

O'Connell shot me that parental look—patient, patronizing, protective. "Timothy, I don't know what we're going to do with you. Maybe you've been smoking too much of that funny stuff. You're living in a dream."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me give you some facts about what's happening in the real world. Suppose I told you that there are some people in the government who've spent \$25 million to research these drugs of yours. Secretly. A lot of it right here in the Harvard medical school."

O'Connell brushed away my objections. "Now this is between you and me and the Pope, you understand, but some very powerful people in Washington have sponsored all this drug research, and they are behind your recent troubles here. They want to stop you."

"Why?"

"Well, for starters this fellow Professor Kelman who brought the press down on you is not just jealous of you personally. He's funded by a CIA front called the Ecology Fund."

I remembered Kelman's international junkets and federal support.¹

"That's the way it is," replied O'Connell soberly. "These guys in Washington are good patriotic Americans, and they have to do things under the table now and then, like anyone else. They're our team against the Russkies, Timmy, and they play for keeps in that league. There's nothing wrong with sending smart fellows like this Kelman to foreign universities to protect our interests. So I hope a word to the wise is sufficient. Why don't you give up this drug work? Let the CIA play with drugs. You've got a fine career going for you here at Harvard. You could become state superintendent of mental health—as long as you don't step on toes that you shouldn't be stepping on. If you see what I mean."

I thanked O'Connell and reassured him.

"Good luck, Timmy," said O'Connell. "Keep your nose clean. And don't forget what I'm telling you. There are some important people in Washington very interested in what you're doing. And they'll be watching your next moves."

Hardly a week had passed before the complications suggested by Inspector O'Connell took on a curious twist. While sitting at my desk I looked up to see a woman leaning against the door post, hip tilted provocatively, studying me with a bold stare. She appeared to be in her late thirties. Good looking. Flamboyant eyebrows, piercing green-blue eyes, fine-boned face. Amused, arrogant, aristocratic. "Dr. Leary," she said coolly. "I've got to talk to you."

She took a few steps forward and held out her hand. "I'm Mary Pinchot. I've come from Washington to discuss something very important. I want to learn how to run an LSD session."

"That's our specialty here. Would you like to tell me what you have in mind?"

"I have this friend who's a very important man. He's impressed by what I've told him about my own LSD experiences and what other people have told him. He wants to try it himself. So I'm here to learn how to do it. I mean, I don't want to goof up or something."

"Why don't you have your important friend come here with you to look over our project for a couple of days. Then if it makes sense to all concerned, we'll run a session for him."

"Out of the question. My friend is a public figure. It's just not possible."

"People involved in power usually don't make the best subjects."

"Look," said Mary Pinchot. "I've heard Allen Ginsberg on radio and TV shows saying that if Khrushchev and Kennedy would take LSD together they'd end world conflict. Isn't that the idea—to get powerful men to turn on?"

"Allen says that, but I've never agreed. Premier Khrushchev should turn on with his wife in the comfort and security of his Kremlin bedroom. Same for Kennedy."

"Don't you think that if a powerful person were to turn on with his wife or girlfriend it would be good for the world?"

"Nothing that involves brain-change is certain. But in general we believe that for anyone who's reasonably healthy and happy, the intelligent thing to do is to take advantage of the multiple realities available to the human brain."

"Do you think that the world would be a better place if men in power had LSD experiences?"

"Look at the world," I said. "Nuclear bombs proliferating. More and more countries run by military dictators. No political creativity. It's time to try something, anything new and promising."

I offered her some California sherry from a half gallon jug, but she made a cute little face and invited me out for champagne. She continued asking me questions as we sat in the cocktail lounge. When I rose to go back to my office, she invited me to have dinner. I suggested that she come along to Newton Center to eat at my house, where the kids were waiting. When we walked in, Malaca flashed a hostile glance at Mary. Then recovered and greeted her with French-accented charm.

We never got to eat. Michael Hollingshead mixed drinks, got a bit tipsy, and started lecturing about brain drugs. Mary helped Malaca and me prepare dinner for the kids, and later we four took a low dose of mushrooms and sat around the fire. Michael was in top form, acting out high-spots of former sessions. Behind his wild comedy he was teaching Mary about the problems of inner navigation: how to deal with them,

asking intelligent questions about the relationship of drug states to hypnosis.

One fall afternoon I received a phone call from Mary Pinchot, my mysterious visitor from Washington. "Can you meet me right away in Room 717, Ritz Hotel?"

At the door I paused to smooth my shirt in my trousers and hand-brush my hair. Enchanting as before, she motioned to a silver ice bucket with a bottle of Dom Perignon tilting out. "I'm here to celebrate," she said.

I twisted the bottle to make the cork pop gently. "Your hush-hush love affair is going well?"

"Oh yes. Everything is going beautifully. On all fronts in fact. I can't give details, of course. But top people in Washington are turning on. You'd be amazed at the sophistication of some of our leaders. And their wives. We're getting a little group together, people who are interested in learning how to turn on."

"Really, I thought politicians were too power-oriented."

"You must realize, implausible as it may seem, there are a lot of very smart people in Washington. Especially now with this administration. Power is important to them. And these drugs do give a certain power. That's what it's all about. Freeing the mind."

She held out her glass for more champagne. "Until very recently control of American consciousness was a simple matter for the guys in charge. The schools instilled docility. The radio and TV networks poured out conformity."

"No doubt about it," I agreed.

