

ON L.S.D.

Harvard, Hallucinations, And Hippies

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■ FROM THE HALLS of Sproul at Berkeley to the doors off Harvard's Square, tens of thousands of young Americans are seeking to pass the "acid test" — a ritual involving the ingestion of a curious drug known as L.S.D. The test is promoted as a ride into ecstasy by various slick magazines, curious professors of the hallucinogenic cults, New Leftists, and hippies. Those who fail often wind up in a mental hospital; those who pass become the resident psychedelic weirdos of a land of the lotus eaters that even Ulysses would consider incredible.

Administrators at Princeton, Radcliffe, Michigan, U.C.L.A., Oregon — schools all over the country — are working frantically to keep drug scandals from hitting the headlines as the problem of narcotics switches from a last resort of the poverty stricken to the fad of the vanguard of pro-Vietcong, free sex, Marxist, hippie-generation "intellectuals" who come primarily from upper middleclass backgrounds. Using drugs

to flee from reality is not new, of course, but where the custom becomes widespread, civilization withers. Witness the opium dens of China where for centuries men have used the poppy to escape into a world of hallucinations and dreams. Opium smoking, early encouraged in China by Europeans to foster acquiescence to their imperial interests, never became frightfully popular in America; but it may be that the 1960's will give rise to a terrible counterpart as L.S.D. becomes the opiate of American youth.

Ah, a new terror to view with alarm.

But what, Brother Extremists, is this L.S.D.?

The drug was first compounded in 1938, and its hallucinogenic qualities discovered accidentally in the laboratories of Sandoz Chemical Works of Switzerland in 1944 when a biochemist named Albert Hauffman by chance inhaled a particle of the L.S.D.-25 with which he was working. Intrigued by the resultant hallucinations, he tried it again with the same consequences. From 1944 to the early 1960's the drug was experimented with as a hallucinogen in laboratories and mental institutions under controlled conditions. But in the early Sixties its popular ingestion began to be promoted by radical elements of the New Left and the L.S.D. Revolution had begun.

I

THE NAME L.S.D. is an abbreviation for its component, lysergic acid diethylamide. It is so potent that dosages are measured in micrograms — millionths

of a gram. A normal dose of 250 micrograms is barely visible to the naked eye and is one-hundred times lighter than a postage stamp. The drug is usually taken orally, generally by swallowing a sugar cube or animal cracker saturated with L.S.D. powder dissolved in alcohol. The hippies tell me that at their parties "acid" (the common term for L.S.D. among the New Left) is sometimes even mixed with the punch, and that the drug may be "skin popped" (taken intravenously). A session with L.S.D. is known as taking a "trip," and the pusher supplying the "acid" is called a "travel agent." It requires thirty to forty-five minutes for L.S.D. to take effect, and a trip generally lasts about sixteen hours. Immediately after ingestion, many users smoke marijuana, claiming that the combination of the two produces a greater "high" and a bigger "kick."

Adherents to the drug cult claim that when L.S.D. takes effect they begin to see vivid colors, that time seems to stop, that music may have "scent," or that they may even be able to see the notes of music they hear being played on a phonograph. Sounds, they claim, may take on color, fixed objects may seem to move, flowers open and close, and the walls may appear to breathe. Many get the impression that they are outside their own body in a self-induced schizophrenia that often leads to feelings of torment and paranoia. One L.S.D. cultist under its influence tried to jump from a bridge, believing his mind and body to be separate and that his mind would live on even if his body should die. Another tried to leap from a high cliff into the ocean, thinking the surf below a great silk scarf on which he wanted to rest. Such reactions are not uncommon.

The L.S.D. aficionados with whom we talked explained that on a "bad trip" it is not unusual to believe themselves in Hell, pursued by hideous monsters. One bearded creature told us that under

its influence he saw the flesh falling off his skeleton. After taking L.S.D. a high school girl in California cut her wrists when she looked into a mirror and saw her face beginning to dissolve. This winter, in New York, a young lady under the influence of L.S.D. and thinking herself a bird, tried to fly from a high bridge; another flapped her way to death from a sixth-story Manhattan apartment window. The week after Christmas on the Cornell campus alone there were seven suicide attempts, three successful: L.S.D. was being supplied to students by a homosexual who is a full professor of sociology.

