

How was I introduced to 2012? Reflections on Time, Terence McKenna, and the Synchronicities of Fate

John Major Jenkins

John Major Jenkins is an independent researcher who has investigated the Mayan calendar, lost galactic cosmologies, as well as the origins and meaning of the Mayan 2012 cycle ending date. In eight books on the subject going back to 1989, Jenkins lays out in-depth research that uncovers a rare alignment that culminates in the years around 2012. This alignment involves the December solstice sun and the Milky Way's center, and is thus referred to as a "galactic alignment." His research shows how this end date alignment scenario was calculated by the ancient Maya shaman-astronomers, and encoded into their sacred ballgame and Creation myth. In this essay, John reflects upon his the influences that led him living and working among the Maya and studying their ancient traditions. His better known books are *Maya Cosmogenesis 2012* (1998), *Galactic Alignment* (2002), *Pyramid of Fire* (with Marty Matz, 2004). For more on John's work, see his Website: <http://alignment2012.com>



John Major Jenkins in San Diego, May 2006

A friend asked me recently, "How were you introduced to 2012?" I mused deeply on this and realized that the net of connections go far back into my childhood. My childhood friend, Joe Connolly, was an Irish kid with an attitude. He and I were somehow fated to be friends, or enemies. Or both. The relationship was an alternating power struggle and hierarchical, as kids will seek out and establish, with Joe clearly my superior. At least, in the beginning. He knew weird words like "vulva" and "iridescent"; he ran faster and

punched harder. And we were both dislocated latch-key kids, the neglected detritus of divorced “me-decade” parents. We became friends, and by second grade had done sleep-overs at each other’s houses, sometimes with other kids in the summer.

Joe lived with his Dad in a small house, three blocks away. I discovered that Joe’s Dad was cool. He rode a recumbent bicycle regularly, had long hair, and read books. Joe was tall, lean, with a broad Irish forehead and dark hair and eyes. He was to me like a psychopomp, an initiator into mysteries—years later he introduced me to marijuana and LSD. Much later, long after Joe left my life, my friendship with Terence McKenna seemed like an echo of my relationship with Joe, and seemed to pick up on the initiatory function —Terence was a guide, an example, a trail blazer, a friend, someone two steps ahead of you but willing to point the way. Joe’s and Terence’s faces blend together in my memory.

One warm summer afternoon I had a conversation with Joe on my front porch that foreshadowed my life-work—my deep involvement as an adult with Mayan cosmology, eschatology, and end-date 2012. I was 12 years old. It was July 1976, right after the crazy Bicentennial fireworks and parade in Elmhurst. The Bicentennial meant 200 years had passed. Time must have been on our minds, for we talked about deep time, the concept of a millennium, and millions of years passing since the dinosaurs. The year 2000 AD loomed large for us, but also seemed a long way off. What would we be doing? It was hard to imagine that at age 12.

Joe said his Dad was reading a book about Indians down in Mexico. They were astronomers and had a calendar that was going to end—in the year 2011! “December 24, 2011,” Joe said, and that date rang like a beckoning mystery. I chewed on it. What could it mean? Would time just stop, would the world blow up? I connected the feeling with an old sci-fi silent movie I’d seen on T.V., called, I think, “The Star.” It was from the 1920s, Keystone Cop-ish, black and white, and the world was coming to an end. A star or planet was moving closer to earth, causing gravity to be nullified. Everyone and everything on earth started getting pulled upward—cars, people, buildings, and bridges flew up through space, attracted by the strong pull of the alien body. It was an archetype of the Great Attractor, and I’d still like to track that movie down; my memory of it is numinous and dream-like.

After talking about the end of the world on my front porch, Joe and I walked over to his house to get baseball gear. His Dad, Jim, was there, and I wanted to see the book (I thought maybe Joe was just making up a story). But there it was, a big hardback with a dark blue dust jacket. I didn’t fully register or remember the author or the title, but ten years later I had a deep feeling of recognition when I found Frank Waters’ book *Mexico Mystique*. Yes, that was it. (Waters’ 1975 book used an erroneous calculation and thus called the end date December 24, 2011, but in truth it is December 21, 2012.) A whole chain of thoughts seemed to spring from that day with Joe, and something was triggered in my own cognitive development. The idea of “philosophy” was planted, the realm of ideas and complex thought, ancient cultures and history. And yes, a specific seed-thought was planted, that an Indian calendar from Mexico was going to end in my lifetime.

