

# ***The Brotherhood of Eternal Love***

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## Dramatis Personae

Richard Alpert	Lieutenant to Leary in early psychedelic movement
Bobby Andrist	Major Brotherhood smuggler and organizer
Paul Arnabaldi	Partner to Kemp and Solomon
Christine Bott	Kemp's girlfriend
Peter Buchanan	Tax adviser to Sand
Terence Burke	Federal agent in Kabul
Brian Cuthbertson	Major British LSD organizer
Michael Druce	Chemicals supplier and businessman
Lester Friedman	University chemist who helped Sand
John Gale	Extrovert salesman for Orange Sunshine
Sam Goekjian	Stark's European lawyer
John Griggs	Moving spirit in the creation of the Brotherhood
Billy Hitchcock	Leary's benefactor at Millbrook
Albert Hofmann	Swiss research chemist who uncovered LSD
Michael Hollingshead	Writer, and friend of Leary
Aldous Huxley	Writer, thinker and advocate of psychedelics for mankind's betterment
Dick Kemp	LSD chemist to Stark and Solomon
Ken Kesey	Best-selling author, exponent of extrovert psychedelia with the Merry Pranksters
Doug Kuehl	Federal agent in California
Glen Lynd	Founder Brother and smuggler
Donald Munson	Smuggler and adviser to Scully and Sand
Owsley (Augustus Owsley Stanley III)	First of the great underground LSD chemists
Neal Purcell	Laguna Beach policeman and Brotherhood opponent
Michael Randa	Founding Brother and major organizer
Richard Rathjen	Federal tax agent
Nick Sand	New York bootleg chemist who joined Owsley and Scully
Tim Scully	Apprentice to Owsley, chemist to the Brothers
David Solomon	Drug book author, and founder of British LSD group
Ron Stark	International LSD entrepreneur and Brotherhood partner
Terry the Tramp	Owsley's Hell's Angels drug dealer
Gerry Thomas	One of Solomon's early business partners
Henry Todd	Marketing and organizational genius of British LSD group
The Tokhis brothers	The Brotherhood's Afghan hashish source
George Wethern	Second in command of Hell's Angel drug dealing
Ergotamine Tartrate	The base material of LSD
Lysergic Acid	The natural component of LSD
Lysergic Acid Diethylamide	LSD, the compound of lysergic acid and diethylamine

## Forward

The illicit drug World is the largest and most profitable of all criminal enterprises, making substantial but secretive contributions to the economies of Third World countries, turning individuals in the West from paupers to millionaires in a matter of years, and spurring greater international police co-operation than any other activity. No other criminal problem draws an annual individual message from the President of the United States or a biennial United Nations report. The amount of money generated by illicit drugs makes their trafficking, manufacture and sale one of the great industries of the world in the late twentieth century.

It was with these facts in mind that this book first began as an idea in 1978, spawned during one of the world's largest LSD trials then taking place in Britain. The original intention was an exploration of drugs, guiding the reader through the secret passages of supply and mapping their extent. But in the course of the trial, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love was mentioned. Created in 1966 in California, it was credited with having generated \$200 million through an estimated membership of 750 people, and was held responsible for widely distributing LSD and marijuana in the United States. The police described it as a "hippie mafia" and the counter-culture talked softly of a secretive, mystical band whose motives were idealistic. Despite its size and the tantalizing mystery surrounding it, no book had looked at the Brotherhood in any detail. Our project turned from a general study into a concentrated examination of one particular group.

The hippies of the 1960s are normally remembered for their pacific dispositions, their preaching of "Peace and Love"; and yet, if the stories were to be believed, some banded into a "mafia." A social phenomenon which spurned materialism, the hippies had none the less made millions. Yet that Alternative Society, or what is left of it, claimed they were idealists whose history was to be guarded as carefully as any state secret. The Brotherhood supplied LSD and marijuana as a sacred mission, believing in the righteousness of their profession. No one could grasp what they did without understanding the rise of LSD, the growth of the psychedelic movement and the heady, optimistic, revolutionary, energized days of the 1960s.

In trying to achieve that comprehension, our book began to shift ground again. The Brotherhood existed, achieving many of the things claimed on its behalf. It did indeed generate millions of dollars, and it was a loose-limbed mafia of sorts. It was also fired with idealism. The Brotherhood of Eternal Love was one part of a much greater movement fascinated by the potential of LSD to improve the quality of Man's life.

In the beginning, LSD was little more than a promising psychiatric tool which might at the same time also become a potent new weapon in the hands of generals and spymasters. The research, both civilian and military, was widespread. And it brought with it a third possibility—that through the heightened perceptions and insights it produced, LSD could radically alter the direction of the human race towards a better pathway for the future.

