully?—I need to answer NO....)

One more thing, ‘though, that was confirmed through dreaming!:

Yesterday I got out the door to the car with a pencil still between my fingers, and the thought occurred that, maybe if I worked to keep a pencil between those two whenever they weren’t involved in something else, it might cut intervene the habit. I smoke when I’m working because, even if my hands are involved with typing words, there are those times in-between to reconcentrate thoughts that always evokes that little ‘scare’ in my midsection--I mean, keeping a pencil between my hands even when I need just to walk between two places. There have been times when I’ve been carrying a pencil and absentmindedly put it to my mouth!

Anyhow, I had a very deep dream last night that didn’t resurface until this afternoon—just a little while ago. The memory of chewing on pencils revived from when I was a girl: a couple of times they got chewed so much they broke in half; and the memory of the dream seemed to come up simultaneously, and *the scene of the dream was focused on a pencil with a hard chew out of its side, while I commenced to explain my habit to some invisible party...*

I don’t expect the holding a pencil between fingers more of the time is going to affect Habit much; however, the above little vignette leads me straight back to the beginning--the ‘the mouth-thing’, you know--Psychology’s once-reasoned cause as too-early weaning. And what’s good would confirmation of *that* do for me now?? (Anyway, why don’t all folks weaned at the same age from bottle to cup, suck to sip, have a mouthy addiction?)

2014

I’ve gone back to less than half-pack a day, often down to only five or six cigarettes, it still depending on how much work “the Writer” undertakes in a day and how much Self is occupied away from home and/or in company of others. Of note is how I more frequently think I’m going to start a cigarette only to begin some task and forget it. I believe that relates to diminishment of physiological need. But also involved is that the aging body doesn’t permit as much activity as it once did, which involves more ‘down’ time for unoccupied hands. Lastly, I rarely indulge in cannabis (only rarely, should a friend gift me; perhaps a handful of times since 2007).

2015

Smoking statistics remain as above, 2014. There were brief periods of cannabis medication (those experiments being covered in a last book--subject, *longevity*); nicotine use, however, was not affected by it.

So—now--what do I think I’ve learned, throughout this history, so far? Well:

Nicotine smoking assuages thoughts from private unconscious constellations (e.g. caregiving reactions; now-nearness of self-death, doubts about personal goals, financial worries, etc.), which cause a biochemical reaction (--that ‘gnawingness’ at the solar plexus).

There is a decided nexus between smoking and breathing. Yogic practices strongly influenced focus on breathing, with regard to which I associate three personal elements:

(1) I can be a very long-winded talker (exasperated by a penchant to preface points with many long clauses that I know frequently try patience of listeners, especially if a subject of great interest to me. (A story from my childhood is that, once I began talking, neighbors bolted into their houses if they saw me coming.)

(2) In retrospect I've realized I have been a 'breath-holder' during mental concentration. (In the seventh grade a highly strung, middle-aged teacher kept the whole class after school once, because I unconsciously had let out a very large sigh while working an algebra problem. WHO SIGHED? WHO SIGHED? she called out—so angrily harsh not a classmate, even, would say who had done it, while neither could I confess, so frightened was I.)

(3) Stopping to smoke a cigarette to focus thought away from personal (particularly family and financial) issues while working on authored works, differs from stopping to smoke to force attention to 'writing' tasks I dislike, such as business and accounting.

It will need to be circumstances, not will power, that determines whether I am able to further reduce or ever quit entirely the number of cigarettes I 'need' in a day. In that regard, three elements also are involved:

(1) *Occupation of hands:* the very *holding* of the cigarette is like 'multi-tasking.'

(2) *Environment, including company.* The more of a day that I am away from home and desk, or in the presence of non-smokers, the less I smoke. This emphasizes for me that my addiction *now* is much more *psychophysiological* than physical.

(3) *Orality in general.* If I let myself eat malted milk balls with gay abandon I probably would smoke less.

Mid this year, my worsened spinal condition and some depression from both it and longevity's enforced pensiveness caused me to consult my regular physician about a possible medical alleviator. He offered me "Prozac;" but I opted instead to try, first, edible medical cannabis, for which he willingly provided a prescription. Reports of trials of its use, including dosages and effects, form part of a book on longevity presently underway. Included will be information relative to recent production and medical use of the cannabis form *cannabidiol (CBD)*, from which the potentially psychoactive constituent (*tetrahydrocannabinol*/"THC") is removed.

February, 2016

There has been some frequent added reduction in the daily number of nicotine cigarettes smoked, of which rarely more than three or four puffs taken at a time. I have been refraining from smoking in the house, making myself go to the garage or garden when I do smoke. Some days, usually attributable to having company, only three to four cigarettes are used up.

Miscellaneous Notes

Forty-one years, three months, since that 1974 day when I began examining my nicotine habit with the little niacin experiment. Many articles can be found in libraries and on the Web as to whether there *is* a connection between "niacin's"/Vitamin B3's nicotinic acid and tobacco nicotine *per se*. The general impetus has been to negate connection between them. Yet Vitamin B3 (among other benefits) helps the nervous system to function

properly and helps make various stress-related hormones in the adrenal glands, which I feel significant personally. It does appear that issue is not resolved totally, it also seen maintained that “the two molecules are not unrelated. A simple oxidation reaction is all you need to turn nicotine into nicotinic acid.”¹

As to my habit, I confess that over those four decades, there have been relatively few times I haven’t been acutely aware of each smoked cigarette, watching my own fingers trip it to and from lips until crushed to death, always aware at the edge of consciousness that I may be hastening a bit my own. Cigarettes once often were referred to as “coffin nails.” If they really were, my coffin wouldn’t have room in it for me. I’d say the number of butts I have stamped out to my present 80th year is somewhere around 200,000. Teasing notes from over the years surface here:

“A sign of nitrogen poisoning is fluid in the lungs--fluid in the lungs is involved in emphysema...the brain interprets nitrogen as oxygen?—how are the molecular possibilities involved there? ... Investigate carbon dioxide; slower breath increases it in the blood?...Conversely, autonomic nervous system increases rate of breathing to decrease/release more carbon dioxide under what circumstances?...Check out electro-physiological effects of nitrogen and ‘Psychobiological Consequences of Chronic Nicotization’ (find author’s name and journal²)...find article that quoted, ‘The study of the neurophysiological effects of nitrogen is part of the more general study of neurotransmitters,’ which becomes more complex day after day, involving the brain’s ‘closed loop feedback systems, possibilities of reciprocal interactions, and discovery of new types of receptors.’”³ ... And don’t forget, nicotine’s release of dopamine....

Obviously there is much science still to be done on the physiology and metabiology of smoking for nicotine absorption. Meanwhile, public anti-smoking campaigns largely appear administered by never-smokers, smoking being portrayed as an acquirable habit *addicting in and of itself* (unlike alcohol is portrayed). Never in admonitions about preserving health and longevity does one hear *cut back, cut down*; yet I do believe I have benefited from my reported efforts to do so. My most recent chest x-ray was clear; but that I know does not guarantee body free from other effects, understanding that the pancreas, bladder, and arteries are vulnerable. Also, while I feel my smoking is not an unconscious suicidal bent, I confess I am susceptible to proactive thoughts, e.g. “Well, one must die of something;” or, “‘God’ won’t let it be too bad for me because ‘God’ has important things for me still to do”—typical addict self-assurances.

Other notes say: “Of two types of postsynaptic receptors in the mammalian nervous system, the nicotinic type is so named because it is stimulated by nicotine, and a large number of the brain’s nerve receptors are sensitive to nicotine.” “The [average?] body needs one-two-thousandth of niacin a day.” “Niacin essential for hormones cortisone, thyroxine and insulin [I have wondered about my inherited endocrine system; thyroid problems have been prevalent (father and sisters); and father developed adult diabetes].” “What is the ‘tryptophan’ connection, if any?” “Related chemistry appears to involve the adrenals.... Much has been said about release of adrenalin when physically threatened; what about ‘psychologically threatened’?”

¹ For example: <http://www.sott.net/article/270514-Nicotine-vs-nicotinic-acid-niacin> [which shows molecular structures].

² 2/15/16: Checked Internet; this 1976 article would need to be bought/\$49.00.

³ “ “ “: Could not find.

Forty-two years have I objectively been fascinated by the macabre smoking ballet. I have read books, researched medical journals beyond my expertise, watched documentaries (persons after cancer of the larynx smoking through a hole in their neck), looked at blackened lungs, listened to tapes, tried autohypnosis, and put myself through protracted self-analysis along with the practical tactics described. After all of it, I still ‘need’ to smoke those (*can we now say, few?*) cigarettes a day, and still only can speculate causes and purposes of that lifelong alliance. A little comfort is something said to me several years ago by a then also-80-year-old woman who had quit, finally. As the habit reached its ending, she said, she was smoking only one-half a cigarette every Saturday morning!

As to Cannabis, Etc. - Ruminations

I’ve been a ‘writer,’ which only means that I was given to put words on paper or digital pages. Some writers create fictional characters and fictional plots; others, fictional characters speaking and acting real-life and personal plots; others, non-fiction; and, some, as I have, a mixture. *Journey’s* volumes are an admixture of autobiography and non-fiction. Its impetus was strong desire to provide honest accounts of one individual’s living experiences, in which and with whom particular readers might find human commonality.

I always have been obsessively cautious about drugs *per se*. JC was fond of kidding me that the number of aspirin I’ve taken in my life wouldn’t fill a bottle, and I’ve exasperated more than one doctor with questions about diagnoses and treatments. So it is odd even to me, that life occasioned at intervals a variety of so-called ‘drug-mind-altering’ experiences.

During one semester at San Francisco State, I lived in a boarding house. One night a rooming house girl friend and I took an ogling stroll along the blocks that once formed North Beach’s ‘Barbary Coast’ in San Francisco. When we stopped to peer into a famous (or infamous) bar, the Black Cat, its doorman/bouncer cajolingly tried to give us some “bennies.” We moved quickly on. Decades passed before I learned that *benzedrine* is one of the *amphetamines*, with which at age 22 I had a non-prescribed drug experience with it.

An aunt-by-marriage was using benzedrine for weight control and on a visit blithely passed some to me (why, I don’t recall; possibly we chatted about weight, I being inclined cellularly to carry fat and ever-concerned about keeping weight within reason.) I was working my first legal secretary job at the time and tried a benzedrine pill one morning before work. I became so hyper I barely could stand it and never took another.

As elsewhere told, I also in my 30’s on a couple of occasions experienced mind-altering substances other than cannabis, which comparison brought home the dangers persisting by its’ continuing national A1 categorization with deadly substances. As a good citizen, parent, and grandparent who retired from blemishless life employment in public and private sectors, I’m convinced that the lack of unprejudiced adult education toward intelligent governance and control of cannabis keeps our children in harm’s way, as well as preventing in-depth advancement of proven medical efficacy.

Long castigated cannabis, federally relegated with powerful illegal drugs, is in quite a different category. Informed difference between a few puffs of cannabis and injecting heroin is like a mild prescribed tranquilizer versus a full bottle of bathtub gin. It’s said in the *Rubaiyat*, “I drink wine not for pleasure, nor for profligacy, nor to renege religion and good morals, but solely to escape a moment from my self.” Such can be appropriately medically prescribed cannabis potential, toward distancing mind from chronic body ailments and

providing non-disabling relaxation of them. Meanwhile, the contribution of alcohol to certain carcinomas scarcely has been acknowledged, to say nothing as to common violence and terrible accidents.⁴

On the ‘social’ side, however--as I once witnessed—heavy cannabis smoking along with alcohol consumption apparently can be a serious combination, perhaps depending on the individual. Decades ago at a party elsewhere than my home, I watched an adult man already drunk decide to prove greater manliness by smoking cannabis for the first time, inhaling large amounts like a drowning man. He was very, very sick for some hours afterward. Nor do I eschew the issue of *smoking, per se* where cannabis is concerned, when available are other non-injurious methods for absorbing its medical essence.

The spontaneous ‘God’-growth with slang names like ‘grass,’ ‘weed,’ and ‘Mary Jane’ (earliest recorded uses of which date from third millennium b.c.), nonetheless remains relegated to a poorly understood topic of social concern, about which we elders recall the inundating, frightening propaganda, during corporate competitions against industrial hemp in the 30’s and 40’s. Much neutralizing information on that score, together with that of variously applied, successful medical use, is available on the Internet.⁵ Summaries are not being included here; however, a glossary of some terms is included with this text, and interesting are the following quotes from our country’s history:⁶

Make the most you can of the Indian Hemp seed and sow it everywhere."

— George Washington 1794

"Hemp is of first necessity to the wealth & protection of the country."

--Thomas Jefferson

"Why use up the forests which were centuries in the making and the mines which required ages to lay down, if we can get the *equivalent* of forest and mineral products in the annual growth of the hemp fields?"

