



LOOP



Altered States of America

Altered States of America

By Richard Stratton

Spin Magazine, March 1994

In the early 1950's the US chased the world's LSD supply as just the first step in a debauched CIA program code-named MK-ULTRA. In an exclusive interview, Ike Feldman, one of the operation's kingpins, talks to Richard Stratton about deadly viruses, spy hookers, and bad trips.

“I was a very minor missionary, actually a heretic, but I toiled wholeheartedly in the vinyards because it was fun, fun, fun. Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape, and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?”

—George Hunter White

The meeting was set for noon at a suitably anonymous bastion of corporate America, a sprawling Marriott Hotel and convention center on Long Island. Driving out of the city, I was tense and paranoid. For one thing, I was leaving Manhattan without permission from my parole officer, What was I going to tell him? “I want to travel to Long Island to interview a former narcotics agent who worked undercover for the CIA dosing people with LSD.” My parole officer would have ordered a urine test on the spot.

Then there was the fact that previous run-ins with drug cops had usually resulted in criminal prosecutions. I spent most of the '80s in prison for smuggling marijuana. How would this ex-agent of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics (BBN), forerunner of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) take to a retired outlaw writing a story about M K-ULTRA, the CIA's highly secretive mind-control and drug-testing program?

Ira “Ike” Feldman is the only person still alive who worked directly under the legendary George Hunter White in MK-ULTRA. The program began in 1953 amid growing fear of the Soviet Union's potential for developing alternative weaponry. The atomic bomb was a sinister threat, but more terrifying still were possible Soviet assaults on the mind and body from within — through drugs and disease. In an attempt to preempt foreign attacks and even wage its own assaults, the CIA funded a group of renegade agents to experiment with ways to derail a human being.

For years, Feldman had ducked reporters. He agreed to meet with me only after a private detective, a former New York cop who also did time for drugs. put in a good word. There was no guarantee Feldman would talk.

I recognized Feldman immediately when he waddled into the lobby of the Marriott. I had heard he was short, five three, and I'd read how George White used to dress him in a pinstriped zoot suit, blue suede shoes, a Bursalino hat with a tu rned-up brim, and a phony diamond ring, then send him onto the streets of San Francisco to pose as an East Coast heroin dealer. Now in his 70s, Feldman still looks and talks like Edward G. Robinson playing gangster Johnny Rocco in Key Largo.

Feldman leveled a cold, lizard-like gaze on me when we sat down for lunch. He wielded a fat unlit cigar like a baton, pulled out a wad of bills that could have gagged a drug dealer, slipped a 20 to the waitress and told her to take good care of us.

“What's this about?” Feldman demanded. “Who the fuck are you?”

I explained I was a writer researching George White. White, a world-class drinker known to polish off a bottle of gin at a sitting and get up and walk away, died of liver disease in 1975, two years before MK-ULTRA was first made public.

“Why do you want to write about White? I suppose it's this LSD shit.”

No, I said, not just the LSD. George White deserved to have his story told..

“White was a son of a bitch,” Feldman said. “But he was a great cop. He made that fruitcake Hoover look like Nancy Drew.”

Again he gazed stonily at me. “Lots of writers asked me to tell my story. Why should I talk to you?”

I decided to come clean. “I used to be part of your world,” I answered. “I did eight years for the Feds because I refused to rat when I got busted for pot.”

Feldman stared at me for a long time. “I know,” he said. “I checked you out. That’s why I’m here. Now get out your pencil.” He waved for the waitress and palmed her a 50 to cover the tab.

“The LSD,” Feldman began, “that was just the tip of the iceberg. Write this down. Espionage. Assassinations. Dirty tricks. Drug experiments. Sexual encounters and the study of prostitutes for clandestine use. That's what I was doing when I worked for George White and the CIA.”

For my next Interview with Feldman, I rented a day room at the Marriott and brought along a tape recorder. Feldman tottered in, pulled a small footballshaped clear plastic ampule out of his pocket and plunked it on the table. It was filled with pure Sandoz LSD-25. He also showed me a gun disguised as a fountain pen which could shoot a cartridge of nerve gas. “Some of the stuff George White and I tested,” he explained.

“It all began because the CIA knew the Russians had this LSD shit and they were afraid the KGB was using it to brainwash agents,” Feldman told me. “They were worried they might dump it in the water supply and drive everybody wacky. They wanted us to find out if we could actually use it as a truth serum.”

Actually, it all began with a mistake. In 1951, Allen Dulles, later appointed director of Central Intelligence, received a report from military sources that the Russians had bought 50 million doses of a new drug from Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Basel, Switzerland. A follow-up memo stated that Sandoz had an additional ten kilos - about 100 million doses - of the drug, lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25), available for sale on the open market

Dulles was alarmed. From the beginning, LSD was lauded by military and intelligence scientists working on chemical warfare compounds and mind-control experiments as the most potent mind-altering substance known to man. “Infinitesimally small amounts of LSD can completely destroy the sanity of a human being for considerable periods of time (or possibly permanently),” stated an October 1953 CIA memo. In the wrong hands, 100 million doses would be enough to sabotage a whole nation's mental equilibrium.

Dulles convened a high-level committee of CIA and Pentagon officials who agreed the agency should buy the entire Sandoz LSD supply lest the KGB acquire it first. Two agents were dispatched to Switzerland

with a black bag containing \$240,000.

In fact, Sandoz had produced only about 40 grams of LSD in the ten years since its psychoactive features were first discovered by Albert Hofmann. According to a 1975 CIA document, the U.S. Military attaché in Switzerland had miscalculated by a factor of one million in his CIA reports because he did not know the difference between a milligram (1 /1,000 of a gram) and a kilogram (1,000 grams).

Nevertheless, a deal was struck. The CIA would purchase all of Sandoz's potential output of LSD. (Later, when the Eli Lilly Company of Indianapolis perfected a process to synthesize LSD, agency officials insisted on a similar agreement.) An internal CIA memo to Dulles declared the agency would have access to “tonnage quantities.” All that remained was for agency heads to figure out what to do with it.

“The objectives were behavior control, behavior anomaly -production, and counter-measures for opposition application of similar substances,” states a heavily redacted CIA document on MK-ULTRA released under a 1977 Freedom of Information Act request. The chill winds of the Cold War were howling across the land. Dulles was convinced that, as he told Princeton University's National Alumni Conference, Russian and Chinese Communists had secretly developed “brain perversion techniques ... so subtle and so abhorrent to our way of life that we have recoiled from facing up to them.”

Pentagon strategists began to envision a day when battles would be fought on psychic terrain in wars without conventional weaponry. The terrifying specter of a secret army of “Manchurian Candidates,” outwardly normal operatives programmed to carry out political assassinations, was paraded before a gullible and easily manipulated public.

Ike Feldman remembers that time well. A Brooklyn boy, he was drafted into the Army in 1941. Army tests showed he had an unusual facility for language, so he was enrolled in a special school in Germany where he learned fluent Russian. By the end of the war, Feldman was a lieutenant colonel with a background in Military Intelligence. The Army sent him to another language school, this time in Monterey, California, where he added Mandarin Chinese to his repertoire.

While with Military Intelligence in Europe, Feldman first heard of George White. “White was with the OSS [Office of Strategic Services, forerunner of the CIA]. I heard stories about him. Donovan [William “Wild Bill” Donovan, founder of the OSS] loved White. White supposedly killed some Japanese spy with his bare hands while he was on assignment in Calcutta. He used to keep a picture of the bloody corpse on the wall in his office.”

In the early '50s, after a stint in Korea working for the CIA under Army auspices, Feldman decided he'd had enough of military life. He settled in California. “I always wanted chickens,” Feldman recalled, “so I bought a chicken ranch. In the meantime, there wasn't a hell of a lot to do with chickens.

“Before long, I got a call—this time from White,” Feldman continued. “We understand you're back in the States,” he says. “I want you to come in to the Bureau of Narcotics.” This was '54 to '55, White was District Supervisor [of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics] in San Francisco. I went in. I go to room 144 of the Federal Building, and this is the first time I met George White. He was a big, powerful man with a completely bald head. Not tall, but big. Fat. He shaved his head and had the most beautiful blue eyes you've ever seen. “Ike,” he says, “we want you as an agent. We know you've been a hell of an agent with Intelligence. The CIA knows it. You speak all these languages. We want you to work as an under cover

agent in San Francisco.”

What Feldman didn't know at the time was that George White was still working for the CIA. White's particular area of expertise was the testing of drugs on unwitting human guinea pigs. During the war, one of White's projects for the OSS was the quest for a “truth drug,” a serum that could be administered to prisoners of war or captured spies during interrogations. After trying and rejecting several substances the OSS scientists settled on a highly concentrated liquid extract of cannabis indica, a particularly potent strain of marijuana. Never one to shrink from the call of duty, White first tried the drug on himself. He downed a full vial of the clear, viscous liquid and soon passed out without revealing any secrets.

Meanwhile, at the CIA's Technical Services Staff (TSS), the department specializing in unconventional weaponry such as poisons, biological warfare, psychoactive substances, and mind control, Dr. Sidney Gottlieb was searching for a candidate to head MK-ULTRA. Gottlieb, a club-footed scientist who overcame a pronounced stutter in his rise to head the TSS, had discovered White's name while perusing old OSS files on the Truth Drug Experiments. White's credentials were impeccable: A former crime reporter on the West Coast before he joined the narcotics bureau, White had soon become one of the top international undercover agents under Harry Anslinger, the grandfather of America's war on drugs.

