

*By the Same Author*  
BILLIONS FOR CONFUSION

# THE DISCOVERY OF LOVE

A Psychedelic Experience with LSD-25

by  
MALDEN GRANGE BISHOP

FOREWORD BY HUMPHRY OSMOND, M.D.



A Torquil Book

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TO DELITA

*From whom I learned about love.*

Eliot

Memo

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Dr. Humphry Osmond is a member of the American Psychiatric Association, the Royal Medicopsychological Association, the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, a founding member of the Collegium Internationale Neuro-psychopharmacologium, and a recently elected Fellow Member of the World Academy of Arts and Sciences.

He is the Director of the New Jersey Bureau of Research in Neurology and Psychiatry where a wide range of scientific disciplines cooperate together to study a variety of mental illnesses and the effects of psychological and physiological changes in normal people.

Prior to this, he was for many years Physician Superintendent of the Saskatchewan Hospital, Weyburn, where he had the closest association with Professor Abram Hoffer, with whom he has published a variety of studies on schizophrenia, psychotomimetic agents, alcoholism, psychedelics, administration, and hospital design.

Dr. Osmond is happily married, and has three children.

## FOREWORD

*By Humphry Osmond*

When a mutual friend asked me to write a foreword to this book, I was uncertain whether I should do so or not. The exploration of the human mind has always been a touchy subject—no less so today than in the past. I therefore agreed to take a look at the script and then decide.

Psychedelic or mind manifesting experiences are always fascinating, even when those who record them have no special gift for writing; there is something different to be learned from every one. Bishop's account is notable for clarity, cogency and straightforwardness. The philosopher, Wittgenstein, once said "Everything that can be thought can be thought clearly. Everything that can be said can be said clearly. Not everything that can be thought can be said." Bishop's knowledge of the writing and publishing of technical books has given him a nice ability to discriminate as to just what he can say, and this he says skillfully and clearly. He is not, and does not pretend to be, a great philosopher, literary artist or thinker of genius, and one might suppose that the lack of these qualities would detract from his book. However, there are very few great philosophers, literary artists and thinkers of genius, and those who, lacking this kind of talent, attempt to deck themselves out as such, seem pretentious and unconvincing. With that good sense which seems to be characteristic of him, Bishop has not attempted to go beyond what he can actually do and this he has done extremely well.

He is precise, exact and unsparing in detail; not, one feels, because he wants to parade himself and show off, but because



a book of this kind requires some sort of background and lacking it, readers would be lost. The background here is the whole of the author's life and unless we know what manner of man he is, we cannot hope to follow, let alone understand, his account of the mind manifesting experience. So with great candor he shows us his life as he sees it himself—warts and all—in Othello's words "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." He shares with us his doubt about the whole business, and then takes us into his psychedelic experience induced by LSD-25 and allows us to stand at his shoulder.

For those who want a plain man's account of a strange happening written with singular clarity and little embellishment—this is it. The book should be as valuable to the specialist as to the general reader. Specialists often assume that everyone else must be as aware as they are of the importance of their subject. Since this is self-evident to them they rarely ask themselves, "How would all this look to an intelligent, curious and interested member of the public who happened to hear about it for the first time?" This book gives us a fair number of clues. Bishop's life has been full and successful, there being some downs but more ups. More of his neighbors, I would guess, envy his successes than pity his failures. Yet as Carl Jung has often noted, when one reaches the middle years of life and passes through towards its latter part, one becomes less preoccupied with achievement and more with meaning and purpose. A question crops up which one had forgotten since childhood, "Why—to what end? For what purpose? What is the good of it all?" And, just as in childhood, if one presses this question one is still likely to get a dusty answer; for although many of us feel that way in our hearts, we are not always happy to hear what we feel in our hearts spoken out loud. We try to evade the question and yet it returns

sometimes with such insistence that our declining years are spent trying to avoid hearing it.

Bishop believes that he has had an answer to that haunting question through his psychedelic experience. This answer has come to many before him, but it must be rediscovered by each one of us, for him or herself, if we are to understand ourselves and our fellows. He concludes that the goal of life is "oneness," and that as the title of this book indicates, it can be obtained only by loving. As Plato said about 2,500 years ago, "The desire and pursuit of the whole is called Love." His psychedelic experience, his "day" as they called it at the Research Institute, gave him a chance to concentrate his mind upon these weighty matters. He took that chance and this book tells us something about how he came to relate himself to the whole.

Those of us who are working with these strange substances trying to find the best way of using them, both in the treatment of illnesses and for the exploration of the human mind, need men like Bishop to come forward and explain that our purposes are serious and good, to emphasize that this is not a diversion, an amusement or an attempt to relieve people of their spare cash. Comparatively few people in the long history of our species have had the time, leisure, and opportunity to ask themselves towards the end of a full life, "What does it all mean? What does it add up to?" Yet our education should surely teach us how to search for meaning since many of us now have an opportunity to think about these things, and it seems to be a quality peculiar to man that he can reflect upon himself and his place in the universe.

It may seem improbable that an almost invisible amount of a fairly simple chemical could contribute anything to weighty matters which have preoccupied the finest minds



since the beginning of written records and probably much earlier than that. But we inhabit an unlikely world full of happenings which would astonish and dismay those who lived only two to three generations ago. Horseless carriages, the heavier-than-air flying machine or radio, and atomic fusion or fission, have little or nothing to do with the commonsense world of our quite recent ancestors. Generally speaking, they looked askance at those unwelcome or even, as they felt, impossible developments. Perhaps we in our turn are likely to be unimpressed by, or hostile towards, ideas which will seem as important to our descendants as those inventions of the late 19th and early 20th century have been to us.

Bishop then has given an admirably plain and straightforward account of how he experienced and what he feels about one of these emerging social and psychological tools. Like any other tool or instrument, like the automobile for instance, this can be a boon or a curse depending upon how it is used. Our goal must be to learn how best to use these new tools and this sort of book is likely to make a puzzling, heavy, and sometimes discouraging task easier. If we are to succeed, we shall need not only the tolerance and understanding but also the active support and help of our fellow citizens. In the last analysis, the fate of this work with psychedelics — mind manifesting chemicals or instruments — lies in their hands. It is encouraging to know that they can respond so warmly and so intelligently when they have seen and felt for themselves.

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Princeton, N. J.  
May 1, 1963

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is the factual record of my personal experience. Each statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge. However, to avoid possible embarrassment to certain people, and in order to comply with the requirements of the professional ethics of medical doctors, the following names as used in this book are fictitious. The true names have been listed with the publisher.

Dr. John Flint  
Everett James  
Jack and Pat Leer  
Tom Lowell  
Penny Patterson  
Dr. John Wilbur Richards  
Dr. Ruth Rogers  
Institute for Psychedelic Research  
Aunt Sue  
Ron Thorn  
Thomas Welsh

MALDEN GRANGE BISHOP

Three Rivers, California  
April 4, 1963

## Chapter One

Last week I had the most profound experience of my life. I took LSD-25, one of the newest psychedelic drugs. From this single experience, which lasted about ten to twelve hours, the whole scope, depth, and direction of my life have changed miraculously. Indeed a miracle has happened to me.

LSD-25, or just LSD, is the common term for Lysergic Acid Diethylamide 25, a synthetically produced drug. It was administered to me under the direction of the Institute for Psychedelic Research, a privately-endowed research group in Northern California. This drug, or material as they like to call it, and technique of its use are tools which can, and I believe will, change the course of mankind. This process brings man to the threshold of an era in his development far more significant than any of the other astounding promises of the Space Age.

*Psychedelic* is a very descriptive word for the drug and the action it has. It is from the Greek and means literally *soul revealing*, or *images of the soul*. This is exactly what LSD does, when used as it was with me. It reveals the soul.

My own experience under LSD was the revelation of my soul to me. There can be no deeper experience, no more profound revelation.

When I tried to describe the experience to one person he said, "Oh, you learned faith."

"No, that is not it," I told him.



What I learned under LSD was not faith at all. Faith is the acceptance of something which you cannot otherwise prove. Faith has to do with believing. What I experienced under LSD required no faith then or now. It required only the acceptance of a positive knowledge. I did not have to believe anything. I had only to open my eyes to see, to know. I do not have to have faith that what I saw was true. I simply *know* that it was.

My experience was so deep, so moving, so meaningful that I shall be able to tell but a fragment of it. Trying to explain an LSD experience is like trying to explain love, or the experience of being in love. What I really discovered under LSD is love. Some call it God, and I like this term too. It is God; it is Love. In the best Christian terminology, God is Love and therefore Love is God. In my own terminology they are also one and the same.

I think the best way to tell what I discovered under LSD is to relate the experiences in straight chronological order. I made extensive notes during the process by hand and with a tape recorder. Where applicable, and where they do not repeat, I shall quote these notes verbatim. I want to make it clear that there is not the slightest intention of holding back anything. That would be dishonest to you and also to me. Any person who takes LSD must be prepared to see and experience things as they are, not as they or someone else might want them to be, and so he must tell them as they were experienced.

One of the important things which you learn under LSD is that all things are one. Essentially there is no such thing as good and bad, dark and light, or any of the other opposites we designate in life. There is not really a twoness, there is

only a oneness. Good and bad, dark and light, are merely arbitrary terms we use in order to express ourselves consciously. They are only valid as points of expression, not as points of reality. It is like saying this is a hot day, or that it is a cold day. Being hot or cold is only valid in relation to the sayer or the listener. They tell nothing real about the temperature. To tell temperature we must express it in degrees, and degrees have nothing to do with hot or cold, except as we arbitrarily designate certain degrees as being hot or being cold. This is true of all things.

So, in this record, I shall put down the experience as accurately as I can and without any thought of censorship. I shall use the words and events as they occurred without regard to how they may make me appear to you. In the LSD experience you cannot sit in moral judgment upon the words which occur and the events which take place. You simply accept them as they are. The LSD experience is not concerned with morality. Rather it is concerned with immortality, which is what each of us seeks.

For the first time, we have at our finger tips a material and a method by which we can draw back the heavy curtain of our subconscious mind and release into the bright light of our conscious mind many of the dark and troubling mysteries of our inner selves. Now, at last, those indistinct and unexplainable fears, those moody and uncontrollable anxieties, those vague and incomprehensible apprehensions which cause us to behave as we behave can be unleashed from the dungeons of our minds. And once these demons, devils, and dragons have been driven out, and their murky hiding places lighted, we can find ourselves filled with a love which we have never even dreamed was possible.



We have always known that where love is there can be no wars, no strifes, no unhappinesses. Philosophers and religious leaders have explained this for centuries, and poets and artists have expressed it in all forms of art. All men of all times have known that love is the only hope of mankind. Yet, sadly, we still do not know what love really is, how to find it, how to use it, how to be it.

Almost any American will quickly admit that if we loved the Russians there would be no thought of a war which might well destroy them and us, and all of mankind. But we immediately qualify this admission with a condition that the Russians must also love us. We say that we really want to love the Russians but we cannot love them until they love us and we do not think they ever will do that. We cannot use love unless they use love, and since we do not think they are capable of love, there is no way to resolve the situation with love. So, by an irrational logic, we turn our backs on the one and only force which we know is the hope of mankind and place our future in the iron grip of the forces of hate, which we know will destroy us.

We fall into this same irrational trap when we speak of love in our social and personal lives. How can we, for example, love a criminal who murders and rapes? How can we love the sharp business man who sells us faulty merchandise? How can we love the glaring traffic cop who gives us a ticket when he should let us go with a warning? How can we possibly play the role of the lover in any situation where the loved one does not return our love?

Such questions as these are unanswerable to most of us. Since we cannot answer them in terms of love, we decide that love is impracticable, unworkable, and too idealistic in this modern world.

So we find ourselves with the intellectual knowledge that love is the only hope of mankind, and the inner conviction that this is really true, but with no understanding of just what is love and how to attain it. We are so uncertain about love that we do not even have a clear definition for the word, and only a very vague concept of the feelings with which we associate it.

We speak of "making love," meaning the making or performing of the sex act, or sometimes just the physical contacts leading up to the sex act. In this sense love is something associated with our bodies. We also speak of the love of God, love of family, or our fellow-man, and so on. In this sense love is something which is associated with our inner beings, our souls.

Although we do not know what love is, we do know that we are each impelled toward it, that we each long to attain it, and that we feel that we must somehow experience it if this whole business of living is worthwhile. We realize that the struggle of mankind toward this undefined goal has been, and is, a slow and tortuous course. When we try to visualize the road ahead we see mostly the agony and pain and cannot imagine how we can possibly endure it. But today there is a new hope for we now have a biochemical agent which offers us a dramatic leap forward. LSD, and the method of using it which is being developed and perfected by the Institute for Psychedelic Research and other researchers, provides a means by which each of us may discover a new dimension within ourselves—the dimension of love.

LSD is not, of course, the first psychedelic drug. Rather it is the latest, and at this time it is the most potent. We undoubtedly will develop others, now that we are beginning to understand something of these materials and their tremendous



value. Mind-changing, mind-manifesting, or mind-revealing drugs have been used by man for as long as we have any record of his struggle to find reality. Mescaline, marijuana, psilocybin, and many other drugs growing naturally in the seeds, buttons, leaves, and other parts of cacti, mushrooms, and other plants have been used for many thousands of years as man has sought to discover himself and God, to answer the age-old question of "Who Am I?"

Other than those drugs which are classified as psychedelic, man has used all sorts of drugs to influence his mental state. Hundreds of different plants have been used in their natural state or to prepare juices, brews, distillants, extracts and compounds, which man ate, drank, smoked, or injected into his body to induce at least a temporary state of happiness, or to relieve his mind from unbearable tensions. The most common of such drugs are nicotine and alcohol.

Even though there is a great deal of evidence that tobacco is cancer-producing, and that it is a contributor to diseases of the heart, we choose to ignore these facts, and consume more than two billions of pounds of tobacco each year. Even though alcohol is destructive to our morals, and our behavior under its influence is probably the major social and criminal problem of our times, we consume it at the rate of millions of gallons each year. There is no reason whatever to use either tobacco or alcohol except to help us to ease the tensions of 20th century living, to provide us with a brief state of contentment. And for these benefits we are willing to accept any and all risks.

The use of marijuana by all age groups, and the alarming increase in the use of heroin and other narcotics is another example of man's desperate reliance upon drugs to remove

him from the conscious world and transport him into the underconscious world. Although we morally, socially and legally condemn the use of these drugs, it is a simple fact that they are used, and will be used, in man's search to identify himself with something more meaningful than this mortal life. He will, and does, use these drugs when he knows very well that they will destroy him economically, socially, morally, physically, and spiritually.

Last year we consumed many millions of tranquilizer tablets in our efforts to calm ourselves long enough to face the daily routines of our unhappy lives. And each night we consumed more millions of sleeping tablets to escape back into an unconsciousness. In that unconscious world of sleep we build our own fragmentary world of dreams. Even if the dreams turn out to be nightmarish, we prefer them to the discomforts of the conscious world.

While the use of tobacco, alcohol, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, marijuana, and narcotics is so widespread, and is constantly increasing, the use of psychedelic drugs is almost unknown in this country. We use all sorts of drugs to ease our minds but none to reveal our minds. We seem to want change, but not understanding. Most of us have never heard of psychedelic drugs, and those who have would never think of using one themselves. Although man has used drugs in religious rites to discover his relationship with God since the dawn of history, the Judeo-Christian mind cannot accept such practices.

Certain Indians in the southwestern United States and Mexico today chew peyote in their religious rites. We consider this practice with either an amused tolerance, or with righteous indignation. Recently two Indians were convicted



in the Superior Court of Riverside County, California, and sentenced to prison for chewing peyote in a religious rite of their beliefs. Although peyote is not addictive and does not come under the Federal narcotic laws, the California narcotic laws class it as a "narcotic" and prohibit its use. No doubt the legislators who enacted this law, and the judges who interpret it, feel they are protecting society by punishing people who use a drug to practice a religion. However, I am sure that none of these people has the slightest idea of why the Indians use peyote, or what the effects of the drug are. Since they do not know, and will not try to understand, they presume that it can only be evil and therefore must be prohibited. Certainly, they feel, a practice which is so incomprehensible to Christianity cannot be religious and therefore has no right under the constitutional guarantees of religious freedoms.

For my own part, I have never thought very much about such things simply because I never knew very much about them. I have never even considered what might be happening to the Indians chewing peyote, and I have never cared very much. If it were religious, then they had a guaranteed right to practice it, and if it were not, then it still didn't concern me.

In the last few years I have heard and read about the efforts to use drugs with mentally disturbed people, but I have not been particularly interested in this field and have paid little attention to what was going on. More recently I have read some magazine articles by Aldous Huxley about drugs which affected the mind of man; and my wife read a book about the use of the sacred mushrooms. These have interested me but not seriously. I had no doubt that there was truth in these,

but there is also some truth in everything — black magic, voodoo, astrology, graphology, palmistry, ESP, or whatever.

I discovered LSD, and the Institute for Psychedelic Research, quite by accident. A few months ago my daughter, Ann, and her husband, Bob, moved from Three Rivers to Sunnyvale, California. Nearly all of their ten years of marriage they have lived very close to us, and for much of that time Bob has worked for me in my technical publishing business. We have a particularly close relationship with them, and with their adopted daughter, Delita, now seven. We knew that Bob and Ann had certain problems in their relations with each other and with Delita. We never knew exactly how serious these problems were, but there were times when we wondered whether or not they would be able to work them out.

Last Christmas we went to Sunnyvale to spend the holidays with them and with Bill and Jerri. Bill is the youngest of a family of ten of which my wife, Anniel, is the eldest. Bill lived with us for a good many years, and we have looked on him more as our son than as a brother and brother-in-law; and his children, Sharlee, nine, and Denise, eight, have been as much our grandchildren as Delita. Bill and Jerri are very nearly the same age as Bob and Ann and the two couples have always formed a close foursome, and have a great interest in metaphysics and related subjects.

Almost immediately after we arrived in Sunnyvale we sensed something different about Bob and Ann. There was a difference in their relationship with each other and with Delita, and with us. It was an indescribable difference, yet a difference so definite that we each felt it and discussed it. We wondered if it were a result of Bob's recent success in his new



job, or because they had broken away from their daily contacts with us, a possibility we did not like to admit but which we knew was very real. We had no idea of what was going on, but were sure that whatever the change was, it was for the better.

And when we saw Bill and Jerri the next day we sensed the same sort of change in them. Although we still felt tensions within each of them, we also felt a lovingness within each of them we had never known before.

It was a couple of days before we learned what was going on. Ann broke through and told us that she had learned about the Psychedelic Institute from a woman who had taken LSD there. Hoping for some help in solving her own problems, she had called the office and asked for an interview. They had accepted her, and Bob, Bill, and Jerri had all followed her application and now the four of them were going through the preparatory period prior to taking LSD. And the mere starting of the program, and their first sessions of preparation, had already made tremendous differences in each of them.

As they each began explaining the Psychedelic Institute and the LSD experience, I was very interested. However, when they got around to urging me to take it, I was not so sure that it would be such a tremendous thing for me. I could well understand why they wanted to take it for they each had certain problems. But I certainly did not have such problems, and there did not seem to be any particular reason for me to have the experience.

When Anniel said that she, too, would like to see me take LSD, I began to question myself and them. I was not sure whether they wanted me to take LSD because they felt I had

problems which I did not recognize or whether they just wanted me to do something which they were doing. I didn't mind going along with them in an experiment, but the thought that they might feel that I *needed* this sort of thing disturbed me. Like most people I have often admitted to myself, and sometimes said it out loud to others, that I had a few kinks and quirks, but I certainly did not have any major problems in any of the areas of my life.

Professionally I had come a long way for me. I had climbed up from nothing to write several books, hundreds of magazine articles and stories, a motion picture, some radio, and thousands of technical publications. As a producer of military technical publications I had been in business longer than anyone else on the Pacific Coast. I had long held the reputation of producing the finest technical publications in the field.

Economically I had prospered fairly well. I lived in a \$50,000-house, which had no mortgage on it. Without the aid of a college degree, important relatives, or influential friends, I had bank and savings accounts amounting to five figures, and my Dunn and Bradstreet balance sheet showed a net worth of more than \$100,000.00.

I lived in a community where I was widely known, and well liked. I was constantly asked to serve on Boards of Directors for many civic affairs. I was frequently asked to speak before clubs and societies.

Socially we were accepted everywhere. We were invited to all sorts of public and private affairs — from formal parties to beer-and-poker parties. We prided ourselves that we could fit in with any sort of crowd.

In our personal life, Anniel and I were often held up as an example of the perfect married couple. We never snapped at



each other, never clawed at each other, in public. We were attentive to each other and to those around us. In fact we were sometimes invited especially because people wanted us to serve as a sort of balance wheel when they were having people who might clash. We were considered the warm, stable couple, and we took a great deal of pride in being just that.

That our marriage was successful was indicated by the fact that it had endured for thirty-two years, and we felt more in love today than in the beginning. We had raised two children. They had given us great joy, and some sorrow. Judged by any standards we had a very successful and happy marriage, and were proud of it.

Why then, I asked myself, should a man who had a happy marriage, a fine professional reputation, a reasonable degree of financial success, and security, need to take LSD? How could a drug such as LSD help a man who had a satisfactory past, a contented present, and a promising future? Granted that everything was not perfect to the *n*th degree, what could LSD do for me which I could not do for myself?

Still there was the disconcerting fact that all my family were urging me to take LSD. Since they did not specifically say they believed I needed it, I chose to assume that they only wanted me to join them in something they were doing. And since it was obvious that the experiment was already of great benefit to them, I could not refuse to go along. So I asked Ann to call the Institute and arrange an interview for me.

It was the day after Christmas and the Institute was closed until after New Year's Day. However, Dr. John Flint, Medical Director and Psychiatrist, was in and he suggested that I come in on Friday, January 4, 1963, at 2 P.M. Thus my initiation into the world of psychedelic drugs was started. It was

a process which I was tempted several times to halt, but which I finally completed. It was a process which unveiled some of the deepest mysteries of life, mysteries which I never dreamed could be revealed.

Under LSD I found my own immortality.



## *Chapter Two*

The day after I made the appointment with Dr. Flint, Annie and I drove the 240 miles back to Three Rivers to attend to some personal affairs and to make arrangements to spend the necessary time in the Bay Area for the LSD experience. We talked of little else between ourselves and we told several personal friends what I was going to do. Not one of them had ever heard of a psychedelic drug and when I explained that LSD was one of the mind-changing, mind-manifesting, or mind-revealing drugs such as peyote, which they had heard of, most of them were stunned and shocked.

"Why do you want to change yourself?" one demanded. "We like you as you are."

"There is nothing wrong with you," another said but raised her voice at the end of the statement enough to make it a question, and then eyed me strangely.

"Well, I certainly don't want to look at myself," one said defensively. "I like myself as I am."

"How do you know this won't change you for the worse?" one demanded. "I wouldn't let anyone mess around with my mind."

Everyone, it seemed to me, began looking at me queerly. I sensed that some were putting me down as a venturesome sort of fool, while others were deciding that I was at least a "far-out" person, if not actually unbalanced in some heretofore unrevealed manner.

I had not expected these reactions, and certainly not such positive ones. Even though I shrugged them off, they annoyed and irked me. I did not mind being looked upon as someone who was willing to test out new concepts, but I didn't like the idea of being considered an odd-ball. I was a solid, average person. I was possibly somewhat advanced in my thinking, but I certainly wasn't queer, far-out, or radically different from most people. I resented this kind of classification.

However with my resentment there stirred a fear deep down inside me. What if these people were right? Maybe I was far-out; maybe I did need this experience. Or maybe this experience would change me in a way I would not like. Did I really want to change myself? What was wrong with me as I was? Why couldn't I go along as I had for fifty-four years? I could find no satisfactory answers to these questions.

Along with some literature about the Institute, was the outline for an autobiography which the Institute required before the program was started. I decided to write my autobiography according to the outline just to see how it would look to me. I was not then sure that I would go ahead with the program, but if I did, I would have that much done, and if I didn't, it might be interesting to see myself according to the outline. So I sat down at my typewriter and wrote it straight out without any consideration for writing style, and without any rewriting or editing.

At the time I wrote it I was not sure that anyone would ever read it, and if I did turn it in, then only two or three researchers would see it. To them I would not be a person at all but would become "Case History No. XXX, White, Male, 54," or some other impersonal designation. They were not interested in me, the man; they were interested in the sub-



ject matter. To them I was not a being, just a statistic. Therefore there was no reason for me to hedge, to hold back, or to think of possible embarrassment because someone else would know things I had never before revealed.

Except for some minor editing to correct errors and the change of a name or two to avoid embarrassment to people mentioned in it, what follows is the autobiography exactly as I wrote it in secret. The numbered paragraph headings are taken from the outline.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALDEN GRANGE BISHOP

##### 1. *Reason for Taking LSD.*

I want to know more about myself. I want to discover who I am. I want to learn to love more deeply, and more completely. Love, to me, is that state wherein love is its own reward, and where the lover demands nothing whatsoever of the loved one. Love is freedom. I want to be free in love.

I want to find my identity with the infinite, and in finding this relationship also find my relationships with my fellow beings—my wife, my children, my friends. I also want to find my way in the social world in which I live. I am at this time at a crossroads in my professional career. I am casting off the fetters of technical writing because I feel that it does not offer me the freedom I want. I have found a great deal of satisfaction, and considerable financial rewards, in the technical writing field but I am no longer happy in it. I am more interested in the behavior of man than in his technical accomplishments. I want to work with people, not things.

I approach LSD with no fixed ideas or demands of what it must do for me. I only want to find out who I am and the rest will develop naturally.

##### 2. *Birthplace and Circumstances.*

I was born at Russell, Arkansas, a tiny town of 161, on July 4th, 1908. My mother was not quite 18, and my father was about 21. I was the first born. The place was a small two-room house made of rough-sawed oak boards, with battens covering the cracks. My mother and father had covered the inside walls with paper pasted to a gauze-like material which had been tacked to the rough boards.