Psychologists report that a "bad trip" can cause temporary or permanent psychosis and can occur with one's first experience with the drug or the one hundredth. As L.S.D. is tasteless, colorless, and odorless, practical jokers have been known to give it to others without their knowledge and there are cases in which the resultant shock, anxiety, and panic has driven such people insane or to commit suicide. If some evening while visiting friends you are watching Huntley and Brinkley's psychedelic version of the news without having turned on the television set, you can probably assume that your hostess is a hippie version of Lucretia Borgia.

As psychiatric wards in our large cities, and especially those near universities, have become increasingly flooded with what the hippies call "bad trippers," records of irrational conduct while under the influence of L.S.D. have mounted to the point where they could fill a fat volume with horror stories rivaling those of Edgar Allan Poe. Typical was the arrest of two men in Hollywood last year who, under the influence of L.S.D., were found in a park eating grass and bark. In beloved Berkeley a young "acid head," believing himself to be an airplane, flapped his wings and leaped from a ninth-story window — with, we might add, painfully little

success. In May of 1966 Bobby Baker's brother, Charles, tried L.S.D. and was shortly thereafter arrested when he was found nude in a tree. In December of 1966 a professor of English at Villanova University achieved so delightful a "high" on L.S.D. that he too removed all of his clothes and ran naked through the Philadelphia streets, pursued by his scantily clad wife whose mind had also been "expanded" by the drug. On February twenty-eighth of last year a twenty-year-old college student became psychotic under L.S.D. and attempted to break into the pilot's compartment during an airborne flight; he attacked the stewardess when she tried to stop him, but was finally subdued. In January of 1967, four teenagers under the influence of L.S.D. were arrested in Hermosa Beach, near Los Angeles, after their car rammed a house killing a three-year-old child. The police chief said the driver seemed to be in a trance and kept trying to climb the wall of his jail cell screaming, "I'm a graham cracker — oops, my arm crumbled off. . . ."

What can be the attraction of a drug that produces such frightening consequences? One young hippie living in Harvard Square explained that "you've got to go out of your mind to come to your senses." He shrugged, flicked a piece of lint from his green, orange, and purple-flowered blouse, adjusted his mauve tie and added, "It's kinda mystical, man." Most of these creatures claim their trips are mystical, religious experiences and contend that they find a truer, deeper, more authentic self as a result of having taken the L.S.D. As one hippie explained: "You see the real you stripped of all the sham that we all put on in our everyday life. Now I understand myself and don't want to be a part of it." Such members of the L.S.D. cult seem to feel they belong to a very superior social group, one above the crushing conformity of the competitive world, and they look down on the mun-

dane existence of ordinary people who have not experienced the effect of the "conscious expanding" hallucinogen.

The cultists whom we interviewed stressed that they are aesthetes and claimed that L.S.D. is some kind of brain vitamin which enhances creative ability in the arts. They either ridiculed the dangers attendant to taking L.S.D. as being non-existent or scoffed that these were the chances one must take "to really find life." Our questions concerning the long-term effects of pouring acid on one's brain almost always elicited the response that the H-bomb may blow the world up anyway; and, so what. The hallucinogen-oriented hippies consider themselves to be not only culturally superior but deeply intellectual. One I met — a hairy-legged female in a mini-skirt — sat in a dirty corner of an apartment near Harvard reading a *Wonder Woman* comic book . . . she claimed to have an I.Q. of 150 and bragged that she had dropped out of Radcliffe when the wonders of L.S.D. had opened her mind "to real life." The caliber of the typical syllogisms among the L.S.D. cognoscenti is illustrated by one's answer to my question concerning the actual and potential dangers of the drug. "Man," he said, "you can get killed walking across the street, you know." I had spent a week in Boston; I said, "I know."

"Acid heads," I was assured, are mystics fleeing the reality of a world with which they do not wish to cope. This is true in the sense that they simply reject reason as a process for problem solving. Many of them have adopted the trappings of the Hindu religion and surround their dens with mystic shrines which they tell me they contemplate while on a "trip." Because of their kookie mysticism, and their air of superiority, being admitted to a coven of L.S.D.-gulping hippies is similar to joining a fraternity or sorority — only the boola-boola is different. They even have

weird names for these groups. One at Harvard is called — ready? — The Living Children.