-- Henry Ford

"The prestige of government has undoubtedly been lowered considerably by the prohibition law. For nothing is more destructive of respect for the government and the law of the land, than passing laws which cannot be enforced. It is an open secret that the dangerous increase of crime in this country is closely connected with this [prohibition]."

--Albert Einstein (My First Impression of the U.S.A. 1921)

At this point (not yet having explored ‘purified’ CBD--*see* last paragraph of 2015), what I would say (admittedly, only a statistic of one) about effects of cannabis that also contains THC falls into three categories: (1) a ‘distancer’ or alleviator of physical pain or debilitating physical condition; (2) a palliative of psychological stress; (3) an intensifier of one’s fundamental nature and experience of existence.

As to (1) and (2), my body impairment consistently insists itself on consciousness. Those slipped vertebrae in conjunction with other demands of aging make it difficult for

⁴ Acknowledging, however, that accidents can be caused by driving too slowly!

⁵ *E.g.* [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cannabis_\(drug\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cannabis_(drug)).

⁶ <http://relegalize.info/hemp/propaganda.shtml>

mind to overcome depressive thought (*How am I to manage ongoing day-to-day life? What will I do if I become chair-bound? How will I manage my own aging along with the care needed by other family members?*)

Cannabis with both CBD and THC (like many prescription drugs) did appear to calm such mental activity which, in turn, appeared to relax the body and distance mind from awareness of and resistance to physical pain.

As to (3), certain of my writings during cannabis use reveal intensification of the two greatest elements of my nature—intellectual curiosity and spirituality--being what could be called a ‘spiritually-motivated impulsive’ and ‘practically-motivated obsessive-compulsive.’ All I need to hear is that a certain thing--regardless how small or big; which *I* see as potentially positive—is beyond consideration; and I will throw myself into proving otherwise. I do believe cannabis has been responsible for some of our finest art in all artistic media; for it does seem that THC heightens fundamental psychical nature, including stimulation of creative urges.⁷

As to ‘spirituality,’ the effects of THC made me even more likely to react to the interconnectedness of existence. Huston Smith’s term for substances that enhance ‘spiritual’ nature is “entheogens”—chemicals screened through specific personality makeup,” with “set and setting” also in the mix--“there being no such thing as a singular drug experience.” (That would seem true, also, of legalized drugs, *sans* the spiritual experience?)

Finally, only sound, standardizing legislation (at least to the extent for alcohol) safely will insure a transparently reliable industry—composition, quality, dosages, etc., as well as increased scientific studies along with removal from dangerous drug classified environments. And it does look as if such progress, ‘though it will take much time, *is* underway...

Glossary

Nota bene: These are only brief definitions. Refer to reliable published texts and studies for full discussions of substances and effects. Some references are to the Bibliography in *Journey With JC*. Those not noted are from Casarett, M.D., David, *Stoned*, New York, NY: Penguin Random House LLC, 2015.

Cannabidiol/CBD

One of several dozen naturally occurring cannabinoids. It binds only weakly to CB1 and CB2 brain receptors and does not cause the “high” feeling of THC.

Cannabinoids

A group of molecules that exist in cannabis plants and can also be synthesized in a laboratory.

⁷*However*, one can (as have I) undertake an ambitious project which--regardless it turned out very gratifying in itself--forced the ‘straight’-me to do double-time to cover its addition to all otherwise on my plate! Further, obviously the writer in me is driven to record thoughts limitlessly (some might say, *ad nauseum*)--making notes constantly. Although I did so at times of cannabis use, while once in a while I later found some useful, other lengthy expositions went their way to recycle.

Cannabis sativa

The hemp plant; *see* Marijuana.

Cannabol

A generic name for substances found in the hemp plant that share a similar chemical structure.

LSD - lysergic acid diethylamide:

“Odorless, colorless, and tasteless, LSD is...the most powerful drug known [at the time of publication of this reference]. A crystalline solid in pure form, it also can be produced as a liquid. ...It is five thousand times as potent as mescaline and two hundred times as potent as psilocybin...”

“LSD is a semi-synthetic derivative of lysergic acid, an alkaloid found in ergot...a fungus that grows as a rust on rye...”

“LSD is considered a psychomimetic drug....” Young, pages 127-128.

[LSD being the most potent substance I once experienced, back in 1973, it was very interesting to learn that its’ molecular structure reflects what is called an “indole ring”--akin to *serotonin*, one of our brain’s primary synaptic neurotransmitters. Not only does LSD bear the indole ring, its entire molecule is a precise *mirror-image* of serotonin. A less potent substance was *mescaline*, referred to as the *hallucinatory heart of peyote* (chemical name, *3,4,5-trimethoxyphenylethylamine*). My two experiences of “magic mushroom” *psilocybin* (also termed an hallucinogen) was akin to mescaline.

“Magic” Mushrooms *See* Psilocybin.

Marijuana

“Marijuana [the common ‘street’ term] comes from the Indian hemp plant, *Cannabis sativa*, a hardy weed that grows all over the world. ...[I]n texture it resembles the small granules of oregano or the larger leaves of tea. When smoked it smells like sweet, burned rope or dried grasses.

“The active ingredient...found in the gooey, yellow, fragrant resin of the upper leaves and flowers, is the tongue-twisting delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol...known as THC.

“... Depending on the quality... ‘joints’ [cigarettes of it] average about 4 to 40 mg of THC each.” Young, p. 137.

See also THC.

Marijuana’s/cannabis’ effects are caused by the varying group of chemicals called *cannabinoids*. Marijuana commonly is referred to as: *Cannabis* [L. hemp, fr. Gk *kannabis*, fr. the source of OE *haenep* hemp]: the dried flowering spikes of the pistillate plants of the hemp.” (*Webster*.) One of its two active agents is *tetrahydrocannabinol*, or THC. [It is suggested by studies that, reception of environment--sensing, etc.—is expanded in the discrete brain due to blocking of synapses.]

Knowledge of THC’s stimulation to appetite, perhaps better described as capacity to make food and eating more attractive (*e.g.* the “munchies,” the object of much joking). Of

fairly common knowledge is THC's usefulness for persons suffering from potential malnutrition.

Mescaline

"Mescaline is the hallucinatory heart of peyote, excised from the scrubby peyote cactus, *Lophorophora williamsii*...in its natural state as peyote buttons, or...extracted as organic mescaline.... Synthetic mescaline sulfate comes in white needlepoint crystals... True mescaline is rarely, if ever, sold on the street. What is usually passed off as mescaline is either PCP, LSD, a combination of LSD/PCP, amphetamines, STP, belladonna alkaloids, or improperly synthesized contaminants." Young, p. 152.

Niacin

Vitamin B3, a derivative of nicotinic acid (pyridine-3-carboxylic acid produced by oxidation of nicotine). A crystalline acid essential for the body's resistance to nervous symptoms, pellagra and skin lesions, and production of hormones, cortisone, thyroxine and insulin.

Nicotine and nicotine tobacco⁸

The active principle of tobacco; a colorless, intensely poisonous, oily liquid of tobacco leaves; an 'alkaloid' (a plant substance of particular atomic structure, many of which—such as cocaine—are involved with important physiological actions and are used in medicines). A molecule of nicotine consists of 10 atoms of carbon, 14 of hydrogen, and two of nitrogen. Science yet has to discover precisely what happens to those atoms when they enter the body's system.

"Although tobacco smoke consists of nearly five hundred compounds in its particles, it is nicotine, an alkaloid in the plant's leaves, that causes the most acute effects of smoking. Extracted nicotine is a colorless, acrid, oily liquid...one of the most powerful poisons known.

"Cigarette tobacco contains about 1.5 percent nicotine; the smoke from an average cigarette yields about 6 to 8 mg of the drug. Cigars contain appreciably more nicotine, averaging 120 mg each, twice the amount needed to kill a normal human adult if he chose to eat it.

"...,In addition to nicotine, a variety of other toxic substances can be found in cigarette smoke, including cyanide, 'tar,' and carbon monoxide. None can be completely removed or isolated... Cigarette smoke contains about 1 percent carbon monoxide—cigars about 6 percent—by volume..." Young, p. 215.

Suggested readings (see Bibliography): Garron, pp 99-107; Grinspoon, pp 89-97

Peyote See Mescaline.

Psilocybin

"At least twenty various mushrooms contain the psychoactive ingredients psilocybin and psilocin... .. difficult and expensive to produce synthetically and store properly, and only one in a thousand street samples [can be] genuine. The rest are either LSD or an LSD/PCP combination. ...

⁸ This does not include the difference that may exist in organic, non-additive cigarettes such as American Spirit Blue.

“...Relatively unstable, psilocybin is converted to psilocin by the body. The LSD-like effects attributed to psilocybin are actually the work of psilocin.” Psilocybin is “known formally as ortho-phosphoryl-r-hydroxy-N-di-methyltryptamine....” Young, pages 194-195.

Pyridine

A colorless liquid, nitrogenous base of pungent odor obtained in distillation of bone oil, coal tar, etc. and by decomposition of certain alkaloids; parent of many organic compounds; as nicotine, used for denaturing alcohol, as a solvent, germicide, remedy for asthma.

THC/tetrahydrocannabinol

“THC is the primary active ingredient in every cannabis preparation, from marijuana to hashish to hash oil. Its chemical name, delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol, defines its status as one of the chemical substances called cannabinoids found in the hemp plant. ...

“THC was first synthesized in 1966. The extremely delicate and costly equipment needed to manufacture it synthetically has left it solely in the hands of professional laboratories, under regulated contract to a limited number of bona-fide drug researchers. ...

“An average marijuana [cigarette/’joint’] has about 1 percent THC content, while hash oil, at the other end of the scale, may have as much as 30 percent THC. PCP has no THC content. ...

“Unfortunately, nine times out of ten, the unsuspecting consumer [being told the substance is synthetic THC] will buy a dose of the...dangerous drug PCP [or] combination of whatever leftovers [the] dealer can scrape together—LSD, mescaline, or occasionally amphetamines.” Young, p. 211, 212.

Tryptophane

Amino acid; precursor to nicotinic acid; a crystalline product of “trystic” digestion essential to animal life.

*What is a weed?
A plant whose virtues
Never have been discovered.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

APPENDIX B

Records of “O,” “M,” and “I”⁹

General conclusions obviously can't be drawn from one subject's history, a product of physical inheritance, conditioning, and aging experiences progression. The best that can be hoped for *Journey's* record is to serve to encourage wider study of the physiology and psychology of the female procreative functioning, ultimately toward common objective view, consideration, and practical understanding of human sexuality. Toward that aim, this appendix provides as much data as possible of the study of its subject's sexual history not detailed in the text:

M began at what subject recalls was the typical age for it naturally unwittingly to begin--sometime around age 10 or 11 (=☺).

Age 17, a few ☺ via cunnilingus with a steady beau.

After marriage (age 18); very frequent **I**, fully serving partner more frequently than privately desired.

No **O** during **I** until third year of marriage; delay believed due to combination of ignorance, naivete, and incapacity to discuss/pursue objectively with partner, and before discovering superior position most reliable.

I frequency continued throughout first 25-year marriage. **O's** were cyclical, depending on inclination to pursue effort. Desire seemed to coincide with the procreational cycle but surprisingly was experienced more intense during menstruation/non-conceptive days.

Subject had a vaginal hysterectomy (removal of uterus, only) at age 36.

M was employed sporadically until the last year of the 25-year first marriage (age 42) and ensuingly was employed as recorded in the following chart.

Effects of menstrual cycle unknowable after removal of uterus at age 35.

Effects of daily yoga practices beginning at age 42 remain in question (*c.f.*

Bibliography, Krishna, Gopi, and his reticent allusions to such).

<i>Month</i>	<i>Day</i>	<i>Time</i> ¹⁰	M # of <i>climaxes</i>	I	<i>Notes</i>
[Yoga disciplines and asanas (postures) began in Spring 1978—refer to Appendix D]					
1978	[Age 43]				
October	18	Early a.m.	1		
	22	6 p.m.	4		
	2		2		Fantasy, ‘The Reverend.’”

⁹**O** = orgasm; **M** = masturbation; **I** = intercourse. As record progresses, the following symbols are employed: for O strengths: ⚡=intensest pleasure; ♦= maximum intensity but without special effects; ◆= moderate intensity; ◆= low intensity; ☺= soft, sweet (similar to youthful cunnilingus). Strengths were not recorded in all instances; notes are as found when transcribing journals.

¹⁰ Times of day were not always recorded, as shown.