"You may not know that dissident organizations in academia are also controlled. The CIA creates the radical journals and student organizations and runs them with deep-cover agents."

"Oh come on, Mary," I said. "That sounds pretty paranoid to me."

Mary sipped at her glass and shook her head. "I hate to be the one to break the news to you. Do you remember the American Veterans Committee, that liberal GI group you belonged to after the war? The CIA started that. Just like Teddy Roosevelt started the American Legion after the first World War. Remember your liberal friend Gilbert Harrison? He ran the radicals out of AWC. And later he bought the *New Republic*—that so-called progressive magazine—from Michael Straight, your hero. Do you know why Michael Straight backed Henry Wallace for president in 1948? To siphon liberal votes away from Truman?"

"How do you know all this? How did you know I knew Michael Straight?"

"I knocked you with those facts to get your attention. It's a standard intelligence trick. I could tell you hundreds of little stories like that."

She held out her glass again. I filled it, drained and refilled my own. My head was spinning.

"And guess what these guys are most interested in right now?"

"Drugs, I suppose."

"You got it. A few years ago they became absolutely obsessed with the notion that the Soviets and the Chinese were persuading our POWs in Korea to defect by brainwashing them with LSD and mescaline."

"That's certainly possible. With what we've discovered about set and setting, we know that almost anyone's mind can be changed in any direction."

"Any direction?"

"With a minimum of information about the subject's personal life and two or three LSD sessions, you could get the most conventional person to do outrageous things."

"Suppose the person wanted to be brainwashed in a certain direction . . . wanted to change himself?"

"Easier yet. Our research is conclusive on this. Changing your mind, developing a new reality-fix, is a simple and straightforward proposition. Of course, altering your mind is one thing. Changing the outside world to conform to your new vision remains the difficult problem for us . . . I struggled for a word. 'Utopiates.'"

Mary clapped her hands together like a birthday girl. "Utopiates! Beautiful. That's what it's all about, isn't it? Make it a better world." She sat down next to me and held my hand.

"Let's make a deal, as one utopiate to another. I'll tell you some things about yourself that are very important and then you'll tell me the same."

"What do you want to know?"

She laughed. "Let me start off. Since drug research is of vital importance to the intelligence agencies of this country, you'll be allowed to go on with your experiments as long as you keep it quiet. You are doing exploratory work the CIA tried to do in the 1950s. So they're more than happy to have you do their research for them. As long as it doesn't get out of hand."

"What do you mean, 'out of hand'?"

"Timothy, think. You're involved in the Big Game here. Mind-change is the key to power. They'll deal with you about the same way the Soviets would handle a nuclear physicist with liberal, libertarian ideals. They'll indulge your utopian fantasies. They know that creative scientists tend to be free-thinkers. They'll run you with a loose silken cord as long as you don't stir up the masses."

"Okay, I'll try not to stir up the masses. And what can I do for you?"

"I told you the first time we met. I want to learn how to brainwash."

"That doesn't sound very ladylike."

At this she burst into laughter. "If I can teach the use of utopiates to the wives and mistresses of important people in our government, then we can . . . well shit, Timothy, don't you see what we can do?"

"What?"

"We can do on a bigger scale what you are already doing with students—use these drugs to free people. For peace, not war. We turn on the Cabinet. Turn on the Senate. The Supreme Court. I have to explain further?"

Her proposal was scary. But come to think of it, it was close to what we Harvardites in our session rooms, lazily architecting hopeful futures had spelled out as the goal of psychedelic research.

I looked at myself in the reflection of the window: a forty-two-year-old man, being lured into a feminist plot to turn on the leaders of the United States government to the idea of world peace. She lay on the bed, pleased with herself, awaiting my reaction, knowing I was going to agree.

"Okay. What do you want from me? The drugs?"

"Just a little bit to get started. With our connections we'll be able to get all the supplies we want. And all you need too. Mainly I want advice about how to run sessions. And how to handle any problems that come up."

We spent the next four hours in a cram course on psychedelic sessions, then dinner. I drove her to Logan to get a night plane back to Washington. The next day I mailed off a stack of session reports. Since she had sworn me to secrecy, I told no one except Michael Hollingshead.

That winter the major research tasks were analyzing the reports from our summer studies, continuing the prison project, training new graduate students to run sessions, and bringing into full operation the Experimental Typewriter. The purpose of the E.T. was to deal with the "words cannot express" aspects of accelerated-brain experience. Subjects could indicate any of various levels of consciousness that they were unable to describe at the moment by pressing the appropriate buttons on the typewriter. This signal was recorded on a revolving drum, much the way temperatures are graphed in meteorological stations. After the session, when consciousness was operating at slower speeds, the subject would have leisure to examine the recorded data and describe the sequence of events fully and precisely.

To identify the levels of consciousness (i.e. develop the new software) we had to address a number of questions about the brain as a biocomputer: how is it programmed? what are the circuits that can be accessed? how do these circuits configure the realities we inhabit? Since my first mushroom experience, answering these questions has been my persistent philosophical task.

We identified eight levels of consciousness: stuporous, emotional, symbolic, somatic, sensory, cellular, molecular, and out-of-body. Each level needed a vocabulary. For the emotional and symbolic levels, which lent

themselves to verbal description, we were able to use the variables developed during my research in Berkeley. The sensory, cellular, and molecular visions required a non-verbal language. So we collected biology slides and film-strips and overlaid them to create multiple images. We commissioned photographers to make enlargements of cellular activity. The walls of our offices and our living room oozed and dripped with technicolored bacterial pulsations and protozoan encounters.