Not unnaturally, psychologists, psychiatrists, and university deans paint a portrait of the drug sub-culture which is quite different from that sketched by its adherents; but they all reveal a basic frustration concerning what to do about it. Dr. Nathan Adler of the University of Southern California School of Criminology says, "These drugs can make people into zombies. . . . The use of L.S.D. may trigger psychotic responses which in turn may result in violent acts." Police officers in Boston and Los Angeles use the same expression to describe the drug: They call it "instant insanity" and emphasize repeatedly that its ingestion can cause panic, schizophrenia, and suicide. While it is a depressant, some who are emotionally unstable go berserk under its influence and have been known to commit murder. Another effect, the causes of which are not completely understood, is that trips are recurrent. One who has been under the influence of lysergic acid diethylamide may suddenly lapse back into hallucinations weeks or months later without reingestion.

Since the mass use of L.S.D. is a phenomenon of the past three to five years, the severity of the long-term physical effects are not yet known, but medical men are beginning to make some educated guesses. Many note that brain damage is inevitable from frequent and prolonged ingestion of such an incredibly potent chemical. *Medical World News* reports that preliminary experiments by an internationally respected geneticist, Dr. Maimon M. Cohen, show even small doses of L.S.D. to do damage to the human chromosomes, leading to what the *New York Times* of March 17, 1967 called "mental retardation and physical abnormalities in the offspring of L.S.D. users." Since "free love" is a cornerstone of the hippie philosophy, it

may be that we will soon be deluged with a flood of human vegetables from the "acid" cult.

Perhaps the least known of the effects of L.S.D., except among doctors and psychiatrists, are the subtle changes in personality it produces. Such changes may be temporary or they may be long lasting and severe enough to destroy a young life. These personality changes have not been widely catalogued since it is hardly front-page news when a student takes L.S.D., loses his ambition, drops out of school, and becomes an idler and dreamer instead of a producer. Such L.S.D.-linked tragedies, however, occur far more frequently than do those which are related in front-page accounts of promising young people plunging to critical injury or death on wings of L.S.D., believing they are omnipotent and able to fly, or driven into suicidal fear by indescribably ghastly hallucinations.

The chief symptom of the L.S.D. disease is reduction in responsibility and a loss of inner discipline. Harvard psychiatrist Dr. Norman Zinberg, in discussing the subtle personality changes brought about by lysergic acid diethylamide, contends: "Even after only one or two ingestions of L.S.D., the students I have worked with invariably make the loose decisions" when it comes to a choice of buckling down in school or dropping out. Dr. Zinberg found that highly competent students when introduced to L.S.D. left law school, medical school, or art school and took up activities far below their intellectual abilities. Dr. Dana Farnsworth, also of Harvard, explains that beatniks and hippies preach that L.S.D. is a kind of fertilizer for the brain that stimulates them to profound understanding and increases their ability. But, says Dr. Farnsworth, "Their dreams of writing the great novel, achieving the great painting, or creating great poetry through new insights, never seem to be accom-

published." This is so, he says, because L.S.D. is "a mind distorting and not a mind expanding drug."

An example of such mind distortion is that of a young woman in New York who after becoming a *habituée* of L.S.D. dropped out of college to become a prostitute. The girl sincerely believed that she had improved her position in life because her "job" left her time to take L.S.D. during the day and contemplate the universe. Later she had to be committed to Bellevue—a mental vegetable. The link between L.S.D. and prostitution is not at all uncommon, a recent example being the experience in April of an L.S.D.-oriented white slavery racket operating between Maine and New York with girls who were surreptitiously introduced to L.S.D. and then used commercially for illegitimate sexual purposes.

How many Americans are now regularly consuming the hallucinogens is not known; various surveys show wide fluctuations in the estimate. Experts such as Dr. Sidney Cohen, who has been investigating the psychedelic drugs for over ten years, speculate that a million Americans have taken L.S.D. Others claim higher figures. Many are predicting an enormous expansion in the use of the drugs in coming years. Dr. Stanley Yolles, Director of the National Institute of Mental Health, has predicted a hundred-fold increase in the use of mind disturbing drugs during the next decade.

It is only natural that university administrators are eager to downgrade estimates of the incidence of L.S.D.'s use on their own campuses. Statements like that of Dr. Graham Blaine, administrative chief of psychiatry for Harvard's health services, have been far too typical. As the spread of hallucinogens became epidemic, Dr. Blaine complained feistily: "We do not have a drug problem here at Harvard."

And so the problem grew.