M, continued

<u>Month</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u># of climaxes</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>Notes</u>
1978					
October	31	Late night	4		
November [Age 44]					
	1	Early a.m.	2		
	11		4		"Fantasy, 'God.'"
	12		2		" " "
	15		◆	(see fn. 1)	Thought, 'I hope it's the last!'"
	27		5		"'Faceless God' fantasy."
	28		1		" " " ; "immense."
1979 [End of marriage, February]					
March	4	a.m.	5		
	5	a.m.	2		
	10		7		"Fantasies, Krishna, Arjuna, 'Christian'." [Beginning of bartholin gland 'cyst'—problem not fully cured until 1986; see Attachment One. Here-within practices responsible?]
1981 [Age 45]					
March	4			x	Initially-platonic visit by a younger neighbor culminated in energetic 'encounter.'
	25		2		
		Noon	3		Last one, tears; "pure mechanics."
		7 p.m.	1		After intense yogic <i>pranayama</i> (breathing method) combined with new postures; tears; identityless 'god'; 'priestly' figure in robe.
	29				Note only said, "heavy M."
	30-31	-----			Noted skin irritation, slight bleeding scratch, undoubtedly from preceding activity.
April	3	-----			"Despite attempting to combat urge with conscious sublimation; strange 'honing-in' sound in inner ear; tears release pressure."
	5	-----			"Increased restlessness; 'burning/stinging/desire' in clitoral, vaginal <i>and</i> rectum regions; M consciously delayed despite distraction."
	6	a.m.	◆◆		"'El Senor' fantasy; <i>conscious sublimation is impossible?—must study the generation of the energy.</i> "
	16	p.m.	◆		"'Wiggling-inhibited' sleep (<i>feels as if I and M each once monthly should suffice, absent the yogic intensification?</i>); fantasy changing to non-identity whose main expression and essence is love.

M, continued

<u>Month</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u># of climaxes</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>Notes</u>
<u>April, 1981</u>					
	17	8:30 a.m.	◆◆		“Perhaps explainable, it being Easter week, that meditation turned <i>circa</i> Jesus.”
	22	a.m.	Degree Unnoted		“Preceded by dreams of Countryman with strong sexual feelings; <i>what are effects, if any, of spring season on the human body?</i> ”
<p>[Note: The months March through September of 1981 were a combination of intensive yogic practice combined with equally affecting personal endeavors, including a trip (April 24-May 4) to Oaxaca, Mexico, to further translation of play manuscript (“<i>internal energy high after return-- no one with whom to discharge it</i>”); unexpected contacts by three prior male ‘devotees’ (“<i>fended them all off</i>”); visits to friend at a nursing home; process of enrolling in fall university courses on perception and psychophysiology and continuing writing as time permitted; research and obtaining appointment for an <i>excision</i>. There was a large accompanying lapse in records, with only the following noted:]</p>					
<u>May</u>	28		◆◆		“ <i>Oh, god, how I am coming to hate contemplating episodes of accumulated force!— wish I could see a pattern....</i> ”
<u>June</u>	14		“Very large--		after consciously having refrained a long while; <i>however, no way to feel ‘happy’ when one gets in that state!</i> <u>[September 15, obtained excision— refer to text.]</u>

October

“*Heightened mental activity (after the first examinations in the university courses) peaked in a morning awakening, after dreaming, to awareness of ‘stuffed’ nervous energy; but the usual concomitant anxiety seemed reduced. Thought turned instead to the processes of inspiration—‘external’ and ‘internal’—and breathing’s relation to nervous system energy buildup. Drawing open the clitoral hood caused a relaxing response, bringing to mind both a statement of Mishra, regarding the unrecognized internal reaches of breath, and one of Netter, concerning the ‘end’ of oxygenizing respiration--when, through enzymatic action in the metabolic cycle, a full exchange from protein to amino acids into hormones to nerve endings and tissues is completed.*”

1983 [Age 47; duties did not permit keeping more of this year’s full records, but would expect more or less continuation as before. Only one instance recorded.]

<u>January</u>	15	2 a.m.	◆		“Surprised at awakening with need; accomplished while still half-asleep; much work afterwards on latest manuscript.”
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M, continued

Month *Day* *Time* *# of climaxes* **I** *Notes*

1984

September 1 7:30 a.m. ----- “20-minute session; fantasies: ‘harem—both roles!’—he who has ‘multiple access.’”

Degrees: **O #1:** *titillation; birth control could be easy; milking of the tiny tail of the nervous system=effect on breathing with each small release; O #2:* intense; leg contractions; fluttering snorts; final thought, *you are mother of all my children. (Lady Emilia the cat has been on the roof, refusing to come down for two days--also despite long-ago removal of her uterus, ovaries have her in heat and she is choosing that mode of self-protection).*”

November 3 a.m. Degree unnoted.
 17 ♦♦
 (Age 49) 19 ♦♦
 21 ♦♦
 23 ♦♦ “Breasts slightly swollen/sore like during menstrual cycles.”

December 1 ♦
 6 ♦☺
 11 ♦☺
 15 ✨ “Preceded by a pleasant M dream.”
 19 ♦♦☺
 23 ♦☺

“Many dreams about physics; on the 3rd, painted all night on ‘Intuition;’ ‘out-of-body’ experiences during sleep....(look up sonnabulism--is that *what I’ve been experiencing?*.... No--definitely not).”

1985 [Age 49-50]

January 4 ♦☺
 6 ♦♦☺
 10 ♦☺
 15 ♦☺
 16 ♦♦
 25 ♦☺
February 2 ♦☺
 4 ♦☺
 6 a.m. ♦☺
 6 p.m. ♦☺☺
 9 ♦
 22 ♦♦
 26 ♦♦♦♦
March 8 ♦♦ “Tortured.”

17 ♦♦♦ “Tortured.”

M, continued

<i>Month</i>	<i>Day</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i># of climaxes</i>	I	<i>Notes</i>
1985, continued					
March	25		☼☺☺		“Each type higher intensity than usual.”
April	3		☼☺☺		
	13		♦☺		
	15		♦☺		
	18		♦☺		
	20		♦☺		
	21		♦☺☺		“Breasts very tender at the beginning of this season/sore and swollen.”
	27		♦☺		
	30		♦☺		“Breasts continued to be sore and swollen/two weeks now.”
May	5		♦☺☺☺		“Breasts went down a while but tender again.”
	12		“Several”		“Explosive.”
	13		♦♦		“Feels like finishing-off of a cycle.”
	19		♦♦		“Fantasy, recent acquaintance.”
	31		☼☺		
June	21		♦♦		“Partially tortured but ‘very necessary;’ leg-cramp-producing, followed by several smaller releases, in an approximate 15-20 minute session—rare, since excision, to take that long.”
	22		♦♦		
	25		☼♦		
	26		♦♦		
July	3		♦♦		“Slightly tortured--believe bartholin gland a bit enlarged?”
	8	Unnoted	Unnoted		“Note definite slight bartholin gland enlargement. <i>Concerned about overactivity absent I friction necessary to its secretion; know an acquaintance would oblige were I to ‘make a move,’ but no desire to brook any ensuing relationship.</i> ”
	16		♦♦		
	22		♦♦		
	29		☼		“Extra special; easily and quickly achieved. Some restraint this month due to bartholin concern despite body’s demands at same level.”
August	14		♦♦		
	23		♦♦		

25 ♦♦

M, continued

<i>Month</i>	<i>Day</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i># of climaxes</i>	I	<i>Notes</i>
<u>1985, continued</u>					
August	29		♦♦		
September	7		*♦		
	10		♦♦		
	13		♦♦		
	17		♦♦♦♦		"Previously severely depressed."
	22	Midnight	**		
October	13		♦♦		
	21	"	♦♦		
	25	"	♦♦		
	[Age 50]				[Commencement of a monogamous relationship.]
November	20			x	
	21	a.m.	♦♦		
	24		*		
December	2		♦		
	7			x	
<u>1986</u>					
January	20		*		"Fantasy, identityless male."
	22		*		"Fantasy, current 'mate.'"
	31		*		
February	3		♦♦		
	5		♦♦		
	9		*♦		
	20			x	
	27			x	
April	18			x	
	25			x	

May, June and July:

"Should summarize: Only two notes of M during these months were made (May 9 and 28). Being involved with a partner does result often in putting off M in anticipation of I; however, M continued about once every week or eight days."

August	2		♦♦		
	8	a.m.	♦♦♦		
		p.m.		x	
	13	Late p.m.	♦♦		
	20	p.m.		x	"Included both fantasy and <i>mantram</i> , to maintain during a long period of giving rather

than receiving--Mary of Magdala and Jesus ('of
M, continued

<u>Month</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u># of climaxes</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>Notes</u>
1986. continued					
August	20,	continued			<i>an only--first and last--time</i>); <i>Credo</i> and other meditations; feelings of special tenderness dominant throughout; total vaginal satisfaction; but conscious afterward of deep longing for 'mate's' body alongside; despite no O, residual euphoria lasted into next day."
	23		◆◆		"Seemed a demand built of heavy anxiety over a coming obligation that won't allow writing time the coming weekend."
	31	Late p.m.	◆◆		"Definite 'hungry' desire; waited until certain that 'mate' was not going to appear.
<p>[<i>Note</i>: "The main thing seemingly accomplished by the excision is a delay in aggravation of tissue surrounding the clitoris, with a corresponding delay of erratic effect on mental processes, during the initial changing of the state of the clitoris, which appears to be gradual. But it does appear very possible that mental activity <i>per se</i> can fuel the desire to M, specifically to 'change mental tracks' [(?)].</p>					
September	1	p.m.	◆◆	after I	
	21	6 a.m.	◆◆		"Gave in after a long wait for partner—psychically too much of a nuisance to put M off. (Employed 'penetration' ¹¹)
	24	Midnight	◆◆		
	25	p.m.	◆◆	after I	
	27	a.m.	◆◆		
October	4	Afternoon.		after I	
	8	p.m.	◆◆		"Employed 'penetration; much fantasy--no one in particular, but thought that sprang up at the last was of a male, saying, <i>Mother of my son</i> ."
	12		◆◆◆		
	19	p.m.		Unnoted	
	20		◆◆◆		
	21		◆◆		"Feels as if body is at the 'conceiving' stage of its natural cycle ('mate' has been too involved with his life to be able to serve).
	23			Gigantic after I	"Total release during which subject was impelled to say her own name out loud, three times."
	26			x	
	28		◆◆		"Following yoga postures, <i>primarily to adjust</i>

¹¹"This 'fruitful' endeavor is left to the imagination (*since all of this transcription is trying even the subject's sense of humor*).

equilibrium (commenced new position at
M, continued

<u>Month</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u># of climaxes</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>Notes</u>
1986 continued [Age 51]					
		Same night.	Unnoted		‘Diocese’); release preceded by thought, ‘father of my children.’ The fantasy image of this ‘lover’ (seemingly a consistently increasing one) is a nebulous combination of an identityless person and current partner, <i>but always consciously imagined as preparatory to conception intercourse</i> ; awakened during the night. <u>The unconscious connection between the maternal drive and sexual drive needs exploration! . . .</u>
	30		x		
November	8		◆◆	after I	“Just what was needed to adjust frame of mind! (However, as week progresses, far less thought about ‘mate’— <i>the waning moon?</i>)”
	13			x	“Lack of personal desire but bartholin gland did need servicing.”
December	24		◆◆	after I	“Lack of personal desire but bartholin gland benefit.” “Subject feels as if she wants to end the relationship, in that ‘mate’ never stays to sleep after sex.”
	4		◆◆◆	after I	
	6		◆◆		
	13		◆◆		
	14	a.m.	◆◆		
	18	p.m.	◆◆	after I	
	25			x	
	29			x	
1987 [Age 51]					
January	11		◆◆		“Primarily to release nerves; unaccompanied by any particular feelings of love.”
	16	p.m.	◆◆	after I	“Rare instance of a seeming small fluid discharge from clitoris itself?” “But two mild releases experienced immediately after withdrawal of penetration at finish of I.”
	17	a.m.	◆◆		
	27	1 hr after I	◆◆		
February	1	a.m.	◆◆◆◆		“On awakening, after dreams involving current partner plus religious themes. No conscious intent; spontaneous decision to M, with

artificial penetration. Thought at finish, *how*
M, continued

<u>Month</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u># of climaxes</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>Notes</u>
<u>1987. continued. February</u>					
		Same day, p.m,		x	<i>strange that the heterosexual female's body still longs for a man's body at all, when other orgasmic satiations are available?</i>
	8		◆◆		
March	3		◆◆	after I	
	14		※◆◆		"Mind and body both very needy; waited in hope 'mate' might call."
	22	Afternoon	※		

Subsequently, occasions for **I** grew farther apart, one to two months and sometimes longer, into 1988. Coincidentally with that, subject noticed a dwindling of **M** episodes. However, uncertain as well whether to ascribe it to bodily aging, some reduction in life stresses, abandonment of the more intense yogic discipline formerly exercised, or, a combination of all three.

Circa mid-1988, subject's ex-husband re-entered her life. As it became clear that they were eventually to remarry, subject ended the sexual element of her other friendship. She and former husband remarried May of 1990 at ages 55 and 58 respectively.