In another strange confirmation that deeper synchronicities and some kind of providence for my life was astir, a few years ago I found in one of my earliest notebooks a sci-fi story I wrote when I was twelve or thirteen. It was a time travel end-of-world piece that launched off from the year 2013! It seems I wrote it after being introduced to

the Indian end-date by Joe, although an echo of H. G. Wells's *Time Machine* is evident—one of my favorite books I read as a child.

The main character tells the story of his effort to escape the bomb-filled world of 2013 AD by developing a computer-guided machine to cryogenically freeze himself until a later date. With the A-bombs of the apocalypse falling, he escapes into his laboratory, 400 feet down through a cave, and sets his freezer/time machine to wake him up 3,000 years down the road: 5013. (That should give the earth enough time to recover). However, as he hits the button and the freezer gas seeps into his sturdy industrial strength tube/coffin, an earth-shaking blast upsets the computer equipment and his mind crystallizes in suspended animation as he sees the target wake-up date blinking: “Computer Malfunction! Computer Malfunction!”

In a flash he is awakening, for time ceases for those so suspended. He is surprised to discover the year is 9,000,000 AD! He encounters colonizers from Mars who are actually humanity's descendants, and they take him away to the mutual benefit of all involved. The most bizarre aspect of this sci-fi story is the use of the departure date of 2013 — November 11, 2013 in the story — and its association with a world shattering or life-ending event. In addition, the implication is that 2013 commences some form of time travel. End of time, death, freezing/suspension. It's interesting that each of the month-day-year place values is off from the 12-21-2012 Maya end-date by one digit each: compare 11-11-2013 with 12-21-2012.



Mayan glyphs from the Dresden Codex

I should mention another event that occurred in 1976. Late that summer I went out to my uncle's campground in Colorado. Terence was born and raised in Paonia, Colorado, and by 1985 I had relocated to Boulder, Colorado. At the campground I helped empty garbage and clean washrooms. An old hippie storyteller was staying for the summer in his run down trailer. At night he kept a fire and people would gather, drinking beer and telling stories. He had some kind of ancient wisdom thing running through his veins. He called me over once, in the heat of a mid-afternoon, and said he had a book for me. It was Tony Shearer's *Beneath the Moon and Under the Sun*, published, like Waters' *Mexico Mystique*, in 1975. This was a book that I didn't grok the importance of until years later. But it stayed on my bookshelf and was ready when I was. Shearer was a storyteller, had lived in Mexico, and was the first to present the Mesoamerican calendar as a sacred path or wisdom teaching, valid for humanity today. He also originated the August 16, 1987 date that was later appropriated by José Arguelles for Harmonic Convergence. Shearer lived for many years in Denver, a town I lived in for eight years.

These early events transpired in 1976. Fast forward ten years, to 1986. It was this year that I decided to go to Mexico. But I had already had a certain feeling that I would soon go there, to visit the Maya, a year earlier, in February 1985. I was traveling around in my '69 Dodge van, experiencing a deepening spiritual awakening as I meditated and fasted, doing yoga in my van. The whole thing culminated in a vision in the

Appalachicola National Forest in Florida. The vision itself involved the boon-bestowing goddess, the Earth Spirit who answered my cry to serve a higher purpose. Within a week I became friends with a guy in Gainesville, named Evan, who told me of his recent visit to Yucatan. I found a book on the ruins of Quintano Roo and was captivated; I knew that I would very soon have to go.

In Boulder later that year, I settled down in a \$110-a-month basement room near the University. I took a night job at a factory and started saving money. I was able to take a long weekend off in June of '86 to ride my \$600 motorcycle to the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings in southwest Colorado, onward to Bandelier National Monument near Taos, and then a night in Santa Fe. I was back in time for my Sunday night shift. That summer I read Frank Waters' *Masked Gods* and *Book of the Hopi*, but I don't think I really devoured *Mexico Mystique* until 1988, when I started writing *Journey to the Mayan Underworld*. When I bailed from Colorado and rode my motorcycle back to Chicago in October, my plan was set: I'd fly one-way to Mexico City as soon as possible. I stayed at my Dad's house for month, and worked a few hours in his factory. I soon had my "red-eye" plane ticket and \$1000 in my pocket, and left on December 6th, 1986. The trip lasted 3 ½ months and I traveled overland from Mexico City to Oaxaca, Zipolite beach, San Cristobal de las Casas, Lake Atitlan, Antigua, Livingston, Tikal, Belize, sites in Yucatan, and finally Palenque. Then I continued overland homeward through northern Mexico to Texas, hitchhiked through Louisiana, and ended up jailed in New Orleans for a week. But that's another story.