##### 3. *Early Development, etc.*

My earliest memory goes back to about 18 months when I crawled under the house and cut my finger on a broken fruit jar. I remember the place, the bloody finger, crying, and my mother coming to get me. I also remember a sunny day when I walked across a weedy lot with my father on the way back to his blacksmith shop after lunch. There were bees buzzing around the dogfennel blossoms. I wanted to catch one of them, and finally, after warning me, my father told me to go ahead. I remember reaching out and closing my hand around a bee on a yellow blossom. The bee immediately stung me and I cried loudly. My father picked me up and carried me to his shop, and then put a piece of chewed tobacco on the stung place and told me again that it was my own fault.

I have many memories of being at my father's shop, of sitting on his work bench and watching him work, of seeing the shavings curling upward from his plane, his drawing knife;



or falling from his auger; of watching him put pieces of iron, mainly horse shoes, in the forge and then pumping the bellows, then cutting and welding the shoes on his anvil; of men holding and sometimes throwing to the ground horses and mules while my father shod them; of watching him build and repair wagon wheels and how he mounted them on a spindle and let me paint them with bright red paint, turning the wheel on the spindle.

Later my father left his shop to become manager of a cooperative store in the village. He was studying law at nights. I remember going to the store and seeing him at the big, roll-top desk. And I remember that each Saturday night he brought home a big sack of candy.

I do not remember any temper tantrums, bedwetting, or nightmares. I do remember several illnesses—measles, whooping cough, mumps, chills and fever, and scarlet fever of which I almost died. Most of these came after my father was killed and I remember that I felt that our "hard luck" began with his death.

I remember being considered the bookish boy and being ridiculed by other boys, but still taking a very fierce pride in knowing more than they knew. I was not as strong, nor as large, as the other boys around, and I was often pummeled by some of them. I remember particularly a cousin (Thomas Welsh), and the eldest son of a doctor (Everett James), both older than I, who took a great deal of pleasure, I thought, in beating me until I finally turned on them. I struck Thomas with a wooden gun which my father had made for me and almost knocked him down. Everett overtook me in an alley one dusky evening and I picked up a chair rung from a pile of trash and knocked the wind out of him. These victories

made me feel good, but also sad for I did not see why I had to fight like that.

#### 4. *Family.*

(A) *Father* (William Clayton Bishop). My father was a big man, weighing more than 250 pounds and standing more than six feet tall. He was the second of four sons. He was the studious and intellectual one of the family. He had only a grade school education but spent a great deal of time reading and studying many things, particularly law. Just before his death he had passed a bar examination. His closest friend was the District Attorney of the county. He was, as I remember him, a kindly man and would toss me up on his shoulders and carry me from the shop or the store to the house. My mother always said he was the finest man who ever lived.

He was obviously an ambitious man. He was active in civic affairs of the village and was president of the School Board and the SIA (School Improvement Association, a fore-runner of the PTA) at the time of his death. I remember that it was under his leadership that the school was enlarged from two to three rooms and that the 9th grade was added. In fact the third room was being built by his younger brother, Forrest, at the time he was killed.

After taking over the store, my father hired several men to work in his shop. Among them was a man with a mentally-ill wife and four children (John Best). My father befriended them and got the wife committed to a state institution. The man was an unstable fellow and used morphine, which was not too difficult to get in those days. Because he was unstable and did not do satisfactory work, my father let him go. He



had failed to finish the work on some window frames for a house being built, and my father went to the shop on a Saturday right after lunch to finish the work.

I was drying the dishes for my mother when we heard gun shots. "Best has shot Bill!" my mother exclaimed and we ran, hand-in-hand, the block and a half to the shop. My father was sprawled across the sidewalk, blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. He tried to speak to my mother but died within a few seconds.

I remember saying, "Who is going to protect me now?" My mother sent me to tell her sister, my Aunt Sue, the mother of Thomas who bullied me. I tied a shoe string around the neck of a small dog I had (Tooster by name) and ran the quarter of a mile to tell Aunt Sue.

Forrest, the younger brother, was at the scene immediately, having witnessed part of the shooting from where he was working on the new school room. Forrest, who had been living with us, later comforted me and my mother and told us not to worry, that he would do what he could for us.

I later learned that Best walked away from the scene to the town marshal and handed him his gun, saying, "I've just shot the only friend I ever had." The reason for the shooting was a dispute over \$2.50 which Best claimed was still due him for some work, and which my father said he had paid twice already. There were no witnesses to what went on between the two men just before the shooting.

I am sure that I have over-idealized my father. I was just past seven when he was killed. In later years I have tried to place him in a more realistic perspective. This showed up in my attitude toward Forrest.

At the time my father was killed my sister (Glayo) was

only 18 months old. I am not sure what would have happened to us had not Forrest stepped in to provide for us. And some four years later he and my mother were married. However I never accepted him as a father. He was, I made it very clear, my uncle and not he, or anyone, could ever take my father's place. I had been calling him "Unk" up to that time, and I continued to call him that until long after I left home.

Forrest too was a big man physically. But there the resemblance to my father ended. He was not ambitious. He was sweet, kind, and seemed to want nothing except to do something for someone else. This lack of ambition, lack of drive to "get ahead," used to irritate me. The only thing he wanted to do, it seemed, was to farm. However, he never got to do much of it. He spent his whole life taking care of us, then moving to Kansas to take care of his father and aunt, and then moving back to Arkansas so my mother could take care of Aunt Sue's children after she died, then moving to California to find a drier climate for an ailment my sister then had.

It wasn't until I was older that I began to realize what he had done, and how his way of life had its own greatnesses, and how very ungrateful I had been. Although I still saw him as a man weak in his masculinity because he let my mother dominate him, I learned many things from him. It was then that I began to call him "Dad."

(B) *Mother* (Mary Etta Newman). My mother was a small woman. She was a pretty woman in her youth, but became dumpy in her later years. She was the fourth of a family of three girls and one boy. Her mother died during her birth. Her father married again but she always hated her



stepmother, who died a few years later. She was raised more by her sister Sue than by any other and that was why she felt obligated to take care of Sue's children when both Sue and her husband died within a short time of each other.

She was a willful, determined sort of person. I always felt that there was a deep-seated bitterness in her about the untimely death of my father. I am sure she never loved anyone except him. She had a great respect for Dad, and she was grateful to him, but I am sure she never really loved him, and certainly not at all as she loved my father. I think she felt that she had been trapped by circumstances.

She never tried to tell me what to do but she encouraged me to go to school and to study and to reach for something higher. She did not try to tell me what to reach for, not even to dangle things before me, but she was willing to take in washings on her scrubboard to help me go to school. Only recently did I learn how deeply she wanted me to succeed in the world and how this affected the other children in the family. There were two girls born to Forrest and mother. The younger of these (Bernita) told me after my mother died, "You know I never liked you very much because Mama used to say that none of us would ever amount to anything except you. She'd say, 'Malden is the only one who'll go any place'."

Glayo left her husband shortly after her son was born and returned to live at home. She lived with Dad and Mother (or they lived with her) until their deaths in October 1961. They, Glayo, and her son Charles, then 20, were driving from Earlimart, California, to Lancaster to have Sunday dinner with Bernita. On a straight, level stretch of road in the bright sun just before noon, a drunken driver crossed over the dividing

line and struck them head-on. Dad died instantly. Mother lived a few minutes. Glayo was permanently crippled and blinded. Charles was permanently crippled. Thus my father, my mother, and my stepfather-uncle were all killed by mentally disturbed people—my father by a narcotic addict using a gun, my mother and stepfather by an alcoholic using an automobile.

For several years after my father was killed I resented the man who had killed him. I am not sure that this was as deep as I often pretended. As a young boy I said that if I ever met John Best I would have to kill him, but I did not really mean this. I think I said such things because I felt it was expected of me, and in fact it was expected in that section of the South at that time. I did see John Best in a small group of men more than 20 years later. He was in front of a meeting house where a farmer's grange was to meet. I had been asked to speak briefly to the meeting. I did not recognize him. Dad was with me and he recognized him. When he told me who the man was I just walked away. Dad followed me. "I don't hate the man," I said. "That's right," Dad said. I asked to be excused from speaking (which was an unscheduled thing anyway) and left.

I do not hate the man who killed my mother and stepfather. I have not yet bothered to find out whether or not he was convicted in criminal court. Although I have felt a deep loss, I have not grieved over their deaths. My mother had suffered a stroke two and a half years before and had been bed-ridden since. Dad took care of her. He was failing too and he was beset with two fears—the fear that she would die and leave him, and the fear that he would die and others would not take care of her. "I hope I die before she does," he



often said. By a strange turn of fate he got that wish for she lived a few minutes longer than he did.

(C) *Brothers and Sisters*. I have no brothers. There was my full sister, Glayo, and then two half-sisters, Kathleen and Bernita. Bernita was born after I left home, and Kathleen was about four when I left for school and then the Navy. I never knew them very well. I have never really known Glayo but have always admired some things about her. She has always been a hard-working, determined person who has spent her whole life raising her son. I have always felt she was wrong in not marrying again and letting the boy have a father. I suspect there is a very deep neurotic situation in her mother-son relationship. However I have never voiced this opinion to her. After the accident I spent a great deal of time in trying to manage her affairs and help her rearrange her life. However I soon discovered that Charles, who had turned 21, felt that he was capable of doing this and I withdrew completely. I see Bernita occasionally, and Kathleen rarely. Both are dominant types of women and they are married to weak men. I have nothing in common with them.

(D) *Effects on Family, and Responses*. I believe that my little successes in life have made my family proud and happy—particularly my mother and stepfather. They always bought all my stories and published material, read them, and displayed them to their friends. Since Bernita's statement about my mother's attitude, I now realize these successes may have caused resentment in my sisters. My family has always been a point of pride with me, but I have never been in close association with them since leaving home.

(E) *Paternal Grandfather* (Morris Allen Bishop). My paternal grandfather had a great deal of effect on my life. He, unlike his sons, was a small man. (His sons were like their mother, who was a very large woman.) When I came along and was small at first the family said I "took after" him. This made me very proud. He had been a country doctor in Arkansas. He had been raised in Osawatomie, Kansas, where his sister (Sarah Brown) married one of the Browns who was killed two weeks later with John Brown at the Harper's Ferry affair. He had become interested in medicine as a medical orderly during the Civil War and had gone down into Arkansas to marry, practice medicine, and raise his family. After his wife died (before I was born) he retired from practice, and returned to Osawatomie to live with Sarah. She was a music teacher and had a little property and he had his pension. He became interested in geology, and in tracing the family history. Each summer he came to Arkansas to spend two or three months with us. These were special times for me. I used to follow him along the newly built railroad (then the Iron Mountain Line, and now the Missouri Pacific) and pick up curious rocks for him. We would sit on a rail and he would explain them to me. I have no memory of what he said but many memories of his saying it. It may be that my own interest in technical things came from these sessions, and I am sure I became his favorite grandchild because I sat and listened to him.

After we moved to Kansas in order to care for both of them, he was always very close to me. His mind seemed to fail in later years and I once believed he had "worn it out" by his years of study and interest in many subjects. One of the few things I have acquired from the few possessions of my parents



is a large oval-shaped portrait of him. I have it hanging in my office now.

### 5. *Education.*

I "went through" all three rooms of the Russell school, graduating from the ninth grade in a class of four. I was always at the top of my class. This was a point of pride for me. I went several years without missing a day or being tardy. I did miss school several times because of illnesses, but only when it was impossible for me to attend. I loved school then, and throughout my school years—and do today.

There were two teachers in Russell I remember. One was Miss Lydia, the first grade teacher. I started to school when I was five (having become five in July of that year). I already knew the first reader completely, some of the multiplication tables, and so on. I loved Miss Lydia and took pride in being her best scholar. However my heart was broken when she spanked me one day. I do not remember why she spanked me but do remember that it was a terrible blow to my pride. However I did not resent her for the spanking.

The other teacher was Mr. Middleton, who came from Searcy, the county seat, to board and teach in the town. Because he was from "way off" (about twenty miles) and because he knew so much, I thought he was a very great person. He was a thin man with stooped, hunched shoulders. I think he was crippled but I am not now sure. But these defects made no difference to me. He was the teacher of the Big Room, and I was very proud when I passed into that room.

After I graduated from the ninth grade at Russell there was no school for me. That is why Dad chose that time to move to Kansas—to give me a chance for high school, as well

as to look out for Granddad and Aunt Sarah. I now suspect that the biggest reason was that he wanted me to get an education.

I went the next three years of high school in Osawatomie. I was an average student. I became very interested and involved in activities. I was on the debate team. I sang in the Glee Club, although I could not sing and still cannot. I was too small for football and basketball but I became the cheerleader. I managed the auditorium. I was advertising manager of the paper, business manager for the annual, and held some sort of class office all the time. I was in every dramatic thing I could get into, including some semi-professional dramatics with a small group of players not connected with the school. I even wrote my own comedy act and performed it on any and all occasions, including private parties. Although my studies were interesting, and were not difficult for me, it is the activities which I remember best. There was no outstanding teacher, although there were several whom I now remember by name.

It was during my second year of high school that I became deeply interested in religion, which I will discuss later. Because of this interest I left Osawatomie for Ottawa University at Ottawa, Kansas. After high school, I wanted desperately to go to college but there was no money. It appeared that I would have to work for a while to save the money. However, the day after school opened, I quit my job in a drug store and left for Ottawa with a twenty-dollar bill, my parents' blessings, and hope. I went one year to Ottawa. I entered as a ministerial student because by this time I had decided that I had been "called." During the year I mowed lawns, washed windows, cleaned furnaces, opened clogged sewers, worked in a movie house, and did anything I could find to earn any



amount of money to keep in school. On a few occasions, I served as a substitute minister at churches. I was not a very good student and almost failed Greek. This, I believe, was because all my time and energies were spent trying to keep alive. Yet I did find time to engage in debating and to become the first freshman ever to appear in the all-school play of that year.

I was given a reduction in tuition because of being a ministerial student but was required to sign a note for the amount and an agreement to pay the note if I did not become a minister. I didn't and two or three years later, when I was in the Navy, I wrote the school and told them I wanted to pay the note. I started sending \$5.00 per month from my \$21.00 per month pay. However I later stopped sending the money before it was paid in full. This worried me for many years. It was the only debt I ever welshed on. I often said that some day I was going to walk in and pay it off. This I did about three years ago. I had long since forgotten how much it was. My wife and I flew back to Ottawa and I went to the school and into the President's office. There was no one at the school I knew, or who knew anyone I knew. I told him that in 1925 I had signed a note and that I had defaulted on it, but that I was now prepared to pay it off if he could tell me how much it was. He politely protested that I owed them nothing. I insisted, and he started a search. They found the unpaid note for \$25.00. I asked them to figure the interest to date, which amounted to nearly \$40.00. I paid it and then added a donation for their new library. This made me feel very good.

I disliked having to leave college but it seemed there was no way for me to keep on. The only hope would have been to get a position serving one or two small churches as a part-time minister. However I had by this time decided that the

Baptist Church, and the Christian religion, were not for me.

A few months later I joined the Navy. I went directly from boot training into the Aviation Machinist Mate's School at Great Lakes, Illinois, and completed my course with above-average marks.

Although I continued to study many subjects I never returned to school until 1937 when I was trying to learn to write. I attended Adult Evening School classes in Los Angeles and Santa Monica for more than two years. I learned what I know about the technique of writing in those classes.

A few years ago I took a special course at the University of Southern California in Creative Thinking. This was an invitational thing, but I do not know how or why I was invited. It was an experimental course sponsored by the Office of Naval Research. I enjoyed the course but disagreed completely with what they were trying to accomplish with it. They were trying to discover the creative processes with the view of putting people into creative projects or keeping them out of creative work. I feel very strongly that the creative process can only function in freedom, and that it can never be ordered nor can it be denied.

There is, I believe, only one valid goal of education. That is to know yourself. I am sure that education does not begin and end with schools. I have never lost interest in learning. That is one of my reasons for wanting to take LSD. Learning need not be just to get a better job, or more pay. In fact I suspect that that sort of learning is not really learning at all. Learning is its own reward.

## 6. *Economics.*

During school I worked at anything I could get. These included shining shoes in a barber shop, soda jerking in a drug



store, helping an electrician, selling all sorts of things door-to-door—religious pictures, salve, magazines. My first “success” was in selling magazine subscriptions. I joined a crew after leaving college. They worked the towns with *Better Homes & Gardens*, and the rural areas with *Successful Farming* and *Dairy Farmer*, all published by Meredith Publications of Des Moines, Iowa. At that time *Successful Farming* was the big magazine and the only one they cared about selling. However I got an idea of selling *Better Homes & Gardens* to clubs and women’s groups by giving the organization a sum of money if a certain percentage of the members took a subscription. This idea worked wonders and suddenly I was a very much noticed young man. In fact the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* heard of me and lured me away from Meredith. I was only eighteen then.

Going over to the *Post-Dispatch* was a mistake. I was supposed to go into a town and get a boy to sell the subscriptions, and I went along to do the selling and then gave the boy a bicycle. Somehow the company wasn’t prepared to work the trick, and they didn’t get me the bicycles on time and I became very dissatisfied and went to Des Moines to try to talk Meredith into letting me sell *Better Homes & Gardens* to clubs.

This didn’t work out as I wanted. At that time the mighty *Better Homes & Gardens* of today was just a so-so publication. They wanted to promote *Successful Farming*, which is just so-so today. While we were discussing things, I walked by the Naval Recruiting Station one morning and joined the Navy. I had no previous thought of doing this. I had never seen the sea. I had no interest in the Navy. It was an impulsive thing which I still cannot explain.

In the Navy I worked as an Aerographer’s Striker for a while and then as a Flight Yeoman. I won two letters of commendation for ideas I developed—one for a method of recording flight time, another for a coding method.

Before leaving the Navy I arranged to go to work for Pan American Airways in Panama. I was then serving at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Coco Solo, Canal Zone. I started to work for PAA the day I was discharged, and was sent to Managua, Nicaragua, as a Field Clerk. Six months later, during one of the many reorganizations PAA went through, I was discharged. But the letter of discharge was cancelled the next day because the man who wrote it got discharged too. I ended up being promoted to Airport Manager at Puntarenas, Costa Rica.

I was with PAA for six years. I enjoyed the work and was raised in salary until I was getting the top pay. I went from Puntarenas to San José where I managed the operation for nearly four years, and then went back to Panama as Airport Manager at Cristobal. There we then used the same facilities for our seaplanes where I had served in the Navy.

I thoroughly enjoyed my work with PAA during the time the airline was being developed. My interest waned when everything was established and there were no opportunities to organize and create new procedures. I created a number of new things and was known throughout the system. Among the new ideas were some tricks in airport drainage. These, the Chief Airport Engineer later said, saved the company more than \$150,000.00 at one airport alone.

It was this drainage idea which provided me with the material to write my first magazine article. I had been interested in writing but had never thought of becoming a writer. I



wrote an article which was sold to *Aviation* magazine, then a monthly McGraw-Hill publication and now *Aviation Week*. I got \$15.00. This touched off a new line of thinking. I wrote another article for them. Then I turned to trying fiction. But the fiction did not sell.

I finally reached a crossroads in my life. I was then married and with two children. Bobby was already in school. I had to decide whether I wanted to remain in Latin America for the rest of my life, which is a very nice place to live, or come back to the States and look for broader and fresher fields. With ten years in Latin America I was reaching a point of no return. I decided that I wanted to come back, mainly because the urge to write was gnawing at me.

I put Anniel and the children on a plane to Glendale, California, the farthest point we could write a pass to, and I followed a few months later. I had several weeks vacation due me. While I was on vacation D. G. Richardson, then the Operations Manager for the Western Division, came to Glendale to talk me out of quitting. He offered me any airport on the brand new Pacific run, or any in Central America. I declined them all.

This decision to remain in the States was one of the major decisions of my life. A short time after this, Rich, as we had always called him, telephoned me from Brownsville, Texas, to say that PAA was planning on re-opening Aereovias Centrales, a subsidiary line from El Paso to Mexico City, and wanted to know if I would take the El Paso airport. I agreed and left immediately for El Paso, the family following a few days later. However the line did not re-open because of differences with the Mexican Government about the use of Mexican pilots. I sat in El Paso for six months and when the plan collapsed, I resigned.

During this period I tried my hand at writing, but not too seriously. I became interested in selling life insurance and developed a new idea which I suggested to the General Agency located in Houston. They were interested but not excited about my idea.

When I resigned from PAA I decided to visit my parents, who had moved back to Arkansas, and left El Paso for Dyess, Arkansas. At this time Val Christensen was living with us. Val and I had met in Panama while I was in the Navy and he was in the Army. We became fast friends, and are friends to this day. Val liked my insurance idea and after leaving my family in Arkansas, he and I went to Houston to demonstrate the idea.

We spent nearly three months in Houston and went broke. We didn't have enough money to develop the idea and finally had to abandon it. We got back to Arkansas with hardly a cent.

Val hoboed his way to Mt. View, Tennessee, where he got a minor job in the Veteran's Facility there. I finally got a job traveling for a drug manufacturer calling on doctors, drug stores, and hospitals. I had to get to Peoria, Illinois, for training but had not a cent. I sawed down trees on Dad's place, dragged them up to the house with a mule, and sawed and split them into cook stove wood. I sold it for \$1.00 per rick. With \$8.00 I left for Peoria. After I was there the company furnished me with room and board and paid me \$35.00 per week.

I was assigned to a territory in Texas. I took the family first to Wichita Falls, and later to McKinney, to live. We were paying \$7.50 per week on the car. I had to buy some tires and a heater. This cost \$2.50 per week. Of the \$25.00 left, Anniel took \$12.50 for her and the two children, and I took the



other \$12.50 to travel and live on. That's the budget we lived on for nearly a year.

I was not a successful drug salesman. Finally the company discontinued the territory and I was left with nothing. In the meantime Val had made his way to California and had a small job (\$120.00 per month) at the Veterans' Home. He kept writing me to come to California, saying we could all live off his pay until I found something. I had then started to sell Maytag washing machines in McKinney. We decided to accept Val's offer. We sold a set of fancy dishes we had brought from Panama for enough money to get to California. We arrived in West Los Angeles with one twenty-dollar bill and two pennies.

I started out to sell washing machines in Beverly Hills. But I never made very much. This was in 1937 and the competition was fierce and savage. I could not bring myself to practice some of the deceptions which everyone said you had to use to sell. Finally there was an opening in the laundry room of the Veterans' Hospital. I took it for \$90.00 per month. My job was to count the soiled laundry and give the Ward Attendant a receipt for each piece.

During all this time I kept toying with the idea of writing. It was on New Year's Day in 1937 that I made the second major decision. Up to this time I was troubled with trying to decide what I wanted to do, wanted to be. There were many things which interested me, and several for which I had some talents. However, none of them offered me something I wanted. Then came the realization, or the decision, that I wanted to be a writer. I resolved that day that I would be a writer, or at least I would spend the rest of my life trying. Whatever I had to do to reach this goal was unimportant.

This gave me an aim and the work of counting soiled laundry all day became tolerable. When I went to my typewriter (which had been saved from my Navy days) I had a new sense of purpose. But it did not take me long to realize that there was something about writing which I did not know. I started looking for help. It was then that I found the Adult Evening Schools.

I did not have enough money to buy gasoline to get to the classes, or to buy writing supplies. It took every penny of the \$90.00 for us to live. So I put a sign in my yard saying I repaired washing machines, vacuum cleaners, and sewing machines. I had no telephone. When someone stopped and asked me to repair something I put that money aside to use for writing. I also papered and redecorated a house in exchange for some private writing classes.

Within a year I had sold my first magazine article. Within three years I was selling all I had time to write. My first pieces were about aviation, a subject I knew. Then I became interested in the true detective field, which at that time had about thirty magazines in it. This field interested me not only as a subject for writing but also as a student of human behavior. I often wonder if the murder of my father did not play an important part in my interest in murder. Although I wrote the standard true detective story, I spent a great deal of time reading files, records, and other material, and in tracking down people just to learn why they behaved as they did.

Though we tried very hard to save some money, it seemed that each time I sold a story there were a dozen places to use it. The children were getting older and needing more. We had gone so long with so little that we were always having to replace clothing, household things, and so on. We had often



discussed the problem of my trying to make a living by writing only. We thought that if we could save \$500.00 I could make a break and try it.

We never got the \$500.00 ahead. We had only \$52.25 when I made the third important decision. I walked off the laundry-counting job one day and when I entered the house Anniel saw something different in my face. "What's the matter?" she said. "Honey, I'm a writer," I said.

"Making the living," she said after she kissed me, "is your job. You've got to be happy. As long as we have a roof and a bean, I'll not complain." And she never has.

We figured everything to the penny. We even asked our landlord if we could skip some rent, if that became necessary, and he agreed. We figured that maybe I could hold out for three months, maybe more, without a sale. But, as it happened, I sold the first thing I wrote the next week and we never missed any rent, or any other bills.

I became one of the top producers of true detective material in the country. I wrote hundreds of stories and articles. I also started a new type of story in which the point was to tell *why* rather than *who*.

Pearl Harbor came just as I was reaching a high point. I entered into a number of war activities, applied for a commission in the Air Corps, and finally went to work at Douglas Aircraft as an Inspector. However I became very disgusted with the waste and decided I could do more at my typewriter than at Douglas. At about this same time the first subcontracting firm in technical publications on the Pacific Coast opened its doors. I was the first Technical Writer they hired. This was a natural for me with my writing and with my background in aircraft.

I worked for several months and became the best known

man in the field. The Air Corps suggested I go into business myself. I resisted this until I discovered that my employer was engaging in some sharp practices. I opened my own office. I began, then, building my reputation for producing the finest technical manuals anywhere. I still enjoy this reputation, and my books have been used as the standards many times. Many of my innovations are being widely used today.

During the war years I produced very little commercial copy. After the war there were almost no technical publications to be done and I returned to the magazine field. When the Korean affair broke out, there was a sudden demand for technical publications again. For some time I worked in both fields. The demands in the technical field increased so greatly, and my reputation rose so fast, that I had to make another important decision. I could no longer work in both fields. Since the technical field was the more profitable, I decided to devote my time to it until we had the children raised and on their own. Then, I dreamed, we would take what we had and move to a small community and I would devote my time to writing the things I wanted most to write without regard for how commercial they might be.

I did find time to do some commercial things—some radio, a motion picture, and a novel. I hired some help in the technical field but I never wanted to expand beyond the limits of my personal control over affairs. I was criticized for this by other people in the field. There was a constant demand for my services but I resisted the pressures and often turned down lush-looking contracts.