By March 29, 1967, even the *Harvard Crimson* revealed that: "More freshmen than ever seem to be smoking pot and taking L.S.D." One Harvard proctor is quoted as saying that the increase in drug usage has been enormous. Estimates of the percentage of Harvard students smoking marijuana runs between twenty-five and thirty percent. Fewer students take L.S.D.; and, while there is strong disagreement concerning the number of those who do so, nobody seems to quarrel with a minimum estimate of five percent — nearly eight-hundred students. Even Dr. Blaine has now taken notice.

Though Harvard has traditionally been the home of the L.S.D. cult, it is by no means limited to that school, but is spreading wildly to nearly all of America's college campuses. The seriousness of the problem is well expressed by Dr. Thomas Ungerleider of the Department of Psychiatry at U.C.L.A.:

A few months back, an L.S.D. victim in Los Angeles, gripped by horrible psychosis the drug may induce, knew he could stagger into the Neuropsychiatric Institute at the University of California here where there is twenty-four-hour emergency service for the mentally disturbed. But we had to shut the doors on him. It just became too much. We're basically a teaching institution and we didn't have enough beds for all of these people. Now we tell them to go to the County Hospital. . . . Heaven knows, we've got enough [L.S.D.] cases to study. We've got an out-patient huddled in his room near here who thinks he's an orange and that if anybody touches him, he'll squirt orange juice.

This story is being repeated at psychiatric centers in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco — and virtually all over the country.

II

THE WELL-PUBLICIZED Pied Piper of the drug movement is Dr. Timothy Leary, a former professor of psychotherapy at Harvard who was dismissed from that well of academic license for being a little too "Liberal." It seems that the kindly Dr. Leary was not offering candy to little girls, but proffering psychedelic goodies to big boys and girls and sending them on trips from which some failed to return in their right mind. Leary, however, is a great "Liberal" humanitarian and is not at all the type to let such minor problems as a few "bad trips" block his pathway to Utopia. At forty-seven, he still gives the appearance of a cavalier young rogue, an Ivy League Barnum hustling the bumpkin scions of the bourgeoisie who are sure they are too, too, sophisticated to be conned by anybody... least of all a "Liberal" humanitarian in the great tradition of Professor Harold Hill.

A year after arriving at Harvard in 1959, Leary journeyed to Mexico where he searched out some of the species of exotic mushrooms which he had heard about in discussions at Harvard where an umbratile group of Marxists and international Utopians have been experimenting with various psychedelics since 1941. Near Cuernavaca, he purchased psilocibin*-rich fungi and returned to his hotel to nibble them by the swimming pool. Like a spiritual menopause, the colorful visions that ensued changed the Professor's life.

Upon returning to Harvard, Leary looked up the notorious British socialist Aldous Huxley, then in residence at adjacent M.I.T. Huxley had written of his experiences with mescaline (a synthetic psychedelic) and had proposed a collectivist Utopia to be created by the use of mind-disturbing drugs. In Leary, Huxley found an energetic and articulate disciple to begin evangelizing Har-

vard. One of his first converts was Dr. Richard Alpert. And, hand in hand this intrepid duo set out to psychedelize fair Harvard — careful, of course, to always call it "research." Only, as their research was more a matter of proselytizing than investigation, Leary and Alpert consistently violated the cardinal tenet of scientific inquiry — that the researcher be a dispassionate judge in an experiment, not a participant. The "researchers" were peddling a cult — no doubt on their way to a Brave New World that Karl Marx would have little difficulty in recognizing.

At this juncture, Leary and Alpert were not dispensing L.S.D., but a similar chemical synthesized from mushrooms. By November, 1961, enough reports of hideous side-effects had reached Harvard officials to cause considerable hand wringing in the sanctum sanctorum of the Faculty Club. Leary and Alpert acceded to a demand to stop using students as psychedelic guinea pigs, but the gesture was by now as futile as calling Elizabeth Taylor's attention to the part of the marriage contract that says, "till death do us part." By now word of the wild new jag had spread and the Pied Pipers of "Acid" were followed wherever they went by young scholars eager to expand their minds. The *Harvard Crimson* officially let the cat out of the bag following a stormy faculty session and the story was picked up by a Boston newspaper. This triggered a joint investigation by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the Federal Drug Administration. Leary and Alpert led their clan off campus to set up a communal headquarters in the fashionable Boston suburb of Newton Center. The Newton squares took exception to the bizarre parties and hirsute fluorescent creatures being attracted to their neighborhood, and only the expertise of professional legal aid saved them from being evicted by force.