After meeting with Gottlieb, White noted his initiation into the world of psychedelics in his diary: “Gottlieb proposes I be CIA consultant and I agree.”

Moonlighting for the CIA, with funds disbursed by Gottlieb, White rented two adjoining apartment safe houses at 81 Bedford Street in Greenwich Village. Using the alias Morgan Hall, he constructed an elaborate alter-identity as a seaman and artist in the Jack London mode. By night, CIA spy Morgan Hall metamorphosed into a drug-eating denizen of the bohemian coffeehouse scene. With a head full of acid and gin, White prowled downtown clubs and bars. He struck up conversations with strangers, then lured them back to the pad where he served drinks spiked with Sandoz's finest.

“Gloria gets the horrors ... Janet sky high,” White dutifully recorded in his diary. In another entry, he proudly noted, “Lashbrook at 81 Bedford Street—Owen Winkle and the LSD surprise—can wash.” In recognition of the often bizarre behavior brought on by the drug, White assigned LSD the codename “Stormy.”

Secret agent man: Allen Dulles (*below*), the former director of the CIA, who authorized the purchase of Sandoz LSD; George White (*middle*) examines opium pipes as he takes over as head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in Boston in 1951; Harry Anslinger (*bottom*), circa 1954, then head of the FBN.



Secret agent man: Allen Dulles (top), the former director of the CIA, who authorized the purchase of Sandoz LSD; George White (middle) examines opium pipes as he takes over as head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in Boston in 1951; Harry Anslinger (bottom), circa 1954, then head of FBN.

According to an agency memo, the CIA feared KGB agents might employ psychedelics “to produce anxiety or terror in medically unsophisticated subjects unable to distinguish drug-induced psychosis from actual insanity.” In an effort to school “enlightened operatives” for that eventuality, Dulles and Gottlieb instructed high-ranking agency personnel, including Gottlieb’s entire staff at TSS, to take LSD themselves and administer it to their colleagues.

“There was an extensive amount of self-experimentation for the reason that we felt that a firsthand knowledge of the subjective effects of these drugs [was] important to those of us who were involved in the program,” Gottlieb explained at a Senate Subcommittee hearing years later. In truth, CIA spooks and scientists alike were tripping their brains out. “I didn’t want to leave it,” one CIA agent said of his first LSD trip “I felt I would be going back to a place where I wouldn’t be able to hold on to this kind of beauty.”

But as covert LSD experiments proliferated, things down at CIA headquarters began to get out of hand. “LSD favors the prepared mind,” wrote Dr. Oscar Janiger, a Los Angeles psychiatrist and early LSD devotee. Non-drug factors such as set and setting—a person’s mental state going into the experience and the surroundings in which the drug is taken—can make all the difference in reactions to a dose of LSD.

Frank Olson was a civilian biochemist working for the Army Chemical Corps’ Special Operations Division (SOD) at Fort Detrick in Frederick, Maryland. In another sub-project of MK-ULTRA code-named MK-NAOMI, the CIA had bankrolled SOD to produce and maintain vicious mutant germ strains capable of killing or incapacitating would-be victims. Olson’s specialty at Fort Detrick was delivering deadly diseases in sprays and aerosol emulsions.

Just before Thanksgiving in 1953, at a CIA retreat for a conference on biological warfare, Gottlieb slipped Olson a huge dose of LSD in an after-dinner liqueur. When Gottlieb revealed to the uproarious group that he’d laced the Cointreau, Olson suffered a psychotic snap. “You’re all a bunch of thespians!” Olson shouted at his fellow acid trippers, then spent a long night wandering around babbling to himself.

Back at Fort Detrick, Olson lapsed in and out of depression, began to have grave misgivings about his work, and believed the agency was out to get him Ten days later, he crashed through the tenth-floor window of the Statler Hotel in New York and plummeted to his death on the sidewalk below.

“White had been testing the stuff in New York when that guy Olson went out the window and died,” Feldman said. “I don’t know if he jumped or he was pushed. They say he jumped. Anyway, that’s when they shut down the New York operation and moved it to San Francisco.” The Olson affair was

successfully covered up by the CIA for over 20 years. White, who had been instrumental in the cover-up, was promoted to district supervisor.

Unfazed by the suicide of their colleague, the CIA's acid enthusiasts were, in fact, more convinced of the value of their experiments. They would now focus on LSD as a potent new agent for offensive unconventional warfare. The drug-testing program resumed in the Bay Area under the cryptonym Operation Midnight Climax. It was then that White hired Feldman.

Posing as Joe Capone, junk dealer and pimp, Feldman infiltrated the seamy North Beach criminal demimonde. "I always wanted to be a gangster," Feldman told me. "So I was good at it. Before long, I had half a dozen girls working for me. One day, White calls me into his office. 'Ike,' he says, 'you've been doing one hell of a job as an undercover man. Now I'm gonna give you another assignment. We want you to test these mind-bending drugs.' I said, 'Why the hell do you want to test mind-bending drugs?' He said, 'Have you ever heard of *The Manchurian Candidate*?' I know about *The Manchurian Candidate*. In fact, I read the book. 'Well,' White said, 'that's why we have to test these drugs, to find out if they can be used to brainwash people.' He says, 'If we can find out just how good this stuff works, you'll be doing a great deal for your country.'"

These days, Feldman takes offense at how his work has been characterized by former cops who knew him. "I was no pimp," Feldman insisted. Yet he freely admitted that his role in Midnight Climax was to supply whores. "These cunts all thought I was a racketeer," Feldman explained. He paid girls \$50 to \$100 a night to lure johns to a safe house apartment that White had set up on Telegraph Hill with funds provided by the CIA. Unsuspecting clients were served cocktails laced with powerful doses of LSD and other concoctions the CIA sent out to be tested.

"As George White once told me, 'Ike, your best information outside comes from the whores and the junkies. If you treat a whore nice, she'll treat you nice. If you treat a junkie nice, he'll treat you nice.' But sometimes, when people had information, there was only one way you could get it. If it was a girl, you put her tits in a drawer and slammed the drawer. If it was a guy, you took his cock and you hit it with a hammer. And they would talk to you. Now, with these drugs, you could get information without having to abuse people."

The "pad," as White called the CIA safe house, resembled a playboy's lair, circa 1955. The walls were covered with Toulouse-Lautrec posters of French cancan dancers. In the cabinets were sex toys and photos of manacled women in black fishnet stockings and studded leather halters. White outfitted the place with elaborate bugging equipment, including four microphones disguised as electrical outlets that were connected to tape recorders hidden behind a false wall. While Feldman's hookers served mind-altering cocktails and frolicked with the johns, White sat on a portable toilet behind the two-way mirror, sipping martinis, watching the experiments, and scribbling notes for his reports to the CIA.

"We tested this stuff they call the Sextender," Feldman went on. "There was this Russian ship in the harbor. I had a couple of my girls pick up these Russian sailors and bring 'em back to the pad. White wanted to know all kinds of crap, but they weren't talking. So we had the girls slip 'em this sex drug. It gets your dick up like a rat. Stays up for two hours. These guys went crazy. They fucked these poor girls until they couldn't walk straight. The girls were complaining they couldn't take any more screwing. But White found out what he wanted to know. Now this drug, what they call the Sextender, I understand it's being sold to guys who can't get a hard-on."

One such drug, called papavarine, is injected directly into the penis with a half-inch needle containing about two raindrops' worth of the medicine. "I tell [the men] to thrust it in like a bullfighter finishing off the bull," said a San Antonio urologist in a recent report on the new therapies used to treat male impotence. "Dangers include injecting too much drug, so that an erection can last dangerously long and kill penile tissue." The potions are not administered orally, as they were by the CIA, because the drug must affect only the penis and not the rest of the body. Drug companies are now working on a cream that can be rubbed directly into the penis before intercourse. Feldman claims we have the CIA to thank for these medical breakthroughs.

"White always wanted to try everything himself," Feldman remembered. "Whatever drugs they sent out, it didn't matter, he wanted to see how they worked on him before he tried them on anyone else. He always said he never felt a goddamn thing. He thought it was all bullshit. White drank so much booze, he couldn't feel his fucking cock.

"This thing" — Feldman held up the fountain pen gas gun — "the boys in Washington sent it out and told us to test the gas. White says to me, 'C'mon, Ike. Let's go outside. I'll shoot you with it, then you shoot me.'" 'Fuck that,' I said. 'You ain't gonna shoot me with that crap.' So we went outside and I shot George White with the gas. He coughed, his face turned red, his eyes started watering. He was choking. Turned out, that stuff was the prototype for Mace."

I asked Feldman if he'd ever met Sidney Gottlieb, the elusive scientist who was the brains behind MK-ULTRA. "Several times Sidney Gottlieb came out," Feldman assured me. "I met Gottlieb at the pad, and at White's office. White used to send me to the air-port to pick up Sidney and this other wacko, John Gittinger, the psychologist. Sidney was a nice guy. He was a fuckin' nut. They were all nuts. I says, 'You're a good Jewish boy from Brooklyn, like me. What are you doing with these crazy cocksuckers? He had this black bag with him. He says, 'This is my bag of dirty tricks.' He had all kinds of crap in that bag. We took a drive over to Muir Woods out by Stinson Beach. Sidney says, 'Stop the car.' He pulls out a dart gun and shoots this big eucalyptus tree with a dart. Then he tells me, 'Come back in two days and check this tree.' So we go back in two days, the tree was completely dead. Not a leaf left on it. Now that was the forerunner of Agent Orange.