The auditory vocabularies were the most novel. We assembled a tape library of heartbeats, sound-amplified brain waves, electronic tones, capillary flows, avalanches, heavy breathing, erotic moans, cheering (supporter), cheering (aroused), mob hostility (in twenty-four languages), cash registers, firecrackers, football scrimmages, high tides, whale whistles. We wrote producing, however crudely, a language for externalizing the aural panoramas that are experienced during moments of transcendence.

These new linguistic devices had an intense effect on visitors. Almost everyone got a bit high in one way or another when exposed to the feedback of bodily images. Many sober types confronted with unfamiliar yet very personal sensory and neural data had to be helped staggering and retching from the room.

We devoted much of our energy to creating environments that would guide consciousness away from the mundane-local into new dimensions. With this in mind we constructed the Time Chamber.

Adjacent to one of our living rooms was a medium-sized study. We scaled off the door and repapered the wall on the living room side so that the existence of the room was hidden. I climbed through a window into the hidden study and used a power saw to slice out a yard-square opening in the hardwood floor. In the cellar we constructed a dark tunnel that led up a ladder and into the enclosed room, now covered, walls and ceiling, with Hindu paisley prints of cellular design. Red velvet cushions covered the floor. At the far end, illuminated by candles in ornate holders, sat a smiling bronze Buddha, which Peggy Mellon Hitchcock generously provided. In this secret chamber, a modern version of Tom Sawyer's clubhouse, it was easy to forget, on drugs or straight, where you were in the house or indeed on the planet. It was an early isolation tank.

The Time Chamber experiments did not work for everyone. Charlie Mingus frequently boomed up to our front door, lugging his bass and piano, he would want to time travel. Pounding out jazz improvisations on the piano, he would want to time travel. But heave and push as we might, his ponderous form would not fit through the entrance of the Chamber.

A more lithe visitor was Jean Houston. Fresh from winning off-Broadway dramatic prizes and a Ph.D. in anthropology she was eager to share

International Foundrym IFTF. The medical, psychological, and internal meaning would be published a scholar- (tner), help locals ner workshops in i, mescaline, and ulding our plans. went out on the on-Wide Chain of response. Within llars each to join, 3 we received over of these aspiring a temporary hegra. anzig and his wife Litwin, were eager h Mexican psychia- cal support. There the payroll as con- Brunell, an organic ving researched the he was anxious for Boston straightway. e Harvard Business, mescaline in com- ithesizing other ex- laboratory and the e the legal, medical, top Mexican phar- or research and p- of the largest drug

manufacturers in the world. Since IFTF was non-profit, all the revenues would be ploughed back into research and education.

We knew that our program to teach the intelligent use of drugs was as threatening in 1963 as the notion of sex education had been a genera- tion before. We were convinced that society would eventually come to terms with this responsibility, just as it had, out of common sense, with sex education. It was only logical that people would ultimately demand instruction in how to use drugs intelligently. In the next decade billions would be spent in futile enforcement and anti-drug disinformation pro- grams. We knew even then that training in responsible use is the only way to prevent abuse.

As the time for my departure from Harvard approached, it seemed only right to leave a farewell note in the *Harvard Review*, a classy journal edited by undergraduates. The editors had decided to publish a school-end issue devoted to *Drugs and the Mind*. The co-editor was Andrew Weil, who later was to become a world authority on consciousness-altering plants. Entitled "The Politics of Consciousness Expansion," our article in- cluded these section headlines: "Expansion and Contraction is the Rhythm of the Universe," "The Ancient Game: Visionary vs Cop," "The Hippy Square Argument is a Bore," "The Next Lunge Forward: Internal Free- dom," "Cortical Vitamins: Turn On or Bail Out," "The Visionary Auto- mobile," "Who Controls the Instruments of Freedom?" and "The Fifth Freedom: To Change Your own Consciousness." I have often wondered how many of the sponsors of the *Harvard Review* read this article. It included the following paragraph:

Can you imagine a language without such words as convertible, accelerator, transmission, General Motors, U.A.W., Standard Oil, super-highway, parking ticket, traffic court? These commonplace terms in our present culture were mystical images three generations It is possible that in 20 years our psychological and experiential language and forms of thinking now unknown. In 20 years every social institution will have been transformed by new insights provided by consciousness expand- ing experiences. Many new social institutions will have developed to handle the expression of the potentiated nervous system.

A few days before my departure for Mexico a phone call came from Larry PUNCH. I hadn't talked to her in several weeks. Could I meet again at the Ritz? She sounded tense.

Forward to Ha
"How can I
I don't tru
with you. And

FLASHBACK

She was. When I walked in the room there was no bubbling champagne, no happy smiles. "I had to see you. Things are getting more complicated. I got exposed publicly."

"The drug experiments?" I asked, in mild alarm.

"No. Everything there is going fine. It's my love affair." She walked to the phone. "Let's order something. Are you hungry?"

"No, just coffee. Tell me what happened."

"Oh God, where to begin. Well, there's a tremendous power struggle going on in Washington. A friend of mine was losing the battle, a really bloody one. He got drunk and told a room full of reporters about me and my boyfriend."

"Your boyfriend's married, I gather."

Hollow laugh. "To say the least."

"Was there much publicity? I didn't read anything about a big Washington scandal."

"No, here's the scary part. Not a word printed about it."

"That's scary," I said.