The dream brought together many diverse individuals from a renowned philosopher to a Harvard professor and a best-selling novelist—and led to the creation of the psychedelic movement. Drugs in the 1960s no longer meant the inebriation of the socially deprived or inept, but a means to "enlightenment." LSD brought in its train greater use of marijuana, classified as a narcotic but in fact a natural member of the same class of drugs—*The Hallucinogens*.

LSD was proscribed, as marijuana had long been, but the dream could not be shaken so easily. There were those who were prepared to make LSD and those, like the Brotherhood, who were prepared to distribute it: there was the millionaire scion of one of America's richest families who became a financial adviser and banker to LSD-makers; the underground chemist, dubbed the "unofficial mayor of San Francisco"; and the core of the Brotherhood, living on a secluded ranch at the centre of an ever-increasing group of dealers and smugglers.

Their experiences, sometimes seen through the eyes of an individual and at other times through those of a crowd, make up the story of a movement which crossed frontiers and oceans in pursuit of the promised millennium. They are figures seen against the backdrop of a decade in which Youth seemed about to conquer the world with rock and roll for its battle hymns and slogans for a manifesto.

Yet somehow the old ways refused to surrender, fighting back with all the strength they could muster. The story became one of how the supporters of a dream were driven underground, where ideals wither before the demands of survival. Any alternative society which tries to establish itself alongside the status quo faces the problems of hostility, the potential for corruption and the ambiguities of its uneasy existence. The psychedelic movement never possessed discipline and order with which to combat its difficulties. The drugs at its core were sacred tools but also commercial commodities.

The story moved to a bleaker landscape, heavy with the scent of corruption, profit and betrayal. The book became a story of fallen idealism, a modern morality play, peopled not only with psychedelic ideologues but with terrorists, criminal entrepreneurs and those who walk on the wilder shores of life.

Perhaps the book has returned to its original intention. Before the 1960s, the illicit drug industry was a relatively small but persistent enterprise. Today, it is enormous. This book may go some way to explaining that phenomenon. S. T., D. M.

October 1983

# Compound-25

## Chapter One

The events of Friday 16 April 1943, have passed into the hagiography of the drug world. At 3 P.M. Dr. Albert Hofmann, a biochemical researcher for the Sandoz chemical company in Basle, Switzerland, reached for his laboratory diary and wrote: "laboratory intoxication." Dizzy and restless, the 37-year-old scientist went home to rest.

As he lay down he suddenly "became strangely inebriated. The external world became changed as in a dream. Objects appeared to gain in relief. They assumed unusual dimensions and colours became more glowing. When the eyes were closed there surged upon me an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and vividness and accompanied by an intense kaleidoscope-like play of colours."

After two hours this "not unpleasant experience" disappeared, leaving Hofmann to ponder events over the weekend. Somehow, he decided, he had absorbed through the pores of his skin a tiny amount of the chemical he called LSD-25.

Chemists at Sandoz were, pioneers in extracting medicaments from a rye fungus called ergot. Eight years earlier, Hofmann, following this line of research, began synthesizing a derivative called lysergic acid. Searching for a respiratory and circulatory stimulant, he created over twenty compounds. Number twenty-five—lysergic acid diethylamide—seemed unexceptional. Hofmann tried it on animals but there was little to warrant further research. It would have stayed unexplored if Hofmann, nagged by curiosity—"a peculiar presentiment" as he later put it—had not returned to the compound in 1943.

That LSD should produce hallucinations was not in itself totally surprising. Sandoz first took an interest in ergot, which looks like a tiny purple golf ball under the microscope, because of the multitude of stories passed down through the centuries. There are scholars who believe that something like it was used in sacred rites in ancient Greece; but a more malevolent side has dominated its history in the West. If ergot-diseased rye was unwittingly milled into flour, the contaminated bread could produce mass mental and physical disorders. Medieval chronicles tell of villages where many went temporarily mad, men were stricken with gangrenous limbs and women aborted. St Anthony was designated patron saint of ergot sufferers and the poisoning dubbed "St Anthony's Fire," after the charred appearance of the gangrenous limbs. Even in modern times, ergotism, the medical term, still appears, and there were epidemics in Russia in the 1920s.

Yet, looking at the history of ergot, scientists and doctors often wondered whether there might not be a positive value in the fungus: chemicals which triggered off gangrene might also be useful in controlling circulation, while those which caused abortion could be useful in obstetrics. Sandoz, following on fitful research over the centuries, discovered several important new medicines by the time Hofmann began his work.

Given the tales of temporary madness, Hofmann knew that LSD must be responsible for his experience, but no known drug had such an effect in such a small dose. There are over a hundred plants which contain compounds capable of hallucinogenic reactions. They range from marijuana to peyote, a cactus synthesized as mescaline, and various mushrooms. Many such plants were important in ancient native cultures—marijuana and peyote even reached the fringes of Western society—yet none seemed to compare with LSD. Hofmann could not believe the potency of his creation.