"I went back and I saw White, and he says to me, 'What do you think of Sidney?' I said, 'I think he's a fuckin' nut.' White says, 'Well, he may be a nut, but this is the program. This is what we do.' White thought they were all assholes. He said, 'These guys are running our Intelligence?' but they sent George \$2,000 a month for the pad, and as long as they paid the bills, we went along with the program." Gottlieb, who now lives in Virginia, refused to be interviewed for this article.

"Another time, I come back to the pad and the whole joint is littered with these pipe cleaners," Feldman went on. "I said, 'Who's smokin' a pipe?' Gittinger, one of those CIA nuts, was there with two of my girls. He had 'am explaining all these different sex acts, the different positions they knew for humping. Now he has them making these little figurines out of the pipe cleaners—men and women screwing in all these different positions. He was taking pictures of the figurines and writing a history of each one. These pipe cleaner histories were sent back to Washington."

A stated goal of Project MK-ULTRA was to determine "if an individual can be trained to perform an act of attempted assassination involuntarily" while under the influence of various mind-control techniques, and then have no memory of the event later. Feldman told me that in the early '60s, after the MK-ULTRA

program had been around for over a decade, he was summoned to George White's office. White and CIA director Allen Dulles were there.

"They wanted George to arrange to hit Fidel Castro," Feldman said. "They were gonna soak his cigars with LSD and drive him crazy. George called me in because I had this whore, one of my whores was this Cuban girl and we were gonna send her down to see Castro with a box of LSD-soaked cigars."

Dick Russell, author of a recent book on the Kennedy assassination titled *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, uncovers new evidence to support the theory that Lee Harvey Oswald was a product of MK-ULTRA. One of the CIA's overseas locations for LSD and mindcontrol experiments was Atsugi Naval Air base in Japan where Oswald served as a Marine radar technician. Russell says that after his book was published, a former CIA counter-intelligence expert called him and said Oswald had been "viewed by the CIA as fitting the psychological profile of someone they were looking for in their MK-ULTRA program," and that he had been mind-conditioned to defect to the USSR.

Robert Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan, while working as a horse trainer at the Santa Anita race track near Los Angeles, was introduced to hypnosis and the occult by a fellow groom with shadowy connections. Sirhan has always maintained he has no memory of the night he shot Kennedy,

One of the CIA's mob contacts long suspected of involvement in John Kennedy's assassination was the Las Vegas *capo mafioso* John Roselli. Roselli had risen to prominence in the Mob by taking over the Annenberg-Ragen wire service at Santa Anita, where Oswald's killer, Jack Ruby, sold a handicapper's tip sheet. Ike Feldman told me Roselli was one of White's many informants.

"On more than one occasion, White sent me to the airport to pick up John Roselli and bring him to the office," said Feldman. Roselli was originally from Chicago, where White had served as District Supervisor of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics from 1945 through 1947. Following a big opium smuggling bust in 1947, Jack Ruby was picked up and hauled in for interrogation, then later let off the hook by none other than White. Federal Bureau of Narcotics files indicate Jack Ruby was yet another of White's legion stool pigeons.

The connections between MK-mind-control experiments, the proliferation of the drug culture, Mob/CIA assassination plots, and the emergence of new, lethal viruses go on and on. Fort Detrick in Maryland, where Frank Olson worked experimenting with viral strains (such as the deadly microbes Sidney Gottlieb personally carried to Africa in an aborted attempt to assassinate Patrice Lumumba), was recently the locale of a near disaster involving an outbreak of a newly emerged virus. The event was chronicled in a lengthy article published in the *New Yorker*.

Though the *New Yorker* writer did not make the connection between Fort Detrick, SOD, Frank Olson, and MK-NAOMI, he told of a number of monkeys who all died of a highly infectious virus known as Ebola that first appeared in 55 African villages in 1976, killing nine out of ten of its victims. Some epidemiologists believe AIDS originated in Africa. Feldman claimed the CIA used Africa as a staging ground to test germ warfare because "no one gave a goddamn about any of this crap over there."

The MK-ULTRA program, the largest domestic operation ever mounted by the CIA, continued well into the '70s. According to Feldman and other CIA experts, it is still continuing today under an alphabet soup of different cryptonyms. Indeed, one ex-agent told me it would be foolish to think that a program as

fruitful as MK-ULTRA would be discontinued. When the agency comes under scrutiny, it simply changes the name of the program and continues unabated.

The public first learned of MK-ULTRA in 1977, with the disclosure of thousands of classified documents and CIA testimony before a Senate Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research chaired by Senator Edward Kennedy. Ike Feldman was subpoenaed and appeared on a panel of witnesses, but the senators failed to ask him a single question. Sidney Gottlieb, complaining of a heart condition, testified at a special semi-public session. He delivered a prepared statement and admitted to having destroyed perhaps one set of files. Another set was turned over to Senate investigators. The full extent of the CIA's activities under the rubric of MK-ULTRA may never be known.

George White retired from the Narcotics Bureau in 1965. The last ten years of his life, he lived in Stinson Beach, California, where, known as Colonel White, he went on the wagon for a few years and became chief of the volunteer fire department. Local residents remember him once turning in four kids for smoking pot, and in another incident, spraying a preacher and his congregation with water at a beach picnic. He was also known to terrorize his wealthier neighbors by driving his jeep across their lawns. After White's death, his widow donated his papers, including diaries, to an electronic surveillance museum. As information on MK-ULTRA entered the public domain, people who had known White only in his official FBN capacity were stunned to learn of his undercover role as Morgan Hall.

Ike Feldman, kept alive by a pacemaker, lives with his wife in a quiet suburban Long Island community where he tends his garden and oversees a number of business interests. According to George Belk, a former head of the Drug Enforcement Agency in New York, Feldman quit the drug agency following a probe by the internal security division. "Feldman was the sort of guy who didn't have too many scruples," said Dan Casey, a retired FBN agent who worked with Feldman in San Francisco. "For him, the ends justified the means." A DEA flack confirmed Feldman "resigned under a cloud" at a time when a number of agents came under suspicion for a variety of offenses, none having to do with secret drug-testing programs. Feldman asserts he still works for the CIA on a contract basis, mostly in the Far East and Korea.

On the day of our last interview, over lunch at a restaurant in Little Italy, Feldman told me the CIA had contacted him and asked him why he was talking to me.

"Fuck them," Feldman said. "I do what I want. I never signed any goddamn secrecy agreement."

I asked him why he decided to talk with me. "There's too much bullshit in the world," Feldman said. "The world runs on bullshit."

"To make a long story short," he said, using one of his favorite verbal segues, "I want the truth of this to be known so that people understand that what we did was good for the country."

We ambled down the street to a Chinese grocer, where Feldman carried on a lengthy conversation with the owner in Chinese. A couple of young girls, tourists, wanted to have their picture taken with Feldman. "Are you a gangster?" they asked.

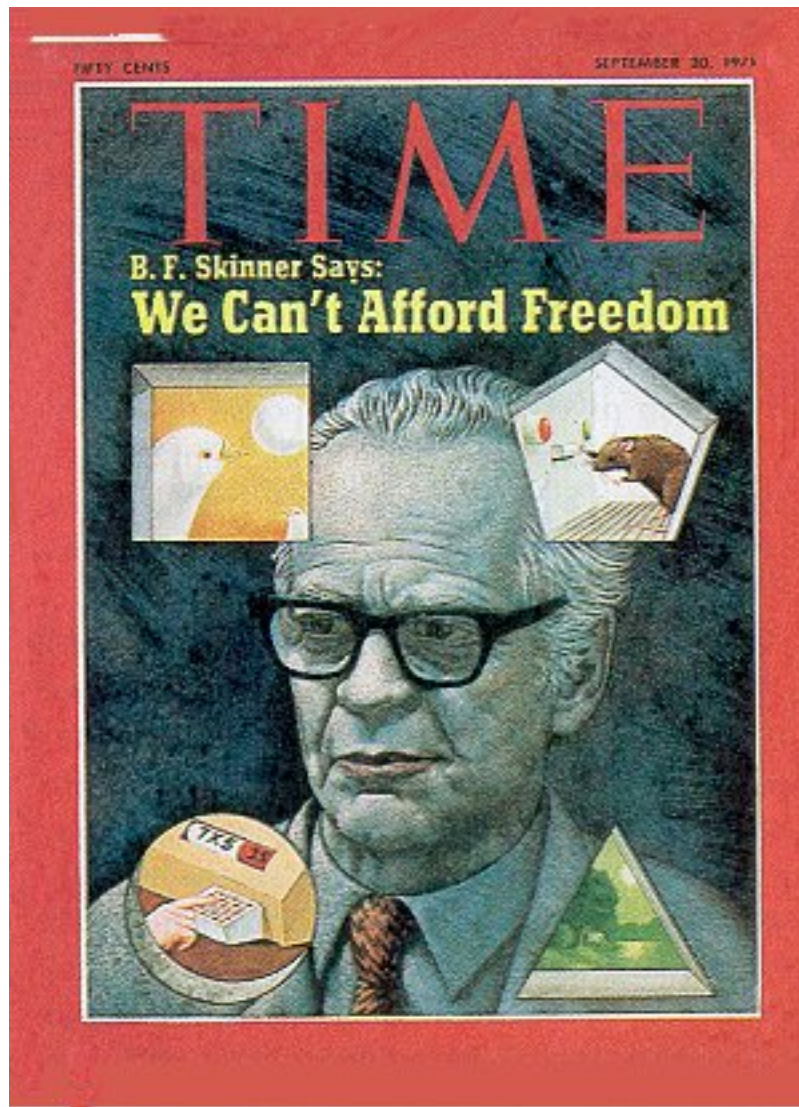
"No," Feldman replied with a wave of his cigar, "I'm a goddamn CIA agent."