"It's really scary. You wouldn't believe how well-connected some of these people are, and nobody picked it up."

There came a sharp knock on the door. We both jumped, then looked at each other and laughed. After the room service waiter left, Mary came over and hugged me.

"Don't let me get you alarmed. There's nothing really new in what I've been telling you. I've seen it a hundred times in media politics. The manipulation of news, cover ups, misinformation, dirty tricks. Because of the drugs I can now step back and see what's going on and the horror of it. Now I see that it doesn't have to be that way. America doesn't have to be run by these cold-war guys. They're completely caught up in planning World War III. They can't enjoy anything except power and control."

"But that's where you're supposed to come in," I said. "You're going to loosen them up."

Mary stopped pacing.

"You're so right. Thank you. You restore my hope. I guess that's why I came to see you."

"Why don't you come to Mexico this summer and get some intensive training. You'll become the best brainwasher since Cleopatra."

"Don't get carried away," she said dryly. "I'm too exposed already. And you should be careful too. Things are getting edgy in Washington. As we start loosening things up, there's bound to be a reaction. Keep doing what you're doing, but try to keep it low key. If you stir up too

due to booze. Most of my fractured friendships have unraveled, the influence of liquor. Ninety percent of the eruptions of vulgarity, hostility, or aggression in my history have been triggered by mild-to-moderate doses of booze. (The remaining ten percent have been performed sober.)

In the last twenty years I have ingested enormous quantities of psychedelic drugs (mainly cannabis and LSD). I find that these chemicals stimulate quiet, serene, humorous, sensual, reflective responses; they make me a better person. I have never done anything I regret while under the influence of these substances.

I have spent long hours sorrowfully contemplating how different things would have been if psychedelic drugs had been available sooner. Marianne and I could have sat in front of the fire discussing our marital problems while smoking giggly marijuana instead of downing pilschener and stupefying martinis. . . . If only my father had had LSD to fuel his wild Irish restlessness . . .

JUNE 1963

NEWTON CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS

The phone call from Mary Pinchot came a week after our return. She was at the Boston airport. She could spend only the afternoon. We met at a seafood restaurant downtown.

"Oh, you reckless Irishman. You got yourself in trouble again. It's magnificent, these headlong cavalry charges of yours. *Mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

"What'd I do wrong?"

"Publicity. I told you they'd let you do anything you want as long as you kept it quiet. The IFIF plan was ingenious from all sides. They would have infiltrated every chapter to get some of their people trained. But they're not going to let CBS film you drugging people on a lovely Mexican beach. You could destroy both capitalism and socialism in a lovely month with that sort of thing."

I was struck again by the brittleness this aristocratic woman had picked up from those stern-eyed business-suited WASPs who shuttle from home office in limousines—the information brokers, editors, board members, executive branch officials—youngish men with oldish eyes (faces you used to see around Harvard Square or in the Yale quad), initiated early into the Calvinist conspiracy, sworn to be forever reliable, working for Wild Bill Donovan in Zurich, for Allen Dulles in Washington, for Henry Luce as bureau chiefs and then shuffling from *Newsweek* to the *Post*, manipulators of secret documents, facts, rumors, estimates, arms inventories, stock margins, voting blocs, industrial secrets, gossip about the sexual and drug preferences of every member of Congress, trained to grab and

what they can, all loyal to the Protestant belief that the Planet Earth sucks.

"Never mind all that," said Mary. "While you've been goofing around, I've been working hard. My friends and I have been turning on some of the most important people in Washington. It's about time we had our own psychedelic cell on the Potomac, don't you think?"

"So you need more drugs? That's going to be a problem. My plans for chemical plants in Mexico got wiped out."

Mary laughed. "Oh that's no problem. I can give you a contact in England. They'll sell you everything you need. And if things go the way I hope," she said emphatically, "we'll be seeing lots of good drugs produced here at home."

I pressed her, but she declined to say more.

OCTOBER 21, 1955

BEVERLY, CALIFORNIA

I came home one Friday night to find Marianne filled with new enthusiasm. Her eyes, so long sorrowful, were sparkling. She had a plan.

I mixed a pitcher of martinis and we sat at the bar, full of high spirits, like in the old days. Marianne realized that she had become too dependent, too withdrawn, too gloomy. She knew she needed a jolt, something to shake her loose from introverted habits. So she and the kids would go away for a while. She had total confidence that our love would blossom once again.

Her closest friend from college, married to a diplomat stationed in Switzerland, inspired Marianne with letters about the social life there, the skiing, the good schools.

So Marianne would take off for a few months. Get a house in the Alps, learn to ski, put the kids in school, stand on her own feet for a while. I would come over and visit.

But we would need some financial help from her parents.

She dialed Oregon City and outlined her plan. Then she listened. Her face fell. She held the phone, staring blankly at the wall. I could hear the dial tone.

Her father had spoken only one sentence. "You must be out of your mind to leave your home and husband to traipse around Europe."

I put my arms around her and held her close.

"We'll do it anyway," I said. "We can do anything we want."

"Yes, we can," she said. "Let's celebrate. How about a drink." I mixed more martinis. Marianne didn't eat much but kept on drinking.

We went to a small dinner party that night. Delsey phoned. She was going away to Tahoe the next day. I thoughtlessly suggested that she and Rollo drop by our house later in the evening.

sciousness. Once a week we engaged in a programmed LSD session. Typically one crew member would be responsible for arranging the environment and the stimuli. The guide would read from philosophical or poetic works and select the music, all-important in directing thought. Often the guide would prepare special tapes to take us on specific ontological adventures. Trip leaders would thus share their philosophic preoccupations and esthetic preferences.