By the summer of 1962, the rumors

*A natural hallucinogen found in certain mushrooms which grow in Mexico.

about Leary's L.S.D. cavorting were flying faster than a missionary escaping a tribe of cannibals. The scandal proved so disquieting to their scientific inquiry that the Bobbsey Twins of hallucinations moved their experiments far from the prying eyes of blue-nosed "Liberal" Boston into more friendly confines. They rented a hotel in Mexico, the land of the mushroom, for their summer fiesta. Upon returning to Harvard, and perhaps high on their own product, Leary and Alpert announced the formation of the International Foundation for Internal Freedom (I.F.I.F. — pronounced *if, if*) and declared: "The game is about to be changed. . . . Present social establishments had better be prepared for the change. Our favorite concepts are standing in the way of a floodtide two billion years building up." The pair attracted so much adverse publicity that they were both dismissed from Harvard before the year was out, Alpert for continuing to dispense hallucinogens to students and Leary for continual absence from the campus. The daring duo of L.S.D. retaliated by opening an I.F.I.F. headquarters within blocks of the school and announcing the availability of a "trip" for any student over twenty-one. If the student was under age he had to bring a note from his mother, and there is no doubt that I.F.I.F. was very careful about checking I.D.s and parental signatures.

Since leaving Harvard, Leary has devoted all of his time to promoting the consumption of hallucinogens. He specializes in hard-sell sermons on the glories of breaking with wickedly conservative society, the church, and sexual morality. "The society we live in," says the Moses of the drug revolution, "is an insane asylum. L.S.D. will enable each person to realize that he is not a game-playing robot put on this planet to be given a Social Security number and to be spun on the assembly line of

school, college, career, insurance, funeral and goodbye."

A blend of mystic, cult leader, and zealot, Leary told 1,500 students in a lecture at U.C.L.A.:

Drop out of school. U.C.L.A. is sponsored by menopausal people to turn you into robots like them. Don't vote. Don't take jobs. You've got to drop out of the old man's game. Impotent old men throughout history have been sending young seed-bearing men out to kill each other. . . . Don't vote — picket, protest.

Professor Leary should not be sold short as a charismatic leader. He is a spell-binding orator who understands how to play the role of the persecuted non-conformist being hounded by the cruel "power structure." To whatever group Leary happens to be giving his pitch, he promotes L.S.D. as a panacea for all problems. When interviewed by *Playboy* magazine last September, he presented it as the world's foremost aphrodisiac, stating: "An L.S.D. session that doesn't involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete. One of the great purposes of an L.S.D. session is sexual union." Always the psychedelic con man, Leary well knows that L.S.D. acts as a sexual depressant; but his job is to get people to try the stuff. Undoubtedly if he were called upon to address the American Ornithological Society he could manufacture equally attractive fantasies on the wonders that L.S.D. can do for bird watchers.

While Professor Timothy Leary plys the groves of Chautauqua, preaching his message of "turn-on, tune-in, drop-out," he has left a faithful chela to mind the minds back at Harvard. She is Lisa Bieberman, the twenty-five-year-old "Queen of Acid" who will no doubt make the center section of *Playboy* the month after Bettina Aptheker. Lisa at-

tended Radcliffe on a General Motors scholarship, majoring in philosophy and mathematics. While doing graduate work at Brandeis she got so involved with drugs that the school insisted on her departure, whereupon she set up shop as the Psychedelic Information Center in an apartment at Harvard Square. When I called to visit the Center, I found Miss Bieberman sitting cross-legged on a mattress in the bedroom of her apartment which doubles as the Information Center and is located on the second floor of a run-down building. Her room is shabby, crowded, and dirty to the point that no self-respecting cockroach would be caught dead there.

None were.

There is little doubt that this girl once possessed a brilliant mind, indeed some of her writings are still quite lucid. But as she answered, or more accurately half answered, our inquiries she seemed groggy and thick-tongued. She apologized and explained that a "trip" leaves her exhausted for several days afterward.

Lisa Bieberman puts out a bulletin every other month giving a rundown on the latest in the drug world and information on new hallucinogens. For instance, in her issue for October of 1966, she announced that "Harvest Time is here again for morning glory seeds," and gave instructions on how to pick the crop.* Lisa also travels like any club woman to meet with other cult enthusiasts. In her bulletin for August of 1966 she reported on one of her trips much in the fashion of the president of a ladies literary league returning from a convention:

My stay included a side trip to Berkeley to a meeting at the First Unitarian Church where Ray Nelson spoke of his L.S.D. experiences to

a friendly and receptive audience. I met Jeff Poland [founder of Berkeley's storied Sexual Freedom League], who is the organizer of a new psychedelic group, The Fellowship of the Clear Light, aiming to become a Unitarian-Universalist congregation.