Remarried sex life differed from their first 25-year marriage. The husband maintained the same degree of subjective interest in sex, but physical strength and endurance were dramatically less due to overall health conditions (perhaps combining with age). This did not distress subject, in that her body was not moved to strive for **O** during **I** as in younger year marriage.

As the remarriage progressed, partnering elements of body "housekeeping" and love became clearly distinguished, as the couple grew to appreciate more the intimate compassionate loving of physical union, coupled with humor ("anything goes!") as to meeting individual body needs--hand manipulation appearing to be a natural, main manner for both to achieve climax. There continued to be times when each indulged in 'private' **M** sessions, episodes they felt no necessity to share with each other.

The following few notes remain:

1995, August

[Age 60]

I morning of August 8, which felt like a complete 'mating;' included rare sustained penetration and internal ejaculation. (*"Wondered whether it was some natural late-life generative stimulus."*)

1997, September

"Rarely think about sex or release of bodily energy through it; while serving mate as mate desires, conscious recognition of need for personal discharge occurs at only six to eight week intervals..

Following husband's death in 2007, need for **M** grew wide apart, to two-month and

continuingly lengthening intervals, eventually it being employed almost reluctantly when conscious of need to restore mind/body equilibrium.

“Subject’s Epilogues”¹²

2014. *What can this ‘I’ with the ‘voice’ of ‘The Domestic’ say, in face of ‘The Writer’s’ revelation of (--“so much” won’t cover it, will it?--) just about all, of their private female body experiences? But once, a long time ago, Psyche of the joined Mind/Body complex made a vow, as *Journey’s* Preface states--while experience reduced to fiction may lend identifiable solace, truth offers reality to our submerged inexpressible psychical pyramids. (*Wouldn’t it be revelationary?—if all of us ‘confessed’ the realities of coping with our animal nature?*).*

2015. More truths:

The need to release accumulated body energy via the reproductive complex has been reduced to as objective a state imaginable. Every so often I aware to the realization that thought’s proceeding at an annoying rate. A small vibrator applied to the area results in several body-thrusting releases that are not at all like younger pleasurable sensations—simply a large intake of breath accompanying the release. (*Too many questions remain!—what if any benefit would accrue to aged bodies awaiting death in nursing homes? When will the complex be subjected to the reasonable scientific exploration of sexuality’s practical maintenance of mind/body equilibrium (where, or where are Reich and Kinsey when we old folks need you!)*).

2016. Ditto 2015. (*As Elmer Fudd used to say, “That’s all Folks!”*)

¹²An apology is given here, in that the ‘cleric’s’ production of these pages may not have included all necessary keyboard functions to permit a perfect printout of the spacing of this text!

ATTACHMENT 1 TO APPENDIX B

“Tale of a Bartholin Cyst”

1979

It was spring, well over a year after subject’s separation from my husband that I thought I somehow had herniated myself:

Towelings after a morning bath, mind sorting out the day’s tasks, fingers encountered what felt like a delayed dropped teste at the left base of the vagina. *Good God!* I exclaimed aloud. ‘I must have injured myself last night, attempting that unusual yogic posture.’

Later that morning, I was waiting at the doorstep when the doctor’s office opened. My regular gynecologist was on vacation; but, “Sounds like a bartholin cyst to me,” his congenial associate said, leading me to an examination room.

The bartholins are small inner glands, one on each side of the lower vagina—“about the size of a horse bean;” each with a single duct surfacing in the crease of the labia minora, which released a small ‘lubricant’ that enhances possibility of procreation.

“Bartholin cyst?” I repeated. That sounded serious. He peered under as I peered over the traditional white sheet. “Yep. And this one’s pretty large and deep.”

“What in the world caused it?”

“Blocked duct, possibly, or...”

“Or?”

“Maybe an infection.”

Impossible, I thought. I’d done nothing to get an infection. “Any chance it will open and drain on its own?”

“None ever has, to my knowledge,” he responded.

“What do I do?”

“There are two possible treatments. We can insert an artificial duct made of plastic, or we can do a marsupialization [cutting into the swollen gland, permanently excising it].”

“A what?”

“*Marsupialization*: cut into it, lay back the tissue and stitch it, and destroy the gland altogether.”

“*Christ*. Either way, it sounded as if I’d be damaged for life—a permanent plastic part or the possibility of a subsequent stinging lesion, which he acknowledged as possible. (I had experienced a painful lesion—where tissue across the base of the vagina was permanently tightened--by an “episiotomy,” also known as a “perineotomy:” a surgical incision of the perineum and the posterior vaginal wall made during the second stage of labor to quickly enlarge the opening for the baby to pass through.)

“Obviously,” I said rhetorically, “an artificial duct would interfere somewhat with intercourse?” (After all I still was a young-enough woman.) “And couldn’t ‘marsupialization’ cause lesion problems?”

“Well..true. You couldn’t expect not to experience some negative effects either way.”

That sounded like too many double negatives. “What if I want to wait and see if it will drain—is there really no chance?”

“*Hmmm*—maybe one in a thousand.”

I knew I'd forced some odds out of him in sympathy; but "I'll take the chance," I said.

"Okay...if you want to. But I'm afraid you'll soon be back. The pain can be unbearable..."

And it was—every time I sat down, every time I stood up. It seemed incredible that no treatment was prescribable; so I self-prescribed my own—two epsom salts "sitz" baths daily (*very* ungraceful, lowering one's derriere—*slowly* mind you!—into a large plastic pan of near-boiling water); positive thinking; self-hypnotizing meditation...

Toward the end of the second week, I clamped an illuminating magnifying glass to the bottom bookshelf in the bedroom, sat on the floor and propped a makeup mirror at an angle to see the area through the glass. I pulled on the labia so that the inner crease stretched flat and saw a small raised white circle, which I concluded was the duct. I applied hot water directly to it.

About mid-morning at work next day I experienced an unmistakable relief, ran to the restroom, and found that the gland was draining. *Miracle! Saved! Saved-from a plastic duct, saved from the knife!* I went home, bathed and called the doctor's office. Was there anything more I should do to enhance the cure? "The doctor needs to see you," I was told...

My regular, older gynecologist was back, examined me, *and was angry!* "Too late to marsupialize now!" he said, distressedly. (The cutting only can be done when the gland is distended.) "When I read the report," he continued, "and saw the size and depth of the cyst, I couldn't believe the surgery wasn't done immediately. But you'll get it again—that's our experience, with women who develop these."

I tried to believe his concern was for future pain I might incur, but I was appalled. I had expected joint jubilation, not a dire prediction; and *damned* if a couple of months later the swelling reoccurred. It appeared in late summer, just before the post-divorce, planned household move to Mexico. The swelling was less extended than the first but the pain and treatment was more tedious, in that I had used up so much determination with the first experience.

I consulted the University medical library. The words in *Benign Diseases of the Vulva and Vagina* did nothing to assuage my frustration: "Bartholin duct cysts are probably the most important cysts involving the vulva.... The primary cause of the majority remains unknown." (*What about intensive masturbation without penetration?* Mind was provoked to ask....)

Then, in Masters and Johnson (Human Sexual Response), I learned that 'bartholin gland secretion happens only in the later phase of sexual intercourse—'stimulated most effectively by long continued coital connection'--and that, 'during automanipulative episodes frequently there is no evidence of bartholin gland activity. [!]' It was conjectured that the purpose of the small bartholin secretion was to reduce vaginal acidity to promote greater sperm longevity. It was interesting to discover, too, that during the last stage of intercourse there also is a preejaculatory emission from the Cowper glands—male counterparts of the female bartholins.

By then I came to personal acceptance, of why the 'cyst' had developed in the first place: *protracted 'mistressbation' absent the distributing friction of intercourse.* I hadn't told the young doctor that the night before it appeared I had put myself through a particularly intense episode. I thought of other divorced, heterosexual, head-of-the-household, premenopausal women who, like me, had no regular benefit of sexual intercourse and who,

like me, were loath to discuss ‘automanipulative’ release of sexual energy with their doctors. How many, I wondered, had suffered the ‘inexplicable’ bartholin cyst? Two widely-spaced intercourse opportunities since divorce had not done the trick, for me.

By the end of the second swelling’s first week, I felt I couldn’t maintain and decided I would call the doctor’s office in the morning to begin the process for surgical correction. But my planned Mexico move entailed big plans already in progress, and I had no time for physical impairment! The plugged duct was visible—a small yellow pearl rising from the surrounding swollen flesh. Something made me think of a little tin of Oriental ointment I had bought a few weeks before, for no then reason, at the local health food store.

I couldn’t read the Chinese writing on the tin and couldn’t know that it was an ointment primarily for muscular soreness. In desperation, I dotted some onto the duct; and, *talk about burning!*—it caused me to do an Indian dance around the bedroom. I worried some, about taking such an extremely “unmedical” measure; but next morning at work the duct began to drain!

I stayed away from the doctor’s office and continued self-treatment. The main swelling shortly went away, but I still could feel some enlargement inside the flesh. Nonetheless I went forward with my plans; and, as ‘God’ or luck would have it, a couple of months later In Mexico I crossed paths with a man who, it could be said, was my bartholin’s interim savior in a brief relationship that included intercourse into early 1980.

1980-1985

“From the time of early 1980 return alone from the Mexico venture, I experienced no swellings for an ensuing five years—a very busy period of re-establishment: job changes, a real estate purchase on a proverbial shoestring, sorely needed work on the property, family obligations, and heavy crunching-in on writings. I had forgotten completely about the bartholin gland; unfortunately, however, that was not the end of it...

1985 - July

When I developed a third bartholin swelling, albeit minor compared to the former, all I felt for a solid day was anger. It was luck, only (in a manner of speaking), that I found it early in its development. The ‘core’ was approximately the size of a plum pit but it was deep inside the flesh. It gave me pause; perhaps the old treatments would not be effective.

Review of my ‘automanipulation’ notes indeed reflected high frequency. (Although unproven, it *was* most coincidental with greater yogic intensification, bringing to mind Gopi Krishna’s *Kundalini*; see *Journey* bibliography). Regardless, why had the condition flared at *this* particular time? The notes for the preceding three months showed ‘*tortured*’ three times—episodes of an especially long duration. It also seemed more than coincidental that the number of “climaxes” registered preceding the first ‘cyst’ appearance was *seven*, and that a “rare” long session since the excision and *five* climaxes were noted immediately before this appearance.

Sunday, July 7, I did nothing but reconcile my mind to what needed to be done. Monday night I began—again, sitz baths followed by sessions under the magnifying light. I had to find the duct, which would be tricky since it did not appear after the heat applications as it did when the gland was greatly swollen. I read *Gray’s Anatomy* again--*only one duct...precisely in that vaginal crevice...*

I inserted a finger deep until it rested behind the ‘nut’ of the gland and massaged, alternately stretching the skin to see any effect on the duct. Nothing appeared that night. I placed a small bit of the oriental ointment over the area before going to bed and in the morning applied a hot compress and a little more ointment which caused a burning sensation, but I hoped it would cause the pore to open.

July 9, Tuesday, I repeated the deep massage treatment. There still was no appearance of the duct but the gland had not enlarged more.

July 10, Wednesday night, the first drop of pus appeared at the head of the duct—greenish in color but assuming an orange tint, indicating some blood when dotted on a cotton ball. Alternately I massaged the gland from behind, stretched the area around the duct, and dotted off droplets of liquid when it appeared. I kept at it for about a half hour and removed a few large drops of fluid. I bore in mind to be careful in compressing the area—not to put pressure on the duct itself, and not to carry the process to a point where soreness would inhibit the next treatment. July 10 and 11, Thursday and Friday nights, the process was repeated. Friday after a .bath I felt a smaller ‘core’ inside the flesh. After massaging a bit of fluid emerged; and I repeated that four or five times, the color lighter and the consistency thinner. I speculated whether increased gland production, and clogging of the duct without frictional release did cause ‘infection,’ and, if so, whether if/in such case an antibiotic would help (except how would one convince a doctor to prescribe one?).

After Friday’s treatment the size of the ‘core’ obviously was diminished (about the size of a small marble) and felt “looser” (that is, from behind it could be moved back and forth). I decided to wait a couple of more weeks before making an appointment with a *female* gynecologist, continue the sitz baths, etc., and refrain from both yoga and automanipulation, hopeful time would allow a natural clearing out.

July 12, Saturday night, because of the reduced size, I was able to exert more of an expurging pressure, because I could express both from behind and on the front at right of the duct, capturing the area properly in-between. Fluid drained more rapidly, dribbling and collecting in a small pool each time. I would estimate that, within the five days, some one-half tealspoonful of fluid at least was extracted—not of a bad odor but still the same greenish color. I had to assume that the gland still was in a compromised state.