Since passive imprinted learning is tremendously accelerated during acid sessions, we were able to absorb a wide variety of wisdoms and pleasures from all ages. For several weeks we focused on the writings of George I. Gurdjieff, the wondrous Russian-Armenian mystic, and tried to replicate his profound drug-inspired experiments.

Peggy, who spent half of her time in Manhattan, would roar up in a car loaded with cases of champagne and exotic foods and drinks. Weekends Billy and Tommy would come to "the bungalow," bringing with them jet-setters, celebrities, curious aristocrats. A weekend at Millbrook was the chic thing for the hip young rich of New York. At the same time we entertained biologists from Yale, Oxford psychologists, Hindu holy men. All weekend the groups would move from one house to the other in courtly exchange.

The major domo and master of ceremonies for these weekends was Van Wolfe, a part-time theatrical producer and man-about-town who appointed himself ambassador from Catalina to the world of Park Avenue and Broadway. Van often stayed on after weekends, wandering down from the bungalow to the Big House to join our programmed sessions. During these trips people would often unfold "essence" personalities, or, as we were wont to say, "manifest their divinites." Van appeared as a wise crafty Levantine, a vizier at the sultan's court, plotting and planning for the cause, which for Van, as for so many of us, was to learn how to use psychedelic drugs to create a heaven on earth. Behind the facade of cunning schemer, show-biz hustler, bridge shark, and salon manager Van was a closet psychologist, believing that the way to free people from fear and guilt was to teach them how to use drugs intelligently.

We saw ourselves as anthropologists from the twenty-first century inhabiting a time module set somewhere in the dark ages of the 1960s. On this space colony we were attempting to create a new paganism and a new dedication to life as art. It felt right and was, come to think of it, my boyhood dream come true.

The world of conflict and political struggle seemed far removed, but trouble was lurking outside, grin, unrelenting.

First came a phone call late one afternoon from Mary Pinchot. Her voice tightropeing the wire of hysteria. She had rented a car at La Guardia

and was now somewhere in Millbrook. She didn't want to come to the estate. Could I meet her in the village?

Driving out the gate I saw a green Ford parked down Route 44. It followed me. I slowed down. It pulled up behind me. Mary. She climbed in beside me, motioning me to drive on.

I turned down a side road through an unforgettable autumn scene—golden fields, herds of fat jet-black cows, trees turning technicolor, sky glaring indigo—with the bluest girl in the world next to me.

"It was all going so well," she said. "We had eight intelligent women turning on the most powerful men in Washington. And then we got found out. I was such a fool. I made a mistake in recruitment. A wife snatched on us. I'm scared." She burst into tears.

I reached over and stroked her hair. "Is this a result of . . . I mean, did you have a bad drug experience?"

"No. That's all been perfect. That's why it's so sad. I may be in real trouble. I really shouldn't be here."

"Are you on drugs right now?"

"It's not me, it's the situation that's fucked up. You must be very careful now, Timothy. Don't make any waves. No publicity. I'm afraid for you. I'm afraid for all of us."

"Mary." I said soothingly, "let's go back to the Big House and relax and have some wine and maybe a hot bath and figure out what you should do."

"I know what you're thinking. This is not paranoia. I've gotten mixed up in some dangerous matters. It's real. You've got to believe me." She glared at me. "Do you?"

"Yes I do." Her alarm was convincing me.

"Look, if I ever showed up here suddenly, could you hide me out for a while?"

"Sure."

"Good." She handed me a pill bottle from her purse. "This is supposed to be the best LSD in the world. From the National Institute of Mental Health. Isn't it funny that I end up giving it to you."

As I watched her drive away, I wondered. She wasn't breaking any laws. What trouble could she be in?

That night I received a phone call from Laura Huxley. She said that Aldous was dying and that he particularly wanted to see me about the manual we were adapting from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

The next day I flew to Los Angeles. Since their house had been destroyed in the Hollywood fire, Aldous and Laura were living with a friend near Mulholland Drive. Laura took me aside, pressing my hand. Aldous seemed unwilling to face the certainty of his death. Just that afternoon