As we walked on, I asked Feldman to explain how his work had been helpful to the country.

“I learned that most of this stuff was necessary for the United States,” he said, “and even though it may have hurt somebody in the beginning, in the long run it was important. As long as it did good for the country.”

I pressed him. “How so?”

“Well, look,” Feldman gestured with his cigar, “We're goddamn free, aren't we?”



"We need a program of psychosurgery for political control of our society. The purpose is physical control of the mind. Everyone who deviates from the given norm can be surgically mutilated."

"The individual may think that the most important reality is his own existence, but this is only his personal point of view. This lacks historical perspective. "

"Man does not have the right to develop his own mind. This kind of liberal orientation has great appeal. We must electrically control the brain. Some day armies and generals will be controlled by electric stimulation of the brain."

***Dr. Jose M.R. Delgado
Director of Neuropsychiatry
Yale University Medical School
Congressional Record, No. 26, Vol. 118
February 24, 1974***

The Original Captain Trips

by Todd Brendan Fahey



Before Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band...before Timothy Leary...before Ken Kesey's band of Merry Pranksters and their Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests...before the dawn of the Grateful Dead, there was Alfred M. Hubbard: the Original Captain Trips.

You will not read about him in the history books. He left no diary, nor chatty relatives to memorialize him in print. And if a cadre of associates had not recently agreed to open its files, Captain Alfred M. Hubbard might exist in death as he did in life--a man of mirrors and shadows, revealing himself to even his closest friends only on a need-to-know basis.

They called him "the Johnny Appleseed of LSD." He was to the psychedelic movement nothing less than the membrane through which all passed to enter into the Mysteries. Beverly Hills psychiatrist Oscar Janiger once said of Hubbard, "We waited for him like a little old lady for the Sears-Roebuck catalog." Waited for him to unlock his ever-present leather satchel loaded with pharmaceutically-pure psilocybin, mescaline or his personal favorite, Sandoz LSD-25.

Those who will talk about Al Hubbard are few. Oscar Janiger told this writer that "nothing of substance has been written about Al Hubbard, and probably nothing ever should."

He is treated like a demigod by some, as a lunatic uncle by others. But nobody is ambivalent about the Captain: He was as brilliant as the noonday sun, mysterious as the rarest virus, and friendly like a golden retriever.

The first visage of Hubbard was beheld by Dr. Humphry Osmond, now senior psychiatrist at Alabama's Bryce Hospital. He and Dr. John Smythies were researching the correlation between schizophrenia and the hallucinogens mescaline and adrenochrome at Weyburn Hospital in Saskatchewan, Canada, when an A.M. Hubbard requested the pleasure of Osmond's company for lunch at the swank Vancouver Yacht Club. Dr. Osmond later recalled, "It was a very dignified place, and I was rather awed by it. [Hubbard] was a powerfully-built man...with a broad face and a firm hand-grip. He was also very genial, an excellent host."

Captain Hubbard was interested in obtaining some mescaline, and, as it was still legal, Dr. Osmond supplied him with some. "He was interested in all sorts of odd things," Osmond laughs. Among Hubbard's passions was motion. His identity as "captain" came from his master of sea vessels certification and a stint in the US Merchant Marine.

At the time of their meeting in 1953, Al Hubbard owned secluded Daymen Island off the coast of Vancouver--a former Indian colony surrounded by a huge wall of oyster shells. To access his 24-acre estate, Hubbard built a hangar for his aircraft and a slip for his yacht from a fallen redwood. But it was the *inner* voyage that drove the Captain until his death in 1982. Fueled by psychedelics, he set sail and rode the great wave as a neuronaut, with only the white noise in his ears and a fever in his brain.

His head shorn to a crew and wearing a paramilitary uniform with a holstered long-barrel Colt .45, Captain Al Hubbard showed up one day in '63 on the doorstep of a young Harvard psychologist named Timothy Leary.

"He blew in with that uniform...laying down the most incredible atmosphere of mystery and flamboyance, and really impressive bullshit!" Leary recalls. "He was pissed off. His Rolls Royce had broken down on the freeway, so he went to a pay phone and called the company in London. That's what kind of guy he was. He started name-dropping like you wouldn't believe...claimed he was friends with the Pope."

Did Leary believe him?

"Well, yeah, no question."

The captain had come bearing gifts of LSD, which he wanted to swap for psilocybin, the synthetic magic mushroom produced by Switzerland's Sandoz Laboratories. "The thing that impressed me," Leary remembers, "is on one hand he looked like a carpetbagger con man, and on the other he had these most-impressive people in the world on his lap, basically backing him."

Among Hubbard's heavyweight cheerleaders was Aldous Huxley, author of the sardonic novel *Brave New World*. Huxley had been turned on to mescaline by Osmond in '53, an experience that spawned the

seminal psychedelic handbook *The Doors of Perception*. Huxley became an unabashed sponsor for the chemicals then known as "psychotomimetic"--literally, "madness mimicking."

But neither Huxley nor Hubbard nor Osmond experienced madness, and Dr. Osmond wrote a rhyme to Huxley one day in the early 1950s, coining a new word for the English language, and a credo for the next generation:

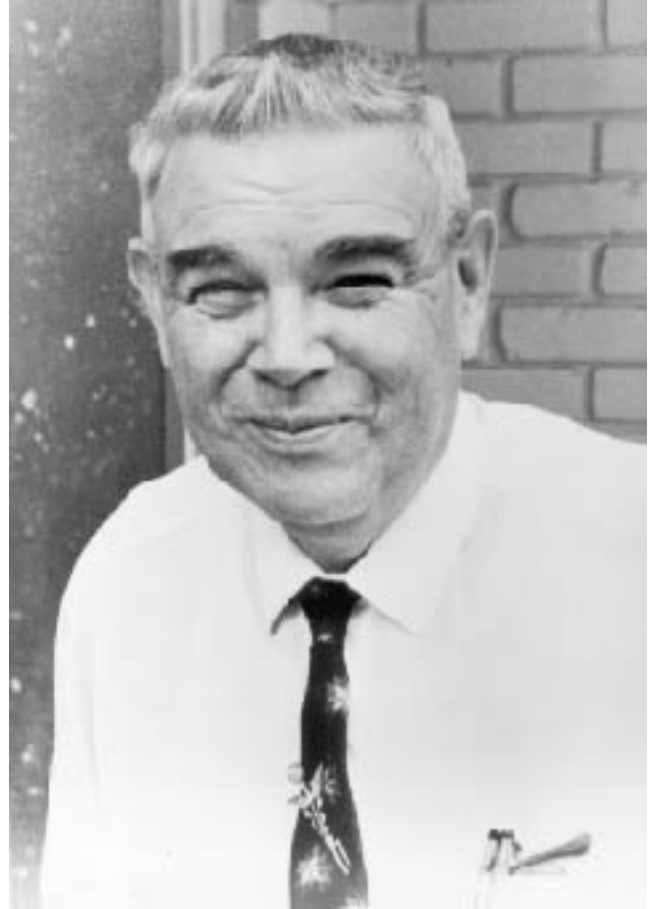
To fathom hell or soar angelic,

Just take a pinch of psychedelic.

* * *

Those who knew Al Hubbard would describe him as just a "barefoot boy from Kentucky," who never got past third grade. But as a young man, the shoeless hillbilly was purportedly visited by a pair of angels, who told him to build something. He had absolutely no training, "but he had these *visions*, and he learned to trust them early on," says Willis Harman, director of the Institute of Noetic Sciences in Sausalito, CA.

In 1919, guided by other-worldly forces, Hubbard invented the Hubbard Energy Transformer, a radioactive battery that could not be explained by the technology of the day. The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* reported that Hubbard's invention, hidden in an 11" x 14" box, had powered a ferry-sized vessel around Seattle's Portico Bay nonstop for three days. Fifty percent rights to the patent were eventually bought by the Radium Corporation of Pittsburgh for \$75,000, and nothing more was heard of the Hubbard Energy Transformer.



Hubbard stifled his talents briefly as an engineer in the early 1920s, but an unquenchable streak of mischief burned in the boy inventor. *Vancouver* magazine's Ben Metcalfe reports that Hubbard soon took a job as a Seattle taxi driver during Prohibition. With a sophisticated ship-to-shore communications system hidden in the trunk of his cab, Hubbard helped rum-runners to successfully ferry booze past the US and Canadian Coast Guards. He was, however, caught by the FBI and went to prison for 18 months.

After his release, Hubbard's natural talent for electronic communications attracted scouts from Allen Dulles's Office of Strategic Services (OSS). Also according to Metcalfe, Hubbard was at least peripherally involved in the Manhattan Project.

The captain was pardoned of any and all wrongdoing by Harry S. Truman under Presidential Pardon #2676, and subsequently became *agent* Captain Al Hubbard of the OSS. As a maritime specialist, Hubbard was enjoined to ship heavy armaments from San Diego to Canada at night, without lights, in the waning hours of World War II--an operations of dubious legality, which had him facing a Congressional investigation. To escape federal indictment, Hubbard moved to Vancouver and became a Canadian

citizen.

Parlaying connections and cash, Hubbard founded Marine Manufacturing, a Vancouver charter-boat concern, and in his early 40s realized his lifelong ambition of becoming a millionaire. By 1950 he was scientific director of the Uranium Corporation of Vancouver, owned his own fleet of aircraft, a 100-foot yacht, and a Canadian island. And he was miserable.