July 13, Sunday morning, after another sitz bath, the previous night’s progress was repeated. I began to feel certain that the small solid form I felt was not the gland itself, but a concentration within. (*I recalled from my childhood, older women talking about “the mother” in a boil.*)

July 16, Wednesday, when I awakened I barely paused to consider the ongoing ‘battle of the cyst’ before ‘automanipulating’ to a rapid, pleasurable release (grateful for the internal energetic equilibrium provided). I was very careful to keep pressure centered only at the clitoral area. The lack of swelling was constant, but so was that small internal ‘core.’ Contemplating the gestational male/female gland counterparts, a word something like “palominoes” or “polymenes” jumped inexplicably into mind. In the dictionary I found instead “polymer,” which describes a particular combination of molecules...

July 26, there was a slight issue of fluid at the duct. The flesh in the entire area looked normal. Absent swelling and pain, I decided to ‘let it go’ for a time being. (I would not, however, attempt the yogic *siddhasana* posture again, which I did the night before the original cyst appearance, whether or not it was a contributor.)

Heavy obligations and time constraints caused me to allow the area a solid month's rest. On August 30 there still was a small 'solid' form large enough to present itself to the touch but moving easily under the skin. I inserted the middle finger of my left hand, as in earlier 'treatments,' until the gland was captured from behind; and with two fingers of my right hand I exerted pressure inward on the opposite side. The skin stretched in the area of the duct and I first saw a clear glisten of moisture that gave hope to the possibility that the gland was 'cleaned out;' soon, however, a small dot of the light green color appeared. I continued the combined pressure, allowing the bubble to grow larger. Then, while keeping the right side stretched from the duct, I reached for nearby tissue and wiped it off, noting again how the liquid changed to a spot of orange (blood-containing?). I expressed at least three small blobs.

I decided to give it another couple of days rest and then repeat the process. I re-contemplated the unanswerable questions (whether the blood and pus mixture resulted from a clogged duct or some deeper problem in the gland; whether the gland might atrophy from its present state without further problems) and the belief that intercourse—if available- could help.

In early September I discontinued self-treatments and until February of the next year I only monitored the area for changes, which did not occur. In late November, I began a new relationship, which provided one two occasions of intercourse (November 20th and December 7th). But December 12 at night I 'milked' the gland in a hot tub. Working on it under the lamplit magnifying glass after intercourse, it flowed much more freely and was almost depleted. The 'milking' of the gland in a hot bath after intercourse seems to be the best treatment.

1986

There was no occasion of intercourse after December 7 until the latter part of February. There was no swelling in the area in the interim, but the 'core' essentially felt the same. Time permitting, at the University medical library, I consulted two recent books on female genital health. One merely mentioned the possibility of swellings ("chronic bartholin cysts"). The other gave the brief additional comment that a paste of goldenseal sometimes proved beneficial.

I bought goldenseal (\$44.00 a pound; but an eighth cup of the powder goes a long way). On February 18 resumed the old procedure--hot bath and one-half hour work on the gland, followed by a goldenseal application. The next day I was amazed how the tissues of the area looked cleansed and rejuvenated—very healthy pink; and, two days later, intercourse was provided.

At the next check, on the 23rd, I had difficulty locating the inner 'substance,' now smaller than a pea. But I still did manage to express tiny bits of fluid, which appeared clear in color. I continued to apply a goldenseal paste, wondering still whether with more frequent intercourse the problem wouldn't vanish entirely. The way things were going, however, it appeared there would not be another opportunity until a planned meeting in June...

February 27...wrong!—the bartholin unexpectedly was blessed with another 'workout.'

March 2, were I not at one with the condition, I would not have found anything unusual on the surface. But I *still* could feel a now very small, hardened spot when I pinched

the surrounding flesh, and exercising it against the bone again resulted in the expression of a tiny bit of fluid—as before, thinner and lighter in color.

Before sleep, I researched *Gray's Anatomy*, lately-acquired 1973 edition. I found no reference to either “bartholin” or “cowper;” instead, the following: “The greater vestibular glands [of the female] are the homologues of the bulbo-urethral glands in the male. They consist of two small, round, or oval bodies of a reddish yellow color, situated one on each side of the vaginal orifice.... Each gland opens by means of a duct, about 2 cm long, immediately lateral to [where would exist] the hymen, in the groove between [there] and the labium minus.” There was no mention of the glands’ function in the female; however, as to male: “The bulbo-urethral glands are two small, round...bodies, of a yellow colour and about a centimetre in diameter. ... They lie above the bulb of the penis... The excretory duct of each gland is nearly 3 cm long... The secretion of the bulbo-urethral glands is an additional constituent of the seminal fluid...and the part they play is uncertain.” (Pages 1364 and 1350, respectively.) The last statement matched the *Masters and Johnson* statement about the female bartholins...

That night I had a dream...

I reached down and felt the gland. It came off in my hand, having been attached by only a few ‘filaments.’ I didn’t recognize the significance immediately: it no longer was part of me. I put it in my mouth and chewed on it to reduce it, ‘milking’ it until it was ‘normal’ in size again. It drained in my mouth and became flat. I removed it from my mouth. Now it was shriveled skin around a small soft core. I replaced it in my mouth, chewed and swallowed. As I did, a bittersweet acidic taste permeated and I thought of the taste of testes. I was repulsed mildly by the taste but I ‘finished the job’....

Can’t say what got in to me the very next night--perhaps it was that dream. Anyhow I was overcome by a desire to be rid *once and for all* with the bartholin battle. I used such force in that night’s treatment that I had to think, *god dammit, I don’t care what damage I might do!* I pressed hard from the back, and there popped out of the duct what I instantly took to be “the mother”—a term I had heard in my childhood with reference to boils; a hard little blob, followed by clear red bleeding...

Apart from cleansing and disinfecting, that was the *last* time I put my poor left bartholin through any more suffering *or* monitoring. I not only stopped checking it, I forgot about it altogether until I came to transcription of these notes in 2007. I do not provide them, however, as encouragement to anyone to attempt self-treatment. I only provide them to offer what insights they might allow for other sufferers to discuss with their doctors, as well as fully objective consideration of cause(s) of the condition and methods of healthful counteraction(s).

APPENDIX C

THE CASES AGAINST 'THE DIOCESE'

July 21, 2007

Last night 'The Domestic' carried into the house from the garage the records belonging to the titled topic. She measured the stack before going to bed-- sheets of paper a solid 10 inches high. They represented that which not only most women workers of my era were and, probably a majority today, still are up against in the 'business world.' It will be difficult, after this appendix is transcribed, to throw out the stack, for it's a wonder to behold--the lengths that can be undertaken to obstruct fair advancement, deny deserved pay, and crush political opposition.

The term, 'Diocese,' is used for the governmental entity in which events occurred. In "subject's" own words:

1973

2/15 I begin my first tenure with the 'Diocese' as Senior Secretary for its large utilities and infrastructure operations and maintenance department. The job title is changed this year to Departmental Secretary, there being three other women of the same classification in three other major departments.

1974

I assume presidency of the Employees Association/'union,' a formerly loose association that under its new officers quickly grows into a self-respecting, fully participatory organization. A formal proposal is prepared and submitted to Management for upcoming wage and benefits negotiations, Management's team being composed of Chief Officer, Attorney and Personnel Officer. I am to be the Association's chief negotiator.

The very last item of the Association's proposal speaks for substitution of experience for a college B.A. in senior clerical job specifications, to allow valuable experienced employees potential promotion to the Administrative Assistant (AA) classification.

At the first negotiation meeting, the very first act of the Chief Officer (CO) is to turn to that last page of the Association's proposals, and abruptly to ask whether I expect that a worker conceivably thus could make it all the day up to his position. I am taken aback; the thought never had occurred to *me!*

As the negotiation period progresses, tension grows as Management sees the now cohesive Association meeting in fully joined forces. The 'light' had gone on, as "DJ," our sergeant-at-arms, expressed: "Go strictly by the book? Hey!--" (I actually saw the light in his eyes when it hit him: *he could play management's game too!*) DJ brought to his study of the Personnel Rules all the unbridled confidence one would not expect otherwise possessed by someone who had a shocking pink-tanked, mirrored-chrome Harley parked in the middle of his living room. He quickly digested all the rules and so-called 'policy' guidelines, finding semantic niceties in the lingo even management hadn't bothered with.

Yes!--as can happen when a Polyanna (me) ventures where even devils fear to tread--the Association union came alive that spring. Although there was no intention of striking, on

the surface it could seem possible; and it didn't make me any friends upstairs. It seemed that "the suits" believed, too, that DJ--due to his menacing appearance--was capable of just about anything; and I was the one who had unleashed him. But in front of that crossbones insignia on the back of his jacket beat the heart of a pussy cat; it only appeared to pump pure oil.

Matters finally were forced to Council hearing, at which the Association won considerable advances, including a 7-1/2 percent raise for worker classes, giving up only the reclassification request. As time progressed, however, demands of accelerated Diocese developments saw my and the other three secretaries increasingly absorbing tasks that fell within the AA job specification (the salary for which being almost \$400/month more, and required no previous experience).

Into 1975

During conduction of an upper-management-commissioned, Diocese-wide "Salary Survey" by a private corporate agency, I petitioned the Survey for reclassification to Administrative Assistant. The petition was denied. I and the other three Department Secretaries then initiated an appeal to the Council, again to include substitution of experience for a B.A. college degree in the AA job specification. Our appeal was based on Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1971 Supreme Court decision in *Griggs v. Duke Power Co.*

The Council, at a public hearing, found in our favor and ordered the substitution.

1976 and 1977

During this time, as upper management planned a bond issue for a new central edifice, I happened to be one of my department's instruments in securing a Federal grant under a Carter administration minority business grant, for construction of new complete department quarters, to serve all department divisions, at the separate location which formerly had served only physical maintenance operations. Upper management did not take the matter lightly, in that as a result the bond issue was aborted.

Winter of '76, another Personnel Survey was commissioned, and I again petitioned for reclassification to A.A., now under the experience substitute for college degree previously successfully won. The most glaring extraordinary duties I performed under my secretarial title were management of federal grants, compliance with federal programs, and compilation of a primary segment of the department budget.

Incredibly--when the proposed new Diocese-wide Classification Plan was released--*every specification including management and all other formerly-decreed positions provided for an experience equivalent for college degree EXCEPT for Administrative Assistant!* Moreover, the Survey claimed to be based on the same case used in my 1974 appeal!

Thinking I just might lose sanity, January 25, 1977, I accosted the Survey's representative as he left a meeting with Diocese officials. I asked point-blank: *Did he not find the requirement remaining in the A.A. specification a glaring contradiction of the otherwise entire Surveys?* Which is when he confided, that he had been directly *instructed* to produce the survey as it had been. It was so very difficult for me to believe that animosity and/or power could be taken to such ignorant lengths? [And still, to this day, I am unable to grasp who's or what was the intent....]

March 18, 1977 I filed a Request for Review of the Survey's denial of my reclassification request.

My department in its new grant-constructed quarters grew to be the most efficient of all, equally in the dramatic changes due to computerization. A department of 70-plus employees and hundreds of programs, with two incredibly able top male superiors, its coworkers had the new, intricate divisions numbering and budgeting systems nailed, and a morale and quality of service that were unbeatable.

By this time disfavor of me by the second-in command upper management [hereinafter referred to as SIC] had extended competitively to my department head--a highly able, respected and fair man who could rise to the higher office. I became aware of the extent of the competition in the most shocking of manners, as follows:

SIC was in charge of production of the Diocese budget. The monstrous computerized document for the coming year, then scheduled to be delivered imminently to Council, was being computer-input and assembly by a pool of women located at the management building. It was Friday afternoon; last-minute inputs were being made; and the CO had left for the weekend, all knew. My department head also had left, first telling me that he had informed both CO and SIC at a noon lunch meeting that he *would be leaving mid-afternoon*. As the day ended, I had department mail to deliver to the mail room in the main building....

Just as I was about to leave, I answered a telephone call for my director from SIC. My first thought on answering was, *why are you calling for him since he told you he wouldn't be here?* But I didn't say it; instead I did as SIC instructed: "Just leave a note for him to call me Monday *about a couple of changes on his department budget* [Italics supplied]." I wrote the note, put it on my department head's desk, and left for the mail room.

After dropping off the mail, on impulse I went down to visit my clerical friends in the basement room where they frantically were finishing data entry of the budget. The young woman in charge took me aside. Would I explain to her *why* every program number in my department's budget was to be changed by one or two digits?—*as SIC instructed her, last thing before he left for the weekend?*

My God! I thought; *what a demolishing chaos in operations that would cause in our department!* I hurried back to the department, thinking now I *truly* may go nuts—there being no conceivable purpose for the changes, the resultant cost of which to the Diocese in time and labor would be staggering. As I told our next-in-command (who had spearheaded the department's successful mastering of the department's vast computerized numbers) he nearly went apoplectic. He immediately left for the very home of the CO who (it appeared having had no knowledge of the attempted sabotage) reversed the order. When our department head returned on Monday, he likewise was appalled at the attempt; but the matter was kept private among us.