That first trip introduced me to the Mayan universe, and I started doing research. One of the first books that meant a lot to me was Barbara Tedlock's *Time and the Highland Maya* (1982). This book, fortunately, introduced me to the reality of an authentic calendar tradition surviving in Guatemala. Then, of course, *Mexico Mystique* loomed large. I'd read *Invisible Landscape* by the McKenna brothers soon after arriving in Boulder, in late 1985. So thought-seeds had been planted about precession, the Galactic Center, and 2012. I knew about Arguelles's books and had read Tony Shearer's work, but had a distinct feeling that I should avail myself of more rigorous, scholarly studies. I've since come to respect Shearer's pioneering work as a poet, visionary, and storyteller, all the more needful of acknowledgment considering that Arguelles stole his thunder. Although I was quite taken by Arguelles's books *Earth Ascending*, *Mandala*, and *The Transformative Vision*, I was suspicious of *Mayan Factor* (1987). It seemed oddly hollow, somehow twisted, going off in the wrong direction.

By the way, when Harmonic Convergence happened (August 16-17, 1987) I was in Chicago, at a Peace and Music Festival organized by my brother Bill. I remember meeting someone who told me of the HC events, but although I'd already been to Mayaland, it didn't register as something I needed to join. Later I did quite a lot of research into Arguelles and Dreamspell, and received inside stories from his circle that revealed a lot of what was going on there.

So, 1986 was a critical year. Five years later, 1991, was a minor landmark, as I self-published (at Kinkos) my second book, *Mirror in the Sky*, and began the research which became *Tzolkin: Visionary Perspectives and Calendar Studies* (1992/1994). I also made contact with Terence McKenna that year. I'd read an interview with him, maybe in *Magical Blend* magazine. Then I saw his name and address on an I Ching newsletter I belonged to, so I sent him a letter. I shared some of my thoughts about the I Ching, the

genetic code, and the 260-day calendar. He wrote back in a cordial tone and included a Xerox copy of his article on Novelty theory he had written for *ReVision* magazine. We exchanged occasional letters for the next several years, until the Internet got going.

In the summer of 1992 I attended a Friday night talk he gave in Boulder, but couldn't afford the weekend event. I remember standing in a circle of people around him, asking questions. There was a buzz in the room and I really appreciated how he would take on difficult topics. I didn't introduce myself. In 1993 an exchange of letters with him helped me formulate my thoughts about the possibility of 2012 being related to the alignment that Terence mentioned in his book. I liked his idea of time speeding up, spinning more quickly around a central axis. I also nurtured a quite extensive correspondence with Peter Meyer, the programmer who developed the software for TimeWave Zero. Peter had also developed the Mayan Calendrics date-correlation software, which was enormously helpful to my research as I could run it on the proto-computers at the University (remember, this was 1991-3). He graciously added a complimentary paragraph about my book *Tzolkin* to the TimeWave Zero software manual.

My research progressed and a major clue came from an interview I read, in *Parabola Magazine* ("Crossroads," August 1993), with Mayan ethnographers Dennis Tedlock and Barbara Tedlock. They said "Maya creation happened at the Crossroads." I realized, from reading the end notes to Dennis's translation of the Mayan Creation Myth (*The Popol Vuh*, 1985), that "the crossroads" was the cross formed by the Milky Way and the ecliptic that targeted the Galactic Center. Also, I realized that the nearby Dark Rift in the Milky Way was a key player in the Creation myth. All of this, combined with a good dose of Linda Schele and David Friedel's *Forest of Kings* (1991), catalyzed an intuitive synthesis for me. The breakthrough piece I wrote, in May 1994, was published in the December '94 issue of *Mountain Astrologer* magazine. Terence offered to post it on his web site, but he had a problem and said, in a snail mail, to call him. We had a brief phone conversation about Ascii text conversion for the file; it was hurried and somewhat strange. The article was uploaded sometime in mid-1995, and it was quite a feeling to have something out there, on the new Internet, for the whole world to see. It is still there. By late 1995 my own web site was launched.