"Al was desperately searching for meaning in his life," says Willis Harman. Seeking enlightenment, Hubbard returned to an area near Spokane, WA, where he'd spent summers during his youth. He hiked into the woods and an angel purportedly appeared to him in a clearing. "She told Al that something tremendously important to the future of mankind would be coming soon, and that he could play a role in it if he wanted to," says Harman. "But he hadn't the faintest clue what he was supposed to be looking for."

In 1951, reading *The Hibberd Journal*, a scientific paper of the time, Hubbard stumbled across an article about the behavior of rats given LSD. "He knew that was it," says Harman. Hubbard went and found the person conducting the experiment, and came back with some LSD for himself. After his very first acid experience, he became a True Believer.

"Hubbard discovered psychedelics as a boon and a sacrament," recalls Leary.

A 1968 *resume* states that Hubbard was at various times employed by the Canadian Special Services, the US Justice Department and, ironically, what is now the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Whether he was part of the CIA mind-control project known as MK-ULTRA, might never be known: all paperwork generated in connection with that diabolical experiment was destroyed in '73 by MK-ULTRA chief Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, on orders from then-CIA Director Richard Helms, citing a "paper crisis."

Under the auspices of MK-ULTRA the CIA regularly dosed its agents and associates with powerful hallucinogens as a preemptive measure against the Soviets' own alleged chemical technology, often with disastrous results. The secret project would see at least two deaths: tennis pro Harold Blauer died after a massive injection of MDA; and the army's own Frank Olson, a biological-warfare specialist, crashed through a closed window in the 12th floor of New York's Statler Hotel, after drinking cognac laced with LSD during a CIA symposium. Dr. Osmond doubts that Hubbard would have been associated with such a project "not particularly on humanitarian grounds, but on the grounds that it was *bad technique*."

[Note: Recently, a researcher for *WorldNetDaily* and author of a forthcoming book based on the Frank Olson "murder," revealed to this writer that he has received, via a FOIA request of CIA declassified materials, documents which indicate that Al Hubbard was, indeed, in contact with Dr. Sidney Gottlieb and George Hunter White--an FBI narcotics official who managed Operation Midnight Climax, a joint CIA/FBI blackmail project in which unwitting "johns" were given drinks spiked with LSD by CIA-managed prostitutes, and whose exploits were videotaped from behind two-way mirrors at posh hotels in both New York and San Francisco. The researcher would reveal only that Al Hubbard's name "appeared in connection with Gottlieb and White, but the material is heavily redacted."]

Hubbard's secret connections allowed him to expose over 6,000 people to LSD before it was effectively banned in '66. He shared the sacrament with a prominent Monsignor of the Catholic Church in North America, explored the roots of alcoholism with AA founder Bill Wilson, and stormed the pearly gates with Aldus Huxley (in a session that resulted in the psychedelic tome *Heaven and Hell*), as well as supplying

most of the Beverly Hills psychiatrists, who, in turn, turned on actors Cary Grant, James Coburn, Jack Nicholson, novelist Anaïs Nin, and filmmaker Stanley Kubrick.

Laura Huxley met Captain Hubbard for the first time at her and her husband's Hollywood Hills home in the early 1960s. "He showed up for lunch one afternoon, and he brought with him a portable tank filled with a gas of some kind. He offered some to us," she recalls, "but we said we didn't care for any, so he put it down and we all had lunch. He went into the bathroom with the tank after lunch, and breathed into it for about ten seconds. It must have been very concentrated, because he came out revitalized and very jubilant, talking about a vision he had seen of the Virgin Mary."

"I was convinced that he was the man to bring LSD to planet Earth," remarks, Myron Stolaroff, who was assistant to the president of long-range planning at Ampex Corporation when he met the captain. Stolaroff learned of Hubbard through philosopher Gerald Heard, a friend and spiritual mentor to Huxley. "Gerald had reached tremendous levels of contemplative prayer, and I didn't know what in the world he was doing fooling around with drugs."

Heard had written a letter to Stolaroff, describing the beauty of his psychedelic experience with Al Hubbard. "That letter would be priceless--but Hubbard, I'm sure, arranged to have it stolen.... He was a sonofabitch: God and the Devil, both there in full force."

Stolaroff was so moved by Heard's letter that, in '56, he agreed to take LSD with Hubbard in Vancouver. "After that first LSD experience, I said 'this is the greatest discovery man has ever made.'"

He was not alone.

Through his interest in aircraft, Hubbard had become friends with a prominent Canadian businessman. The businessman eventually found himself taking LSD with Hubbard and, after coming down, told Hubbard never to worry about money again: He had seen the future, and Al Hubbard was its Acid Messiah.

Hubbard abandoned his uranium empire and, for the next decade, traveled the globe as a psychedelic missionary. "Al's dream was to open up a worldwide chain of clinics as training grounds for other LSD researchers," says Stolaroff. His first pilgrimage was to Switzerland, home of Sandoz Laboratories, producers of both Delysid (trade name for LSD) and psilocybin. He procured a gram of LSD (roughly 10,000 doses) and set up shop in a safe-deposit vault in the Zurich airport's duty-free section. From there he was able to ship quantities of his booty without a tariff to a waiting world.

Swiss officials quickly detained Hubbard for violating the nation's drug laws, which provided no exemption from the duty-free provision. Myron Stolaroff petitioned Washington for the Captain's release, but the State Department wanted nothing to do with Al Hubbard. Oddly, when a hearing was held, blue-suited officials from the department were in attendance. The Swiss tribunal declared Hubbard's passport invalid for five years, and he was deported. Undeterred, Hubbard traveled to Czechoslovakia, where he had another gram of LSD put into tablet form by Chemapol--a division of the pharmaceutical giant Spofa--and then flew west.

Procuring a Ph.D. in biopsychology from a less-than-esteemed academic outlet called Taylor University, the captain became Dr. Alfred M. Hubbard, clinical therapist. In '57, he met Ross MacLean, medical

superintendent of the Hollywood Hospital in New Westminster, Canada. MacLean was so impressed with Hubbard's knowledge of the human condition that he devoted an entire wing of the hospital to the study of psychedelic therapy for chronic alcoholics.

According to Metcalfe, MacLean was also attracted to the fact that Hubbard was Canada's sole licensed importer of Sandoz LSD. "I remember seeing Al on the phone in his living room one day. He was elated because the FDA had just given him IND#1," says one Hubbard confidante upon condition of anonymity.

His Investigational New Drug permit also allowed Hubbard to experiment with LSD in the USA. For the next few years, Hubbard--together with Canadian psychiatrist Abram Hoffer and Dr. Humphry Osmond--pioneered a psychedelic regimen with a recovery rate of between 60% and 70%--far above that of AA or Schick Hospital's so-called "aversion therapy." Hubbard would lift mentally-disturbed lifelong alcoholics out of psychosis with a mammoth dose of liquid LSD, letting them view their destructive habits from a completely new vantage point. "As a therapist, he was one of the best," says Stolaroff, who worked with Hubbard until 1965 at the International Federation for Advanced Study in Menlo Park, California, which he founded after leaving Ampex.

Whereas many LSD practitioners were content to strap their patients onto a 3' x 6' cot and have them attempt to perform a battery of mathematical formulae with a head full of LSD, Hubbard believed in a comfortable couch and throw pillows. He also employed icons and symbols to send the experience into a variety of different directions: someone uptight may be asked to look at a photo of a glacier, which would soon melt into blissful relaxation; a person seeking the spiritual would be directed to a picture of Jesus, and enter into a one-on-one relationship with the Savior.

But Hubbard's days at Hollywood Hospital ended in 1957, not long after they had begun, after a philosophical dispute with Ross MacLean. The suave hospital administrator was getting fat from the \$1,000/dose fees charged to Hollywood's elite patients, who included members of the Canadian Parliament and the American film community. Hubbard, who believed in freely distributing LSD for the world good, felt pressured by MacLean to share in the profits, and ultimately resigned rather than accept an honorarium for his services.

His departure came as the Canadian Medical Association was becoming increasingly suspicious of Hollywood Hospital in the wake of publicity surrounding MK-ULTRA. The Canadian Citizen's Commission on Human Rights had already discovered one Dr. Harold Abramson, a CIA contract psychiatrist, on the board of MacLean's International Association for Psychedelic Therapy, and external pressure was weighing on MacLean to release Al Hubbard, the former OSS officer with suspected CIA links. Compounding Hubbard's plight was the death of his Canadian benefactor, leaving Hubbard with neither an income nor the financial cushion upon which he had become dependent.

His services were eventually recruited by Willis Harman, then-Director of the Educational Policy Research Center within the Stanford Research Institute (SRI) of Stanford University. Harman employed Hubbard as a security guard for SRI, "although," Harman admits, "Al never did anything resembling security work."

Hubbard was specifically assigned to the Alternative Futures Project, which performed future-oriented strategic planning for corporations and government agencies. Harman and Hubbard shared a goal "to provide the [LSD] experience to political and intellectual leaders around the world." Harman

acknowledges that "Al's job was to run the special [LSD] sessions for us."

According to Dr. Abram Hoffer, "Al had a grandiose idea that if he could give the psychedelic experience to the major executives of the Fortune 500 companies, he would change the whole of society."

Hubbard's tenure at SRI was uneasy. The political bent of the Stanford think-tank was decidedly left-wing, clashing sharply with Hubbard's own world-perspective. "Al was really an arch-conservative," says the confidential source. "He really didn't like what the hippies were doing with LSD, and he held Timothy Leary in great contempt."