In addition to her bulletin Lisa publishes a manual on avoiding "bad trips," a psychedelic telephone directory in case you're on a "trip" and would like to talk to another *devoté* of the cult (the words are printed in large type for dilated eyes), and sells various little recipes so that those inclined can produce their own drugs, or whip them into something tasty like marijuana spaghetti, or bake them into something really good like L.S.D. banana bread.

Miss Bieberman, like all other "drugies," despairs of that black day in October of 1966 when the production and distribution of L.S.D. became illegal by an act of Congress. Undaunted, the L.S.D. cult has a scheme which they are confident will free them from skulking about in dark corners to avoid "harassment by the police." The scheme involves the First Amendment to the Constitution. In September of last year the weird professor Leary called a press conference to announce the formation of his own religion, the League of Spiritual Discovery, and proclaimed that he would test in the courts the Constitutional Rights of his faithful flock to use hallucinogens in their sacred "shrines" at home—which presumably he would have made up by the gross.

Sounding as pious as Bishop Pike, Leary intoned: "Like every religion of the past, we seek to find the divinity within and to express this revelation in a life of glorification and worship of God." The "Reverend" Leary and Art Kleps, founder and prophet of something called the Neo-American Church (which also uses drugs and calls its

* Morning glory seeds are one of a number of natural substances which can produce L.S.D.-like hallucinations.

priests *boo-hoos*), plan to base their case on court decisions which allow the Indians of the Native American Church to use peyote, a psychedelic made from Mexican cactus, in their religious rites. In the meantime, spiritual leader Leary is appealing a thirty-year jail sentence for using his daughter to smuggle his religious marijuana into the United States from Mexico.

As noted, the manufacture and sale of L.S.D. for uses other than government-controlled experiments became illegal last October. However, the law is very difficult to enforce. The government attempts to seize large sources of illegitimate lysergic acid diethylamide at their source; but, once the chemical is refined and distributed, location and confiscation are nearly impossible: A user cannot be readily detected and the effects can either be less obvious than, or indistinguishable from, other intoxicants such as alcohol, marijuana, or barbituates. Another practical problem in enforcing the anti-hallucinogen laws lies in the fact that there are a number of natural psychedelics such as peyote, nutmeg, babywood rose seeds, and morning glory seeds which can be grown in one's backyard or in a pot on a window-ledge.

Most of the L.S.D. currently available comes in from Europe. Enough of the chemical can be hidden in a single cigarette to provide ten-thousand doses. Students abroad for the summer find that they can pay next year's tuition by bringing home L.S.D. disguised as aspirin tablets. One story making the rounds concerns a young man who smuggled into the country a bottle of liquid L.S.D. hidden in his suitcase. The bottle broke and its contents were absorbed in a suit coat. For the next six months the young man and his friends met regularly to chew on the coat and thereby be transported off into a psychedelic netherworld.

In areas where imported L.S.D. is

scarce, cultists soon learn that any competent chemistry student can whip up a batch in virtually no time. During the Twenties bathtub gin was an answer to prohibition; its counterpart in the Sixties is bathtub "acid." And, just as some were blinded from improperly filtered alcohol, "acid heads" are in danger of having their brains fried by improperly filtered L.S.D. You savor your sugar cube or bite your coat and you take your chances.

III

WHAT ROLE if any do the Communists play in the skyrocketing popularity of narcotics? For many years they have engaged in a cynical alliance with Organized Crime* to pump funds into the coffers of Communism while at the same time working to destroy the character and morality of our citizenry. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* of January 23, 1966, reported that "a new survey reveals the shocking fact that in 1964, the Peking warlords collected \$800,000,000 for the treasury of Red China in spewing into the world more than 10,000 tons of heroin." While Mao deals in "H," his crony in Cuba merchandises "snow" (cocaine). As former Senator Kenneth Keating has pointed out, "Fidel Castro's narcotic trafficking, like his ransom notes and firing squads, is a lesson in Communist methodology. The Communists will stop at nothing to undermine and demoralize people who live in freedom. They have now joined crime in an unholy alliance with subversion to advance their diabolical aims."