The next year was 1996 and Terence was coming to town again. By this time I had uncovered a great deal of things about 2012 and how Mayan traditions encoded the galactic alignment. I was already writing the essays that would become *Maya Cosmogenesis 2012*. My preliminary booklet, *The Center of Mayan Time*, was completed in 1995, and I sent it to Terence. He also received various essays I wrote, as well as *Mirror in the Sky*, *Tzolkin*, and possibly a copy of *Journey to the Mayan Underworld* (1989). So when he came to Boulder, he was acquainted with my work.



Caracol observatory at Chichen Itza

It was early May, and another providential turning point was upon me. I guess I should confess that in the year or two before Terence's arrival I had access to supplies of freshly grown *psilocybe cubensis* mushrooms. I had ingested them fresh on two occasions in the previous two years. And more recently, I had done a dose that exceeded by far anything else I'd ever experienced. Since age 18 I had always approached drug use — even marijuana smoking — as opportunities for exploring consciousness. Insights dawned, and the total reintegration I experienced while coming down was an incredibly useful liminal zone in which congealed a new synthesis of my Mayan calendar research.

I've always emphasized that my work with 2012 was an interdisciplinary synthesis beyond anything expected by mainstream scholars. I believe that, during those years, I hit upon true insights into the intention behind and interwoven relationships within the various aspects of Maya time philosophy. And because of the "character profile" of the mushroom, I feel my work was blessed much more than if I'd been working with LSD — an artifice of laboratory.

My use of the visionary opening afforded by psilocybin mushrooms brings up the parallel to Terence's mushroom-induced revelation of 2012 as a temporal end-point in his novelty theory. Could this be explained, as Terence has suggested, simply by the shared use of psilocybin mushrooms? I don't know, but it is certainly of great interest that, as I showed in my book *Maya Cosmogenesis 2012*, ceremonial mushroom stones were found near Izapa, the origin place of the 2012 calendar. This indicates that the shaman-astronomers who formulated the 2012 calendar cosmology were availing themselves of the mushroomic vision. Moreover, one carving at Izapa (Stela 6) depicts vision scrolls coming out of the shoulder glands of a *Bufo marinus* toad. Two thousand years ago the shamans of Izapa believed the gland secretions of the sacred toad contain visions. And

this is true, since those secretions contain 5 Meo-DMT, a relative of the dimethyl tryptamine that Terence found so effective for inducing hypnagogic visions.

Most of the essays I compiled into *Maya Cosmogenesis 2012* were written between early 1995 and late 1996. And each one contained a blazing new revelation about how the Maya encoded the galactic alignment of 2012 into their various institutions. It was a time of great creative synthesis and revelation. Finally meeting Terence, in Boulder in May 1996, was a watershed occurrence during which several lasting friendships were forged and I opened up to new possibilities that impinged on my personal life as well as on my career as an author and teacher.

By 1996 all of Terence's books had been released, and they provided a feast for any late-twentieth century thinker. *Archaic Revival*, *True Hallucinations*, *Food of the Gods*, and the reprint of *Invisible Landscape* were such good examples of travel writing, insightful cosmologizing, philosophical musings, and psychedelic advocacy that nothing will ever appear like it again. Add to that the hundreds of hours of Terence's talks that are now freely available on the Internet, and we can start to understand just how deeply his early death, in April 2000, is felt. That weekend triggered a confluence of local consciousness with echoes continuing today, for Jonathan Zap and I met that weekend and have nurtured a friendship and correspondence ever since. Our conversations have taken place in café's, on mountain tops, in temple-strewn jungles, and in chilly campers.

So, the Boulder intelligentsia was primed and ready. Terence would be giving a weekend workshop at the Gold Lake Mountain Resort in the mountains west of Boulder. But, first, he'd be opening his visit with a Friday night talk at the Flatirons theatre on the Hill, near the University. I spread the word and my friends Curt Joy, Steve and Kelly Prothero, and I converged on the theatre as darkness fell. Terence gave his spiel and many urgent questions danced around in my head. I wondered whether Terence had fully imbibed and grokked my research. I wondered if he thought the galactic alignment to be important. Since Terence had never utilized or elaborated upon the alignment in his Time Wave model, how was it related? He had devoted only a couple of sentences to it in his books.