In 1955 Anniel and I took a long weekend trip and landed in Three Rivers quite by accident. We liked it and returned a month later for another weekend. We saw some property along the river for sale and bought it. This was the place we



would come to when we had the opportunity. Back in Compton, where we had lived for ten years, I decided that the smart thing for me to do would be to expand my technical publishing business, take in a partner, and let the business support me after I got to Three Rivers.

For several years I had toyed with the idea of taking in a man ten years younger than I, and for whom I felt a very strong affection. I had befriended him and had helped him get from New York to California. I had once started to go into business with him but neither of us had any money. He was a Jewish man with a lot of drive. He had a wife and two children. When he wanted to get into the technical field I arranged for him to get a job with another firm which had fifty or more employees. Over the years we saw each other frequently. There had been talk about getting together but nothing definite.

It was natural that I should turn to him. He was glad to go in with me. We formed a corporation and I gave him half of it for \$10,000. I felt that this was largely a gift since I took nothing for my reputation and my going business. But I wanted to do this. I told him that I wanted five years, after which I was going to Three Rivers. He could have it after that.

The business expanded fast. Within a short time we had twenty-six employees and did about \$200,000.00 worth of publications the first year. I was Chairman of the Board and President. I managed the business and he did the sales work. Although the economic picture looked bright I was not happy, and I became increasingly more unhappy. I suddenly found myself an executive, dealing with all sorts of problems I neither liked nor understood well. Too, I found that publications were going out the door which did not meet the

standards I had established. I was being forced to rely upon people who were not competent. This worried me.

My partner worked fiercely. He loved it. He was selling more business than we had the capital to produce and was constantly urging me to borrow money on the business, on my personal property, on anything. At this time the idea of using computers and automatic accounting machines for certain classes of technical data was being tested. He wanted to enter this field, and I agreed it was a certainty that the automation of parts lists had to come. With two other men, one of whom knew a lot about automation, we established a processing company as a 30-30-30-10 per cent partnership to work in association with the corporation.

Then, in 1957, there was a sudden change in everything. I awoke one morning with a heart attack. I was in the hospital for a week and at home for another two weeks. He was very attentive to me during this period and kept telling me all I had to do was to turn things over to him and he would see that I was taken care of. But I could not quite bring myself to do this. I was afraid of what would be produced. There had developed a very serious conflict between us over the quality of publications. I insisted that each book must be the finest, whether we made money or not. He insisted that the only gauge of a good book was whether it was accepted and paid for, that we were in business to make money, not a name for ourselves. We wanted dollars from the customer, not praise.

From a business point of view he was right. From an artistic point of view I was right. There was no way to reconcile these opposites. Because I was in charge I was able to impose my views in spirit if not in letter. Nevertheless the pressure was great and I finally came to a point where I was ready to hand



over the business to him. I met him in the office one Saturday morning prepared to let things go his way. However he said then that he had thought it all out and decided that he wanted a complete separation. He offered to buy me out, or to sell out, for one half of an amount our accountant, who was on the Board and who held the ten per cent in the partnership, had set as the worth of the company.

Since he did not have any money and could only buy me out with notes, I agreed to buy him out. Although we had disagreed about business ethics I had not the slightest mistrust of him. In fact I had said many times that I would not argue that my ethics were better than his, only that they were different. So I accepted the figures as correct, and when the accountant assured me it was a fair deal between us I paid him a cash amount along with a note calling for \$200.00 per week for more than a year. In addition I voluntarily gave him my thirty per cent interest in the processing firm, and we agreed that we would continue to associate the two businesses.

Within a week I heard things which suggested my former partner and friend was not quite as friendly as I thought, and within a few weeks I discovered that business was being switched from my group to his, and to competitive firms where he was getting percentages. At first I would not believe this. I just didn't think he would do such things to me. But the facts were too convincing. I also discovered that the figures under which we had settled were not accurate, and that the accountant was intimately associated with him. Another accountant showed me where I had been cheated of several thousands of dollars, not counting the business I had lost.

Some of this I did not care about. I was still regaining my health from the heart attack. All I wanted was to level things off. I offered the corporation for sale but there were no rea-

sonable bidders. Anniel and I talked things over and decided we would close up the business, take what cash we had, build a small house in Three Rivers and I would start writing books until we went broke or until I made it. Then another idea developed, and I decided I might be able to take some of my business to Three Rivers and conduct it from there. This was a revolutionary idea but I found many of my old customers ready to do it.

With some customers in hand we built a large house in Three Rivers and moved into it. Three months later my daughter and son-in-law (Bob and Ann) followed us and Bob started working for me. Soon we had a family business going. I bought a small press and started doing commercial work as well as military. We even founded a sectional magazine and published it for a while.

Although my heart caused me no more trouble, and I was pronounced perfectly cured, Anniel began to develop a chronic heart condition. She finally came to the point where she did not want to do anything more. By this time her younger brother (Bill), was working for me. Although I had little time to get started with books, I did do a book on technical writing (*Go Write, Young Man*) which we published ourselves and were selling by mail.

With Anniel wanting to stop, I closed up the business. I let Bob and Bill go and sold off the equipment, and started once again to get into commercial writing. We took Anniel to UCLA Hospital where they conducted tests to discover that the right coronary artery is completely plugged. This told us, for the first time, why she had not felt right for so long. It also meant that we had to rearrange our lives with this condition in mind.

This is the point where we are now. Within the last year I



have written one book and one magazine article, which have not sold yet, and have developed several articles and book ideas which are being circulated by my agent (Alex Jackson). I have also rewritten *Go Write, Young Man* into an exposé type book directed at the general public, and it is scheduled for publication this year under the title, *Billions for Confusion*.

I have kept serving a few technical customers, particularly a company I have served for more than eighteen years. I earn enough from them to keep us going.

Along with my interest in criminal behavior, I became interested in the whole social problem of crime. I visited most of the penal institutions in California, and some in other states, and began lecturing on the subject. I once considered going on the lecture circuit and engaged an agent for a while. However I never went through with this. I have spoken before many, many service clubs, women's clubs, churches, and other organizations. I would love to do more of this type of thing. I never write a speech. I take some notes and speak from the heart in reaction to my audience. Apparently I am fairly successful, judging from the reactions I get. I believe I could be a successful lecturer if I were properly promoted.

#### 7. Military History.

I joined the Navy in October, 1926. I do not know why I did this. I was a very unhappy young man a week later in boot camp. I did not like the Navy but knew I had to make the best of it during my enlistment.

After completing the Aviation Machinist Mate's course I was assigned to Coco Solo, Canal Zone, and completed my enlistment there. I earned promotions as fast as possible and

was once advanced in rating by special order although I was "in excess on the station, in the District, and in the Navy." My Commanding Officer (Alva D. Bernhardt) wrote a very glowing letter in praise of me. Nevertheless I did not like the Navy. I deeply resented the line between enlisted and officer classes. I resented not being permitted to go to The Strangers Club in Colón because I was an enlisted man. I resented having to find my entertainment in either the YMCA or in the bars, neither of which I enjoyed continuously. I also resented the civilian population "looking down" on an enlisted man.

It was because of these resentments that I formed The Why Club, a group of enlisted men in the Canal Zone. We called ourselves a literary, debating, and dramatic society. We introduced debating in the Canal Zone. We organized and produced a three-act play which was performed several times. We were out to prove that we were "as good as" anyone else.

It was in this group that I met Val Christensen.

It was also at this time that I met Anniel. She was the daughter of a Canal Zone employee. That she accepted me was a very important thing to me at that time.

#### 8. Legal History.

I have never been arrested, charged, or imprisoned at any time. When I was about twelve years old there were several boys who were regularly breaking into the two general stores in Russell. They tried to get me to join them. I almost did but could not bring myself to do it. I did agree not to tell on them. I was not required to keep this secret long for they were caught about this time. I was always glad I had withstood their pressures to go in with them.

In the Navy there were two men who stole an automobile

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and the authorities thought I was one of them. I was taken before the Executive Officer under guard and he cursed and threatened me until it was discovered I was not the man they were looking for. He did not apologize to me for his error. He dismissed me with the air that it was my own fault, and this alone would have prevented me from ever liking the Navy.

I have been involved in three or four automobile accidents, all minor. In one my insurance company was held liable because I had struck the rear of a car ahead in a five-car hit parade. I was not involved in any legal actions in any of these, other than giving sworn statements.

I have been involved in one civil suit. I finally sued my former partner over the settlement of the publications corporation. Legally it was for something called "unfair competition," in that he diverted business from the corporation to his own personal gain. There were three points in the suit. One was dismissed on a technicality. One was lost because a witness came into court with false documents. I knew they were false but could not then and there prove it. The other I won. The judge said, "The evidence is overwhelming."

#### 9. *Ambitions.*

I have never wanted riches as such. I want security. More than things, I want to *be*. I am happiest when I am serving someone, or some cause. I like to deal with ideas more than with things. I am sure that I was not a happy salesman because, to me, it was a game of getting the prospect to buy a thing. This sort of pushing I could not do. I did like to sell him the idea of the thing — and then let him buy it if he wanted to.

I remember once making a demonstration of a washing machine to a couple who walked into the store. My boss and another salesman watched me closely, and afterwards the boss said, "That was one of the finest demonstrations I have ever seen, except for one thing. When do you ask them to buy?" I was so carried away with selling the idea of the washing machine that I forgot to ask them to buy it.

I would like to develop my writing, or whatever talents I may have, in a field which is a real service to others. I would enjoy financial rewards, but they are not important. I believe I would work for bed-and-board if I knew I was serving, and that I was being a something.

I have often said that the one thing I have enjoyed most is being a writer, and that if I only made \$10.00 per month and could live on that I would still be a writer. If I could not live on it then I would do whatever else I had to do to live and still be a writer. My problem now is not knowing what I want to be but in knowing what kind of writer I want to be.

#### 10. *Religion.*

There was no religious training in my home. I do not know what my father's beliefs were. I do know that he was not a member of any church. There were no strong religious ideas on either side of my family. There were two churches in Russell—Methodist and Baptist. I remember that I used to attend one of the Sunday Schools when Mr. Miller, an elderly man, would come by the house and get me. My parents never objected to churches but they never accepted them either. My mother always said that it was for me to decide, and she never attended a church until I became interested, and she dropped it when I left the church.



The summer I was thirteen years old I attended a revival meeting of the Baptist Church. Assisting the revivalist was a family orchestra. A girl about my age played the violin and I "fell in love" with her. Whether it was because of her, or something else, I became very interested and became converted.

As I do in most things, I took my religion very seriously. I gave myself fully to it. I lived it faithfully. I followed all the rules. I committed no sins. I took the church dogma at face value. And I soon became the boy wonder of the local church. I felt the "call" and decided I would be a minister. The church licensed me. I conducted many church services, but I never presided over a funeral, performed a wedding ceremony, or administered baptism or the Lord's Supper.

I entered college with the intention of becoming a minister. However the more I tried to make things fit together the more I became aware of the errors and the gross inconsistencies in the Baptist dogma, and in the whole fabric of the Christian philosophy as I knew it. By the end of my first year I made the definite decision that this was not for me. And I left it as completely and as certainly as I had once taken it in—or had let it take me in.

This of course did not end my interest in religion. I began to build my own philosophy. One of the things we did in The Why Club was to study and discuss philosophy and religion. I continued to read, study, and discuss such subjects at every opportunity.

I have no conflicts in my religious concepts. There are many gaps, but what I know, I know. Religion, to me, is the first concept of truth. I do not feel that any church known to me is seeking the truth. Each is certain it has the truth. They

do not want to help me find the truth; they only want me to worship that which they have already decided is the truth. They are not interested in my soul, except to surrender it to some concept they have. They are more interested in making me behave in a certain pattern which they have decided is best for me. They concern themselves more with my social being than with my inner being. They do not want to free me with the truth; they want to enslave me with concepts. I have frequently said, "Show me a church, or any other group, which is seeking the truth, and who is unafraid of it wherever they may find it, and I will join that church."

I cannot conceive of an authoritarian God. God is only another way of saying Me, a something in and of me. Man creates God in his own image.

Heaven and Hell are romantic devices used to enforce social and religious concepts upon social man. They could be philosophical expressions of error and rightness in identifying the consciousness with the underconsciousness.

Death is the point at which man escapes the time barrier of the conscious mind. Life does not begin and does not end. We speak of it in this way because the conscious mind can only express itself in terms of time and space. But we know full well that this end, this event called death, is not all. And if there is something after death then there had to be something before birth. Life is timeless and spaceless. Time and space are inventions of the conscious mind. They are not present in the underconscious mind.

I have had no specific mystical experiences. However I frequently find myself expressing ideas and thoughts which I think I have reasoned out for myself only to find some time later they have been said before by religious or philosophical



leaders. I have never heard of these leaders before. The only explanation which seems plausible to me is that I have "tuned in" on the same basic truth that they tuned in on at another time and place.

I do not think these experiences set me apart or make me different from anyone else. If they occur to me more often than to someone else it only means that I have attuned my receptivity more finely than they have.

#### 11. *Habits.*

(A) *Tobacco.* I began using tobacco at about seven, which was not unusual in the South at that time. I smoked mostly but tried chewing as well. When my parents made me promise to quit, I later used corn silks, mullein, and other similar things to smoke in cigarettes rolled from tissue paper which came with shoes. When I became interested in religion I stopped all use of tobacco because it was then considered sinful. After leaving the church I began smoking again. I continued to smoke until 1957, at which time I was using as many as three packages a day. I had always said that I did not think it harmed me and that if I thought it did I would stop. When I read a report on cancer research I decided that it might be harmful and I stopped instantly.

There was no problem in stopping. It was only a matter of decision. If you decide to stop, it is very simple. Most people, I suspect, never decide to stop. They only decide to see if they will suffer if they stop. So they stop, they suffer, and then go back to smoking.

(B) *Alcohol.* My father always drank a toddy each morning. I never drank at all until I was selling magazines, at

eighteen. There was a sales meeting in Topeka, Kansas, and the Sales Manager had a bottle in his hotel room. I drank and became slightly drunk. After I entered the Navy I drank when I was with other fellows. Sometimes I drank to a state of drunkenness. It never seemed to make much difference to me whether I drank or not, nor what I drank, although I never cared much for beer and rarely drank wine. After I went with PAA there was considerable social drinking, and occasionally this continued to intoxication. After we came back to the States, there was no money to spend on such things and I don't remember having a drink for several years. After we were able to afford it we always had whiskey in the house but never drank unless someone came to visit us and wanted to drink.

After my heart attack, the doctor suggested a drink before dinner, and for the first time in our married life Annie and I began having a drink alone. We do this today. We may have two drinks before dinner, and one or two after dinner. If we have friends in, or are in a group where there is drinking, we will drink, and occasionally to intoxication. But it never makes much difference whether we drink or not. In the last few years I have learned the mechanics of wine drinking and now enjoy wine with dinner.

(C) *Drugs.* I have never taken any drugs, and have never had any desire to take them. In fact I do not even take common drugs. I don't suppose I have taken a dozen aspirin tablets in my life, and I have used very few laxatives. Some of this may be due to my not needing them, but it is partly due to my not wanting to be dependent upon them. I was taking three or four drugs after my heart attack for a while but de-



cided one day I didn't want them and have not taken any since.

## 12. *Sex and Marital History.*

One of the earliest sexual experiences I recall is peeking at my mother while she bathed in a wash tub in the kitchen. I peeked through a nail hole in the wall. She saw me. She did not punish me but told me that it was not nice. I was about nine.

At this same time we were living on a farm owned by my uncle, Joe Welsh, the father of Thomas. Thomas was about a year older than I and he was very interested in sex. I was interested but it didn't make too much difference to me then. I remember we used to talk about how we could peek at girls or get them to let us touch them. Once a cousin who lived in Little Rock came to visit us. She was about my age, maybe ten then. Thomas convinced her that we could have some fun in the hayloft, and then he called me. She let him take off her bloomers and after he lay on her and rubbed against her I did the same thing. There was no penetration.

Although I developed a great interest in sex I was always a little afraid to approach a girl. I suppose I was afraid of refusal, or perhaps I was afraid of not being "nice" as my mother had told me to be. I do not remember my first full sex contact. I believe it occurred when I was about fourteen with an older woman I picked up on the street in Osawatomie. At least I remember picking up this woman. I never knew who she was, and there was almost nothing said. I drove to the edge of town and parked, she removed her undergarments and we had intercourse. I drove her back and she got out. This occurred two or three other times.

There were several sexual contacts of this nature, but mostly with girls of my own age. It was simple in those days to drive along a street and pick up a girl—nice girls and loose girls. This is one "sin" I did commit during my religious days and I would feel very guilty afterwards. But I doubt the guilt was really very deep. My first contact with a professional prostitute was in Kansas City shortly before I left college. Along with some other students I went to Kansas City to drive back some Model T Fords for the dealer in Ottawa. We got the cheapest room we could find and did not know until we went out to get something to eat that there were prostitutes all along the street. They would stand in the windows and show themselves and call you in. I went in and paid one the only dollar I had.

After I entered the Navy there were several sexual contacts with both professional and non-professional girls. I never really enjoyed the professionals.

I began masturbating at about eight or nine, learning it from older boys, mainly Thomas. During my early teens there were two or three homosexual experiences, all passive. I remember a halfwit boy who was supposed to like oral-genital contact. I let him start with me once but I didn't like it. I only did it, I believe, because I wanted to be able to talk about it with the older boys, to be like them. There were one or two other occasions when I accepted an older boy's advances, but stopped without penetration. I didn't like this. I didn't feel particularly guilty about it but just didn't want to do such things.

After I was in the Navy I heard a lot of talk about working the queers, and how sailors let themselves be picked up by homosexuals and received money for it. While I was in Phila-



delphia awaiting a ship for Panama another boy and I decided to see what it was all about. He had never had such experiences either. We went to a place where queers were supposed to make pick-ups. I allowed myself to be picked up and went to a hotel room with a man. He offered to pay me but I refused and left as soon as I could.

During the summer I sold magazines, I met a young girl by the name of Joyce. She was alone in the farm house. She was preparing dinner for her mother and brother who were working in the field. She invited me to lunch. I saw her many times and a romance developed. When I came home on leave after my training and just before I left for Panama she came to Osawatomie and stayed at our house while I was there. We became engaged. There was some very intimate petting between us, including the fondling of the sex organs. We talked about having a full sexual contact but decided to wait until I was out of the Navy.

I wrote to her regularly and lovingly for a long time. In fact until I met Anniel, who had the same last name but was no relation. Anniel was then married to a sailor named Jack Brenchick. Shortly after their son Bobby was born, he transferred to the China Fleet, and they never again saw each other. Although she had not then applied for a divorce she considered her marriage ended. She was living at home, and working for the United Fruit Company to support herself and Bobby.

Anniel was the eldest of ten — eight girls and two boys. Her father was a machinist on the Canal. Her mother was a strong, dominant woman, and her father a weak man. I met her and three of her sisters on a boating party which had been arranged by a sailor who worked for me in the Flight Office at Coco Solo. He was married to a girl who knew the family well. I liked all of them.

A few days later, on the Fourth of July, my twenty-first birthday, I decided to dare to call one of the girls for a date. It was daring for an enlisted man to ask a Canal Zone girl for a date. I was undecided which of the girls to ask and decided that I would ask the one who answered the phone. It was Anniel. And she agreed to go to a movie with me!

I fell in love pretty fast. I stopped writing to Joyce. There was no way to explain what had happened, so I just stopped writing. After a few dates I learned that Anniel was married and had Bobby, then a little more than a year old. This didn't make any difference to me. I became acquainted with Bobby and used to go and get him and take him to meet her after her work. I suppose she fell in love just as fast as I did, for she immediately filed suit for divorce.

I had been uncertain what I wanted to do after my enlistment but I then decided to remain in the Canal Zone. I applied for and took a civil service examination for a position on the Canal. I also became interested in PAA. The Navy worked from 7 A.M. to 1 P.M., and I started walking from the Naval hangar where I worked to the Air Corps where PAA operated and spending the rest of the day learning about the airline. By the time I was discharged my job was all set with PAA.

I was sent to Managua, Nicaragua, first. Anniel and I intended to get married as soon as I got set on my new job. But fate intervened. A couple of months later it was discovered that Anniel had tuberculosis, and she was told to go to Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver. She did not have the money to go, and neither did her parents. I withdrew my savings and gave them to her and sent her a monthly amount while she was there.

During our courtship there was some very intimate petting



but she resisted my plea for a full contact. We went as far as touching the sex organs and pressing against each other. Just before she left for Denver I arranged to fly to Panama for a few days. It was during this time that we had our first full sexual contact. The first time was along a little-used road in a borrowed automobile. The second contact was made when she came to my bed in the middle of the night. I have always felt that that act, her voluntarily coming to me, was one of the most beautiful things that ever happened to me.

By the time she was ready to leave the hospital, I was Airport Manager in San José, Costa Rica. I wanted to take leave from PAA and go to the States to get her. But the company could not arrange for a replacement for me. They did finally arrange for me to go to Guatemala for six weeks where I had almost nothing to do except be there, and they gave Anniel a pass from Brownsville to Guatemala City. I ran into difficulties in complying with the mountains of papers necessary for us to get married in Guatemala. The biggest hitch came in getting an officially certified copy of her Panamanian divorce decree. Because of this we were not officially married for six days after she arrived. She arrived on the fourteenth of July and we announced this as the day of our marriage, for the sake of her mother, and no one yet knows the difference. We still celebrate the fourteenth as our wedding anniversary. Within a few months we will celebrate our thirty-second year.

The sexual relations between us have run the full scale. We have tried to be natural and honest. We have not always achieved this but we have strived toward it. We have learned about ourselves and each other over the years, and we are still learning. Sexual contacts until her present physical condition

were at least one to two times per week. Since knowing her present condition, they have been much less. This is my choosing, not hers. Because I know that it takes nearly all the capacity of her heart to keep her alive, I draw back from using it in sexual activities. The sexual contact is meaningful to her and to me, and there is a point where the meaningfulness of things in life is more important than life itself.

Neither of us is afraid of death. We consider it the ultimate experience of life, meaning life in the conscious sense. She knows her condition. The choice is hers. As I often tell her—the object of life is not to live the longest, but to live. When an experience, sexual or otherwise, becomes very important in living, then it does not matter that it might shorten the time factor of conscious life.

There have been many conflicts in our married life. Most of them have revolved around her mothering of me, her repetition of the patterns of her own mother, and my own struggle to free myself from the motherness of my mother. Sometimes the sparks fly, and often we sit down and talk for hours about them. We each have enough sense to recognize that life is a continual process of learning.

Regardless of the conflicts between us at times, I must say that when the chips are down she has never failed to be a real woman to me. I hope I have been a real man to her.

I adopted Bobby shortly after we were married. I wanted to make this plain to him but Anniel did not. This was where I made a serious error. I allowed her to make the choice. As a result he never knew he was adopted until he went into the Navy and had to have his birth certificate. I do not know how much of a shock it was to him, but I do know that Bobby's life changed after he left home. He was



in the Navy only a short time, and then later joined the Army. He was sent to Germany. When he came back he insisted upon marrying his high school sweetheart immediately. He refused his GI Bill for schooling, and my own offer to contribute. He married and they had two children very quickly. Then shortly after his son (the second child) was born, he did to his son exactly what his natural father had done to him. He walked off, leaving everything. It was more than five years before he was heard of again.

In the meantime we helped his wife until she obtained a divorce and married again. When Bobby finally returned he had another wife and three children. They had two more children quickly. I gave him a job in my business, a house, and whatever else we could. He took the house but walked off the job after a few months. Then he moved out of the house and we never knew where he moved. It was sometime later that we learned he had deserted this family too.

We have seen him only once since then. Recently he contacted Ann to say he was living in New York with still another woman. He is a disturbed man but we can do nothing for him. The only thing we know is that he is a compulsive gambler. But this is only a symptom of something deeper which we do not understand.

After Ann was born I had a vasectomy because the doctors did not think Anniel should have any further pregnancies. Although Ann was my natural child and Bobby was adopted I could never feel differently toward them. I sometimes wondered if I should feel differently. I was very proud of each of them. I was deeply hurt when Bobby first walked away from his family. I wondered whether I had failed him somehow. The biggest failure, if it were a failure, was that I had

spent so much of my time trying to make a living and to develop my own career that I missed a lot of fun with my children. I had, I am sure now, been too serious about them and about myself.

Ann, who is now going through LSD, was never a special problem to us. I always felt close to her and she often confided in me. When she wanted to marry, we went out of our way to help. When Bob, her husband, referred to himself as being Spanish, rather than Mexican, I told him to stand up and look everyone in the eye and say, "I'm Mexican." I told him to be proud of his heritage and not try to hide his roots. "You are what you are," I said. "Say it right out and spit right in their eye."

In addition to our two children we had Bill, Anniel's youngest brother, with us for several years. Both Anniel and I have always felt very close to Bill. Bill was the last of the ten children. His parents were too old and too tired to give him much of their time. They sent him to live with us and to go to school. I never had any problems with Bill, and always admired him, but I did resent his parents leaving him with us when I was making only \$90.00 per month and then never sending enough to keep him. So we had to share with him. We did not object to the sharing, but we didn't always like having an extra burden on us. Nevertheless we did what we could for Bill, and loved him as our own.

### 13. *Illnesses, Fears.*

After the childhood illnesses mentioned earlier, I had good health up to my heart attack. During high school I suffered from tonsillitis but we never had enough money to have my tonsils removed. After I was in the Navy I had them removed



voluntarily. While this was being done the surgeon (Lieutenant Commander C. J. Robertson) discovered that I had a deviated nasal septum and offered to correct it. I agreed.

The heart attack was a complete surprise. I had no thought of a heart ailment. There was no history in my family of any heart condition. I awoke one morning and there it was—a sharp pain in my chest. The doctor thought it was a very severe attack, and maybe it was. However I recovered rapidly, and after moving to Three Rivers the electrocardiogram showed no trace of it. The last one, nearly three years ago, was perfect. The doctor said, as he looked at it, "This is a perfect tracing of a perfect heart. I dare anyone to look at this and tell that you ever had anything wrong with your heart."