rocks that had turned
 began to drip, drip a
 patches of brown earth
 We rushed out of the
 so green over the rav
 pulling out bushes an
 and rubbish from the
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 On March 21, the
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 This was my first
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drove me crazy playing records of droning whining atonal music, which
 eventually I absorbed and learned to like. Thus I was introduced to the
 early Bob Dylan. The Ferguson added more
 show-biz excitement, wit, and bouncing kid-energy. We all played around
 and uncle, sharing the responsibilities and fun of child-care.
 Ever since the Kennedy assassination I had been expecting a phone
 call from Mary. It came around December 1.
 I could hardly understand her. She was either drunk or drugged or
 overwhelmed with grief. Or all three. "They couldn't control him any
 more. He was changing too fast."
 Long pause. Hysterical crying. I spoke reassurance. She sobbed
 "They've covered everything up. I gotta come see you. I'm afraid. Be
 careful."
 The line went dead. Worried, I could do nothing.
 The phone rang again, and the next voice had a Scottish burr. It
 was R. D. Laing. Allen Ginsberg had given him the number. Could he
 come up to visit?
 Ronnie Laing and I had much in common. His books on behavior
 change harmonized with my work in interpersonal behavior. He had re
 ceived grants from the exclusive Yale-based foundation that funded my
 California research. He too was experimenting with psychedelic drugs.
 Ronnie was a canny dour Scotsman, distinguished in tweeds. We ate
 sandwiches and drank wine in the kitchen. To my dismay he turned
 out to be fascinated with pathological psychosis, convinced that insanity
 was a creative resolution of emotional conflicts. He had founded a center
 called Kingsley Hall, where he intended to live with psychotics.
 I tried to tell him about the contagious nature of optimistic interactions.
 It seemed to me the height of folly to inhabit a place where people
 are gloomy. I meant not just a mental hospital but Britain itself. I invited
 him to join us. No, he was hell-bent on living with schizophrenics.
 I groaned. "Surely, Ronnie, you've done your share of healing in the
 trenches. We need you out on the frontier, creating the future. You
 can spend the rest of your life tending casualties, but you'll never drain
 their ocean of anguish. You'll only become like them. Evolution depends
 on finding and training the intelligent ones who will guide the species
 forward. Nurture excellence. Come join us here."
 "No. Great Britain is my home."
 "Sooner or later we'll send a signal to rescue you."
 He laughed. We embraced, and he was gone.
 Before we knew it, we were safely past the frosty days of winter, emerg-
 ing from our white cocoons. Warned by the March sun the four-foot

The earth-orbiting spaceship *Honeymoon* limped back to Millbrook with no flags flying. My relations with Nanette were just barely friendly. My jangled nerves were not soothed by the six months of change that had converted Millbrook from a community of scholars and scientists to a playground for rowdy omnisexuals. In my absence Dick had fallen in love with Arnie, a flamboyant photographer from Brooklyn who liked to project color slides on walls during acid sessions, leading the vulnerable brains of his audience through a Coney Island funhouse of hallucinatory pranks.

Always the enthusiastic lieutenant Dick had promoted Arnie to the position of Adored Guru. It was Arnie who now set the tone and directed the scenarios.

Arnie had assembled a mountebank crew: Allen Eager, a legendary jazz saxophonist and notorious junky. Milt, a bearded photographer who slithered around with a perpetual hard-on. Then there was Micky, a gifted graduate student from NYU and his pretty yoga-student wife Laura, both promiscuous as bunny rabbits. Not to mention Arnie's wife, his ex-girlfriend, and his new girlfriend, Clara Hoover, the intelligent sophisticated heiress to the vacuum cleaner fortune and a lower

MILLBROOK, NEW YORK
JUNE 1965

27. Dissipative Structures

MARY ENO PINCHOT MEYER (1921-1964), painter, socialite, and feminist martyr, was descended from a family of American dissidents. Her uncle Gifford Pinchot, among the first conservation activists, helped found the Bull Moose political party and later served as governor of Pennsylvania.

Mary Pinchot graduated from Vassar College in 1942 and three years later married Cord Meyer, Jr., an anti-communist leader in liberal organiza-

tions who later became a top-level CIA agent.

The Meyers were divorced in 1958. As a resident of Georgetown, Maryland, Pinchot Meyer moved in the highest circles of power in the nation's capital. Her sister Toni married and later divorced Benjamin C. Bradlee, who became editor of the *Washington Post*. Mary Pinchot Meyer's close friends included President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Dissipative Structures

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me of being a disapproving moralist, a prude who condemned his homosexuality.

How I reacted to this first move would be crucial. Response A: I laugh and genially point out that the love and humor among us three will conquer all. Outcome: fusion. We unite as a triumphant merry trio of divinities. I don't spend four years alone in jail, while Dick doesn't put himself into the lonely Holy Man corner, and Nanette maintains two wise friends for her blossoming career.

But I could do no better than Response B: guilty silence. Outcome: fission. Dick and Nanette exchanged a conspiratorial glance of superiority which with X-ray sensitivity I caught. I drifted off leaking spinal fluid, leaving Nanette and Dick bonded together in a surprised uneasy alliance.

If Dick or I had been more secure, either one of us could have strobed the other out of low spirits with a blast of loving humor. But no. This acid session was about severing connections. The lines went down, and we never got the current going again. It was the last time we took acid together.

For the next few days I circled the field aimlessly, trying to figure out where to land with the rest of my life. I retreated to a small bedroom in the servant's wing, devoting my time to the Taoist poems. Everything changes. This too will pass. Lay low, walk slow. I planted a garden behind the Meditation House with seeds and cuttings from a nearby Rudolph Steiner farm.

Dick came out of the session glowing with confidence, enjoying a glorious brief moment of leadership. Then he left. Then Bye-Bye, Nanette, driven by my peevishness to an apartment in Manhattan. One by one the Punksters became discouraged by the monastic atmosphere and drifted away. Soon there remained only a small cadre of ex-Harvard loyalists: Ralph Metzner, Michael Hollingshead, and his lovely bookish mistress.

In my yearning for an ally, a friend, a woman, I found myself thinking a lot about Mary Pinchot. I asked everyone at Millbrook if she had phoned during the round-the-world trip, but no one remembered hearing from her.

Directory assistance in Washington, D.C. had numbers for several Pinchots but none for Mary. Then I remembered that she was a Vasars graduate and phoned the alumni office in Poughkeepsie. The cheery voice of the secretary became guarded when I asked for the address of Mary Pinchot.

"Mary Pinchot?" A long pause. "The person about whom you were asking . . . ah, her married name is Meyer. But I'm sorry to say that she is, ah, deceased. Sometime last fall, I believe." "I've been out of the country. I didn't know."