After his talk the audience was invited to stand and ask questions. One earnest audience member began his question by framing it with a very cogent introduction. His voice so rang with an understanding of Terence's work and an intellectual rigor that I had to turn around to get a look at him. It was Jonathan Zap, a man who I would soon learn blended intuition and intellect with his own unique observations on culture, psychedelics, media, Jungian psychology, and dream interpretation. I took note of him and was grateful when I met him the next day, as we were both attending the weekend workshop.

I finally stood and asked my question. I did not introduce myself and simply asked—somewhat leadingly, I suppose—about the Mayan cosmology and how Terence saw it reflected in his Time Wave model. A tense moment of silence passed as Terence took a rare pause. Then he asked, “Are you John Major Jenkins?” Being shy by nature I was somewhat surprised, as if my hidden identity had been revealed, and was shocked that Terence would even hazard a guess that the guy who'd been sending him booklets and Xeroxed essays might appear before him in Boulder. “Yes,” I replied, and it sounded so incongruous, perhaps like an admission of guilt, that people chuckled. Then Terence proceeded to say something about my books, that I lived in Boulder and people should talk to me for more on 2012 from the Mayan perspective.

Afterward my friends commented that they felt it was a great compliment to have been recognized by Terence. I certainly thought so, and it was a simple kind of validation and encouragement that gave me the confidence to work harder to get my new discoveries written up and published. It was only a year later that I was signing the contract for *Maya Cosmogogenesis 2012* with Bear & Company, my *magnum opus* that I asked Terence to write the introduction for. That deal set the stage for three books, published in 1998, 2002, and 2004. I can't say that my dealings with Bear & Company have been all that satisfactory, and perhaps I should have heeded a warning that Terence gave me over lunch that weekend.

On Sunday afternoon he invited me to join him and his small group in the lunchroom of the mountain resort. We talked about various things, mostly small talk, which Terence doesn't really like. We got around to my work and the likelihood of it ever getting a fair hearing. Terence asked me what kind of credentials I had. Trying to be clever, I said something like "Psilocybin U," but Terence wasn't moved. He was eating quickly and I was surprised at how wall-eyed he seemed up close—intense and somewhat enigmatic in how he phrased things, but really very personable. He said, "Well, you'll have to get *someone* at a university to *fall in love* with you if you want to get published academically." I said I thought that I might have a chance with a trade publisher like Bear & Company. He harrumphed and exclaimed, "Bear? You better be careful with the squirrels on *that* side of the park!" I later learned he had had a payment disagreement with Bear & Company over his *Dialogues* book.

I was bemused and disarmed at the tenor of our unfolding conversation. I kept it light. For personal reasons I was not a pot smoker (at the time) and might have been self-consciously insecure that an offer to *toke* might come up and I would have to decline. As it turned out, Terence was called away for an urgent phone message. That call involved a debacle happening on the University of California campus where he was scheduled to speak in a few days. It seemed that some campus goon was invoking an old law — that illegal subjects (i.e., drugs) could not be discussed at "private" meetings on campus property. Terence actually left Boulder a day earlier than planned, canceling an interview with Duncan Campbell at KGNU, in order to deal with his threatened event. I heard that the event went forward as planned, but that gives us a sense of how much Terence was constantly in the trenches with the thought police.

The weekend at Gold Lake Mountain Resort went well. I got to meet Robert Venosa and his wife Martina Hoffman. There were many stimulating conversations among audience members after hours. Terence was a vector for cutting-edge thinkers, and we should recall how different the world was ten years ago. That may sound strange, but think about it. If we thought things were draconian then, look around us now. I don't think Terence would be able to stay out of prison today if he had the same gung ho advocacy approach. Terence died before the dot-com bust, the Enron scandal, before 9-11 and the election of the most heinous and deceptive presidential administration this country has ever known. Consciousness? People today are just trying to stay above water.