This convinced me of what I had suspected. The attack was a plain psychosomatic thing. I had trapped myself into a situation where I was extremely unhappy. I didn't like what was going on, but I didn't want to give up the financial rewards of the booming business. There was no way to keep the business and keep my ethics, and still no way to give up the business without endangering my dream of an income while I went to Three Rivers to write books. Unable to solve the dilemma, I had myself a heart attack.

The heart attack did one important thing for me. It caused me to begin re-evaluating many things. In fact all things took on new values, and I began reorganizing my life, which I am still doing.

#### 14. *Chronic or Hereditary Illnesses.*

I have no chronic illnesses, and there are no hereditary weaknesses in my family background that I know about. There is one probably hereditary situation with regard to

health. That is the resistance to colds. My mother never had a serious cold, and I have almost never had one, even when the rest of the family had them.

#### 15. *Self-Description.*

Physically I am not a handsome man, although I like to think that my face shows maturity and wisdom. I am short, and overweight. I do not wear clothes very well. I have a great deal of trouble keeping the crease in my trousers straight, my collar points flat, my coat buttoned or unbuttoned.

I believe I have a kind and pleasant manner, and that I respond with warmth to people. I think I have a pleasant voice, one which can be comforting and reassuring, persuasive and convincing, or righteous and indignant.

I am very sensitive to whether people accept me or not, or whether they agree with me or not. It is very important to me that people accept me for what I am. I do not ask that they like me but I do not want them to reject me. This fear of rejection, or need for acceptance, is probably my greatest problem in relation to other people. I also want and need people to listen to me. I do not ask them to accept what I say because I say it. I want them to listen and then to test the rightness in their own way.

I am not always correct in knowing whether people like me or not. Once I think they accept me then I am apt to be deceived by any acts on their part. This is exactly what happened with my former business partner. Had I not been so certain that he was my friend, that he liked and respected me, I could have seen what he was doing long before. But I was completely blind, and even when my wife suggested it I rejected the idea.

Not long ago in discussing this weakness with Annie I said



that maybe I needed to want people to hate me, or at least not to be afraid if they did.

I am not sure how to explain my concept of honesty. In the basic sense, honesty is truth, and there is no compromise with truth. Truth is. However, honesty is seldom considered in this sense. In the social sense honesty is something different with each individual. What is honest according to my views may be dishonest in another's view. The same can be said of sincerity.

#### 16. *How I Feel Others See Me.*

I believe that others see me, for the most part, as I think I am. However I suspect that some people consider me too serious about some things. I know some business associates think I am far too idealistic in business matters, and I think they are right as far as modern business concepts are concerned. I think some people are afraid of me in intellectual matters because I will not compromise, and others consider me too extreme.

Yet, I feel, most people like me, even most of those who think I am too unyielding in what I conceive as right. Actually I am not unyielding. I am always willing, even anxious, to modify my opinions, but I will not modify them just to suit a situation, or to please someone else. I do not form opinions quickly, but when I have formed them I do not alter them without sound evidence.

#### 17. *Other Outstanding Experiences.*

I think of no other outstanding experience which has influenced my life. I think now of one thing which gave me great satisfaction. At the time I made the leap from a regular

job to freelance writing we were living in a house owned by a man who was a gardener. He had little formal education but he was much more intelligent than one would suspect. Somehow I always called him Mr. Rogers, although he was not a formal man. He liked us, and particularly Ann. He still sends her cards and presents.

He knew I was trying to break into writing. When I had my first things published he bought several copies and bragged to people about me. When I quit my job and we went to pay the rent that same Saturday night I said, "Mr. Rogers, if I am not here next month with the rent it will be because I haven't got it. I have made a break."

He said something then which did wonders for me. "Look, boy, if you are not here for six months, don't think anything about it. You'll pay me when you have it. I'm not afraid of that. Go on and make it."

That was the something I needed just then. Someone to have faith in me. I still get a little misty-eyed when I think of it, and I shall forever be grateful for that reassurance from someone who had no reason to do it except the best of all reasons—honesty and faith and trust in another human being. Whether I would have made it without that act or not I do not know. I do know that it made the struggle much more pleasant.

I hope I have the opportunity to do that for someone else. I hope I have done like things for others, and that I will do them many times over.

Written 1 and 2 January, 1963

So, that is the kind of person I was when I entered the LSD experience program, at least as seen through my own



eyes. It was the first time in my life I had ever tried to analyze myself, and when I first read it back I was a little surprised at some of the things I set down; many of them I had never before said to anyone.

I am sure that when some of our relatives and friends read this, they will be surprised. Some may gasp here and there, and others will chuckle. But whatever their reactions, no one will love me, or Anniel, less because of what I am. If anyone pretends that he does then I will know that there was no love there in the first place. After having had the LSD experience, I know that there can never be love where there is secretive-ness and darkness. Love only endures in the bright light of the day.

I am what I am.

## *Chapter Three*

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Although I had completed the autobiography, I was not at all sure I wanted to go through with the LSD program. I was still certain that I didn't *need* it. But I had made a definite appointment for January 4th, and I am not one to break an appointment.

Bill and Jerri invited us to stay with them the night of the 3rd. They lived in Palo Alto, about twenty minutes from the Institute, and they gave me very simple directions for getting to the office.

I have an excellent sense of direction but something very strange happened that morning. I took several wrong turns and had to stop and ask directions twice.

I had a strange feeling of confusion, bewilderment, and began to get a little panicky that I was not going to make the appointment on time. I never before had such a feeling. I suppose it was an unconscious fear of finding the offices, an indication that I did not want to reach the Institute in time.

I hurried up the stairs to the tiny waiting room of the Institute. A very pretty young girl behind a window asked me to be seated. "Ron Thorn will be with you in a minute."

After a few minutes the inner door opened and a young man said, "Mr. Bishop, won't you come in?"

"You're Mr. Thorn?"

"Yes," he said and showed me into a small office directly across the hall, and pointed toward a single chair across a



desk. At the same time a young woman, wearing a short white doctor's jacket, came in and he said, "This is Dr. Rogers."

As I sat down across the desk from him, Dr. Rogers took a seat just inside the door at right angles to my position facing Thorn. I guessed this was a standard sort of seating arrangement so that one or the other could observe you while you were facing the other one. I felt as though I were caught in a sort of observation trap.

Ron Thorn was an average-sized man with very dark hair; dark, wide-open eyes; a thin-lipped but broad smile; and a nose and chin which were pointed. I guessed he was of Italian, or maybe Jewish, descent, and in his early thirties.

Dr. Ruth Rogers was a little younger. She had long, stringy, blonde hair loosely tied in a pony tail. She had the look of a little girl magnified bigger than an average woman. She had an immobile, solemn face.

Thorn first gave me a brief resumé of the Institute's origin and program. It had been founded by a former industrial executive. The research was under the direction of Dr. John Flint, who was one of the earliest researchers in the field of LSD, having started in 1949. The founder had learned about LSD from a Canadian group which started more than ten years ago. Interested in the future of LSD, he had endowed the Institute to begin studies to see if there were a way to use it in helping people find out what they wanted to do, or to be. They were discovering, however, that people did not usually solve specific problems under LSD—as whether to be a plumber or a lawyer. Many did solve their God relationship problems, and then were able to work out lesser problems. Others appeared to undergo a kind of self-generated psychoanalysis.

The results which they were getting at the Institute, Thorn

explained, were the product of their particular program. The psychedelic experience depends upon many factors—the dosage, the circumstances under which it is given, the knowledge of the people giving it, and, most of all, upon the attitude of the person taking it, what he wishes to learn about himself, how much he trusts the people working with him, and how much he trusts his own underconsciousness.

"This is why we spend several weeks, at least four, preparing you for the LSD session," he said. "What you get out of the experience depends upon you. We can help you, but the experience itself is entirely up to you."

He and Dr. Rogers went on to explain the Institute's program in detail. The first step was an hour's interview with Dr. Flint, the psychiatrist. It was Dr. Flint's place to decide whether or not you were psychiatrically acceptable as a subject for their research. The Institute was concerned only with the possible uses of LSD with normal people. They would not accept abnormal or psychotic people. There were other programs concerned with these. One of the things, I later learned, which Dr. Flint had to decide was how sincere you were in seeking the psychedelic experience, what you wanted to gain, and whether you really meant it.

After Dr. Flint's approval, there was a physical examination by Dr. Richards, Director of the Clinic. It was up to him to decide whether or not you were physically acceptable. When I thought of a physical examination I felt something tightening inside me. What about my heart attack? Would that make a difference? Suppose I didn't tell them about it? How could they know? But then suppose there was something about LSD which affected the heart? Did I dare not to tell them? Did I dare to tell them?

I could not then make the decision.



Thorn went on explaining that if I were accepted, I would be asked to take a series of psychological tests, and to prepare an autobiography. I told him I had already written the autobiography, and he asked me to bring it with me next time.

"We want all this before we start the CO<sub>2</sub> sessions. This gives us a measurement of you as you are now. Then after the program we will ask you to take many of the tests again. This will help us determine whether or not there have been any significant changes, and tell us something about what kinds of changes. After all, if there are no beneficial results from the experience, there is no point in taking it."

He then explained the use and purposes of the CO<sub>2</sub>, or carbogen, in the preparatory period. The CO<sub>2</sub> gas is a mixture of seventy per cent oxygen and thirty per cent carbon dioxide. A mask is placed over the face and as you breathe the gas you lose contact for a few seconds. During this time you get a glimpse of your underconsciousness in a sort of dream-like state.

You may have visual or audible experiences—such as seeing abstract symbols or actual scenes, or hearing people, or the experience may be only a feeling of something inexpressible.

The purpose of these sessions is to teach you to look at your heretofore hidden self, the real you.

The CO<sub>2</sub> sessions, he said, each lasted one hour and were given once or twice a week. How many sessions were required depended upon how quickly you learned to relax and accept whatever you experienced in your underconsciousness. "It takes at least four sessions. Sometimes six, or even more." He leaned across the desk slightly. "Now, are there any questions whatever about the program? We want you to understand everything about it."

My mind was in a whirl. I could not form a single question.

"Why do you think you want to take LSD?"

"Because I want to learn more about myself," I said. "Mrs. Bishop and I have always been interested in trying to understand ourselves, and each other. In fact she too would like to take LSD but I assume she would not be acceptable because of her heart condition."

Dr. Rogers straightened. "What's her trouble?"

I briefly explained the stoppage in her coronary artery, but I was thinking more about my own coronary occlusion and trying to decide whether or not to mention it.

"Has she ever had a heart attack?"

"No," I said, and then paused for a split second before blurting out, "But I have had one." I hurried on to explain that I was certain it was not serious, that it was only a psychosomatic thing. "I was unhappy and so had myself a heart attack to get out of it."

I could feel her eyes searching me. "LSD is an emotional experience," she said. "If you found yourself with an unhappy problem and decided to have a heart attack, I don't think we would like it."

I was a little stunned. I hardly heard her as she went on to explain that up to this point they had never accepted anyone who had had a heart attack, but the final decision was up to Dr. Flint and Dr. Richards. Although I was not at all sure that I wanted to take LSD, I did not want them to reject me. If I didn't take it, I wanted to be the one to make the decision.

Without realizing it then, I began talking about all sorts of things—about myself, and my opinions.

For no reason I remember, I talked about the southern inte-



gration problem. Although I had been born in a tiny southern town which was very prejudiced, it had affected me the other way. Russell took pride in having no Negroes and would not even let one pass through the town. One of my very earliest memories (which I did not put in my autobiography) was seeing a group of whites whip and have sport with a Negro hobo caught in the town on a freight train which had gone in on a siding. They told the Negro they would hang him for being caught in the town and took him to a sawmill to do it. They arranged to give him a chance to escape by running down a lane which ended in a creek.

I then explained that I had my own idea of why southerners are so irrationally prejudiced. It is because of a myth, as with most prejudices. It was the myth of the big penis. Southerners are not prejudiced against Negro women. They brag about sleeping with them, and about nursing from their breasts. They never talk about a white man marrying a Negro woman. They always ask, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" Why?

Throughout the south there is the often-told myth that the Negro male has a big penis, and that he is an exciting sex partner even to the white woman. The white man is fearful of the competition of the Negro male and directs all his hatred against the Negro male. This is the only reasonable explanation I can find for the seemingly unreasonable attitude of the white man toward the Negro man.

Thorn leaned back in his chair thoughtfully. "I had never thought of it that way. It's a very valid idea. Of course you can always impinge unconscious motives on anyone and they can't prove that it isn't so, whether it is or isn't."

I talked about several things which I had put in the autobiography. I kept talking in an effort, I am sure, to overcome

my fear of rejection. I never once asked any questions, which was the purpose of this interview—a period where I could ask any sort of question I wanted about the program.

When the hour was ended they took a brief medical history and then set an appointment for Monday, at 9:30 A.M. for me to talk with Dr. Flint. I really didn't care much about the appointment for I felt that both of them were sure I would not be accepted anyway. And when Thorn shook hands and said, "It's been nice talking with you," I felt that it was a dismissal.

By the time I returned to Bill and Jerri's, I had reconciled myself to the rejection. When I told the family about it, and their faces dropped in disappointment, I told them not to worry, that it was not that important. But inside me it was important. There was no longer any doubt about my wanting to take the program. I was now trying to figure how I could get them to let me take it.

I arrived ahead of time for my Monday appointment with Dr. Flint. I was reading a magazine, or pretending to read one, when a tall, thin man with an unmade-bed-look came through the waiting room. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said and I knew who he was. He came back in a couple of minutes and began fumbling in his pockets for some keys and asked me to follow him.

He led me down the outer hallway to an office where he turned on the light and heat and opened the drapes. I liked this man immediately. There was a warmth about him which I caught, and he had a casual, easy manner. As he sat down at the littered desk he took a big pocket watch from his pocket and laid it on the desk among the papers. It was a watch such as my father used to carry, and perhaps I sensed in him something of a father-image.



"What brings you to LSD?" he asked.

As I started to talk I noticed a partially concealed microphone on the desk and I assumed the interview was being recorded. However this did not disturb me. I felt calm and relaxed. (Actually there never are any secret recordings.)

I talked for the most part of the hour. I wanted to tell him everything I could about myself. I told him many of the things I had written in the autobiography, and things I thought of at the moment. I talked a great deal about my writing and about writers I knew.

I told him about a kind of loneliness I felt in not being able to associate with other writers. Not that writers talk about writing so much, but the mere being together is a kind of unconscious "talking" which seems important to me. For this reason we were considering leaving Three Rivers, which we loved otherwise, so I could find an intellectual companionship which I now missed.

I told him about Dave Dresser, who is Brett Halliday, creator of Michael Shayne, one of the most popular fictional detectives ever to appear in American literature, and how we had an unusual kind of friendship. We had first met in New York several years ago and had an almost-violent quarrel. I thought he was going to swing at me, and I wished he would so I could swing back. Still we somehow respected each other. We were very opposite in many respects and there was no good reason at all for us to be friends except that we just liked each other. It was, I said, the best kind of friendship because it did not depend upon anything either of us was or did; it came out of a deeper something that we seemed to feel for each other.

He asked about my heart attack and when I told him what I knew about it, he said, "I see no reason why that should

keep you from going ahead, but we'll have Dr. Richards check you out."

I felt a big uplift when he said that, and for the first time I felt I was on my way.

Dr. John Wilbur Richards was a man in his forties; neatly but comfortably dressed in a light blue suit, white shirt, and tie. I liked him immediately as I felt the warmth radiate from him. He explained that "LSD imposes almost no burden on the heart." After taking down details of my case he took an electrocardiogram.

He sat for several minutes carefully examining the tracing, and I waited hopefully but fearfully. Then he dropped the tracing to the floor. "Since you told me you had a heart attack I can pick out some indications of scar tissue. But if you had not told me, I could not have found them. It's a perfectly normal tracing."

I was walking ten feet high as he led me from his office and turned me over to Penny Patterson, the pretty girl-of-all-work around the Institute. She found a place for me in an office across the hall and sat me down to do two different card-sorting tests. Each card had a statement on it and I had to sort them into piles indicating my agreement or disagreement with the statement.

After I completed these tests she gave me several other types of psychological tests to take home and do that afternoon. She also arranged a 9:30 A.M. appointment for me to start my program the next morning. I was walking twenty feet high when I returned to the house where Anniel, Ann, and Jerri were anxiously waiting. Both Bill and Bob had called several times from their work to find out whether or not I had been accepted.

We were all happy and I spent the afternoon completing



the psychological tests. These tests were one of the measurements used to determine your views and attitudes before taking the LSD program. After the program these same tests would be repeated and the researcher could then assess the changes which occurred during the program.

My elation ran pretty high all evening and over into the next morning until I was climbing the stairs to the Institute offices. I suddenly felt strange, and an uneasiness came over me. I did not go directly into the waiting room but went first into a rest room and needlessly washed my face, combed my hair and fussed around.

I thumbed through a magazine in the waiting room without seeing the pictures until I heard the door open and someone say, "Malden." This was the first time my given name had been used. It is the practice of the Institute that once the LSD program is started all formalities are dropped. Everyone is called by his first name. This is not just an act of studied friendliness, as I first assumed it was. It is the way the people at the Institute really feel about each other, and about any person they meet.

I took the same chair as before, and Ron and Ruth both took the same seats they had before. This same seating arrangement was used for each of our sessions.

Ron began by saying he had read my autobiography and had been impressed with the full sort of life I had led, the many places I had been and things I had done. "What we want now to do is to discuss some of these, and explore them a little more deeply."

One thing, he explained, had become clear in their research with LSD. The beneficial results of the experience were almost entirely dependent upon the person's willingness to ac-

cept the experience for whatever it might be. This willingness was dependent to a large extent upon how much you trusted yourself, and how much you trusted the people administering the program.

The CO<sub>2</sub> program had been devised to help you trust yourself and them. And also to awaken deeply hidden secrets in your underconsciousness. "We all tend to arrange life in neat little packages and put these packages down inside us, being sure that this is the way life is. Then we try to make real life fit these packaged ideas. With CO<sub>2</sub> we can soften some of these tight wrappings."

His first question was whether or not there had been any significant reactions to my rejection of the church. I said that I did not think there had been, and he said, "But you impulsively joined the Navy shortly afterwards. Was that a reaction to it?"

Although I could not explain the impulsive act, I still did not connect the two events. However, I admitted there could be a connection.

He next said that I had experienced some very shocking losses with both my parents, and a step-parent, being killed by acts of violence. "I note that you were saying 'Who is going to protect me?' as you ran to where your father had been shot. Protect you from what?"

"From life, I suppose," I said after a moment's thought. "My father represented the stem of life. He sheltered and protected me."

"Could it have been the hostile public? The public who bemeaned the Negro hobo?"

"I have never thought of the public as being hostile," I said. "But I have often thought the public was very unjust."



"What do you think is your greatest concern?"

"I am afraid of not being loved," I replied without hesitation. "I often find myself doing things I don't want to do but do them because I want people to like me, to love me."

"Is this why you insisted upon producing the best technical books? Why you set the highest possible standards?"

"Yes," I said. "If I produce the best then I will be admired, respected, loved."

"But when you do this, you place a very great burden upon yourself, don't you? Having to always produce the best is very difficult. What is the difference between you and what you produce?"

"None," I said. "My book is me, a part of me. If you reject my book, you reject me. As my hand is a part of my body, my products are a part of me. I can't separate my hand from my body, and I can't separate what I produce from myself."

After further discussion of acceptance, he said, "Well, let us take a look at some of this with CO<sub>2</sub>."

I lay down on a couch and Ron sat on a footstool beside me. He picked up a small nose-mouth mask to which was attached a plastic hose. He then explained that the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere governed the rate of breathing. The mixture they had was about six times the amount of CO<sub>2</sub> ordinarily exhaled by the lungs, and so when you started to breathe it you breathed very deeply and very fast, a labored sort of breathing. Along with the CO<sub>2</sub> was some three times the amount of oxygen necessary for life. Therefore breathing this mixture for a limited time could do no physiological harm.

"To show you it won't bite, I'll take some myself," he said and fitted the mask over his face and stepped on a foot valve

on the floor. He began to breathe very hard, his face reddened, and he closed his eyes, and I knew he was "under." After a few seconds his breathing returned to normal and he opened his eyes and I knew he was "back."

He placed the mask over my face. My first sensation was that I was being smothered, and I had to restrain myself from knocking the mask off. I wanted to get out from under it and away from him and the room. Then I seemed to open my eyes and the ceiling and walls of the room were a very bright golden light. Then the fluorescent fixture in the center of the ceiling above me also turned to a golden glow and blended with the rest of the room, and I was lying there under a golden sky of the most vivid brightness I had ever seen.

Then suddenly, or maybe gradually, I opened my eyes (actually) and the golden sky was gone. "What happened?" Ron asked with a broad smile on his face.

I told him what I had seen and he nodded. Then I told him I wanted to knock the mask off and asked if I did make such motions. "No," he said. "Did you want to knock it off because it was painful? Or because of fear?"

"Fear," I said. "I was afraid of losing control. I am the guy who quit smoking instantly because I didn't want it to control me. I am the guy who never took drugs, who never even had an anesthetic. I never before have lost control of myself."

"What are you afraid of, Malden?" he asked.

I shook my head slowly. "Of not being loved is all I can say."

"Or not being *lovable*," he suggested, and I agreed that maybe this was it.

He placed the mask over my face again and stepped on the foot valve. This time I did not like the idea, but I didn't have



as strong an impulse to knock the mask off. And again I opened my eyes (this is the feeling of opening the eyes under the gas) and again there was the golden sky. But this time something different occurred. One two-by-two foot section of the fluorescent light fixture changed into a neat and precise pattern of black-and-white squares. The blacks were very black, the whites very white, and the lines very sharp, and each square was exactly the same size as the others, all forming the large square.

The square made no impression upon me at that moment. It was not threatening me, nor did it seem to entice me. It was just firmly set there in the midst of the golden heaven above me.

When I started to tell Ron about it, it suddenly had a great meaning to me. "That's the way I am. I want everything black or white. I want things precise and exact. Annie has often accused me of not being able to see grays."

He smiled and nodded.

I told him that I still was afraid of the mask but that I hadn't had such a strong urge to knock it off. "When you cut your finger," he said, "you do not heal it yourself. You don't even worry about it healing. You know it is going to heal because you have faith in a greater power. You trust your subconscious then, and you must learn to trust it about other things as well."

The session was about ended. Since I had to return to Three Rivers for personal reasons, the next appointment was set for 3:00 P.M. on Wednesday of the next week. As I went out I found Ann and Jerri, who each had appointments following mine, in the waiting room. They asked me how things went. I was a little off balance, it seemed. "Oh, I'm all right, but they are a little mixed up," I wisecracked.

Ron was behind me. He laughed and said, "Oh, he's a veteran now."

I drove back to Bill and Jerri's where Annie was waiting, with everything packed. I loaded the car and we started back right then for Three Rivers. Annie could hardly wait until we were on our way for me to tell her what happened.

For the next five hours, during the trip, we discussed nothing else. The more I considered the meaning of the black-and-white squares the more I understood about myself. I was a purist in many ways. I demanded that things be precise. They were right or they were wrong. Something was true or it was a lie. I drove myself to produce the finest books because it was either my best effort or it was not good at all. I either liked you or I didn't. A law was just or it was unjust. A rule was good or it was bad. I was honest or I was dishonest. Either you accepted me or you rejected me. Either you loved me or you hated me. Everywhere I turned, things either were or they were not.

Squares had many meanings for me. I even had a very excellent eye for seeing them. When I walk into a room I immediately see if the room is out of square, if pictures are straight, or if they are out of center in relation to something else. Often these things would annoy me and sometimes they disturbed me. I used such terms as "to be square," meaning honest and correct; "on the square," meaning true and at the right place; "square deal" or "fair and square," meaning just and proper. Even my keen sense of direction was the result of my always relating one thing to another in some exact and precise relationship.

There was, however, one type of square which I did not like. That is the town square. I never liked a town built around a square. In Latin America I never cared for the



*retrata*, the romantic custom of the boys and the girls parading around the town square, in opposite directions, and flirting with each other. I have never liked the Easter Parade, or any kind of parade, and certainly not one around a square.

It was easy enough to pick the hundreds of ways in which a square was significant to me, but it was not quite as easy to understand why this was so. It was not until I recalled Ron's suggestion of the hostile public that the reason seemed plain. I was afraid of a hostile public! I did not want a public to do to me what I had seen them do to the helpless Negro hobo. This is why I wanted everything "on the square." If I were square, then the public would not be hostile to me.

This is why I insisted that everything be perfect, be black or white. This is why I produced the finest books I could, and why, if you rejected my book, you were rejecting me. This is why I had driven myself to become an important citizen, why I served on all sorts of boards and did what people wanted me to do. This is why I paid my bills so promptly and kept everything in shipshape order. Why I was so fearful of not being loved. All these things were my protection against the hostile public. If I were a good citizen, if I were important, if I were lovable, then that same public could not be hostile to me, could not take me down to the sawmill to hang me.

This fear of the hostile public was also why I did not like the *retrata*, the Easter Parade, the Town Square. The town square is where men were hanged—either legally by a vengeful public, or illegally by an unruly mob. This is where the hostile public dragged helpless men, parading them along the street and around the square, and hanged them in an orgy of hate.

This was also why I never wanted to lose control of myself

to a habit, to a drug, to anything. As long as I was in control, then I had a chance of guarding my fortress against the hostile public. If I lost control something might happen and the hostile public might attack me.

During the first hour or so as we discussed these things I felt the same undefined fear which gripped me when I climbed the stairs to the Institute offices. I was afraid of something and I did not know what it was. It was the fear which Ron had sensed in me when he asked, "What are you afraid of, Malden?" I had never before been conscious of being afraid of an unseen something, but now I knew I was and had always been.

Strangely a biblical quotation kept recurring to me. This was strange because biblical quotations rarely come to my mind, and I almost never use one. I could not recall where it came from in the Gospels, or whether or not it was precisely correct, but I kept hearing the words of Christ when he said, "Fear not, for lo I am with you always."

At first I disregarded these words for I had long ago rejected the Christ of the Christian Church. But they kept recurring and then I realized that I was not thinking of Christ as the religious Christ, the Christ of the Church, but rather of Jesus, a great spiritual leader and teacher, a symbol of all things below consciousness.