November 10, my appeal of the last survey was heard before Council. It covered, in sections: I, applicable personnel rules; II-III, affirmative action codes and policies; and IV-X, my case. It 'prayed' that the Survey conclusions relative to my position be determined invalid, and that I be reclassified to Administrative Assistant.

At the hearing, of the five-person Council, four voted no, one, yes. (As I stood in the 'witness' box, one nay voter said that perhaps I just ought to look for work elsewhere!) What the Council did condescend to do was retitle my classification (thus also the other three women) as 'Administrative Secretary', together with a small raise in pay.

1978

The failure at the end of 1977 was followed in February '78 by the end of my long marriage. I was exhausted but continued meeting demands of my job, along with maintaining self through those of personal life—making it to the end of the year, when I took unpaid extra vacation time for a constitutional retreat to Mexico. (As detailed elsewhere, I returned with plans for ‘the great escape...’)

1979

I announced I would resign at the end of July. On July 9, I received my last regular performance evaluation by my department head. Its “outstanding” marks were followed by, “Her skills go far beyond those required to do a good job. Her sensitiveness to the needs of people when combined with a dedication to the job at hand brings a dimension to work not often found in public service.”

August 7 through December I resided in Mexico. Then, upon my return, I learned that the position I had held, and the tasks performed by it, had been divided into *two—one classified as “Secretary,” the other entry level Administrative Assistant!*

I contacted my former department head as to the Personnel Rule that provided that someone returning within a year of having resigned in good standing had first right of rehire, thus [in my opinion] making me eligible for the AA job. He consulted with upper management, subsequently informing me that--“despite the ludicrousness of the situation;” despite that I “had been doing the same work that it was expected the A.A. would do”--I would need to submit to the open recruitment (which meant, of course, I would be in competition with applicants possessing college degrees. Meanwhile, another former employee had returned to his old position under the rehire provision.) SIC being still in Personnel power, my only prayer would mean legal battle, an expensive experience beyond what I could handle.

1980

I let the Diocese matter go. (A former coworker forwarded to me a piece of simplistic correspondence composed by the person hired in the A.A. position; it was accompanied by my former coworker’s tongue-in-cheek note: “Think you could have handled this?”)

1980 – 81

I did a 1-1/2 year tenure with a County social agency in a responsible, “Administrative Assistant” titled position (humorously, however, at lower than my previous ‘secretarial’ pay).

1981-84

I took a position with a former City Council member in his private law profession. (I settled for \$825 a month in that I wanted to renew private sector legal knowledge, which would help toward a better paying job to sustain my future.)

Toward the end of 1983 I was approached by a lawyer and former co-worker in a Federal government position I held in the early 1970’s, before my employment with the Diocese. He was commissioned to open a branch office in partnership with a prominent regional attorney, and asked if I would join in organizing and serving the branch office. The

increase in salary offered enabled me to qualify for a real estate mortgage and realize my hope to buy a small home. I accepted the position.

1985

My previous law employer contacted me more than once concerning his problems with finding an adequate secretary. Meanwhile, the satellite office where I had been working consistently was being weakened by main branch disorganization. Threatened security-wise (I by then had a mortgage and no savings), when my previous employer offered me 10 percent of each year's net profits in addition to salary, I changed positions *again*.

1986

August

Circumstances had changed at the Diocese I learned, when I receive a telephone call from a person who had been a personnel assistant during my days there, but in the interim had been promoted to Personnel Officer.

The former CO had retired. The SIC, who fully had expected to succeed, instead had been passed over; and a new CO had been hired through open recruitment. The now Personnel Officer invited me to apply for the position of Secretary to the CO and Council, which also was to be filled through open recruitment.

Irrespective my known prior long tenure and capabilities, I had to take shorthand and typing tests. I then was 51 years old; and my knees shook—I mean, *shook!*—under the typing table in the school classroom where the typing test took place. I thought, *forget it—I'm sunk*. But a thing extraordinary occurred when the bell went off: it was as if there were two of me—one, typing rapidly, and the other suspended, it seemed, beside of me. [If I recall correctly, I typed 103 wpm with one error. I do recall writing on the test results: *THIS IS THE LAST TYPING TEST I EVER SHALL TAKE!*]

October 27, I was appointed to the position at a bi-weekly salary of \$965 plus benefits. It didn't take long to ascertain why I had been solicited. The political situation in the head office was acutely factioned. The new CO, his platform contrasting greatly with the prior regime's, had brought in his own right hand man. So, although the former SIC still occupied his office, he clearly had been isolated between them, and vital duties diminished; while the other two female clerics in the office—both staunch supporters of his—remained (the senior one having long anticipated having the position I now held). Fortunately, I did have part time, willing assistance of a clerical trainee, as adept as she was beautiful....

1989

Late spring of '89 a rumor began to circulate that the CO was looking for a position elsewhere! Meanwhile, I work more than nine hours a day, with no failures and much success in organization and operations.

Then, in summer, the CO summoned me to his office, and told me that SIC had informed him that I was doing personal business on the job! The CO apologetically explained it was his duty merely to explore such a complaint, nor did he need any evidence as to the dedication and time I had been devoting. I explained that, yes, on rare occasions I had done something private (like a necessary family telephone call), but always debited it against my substantial overtime.

That ended it with him; but I was incensed (*subconsciously incendiarily!* for I ever have had high regard for honest public service. I was overcome by recollection of SIC's

unprincipled, unknown sabotage attempt in the 70's. I felt calm enough going into his office to ask who ostensibly had observed and communicated my purported abuse. He responded he could not reveal his source.

It was then that I lost my temper in a fashion I never believed possible in public. In a voice so loud the CO in his office next door slammed shut his door, as I voiced high indignation: *what iniquity!*--putting *me* on the carpet for a purported iota of what *he* would have wrought—giving the details back to him and anyone listening

When I exited his office I was a shaking, red-faced mess, other staff like frozen statues staring at me. I knew I looked all world a menopausal woman ready to go 'round the bend. I went for a walk, wondering whether I was going to have a heart attack

August

Horror of horrors: the CO announced he was moving on! *And*, while Council deliberated filling the CO position, my nemesis temporarily would be in charge, thus I serving *him* directly! And SIC's new CO-regime began....

My loyal clerical trainee immediately was transferred to another department; my request for a one-month leave of absence was denied in a long letter from him which ended, "I temporarily deferred addressing and resolving several longstanding clerical assignment/working relationship problems in our office. Now... it is time to address and resolve these problems;"he requested that I provide him with a daily log of my work....

September

Fearing what might come, I had begun keeping logs in Spring. At October's end I presented him with logs covering weeks from April to October, including work for the Council. I closed my transmitting memo with, "I appreciated the opportunity to consolidate this information. It has corroborated for me the fact that what an individual accomplishes in a day directly is related to the individual's knowledge and experience, which, in turn, is determined by accuracy and speed." And I could not resist adding (in a 'Nixonian' way) "I have a vast appreciation for the quantity and complexity of the subject matters which you must directly administrate. You maintain (as the attached also give testimony) a remarkable and challenging pace." The logs, minutes-by-minutes, totaled 22 pages." A yellow 'sticker' on my copy said, tongue-in-cheek, "my little response to harassment."

During drastic staff 'reconfigurations', in addition to regular duties, I found myself training new hires in A.A. positions in 'administrative' tasks I had been performing; but I managed with diplomacy to continue to do fine work, despite the climate (*e.g.* prior to SIC leaving on vacation, he dictated an unearned negative memo to the personnel file of a long-term, dedicated worker with whom he had borne a long-standing difference of principles. Appalled, I could not help myself from softening the language when I typed the dictation. The SIC returned the signature folder to me without comment, but the typed memo was re-edited by hand to precisely as it was dictated. I was instructed to retype it, sign it in his absence and forward it on. (I confess. I re-edited it to what I had before, signed it and sent it on.)

1990

At year's beginning, the Council still had not agreed on permanent appointment to the CO position. Meanwhile, SIC removed from me three major functions and assigned them to

the clerical position formerly under my supervision (who would have held my position if, back in '84, the SIC had not been passed over as CO).

3/15 A Personnel Survey was commissioned. On the "Job Analysis Questionnaire" for my titled position, under the question, "Are there any new important added functions/responsibilities?" I answered, "Please see attachment"--an elaboration of the extraordinary tasks routinely performed, together with minutes-by-minutes daily logs.

Unilaterally I assumed and began to use a new title, "Secretary to the CO and Council," in that from the beginning I had been and continued serving all six individuals.

3/16 The SIC conducted an "Immediate Supervisor Review" with me, in which he designated me a "team member" and stated I no longer was to be involved in three main duties, including supervision. I submitted a proposed 'amendment;' but he refiled the review without change, merely adding acknowledgement of receipt of the proposed amendment.

4/1 The SIC's determination to remove me was unflagging. He suggested I move from the head clerical desk to the farthest removed desk, where my clerical trainee once sat. I refused; but the writing was on the wall. If I wanted to continue working for the Diocese I, so long as SIC headed it, need accept a reduced, isolated position. Or, as my ex-husband then was proffering, I could remarry and retire....

Truth was, I had reached the end of my tolerance of life in 'the System', and was being offered the opportunity to pursue the long-ago arrested drive to be a writer...

Remarriage it would be!

I gave notice that my employment would terminate June 30; but I filed a formal grievance under the Personnel Rules for payment of a five percent "differential" salary for the period 7/1/88 to 3/15/90 for work performed beyond the job's specifications.

6/15 I received a memorandum from the SIC denying the differential.

The Council, meanwhile, was continuing inside disagreement as to whether to permanently appoint SIC as CO; and one elder invited me to a 'going away' lunch and, at it, asked my opinion. I responded I did not believe it now was my place to impact the issue; that there were others in high positions he would best interview, especially superiors in my prior department during the '70's.

But when I left the Diocese for the last time on June 30th, I was not yet prepared to 'say uncle.'

7/9 I filed a Verified Claim Form with the Council for payment of the 5 percent "differential" salary as specified when warranted by the Personnel Rules, for the period July 1 to March 15, 1990 (once again, with beaucoup attachments). Judiciously calculated upon hours worked, regular and overtime, my claim came to a modest \$2,862.

7/19 I received a letter from the Diocese denying the claim and advising I had six months to file a court action.

1991

Early January, I filed an action in the local Municipal Court, Small Claims Division. (The filing, with exhibits, measured 2 inches of stacked sheets.)

Ongoing proceedings, both in Municipal Court and subsequently Superior Court, occupied 10 months, in which cases I was claimant/plaintiff/petitioner and the Diocese, defendant/respondent:

1/18 Filing of Notice of Small Claims Court to defendant, of plaintiff's suit for \$2,862.00 (not including court costs) representing 5 percent salary differential for temporary special

assignments of complexity and responsibility performed during the period 7/1/88 to 3/15/90 and as provided by the [Diocese] Personnel Rules.

2/2 Filing of Plaintiff's Response to Defendant's 2/1 Letter to Clerk, Alleging Jurisdictional Impropriety, in which Response I cited state Code of Civil Procedure and case law in support of my having complied priorly with all available administrative remedies, and that my "small and straightforward case is properly filed in this court."

I also filed supporting Declarations of coworkers, including the CO who initially hired me, two important Directors, a former Council member, and local citizens for whom I had been Diocese liaison in certain matters. (Along with testimony to extraordinary duties, one department head detailed my supportive intervention to obtain a needed report that SIC, contrary to existing policy, purposely had withheld.)

2/19 The Municipal Court Judge gave notice "*that the claim was properly filed in Small Claims in this jurisdiction; therefore, the matter is continued to April 1 at 1:30 p.m. for court trial.* If the defendant wishes to file a Writ in Superior Court, it must be filed before that date."

3/19 I was served with Defendant's Points and Authorities in Support of Petition for Writ of Prohibition and Request for Stay Order, they contending that the Municipal Court will exceed its legal authority if it proceeds to trial.

3/25 I had the Municipal Court issue several Civil Subpoenas for supporting witnesses to appear at the 4/1 trial.

3/19 Attorney for Diocese filed Declaration of preparation of documentation to apply to the Superior Court, 3/21, 1:15 p.m., for issuance of an Alternative Writ of Prohibition and a Stay Order to prohibit the Municipal Court from going forward with the scheduled trial.

3/21 I was served with the Diocese's Petition for Writ of Prohibition and Request for Stay Order, and accompanying Points and Authorities. (This stack, with exhibits, was three inches high.)

3/22 I filed Response to Petition for Writ of Prohibition, praying that the Writ and Stay be denied. I filed a Supplemental Response concerning the inappropriateness of "mandamus proceedings." (Lots of time spent at University Law Library!)

3/26 Superior Court entered an Order Directing Issuance of Alternative Writ of Prohibition and a Stay Order, directing Respondent Municipal Court, Small Claims Division, to vacate its ruling of February 19, 1991 for a trial and refrain from any further proceedings. If it did not do so, it was to show cause in Superior Court on April 15 why it had not complied.