"Thank you for calling," said the alumni secretary.

In shock I climbed out a third-floor window and up the steep copper roof of the Big House. There I leaned back against a chimney and tried to think things over. Michael Hollingshead, who sensed my malaise, scrambled up to join me, carrying two beers. When I told him about Mary, he brushed away a tear.

"I wonder what happened," I said.

"Next time we go to New York, let's see what we can find out," said Michael. Balancing gracefully on bare feet he walked to the west ledge of the roof to contemplate the setting sun. A flock of swallows swept across the lawn and collected in the branches of the twin birches.

I joined him.

"Look here, old man," Michael said. "No point in living in the past. You have at your disposal right here and now all the factors needed to do something splendid. Why not start a new game?"

"What new game?"

"Neurological Art. A new creative expression based on our knowledge of the nervous system. The eight circuits of the brain define the Eight Fine Arts. Orchestrate them together, and you get a Psychodelic Theatre of the Mind."

Despite my withered lizard torpor, I responded to what Michael was saying. The function of any art is to activate, in the brain of the beholder, the desired reality. Socialist art activates the work-hard serve-the-state Marxist reality. Catholic art turns on the submission realities. Erotic art accesses the sex circuits. Gurdjieff once described how Sufi monastics in the Middle East mastered the use of sound to a point where they could evoke any emotion from an audience. I speculated. "We could arrange a sound-and-light show that would demonstrate what an LSD session is like. We could activate different brain circuits without drugs."

"You got it," said Michael, who was now recklessly striding back and forth on the slanted roof.

So off we went, Michael and I, down the Hudson to New York to meet the light-artists and sound wizards who were popping up on the Lower East Side. And to find out what happened to Mary Pinchot Meyer.

I cabbied over to Van Wolfe's apartment, drank a beer, and asked him if he could get any material on Mary Pinchot Meyer. He made a phone call to a friend who worked on the *Times*. An hour later a messenger was at the door with a manila envelope full of clippings, and WHAM—there was Mary's picture, the pert chin and nose, the deep intense eyes. Above, the headline read:

WOMAN PAINTER SHOT AND KILLED ON CANAL
TOWNSHIP IN CAPITAL

FLASHBACK

Mrs. Mary Pinchot Meyer Was a Friend of Mrs. Kennedy
Suspect is arraigned

Mary had been shot twice in the left temple and once in the chest at 12:45 in the afternoon of October 13, 1964 as she walked along the Old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal towpath in Georgetown. A friend told reporters that Mary sometimes walked there with her close friend Jacqueline Kennedy.

Mary's brother-in-law, Benjamin C. Bradley, *Newsweek's* Washington bureau chief, identified her body. Ben Bradley was described as having been an intimate of the late President Kennedy. The article also mentioned Mary's ex-husband, Cord Meyer, Jr., former leader of the American Veterans Committee and the World Federalists, now a government employee, position and agency not specified.

Police said that the motive was apparently robbery or assault. Her purse was found by Ben Bradley in her home. The suspect, a black male, was being held without bail. He denied the crime. He had been at the canal fishing.

I was sobbing. I walked to the bathroom and threw cold water on my face. My hands were shaking. I was stunned to learn that Mary had been married to Cord Meyer, my nemesis from graduate school days who now turned out to be a top spook. My head was spinning with ominous thoughts. A close friend of the Kennedy family had been murdered in broad daylight with no apparent motive. And there had been so little publicity. No outcry. No call for further investigation. I felt that same vague fear that came when we heard about JFK's assassination.

"Can you get me more information?" I asked Van.

Van said he'd contact some of his friends in the police and organized crime to get more facts.

Van came up to Millbrook the next weekend. I took him on a walk to Lunacy Hill. We sat smoking grass, watching the Hudson Valley tint purple as the sun set.

"My friend in police intelligence knew all about the Mary Pinchot Meyer case. Apparently a lot of people are convinced it was an assassination. Two slugs in the brain and one in the body. That's not the MO of a rapist. And a mugger isn't going to shoot a woman with no purse in her hand."

Van pulled out a Lucky Strike and lit it. His tremor was more pronounced than usual. "It's gotta be one of the biggest cover-ups in Washington history. It's too hot to handle. Everyone comes out looking bad. Some people say dope was involved. So the truth could hurt everyone, all those powerful people. No one wants the facts known."

Passive Structures

"They can't get away with a cover-up like this," I protested. "They have. And you know what we're going to do? We're going to have the adventure thriller of our lives. We're going to uncover the facts, and you're going to write a book about it. I'll raise some money for Hallinghead to research it in Washington—interview everyone, poke around, bribe maids and precinct cops. Hire private detectives. There are lots of people who might talk."

"I'd just like to know what happened."
Van leaned forward, his whole body shaking. "We'll dig up the facts. But we'll have to get a big publisher behind us to expose a cover-up like this one."

The loveless summer of 1965 crept along on painfully. My pals were the two mansion dogs, short-haired setters named Fang and O'Brien. My garden, weeded and watered tenderly, was a sclave. I fertilized it with a solution of LSD to see what would happen. The plants responded with enthusiasm, producing juicy, sweet, vegetables.

I remember so clearly that summer morning when I walked out to the portico terrace, and there she was! The next seven years of my life! A cloud of pheromones floating from her body awakened my lazy off-duty hormones. My knees wobbled. Her name was Rosemary Woodruff, age thirty. In her hand was a book by Witgenstein. She had come up for the weekend with some friends.