Finally I told Anniel about this, and I repeated the statement aloud to her. And from that moment of verbalizing, that moment of "confessing my fears," that moment of saying it out loud, that moment of looking at myself, the fear vanished. I was no longer afraid for I was now trusting the subconscious which Ron had mentioned. I had faith that the "cut finger" would heal.



The next week Anniel and I returned to Palo Alto and moved into the lovely new home of Jack and Pat Leer. Pat is Anniel's niece. Jack is a Flight Engineer for TWA, and each year they fly off to some distant place in the world for their vacation. This year they flew to Egypt, and left their house to us.

In the next two weeks I had four more sessions with CO<sub>2</sub>. During these we discussed many phases of my life. The most significant points, it seemed to me, were my likening the hostile public to the vengeful God of the Old Testament, and my feeling of loneliness and of not being able to write and say what I wanted.

The God of Vengeance was one of the reasons the Christian religion did not add up for me. I could not conceive of a God who was loving and also full of vengeance. I could accept a God of love, but not a God of hate. A God which created me and loved me could not possibly be a God who would destroy me and cast me into a lake of fire and brimstone. This sort of a God was a two-faced God, and to me a very unreal God.

My feeling of loneliness came out in many ways. I frequently felt that I was not understood, or that people did not listen to me. My rejection of the Christian church created a situation which added to my loneliness as I lived in a society which generally accepted the Christian doctrines. I often felt I had something to say, but I was always finding myself up against some rule, some tradition, some convention.

This was particularly uppermost in my mind because of a book I had written last year. I called it *Naked and Not Ashamed*. It dealt with the relationship of man and woman in terms of masculinity and femininity. Everyone who read the manuscript agreed that it presented the subject in a new light,

that there was considerable original thinking in it, that it would be helpful to many people. However publishers were still turning it down because I was not an authority in the field. The book was being rejected not for what it said, not even that it did not say it well, but merely because of who said it. Because publishers had established rules of not publishing this sort of thing unless the author met some sort of standard they had arbitrarily set, the book was being returned. I was alone with my book, with my thoughts.

I took CO<sub>2</sub> twice during each of the following four sessions. Except for the last session, I never again saw any abstract symbols. Instead I heard voices, or had feelings. It was like a vague and indistinct dream. Once I thought there were a lot of people gathered and that they were going to do something about something. I heard some of them say, "We have to do something about this." And again they were discussing what to do but I did not know what they were saying.

During one session I heard people saying, "We've got to get it back," or maybe it was "get back." And immediately following this I heard a chorus chanting, "They are the greatest, they are the greatest."

In another session the chorus of voices was chanting "Never fear, never fear," which I took as another reassurance. And immediately following that one I saw nothing and heard nothing. And all during the time I was "out," my feet were racing up and down as if I were running. I didn't know this and I had no sense of whether I was running from or to something. "All I can say," I told Ron, "is that it had something to do with cows. I don't know what. Just something about cows."

The abstract symbols returned in the last CO<sub>2</sub> session. The



first time I again saw a sky. But this sky was silver, and it was covered with tiny pinpoints of black, and I had the sense the black pinpoints were getting smaller and smaller. I heard voices as well. They were off to one side, and were saying, "Let's get it back." I also had the feeling that there was a road lined with trees which led up to a red, tile-roofed house.

The second time the same silver sky returned, and instead of the pinpoints of black, there were brilliantly colored geometric patterns flashing across it. I could not identify any one of the patterns. They were varied in shape and size and color, and they flashed here and then over there and back here again, all around, everywhere.

This last CO<sub>2</sub> session was on Tuesday, and they decided to give me the LSD session on Thursday, and scheduled a pre-LSD session for Wednesday. That same day we moved into a motel a couple of blocks from the office, and Dave and Mary Dresser arrived from Santa Barbara and took a connecting room. Because they were interested in the subject we had invited them, and somehow I had a feeling that I would like to have Dave around. Dave postponed starting his next Michael Shayne mystery, the 47th one, and Mary, who writes as Mary Savage, had just finished her latest novel.

The pre-LSD session is an hour in which they try to orient you as to what may happen. For the first time Ruth did most of the talking. She related many things that had happened to other people they had processed. "We do not know what is going to happen. That will depend entirely upon you. It is your day, and you can make of it what you want."

She cautioned me on two things. "If you see demons or dragons, don't be afraid. Just turn and look at them. If you get afraid of them they may cause you a bad time for a while.

Whatever you see, just accept it. Don't stop your experience to try to understand things. You can stop it if you want, but if you do you will be losing part of it. Later, you will remember everything and then you can go back over it and analyze things. Whatever happens, it is you. It's your day and you make of it whatever you want. We'll be there to help you, if we can."

Ruth instructed me not to take any drugs—aspirin, sleeping tablets, and such—and not to drink any alcoholic beverages. She gave me a capsule and a tablet to be taken at 8:00 A.M. the next morning, a half hour before I was to be at the office. She also reminded me to bring with me any photographs or other objects I wished, and a list of questions. "Write down some questions and we'll see whether you can find the answers to them."

"How do you now feel about all this?" Ron asked.

"I'm a little nervous," I admitted.

"Perfectly natural. This is a new venture, and an important one. You should be apprehensive. But you'll have a wonderful time, I'm sure. We'll see you at eight-thirty."

I walked down the stairs with a feeling of uncertainty. I had come this far. I could still turn back. I had a strong feeling that I wanted to turn back.

As I walked across the parking lot to my car I remembered again the words of Christ, "Fear not, for lo I am with you always." And I also recalled the chorus of voices I heard under CO<sub>2</sub> when they were chanting, "Never fear, never fear."



## *Chapter Four*

It was rainy and windy when I awoke at 7:00 A.M. the next morning. That is an early hour for us, and for the Dressers. Nevertheless we were all up, dressed, and having coffee before long. At 8:00 A.M. I took the capsule and tablet and was ready to leave. We waited until 8:15 A.M. and Dave drove me over as I was not to drive for forty-eight hours after taking LSD.

"We'll see you later," Dave called as I ducked from the car to the building doorway. The building was silent and my shoes squeaked on the rubber matting of the stairway. The stairs seemed steeper than usual and the hall was much longer. I half expected to find the door of the Institute office locked, and I hoped I would. It wasn't, though, and I went in and sat down in the tiny waiting room.

I picked up a magazine and tried to read. I twisted in the chair, and looked at my watch every few seconds. Finally I heard people going up and down the inner hallway and then I saw Ruth through the partially opened door. She saw me and called, "Good morning there. Be with you in a minute."

I heard Ron and Tom Lowell going up and down the hall and saw them carrying some furniture. I knew they were preparing the LSD room for me. There are two LSD rooms and two teams of researchers. Ordinarily they each have an LSD session in each of the rooms on Mondays and on Thursdays. However, Tom did not have a session that day and he had asked me if I minded him sitting in on my session.

When Tom noticed me waiting, he called out, "We're taking the best out of each room and putting it in yours."

At that moment a strange memory flashed through my mind. Outside there was a sudden blowing of the wind, and the rush of air brought to my mind the San Quentin gas chamber. When I was writing true detective stories and lecturing on crime I visited all the California prisons. In San Quentin I was shown the gas chamber and the whole process of executing a man was explained in great detail. One of the things they explained was the blowers which evacuated the chamber before and after the gas was administered. When the condemned man was strapped in the chair and the door was sealed, the blowers were started to test the sealing of the chamber. The condemned man always thought this was the gas coming to him and he stiffened and held his breath. When he finally took a breath and found that he was still alive he usually relaxed slightly. It was about this time that the cyanide pellets were dropped into the sulphuric acid beneath the chair, and he usually inhaled his first breath of the deadly gas without knowing it.

I was still thinking about this when Ron called me, exactly at 8:30 A.M. I walked down the hallway and entered the LSD room. It was a big, pleasant room. The wide windows at one end were covered with heavy drapes. At the opposite end there were heavy golden drapes over the whole wall. There was an extra-large couch against one wall and two overstuffed chairs and a foot-stool.

"This is your room," Ron said. "This is your day. Please have a seat." He motioned to the couch.

As I sat down, Ruth took a chair to my left, Ron sat on the footstool in the center and Tom sat in a chair to my right.



"And this is your cocktail," Ron pointed to a silver chalice on the coffee table in front of me.

I reached for the chalice and saw that it contained what looked like clear water. I drank it in a gulp. It was perfectly tasteless and odorless. I knew this was my dose, 2/10,000th of a gram, of LSD. I had now passed the point of no return.

Dr. Flint came into the room, greeted me warmly, and sprawled comfortably on the floor. Remembering the thoughts about the gas chamber I laughed and related them to the four.

I don't remember, but I suppose they encouraged me to talk. I found myself explaining my opinion that it was impossible for us ever to solve our crime problems with the philosophy of revenge and hate for those who violated our laws. I also got to talking about some of my experiences in Latin America, and about a proposal I have for doing a series of juvenile books about trees which grow there, and how I wanted to tell the story of growing the trees and how we take the product of the tree and make it into something. "I want to show how they are dependent upon us, and how we are dependent upon them."

I also told them of wanting to do a book about Sandino, the great Nicaraguan hero who fought our Marines. None of them had ever heard of him. But as I talked my mouth seemed dry and I had a little difficulty forming words. My speech did not seem to be able to keep up with my mind. "I am getting a little woozy," I told them.

Ruth smiled. "Suppose you lie down." She got a blanket and carefully tucked me in as Ron took my glasses, my watch, and some things I had in my pockets. Then he adjusted an eyeshade over my eyes and earphones on my head. They were each very careful to make me comfortable.

As I relaxed music burst forth in the earphones. I recognized Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite." This was the only music I recognized all day as a piece of music. I only recognized it for a brief time. Thereafter I knew it was music but it did not matter what music it was. It was not music as such but rhythmic sounds around which I wove the fabric of my experiences. There were times when I anticipated the music, knew what it was before it reached my ears, and had to wait for the music to catch up with me.

There was a microphone fastened near my head to record anything I might say. At the same time Ron and Ruth sat nearby and made longhand notes of whatever I did or said. These notes were made in duplicate and I was given the carbon copy when I left that afternoon. I will quote these notes and explain them as I remember the experience:

SESSION OF MALDEN BISHOP,  
JANUARY 31, 1963

- 8:00 A.M. Medication taken at motel. (10 mg, Chlordiazepoxide, a mild tranquilizer; 5 gm, Methamphetamine hydrochloride, an energizer, orally.)
- 8:37 LSD taken. (2/10,000th of a gram, or 200 micrograms, orally.)
- 9:06 Malden begins to feel woozy, lies down, sleep-shade and earphones in place.
- 9:07 "Grand Canyon Suite," Grofé  
[Malden moves hands as if sculpturing.]
- 9:16 MALDEN: Feels like I am tasting with my fingers—reaching out—there's a great surge of power flowing out of my hands.
- 9:19 [Chuckles.] I think: how are they going to get those jackasses out of that canyon. Funny. I feel this power that radiates out of my hands, my groin, encircles my



lower limbs. Silly jackasses. Yap, jackasses. There they are. Magnetic force here. [*Pulls hands apart.*] Super-sensitive. Sparks fly. [*Scratches ear.*] Is that Flint who came in?

RUTH: That was Dr. Richards.

MALDEN: There they go again. Enormous sensitivity of my hands. Expanded and expanded.

I hope you understand the language of hands. [*Moving hands gracefully.*] I feel the flow down through my limbs and out. It seems to radiate here in my hands. Magnificent! Power! Magnetic force!

Here come the dragons. [*Storm sequence in the "Grand Canyon Suite."*]

There is the whole . . .

It is a feeling of layeriness, as if going through my body had different layers. Keeps doing it. Back to the jackasses.

9:40 [*Music ends.*]

This thing is going through the circle of my arms and hands, and again through the circle of my legs, where my toes are touching. I could almost reach over and touch that door.

The first sensation was the feeling of tremendous magnetic power. There seemed to be a circuit which ran from my heart, through the chest area, and out through my arms and hands. Sparks seemed to fly from my finger tips as they touched. They were like highly-charged electrodes. Between them was all the magnetic force of the universe.

The second circuit seemed to flow from my groin, out through my legs and feet. This circuit did not seem as powerful, or I was not as conscious of it.

It is a common scientific idea that this thing we call electricity is actually the life force. We know that each living

organism generates an electrical current, and we can measure some of these. We measure the electrical waves of the brain, and the tracing of an electrocardiogram of the heart is the testing of the electrical circuits through the heart muscle.

We often speak of a person who "sparkles," or say that someone "radiates," or that he is "charged." We say that people are "magnetic," or that they have "magnetism." It is well-known that some people have a radiation, or a something, which registers on photographic film more than others. We call it being photogenic, but it is an electrical-like quality. This same thing comes over a television camera, leaps across the footlights of a stage, and becomes a sort of aura around the person, particularly around the head and face.

This, I am sure, is the force I was feeling. Whether the drug magnified this force to where I could feel it, or whether the drug removed some limitation so I could feel it, I do not know. I would like to believe that it removed the limitations of my conscious mind, thus permitting me to know the unlimited force of my underconsciousness. If so, this would confirm what philosophers, religious leaders, metaphysicians, and other learned men have said for centuries—that we each carry within us the force and power of all things, that our problem is to learn how to release and to use this force. There is no power outside yourself which can conquer you.

When I was "tasting with my fingers" I was learning to feel this great force. I was reaching out as if to re-experience all the world around me with newly-revealed force, with this great power of the underconsciousness. I was not unlike the new babe which reaches and moves and tests the new world in which it finds itself.

The process was very much like what happens when you



first come to know the loved one in the sexual act. There is the period of learning—seeing the glow in the eyes, feeling the secret places, smelling the odors, tasting the lips, and hearing the sighs. All these experiences build into that moment of joining, and then the joining builds higher and higher until your individuality is lost into a oneness that surpasses either of you.

This is what happened here. At this point I was touching, tasting, smelling, hearing, seeing. Later this individual experience became lost, and the experience became one of joining, entering into, God.

As in the act of love there comes a point when you can no longer express your feelings, so it was when I began expressing myself with my hands. "I hope you understand the language of hands," I said for I knew of no other way of saying it. Ruth's notes recorded that I moved my hands "as if sculpturing," and "gracefully." I have never sculptured, and I certainly am not a very graceful person, yet here I became a sculptor and moved my hands gracefully.

The reference to "how are we going to get those jackasses out of the canyon," relates directly, I am sure, to a dream I had a few nights before. In the dream I was in a deep canyon and was trying to find a way to climb out of it. I was not frightened by the problem of getting out, and was confident that I could do it. Now I saw this same situation, and I remembered seeing the mule train plodding down the switchback trail into the Grand Canyon. Once again I felt the jackassness in me down in a canyon and knew that it would take some special effort to climb out of it.

This switchback trail of the mule team, was also something like the "layeriness" I felt in myself. I felt that I was going

down, down, down, down, and down to the infinite point of depth within me. I lost all sense of external experiences—of Ron, Ruth, and Tom sitting close to me, of people entering or leaving the room, of my being in a physical world, even of the music itself. The music was no longer something apart from me. The music was me. I was the music. I became all things.

I was God.

9:41

"Piano Concerto No. 2," Rachmaninoff.

MALDEN: Thousands of pinpoints of sensitivity throughout my body. It just flows, back and forth, as if energized again and again, and then out. This is the inevitability of the eternalness of life. The ebbing and the flowing. This is the restless sea. Sea dragon? No. My jaws hurt, trying to say something to somebody. I really felt these before the music. I was anticipating the music. Strange and mysterious feeling, yet it is not frightening. It is exciting. Something very great about it.

Nicely put.

I should have got back from that a long time ago.

I am feeling physically warm. Am I?

RUTH: Maybe. Would you like the blanket off?

MALDEN: Thank you. Awe! wallow in it!

Having felt the tremendous power and force within my hands, I now began to understand it. Whatever it was it flowed from me. I was the energizer, the creator. And this power was eternal, as I am eternal. From the experience of knowing the shape and form of this power I went into the experience of knowing its substance. It was a "strange mysterious feeling" because I had never before known this power



was within me. This new knowledge did not frighten me. It excited me. There was "something very great about it."

The inner being within me often seemed to be talking, or communicating, and the "talk" seemed to be woven into the fabric of the music. I was replying to this when I said, "Nicely put," and I was acknowledging an error in myself when I said, "I should have got back from that a long time ago," meaning I should have turned back.

It was during this period, after the understanding of the power, that I began having visual experiences. For a very long time these experiences took place in a wooded valley. A clear, clean stream of water flowed down the center of the valley. There were buildings here and there, some were houses and some were utility buildings. All were well-used and some were very old. One of the newer buildings, made of concrete, was on the left of the stream, looking down the valley, and alongside it was a small concrete ditch which emptied into the stream. Another arm of this ditch came from the other side of the valley as well. They were sort of open sewers and their clean water carried sewage and human excrement.

For a while I was exploring and enjoying this valley. I went back to various periods of my life. I was a boy skipping lightly along the stream, running gaily up the slope, wandering quietly through the forest. I was on a merry-go-round with the music playing merrily. I rode a horse in a wild gallop across the countryside and then sat astride him and watched the sky while he grazed.

I was a young man and wandered in and out of many of the old houses. Old houses have always interested me. I have often likened them to old women. As with old women, they

were once filled with youthful vigor, with loving, with life, with being. But after a while they have served their purpose and they seem to slowly disintegrate, slowly erode back into the earth from which they came. They are a sort of symbol to me of the temporariness of form, and the eternalness of substance.

I was a young man who went into the utility buildings where I was the miller grinding the grain, the sawman at the sawmill, the farmer stacking the hay in the loft. I plowed the fields, and gathered crops. I tended the animals, gathered the eggs. I went through all the experiences of my youth, and more too.

I went everywhere across the land, and I went up, up, up, and then down, down, down. And then I was not *doing* all things but I *was* all things. I was the fertile land, and I was the barren hillside. I was the mighty oak, and scrawny sapling. I was the hard, durable rocks, and I was the loose shifting sands. I was the atmosphere which moved as a gentle breeze at one time and then as a fierce wind at another. I cooled and soothed, and I tore and lashed. I was a bright blossom of a fruit tree, and I was a dead leaf molding in the ground. I was the honey of a bee, and I was a piece of human excrement bobbing in the swift current of the ditch. I felt the stickiness of the honey on my hands, and the greasiness of the sewer on my arms. I was the thunder and lightning which exploded from the heavens. I was the sudden storm which slashed the countryside, sending water to rut the landscape, and then the warm sunshine which made it all bloom again. I was the clear waters of the stream, and then I was the murky waters which spread out and inundated the land.

The important thing about this phase of the experience, I



think, is that I was learning that all things are one, and all things are a part, an essential part, of my being. The blossom and the piece of excrement are one, and equally important. The storm and the sunshine, the rock and the sand, everything and all things are one with me, and I am one with them. I had heard this idea stated before but now I knew it.

10:17 "Requiem," Verdi.

MALDEN: Don't you dare keep it; you've got to give it out, give it back.

I don't know what in the hell these people are singing.

RUTH: It is not in English.

MALDEN: But it's what I feel here. [*Hands arched.*] This music. I don't know how to make sense out of this music. There I am on top with nothing but the feeling.

10:38 This is not real singing. I mean it.

Have I been crying?

RUTH: I don't think so.

MALDEN: I have the feeling of tears, but I don't think I have been crying.

A central being.

This enormous feeling of wateriness, and all this music. I get this feeling of sweatiness—as if bathed in perspiration.

Having experienced the great power within me, having gone back over my life, and having recognized the oneness of all things, I was ready for the greatest of all experiences, the oneness with God. Although I continued to have a visual experience the visual part gradually receded in importance. The central part of the experience became the feeling. It was a feeling that was deeper, more profound, more moving, more

meaningful, than any feeling I have ever had. This was the beginning of the birth of love.

This did not occur suddenly. There was no great flash, instant realization. It came gradually. Like the birth of a child, it was a slow and sometimes painful process. And as the child, by its weight and form, resists the birth, I resisted.

"Don't you dare keep it; you've got to give it out, give it back," I told myself. I was beginning to realize that I could not keep love, any more than I can keep life. Love is not a thing which you can hold and keep, a thing which you can guard and protect like gold or jewels. When you grasp love to keep it, you only stifle and destroy it. Love is a feeling which you experience when you "give it out, give it back."

I now knew what the voices were saying in the CO<sub>2</sub> sessions. They were telling me then that I had to "give love back," but because I could not then comprehend this, I edited the statement to read "give it back," or "get it back." And even now I did not quickly comprehend it. I resisted the full understanding. "I don't know what the hell these people are singing," and "I don't know how to make sense of this music." But then I caught a glimpse of myself "there on top with nothing but the feeling."

It took some time for me to incorporate this newly revealed knowledge. I thought the singers were not singing right, and I thought I had been crying. Still I saw what "a perfectly wonderful world" it all was, and that there was a "central being."

There were several times when I felt myself "on top" of everything. It took several occasions of this before I realized that I *was* in fact on top of everything. This is the point when I became one with God, when God became me, when I was



in God. And I was on top, far above all the world. I looked down upon the earth with all its wateriness. I was back at the beginning of creation. I experienced what the myths of creation tell us—that in the beginning there was a void, or a sea, and that God was over it all. That was when God looked at an uncreated world. That was where I was—beyond the created world.

It was 10:42 A.M. when Ron stopped the music and removed the earphones and eye shade. "How are you doing?"

"I am having a ball," I said. "This is magnificent!"

"How about some more charge?" Ruth asked. "Want to take another dose of LSD?"

"Sure," I said. "Whatever you say."

While the dose was being prepared they suggested I go to the bathroom. I pushed the blanket back and stood up. Everything was alive and moving, and I had to stand for a second or two to get my balance. The lights were very bright, and very white. I had no particular trouble walking to the bathroom.

10:50 Additional LSD taken. (1/10,000th of a gram, or 100 micrograms, orally.)

10:59 MALDEN: I don't see any sense to that one. [*Still uses hands to express experience.*]

11:15 Mormon Tabernacle Choir.  
 "The Lord's Prayer." [*Malden nods.*]  
 "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." [*Malden shrugs, then nods.*] [*Malden laughs.*]  
 MALDEN: Have a ball. Tell them what you want.  
 "Unto Us a Child is Born." [*Malden chuckles.*]  
 MALDEN: Never had such fine musicians play for me.  
 H-m-m-m!

11:35 MALDEN: This is my day. Can't take it away. Was it real? The singers didn't quite mean it. Uhuh. Very interesting! Fantastic!  
 [*Malden chuckles.*] That's the story. [*Shrugs.*] Yep.

Having found my place "on top" I now began to test this new position, began to use this new feeling, this power. The last part of the "Requiem" did not make sense to me. Somehow it was not right. Ordinarily this sort of thing would have irritated me, but now it did not bother me at all. I shrugged and let them go on. This situation occurred many times during the experience. I would feel—would *know*—that the music was not really coming from the hearts of the singers and musicians. It was beautiful sound, but they did not mean it from inside them. I was not annoyed by this. I just waited until I knew the music was *real*.

I used my hands to test and feel the music. I felt as though I could catch the music in my hands and turn it over and over like a modeller tests his clay before he begins to create something new. The idea of catching a sound in your hands is inconceivable in conscious life, because in conscious life we conceive of the sound as being something outside and apart from us, an external thing. But in this experience the music was not an external thing. *I was the music.*

Although I did not recognize any piece of music at the time, I now recall that it was during "The Lord's Prayer" that I caught pieces of the music in my hands and kneaded them, sometimes into large pieces and sometimes into small ones. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was amusing and delightful, and gave me a sense of expansiveness, of confidence. I knew I could "have a ball," and I could "tell them what I wanted." Before, I had always been afraid to write



what I wanted to write because I was afraid I could not sell it. Now I saw that this was not right. I could tell them what I wanted and have a ball doing it.

It was this realization that was first "interesting" and then "fantastic." How could I have not known this before? It was so simple that I chuckled about it. "That's the story. Yep."

11:35      Gregorian Chants.

MALDEN: My day!

MALDEN: [*Smirking.*] What a harlot!

MALDEN: So, it's sad. Cry all you want to, you bastards, it doesn't make any difference. Ah, real shit!

At the beginning of the Chants, I was still glowing from the realization that love has to be given out, that I held within my hands all the power and force of life, that I was on top with nothing but the feeling. Then came the voices of the Monks chanting of the Passion according to St. John. The high tenor voices were not real, although beautiful. They were not giving out with love any more than a harlot gives out with love, although she may be very beautiful. They were going through the outward procedures, as a harlot goes through the outward procedures, but they were not giving out love as I had just come to realize one must "give it out." And the deep, mournful tones of the low voices seemed to be crying out for sympathy, crying out for love. They were doing what I had so long done when I cried out for people to love me. They were crying for people to love God, but I now knew that you could not get love by crying for it, not even the love of God. "Cry all you want, you bastards, it doesn't make any difference." Love is an experience of giving, not receiving.

Then later the music became very profound, or my feeling became so. I rose again to be above and beyond the whole. I saw the thunder and lightning crack and roll over it; I saw the great mountains of rock crumble; and the waters uproot the trees and melt the land. I saw all of Mother Earth destroyed, dissolved back into the void from where it came.

There was nothing but God.

Then with the great power of life in my hands I began to remold, to remake, to recreate the earth. I started it from a fleck of nothing which I rolled between the tips of my thumbs and my fingers, and kept rolling it until it became bigger and bigger. Then I slowly worked it between my hands, forming it into the shape of Godliness.

I went through this several times for it did not always form rightly. At a point I would toss it all aside with a shrug and a shake of my head. It was not right. I would wait. Then I would start again. I did this until I could look at the creation and say, "This is good."

12:10 P.M. Music Ends. [*Malden chuckles.*]

MALDEN: Are you still with me?

RUTH: [*Lays hand on his shoulder.*] Yes. Would you like to work in silence?

MALDEN: Whatever you say. It has been a wonderful thing for me to adopt this belief in someone else.

[*Shrugs.*] Big to-do about nothing.

12:17      [*Working in silence.*]

[*Malden chuckles. Works with hands. Chuckles.*]

For next half hour I "worked" in silence. The earphones and eye shade remained in place. I continued the creative experience, just as if there had been music. I expressed my-



self with my hands as I held, and then reheld, the world in my hands.