Humphry Osmond recalls a particular psilocybin session in which "Al got greatly preoccupied with the idea that he ought to *shoot* Timothy, and when I began to reason with him that this would be a very bad idea...I became much concerned that he might shoot *me*..."

"To Al," says Myron Stolaroff, "LSD enabled man to see his true self, his true nature and the true order of things." But, to Hubbard, the true order of things had little to do with the antics of the American Left.

Recognizing its potential psychic hazards, Hubbard believed that LSD should be administered and monitored by trained professionals. He claimed that he had stockpiled more LSD than anyone on the planet besides Sandoz--including the US government--and he clearly wanted a firm hand in influencing the way it was used. However, Hubbard refused all opportunities to become the LSD Philosopher-King. Whereas Leary would naturally gravitate toward any microphone available, Hubbard preferred the role of the silent *curandero*, providing the means for the experience, and letting voyagers decipher its meaning for themselves. When cornered by a video camera shortly before this death, and asked to say something to the future, Hubbard replied simply, "You're the future."

In March of 1966, the cold winds of Congress blew out all hope for Al Hubbard's enlightened Mother Earth. Facing a storm of protest brought on by Leary's reckless antics and the "LSD-related suicide" of Diane Linkletter, President Lyndon Johnson signed into law the Drug Abuse Control Amendment, which declared lysergic acid diethylamide a Schedule I substance; simple possession was deemed a felony, punishable by 15 years in prison. According to Humphry Osmond, Hubbard lobbied Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, who reportedly took the cause of LSD into the Senate chambers, and emerged unvictorious.

"[The government] had a deep fear of having their picture of reality challenged," mourns Harman. "It had nothing to do with people harming their lives with chemicals--because if you took all the people who had ever had any harmful effects from psychedelics, it's minuscule compared to those associated with alcohol and tobacco."

FDA chief James L. Goddard ordered agents to seize all remaining psychedelics not accounted for by Sandoz. "It was scary," recalls Dr. Oscar Janiger, whose Beverly Hills office was raided and years' worth of clinical research confiscated.

Hubbard begged Abram Hoffer to let him hide his supply in Hoffer's Canadian Psychiatric Facility. But the doctor refused, and it's believed that Hubbard sent most of his LSD back to Switzerland, rather than risk prosecution. When the panic subsided, only five government-approved scientists were allowed to continue LSD research--none using humans, and *none* of them associated with Al Hubbard. In 1968, his

finances in ruins, Hubbard was forced to sell his private island sanctuary for what one close friend termed "a pittance." He filled a number of boats with the antiquated electronics used in his eccentric nuclear experiments, and left Daymen Island for California. Hubbard's efforts in his last decade were effectively wasted, according to most of his friends. Lack of both finances and government permit to resume research crippled all remaining projects he may have had in the hopper.

After SRI canceled his contract in 1974 Hubbard went into semiretirement, splitting his time between a 5-acre ranch in Vancouver and an apartment in Menlo Park. But in 1978, battling an enlarged heart and never far away from a bottle of pure oxygen, Hubbard made one last run at the FDA. He applied for an IND to use LSD-25 on terminal cancer patients, furnishing the FDA with two decades of clinical documentation. The FDA set the application aside, pending the addition to Hubbard's team of a medical doctor, a supervised medical regimen, and an AMA-accredited hospital. Hubbard secured the help of Oscar Janiger, but the two could not agree on methodology, and Janiger bowed out, leaving Al Hubbard, in his late 70s, without the strength to carry on alone.

Says Willis Harman: "He knew that his work was done."

* * *

The Captain lived out his last days nearly broke, having exhausted his resources trying to harness a dream. Like the final fleeting hour of an acid trip--when the edge softens and a man realizes that he will *not* solve the secrets of the Universe, despite what the mind had said earlier--Hubbard smiled gracefully, laid down his six-shooter, and retired to a mobile home in Casa Grande, Arizona.

On August 31, 1982, at the age of 81, Al Hubbard was called home, having ridden the dream like a rodeo cowboy. On very quiet nights, with the right kind of ears, you can hear him giving God hell.



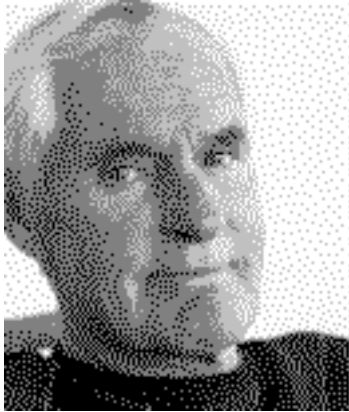
Friends.

Alfred M. Hubbard: Coil Generator



Photo which appeared in the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" in 1919 shows Alfred M. Hubbard demonstrating his mysterious energy transformer in his home laboratory.

Twentieth-Century Neuronaut



Timothy Leary: The *Far Gone* Interview

by Todd Brendan Fahey

I was driving in traffic along West Temple on a hot Summer afternoon, when I felt the marquis outside of the Zephyr Club grinning down at me like some kind of self-satisfied voyeur--an unsettling experience that I hoped might finally be one of the "flashbacks" I'd always heard about, but which had never seemed to manifest in my own body chemistry. The sign announced an upcoming visit with none other than Timothy Leary; and having just spent a mad weekend on Ken Kesey's farm the previous month, I wasn't about to trifle with the Lords of Karma: I was riding a lucky streak. I also owned Leary's phone number from a 1990 interview I had done with the Mad Doktor. Leary remembered that phone conversation and agreed immediately to dinner.

From an elevator inside Salt Lake City's historic Peery Hotel, Leary emerged looking like some kind of harlequin jester. The shockingly bright checkerboard shirt under a purple vest, which bore the insignia "Anarchic," must have been a calculated media ploy, I reasoned. He was tanned to the point of sunburn and wore, as always, a thousand-watt smile and a pair of white, high-top tennis shoes. Between quick, nervous puffs on his Benson & Hedges, we discussed the new face of electronic stimulation, the novel as an archaic art form--the possibility of fucking giving way to the sperm bank--revealing why the graying Pied Piper of the Sixties is still very much in demand in the Nineties.

INTERVIEW (Salt Lake City, Utah, September 28, 1992)

Fahey: What have you been doing these days? What's your schedule?

Leary: Well, I give about ten to fifteen radio and television interviews and press interviews a week, and I

give, oh, five or six performances a month. I'm involved with helping develop methods of electronic communications, which I will demonstrate tonight at the Zephyr Club--brain activating techniques using electrons--and I'm developing computer programs that allow you to design your own hallucinations and to operate your own brain. And I spend most of my time hanging out with the most interesting people in the world, from whom I learn things.

Fahey: Who do you see as the most important neuronauts of the last 50 years?

Leary: What do you mean by the word "neuronauts"?

Fahey: Well, people who have been involved in the consciousness-expanding frontier in the last 50 years.

Leary: Oh, that's a *good* question. The 20th century has been, historically, has been the century in which the basic philosophic and scientific principles which run the universe--which is quantum physics--have been popularized, humanized, disseminated, domesticated, so that people can learn how to communicate with their brains, and not just with status symbols. And learn how to operate their brains. All this comes directly from the principles of Einstein and Heisenberg, who said, 'the observer creates the universe that he or she interacts with.' So, I say the great neuronauts would be Einstein and Heisenberg and Bohr, and people like that--the people that have applied brain-change techniques.

You start with, of course, the modern artists, the surrealists who totally destroyed reality. It's all an attempt to...the 20th century, and the neurological task of our species is to somehow be able to get out of your left brain, out of your mind, precisely, under control, and access the rest of your brain; and then, of course, to be able to go right back to your left brain any time you want to. So, the modern artists did this; they were able to put incredible hallucinations on canvas and still operate very successfully.

The literature of the 20th century that I prize has been totally right-brain, that is fuzzing up literate grammar; of course, we'll start with James Joyce, and then with William Burroughs and Brion Gyson who cut the word line and destroyed grammar; I would include people like Thomas Pynchon and William Gibson in the current generation. Certainly, music of the 20th century *is* quantum physics, emphasizing innovation and improvisation, and, of course, jazz. And *rock music*--definitely out to destroy left-brain mind focus and to expand consciousness.

The philosophy of the 20th century--again, its language, linguistic--is based upon quantum physics. The psychology of the 20th century, starting in the 1960s is, again, designed to activate brains and to allow us to operate our brain, both the left brain and the right brain.

That covers it: we have science, linguistics, philosophy, art, music, literature [*laughs*]. Excuse me [heads off to find a match].

Fahey: To what extent do the psychedelics factor into this equation?

Leary: [*Laughs*] Well, of course, one thing I omitted in my litany of brain-changing techniques is the use of drugs, which became popularized in the Sixties, but they trace back to the early 20th century [sic]. It's the socialization and popularization of the notion that you can change your brain, change your mind, change your mood, boot up, turn on, turn off, drop out, turn in, drop in [*trademark Leary grin*]. It is

interesting that I omitted psychedelic drugs in that list of...

Fahey: Maybe that shows where you've evolved at this certain state in your life.

Leary: Well, no, I just take that for granted. I think we have to give a lot of credit to the pharmacologists and the psychedelic philosophers like Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, our wonderful group at Harvard, and the dedicated LSD wizards like Stanislav Grof and Sasha Shulgin--the great designer drug wizard from Berkeley...

Fahey: Abram Hoffer.