Naturally I was well aware (apart from the animosity of the SIC) that the Diocese would go to all lengths to avoid my case setting a precedent for other employees; and, by this time, it had spent probably twenty times the amount of my claim in that pursuit. I was at the end of any independent legal 'expertise' I could muster, having executed all the legal paperwork myself. Besides, I was embarked on a new chapter of life, offering me opportunity finally to pursue the writing I always yearned to do. So, on April 8, I signed Dismissal of the case—*yes, I dropped it--period!*

I wonder, had I the funds to employ a law firm, would I ultimately have won that measly \$2,862 plus costs? (And, oh, should mention, the Council finally permanently appointed as CO not SIC, but the right hand man of the CO who had hired me.)

Today, however, it's July 22, 2007 (if I'm not mistaken, Mary the Magdalene day; but that's neither here nor there except 7's her number). The slipped vertebrae in my back make

me wince when I pick up the tall recycle basket brimful with “the case” records and take it out to the city’s recycle container.

I can’t say why, precisely but, what a great feeling! Maybe it’s just knowing that all that paper may go to some good use, after all. (And a last, humorous element: significant in the battles was SIC’s remonstrance that AA jobs *did not include typing*; but, *lo and behold*: now every administrative position works at computer keyboards!))

APPENDIX D

Yoga

It only is now at the end of in-depth utilization of Yoga that I realize I can't define it. I'm reminded of a line from Chogyam Trungpa's (the *Kusulu's*) *Mudra*, which slim anthology was for a long while a true mainstay. As I draw it from the shelf its frayed cover falls off, the sure sign of a book well loved; and there drops out a 'poem' in my hand, which I do not remember writing....

*The hatch of Vajrayana opened to shining rungs;
I longed to tarry mesmerized in Kriya
for my eyes thought they caught the pure Light.
But... Vam! Not real. Instead, forced to a higher rung.
Long were my feet glued to it, eyes downcast to them:
distasteful knowledge!—
the end of every creation is destruction?*

*But miracles of the Past mean more can come.
Look up! Another rung...and then, another....
Give it all up—
only, only one more?--
Give it all up--
clinging is only temporary.*

*The placid ocean in permanent sight,
an impervious bubble of circumstances
captures Ego. Now, what?
Glide up...
diffuse Mahamudra and see the portal of Ati.
Seeping joy of Intellect strains away
from the virtual projections, the mirror images....
Up! Up!...ah!--
to perfected union of wisdom and insight?*

*But, ho! The ladder is disappearing....
Quickly—before it does—
reach, seize Ultimate Reality's goggles hanging there.
Look squarely, into the Dharma Kaya.....*

It's a dim recall now, the degree to which I was immersed; I needed some review, and the line of text I sought was right on point: *You've studied without remembering anything when you really needed it!* It's from a poem of Petrus Rinpoche, with which *Mudra* begins; and I remember well now how I clung to the poem, memorizing it during the early years as a

mantra. The writer addressed it to a friend, “Abrushi,” but when I substituted my name it spoke then directly to me: *Listen, Tosca, you miserable daydreaming fool! You remember how delusions confused you in the past? Watch out for delusions in the present, and don’t lead a hypocritical life...*

I spent a great deal of time contemplating the word, *delusion*, the meaning of which I before would have said I knew. I find a dictionary definition handwritten in the book’s margin: *misleading of the mind, deceptions/trickeries*. It calls to my mind the self-deception the nuns of de Paul stressed could keep one out of Heaven....

Looking up the Dictionary definition of “Yoga,” I find:

“**yoga** \yo-ga\ n. [Skt. lit. yoking, fr. *yunakti* he yokes; akin to *L. jungere* to join]. **1 cap** : a Hindu theistic philosophy teaching the suppression of all activity of body, mind, and will in order that the self may realize its distinction from them and attain liberation **2** : a system of exercises for attaining bodily or mental control and well-being – **yogic** \-gik.

Iyengar in *Light on Yoga* gives some detail on the foundations of Yoga philosophy:¹³

The word Yoga is derived from the sanskrit root *yug* meaning to bind, attach and yoke.... ... Yoga is one of six orthodox systems of Indian philosophy collated, coordinated, and systemized by Patanjali in his classical work, *Yoga Sutras*, which consists of 185 terse aphorisms [concise statements of principle]. Patanjali describes Yoga as restraint of mental modifications or as suppression of the fluctuations of consciousness [Sanskrit terms omitted here].

The *Kathopanishad* describes Yoga as steady control of the senses and mind.

The *Bhagavad Gita* also gives other explanations of the term *yoga* and lays stress upon Karma Yoga (Yoga by action). The sixth chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which is the most important authority on Yoga philosophy, explains the meaning of Yoga as a deliverance from contact with pain and sorrow.”

There is not one but different paths for realization in the same system.

Page 21-22, 24.

Mishra’s initial comments appealed to my desire *to do*, not ponder:

“...[T]he material on the eternal science of Yoga perhaps form[s] the greatest library on any single subject...but you are not interested in useless verbiage to waste your valuable time. You want to know ‘how.’”

¹³These quotations are synthesized from the referenced text.

“Patanjali Yoga in its original form is free from these vagaries. Therefore, the name of the Patanjali Yoga is *Samkhya* Yoga. ...[It] does not recognize physics without metaphysics and, vice versa, metaphysics without physics. It is the missing link between the two sciences...knowledge through experience. It is the king of all Yogas; therefore it is called *Raja* Yoga. As mathematics is the root of all physical sciences, so the *samkhya* system is the root of metaphysical science.”

Page xii.

A comparatively brief glossary is given at the end of this segment, primarily to allow an interested reader to follow *Journey's* text, and in no way whatsoever to be taken as a 'guide.' It includes but an iota of Yoga's complicated terminology and pertinent detail, upon which much also has been expounded. As *Mishra* stated:

“[T]here are many books on Yoga being sold in the market today. Many of these books are supposed to be instructive as textbooks to teach you 'How to go into the state of *samadhi* and how to attain enlightenment and perfection.' Most of these books...do not 'teach you how,' because they present a great number of useless theories, dogmas and various other window dressings.”

Page xxii.

From my practice, I can say that benefits to posture and flexibility through *asanas* definitely became evident; but unexpected 'psychological' effects unwittingly can be experienced. It is not known, for example, to what extent intensive procedures may stimulate body/mind functioning to yield new neurological connections and physiological effects, both in reception and perception of existence.

Lastly--while I have experienced periods of deep meditation that I admit are blissful--and believe my self and my work have benefited greatly from hatha practice, meditation and autosuggestion--I am far from achieving *prajna* and *sila* (intuitively wise, individually intelligent consciousness, manifesting in character and moral *perfection*), or apprehending the meanings of *turiya* (complete absorption of the mind in Brahman) and *nirvanam* (the final state of complete absorption in Brahman; the ultimate state of complete liberation¹⁴). I feel, perhaps, more in line with Gerald Heard, who spoke of the goal of "Perfection," but "Completion" unattainable in human living form.

Glossary

Akasa: Primordial nature, pervasive substratum.... Its most subtle manifestation is in the prenuclear state of matter.

Mishra, page 196.

Asanas (postures): The third of the eight procedures [stages] which comprise Yoga. In *Raja Yoga*, the term means any comfortable position for meditation.

Loc cit.; giving internal references.

¹⁴ Preceding definitions from *Mishra*.

Atman: Divine soul...dormant...but able to be manifested to its fullest in man by the practice of meditation. *Loc. Cit.*

Aum: Like the Latin word ‘Omne’, the Sanskrit word ‘Aum’ means ‘all’ and conveys concepts of ‘Omniscience’, ‘Omnipresence’, and ‘Omnipotence’. *Iyengar*, page 314.

That sound in the human range of pronunciation chosen to represent the true sound of *anahat(a) nad(a)* [see Nadam], or *Brahman* as manifested by the *nad* sound. [Mishra discusses representations of its three letters; sometimes found as “Om.”]

Mishra, pages 203, 205.

Bhakti: Complete devotion to and love for all beings because of the divine principle perceived in them through meditation. *Ibid.* page 197; giving internal references.

Brahman: The eternal, omnipresent, omniscient principle, realization of which is the goal of meditation. It is sometimes called Ultimate Reality because, although all is dependent upon it for existence, it is without relation, independent. *Loc. cit.*; giving internal references.

Cakras[/Chakras/Cakram]: Seven subtle centers for consciousness symbolized in the human body in the areas of the (1) spine, (2) lumbar region, (3) solar plexus, (4) heart, (5) throat, (6) thalamus, and (7) cerebral cortex. *Ibid*, page 198;giving internal references.

Cittam: A technical term which means “seat of consciousness” and as such includes the conscious, subconscious, and superconscious minds. Yoga gives knowledge and control of the first two facets of *cittam* so that the third...may manifest. *Loc. cit.*

Dharana: The sixth procedure of the eight-fold system of *Raja* Yoga. It consists of fixation upon the object of meditation and, as such, is the beginning of internal stages. *Loc. cit.*

Concentration or complete attention. *Iyengar*, page 317.

Dhyana: The seventh procedure, intermediate internal process where the power of attention becomes so fixed on the object of meditation that other thoughts do not enter the mind at the time. *Mishra*, page 199.

The seventh stage. *Iyengar*, page 317.

Eight-fold Yoga “Limbs:” *Yama*, first; *niyama*, second; *asana*, third; *pranayama*, fourth; *pratyahara*, fifth; *darana*, sixth; *dhyana*, seventh; *samadhi*, eighth.

“Eight sets of practices which together comprise the science of Yoga. *Yama* and *niyama*, the first two steps, comprise the ethical foundation of Yoga; *asana*, *pranayam[a]*, and *pratyahara* comprise means of physical preparation for the final internal practices of *dharana*, *dhyana*, and *samadhi*. *Op cit.*, page 199.

Gunas: Three cosmic principles of which the entire material universe is composed in varying proportions. (1) *SatoSatva/Sattva guna* manifests as life, light, strength, courage, freshness, resolution, good moral qualities, and, in the nuclear sphere, the proton. (2) *Rajo guna* is characterized by activity and the electron. (3) The characteristics of *Tamo guna* are sleep, dullness, decay and the neutron. *Mishra*, pages 199, 207.

Guna, a quality, an ingredient or constituent of nature. *Sattva guna*, the illuminating, pure and good quality of everything in nature; *Rajo*, quality of mobility or activity; *Tamo*, quality of darkness or ignorance. *Iyengar*, pages 328, 326, 329.

Guru: *gu*=darkness, *ru*=light; a teacher who transmits knowledge, removes darkness and brings enlightenment. *Ibid*, page 30.

Hatha: force or determined effort.

Hatha Yoga: Opposing distinction sometimes made--between Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* as dealing with spiritual discipline and Svamim's *Hatha Yoga Pradipika* with solely physical discipline--is not so; *Hatha Yoga* and *Raja Yoga* complement each other and form a single approach to Liberation. *Ibid*, page 24.

A system of Yoga developed later than *Raja Yoga*, in which the various parts of the body [are] employed to effect control of the mind.

Mishra, page 200, giving internal references.

Ida and Pingala: Yogic terminology respectively for the parasympathetic (ascending) and sympathetic (descending) tracts of the autonomic nervous system.

Parisariya nadi mandalam: Term for the peripheral nervous system which connects the central nervous system with bodily tissues. *Ibid*, pages 101, 200, 204.

Isvara: "That conscious principle governing the entire physical universe." *Ibid*, page 200.

"The Supreme Being, God."

Iyengar, page 319.

Karma: (1) Cause and effect operating inexorably throughout the material universe; (2) Yogic discipline in which one does all work and action unselfishly.

Mishra, page 200; with internal references.

Kundalini sakti: The so-called "coiled power" of the central nervous system [the "Susumna"].

Ibid, page 201.

Latent energy in the lowest nerve center.

Iyengar, page 322.

Other fundamental terms, *see*: include *yama* (first), *niyama* (second), *asana* (third), *pranayama* (fourth), *pratyahara* (fifth), *darana* (sixth), *dhyana* (seventh).

Mantras: Strong suggestions which anyone may give to his or her mind by repetition (*Op. cit.*; gives internal references); a sacred thought or a prayer (*Iyengar*, page 323).

Nadam [*anahat(a) (nad(a))*]: Sound manifestation of the highest psychic energy (*prana*) which may be heard in one form within the human body where it manifests at first close to the right ear.

Primary state, *vaikhari*, may manifest over time in differing sounds, all of which may be meditated upon, *e.g.* *ghanta nadam*, ringing of a bell; *megha nadam*, roll of thunder at a distance; *mridamga*, sound of bass or kettle drum; *venu nadam*, sound of a flute.

In a semi-advanced stage of *nad* meditation, *madhyama*--electromagnetic pulsation/magnetic sensations--may be perceived within the body.