When I told Ruth "Whatever you say," and then added that it was "wonderful to adopt this belief in someone else," I was finding a wonderful new sense of completely trusting someone else. Up to this time I had never completely trusted other people with regard to myself. This is why I would never depend upon drugs, and never wanted other people to make decisions for me or about me. Even when I sought the advice of those I considered "experts," I always reserved the final judgment for myself. Now I was not doing this, and in so doing I was relieving myself of a very great burden—the burden of having to make every decision. Trying to make every decision, I now realized, was a "big to-do about nothing."

1:07 "Finlandia," Sibelius.  
[Malden keeps time to the music, occasionally a big grin.]

During this period I made no verbal observations. I was, for the most part, just enjoying my new sense of oneness with God, with all things, and the new world which I had created. I was enjoying a new feeling of love. It was wonderful! Delightful! How I could have made things so complex before when they were so simple, so obvious!

There were several times when I wanted to speak but I could not form the words which wanted to come from me. And, as earlier in the experience, my jaws sometimes hurt from trying to say something. This seemed to occur mostly when I felt myself up above all things and looking far off to the right and seeing the distant peaks of the pyramids.

1:15 Music Ends. [Earphones and eye shade removed.]  
RON: Hi.  
MALDEN: Hi. That's all? [Shrugs.]  
RON: Maybe you want to put these on. [Gives him eye glasses.]  
MALDEN: Beginning to see this glow of motion.

I began to realize what it was that was moving when I had gone to the bathroom earlier. It was not the motion of the room or of things as you see them when you are dizzy, or intoxicated. It was not the motion of things at all, but it was the aliveness of things.

Science states that all things are in motion; that there are no solids; that everything is in a gaseous state. The molecules of matter are always in motion. This was what I was actually seeing. The constant motion of the molecules made everything seem alive. The wall, the table, everything had the same sort of aliveness that the human being has.

RON: Would you like to look at this picture for a while? [Points to "St. John of the Cross," by Dali.]

MALDEN: A glow around it, the figure changes, remains in motion. I don't know how I feel toward it.

RON: Just see what it does.

MALDEN: Yeah. [Looks awhile.] I hear a voice over there. [Points to the back of the couch.]

RON: There is a voice next door.

MALDEN: This voice isn't next door. It's a part of me. Living. Reliving. Feeling of crying, whether I am actually crying or not.

RON: Can you cry?

MALDEN: Yes. There is not much difference.



[*Ron shows him the rose. Malden watches it, smiling.*]

RON: Ask it about the hostile public and the avenging God.

MALDEN: Good question.

RON: What does it do? [*Pause.*] What happens when Malden chooses to be himself?

MALDEN: It suddenly became the experience of the beginning and the end of things. First it was my father's penis, then it was my mother's womb.

RON: Yeah. It's all there.

MALDEN: Still remains its nice red color.

As I stared at the rose, the living, moving bud changed into the end of my father's penis, and then it changed into my mother's womb. I was there inside the cavity. I saw the ovum high up to the left of me. Then I saw the penis enter the door of the womb. I saw the semen ejaculated from the center of the penis and then spread out over the walls of the womb, and millions of tiny sperm were struggling upward toward the ovum, and one of them finding it.

This was the most magnificent point of my experience. This was the ultimate and final proof of my eternalness, of my Godness. I saw the beginning of this mortal thing called me, of my physical self. I was there *before* it was. The Christian tradition speaks only of a continuation of this life, a life after death. It presumes that life begins at the point of conception, or at birth, or at some other point in time. This is where the soul and the body are merged. This is the beginning of life. Although the Christian tradition does not recognize it, it seems obvious that if there is a hereafter, then there must be a herebefore. And now I *know* there is, for I was already there when my mortal self was conceived.

Nowhere in my experience was there any sense of another life, another mortal form. I am told that some people have had such experiences. I had no reincarnative experience, but I certainly was conscious before I became a physical being.

RON: Look at Ruth's face and see what you see.

MALDEN: Wonderful. You are my sister, my mother, daughter.

RON: Now look at me.

MALDEN: You are someone on my mother's side of the family, someone back in the past. Don't know what that means. It's all so simple, isn't it, and we louse it up.

RON: Sometimes.

[*Malden very deeply moved, nods, tears come to his eyes. Ron and Ruth hold his arm, then his hands. Tom reaches out and touches his other arm.*]

RON: That's right, feel it! It's the same for all of us. [*Malden weeps, deeply moved.*]

RON: You've been hanging on to that for a long time.

MALDEN: This you can't tell.

RON: We know. [*Malden chuckles, then weeps, deeply moved.*]

MALDEN: Thanks. Wonderful. You are always there. And you. [*Nods toward Ruth.*] You should be. Your warmth, and his direction. Just as it should be. [*To Ruth.*] You are warmer than I thought.

RUTH: I have a hard time showing it sometimes.

MALDEN: You're wonderful.

RON: Just like you.

MALDEN: I am having such a ball.

[*Ron holds rose beside Ruth's face as Malden looks at her.*]

MALDEN: [*After a few moments.*] Ruth looked like an



older girl who used to make me behave, and then the rose didn't look so good. But now you're just sweet and nice again. I feel like I have been through seventeen baptisms.

As I stared at Ruth's face she went through a series of changes as she became my sister, my mother, my daughter. She never actually looked like any of these. It was not the physical appearance but the feeling which came through.

Except that he was on my mother's side of the family, I did not know who Ron was then. A few days later I remembered who he was. He was my Uncle Ed, my mother's youngest brother. I only remember Ed by hearing my mother talk about him. He died when I was very small.

Ed was the black sheep of the family. He drank. After mother and my father were married, he often lived with them. My father was the only person he would respect when he was drinking. When I came along, my mother said, Ed thought I was the greatest, and I thought he was wonderful. As a child always does, I saw beyond the drunkard, the social misfit. I saw the man inside, and I loved him. That's what I meant when I said, "It's all so simple, isn't it? And we louse it up." Love is such a simple matter, but too often we let social rules and standards get in the way and louse it up.

It was this understanding of love which caused the first flood of tears. I had not wept in years. As do most men, I felt that strong emotions were for men but tears were only for women and children. But now the tears broke through and I wept as never before in my life. I literally wept "seventeen baptisms."

As I cried I felt the touches of Ron, Ruth, and Tom, and finally I looked through my tears for their faces. And then I

saw that their eyes too were filled with tears! They were weeping joyfully with me!

It was a great warm and glowing feeling, and for the first time I began to realize the great depth of the people who work at the Psychedelic Institute. I was something far more than a research subject. Whatever I did would end up being something to them far more than a research statistic. I was first and foremost a human being struggling to understand himself, searching for the Reality of Life, and they were first and foremost other human beings who had been along that same road, who understood, who wanted to help me. They could always set down the facts, add up the statistical figures, but at this moment there was a human experience being enacted which no facts, no figures, no statistics could ever record. Only another human heart could understand; only another human mind could record it.

MALDEN: I feel drenched. Are these my own tears?

RUTH: Maybe so.

[*Ron gets up and draws the golden drapes from the mural. Malden looks at the mural.*]

RON: What do you see up there?

MALDEN: [*After pause.*] Nothing It's what I feel in here. [*Taps chest.*] These are props. Beautiful, but no depths of meaning like I feel down here.

RON: Isn't that what counts?

MALDEN: Of course. There is nothing else. There is nothing deeper, nowhere else to go. Where would one want to go from here? Looking at the scene I can go through a cry, as I did. The glow changes on the mural, that's all.

1:52

RON: If you were up there where would you be?



MALDEN: If I were up there I just wouldn't be. [*Malden gazes at the mural for a while.*] Out and back. It's all what we make of it.

RUTH: Isn't it the truth.

MALDEN: Yes. I can see how I cut myself off from the warmth I wanted. That's why I was alone.

RUTH: Can you see why? Do you still have to be cut off?

MALDEN: No. [*Chuckles.*] [*Ruth leans down and hugs and kisses him.*] You have been many things to me during this process—the doctor, the woman, many things today—I haven't put it all together yet. Wonderful! Great experience!

The mural at the end of the room was "The Last Supper" by R. Schellin of Canada. The figures were only outlined, with no details of their faces. As I looked at the scene there was no change except there seemed to be a glow around the central figure of Christ. To me, as I said, it was only a prop, a piece of scenery used to create an illusion. It was not real. Neither was the Last Supper itself real. It never occurred in real life. It was a dramatic scene created to tell a beautiful story.

All religions of all times have used props—altars, crosses, statues, stained glass windows, and a hundred other things. They have used every art form—music, painting, sculpture, and the drama to tell their story. There was a time when the symbolism of Christianity annoyed me, but as I looked at this often-used prop I was not annoyed any more. If people wanted and needed this sort of thing to help them come nearer to Godness, then it was for them. By not seeing anything in the scene I was not rejecting it except for myself. I

was only placing it in its proper relationship to me, to others, and to any other symbol used by Buddhists, Moslems, or the followers of any other religious concepts.

When I said "I can go through a cry," I meant I could cry for the millions who have lost their way to eternity by believing the symbol was important, that it was the object. The purpose of life is not to create beautiful symbols and then spend all our feelings in worship and adoration of the symbol. When Christians become so engrossed in such symbols as the Last Supper that they insist that eternal life can only be gained by using the symbol, by re-enacting the Last Supper, they cut themselves off from the wondrous joys of life itself. The object of worship is not to perform rites, but to draw closer to a oneness with God. A ritual is a tool which may help some, and if it does then it is useful. The important thing is not the symbol, the drama, but what it means. This is why I said "It's what I feel in here," and pointed to my heart, and why I said, "If I were up there I would not be." To be a part of a symbol is not being at all.

And if I were a part of the symbol, any symbol, then I would cut myself off "from the warmth I wanted." I would be alone. This is why I had actually cut myself off and stood alone when I tried to re-enact the symbol of the honest, hard-working, upright, honorable, and lovable man. In playing out the drama of my concept of the proper "social image," I had lost the real object of living. I had stifled the inner fires within me, and had cut myself off from my true inner self. I had left myself cold and alone. I was not loved, as I wanted to be, because I had become so lost in the symbolism that I had forgotten how to love.

For several hundreds of years man has been in a period in



which he has tried to deny all things spiritual. If something could not be proved intellectually then it was not true. One of the very brilliant young engineers I know will not even discuss anything spiritual, or psychic. "If I cannot experience it with some of my five senses then it isn't there," he declares flatly.

Probably the United States has led the world in the materialistic concept of life. All the old occult sciences have been relegated to the trash heap. There was no such thing as astrology, numerology, graphology, palmistry, and so on. Those who believed them were ignorant, and those who practiced them were fakers and charlatans. Spirit-talking, table-rapping, seances, clairvoyance, fortune-telling, and so on have been made illegal as well as immoral, and we have been zealous in tracking down all the witches since the Pilgrims landed. Some of these things could be practiced if it were done in the name of religion. But it almost always had to be in the name of the Christian religion for we have cast out all other concepts as being pagan.

In the last few years we have been gradually reversing ourselves. We have started to turn our scientific techniques of investigation into the various areas of human behavior, and the human mind. Although we have not always admitted that it was "spiritual," we have agreed that there was something about the mind which had some sort of power over the physical. Many universities have been experimenting and researching in mind-over-matter, mental telepathy, extra-sensory perception, and like fields. And now the investigations are turning to the psychedelic drugs and man's relationship with his God.

Thus, it seems to me, we are slowly but surely coming to

the point where we are not so interested in the physical things, that which we can experience with our five senses, but more with the meaning of the physical, with what the symbol stands for and how it may help us in gaining spirituality. Happiness spiritually is becoming more vital than happiness physically.

How this sense works in ordinary human relations was shown me when Ruth leaned down and kissed me. It was then that I knew what real lovingness is, the power and wonder of simple human understanding. She is a doctor, a researcher employed to conduct certain experiments and investigations and to record and report the results so they could be added to the body of data already on hand. She was performing her duties. There was no reason whatever for her to go beyond the requirements of her professional position. No reason except the greatest reason of all. She was first of all a human being who loved, and who responded to the love flowing from another human being. It was such a simple thing, yet it was so profound, so full of meaning.

2:04 MALDEN: We see things intellectually, but we won't let go and feel them spiritually.

2:08 [Medication taken, 10 mg., Methamphetamine hydrochloride, orally.]

RON: Ann was worried that you would not let go.

MALDEN: I finally ran out of tears, and had to let go.

RON: Now all you people can really start talking to each other.

MALDEN: It's been a long, long voyage.

RON: We've been around a long time to take that long voyage.



MALDEN: Yeah. It's a long way around, and there was no space there to begin with. We manufacture the space and then run around and get tangled up in it. This has confirmed what I had to write, and now I don't feel bound by certain restrictions. I still must write what I must write, but I don't have to apologize for it.

RON: Sure. They want to hear what you have to say, not what you think they want to hear.

MALDEN: Well said. Like people who go to church because they want to be comforted, not jolted.

MALDEN: There were no imps. Everything that was wrong was here. [*Points to self.*]

RON: Isn't that what they are? We have to conjure them up. [*Ron shows Malden a hand mirror.*]

MALDEN: [*Looks into mirror. Chuckles.*] This is what I need—to laugh at myself. [*Laughs.*] To think that all I am is Bill Bishop's shit-ass kid.

RON: Pretty good face, isn't it?

MALDEN: I'm stuck with it. Whatever I am, that's me.

RON: What's wrong with that?

MALDEN: [*Looks into mirror again. Shakes head.*] It got stern with bits of flame jumping from my teeth, flickers of flame from my mouth. [*Malden looks in the mirror more.*] The guy I see in there is the guy I want to be. He is comfortable and warm. When I look at this rose it is still moving. It's when I get the stern, harsh look, have to lay down the law or something, that it goes away. It's tremendous, or disastrous.

Ron's reference to Ann being worried about my letting go referred to my daughter's fear that I would hold onto myself and not accept the LSD experience. In fact I did for a long

time. But when I came to the point where I "had to let go," I felt a great release. I knew that it had been a long, long voyage which had taken me throughout the physical world, which had run the full course of intellectualism, but which had finally "run out of tears," and now I was back home again.

This did not mean that hereafter I would disregard the physical world, that I would toss intellectualism into the trash heap. That would be just as wrong as tossing away spirituality, as we have been doing. It simply meant that I would no longer live a schizophrenic sort of life but would bring the two areas of my life—spiritual and physical—together in their proper relationship. I did not want to be like my engineering friend, nor like a religious fanatic. The physical world has its place, and so does the spiritual world. Properly related, properly evaluated, they make a world which is beyond anything we have yet known.

When Ron handed me the mirror and I began to laugh at myself there came a great realization. At this point I had accepted the existence of the spiritual world, and now I placed myself in my proper relationship within the physical world. All my life I had been struggling to make *something* of myself, to gain an important position in the social world. I now realized that all this drive to make myself into something to be loved was futile. I could not win love this way. Whatever position I might attain was unimportant for I could not really change from what I was. I was just "Bill Bishop's shit-ass kid," and suddenly I was enormously happy to discover this, to just be this. A great burden was lifted from my shoulders. I did not have to struggle to make myself into what I thought the public would love. I had only to be myself. I was I. Whatever



there is in my face, "I'm stuck with it." I had often said I only wanted to be myself, and now I knew who that self was.

The second time I looked into the mirror my face grew stern, harsh, and the fire flashed. My eyes glared. My lips snapped in precise, cutting words. I was the absolute ruler and authority over the situation. I was laying down the law. I saw myself as I once berated a young Panamanian who had violated some working rules, and then dismissed him with righteous indignation. I remembered the didactical pronouncements I had made about life and living. I was the southerner who says, "Of course I love the nigger. I just want him to stay in his place." I was the pious citizen who says, "Certainly I believe in justice, but you can't let people get away with things." I was the pompous father who says, "I give my kids the best, but by God, they had better jump when I speak." I was the unloving husband who says, "I love my wife better than my own life, but she knows how far she can go." I was the well-stuffed business man who says, "I'm a sentimental fool, but when it comes to business you can't make a profit by being sentimental." I was all those who proclaim love, but who really know nothing whatever about love and loving.

This was probably the most unpleasant, yet revealing, part of my whole experience. It is not pleasant to see ourselves as we really are. We only like to look at ourselves as we think we are, as we want others to think we are. But I saw myself as I had been, as the man I had tried to make myself, the "lovable" person I wanted to be to avoid the hostile public. I didn't like what I saw but I was very happy I could at last see it.

I dropped the mirror as all these things flashed through my mind. Ron picked up the mirror. But after a moment I

reached for it again. I wanted to stand face to face with this unloving character; I wanted to erase him from existence. I wanted no part of this man. I could never again live with such a person.

But when I looked the third time into the mirror the face began to smile. I had my hand under my head to support it as I lay on the couch. My hair was mussed. My face was wet with perspiration and tears. I probably could not have been more unkempt, unattractive physically. But the person I saw now was just a warm and comfortable sort of guy. He wasn't brilliant. He did not have money, or position. He was just a guy who was himself, and somehow a very great sort of guy because he was just himself.

"Tremendous or disastrous," I said. "Just another point on the same circle." We are what we make of ourselves.

At this point Ron took the envelope of photographs I had brought and began sorting them out. He handed them to me one at a time. Each picture was alive, moving, and it changed as I saw something of myself reflected in it.

#### Picture of Father.

MALDEN: A great motion of stuff, but his face remains constant behind a maze of moving images. I saw him, or me, I cannot separate us, standing at the top of creation. He was I. I saw myself in him. I went through this experience but one face was immobile.

RON: Something constant that doesn't change.

The photograph was not a very clear one, but the only one I have of my father. It had been taken with three other men, and some time ago I copied it and made a small picture just of him. The "great motion of stuff," and the "maze of moving



images" which seemed to cover his face were the stresses and strains, the worries and struggles, the threats and dangers, the quicksands and the whirlpools we make of life. They were swirling and twisting in a mad turmoil as if they were trying to cover his face. But they could not cover his face, nor could they change it. His face remained unchanged. His face was like those at Mount Rushmore—unchangeable symbols of an unchangeable concept.

Then my father's face became my face. He became not just the physical me, but the total me. I stood there unchangeable in the broiling, turbulent, seething sea of life. I was indestructible because I was above and beyond time and space. I felt very good in the deep and profound knowledge of my eternalness.

2:35 Picture of Mother.

MALDEN: There is not much there, other than what she was as I knew her. She was sturdy. She stood up.

This was a picture I had taken myself a few years ago. She was standing with her arms folded and looking intently at something off to her right. There was no change in the picture as I looked at it. It was moving and alive and there was a radiance of warmth from it. I felt good, looking at it. She was a rugged sort of woman, as all women are, even as Mother Earth is. She was durable.

Most important of all, "she stood up." She was a woman who stood up for what she thought was right. It was not always the right as decreed by social custom, or even laws. It was the right she knew from deep inside her. She was not a crusader in any sense of the word. She did not try to impose her

rightness on anyone, but she never let anyone push her off her rightness either.

Many men and women have grabbed themselves a place in history by storming and shouting about what they thought was right. Many have become martyrs. Some for political causes, some for social causes, some for religious causes. But all these are actually empty heroics. They are sawdust Caesars who may live in history books for a while but who must perish because what they proclaimed was only a sawdust truth.

It does not take courage to stand up for something the majority wants. It is not courageous to stand for democracy in the United States; for Christ in a Christian Church; for a king in a kingdom; for segregation in the South. The real heroes of any age are those who have the courage to stand up for the truth, regardless of whom or what they stand against and regardless of any consequences which might come from their stand.

Although I have always admired the rebel, the man who stood up against all the forces of the physical world for what was Truth, the man who accepted whatever came, even to the giving of his life, I am not sure that I would have done this in the past. Now I am sure.

Picture of Step-Father, Forrest Bishop.

MALDEN: A face that growls and snarls. This isn't the man I knew, or is it? This is the policeman here too. His eyes become fierce and the mouth snarls with hate.

RON: Love him a little and see what happens.

MALDEN: I thought I always loved the guy. Maybe not.

RON: [After Malden looks at picture again.] What happened when you did?



MALDEN: This straight, stern bastard here is me, not him. That's my picture. It can't be him. He wasn't that way. It's a part of me standing there growling.

RON: You can create the hostile public then?

MALDEN: Yeah.

For a moment I was confused by what I saw in the picture. He was never a man to growl and snarl, to be the policeman. He was actually the very opposite, the man I criticized for being too meek, too gentle, too lenient.

But the more I looked at the picture the more I came to realize that I was not looking at him, I was looking at me. I was again looking at the same person I had seen earlier in the mirror. I was growling and snarling and fighting back at what I believed was the hostile public, but there really wasn't any hostile public at all. I had created the hostile public to justify my own growling and snarling.

Pictures of Glayo, and of Bernita, Sisters.

MALDEN: I want to cry for both of them. I saw her dance upright. I always thought she could have been a pretty girl but somehow or the other she missed something. [*Weeps.*] I saw her here. It has always been a tragedy. Things seemed to have always gone wrong with her. But somehow she has always stood up right on through it.

These were separate pictures but were held together as if one. The picture of Bernita was one I had taken as she sat in a pretty checkered dress on our patio. As I looked at her she got up and danced around gaily, and then sat back down still smiling at me. Yet I felt there was something not quite right, that she had "missed something."

The more I looked at the picture, and the more I have thought about it since, it was not she who had missed something. It was I. I have never danced gaily around the patio just for the sheer fun of dancing. Too often I have missed the fun of living. I have been too serious in trying to build myself into the lovable man to avoid the hostile public. Certainly people admired me for being serious, hard-working, but this was only one side of life. There was the other side, the side which was just joy for the sake of joy.

Glayo had never known our natural father. Her one marriage failed and shortly after her son was born she returned home to live with our parents. She was stubborn and hard-working. She worked like a mule in the fields or wherever there was work to do. After they came to California, for her health, she established a beauty shop and was fairly successful. She left the beauty shop to work in a hospital but fell and hurt her back. She was barely over that when she was crippled and blinded in the accident which took the lives of our parents.

I saw all these things as I looked at her picture, and still I saw the smile on her face. And I remembered how I had often considered myself a tragic figure when my father was killed, and when other people did not understand me. I remembered times when I bemoaned my "hard luck," and when I played the part of the injured one. And gradually I began to understand something about tragedy I never knew before.

Tragedy, like joy, is true only because we make it so. There is no real tragedy. It is not tragic to lose your money, your health, your senses, or even your life. It may be uncomfortable, but it is not tragic. Tragedy, according to the dictionary, is "a mournful or fateful event or series of unhappy events



unrelieved in character or culminating in disaster." Mourfulness, unhappiness, come from within, not from without. The character of events is disastrous only if we want it to be.

A few days ago the house of some people we know burned to the ground. The family barely escaped with their lives. Everything they owned was turned to ashes. Was this event a tragedy? A disaster? It certainly was not to me. It wasn't because I would not let it be a disaster to me. And, because of the character of the people, it was not a tragedy nor a disaster to them. Simply because they would not let it be.

Already, out of the ashes, is rising a better place to live. Had not the old house burned the new one could not have started. So, what is a tragedy or a disaster today may become a hope and blessing tomorrow.

This is true whether it is goods or ourselves. All religions teach of the eternity of man, of the greater life beyond, of the soul, of that which is in us which is greater than this physical life. We all know that at some point we must lose this conscious life. That is the only certainty of this life—that its time span is uncertain. Whether the event of death occurs in the still hours of the night as we sleep, or whether it occurs in a raging inferno as we twist in pain, does not really matter much. Nor does it matter whether it occurs this hour, this minute, or at a distant time and place. There really is no event or series of events which are real tragedies or disasters.

Picture of Bill, Brother-in-Law.

MALDEN: Bill is vicious, biting, not very happy. Now he seems to snarl more playfully. He represents what I always felt toward Bill. He was a lost one. Between two worlds of his family. I saw in him my own loneliness. [*Weeps and weeps.*] What I felt for Bill never

got across, I never released it. The warmth I saw; the snarls in the face of unhappiness.

RON: What happens if you love him?

MALDEN: Still snarls, but it doesn't matter. Seems playful.

I always saw Bill as the forgotten one, the last of a long line of children. There were four girls and a boy, and then four more girls and Bill. The older group was too old for him, the younger group was too young. He had to give in to the older ones, and give up to the younger ones. The family was so full of girls that everything was conceived and done in terms of girls. Bill's older brother was never very close to him, and his father was isolated from him by temperament and circumstances. His parents were too old, and too tired trying to make a living for the big family to pay much attention to Bill.

When Bill came to live with us he had a difficult time fitting into the family. So Bill grew up in confusion and uncertainty. And, as I saw him in the picture, he was striking back at the unloving world around him.

But what I really saw was another me, striking back at the hostile public because they would not love me. As the picture became playful in the snarls, trying to hide the real self, I also often tried to be playful, funny, comic to hide my real feelings. But I saw here that this was not possible. No mask can long cover our real faces. We have to face ourselves, be ourselves. We have to be natural. We are what we are.

Picture of Kathleen, Sister.

MALDEN: I never knew this gal. This gal looks pretty, young and alive. This is interesting. She's a gal who



never had much of a chance. Married at sixteen. Had her first baby at seventeen. But she is just pretty.

I thought it was a great tragedy when Kathleen married at sixteen. She was married three times before she found a man she could stay with. They have had several children, and she has had to work to help support them. They have never had anything, and in later years she has grown fat and dumpy, and is always untidy. But when I looked at her picture she was just a very pretty girl. She changed through several periods in her life. But in each was a pretty girl.

It almost startled me when I saw how pretty she was. But ugliness, like tragedy, is only as we make it. It is often said that "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." So is ugliness. Whatever was ugly and unpretty in Kathleen was what I had seen, not what was in fact so.

#### Pictures of Grandfathers.

MALDEN: This is my mother's father. Only remember seeing him once or twice. Here is dignity, or preciseness, or formality. This is a man who would have been a butler, or had a butler. His hair has to be combed just right. He wanted Annie to dress me that way.

This is my father's father. I loved this guy. This was the guy who could be stern with reason and compassion. I see him here at the times when he'd get after me. Also see in him wisdom. A real great guy. I am very humble in this man's presence.