Rosemary needed help. She had brought a bottle of French wine but no corkscrew. My ears were *rouge*, my mouth sec. I led her to the kitchen, popped the cork, and poured her a glass.

"You are the kindest man in the world," she said. Her moves were fluid, graceful. She was wearing tight jeans bound by a silver chain. Her boy's shirt was tied above the navel, revealing a strip of creamy-smooth belly. I poured some wine in my glass, and we toasted our meeting. She wore tennis shoes! That was the genetic signal. And she read Witgenstein. I wondered idly if she was an intelligence agent assigned to my case. If so, the psych-tech boys sure had my number.

That afternoon I took her for a walk. I felt painfully shy. "I'd like to come back," she said.

"Any time," I replied.

The week after Rosemary's visit Michael and I went to New York to try out our first brain-activating light show. Billy Hitchcock loaned us the New Theater, a 299-seat house in the East Fifties, for a Monday night. The afternoon before the show we sat in the front row to watch the wizardry of the light-artists. To externalize their visions these artists shot electric light through optical devices, through vials of colored gelatin,

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where? You know any Brunos from Buffalo, Joey? The two toughest mafiosos in the country wetting their pants. Then you walked in with those shades looking like the snaikest hit-man ever left Sicily. Did you learn that at Harvard? While you were in your cell reading, Joey's on the phone long-distance, calling all over the East Coast. Even called his mother to find out who you were."

After a month the fiction of my identity dissolved into farce. The San Diego press was hassling the warden to confirm rumors that the Famous Escapee was being held in the hometown slammer. Many cities are proud of their prisons and the notorious inmates.

A cunning plot was devised to take the warden off the PR hot-seat. I was flown to Sacramento to spend the night in my old cell in the Yolo County jail; the next morning I was flown back to San Diego and registered under my own name. A press release then truthfully announced that I had just checked into the Federal Hilton.

Joey told me he phoned his mother with great pride to tell her the true identity of his new friend. "Know what she said? She said, 'Stay away from that man, Joey, he'll get you in trouble.'"

WINTER 1975-1976

By now I was really cooking with the reception and transmission of words. Twelve hours a day reading and writing. Lots of science. Thus it happened that I stumbled onto the great space colony revelation: that the next step in human evolution was up. Up into high orbit. Professor Gerard O'Neill of Princeton, in Stewart Brand's magazine, *Co-Evolution Quarterly*, over-turned our billion-year-old commitment to planetary gravity. He showed that the surface of a planet was the most unwieldy, expensive, and dangerous place to conduct a technological civilization. We were no longer doomed to cling like barnacles to the slimy surface of this heavy planet. We could now migrate into space. O'Neill was not talking Star Trek fan-tasy or Sagan-stuff about colonizing other planets; he was pointing out that the next easy step was migration to the orbital frontier. In the initial log-cabin era we would send up Space Lab platforms, bringing up tools and materials to build industrial parks and solar stations. Eventually we would go on to fabricate mini-worlds, territories that the restless wave of pioneers would then inhabit. All this would be done with less expense than building new cities on the home planet.

As a lifelong escape artist, I was thrilled to learn that there was a way out of here.

One evening in February a headline in the *San Francisco Chronicle* caught my eye! NEW JFK STORY—SEX, POT WITH ARTIST. James

FLASHBACKS

Tritt, the source for this sensational story, was identified as a former assistant to Philip Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*. In interviews with the *National Enquirer*, Associated Press, and *Washington Post* Tritt revealed that a woman named Mary Pinchot Meyer had conducted a two-year love affair with President John Kennedy and had smoked marijuana with him in a White House bedroom. A confidante of Mary Meyer, Tritt told a *Post* correspondent that she and Kennedy met about thirty times between January 1962 and November 1963, when Kennedy was assassinated. Mary Meyer told Tritt that JFK had remarked: "This isn't like cocaine. I'll get you some of that."

Tritt claimed that Mary Meyer kept a diary of her affair with the president, which was found after her death by her sister Toni Bradlee and turned over to James Angleton, who took the diary to CIA headquarters and destroyed it. According to the *Post* "another source" confirmed that Mary Meyer's diary was destroyed. "This source said the diary . . . contained a few hundred words of vague reference to an unnamed friend."

Kenneth P. O'Donnell, former White House appointments secretary, confirmed that Mary Meyer made visits to the White House but denied allegations of a love affair. Toni Bradlee was quoted by the Associated Press as saying, "I knew nothing about it when Mary was alive."

Angleton, who resigned as chief of CIA counterintelligence in 1975 following disclosure of some illegal activities by his department, said that Meyer had been a "cherished friend" of his and his wife's. He said that he had assisted the family after Meyer's death in a "purely private capacity," also making the funeral arrangements. He refused to say whether there had been a diary.

I lit a Camel, walked to the window, and looked through the bars on San Diego Bay. So it was JFK that Mary had been turning on with. Once again I sensed that Mary Pinchot Meyer's life and death were an important part of modern history. More than we are ever likely to know.

After Jerry Brown became governor I was discharged from California custody, having served thirty-two months for two roaches plus the escape—twenty months longer than the maximum set in judicial guidelines for such offenses. I had served almost two years on the Laredo case. The maximum guideline-sentence for this crime was one year. Still the federal parole board wouldn't let me go. In turning me down they cited my previous criminal record—a \$35 traffic offense dating back to 1938. It looked as

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