Mishra, pages 195, 199, 201, 202, 209; giving internal references.

Nada: Inner mystical sound.

Iyengar, page 324.

Nadis: Nerve channels through which nervous energy passes through the human body, of which there are estimated 72,000. Junctions of the *nadis* are known as *chakras* or fly-wheels which regulate the body mechanism. *Ibid*, pages 90, 316.

Niyamas: Five observances performed continually: physical and internal purity, contentment with one's material state, austerity, study and self-surrender. *Mishra*, page 203.

The second stage of Yoga mentioned by Patanjali. *Niyama's* five rules listed by Patanjali: purity, contentment, ardour or austerity, study of the Self, dedication to the 'Lord.' *Iyengar*, page 324, 38.

Ojas: Hormonal energy which may be developed by the practice of Yoga. Such development brings increased health, longer life, mental power and control of nervous system. There are two kinds of *ojas*: *para ojas*, which supplies the heart...and *apara ojas*, which circulates constantly through the blood vessels to nourish the entire body, to heal mental and physical diseases. *Mishra*, pages 203, 104.

Om: *See Aum*.

Prakriti: Cosmic matter or substance. "Nature; the original source of the material world, consisting of three qualities [*gunas*], etc." *Iyengar*, pages 325-6, 329.

The most subtle form of nature according to the *Samkhya*, which, when in combination with Consciousness, produces the infinite universe of names and forms; characterized by the three *gunas*. *Mishra*, page 204.

Prajna: Individual consciousness or intelligence as contrasted with universal intelligence, or *isvara*. It also may mean wisdom or intuition. *Loc. cit.*; gives internal references. Intelligence, wisdom. *Iyengar*, page 325.

Prana: The sum total of all energy which resides within the universe, both the unmanifested nuclear state and in the manifested states [and travels the *kundalini* paths and tributaries]. *Mishra*, page 204; gives internal references.

Breath, respiration, life, vitality, wind, energy, strength. It also connotes the soul. *Iyengar*, page 326.

Pranayama: The fourth of the eight [procedures, sub-] systems—various breathing exercises for gradual "control of prana" and transferring the breathing function to the internal metabolism. *Mishra*, page 204, gives internal references; *Iyengar*, page 45.

An important center of concentration during *pranayama* is the medulla oblongata because it contains the center which controls respiration. *Mishra*, page 201.

Rhythmic control of breath. The fourth stage of yoga. *Iyengar*, page 326.
"In breathing exercises, with every expiration in succession, impurities of the body are removed through the lungs, skin, and kidneys, and with every inspiration in succession, universal energy, life and light of knowledge are drawn into the body through the lungs and

skin.” “Energy of the sun operates freely in the body...the inner light continually increases until it reaches full freedom or salvation.” *Mishra*, page 133.

Pratyahara: The fifth procedure, withdrawal of consciousness from contact with the senses and turning it inward for concentration. *Ibid*, page 205; gives internal references.

Withdrawal and emancipation of the mind from the domination of the senses and sensual objects. The fifth stage of yoga. *Iyengar*, page 326.

Purusa[/purusha]: A *Samkhya* term designating pure Consciousness undefiled and unlimited by contact with *prakriti* or matter. *Mishra*, page 205.

Samadhi: For Yoga...that state, of which there are various grades, in which the individual mind, freed for a time from all material limits...gains enlightenment. *Loc. cit.*

Where there is a feeling of unutterable joy and peace. *Iyengar*, page 327.

Samkhya: The philosophic basis of the Yoga system; *i.e.* that system of classification of the states of mind and spirit which evolved from and is continually reverified by yoga practice. *Mishra*, page 206.

Susumna[/Sushumna]: The central nervous system, of which the principal part is the spinal cord. *Ibid*, page 208; gives internal references.

The main channel situated inside the spinal column. *Iyengar*, page 329.

[See also, *Ida*, *Pingala*, *Nadis*.]

Tatvamasi[/Tat twam asi]: The foremost of the great Vedic suggestions. It means literally “That art thou.” *Mishra*, page 208.

The realization of the real nature of man as being part of the divine; “That thou art.” *Iyengar*, page 330.

[Also heard as “Thou art that.”]

Third eye [“*divya dristi*”]: Located in the sixth *cakram* [*cakra*/*chakra*“*anja*”], between the eyebrows, the seat of intuition. *Mishra*, page 199; gives internal references.

Vedanta: Direct knowledge of supreme consciousness...[which] although formulated into a philosophy...must be realized through practice. *Ibid*, page 209.

Yama: The first limb [of the eight-fold procedures of the Yoga system], its ethical disciplines being non-violence, truth, non-stealing, continence and non-coveting (universal moral commandments). *Iyengar*, pages 23, 33.

Five vows [governors of behavior]—noninjury, renunciation of untruth in life, nonstealing, continence, and noncovetousness—observed by aspirants after Yoga.

Mishra, page 210; gives internal references.

Yama also is the name of the god of death. *Iyengar*, page 333.

Yoga: That scientific system for transforming the weak, untrained, material mind of a human individual into the eternal, omnipotent, blissful mind of supreme, universal consciousness

[giving page references in the text for its related religion, eight systems, aims of, physical endurance necessary for, training body, 'psychic' powers as byproducts of, and foundation of ethical and moral life]. *Mishra, page 210.*

Yoganidra: State of complete bodily relaxation and magnetization...awake, yet calm and free of all distraction. *Loc. cit.*

Yoga psychology: That system of mental analysis which has been formulated through centuries as the result of insight received and repeatedly vivified by yoga practice. A major premise of this system is that the chief property of mind is identification of itself with the objects of its contact. *Loc. cit.*

APPENDIX E

Caregiving

By 1994, about the time Mother turned 86, her incredible natural strengths began to diminish. She no longer could make the bus shopping trips to town that she previously enjoyed and couldn't maintain the small garden of her mobile home as she loved doing. Mom never drove a car. My sisters and I always shared taking her shopping, to the hairdresser's and medical and dental appointments. Also never confident about business matters and property repairs, our customary general involvement in those matters steadily increased also. Over the next several years we took turns supplying all needed to allow her to stay in her small home as she so very much, naturally, wanted.

Then she had her first fall...

2005

In late summer Mother, now 94, sat on a stack of carton boxes while visiting a farm and slid down to the ground. By September, however, the full effect on her already severely arthritic spine was evident. Simply standing up was excruciatingly painful. We insisted on hospitalization, and on the 23rd she was transported on a stretcher to the local hospital. We took shifts there and, by the time of discharge on October 8, we had her home equipped for recuperative living, arranged therapy visits, established a Lifeline telephone monitor, and drew a shared schedule for daily periods with her, meal preparations, bills, accounting, and property maintenance.

She also was growing forgetful—such as when I left her, determined to roast a chicken, early on December 5th. I called later to ask whether she had turned off the oven. She assured me she had; but when I returned in late evening I found the oven still on, at 450 degrees. Medical appointments were numerous and monitoring of medications complicated, with frequent changes. Besides the spinal damage care, there were meetings with social workers, visits by home nurses, outpatient therapy, skin sores, a bleeding bladder episode (involving a “urodynamics test”, surgery deliberations, and weeks of treatment), a ‘pessary’ appliance that required regular review by the gynecologist, an emergency room visit for a questionable leg bruise, glaucoma exams and regular eye drops, foot and shoe problems, pressure stockings to reduce leg edema, sessions with a pain management doctor, etc.

Mother had four advocates, two of us mercifully retired with extra time. But we wondered, what in the world did an aged person who *had* none do? And how impossible it must be for an only child! Mine and my sisters' lives now were fully involved with maintaining Mother's life. Like parents, worry was constant even when not with her; meanwhile, of course, we were maintaining our own families.

2006

My sisters and I (ages 63, 65, 71 and 76) decided *we* needed help. We hired a caregiver, with whom we alternated some of shift hours, and who helped with showering and light housekeeping. We all shared in a daily log, for there was much to remember. Eventually two large binders were filled with doctor, Medicare, Social Security and

“advanced directives” paperwork, equipment and medication data, and resource information, together with those detailed logs which, before leaving a ‘shift,’ each of us left for the next person--pages and pages that read like medical records in themselves.

The daily number of hours necessary to oversee everything increased, along with our concerns for constant safety, as Mother displayed more forgetfulness. The first caregiver was taken away by personal problems; but we were very lucky. With aid from the County Department of In-Home Support Services, two experienced, sister caregivers were engaged (which added scheduling and payroll accounting to our tasks). Come March it was time for 24/7 care. Supplementing County aid with personal dollars we were able to use the caregivers half of the time, various we sisters also alternating both daytime and overnight shifts. And so it went, through summer and into autumn, as yet another binder filled with medical and business records, coordinating calendars, and caregiver communications. (Between April 9 and May 1, for example, there were 12 medical appointments.)

Then, on October 4, Mother left her recliner without her cane, walked a matter of 10 steps to the front door, opened it, checked the mailbox there and, in turning, had her second fall. Her right femur bone broke in three places. In the operating room at 12:30 p.m. next day, a large loss of blood upon surgical incision put her in cardiac arrest. The wound temporarily was reclosed and Mother was resuscitated, after which implantation was completed of a 12-inch plate to the femur. (A miscommunication between surgeon and anesthetist overrode the DNR order we had struggled about but signed.)

In ICU for a full following week, Mother was unconscious the first three days. As she regained consciousness she suffered several hallucinatory episodes, perhaps due to the strong narcotic drugs for pain. Her mind, however, never returned to its prior state. Before the surgery, although suffering short-term forgetfulness, she could recall memories of her own and our family’s prior life events. After the surgery, she could not summon memory even our father’s death, wondering why he had not come to visit her....

After another week in the main hospital--one or more of us in attendance daily, helping with feedings and, again, vigilant monitoring—Mother was transferred to the Skilled Nursing Facility for recuperation, therapy, and evaluation with a goal of bringing her back to 75 percent of her former functioning. At the November 21 family meeting with staff, however, we learned that only 50 percent was the most possibly achievable and, on discharge November 28 she would need full-time nursing care.

Mother now was 97 years old and unable to move her body between bed and chair and toilet. The two retired sisters of us already had age-handicapped husbands for whom we were caring. How strange is it?—that human quest for longevity failed to comprehend its ultimate entailments! But enough already has been written; no more really is needed here, about the longevity’s industry and its costs, the burden on families, and the dilemmas faced by persons of meager means.

Mother’s monthly income (Federal social security and a State supplement) was \$833, far beneath the \$4,000-5,000 cost for private assisted living for an incontinent, wheelchair-

bound person. Nonetheless we hopefully visited some in our area, before accepting placing her in a local public home. Mother was transferred directly to the nursing home from the hospital. *Fortunate again were we*, in that our local home was probably the best of its kind available anywhere, and we only a few minutes away. All but \$30 of Mother's income was paid to the home, \$30 allowed for incidentals (which, however, didn't cover telephone, clothing, and incontinence underwear costs; but my sisters and I were far from complaining about *that*.)

We eased Mother into her new residence, letting her believe at first that it would be only until she 'fully recovered.' In a three-person room, Mother had the space near the slider door, which looked out on a portion of the back garden. We brought in her familiar night table, bureau, casual chair, telephone and television, and placed favored items and photos on the wall. And another two full binders and assorted folders of records were closed....

December 2006 to April 2008

One of us was there daily, either at mealtime or for one of the recreational events. From the beginning, we did and continued to treat her as if she was 'at home.' Often she spoke as if she was!--"Can I fix you a cup of coffee?" she would ask when I arrived.

Mother lived in the very moment; the hours of the day seem to pass unregistered, so that even the morning's meal was not recallable at noon. Yet, despite not remembering most personal details about us, her daughters, our families, or her own past, she well remembered how to play Bingo and regularly attended the three-times-a-week games. She was unable to remember what her last real home looked like, or where it was. Yet, there was a part of her that missed not *it*, so much, but what is contained in nebulous memory—that sense of independent being, to which in occasional moments she still expressed vague hope of returning.

If Time is measured by painful thoughts, it was inevitable that ours were the greater, in a doubled emotion--deeply suffering sympathy for our beloved Mother's present living and identifying our own futures with it. But endowed with a formidably strong body, in which Mother's heart and lungs remained apparently strong, we fully expected that she well would live beyond May 23--her next, her one hundredth birthday....

April 11, 2008

This evening my sisters and I, having visited Mother, were sharing a supper and at my home. Retrospectively, it could be said to have been mystical, in that for three hours together we strangely were free of our usual steady concerns about Mom. Instead, we happily recalled and laughed about times of our child- and girlhoods, with fond memories of our parents and the family life they had created.

It was around 11 p.m. the telephone rang. One sister had left just shortly before; and I thought, "Oh, she's forgotten something." Except, it wasn't her; it was the nursing home.

Mother had died, and with her oft-expressed wish--that her daughters be *friends*....