

KOOK AND THE PEYOTE PARTY ⁱ



Cat & Buttons: A Port-cat-ure

Kook (pronounced "koo-koo-roo-koo") was a quiet cat and a fine friend but she never accompanied us on these confusing outings. However before the night The Moronic Convergence Party was over she would be a very stoned cat. Her fur was off white deepening to gray white, eyes on the greenish-mosaic side with hints of blue gray. This blue gray greenishness was in common with my own hazel eyes.

Kook, like all cats, had a mind of her own. Her feline wisdom and mellow disposition tempered the healthy chaotic karma that Marie and I, when at our best, generated and enjoyed. She was a good moon watcher too.

Peyote Place

Marie and the divergent elements of her crowd viewed The Convergence as an important intergalactic milestone and had been searching for a distinctive way to kick it off. I don't know who thought of it, or if it just came about through substance availability, but it was decided to throw a Peyote Party. Other than food, booze and the cleaned, chopped peyote buttons, the only advance planning was to establish a fortune cookie theme.

Invitations requested that guests bring in any fortunes they may have around from eating Chinese. Then, once everyone was feeling good and spaced, real conversation would cease. Instead the partygoers would attempt to speak to one another solely by drawing fortune cookie one-liners out of several candy bowls distributed about the living room:

"You Will Die."

"Good Things Are On The Way."

"Friday Wasn't A Bad Day."

"You Will Meet A Tall Dark Stranger."

"You Are Always Welcome In Any Gathering."

"You Better Prepare Your Hope Chest."

The Psychedelic Snacker

Kukuruku, as was sometimes her wont, partied too although she didn't participate in the fortune orations. But she did get a stone for the centuries, a stone that, to borrow a **Beatles** phrase, 'should have lasted years' and did! ^{iv}

It is unusual for a cat to ingest psychedelics (other than catnip) but it was an accident. The cube-shaped diced peyote morsels were laid out on the table alongside crackers, dips, diced veggies, snacks and beverages. Kook apparently mistook the similarly-shaped peyote chunks for green peppers and ate what, for a human, would be a healthy dose.

She tripped out, turned to stone for several days, eyes black black black like black marbles and stayed almost guru-still for months; then was a spacier cat than before for the remainder of her long life.

A Carnivorous Armchair

I managed, more deliberately, to chew down some peyote too and soon a favorite armchair almost ate me. Or, rather, an armchair in the corner of 1812 Calliope Avenue turned into a large animated beanbag with a carnivorous appetite.

Then the composite image resolved, not to many beans, but to individual menacing peyote buttons and kept getting larger and larger, taking up more and more of the room. I thought it was going to get so big as to swallow me up when I put my glasses on. Whew! Just in time, the armchair jumped back but still looked like it was made up of buttons.

The same sort of thing happened on an acid trip with an encroaching branch on the back porch of **Dupont Hotel**. It had pushed its way through the screen door while I sat on the couch in The Lobby and was on its way to attack me when I put my glasses on and the monstrosity jumped back and became, again, a nice overly long tree branch.

Maurice may have had the best time at the party. He got a little drunker a little faster than usual, which was enough for him to act extroverted and kind for an hour. Then he did what he would never have done sober: ate a few buttons. He passed out for the night shortly thereafter but had, he said later, weird vivid dreams.

I ended up doing dishes in the wee morning hours with Marie and Shelley (they found me useful only for wiping) and then, rarity, passed out myself on the one open couch.

It was all good, good in Kook's terms for several lifetimes?

The next day, being on a similar plane, both of us still tripping a bit on our buttons, she honored me by conveying her abstract impressions of the morning, a parenthetical cat if ever there was one:

Sunny May morning:

Ladies going down one-ways the wrong way,

(Cripples crossing on red lights,)

(Crystalline model-like freight trains,)

Green mask of truck face with black eyeshadow –

A morning so clear, the cars like toys.

Excerpted from [The Psychedelic Slacker](#)

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Disclaimer

What happens to the cat in this story (Kook's ingesting peyote) was an accident, was not premeditated and not something anyone intended to have happen. It is nice to note, too, that there is no evidence that Kook was actually harmed by the experience, albeit an unintentional one.

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http://www.erowid.org/plants/show_image.php?image=peyote/lophophora_williamsii28.jpg

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“A love that should have lasted years!”

Excerpted from For No One by Lennon/McCartney (**The Beatles**), © 1966.

<http://www.beatles-lyrics.net/beatles-for-no-one.html>