The Reds realize, if they are to recruit and command the total loyalty of a young person, that individual must first break all ties to his family, church, and country. The two things that can

* *Innerspace*, one of the magazines of the psychedelic crowd, reports that in Seattle the Mafia has taken over distribution of L.S.D. in the area and is mixing L.S.D. powder with heroin in a unique customer-building program.

most quickly produce this moral break are sexual perversion and dope. The Communists well realize that a young person who begins using marijuana or L.S.D. has taken a major step in repudiating his former ties and is in a psychological condition to accept other radical claims on his interests.

The New Left has often made marijuana a *cause célèbre*. Jerry Rubin, a wheelhorse of the Students for a Democratic Society and an avowed Marxist trained in Communist China, recently ran for Mayor of Berkeley on a promise to legalize marijuana—he finished second. Mario Savio, the spark of the Free Speech Movement who has close ties with both the New and Old Left, has called for a “coalition between politicians and [drug-using] hippies” as the most effective means to wreck the capitalist society. Probably the most vociferous Marxist advocate of hallucinogens is the Communist Progressive Labor Party, whose taste runs to immediate revolution, sabotage, and blood in the streets. P.L.P. muscleman Stewart Albert, an ex-New York wrestler now promoting conflict at Berkeley, explains that “Nobody who has taken L.S.D. is going to be able to tolerate The Establishment, and the only way to rid ourselves of the Establishment is to destroy it through revolution.”

After assiduously working to promote the mushrooming wave of drug ingestion among young people, some elements of the Left are beginning to realize that this sword has two edges. The Communists are all in favor of infecting bourgeois children with narcotics, but the growing tidal wave of psychedelics is now striking too close to home for their comfort. It seems that while L.S.D. has been advertised as “non-addictive,” it is strongly habit forming and also fills its *devotés* with a compulsion to get others “turned-on.” While the New Left is still growing fairly rapidly in absolute numbers, many

have been siphoned off into that part of the hippie movement which is concerned with drugs, art, and sex—and avoids political protest.

The revolutionaries who conned young people into trying L.S.D. with the idea that they would “drop out” and start picketing and protesting are finding out that the drug is such a powerful pacifier that its users spend all their time contemplating the Infinite Navel instead of hitting the pavement with placards in the name of the current Communist syndrome. The drug-oriented hippies consider themselves communists (with a small *c*) but feel that communism is evolving naturally and that protests will not speed its arrival. Hippie publisher Mike Horowitz, who says his Trotskyite parents are upset at his dropping out of political action, explained his position to me this way:

It's a different emphasis. It's the argument between Marx and Freud. Marx said the way to solve problems is to be politically active and hit at institutions. In the Thirties everybody worked for T.V.A., the N.R.A., and the New Deal and they were all going to make society better. Freud says there is another way to accomplish the same thing. If you can get people psychologically happy with themselves, you're not going to have people rich and people poor. . . . So you can be a Marxist revolutionary or a Freudian revolutionary. . . . Collectivism is the thing in today's world. Individualism is dying and hippies realize this.

Last December Dorothy Rae Healy, chairman of the Communist Party in Southern California, appeared before a thousand New and Old Leftists at a seminar in Los Angeles and denounced psychedelics: “L.S.D.,” she screeched, “is a way to cop out, not to rebel.” A recent series of ads in New Left mag-

azines and newspapers suggests a change of strategy and hints that the Old Left may have found a "kick" to push that produces the spirit of rebellion yet does not produce, as far as is known, the dependence that results from the hallucinogens. The new, approved, "high" is called a "mellow yellow." Ready? It is a cigarette made with the dried fibers of the inside of a banana peel. A San Francisco group which is advertising "mellow yellow" for sale through the mail enthuses that it is as good as marijuana and notes that you can blow banana smoke in a policeman's face with impunity. The tie with the Old Left is the new fruit-peddling organization's legal representatives: the fine old firm of Hallinan and Sons of San Francisco. Vincent Hallinan is a self-professed Marxist who has contributed a number of sons to the revolutionary movement including three who played the role of physicians at the birth of the Communist W.E.B. Du-Bois Club. Experts in subversion maintain that the Hallinans do not get involved in anything that runs contrary to the policies of the Communist Party.