Leary: And, of course, Hoffer. And the group around Al Hubbard, who was the great, enigmatic triple-agent.

Fahey: We could talk about the Sixties all day long, but it wouldn't serve much of a purpose. To what extent, within this "reality smashing"...

Leary: Well, the word "reality smashing" is very tricky. What is real is what your neurons are processing. And hallucinations are just as real as anything on the outside. There's an external reality and internal reality. Inner reality is certainly more important than the outer reality. It is the outer reality that we have to talk about, agree upon, fight over and organize in order to survive. But this notion that the outer, for example that the foreign policy of the Reagan and Bush is somehow reality, more real than, uhh [fades off]. It's very complicated, and I object to anyone grabbing the term "reality"...

Fahey: What I was getting at was, to what extent are the psychedelics *today* even a part of any movement to get beyond what we know as our day-to-day sense? Are psychedelics minor, compared to the computer applications that are going on today? Were psychedelics a launching point? Are they a thing of the past?

Leary: We're talking about the brain. And unless you have some way of really activating the brain, people are going to use electrons as simply as external devices for power, control and money. So, yes, unless someone has had psychedelic experiences, they simply don't understand how to operate or use electronic devices except for materialistic reasons. It's no accident that the people who popularized the personal computer were Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak, both barefoot, longhaired acid-freaks. It's no accident that most of the people in the software computer industry have had very thoughtful, very profitable and creative psychedelic experiences. Bill Gates, rumor has it, was a very active psychedelic proponent when he was at Harvard, before he, uhh...

Fahey: Founded Microsoft.

Leary: Yeah. So, you could go right down the line of the people who are the...it's well-known that the software, not the hardware, but the software so-called industry is *saturated* with people who have been turned on profitably, respectably and creatively by LSD.

* * *

Fahey: Is there any future for the psychedelics, in either medical research or social applications? Or do

you see any in the future?

Leary: Well, I think the medical profession, we all know that, is totally corrupt. Every doctor now is a corporation. And medical research in this country is government-sponsored and government-funded or funded by large drug companies. I think that government corporations should fucking keep their hands off the brain-change substances. The idea of a government-sponsored, authorized, doctor giving LSD to mess around with people's brains is the ultimate Orwellian nightmare. The operational access to and use of your own mind and brain is a highly individual choice. Just as the right-wing government and politician's religions want to control women's reproductive organs, they want to control brains. The key, here, is that...the adult American should be able to do with their mind or their body what she wants to.

So, I'm *bored* with discussions of the social, because it's highly individual--it's not *just* individuals, it's individuals in small groups. Because individuals, by themselves, taking psychedelics are alienated, lost, *fucked up*; you've got to do it in small groups. That's the basic shamanic [pause], which Socrates taught us, and which Aldous Huxley taught us at Harvard. Small groups.

* * *

Fahey: Do you run into [Augustus Stanley] Owsley [the Sixties' Robin Hood of LSD]?

Leary: I see Owsley every time I go to a Grateful Dead concert. He's there backstage. He's selling jewelry, which you have to look at through a magnifying glass; incredibly talented miniature, almost molecular jeweler now.

Fahey: His days of production are over, I assume. Long over.

Leary: [shrugs] None of my business.

Fahey: Where are we in the process of expanding our horizons? What do you see as the next wave, or the current wave?

Leary: By "we," I assume you mean the human race; which always means individuals. The use of multimedia electronic software--CDROM discs, audiovisual disks--will put into the hands of every Third World kid, every inner-city kid in America the ability to boot up, activate, turn on their right brain, to reprogram their left brain. The use of electrons for brain-change and for brain-fucking and brain-reprogramming has been perfected in the form of the television commercial. And I totally admire a thousand years of the Catholic Church, using jewels, organs, rose windows and that sort of stuff to, uhh [pause]. What we're understanding now is that the human brain is a photovore. That means that the human brain lives on light.

Fahey: How so? Explain that to someone having difficulty understanding the concept.

Leary: Every metaphor approximating the visionary experience is optical: illumination, revelation, insight, perspective, reflection. Right down the list. I'm too senile to remember all of them, but punch "illumination" up into your computer thesaurus, and you'll get [*laughs, nods, fades*]. Light has always been the statement of the ultimate brain experience: Tibetans talk about the White Light of the Void.

Dante's Heaven was total white...the Egyptian religions, *sun*. These are primitive anticipations of what we now have available. The human brain is starved for electronic stimulation; the human brain is addicted to light. We can't control the sun, but through diamonds and rose windows [*interrupted by waitress; Leary orders cup of coffee*].

Leary: ...we're now using electrons to create what's called "virtual reality," electronic realities, which mean brain realities of course, because for the brain to use the body to communicate in terms of words--nine muscles of your vocal chords to create the words that I am now, or printing presses to print out book--is extremely *crude*, when you consider the human brain can deal with a hundred and fifty million signals a second. We use oral and hand tools, mechanical forms of communication, basically for material purposes; but we're now into the concept of direct brain exchange or brain communication, on screens. I think perhaps as important as LSD is a new device called the video projector; and what this means is that you have a small hand-held device that you can plug in a videotape, anywhere you go--which means you can bring one, I can bring one, and on our wall we can mix our electronic environments: you can have George Bush giving a speech on your projector, and I can be putting in Madonna taking off her clothes. I'm kidding, of course [*winks*].

The video projector is an *extraordinary* empowerment of the individual. We can no longer sit in front of the television screen like ameboids, just sucking up what they're putting there. We can now move around and put on the walls what we have stored in our CDROM computers.

The empowerment of the individual implied in video projectors, of course, was not understood by the engineers who designed it; but it is thrilling. And in retrospect, you see, it was entirely predictable. Forty years ago, you had to go to a theater to see electrons sprayed on a big screen. Then you had television, and you could sit in your livingroom and you could have your own little screen. Now, with the multiplication of cable and the clicker, you can lie in bed and change your screen; now, with wall-sized screens, operating on a hand-held projector is just the ultimate empowerment of the individual to communicate brain-to-brain.

Fahey: Do you think psychedelics can be replaced by other experiences, or will there always be a need for an internal ingestion of *something* to...

Leary: That's like saying, will fucking be replaced as a form of sperm/egg interaction by sperm banks and egg banks. It's all up to you. [*pause*] We are told by the ethnobotanists and by the neurologists that there are probably seventy or eighty or more receptor sites in the brain for seventy or eighty different kinds of drugs, all, by the way, coming from plants. And we discovered maybe the twentieth now: the coca leaf, the marijuana leaf, the poppy seed, the ergot on rye, which is LSD; but there are at least fifty plant products that we are going to be using in the next twenty years, so tough *shit*, Nancy--we've hardly begun this game. [*laughter on both sides*].

Fahey: Have you read Ken Kesey's new novel yet?

Leary: Huh-uh, did you?

Fahey: I've gotten through chapter eight or nine of it. I think it's a brilliant piece of work.

Leary: Good. I love Ken Kesey. I don't think the novel, just as letters mass-produced in printing presses is

the real way to communicate now. Anyone who writes a book now, half of it should be a videoed, multimedia book. But I adore Ken Kesey, and I'm sure that what he produced, there, is something that could be enjoyed as an archaic form of art, just as Picasso's [pause]; I just honor and adore Ken Kesey. I should also say that Ken Kesey is spending more of his time making films than he is writing books.

Fahey: Right now he is? Currently?

Leary: Oh, for the last five or six years he has. People criticize Ken because he hasn't been writing books, but I endorse the fact that he's been doing both.

Fahey: So you don't consider his attempt to videotape or tape his whole Bus experience a waste of time, like so many other people did?

Leary: Well, the literary mafia running out of New York City considers anything that substitutes for printed letters on wood pulp, anything less than that is an inferior product. I credit Kesey for doing both. No reason why you can't do both.

Also, I wanted to point out that Ken Kesey taught a course at the University of Oregon, in which the computer was basically like a videotelephone, the mind-link; and he had a group of student using computers to link their minds to write a group book, which was one of the most brilliant uses of computers ever performed. And I honor Ken Kesey for *that*.

Fahey: *Caverns*.

Leary: McLuhan said, 'the medium is the message.' You can argue about how great that computer book is, as compared to Proust or Hemingway; that's not the issue. The fact that a group did it together--and presumably other people can add to it--is introducing medium. And Kesey will be probably as famous for that as for anything else he did.

Fahey: Even if people don't see it now.

Leary: Well, nobody ever understands what a pioneer is doing. And the people who believe in the literal sanctity and holiness of the printed word hate the idea that Kesey is having a group of people come together using computers to produce a group thing; the fact that they're literally threatened by being put out of business. If they don't oppose you, you're in trouble. So it was inevitable that Kesey would not be honored for that. It was a great act of courage on Kesey's part to do that, because he is not basically an electronic, cybernetic person; he's a people person. And he understood, intuitively, that the computer could be used as a group party-line telephone: a mind-phone.

[*Phone call for Dr. Leary interrupts conversation*]

* * *

[*Leary reenters with KUED television reporter*]

Leary: We're about finished, aren't we?

Fahey: Yeah, we are.

Leary: [*Archly*] *More wisdom has poured out in the last ten minutes...*[*laughs*]. It would take a hundred books to reel in what we've gone over, here.

Fahey: Let me ask you one last question.

Leary: Sure.

Fahey: If you had to do it all over again, is there anything you would do differently, substantially?

Leary: *Damn right!* I would have fucked more, taken more psychedelic drugs and spent more time with my family [*laughter all around*].