RON: What do you see in his eyes?

MALDEN: Love. A great love for me at least. He walked with me along the railroad and we'd stop for a little chat, to pick up odd-looking rocks. There was something between us. He changes so much that I don't

know whether this is the picture we started with or not. I saw him in all of his moods. [*Cries and smiles.*] A great guy!

My grandfather Newman was a farmer. I barely remember him. The picture was one taken when he was in his forties. He was neatly dressed in what was probably his only suit. As I looked at the picture his suit changed into the formal lace and pomp of another age, and I was not sure whether he was the Master or the Servant.

Are we ever sure who is the Master and who is the Servant? The Servant must be there to serve the Master, but when he is, the Master must be there to provide for the Servant. Who is the prisoner—the jailer or the jailed? The prisoner is confined to his cell by the guard, but the guard is held to his post by the prisoner. Which is the greater?

Positions in life are not the important thing. If we struggle and fight about being one and not the other we lose the whole meaning of life. When we become the Master of another, who are we? Are we less than when we become the Servant? Why should we waste our energies in trying to prove that we are greater than another? How can we really prove it anyway?

In the picture of my Grandfather Bishop I saw what is required of each of us to understand that the Master-Servant is really one. It requires both knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge is a collection of facts and information. Knowledge is something which comes from without. Wisdom is the ability to use those facts and the information for the meaningful purposes of life. Wisdom comes from within.

As I looked at his picture it changed through many different periods. I saw him when he was stern, but just, with me.



I saw him as the loving teacher telling me about the formation of rocks. I saw him reading his books with his magnifying glass, one of which I still have. I saw him lifting a newborn baby from the womb, and then telling the frightened young father that he didn't owe anything for the service. I saw him asleep on his horse as it found its way back home in the dead of night. I saw his deep blue eyes flash and his voice become sharp and cutting as he condemned ignorance and stupidity where he saw it—in the educated and wealthy as well as the uneducated and poor. I saw him as he defended the weak and accused the strong. But whatever his mood, whatever the occasion, the love still glowed from his face.

Picture of Anniel.

MALDEN: [*Weeps.*] She's beautiful and radiant. She's another one who tells me I shouldn't be alone. I've got to let other people love me, as well as love them. A real great gal. Real great! She's a good-looking gal.

RUTH: Were you ever afraid you didn't deserve her?

MALDEN: Maybe now I am.

RUTH: Why now?

MALDEN: When the chips were down she was always there. Very great gal!

RON: What about straightening your tie?

MALDEN: I don't give a damn. I'll put it on crooked for her.

There was a bright, radiant glow about Anniel's face. I had never seen it so clearly before. She was filled with love, yet she was waiting for me to give the signal to let her come in with her great love. I was overwhelmed. All my life I had been wanting people to love me, and here was the greatest of all loves and I had never really seen all of it.

Many times in our married life Anniel has accused me of shutting her out when I was deeply troubled. I have sometimes admitted this but have justified it by saying that I had to work things out myself, or that I did not want to trouble her with my problems. What I did not understand was that intimacies of marriage are not made up of just sharing joys, any more than they are made up of just sharing sorrows. They are made of sharing living, sharing being. Joys or sorrows are the same.

When Ron asked about the straightening of my necktie he was referring to a quirk which came out in the CO<sub>2</sub> sessions. One of the little things which Anniel often did which touched off a strong reaction in me was the straightening of my necktie. I never wanted her to straighten my tie, button my coat, or otherwise adjust my clothing. I always explained this by saying she was trying to dress me. "I'm not your little boy," I sometimes snapped at her.

Of course, the straightening of the necktie was not the real problem. The real problem, as I now knew, was letting her into my inner life. She wanted the intimacy, the feeling of being a part of me. It was all very simple now that I understood. Now I wanted her deep inside me in any and all my joys or sorrows. And if she wanted to straighten my necktie now, I would put it on crooked so she could do it.

Picture of Daughter, Ann.

MALDEN: [*Chuckles at first, then weeps, deeply moved.*] I saw her clear back to when she was about two years old. They came up to the States ahead of me, four or five months ahead, before I came up from Pan American Airways. She was so anxious to see her Daddy, but she wasn't quite sure who her Daddy was. Her eyes danced when she saw me at the airport. She and



Bob have had some really big problems. I'm not sure we could have solved them, but they did! That's my gal.

Like Anniel's picture, Ann's picture glowed with love. It changed many times back to the incident at the airport when she was looking for her Daddy. As all I had to do at the airport was to reach down and pick her up, I now had only to open my heart to let her come in.

(Ann had taken LSD on the Monday before I did, and Bob had taken it on Thursday, one week before.)

Picture of Son, Bobby.

MALDEN: A real good-looking guy. Happy-go-lucky smile. Seems to be saying, "Okay, Pop, let's go." I wonder if he understood I loved him. I think he did. That's what he's saying now. Yeah. That something we have, it's still there. We have a feeling. I don't care what he's done or is, that's my boy!

When Bobby deserted his first wife and two children I was deeply disappointed. When I learned that he owed a mountain of debts, which he would never pay, I was sometimes angry, and sometimes ashamed. My pride was crushed that he had walked out on his responsibilities as a husband, a father, and a citizen. And when he repeated the pattern with the second wife and children I was again deeply hurt. Still I never stopped loving him.

Gradually, as my anger cooled, as I forgot my pride, I came to understand that Bobby had a freedom which I did not have. He was able to stand above and beyond, rightfully or wrongfully, morals, conventions, and laws. I have often wanted that same sort of freedom. I do not want to violate

moral codes, social conventions, or legal regulations just to be violating them. I am in favor of these as long as they serve a good purpose. But it is common sense that when our codes, conventions, and laws become our masters they are no good. They must be our servants, our tools. They must help us toward God, not restrict us. They must help us to grow, to mature, not stifle and deaden us. Love can only survive in freedom.

Whether Bobby was casting off the right laws, customs and morals I do not know. I do know that he had the courage to free himself of whatever seemed to restrict him in his inner self. He did it without regard to, or maybe in spite of, any condemnation which came from society, from friends, from loved ones. Bobby claimed for himself, and took, the same kind of freedom an artist claims to express himself with nude paintings, four-letter words in a book, strange melodies in a piece of music, strange forms in sculpture.

Bobby claimed for himself the same freedom of choice which Martin Luther claimed when he rebelled against the established church and touched off the Protestant Movement; that Henry Miller took when he wrote his *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*; that our forefathers took when they established a new nation dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal;" that the rebels of all times have taken to mark something wrong in the present, and to point to something more right in the future.

What Bobby was saying to me in, "Come on, Pop, let's go," was an invitation to come and join him in letting go of all the old and unnatural morals, conventions, and laws to which I have so long submitted myself. To come on and "let's go" into a future free of these fetters, chains, and irons. This is



exactly what I have wanted to do but have never had the full courage to do. I have wanted to be liberated, I wanted a freedom, and Bobby was telling me to take it.

Instead of being the happy-go-lucky boy I thought, instead of being irresponsible, carefree, immoral, unconventional, lawless, Bobby was the most serious person I have ever known. A man must be deeply serious to have the courage to stand against the awesome power of organized society. Bobby cared a lot. He was being responsible to basic and natural laws far more important than any enacted by man. Morals and conventions change from day to day. Legal rules are repealed and new ones made each day. All these things are temporary. But the morals, the conventions, the laws to which Bobby was responding are eternal.

I am very glad that Bobby is my boy.

*Picture of Granddaughter, Delita.*

MALDEN: This kid throws me into tears without LSD. There is a real deep something in this kid, the greatest thing that could happen to Bob and Ann. This child has a soul as deep as God. Her imp-like face changes. This is the very purity of life, the beginning of things. Out of the slime and muck comes a child with eyes bright. I am, I have a very, very deep feeling for this child. I worried once, but I don't any more since Bob and Ann have solved their problems, which was one of the greatest things they could do. That's my girl! Oh, all the world is mine!

Delita was 13 months old when Bob and Ann adopted her. She had then been deserted three times. First her natural mother had given her up at birth. Then two sets of foster

parents had had her. She had some problems in adjusting to the fourth set. Actually Bob and Ann never fully accepted her. They loved her—but in a way. They accepted her—but in a way. It was never from deep, deep down inside themselves. They were too wrapped up in trying to solve their own personal problems.

Yet in spite of all this, Delita never said, "Love me." All she ever said was, "Let me love you." Delita never asked to be loved, she just wanted to love. When I understood this I learned the greatest lesson of my life.

I have been living my life in a desperate effort to win love from others, and I have wept because I did not have it. Now I know that love does not come by doing things for it. You cannot cry out for love and have someone hear your cry and come and give it to you. Love does not come from without. Love comes from within. You win love by loving. You become love by loving.

Love is the most powerful force in the universe. There is no problem love cannot solve. There is no mountain too high, no stone too hard. Love is the only force which can save mankind from the inevitable destruction of hate. There can be no thermonuclear war where there is love. There can be no poverty where there is love. There can be no lines of color, of creed, of nationality where there is love. There can be no misery, filth, hate, pain where there is love. This is all so simple, so plain, that it seems incredible that man in this so-called modern age of the 20th Century does not understand it, and does not proceed to practice it.

Just the other day I was saying this to a young man as we chatted while waiting for the mail to be sorted at the village postoffice. "Yes," he agreed instantly that love was the only



hope of mankind. "All we have to do is to find a way to put it in the Russians."

I cringed when he said that for it was plain that this young man knew nothing about love at all. Love isn't something which we have, or which we can go out and get, and "put it in the Russians." Love isn't a magic potion which we put in, on, or around others. Love is a magic potion which we take ourselves.

"No, no," I said to him. "You can only put love there," and I poked my finger over his heart. "The Russians will find love their own way. Let us stop worrying about the Russians, for there really isn't anything we can do about them anyway. But we can do something about ourselves. We can learn to love, but we can't put it anywhere except in our own hearts. To know love is to love, and to love is to be loved."

3:37 Picture of Dave Dresser.

MALDEN: This man is a stone man.

RON: Can you melt the stone?

MALDEN: Dave has become this. This is the world he has built. He shut out the hostile public by defying it. He still does this. But there is a lot of love in this man. Maybe I see him doing what I was trying to do. You can't build up walls. A great deal of depth in this guy, but it doesn't come out in the Michael Shayne stories. That is not the real Dave. I love this guy. A real good guy if he ever lets himself out.

Dave Dresser is not even known to the millions of people who read the Michael Shayne stories. To them he is Brett Halliday. Dave left home when he was fourteen and spent a long time on the open road. He was jailed, kicked and abused by the police for no good reason. He became bitter and he

fought back at the hostile public, and by the sheer force of his drive he has beaten them at their own game. He has a worldwide reputation. He has a very valuable property in the Michael Shayne character. He has insulated himself from the hostile public.

I saw in Dave my own loneliness and hostilities. I saw him doing what I had tried to do, but in doing it he shut out the real man—a man who is warm, kind, gentle, and loving. He made Michael Shayne and Brett Halliday known to millions, but he kept Dave Dresser hidden. I once was trying to make Malden Grange Bishop known to millions, but kept the real guy underneath hidden. I didn't let him be known to my wife, my children, not even to myself.

Picture of Sister-in-Law, Jerri.

MALDEN: This is a real great gal too. Confused and mixed up because she has had some rough ones to handle. She built a shell around herself to buffet the storms. She's had a rocky voyage with Bill. I always remember a time shortly after they were married and Bill had an emotional crisis. They called me over. She said, "Whatever he wants to do, let him." This is a wonderful thing. You can't get a better test than that. She's a great gal, real great. Bill got a good one when he got that one.

Jerri never knew until after she married Bill that she had been twice adopted. She knew that her "mother's" second husband had adopted her but she didn't know that her natural mother had surrendered her at birth. The second adopted father was a hard-driving and ambitious man who made his way to a top-level executive position with a major corporation. The mother was from a well-to-do family and



did her part in helping him along. And Jerri became a part of the same program. She did all the things expected of her—she accepted the best invitations, sent thank-you notes which were sweet and proper, danced correctly, dated the right boys, and performed all the other social rituals demanded of her. But she never liked this. At the first opportunity she cast it all aside to marry Bill during her first year in college.

Whenever Bill has gone through a crisis, emotional or otherwise, she has refused to become alarmed. She has been steady and true. Bill is her guy and whatever may happen, Bill is still her guy.

That is the kind of love I want to give.

Picture of Anniel's Parents, George and Carrie.

MALDEN: This woman had a great capacity to love, but was never able to let it out. I knew this when she was alive. In all the years there was only one time that she laid a hand on me. She denied herself love. A great heart and sympathy that somehow got lost. She spent too much time having and taking care of babies. He is a very warm and wonderful guy. He got all mixed up too. He doesn't have much longer to live, but he'll always live on with me.

RUTH: It is funny how loused up we get.

MALDEN: Yes.

Carrie never had time to love. She was too busy making the few dollars stretch to provide for her ten children. She fed them well, she clothed them well, and she kept them clean both physically and morally. But she left them spiritually naked and alone. That is what I did with my children. I was too busy making a meager living, too busy trying to make myself into something lovable so that I often starved my

children spiritually. I know now that my children, any children, are more happy with something in their hearts than in their stomachs, with excitement in their eyes than clothing on their backs.

I think George always knew this but he was never able to tell it to his wife, to lead her in the direction of lovingness. She was stronger than he was. So after a while he gave up. He knew and felt but he did not have the strength to do. And that is what I did many times. Although I often knew and felt things, I often surrendered my role of husband and father for the sake of harmony, or because I wanted to do something else more. When a man surrenders his rightful role he becomes a vanquished man, no man at all.

Picture of Son-in-Law, Bob.

MALDEN: I can see here the tense, frightened man he was at times. Everyone running over Bob. I can see his face showing the strain—a trapped, stricken, or startled animal look. I've seen the change in this boy—it's just wonderful. He's a great guy. I am glad he and Ann got together. They had some big, big problems. I am sure I could not have done like they did. He's a great boy. He's got my gal. I'm sure he'll make it. It's the greatest to be papa to that family. Yes, that's us!

[*Dr. Flint comes in.*] [*Note: I never knew this.*]

RON: It's good stock.

The picture I was looking at was one taken in Three Rivers when we were publishing *The Kaweah Magazine*. It showed Bob, Ann, Anniel and me around the press on which we printed the magazine. It was when we had a family business going.



I had always known that Bob had a deep-seated problem about his Indian-Mexican heritage, and I suspected that it was a part of his problem with his relationships with Ann and Delita. Although he had not said anything, I knew that much of this problem had been solved in his LSD session the week before.

I always felt a deep sympathetic rapport with Bob. This was because we were actually very much alike. He was always trying to deny his ancestral background, always fighting against those whom he thought did not love him. I had advised Bob not to try to deny his roots, but actually I had always been trying to deny mine. I was trying to deny my economic and social background, always fighting against those who did not love me. But both Bob and I had failed and we both had to come to realize that we are who we are, and the way to find love is to love.

Picture of Guardian Angel.

MALDEN: It's a world in which one can find aloneness but not loneliness. It's in this picture. The little girl and the little animals have their aloneness, but never are they lonely because they all come back to the same thing—the oneness. The face here signifies a calmness. That's the great thing about womanness—calmness. Man gets stirred up, but she remains calm and serene.

RUTH: Do you have it in you too?

MALDEN: Yes. Annie has a lot of that quality. That is Annie. That's her reassurance. No matter what stormy atmosphere I create she makes a center of serenity. It's wonderful!

The picture was a line drawing done by Lauren Ford. It showed a small girl wandering in a forest. All around her are all sorts of animals. Shining through the leaves of the

trees is the smiling face of the Guardian Angel as she watches over the child.

Each human is alone because each is unique in his existence. There are moments when each human being wants to be physically alone, when he wants to "Be still and listen to thine own heart." These are times when you find joy in the song of a bird or the whine of traffic, in the softness of a breeze or the wetness of rain, in the attar of a rose or the pungency of cow manure, in the sweetness of an apple or the pepperiness of salami, in the vivid colors of a sunset or the darkness of angry clouds. These are moments of aloneness which each human needs, but they are never a loneliness, which no human can endure.

In the face of the Guardian Angel I saw and felt the great role of woman, and why only she could have been created as the companion of man. She is always a center of serenity to which he can return from the storms of the sea of life for moments of rest and reassurance. Tears flowed from my eyes when I saw how many women miss this magnificent role, how they lose their way, lose their womanness, when they try to play the role of the man, when they try to be "equal," try to be and act like men. How horrible! A woman can never be a man, and there is no reason for her to even try. She has a great, a holy, a sacred role in being woman. This is where her happiness is, and where she gives happiness to him.

Picture of Jesus with a Crown of Thorns.

RUTH: What do you see in his face?

MALDEN: They really bitched this guy up. The infinity of love and with a crown of thorns and blood across his face! These are props. The real Christ doesn't know what they are talking about. This picture is wrong. It



should show love. The thorns are for the birds. This is not the real thing. I look at his face and I see gentleness, peace, calmness, serenity. This is what we have to find. This is Christ—an inexhaustible supply of love, and love asks nothing.

The picture was a print of a painting signed only "Max. Gab." It portrayed Jesus with the crown of thorns on his head, blood trickling down from the thorns. He had his eyes closed as if resigned to his fate.

I wept as I looked at this. Not for him but for all the millions, maybe billions, who have believed that he suffered because he loved. Christ rejoiced in love. Love is not suffering. The thorns, as the cross, the crucifixion, and all the other props, never were. They are props used to dramatize one of the greatest errors of mankind—the idea that love is suffering.

We "bitched this guy up" when we built a whole religion based on suffering. First God suffers because man sinned. Then God sends his only begotten son into the world to suffer and suffer and finally to die on the cross, the then most horrible of deaths, so we could have everlasting life. Then we build a complex of suffering rituals in which we do penances, give our goods to the poor, dress in sackcloth, wash each others' feet, fast, and do all sorts of acts of suffering. We suffer so much we forget to love!

The real Christ spoke of love, and demonstrated it. If love asks nothing, if love is its own reward, then the kind of love which the Christian Church teaches God is, is not love at all. According to dogma God loves everyone, but he places a condition upon that love. He says he loves me but that I must believe something or do something or he will not love me. If I do not behave as he says (as people say he says) then he

will condemn me to everlasting punishment, and deny me a place in his heaven. This is a God of revenge. This is not a God of love.

I rejected that sort of God a long time ago. As I looked at the picture of Christ and saw his eyes open and the crown fade away, saw him smile, and his face glow with love, I knew my rejection had been right. There is no God of hate, no God of vengeance, no God of condemnation, no God who places a condition upon his love. That sort of God is an impossible God. The real God is Love, and Love is God.

Picture of Bryce Canyon.

MALDEN: I have been here. I see a waterfall in there somewhere. I feel another age or something. In the purplish tones, over in here. These sights are always awing. There is my world!

RUTH: Right.

MALDEN: My world!

The picture was a photograph made by Emil Schulthess and published in *The Continent We Live On* by Ivan T. Sanderson. In the foreground of the picture great columns of reddish stone rose from the canyon floor. In the upper left-hand corner there was a purplish shadowed area. It was over and behind one of the rising columns, that I saw the waterfall. I felt that it was a fall from another age. This was the first time I had felt I was back in time since the music stopped.

Picture of Desert Flowers.

MALDEN: A flower blooms in the middle of the trackless desert. You can't be alone in a world like that. At least not lonely.



This was a photograph made by Eliot Porter published in the same book. It showed some yellow flowers blooming in the sand of a desert wasteland. Again I felt the great oneness of all things.

Astronomy Picture.

RUTH: How about here?

MALDEN: I was there and here. Awesome. Trying to pinpoint me in there? No. What I say about time—an arbitrary measurement. This has nothing to do with real being. It can't be measured in relation to time. Marvelous what you can make out of a photograph.

This was an airbrushed drawing in the same book depicting the universe by an unknown artist. As I looked at the picture I felt myself being on one planet and then the other, of moving about in the universe at will. Although I had had several feelings of transcending time this was my first feeling of transcending space. It struck me as marvelous how I could use a simple photograph to transform and transport myself beyond time and across space.

This confirmed what I have long understood in a way. Time and space are creations of the conscious mind. They are tools, devices, contrived by the conscious mind in order to express itself. Without them we cannot say anything consciously. And it is because we do not always understand that time and space are conscious devices that we get very confused when we try to deal with the underconsciousness where there is no time and space.

When we try to explain life we have to have a starting point, we have to establish a point in time and space. And we have to have an end, or the opposite point in time and space. We

say life begins here—at birth or wherever—and that it ends here—at death. We know this isn't quite right so we add an eternity, a timeless and spaceless something after death.

We make a great to-do about saving time, using time, and so on. I remember something in my early readers about "Lost one golden hour set with sixty diamond minutes." It made the loss of time a very bad thing to let happen. Once in my drive to attain "success" I told myself that all I had was time and that I must use each precious bit of it. I must work, work, work. We rush around so madly trying to manage time and to overcome space that we forget all about what we are doing, or why we are doing it. We just do, do, do, without really understanding. We often seem to be running around with stopwatches clicking the time of the race without even knowing what the race is, or who the runners are.

Time is not a thing, not a state of being. Space is not a thing, a place of being. They are tools, and very important tools, probably the finest tools man has yet developed. But they are tools, not realities. They are not life, and have nothing to do with life. They may be used to help us to attain Godness, or they become traps into which we fall and die. They may be our Servants, or they become our Masters depending on how we view them.

Family of Man.

MALDEN: [*Leafs through book.*] Young love. Beautiful. Here you see what happens where there is no love around. Hate—beauty dies. Doesn't make any difference what color, all children are the same. [*Negro mother and child.*] I've seen this among the Jamaicans, and Indians in Central America. Carrying the burdens of the white man. Facial ugliness, underneath



warmth of love. Seems incredible that we can't understand this. This woman has no hope for anything except love which she is giving to her children and to anyone who looks at her. In this way she becomes beautiful, very beautiful.

The first picture was a photograph on page 55, made in Sweden by Pal-Nils Nilsson. It was a view looking down on a bricked courtyard in which children played. In the foreground was a young mother holding her child while the young husband admired it. On the opposite page was a photograph made by Russell Lee in the U.S.A. It showed five children, ragged and dirty, on the porch of a shack but each smiling. The third was one made in the U.S.A. by Consuelo Kanaga, page 42, and showed a gaunt, heavy-lipped Negro woman with two small children clutching at her skirt.

There is a biblical quotation which says, "And a child shall lead them." These children were "leading" in that they were demonstrating love in any situation. Whether they played in a fancy courtyard, on a rickety porch, or clung to their mother's skirt, they loved. We have so much to do to find ways in which more people can enjoy more of the wealth of our world, of our universe as we enter the Space Age. We must eradicate disease, poverty, and the other ills of the physical man. But we must never forget that all the temples we erect on this earth are doomed to emptiness unless we are able to build for the perfection of the soul.

- 4:28      Picture of Bhagavad-Gita Woman Figure—Flame.  
 MALDEN: [*Tears.*] I see a great withinness repeated, going down to an infinite point which ends in nothing

but love. The little man appears to be a clown. I get the great oneness but the symbol isn't right. These women are naked and unashamed. A belly dancer. These are clowns. That's all I see in it.

The picture was a diagram used in Hindu philosophy. I was not familiar with it. It diagrammed the inner being of a woman, and showed other female figures in the corner, and the figure of a small man at the bottom. Although I felt something very deep about it, there was something not right about the symbol to my Western mind.

In the center of the picture I seemed to see an "i," and I dotted this "i" with another "i," and then that one with another one and on and on until it all became so infinite that my mind could not conceive it for that was the point of love. I still am not certain what this meant. The infinite point of love, of course, cannot be conceived by the conscious mind. Only the underconsciousness knows the glory, the power, and the force of love. What we must do is learn to bring that underconscious knowledge into consciousness.

- 4:33      [*Ruth suggests that Malden sit in the window and look outside for a while. Drapes drawn. Still raining. Rose and family pictures are put in window. Ear-phones put on.*]  
 Robert Wagner Choral: "House of the Lord."  
 4:41      MALDEN: I just hope I am humble enough to accept all that love. [*Deeply felt tears.*]  
 4:47      MALDEN: I just want to be humble enough to take this kind of love and give it out. This rain is like a prop you fixed up for this—here I am safe inside with people who love me while the storm batters outside.



4:55 MALDEN: No man is alone except on the island he creates for himself.

5:10 MALDEN: Even the mournful clang and the sea sounds, even they are not lonely.

I wept a flood of tears as I looked at the pictures of Anniel, Bobby, Ann, Delita, and Bob on the window sill beside me. Each was looking directly at me, each was glowing with love. They were loving me, and had always loved me. Only I had shut it out. I wanted now to be humble enough to receive it.

I knew then what Christ meant by humbleness. Humbleness is not the wearing of old clothes, not going through rituals of suffering, not bowing your head in prayers, not mouthing scriptures or repeating solemn words, not selling your goods and giving the money to the poor literally, not doing any of the many things we are taught to do to be humble. Humbleness, as Christ must have meant, was not the first definition given in the dictionary—"Thinking lowly of oneself; claiming little as one's desert..." Humbleness was more the second definition listed—"Near the ground; not high; not pretentious or magnificent; unpretending; unassuming."

An humble man is a man "near the ground," close to the basic foundations of life. He does not have to pretend. He needs only to be himself. When I am myself all the currents of love around me can flow into me, and I can let loose the flood gates of my own love.

Across my mind went a thousand scenes where someone had shown me love in a look, a glance, a smile, a touch, an act. There is love in each human heart. We do not have to worry about putting love into the hearts of others—a Russian,

a king, a priest, a business man, a criminal, any human being. The love is there. The thing we must learn is how to release the love in our own hearts. As a river becomes a part of the sea by flowing into it, so the great oneness of love becomes a reality when we flow into it.

As "The House of the Lord" ended there came on a new recording which was only the sounds of the sea. I sat there and knew again the oneness of all things by the sounds of the restless sea, the mournful clang of the buoy bell, the cry of the sea gull as it flew ahead of the storm, but no one of these was alone. They were each a part of the whole. So am I. Nothing exists anywhere which I am not a part of, and which is not a part of me.