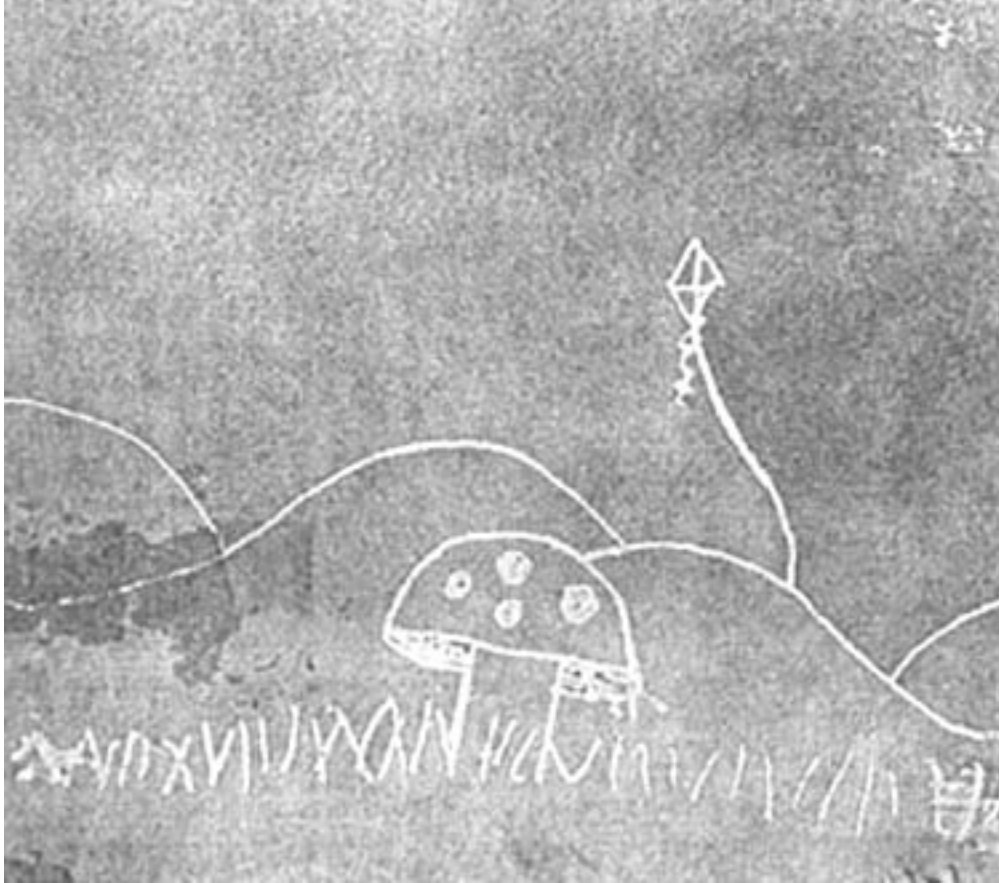
When Terence came to town in the summer of 1998, to speak at Naropa University, my book *Maya Cosmogogenesis 2012* had just been released. He had left me a nice phone message, saying he looked forward to seeing me at Robert Venosa's house party, and that "your book will mean a lot to all of us" and "congratulations on not only a new book, but a book that actually moves the human discourse on human transformation

forward.” I saw him speak at Naropa and partied with him at Venosa’s house, amidst a group of familiar Boulder faces that came out to see Terence. There was a feeling in the air that Terence and I were kindred thinkers and would collaborate on future projects. In fact, he was instrumental in setting up the workshop I gave at Esalen Institute in August 1999. And we discussed doing a program at Naropa together. As fate would have it, Terence fell ill, and our planned event defaulted to me giving a series of five presentations at Naropa in the Fall of 1999.

I’d like to share my last meeting with Terence, about a month before he was diagnosed with the brain cancer that he succumbed to in April 2000. It was April 1999. My fiancé was out of town for the weekend, and I was debating going to the Whole Life Expo in downtown Denver, to attend Terence’s talk. My resistance revolved around the fact that I had no cash and no way to get any for the entrance fee (\$30). At the last minute I decided to go anyway. Arriving, as I walked down the main hallway I saw Terence approaching me; I waved and we stopped to talk for a while. He ended up giving me a comp-ticket for the main showroom, and we departed. In the showroom I bumped into a friend of mine who had a booth, and she gave me a free ticket to any event. Terence’s talk was starting in five minutes, so I dashed over and was able to attend.