* * *

[*Leary begins talking about Rolling Stone magazine; Fahey turns tape back on*]

Leary: Jann Wenner has an editorial, full page, endorsing Clinton; and the last line of it [fades]. I've known Wenner since he was an eighteen-year old kid stringer for *Ramparts* magazine. 'The day Clinton is elected President will be the greatest moment of our *lives*.' [*hysterical laughter from Leary*]

Unidentified Camera Man: Wennerlogic.

Leary: Yeah, exactly. You know, I personally don't *like* Jann; nobody *likes* him. But I've got to admire his insipidity; he's so self-centered and so narcissistic. Jann Wenner is the essence baby-boomer. He was born in January 1946: the *first month* [*bangs fist on table*] of the baby boom. He's always been the leader of it.

Adventuring in Time.

The Hippocampus, Memory, Time-Lining and The NLP Practitioner.

First Method. Let the Exempt Adept first train himself to think backwards by external means, as set forth here following.

("a") Let him learn to write backwards, with either hand.

("b") Let him learn to walk backwards.

("c") Let him constantly watch, if convenient, cinematograph films, and listen to phonograph records, reversed, and let him so accustom himself to these that they appear natural, and appreciable as a whole.

("d") Let him practice speaking backwards; thus for "I am He" let him say, "Eh ma I".

("e") Let him learn to read backwards. In this it is difficult to avoid cheating one's self, as an expert reader sees a sentence at a glance. Let his disciple read aloud to him backwards, slowly at first, then more quickly.

("f") Of his own ingenium, let him devise other methods.

12. In this his brain will at first be overwhelmed by a sense of utter confusion; secondly, it will endeavour to evade the difficulty by a trick. The brain will pretend to be working backwards when it is really normal. It is difficult to describe the nature of the trick, but it will be quite obvious to anyone who has done practices ("a") and ("b") for a day or two. They become quite easy, and he will think that he is making progress, an illusion which close analysis will dispel.

13. Having begun to train his brain in this manner, and obtained some little success, let the Exempt Adept, seated in his Asana, think first of his present attitude, next of the act of being seated, next of his entering the room, next of his robing, et cetera, exactly as it happened. And let him most strenuously endeavour to think each act as happening backwards. It is not enough to think: "I am seated here, and before that I was standing, and before that I entered the room," etc. That series is the trick detected in the preliminary practices. The series must not run "ghi-def-abc" but "ihg fedcba": not "horse a is this" but "esroh a si siht". To obtain this thoroughly well, practice ("c") is very useful. The brain will be found to struggle constantly to right itself, soon accustoming itself to accept "esroh" as merely another glyph for "horse." This tendency must be constantly combated.

14. In the early stages of this practice the endeavour should be to meticulous minuteness of detail in remembering actions; for the brain's habit of thinking forwards will at first be insuperable. Thinking of large and complex actions, then, will give a series which we may symbolically write "opqrstu-hijklmn-abcdefg." If these be split into detail, we shall have "stu-pqr-o---mn-kl-hij---fg-cde-ab," which is much nearer to the ideal "utsrqponmlkjihgfedcba."

**Aleister Crowley. LIBER Taw-Yod-Shin-Aleph-Resh-Bet (ThIShARB) VIAE MEMORIAE
sub figura CMXIII**

The hippocampus, of which there are two, is so called because apparently it looks a bit like a sea horse.

errr?



Hippocampus



Hippopotamus

A part of the limbic system and adjacent to the amygdala and the olfactory bulb, the hippocampus plays an important role in memory function. It is probably because the olfactory bulb (smell) is so nearby that memories are so easily evoked with smell. It is for this reason that I suggest the NLP'er in clinical practice has a ready supply of evocative smells at the ready. Most people are aware of how powerful olfactory anchors can be and it is these anchors that are all too frequently overlooked by those in therapeutic practice. For example, when working with a client with a phobia of the dentist, it might be wise to acquire that peculiar pink solution that is used as a mouth rinse by virtually every dentist on the planet. Think about it.

The type of memory mediated by the **hippocampus** is referred to as "**declarative memory**" - specific details and facts such as remembering your way to work and the name of your pet dog. On the other hand "**non-declarative**" memory such as specific skills as riding a bicycle or playing snooker (things that need rehearsal before they are learned) are stored in the **cerebellum**. Neither structure will necessarily involve the other when dealing with their specific memories.

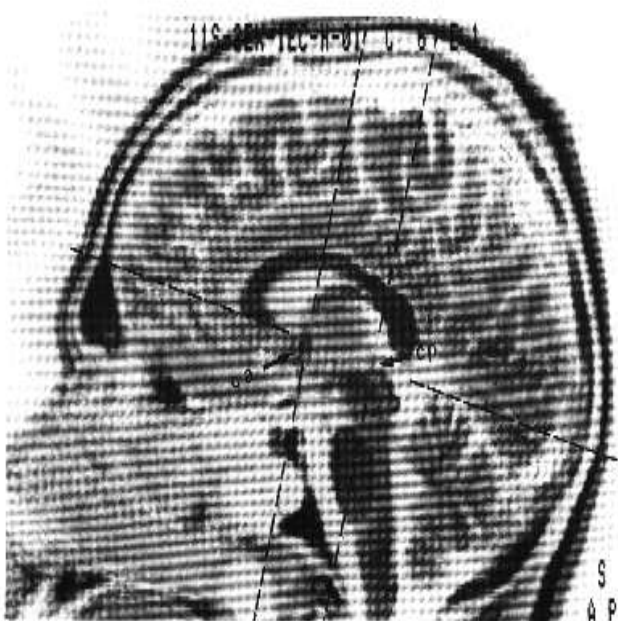
Ramachandran gives a good description of an unfortunate chap known as "HM". In an attempt to cure his severe epilepsy his neurosurgeons removed parts of his brain - including *both* hippocampi. The

unfortunate effect of this action was that HM was suddenly unable to form any new memory and became lost in time.

Alzheimer's disease also tends to attack the hippocampus first before graduating onto other areas of the brain to affect other forms of memory.

One curious experience I had when I was a student and supporting my income by a weekly nightshift in a local nursing home, reflects the curious role of memory and neurological function.

Called to the first floor by the sounds of two women shrieking and screaming abuse, myself and a colleague found two elderly ladies fighting and attacking each other - one with a hairbrush, the other with a dinner fork. Both of these ladies had an advanced dementia; both needed full nursing care and both were prone to confusion. Neither had ever been anything other than "pleasantly confused" in their behaviour.



Subsequently both women were seriously shaken and upset by their encounter (we never *did* discover what had triggered their confrontation) and within 5 minutes neither had any memory of the episode whatsoever. One lady quickly returned to her happily disorientated self. The other took to her bed in distress and could not be comforted in any way. Tragically, she cried virtually non-stop for 2 days and promptly died. Despite lacking any memory of the event it was clear that the *upset* caused by this event didn't leave her - probably it was the emotive portion of the "memory" that was laid in the amygdala that carried the fatal portion of the event for her.

One effect of patients who have sustained damage to their hippocampus is that they can become virtually 'fixed' in time. For example if the memory stopped being formed at the age of 24 then the individual at age forty

might comment on how old his parents are looking, as though each time he meets them they have suddenly aged overnight. Also for these patients, looking at their own reflection can become quite a traumatic experience, each time they do it! For example, if the damage occurred at the age of 24 they never seem to progress beyond that age.

In a similar vein, but not necessarily reflecting hippocampal function, Oliver Sacks gives an interesting report from one of his patients made famous by his work with L-DOPA written up in "Awakenings" p83:

When Rose did 'awaken' with the administration of L-DOPA in 1969, she was extremely excited and animated, but in a way that was strange. She spoke of Gershwin and other contemporaries as if they were still alive; of events in the mid-twenties as if they had just happened. She had obsolete mannerisms and turns of speech; she gave the impression of a 'flapper' come suddenly to life. We wondered if she was disorientated, if she knew where she was. I asked her various questions, and she gave me a succinct and chilling answer: "I can give you the date of pearl harbour," she said, "I can give you the date of Kennedy's assassination. I've registered it all - but none of it seems real. I know it's '69, I

know I'm 64 - but I feel it's '26, I feel I'm 21. I've been a spectator for the last forty-three years' (There were many other patients who behaved, and even appeared, much younger than their years, as if their personalities, their processes of personal growth and becoming, had been arrested at the same time as their physical and mental processes.)

However, ask these patients about their past (prior to the occurrence of the damage) and you will generally find that their long-term memory remains perfectly intact. In fact, from experience, it appears that some aspects of some patient's long-term memory retains far greater clarity than in unaffected people - i propose that this might be in due to the lack of contamination of memory from recently laid down material.

However, owing to the different areas that record memory such as the emotional recording carried out in the amygdala, some [non-visual (?)] aspects of memory do still appear to take place. For example one particular patient I nursed over a 6 week period on an orthopedic unit would not remember anyone on the ward, who they were or what they did. And yet her behaviour was always contextually appropriate for a patient with a broken leg and her responses to certain members of staff would reflect the ways she 'felt' for them - i.e. despite not remembering who they were she would report *feeling* "safe" with certain staff who were kinder than the staff with whom she felt "insecure" (a couple of rather brash and inappropriately behaved staff). This lady had no awareness however that her memory was so poor and would happily confabulate stories to explain the differences between her expectations of things and what she came to experience. At all times she was able to respond to the audio-visual queues of her environment which would account for a lot of her ongoing understandings despite lack of new memory.

British False Memory Society

<http://www.bfms.org.uk/>