While it is ironic that the Communists have lost some of their most vigorous activists to a movement they have helped promote, the magnetism of the New Left's cult of drugs has on the whole been for them an enormous success since it has served as a medium for getting young people to sever their ties with their families and society. Among the minds being destroyed by the drugs are many of those which are potentially most productive. The New Left has successfully sold the concept that hallucinogens are romantic, intellectual, and IN. The potential for drugs to warp and undermine the character of our young people is so great that if even a significant minority can be attracted to their use the future of the nation could well be jeopardized.

Besides its power to destroy otherwise

worthwhile and productive young people, L.S.D. has much greater potential consequences, ramifications obvious to both the psychotic "acid heads" and to the Communists. Dr. Sidney Cohen, Chief of Psychosomatic Medicine at the Los Angeles Veterans Administration Hospital, has spent ten years studying the effects of psychochemicals. In his book, *The Beyond Within*, he describes the potential effects of an L.S.D. assault:

The city exposed to a successful LSD attack presumably will cease to function. The inhabitants will be so bemused with the odd things that are happening to them and their neighbors that for half a day an aggressor force could take over without substantial resistance. . . . A saboteur could carry enough in an overcoat pocket to produce serious temporary effects on all of the inhabitants of a megalopolis if only he could distribute it equally. The contents of a two-suiter piece of luggage will hold amounts sufficient to disable every person in the United States.

Naturally, any drug a microscopic amount of which can make hash of a man's mind is going to attract the attention of the military—ours and theirs. The U.S. Army began tests with L.S.D. in 1955, experimenting on its effects when given to combat troops without their knowledge. A government report* concerning the results of these experiments states that a film taken of the drugged soldiers "demonstrated that troops exposed to one of these agents [hallucinogens] were not even conscious of their abnormal condition which was so changed that they were unable to follow simple commands and perform normal tasks with acceptable accuracy."

* Discussed at length in John Cashman's book, *The L.S.D. Story*.

Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild, retired Commanding General of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps Research and Development Command, asks us to reflect on "the effect of using this type of material covertly on a higher headquarters of a military unit or overtly on a large organization!" Since the chemical is colorless, odorless, and tasteless, there is a possibility of slipping it to anyone. That person, be he the President, one of the Chiefs of Staff, a key man with S.A.C., or a military field commander, would as a result be in no position to make valid judgments. His actions reverberating down a chain of command could lead to chain reaction that would produce incredibly dangerous chaos.

The potentialities are enormous.

Ralph M. Goodman, a political scientist who put together a study of psychochemical weapons at the University of Chicago, maintains that the Army probably performs more experiments with hallucinogenic drugs than any other group in the country. He claims that "with the development of effective delivery systems entire armies, communities, and even nations could be put out of commission for two or three days." While our scientists are now presumably working on sophisticated delivery systems for the hallucinogens a report issued by the Los Angeles Police Department indicated just how easy it would be to deliver L.S.D. on a mass basis: "Not only can it be distributed through the water supply but it may be suspended in the air and the inhalation of the particles is equally effective as a casualty producer." Something as elementary as wind currents might provide an effective, if capricious, carrier for the microscopic granules of L.S.D.

There is another potential use of the hallucinogenic drugs that may be even more of a threat. In *Brave New World Revisited*, British socialist Aldous Hux-

ley, himself an advocate of a hallucinogen known as mescaline and a confidant of Timothy Leary, expounded on a potential use of the drugs:

That a dictator could, if he so desired, make use of these drugs for political purposes is obvious. He could ensure himself against political unrest by changing the chemistry of his subjects' brains and so making them content with their servile conditions. He could use tranquilizers to calm the excited, stimulants to arouse the indifferent, hallucinants to distract the wretched from their miseries. But how, it may be asked, will the dictator get his subjects to take the pills . . . ? In all probability, it will be enough merely to make the pills available.

Can it be contested that we are in the process of conditioning ourselves for such a dependence on pills when millions are even now taking pep pills to wake up in the morning, diet pills at lunch to kill the appetite, tranquilizers to slow down in the evening, and sleeping pills to kill wakefulness at night? As Harvard behavioral psychologist, B. F. Skinner, has predicted: "In the not too distant future, the motivational and emotional conditions of normal daily life will probably be maintained in any desired state through the use of drugs." The question is: desired by whom?

Whom do you think?

With increasing numbers of youngsters "tripping out" to a permanent lotus land, and suburbanites on a binge alternating between pep-pills and tranquilizers, can it be that hallucinogens are to become America's "opiate of the people"? Are we being set up for a trip into the Brave New World of 1984?

It is unlikely that you will get a straight answer to that question from your travel agent. ■ ■