This series of synchronicities revealed to me the kind of magic, of possibilities, that danced around Terence. My fiancé, Ellen, and I were married several weeks later, on May 15th, and took our honeymoon in Durango and environs. Driving back to Denver through Paonia, Terence’s birthplace, I recounted to Ellen my dream of the previous night: I was skiing Terence’s Time Wave pattern down a snowy mountain trail. Terence was skiing next to me and he leaned over to say in my ear: “You can’t see it ‘til you ski it.” A few days later I found out about Terence’s seizure and flight off his volcano, narrowly escaping a roadside death by being revived and airlifted to the hospital. That happened on the day of my dream.

My synchronicity pattern with Terence extends to the famous experiment at La Chorrera, which was ceremoniously begun on the night of March 4, 1971. That was my seventh birthday. I have a drawing I made in March 1971—some kind of school project—that was returned to me from my late Grandmother’s house a few years ago (she liked to save these little treasures of childhood). It depicts a big mushroom in the foreground, undulating hills in the middle background, and some unseen person behind those hills flying a kite, which hangs in the far distance, right over the mushroom.



The “mushroom kite ladder.” March 1971.

I showed this to Terence when we met at Venosa’s party in Boulder in July 1998; he called it “the mushroom kite ladder.” It is ironic that fate conspired to remove this brilliant thinker, Terence McKenna, from our midst. But his passing must be part of a larger karmic plan. One lasting friendship that was triggered by Terence’s visit in 1996 is with Jonathan Zap (www.zaporacle.com). In our dialogues through the years we’ve recognized that Terence seems like the invisible third element in what is really a *trialogue*, as we’ve grappled with so many important insights that Terence put on the table. Perhaps from a hidden dimension he still whispers in our ears...

Terence McKenna, psychopomp of the psychedelic underworld’s undying astral influence, Neoplatonic shamanic netsurfer for nanotechnological gnosis, Irish wisdom bard and word-weaving wizard of hyperdimensional hysterics—dream on!

So, how was I introduced to 2012? The answer lies deeper than I can fathom. The years have passed and events in my life have unfolded in resonating echoes with some unknown source of causation. Perhaps those events resonate more with a future date, in 2012, than with an origin date in the past. The great Maya cycle ending, December 21, 2012, looms closer with every breath. It is time to take up the banner and spread the good news: *the elves are coming, the elves of transformation are coming!*

Postscript. This reminiscence was completed in February 2007. Parts of it were included in a piece written by Jonathan Zap on our meeting with Terence McKenna in 1996, which has been online for many years now. Based on those excerpts, certain critics have distorted and exploited my comments about mushrooms, injecting a misleading reading that I “advocate” their use. This occurred, most notably, in 2010 on my Wikipedia name entry page. The references were taken out of context to inject an opposite meaning into them, so the Wiki editors deleted the abusive section as a clear example of polemical and inaccurate defamation.

The particular critic who abused Wiki continued his attacks on other websites, such as the 2012Hoax site. I am posting this bio-reminiscence unedited, as originally written, with the discussion of the psycho-integrative efficacy of psilocybe mushrooms preserved. Such an effect is well known in the scientific case-study literature on the topic. I take the distorting attacks on me as grasping attempts by mean-spirited debunkers (part of the general MJJ mitigation campaign that has ramped up precisely as new evidence comes in which validates my pioneering 2012 research of the 1990s) and I refuse to truncate or cheapen the conversation by altering or deleting my words.

Furthermore, such divisive and distracting attacks occlude the more central aspect of my research on shamanism and sacred plants, as laid out in several chapters of *Maya Cosmogenesis 2012* — showing evidence that the Izapan culture which formulated the Long Count / 2012 calendar was familiar with these mind-expanding substances, and used them as catalysts for visions and cosmological model-making. That’s my position, based on the evidence. Critics may disagree with it, but their tactics of addressing it have largely been unprofessional and unethical. —MJJ, 11-30-2012

Additional resources are at [The Center for 2012 Studies](http://TheCenterfor2012Studies.com), Update2012.com, the2012Story.com, and Alignment2012.com
<http://youtu.be/9W8ASgfg2s4>



John Major Jenkins at Yaxha, summer of 2008