Ron was sitting on a stool beside me at this time. "I think we had better get you acquainted with your sitter." He turned to the other side of the room. There was a man I had never seen before. He rose, smiled, and came toward me as Ron said, "This is Alan Grace. Alan this is Malden."

He dragged up another stool and sat down beside me, and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Having a wonderful time?" Ron handed him the clipboard on which he had been making notes.

I waved to the pictures on the window sill. "You haven't met my family, have you?" Tears rolled down my face.

"I'm meeting them," he said, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes too. This was another demonstration of the understanding of love which people find in the LSD experience. This man was an Electronics Engineer. He held an important position with a big corporation. He had left his work to come and take me home and stay with me as long as I wanted. As with each person who takes the LSD experience



at the Psychedelic Institute, some person who has been through the experience volunteers to take you home and to stay with you until you have relaxed in sleep. This man had never heard of me before. He had no reason to do this for me except one—his love of another human being, which is the best reason of all.

Ron tucked all my pictures back into the envelope and then pulled out the list of questions I had brought. He began to read them one at a time.

RON: "What is it about the public I fear? Why am I afraid of it?"

MALDEN: [*Laughed.*] There's no public there to fear. I felt loneliness but you can't be alone unless you make yourself alone. I created walls and shut off their love instead of accepting it.

RON: "Am I ever alone?"

MALDEN: [*Emphatically.*] No! People are all around me. Love is where you let it come in. It's there. You have to open up. Those voices in CO<sub>2</sub>—"Get it back." I know now what they were saying. They meant that I had to get back to the acceptance of love. [*Tears roll down cheeks.*] I hope I never wipe another tear from my eyes. I had to get myself back.

RON: "What is freedom and what is the freedom I seek? Is it a freedom from or a freedom to?"

MALDEN: A freedom from. It was a liberation. I always think of liberty as being from something, and freedom being to something. I had to get unbound first. In the Christian terminology, I've been born again. There is no limitation to freedom. Freedom is to eternity, to oneness.

5:20 MALDEN: A tremendous recognition—you're the center

of the universe, and the mess is what you've made it. It's all your ball of wax.

RON: "What is the quality of love?"

MALDEN: An openness. I can see that now. No limitations to it. No confines. Openness. Whiteness. This is the quality of love.

5:30 *Patient leaves with Alan Grace in good condition.*



## *Chapter Five*

When I got up from the chair to leave I stood for a moment to get the feeling of standing on my feet. I took my first few steps very cautiously. I was not unsteady but the idea of walking on terra firma was strangely something almost new to me. I had been so far away from it, and I felt I had not walked for a long, long time. Maybe it was that I felt that I had never walked before. And really I had not, at least not this way, for I was now another person than the one who entered the room nine hours before.

Ruth, Ron, and Alan all helped me down the long hallway to the rear stairway, and then down. Alan drove his car up the alley so I would not get wet. Five minutes later he pulled up close to the steps leading to our room on the second floor of the motel. I didn't wait for Alan to come around to open the door for me. I was not afraid of my balance, not afraid of the rain, not afraid of anything. Never again could anything harm me.

I rushed up the stairs. Anniel's face was beaming as I enclosed her in my arms. I could feel her tremble as I held her close, closer I am sure than I had ever held her before. Tears flowed from both our eyes as our lips sealed.

"You're wonderful! You're beautiful!" I kept saying over and over.

After a while I realized that Alan was standing in the door.

"Honey," I said. "Meet my brother. I just met him a little while ago."

I do not know why I called him brother except that that was what I felt then. He was my brother then. He is my brother now. I learned then that I am *not* my brother's keeper, but that I am my brother's brother.

While she greeted Alan I went through the connecting door to where the Dressers were waiting. I threw my arms around Dave. "Oh, you big lovable bastard. I've had the greatest experience of my life."

Mary came across the room and I hugged her tight. "You're beautiful. The world is beautiful, and I'm on top of it."

As she kissed me tears broke out of her eyes. Later she said that the magnetic charge from my hands shook her, and she suddenly was so happy that all she could do was to cry.

Anniel said that Bob and Ann, and Bill and Jerri had called several times to ask about me. I asked her to call them and tell them to come over. "Are you sure?" she questioned because she had been told that many people want to be alone after the LSD session.

"I'm so happy I want the world around me," I told her.

Dave mixed drinks while Mary and Anniel put out food which a caterer had brought in. I sat propped up on the bed feeling so wonderful I did not know how to say it. I drank and I ate but I hardly tasted any of it. Food and drink for the body was not important at that moment.

Food for my soul was much more important. Alan had brought the rose from the LSD room, and Anniel put it in a glass beside the bed. When I turned to stare at it I went back into the LSD experience. It began to move, to be alive. It opened and bloomed when I thought of all the loving people



around me. It tightened, shriveled, and turned black when I thought of how unloving I had been.

Bob, Ann and Delita arrived. Then came Bill, Jerri, Sharlee, and Denise. I embraced and kissed them and told each of them that I loved them. It was a fantastically joyous occasion. The magic of love filled the room, and we have never known such joys.

There was laughing and talking and I told them about various parts of my experience. My speech was very slow, my voice very low, and sometimes I had trouble holding a particular thought long enough to verbalize it. There was a gradual decrease in the effects of the drug but they were strong far into the night. Even today, nearly two months later, I can feel the electrical tingle in my finger tips when I rub them together.

The children left after a couple of hours. Alan stayed until long after midnight because, he said, "I'm having a great time." Dave and Mary retired to their room some time after Alan left, and Anniel and I were alone.

She was tired and should have been asleep long before, but she was more concerned about me than herself. "I can sleep another time, my dear," I told her. "Now I just want to enjoy this wonderful feeling." I held her close in my arms and she went to sleep while I continued my experience.

There were several times during the night when I picked up a sound from outside and drifted back into the deep experience. Three or four times this was the rhythmic drip of rain in a drainpipe outside our room. Once it was the whirr of automobile tires on the wet street. These sounds, like the sounds of the music, I converted into sounds and scenes of other times in my life.

Once the drip in the pipe became the squeak of a funny little rocking chair we had as my mother rocked me and I nursed from her breast. Again it was the sound of my cradle as I lay in it beside my mother and father's bed, where they lay in each other's arms and my father rocked the cradle with his foot. Still again it was the squeak of the old springs of a brass bed in the whorehouse in Kansas City where I gave my only dollar to the first professional prostitute I ever knew.

I went through many, many experiences as I lay there. I did many things, and I was many things. I was the rain on the roof, running down the drainpipe and into the sewer. I was on top of the newly created world and looked down on the pyramids far over to the right. I was a turd in a slop jar beside a hotel bed. I relived many of the experiences of earlier in the day, and created still others.

A number of times I wanted to say something but could not get the words out. As I said in the notes, my jaws hurt from trying to say something. I kept having this feeling of wanting to say something, and particularly when I was over the world. I did not quite know what it was I wanted to say, nor what it was about.

Then suddenly it came out. "It's the epitology of time," I said aloud there in the silent room. "That's what I've been trying to put into words. I was over time, I saw the top of time, or the end of time."

The next morning I told Anniel about this and she said "Is there such a word as 'epitology'? Just what does it mean?"

"Obvious, isn't it? *Epi* means the top of, or the end of, the something over. *Ology*, of course, means the knowledge of. So it means the knowledge of the top of time, or that which is beyond time."



"I guess so," she said. "Look it up when you go back to the Institute."

My appointment was at 3:00 P.M. This was the post-LSD interview which was to give them a chance to have a final look at me, and for both of us to ask questions.

Tom saw me in the waiting room. "Let me sit here and sense you for a while," he said as he sat down in the one other chair. "You had a wonderful experience. How do you feel now?"

"Just indescribable," I told him.

Then I remembered about epitology and asked him if he knew the word. "Never heard of it, but we'll see." He went into the office and brought back a dictionary.

I was surprised to find that there was no such word. "But it's a perfectly good word anyway. That's what I saw, that which is beyond and above and over time."

Ruth greeted me with a big smile. "Hello, there, new-born babe."

"How are you?" Ron asked.

"This is my day! Each day from now on will be my day."

We went back into the LSD room and I sat on the couch, and they sat before me, just as we had started the day before. As I walked down the hallway I remembered something, and as soon as we were seated I told it to them.

"That feeling I had yesterday morning about the San Quentin gas chamber, the execution, was telling me something. I know what it was. There was an execution. The Malden Grange Bishop who came in here yesterday died here. This is a different guy today," I pointed to myself.

They each nodded.

We chatted for some time. I told them some of my experi-

ences which I had not verbalized, and clarified some of the things I had said. For my part I had no questions. I was too happy, too relaxed, too joyous to have questions of any kind.

They said they would give me the two card-sorting tests to take home with me and asked me to do them within four or five days and mail them back. As soon as I could, they wanted me to write a report of my experience for their files. After six months they would ask me to repeat the other psychological tests I had taken. This then would end this particular investigation into me with LSD as far as their research work was concerned.

As I was ready to leave, Ron shook hands and embraced me. Ruth hugged and kissed me. Just as though we had been intimate friends all our lives. And maybe we had been. Didn't Christ center his teachings around the Brotherhood of Man? Haven't all religious leaders taught that we were all brothers, all of the same family, all alike?

This is the magic of love.



## Appendix

### SOME QUESTIONS — AND THEIR ANSWERS

This appendix is added to provide factual information about LSD, about the program of the Institute for Psychedelic Research, about the psychedelic experience in general, and my experience in particular. There are many individual investigators and research groups active in the LSD field, and many others have been active. Many different techniques—dosage, frequency, preparation of the patient, circumstances, purposes, etc.—have been tested and are being tested. As the technique of using LSD apparently has considerable influence on the results obtained, it must be understood that the information and opinions given here relate to the technique used by the Institute with me, and the results are those which I obtained. Although there seem to be certain elements of the LSD experience which are common to many who take the material, a person taking LSD with a different preparatory period, with a different dosage, with different researchers, and under different circumstances, would likely have an experience which would be different from mine in many details.

#### *What is LSD?*

The full chemical name is d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate, or LSD-25. The lysergic acid is derived from ergot, a black fungus which grows on rye. The diethylamide group is added to the molecule synthetically.



*Who discovered LSD?*

Dr. Albert Hofmann, a chemist, discovered LSD while working in his laboratory at the Sandoz Chemical Corporation in Basle, Switzerland, about 26 years ago.

*Who discovered the psychedelic properties of LSD?*

Dr. Albert Hofmann in 1943, nearly five years after he first synthesized the material. He accidentally absorbed some of the compound while working with it and had to go home because of the strange feelings he had. Later, suspecting the psychedelic qualities of the LSD, he returned to his laboratory and conducted several experiments upon himself. The first research program using LSD began in the United States in 1949.

*How many people have taken LSD?*

There is no count but at least several thousands. Dr. Sidney Cohen, of the University of California, reported in 1960 that he had surveyed 5,000 cases covering some 25,000 doses of LSD or mescaline. In some of these as many as 80 doses had been taken by one person.

*How is LSD given?*

Orally, as a pill or as a liquid. It may also be injected intramuscularly. It is tasteless, odorless, and colorless. Both doses I took were dissolved in water.

*How long does it take for the effects to begin, and how long do they last?*

The effects are usually known in less than an hour, and they last from eight to twelve hours. Much depends upon the dose given, the circumstances under which it is given, the

person who is taking it, and his attitude toward taking it. I took 2/10,000th of a gram at 8:37 A.M., and 29 minutes later I was "woozy" and lay down. For about ten minutes before this my speech began slowing down, and by the time I lay down I could not form words fast enough to keep up with my mind. The effects wore off gradually. By 6:00 P.M. I was back to "normal," although I continued to "go back into" the experience for brief periods until about 3:00 A.M.

*Is LSD habit-forming?*

Positively, no! If given repeatedly the body quickly develops a complete tolerance to it.

*What does LSD do to the body or the brain?*

Apparently there are no effects on the body. It is not known exactly what happens within the brain, although there are some reasonable theories. Most of these involve the idea that LSD triggers some enzymatic system within the brain cells.

*What does LSD do to the mind?*

Aldous Huxley described the effects of mescaline by saying that there is a valve between the conscious and the subconscious mind. Ordinarily there is a very restricted passage through this valve. Mescaline opens the valve wide open. Thus you are able to consciously experience the whole range of the subconscious mind. When my son-in-law took LSD he described the effects as: "It is like having your conscious mind in one hand and your underconscious mind in the other and looking at both of them at the same time."

The remarkable thing about the LSD experience is that you see the broad range of the underconsciousness without



losing consciousness. I would like to suggest a new term for this situation. I would like to call it a state of oneness of mind, or a state of one-mindness, being that state wherein you are aware of all things in the conscious mind and at the same time aware of all things in the unconscious mind.

*Is there a counter-agent for LSD?*

Yes. If necessary, there are several counteracting agents which can be given to "shut off" the LSD experience. The most frequently used of the counter-acting agents is the tranquilizer, chlorpromazine. Such drugs are used sometimes when the person has a very unpleasant experience. However, it is the opinion of the researchers at the Institute that it is best to let the person find his way through the experience even if it is unpleasant.

*Is any other drug used in association with LSD?*

Mescaline is sometimes used at the Institute for the second dosage after an initial dose of LSD. Mescaline, which is the drug found in peyote, or cactus buttons, has been used as a psychedelic material for thousands of years, and is still used by certain Indians in the southwest and in Mexico. Aldous Huxley has conducted many experiments with mescaline and has written a great deal about it. The results of mescaline are very similar to those with LSD. The two materials seem to complement each other, with mescaline appearing to extend the positive results initiated by LSD.

*Why is CO<sub>2</sub> used at the Institute?*

A mixture of carbon dioxide (30%) and oxygen (70%) was developed for use in psychotherapy by Dr. L. J. Meduna more than fifteen years ago. The use of CO<sub>2</sub> to prepare a

person for the LSD experience was introduced by Dr. A. M. Hubbard of the Hollywood Hospital, Vancouver, B. C., Canada. It has been used at the Institute of Psychedelic Research throughout the present studies. They are one of the few groups using it in this manner. It is used to teach the person to relax and to accept whatever he discovers in his unconsciousness, and to trust the people working with him. It also conditions the person to the unique experience of "looking inside" himself, and also to question the conscious self as to just how he really thinks, feels, and believes as he does.

*Do all people have the same experience?*

The psychedelic experience is one of looking deep within yourself. Some people do not like what they find and try to reject it. In doing this they create for themselves tensions which may be frightening, even painful. These are people I would say who come to the brink of one-mindness and then try to turn away or draw back into the normal state of two-mindness. Most people, it seems, who relax and "let go" have the universal experience of discovering a single Reality, a oneness with all things, an identity with God, with the Supreme Being, with the Higher Self, or whatever you wish to call it. Each person arrives at this differently according to his background, his training, his conditioning for the experience, and his attitude toward whatever he discovers. Since it can be the most profound and moving experience of your life, no one should ever enter it, in my opinion, without the most careful preparation.

*Is the LSD experience a mystical one?*

Mine was similar, and I believe identical to, the "Ecstasies" of Christian mystics, the "Satori" in Zen Buddhism, the



"Samadhi" in the Hindu Vedanta, and other religious practices. It is an experience wherein you "see God," just as these religious aesthetes do. However the LSD experience is not cluttered with pre-conditioned concepts, not fitted into a tight framework of ideas. The conditioning for the LSD experience is one wherein the person is encouraged to lay aside fixed concepts, to open up the framework, and to accept whatever he finds. For this, I believe, the LSD experience is a far more "real" one than the religious one.

Mystics of all ages have attained an experience wherein they could "see God." They reach this point by years of training along a fixed course, and by the gradual limitation of the conscious world through meditation, concentration, contemplation, and similar programs. And by the preparation of the physical body through "cleansing" by all sorts of programs of fasting, discipline, and often torture. Still other people seem to attain the state wherein they "see God," or have God speak to them, or see visions, through a "gift" of some sort. These people apparently are different from normal people in their physical condition or mental make-up. Some are considered evil, some are tolerated as harmless freaks, and some become saints of religious orders.

The LSD experience, as I found it, is one wherein you can "see God" without years of religious training, without being religious at all, without being "gifted," or without being "different" from so-called normal people.

*Does the LSD experience change your religious views?*

It did not change mine in the sense that it upset any basic concepts. It did change them in the sense that it definitely confirmed many things, and gave me a knowledge with which

I could reevaluate many things. If you are a Catholic, for example, you may continue to be a Catholic but you likely will be a different sort of Catholic. You will probably reevaluate the Catholic ritual, for example, and come to recognize it as not the all important thing but as a symbol of things deeper and more meaningful. You will come to realize that the ritual is a tool to help you, not a procedure to enslave you.

If you are a Jehovah's Witness you may continue to be but you will likely understand their practices differently. You might not be so ready to thrust yourselves into my living room and start praying for me because you know that I am going straight to hell.

*Does the LSD experience change you, make you a different person?*

It certainly does. It changes you in the same sense that any deep, profound and moving experience might change you. It does not change the color of your hair, make you grow more fingers, put a third eye in the back of your head, or in any other manner make you odd or freakish. Neither does it change your personality from being saintly to being satanical, from being extroverted to being introverted, nor any wildly different sort of change which might cause your friends to shy away from you. But it does change you inside yourself.

A few days after I had my experience I was playing golf with a friend who is a very rabid golfer. Bettering his golf score is a very important thing to him. I made a beautiful 18-foot putt which rolled straight for the hole and then rolled around the lip of the cup to hang on the far edge. It did not seem possible that the ball could keep from dropping into the cup. I laughed heartily as I watched the impossible antics of the ball.



"How in the hell can you laugh at something like that?" my friend demanded. He would have slammed his club to the ground and cursed loudly.

"Well," I said, "LSD didn't do anything for my golf score but it certainly changed my attitude about it."

*Is the change in you permanent?*

I am very sure it is. It is a change of growth. Just as another year makes a very definite and permanent change in you physically, the LSD experience makes a definite and permanent change in you psychologically, if you let it. The mysterious role of human choice is always involved.

*Is the change always good? Can it be bad?*

Presuming LSD is taken under the program I took, I do not see how it can be "bad." It might be unpleasant, and the beneficial results may be difficult to attain, but the total results will always be "good." I know one young man who took the experience and was a very unhappy person about parts of it. This disturbance lasted for several weeks. He is now beginning to realize the plus side of the experience. It is hardly possible for you to change from a "good" state to a "bad" one. It is something like the change from the juvenile stage to the adult stage. This is sometimes not pleasant for us, and even painful. We sometimes think that being an adult is not as good as being a juvenile. But in the end we find the adult being is a more satisfying person than the juvenile being.

*Is the LSD experience an hallucination?*

In some scientific terminology LSD, and like materials, are called hallucinogens. Hallucinate comes from the Latin meaning "to wander in mind, talk idly, dream," it is defined as "to be deceived, entertain false notions, blunder, mistake."

An hallucination is defined as "Perception of objects with no reality, or experience of sensations with no external cause, usually arising with disorders of the nervous system, as in delirium tremens." The antonyms are listed as: "Fact, reality, actuality."

Because we are so conditioned to thinking only in terms of what we can consciously experience with our five senses we tend to consider any other experience as being an hallucination, a dream, a vision, a something which is not factual, not real, not actual. The LSD experience, at least mine and all those I have heard reported, is very factual, very real, very actual. There is nothing whatever dreamy or imaginary about it. In fact the experience under LSD becomes the reality, the factuality, the actuality. This life, this state of consciousness, is the unreality, the dream state.

From my experience, I believe the hallucination term is very inaccurate. I think that psychedelic, mind-revealing, is a very much more accurate term.

*Do you go back in time?*

Yes. You seem to go beyond both time and space. You definitely "go back," and some have the sense of going forward. I went back into my childhood, back to my conception, and back before the creation of the earth.

*Do you go back into another life?*

I did not. Some people have this sense.

*Are all your physical senses heightened?*

This seems to vary with people. My sense of touch seemed most affected. I could feel each fiber in the blanket over me. I could feel objects in the room without touching them. Colors were very distinct but not especially brilliant, as



with some people, and as with everyone under mescaline. Lights were very bright. I thought the bathroom at the Institute was lighted by a fluorescent light, and was exceedingly bright. I was very surprised to recently find out that it is just an ordinary incandescent light. In the visual scenes all forms were very distinct. My hearing was very sharp. I could listen to any one instrument in an orchestra if I wanted, or hear any one singer in a choral group. However neither smells nor tastes seemed to play any part in the experience.

*Is there any sexual feeling?*

My experience was totally asexual. Nowhere in the experience was there anything which was male or female. Both my daughter and my son-in-law had the sense that male and female are but two aspects of one thing. People who have had problems in sexual identification have a more painful time reaching this sort of understanding. Some people who in ordinary life have used sexual excitement as a defense against facing the realities of existence try to use it as such in their LSD experience, much as an unfeeling scientist will try to use rational theories as a defense against letting go to the experience. Much of the beneficial results of the experience is dependent upon the person's ability to let go of their usual defense mechanisms and patterns—sexual excitement, analytical thought processes, or whatever. If you are unable to let go, the experience will still teach you what you need to know in order to grow and mature, which is to gradually dissolve your over-protective defense structures.

*Just what is meant by "oneness?"*

Oneness is the knowledge that all things are essentially one thing. In conscious life there are always two things—two opposite points, two ends, two sides, two directions. The

state of consciousness is a state of duality—hot and cold, sweet and sour, good and bad, holy and evil, man and woman, and so on. Even God must be conceived in a state of duality with God being for good and Satan being for bad. This is because the conscious mind can only express itself in terms of time (yesterday and today, today and tomorrow, now and then, etc.), and in terms of space (beginning here and ending there, from this point to that point, etc.). However the under-consciousness is timeless and spaceless. Under LSD the conscious mind is opened up, or set over, so that you experience life in the underconscious sense as well as the conscious. This is when you come to realize that all things are one, not two. There is no past nor future; all things are now. There is no beginning nor ending; all things are here at this point.

*What is "oneness with God?"*

The same as the oneness with and of all things of creation. Again, because the conscious mind must use time and space, we conceive God, whether we use a personal or an impersonal God idea, as being outside of ourselves; God as being the opposite of Man, as divinity is the opposite of humanity. Whether God is a Being, a Power, a Force, or whatever, we believe God is somewhere out there, beyond us, above us, or at some other point. Under LSD, with the underconsciousness expressing itself, you come to conceive God as being identical with Man, and Man with God. You are one with God, God is one with you, you and God are one and the same.

This is not revolutionary at all. This is not irreverent or sacrilegious. Actually it is the perfection of a concept which has been evolving for many centuries. Man first conceived God as being in many forms, or there being many Gods. The Judaic concept brought all these forms into the One God



Concept. However this one God dwelled on a mountain top, just as the Olympian Gods and the Gods of many other peoples did. It was on a mountain top where Moses spoke to God, and where he received the ten commandments. But when the Jews had to leave Egypt they were in a dilemma. They could not take the mountain, where God dwelled, with them, and they could not bear to leave their God. Out of this great crisis was born the concept that God is not in any particular place but that God is everywhere.

Jesus emphasized that God is within us. And gradually we have refined this idea to where we say that God is within our hearts. Although we still think that God is something apart, a Power from outside, we insist that God dwells in our hearts, thus God is wherever we are. And conversely we are wherever God is. Under LSD you come to know that God is not apart and aside from Man but that God is within Man, and is Man, and that Man is within God, and is God. Thus God and Man become identical. This is the oneness with God.

*Are the results of the LSD experience dependent upon the suggestions made by those working with you?*

Not at all. The most important qualification for anyone working at the Institute is that they be not too limited by fixed concepts. A psychiatrist or a psychologist does have a preconceived idea of what is healthy and normal. In psychotherapy it is his aim to bring you to such a state of being. Although you may later feel that you discover the pattern for yourself it is really the psychiatrist or psychologist who led and guided you into the discovery by his subtle suggestions. The results you obtain are often dependent upon the skill of the psychiatrist or psychologist.

This is not the case at all in the LSD experience as conducted by the Institute. They are careful to not suggest. They do not want to lead you anywhere, to guide you in any direction. They are merely administering the program and trying to assess what happens. It is their aim that you get the most out of it, but what you get depends entirely upon you. As they repeatedly said to me, "This is your day. Do with it what you want."

*What are some of the symbols used and why?*

The most basic symbol used is the rose. They use this for all people. It is a freshly-cut, deep red, rose bud which is ready to open. The rose is used because it is the oldest flower known to man, and is one of the oldest symbols. The rose grows almost everywhere in the world and is known to almost all men of all times. In addition they used, for me, a reproduction of Dali's "St. John of the Cross," a mural of "The Last Supper" by Schellin, the face of Jesus with a crown of thorns by Max. Gab., the "Guardian Angel" by Ford, and photographs and drawings from *The Family of Man*, *The Continent We Live On*, and others.

I believe most of these symbols are used for each person. However they may change them according to what may develop about the individual in the preparatory period. Each person is invited to bring with him any object which has any particular meaning to him, as well as photographs of people, animals, scenes, or objects which have meaning.

Personally, I am not sure that the props make too much difference. I think the experience you have will occur regardless of the symbols used. I do not think the symbols will change or alter the experience. The symbols are only gimmicks around which you weave the experience.



*What music is played and what is its influence?*

The music is varied according to their estimation of what will be most pleasing. As with objects, you are invited to bring any music you wish and it will be used. For me they played, in this order, Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite," Rachmaninoff's "Piano Concerto No. 2," Verdi's "Requiem," the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's "The Lord's Prayer," the Gregorian Chants, Sibelius' "Finlandia," Robert Wagner's choral "House of the Lord," and finally a recording of sounds of the sea.

Like the objects, I am sure that it would not make any difference what music is played. For nearly 45 minutes I had no music at all. The music, like the object, is only a gimmick around which you weave a part of your experience. During one session a squeak developed in the tape machine, and when they started to correct it the patient objected because she was using the squeak rather than the music for her experience. During the night after my session I used the drip of rain water in a drain pipe outside our motel room as a gimmick around which to weave another experience.

*Do you want to have the experience again?*

I do, and I will, if it is available. The program of the Institute of Psychedelic Research is one in which a single "massive dose" is given. If you want to repeat the experience they require that you wait six months. Since you have had one experience, the preparatory period for the second experience is usually very brief.

THE END