The following Monday, 19 April, Hofmann and an assistant prepared a mere five milligrams of LSD. A notebook by his side, Hofmann swallowed 250 micrograms—250 millionths of a gram. The drug was tasteless and, still doubting its potency, the scientist was prepared to go on taking doses until he registered a reaction. But forty minutes later, he again felt dizzy and restless. As the drug took hold he abandoned the laboratory and, guarded by his assistant, cycled home.

Now in the grip of far stronger symptoms than he had first experienced, Hofmann slipped from sensual distortions into a mental crisis. His family seemed to be wearing hideous masks and he felt separated from his body, standing like a “neutral observer.” When he closed his eyes his mind filled with images of fantastic colour and shape; sounds became visual forms. A doctor, called by the family, found no physical effects apart from a weak pulse, and the hallucinations abated. After a night's sleep Hofmann was normal again, albeit tired. Years later he commented ruefully that his experiment had been a “bum trip, as one would say.”

LSD became a talking point among Sandoz staff, who provided volunteers for more tests. Since the company's business was medicine there was speculation that LSD might serve a useful function in psychiatry. At the turn of the century, pioneers such as Havelock Ellis were dabbling with peyote as a means of reaching the depths of the mind, and the creation of mescaline in the 1920s had stimulated more interest. But both the natural form of the drug and its synthetic twin produced physical side-effects. None seemed to be present in Hofmann's discovery. The head of Sandoz's pharmaceutical department, himself a pioneer ergot researcher, asked if his son might extend the tests clinically. Dr. Werner Stoll, just starting a career in psychiatry, tested LSD on both normal and psychiatric patients at the University of Zurich hospital. In 1947 he formally published his results in the *Swiss Archives of Neurology*. LSD appeared to affect the areas of the brain controlling psychic and intellectual functions. Two years later, his second report in the same journal began to stir the psychiatric world; the age of the psychochemical was dawning.

Stoll's description of a “new hallucinatory drug active in small quantities” eventually stimulated international medical interest in LSD. Research, chiefly in the United States and Britain, heralded the drug as a breakthrough in psychotherapy. LSD offered a method of simulating psychosis; it gave doctors a new “chemical” concept of the nature of mental illness; and many psychiatrists believed that its therapeutic potential was boundless. Between the mid-1950s and mid-1960s there were more than 1,000 papers discussing experiments on 40,000 patients.

As word of LSD spread through the medium of conferences and papers, researchers tried to discover more about its effects and why it works the way it does. Tests carried out on spiders, cats, fish and rats showed the spiders built better webs, cats cowered before untreated mice, fish which usually stayed close to the bottom of streams stayed near the top, and rats lost their equilibrium. In one experiment an elephant was given a massive dose of 300,000 micrograms in an investigation of the periodic madness which strikes some elephants. The creature convulsed and died.

Research on thousands of human subjects showed that while LSD created dramatic effects in the mind, its outward manifestations amounted to a slight increase in blood pressure and pulse rate, coupled with dilation of the pupils. Tolerance levels varied according to the subject—psychiatric patients resisted dosages as high as 3,000 micrograms—and no lethal dose was ever discovered. LSD could be absorbed through the skin pores, the mucous surfaces, swallowed or injected.

Nearly three decades after the research began, scientists today still cannot positively answer the basic question of how LSD works. Investigations with radio-active LSD have traced the drug on its progress through the body and found that it does not collect in the brain but in the kidneys, liver and small intestine. Taking 100 micrograms as an average dose, it has been calculated that two-hundredths of a microgram pass into the brain. Since the drug leaves the brain before the onset of its effects, this means that the brain cells react to an infinitesimal amount of LSD in little more than a few minutes. It is thought that LSD may act as a trigger, firing off a set of reactions in the mid-brain where emotional responses, awareness and many physical functions are controlled. Within the mid-brain there is an area where an enzyme, serotonin, can be found, and this chemical has a structure similar to LSD. The enzyme normally acts as a censor for that section of the brain which regulates information from the senses and compares it against past experience. LSD may block serotonin's effect; but LSD derivatives without the hallucinogenic effects can do the same. Researchers using equipment to measure brain responses suggest, on the other hand, that LSD may alter the brain's data-processing functions so that the analytical left side of the brain gives way to the right which deals with the senses.

From the early days of research in the 1950s, the reports and theories circulating in the United States were studied not only in universities and hospitals but also within the Pentagon and the newly-formed Central Intelligence Agency. Parallel to the civilian work on LSD, the generals and CIA executives had initiated their own black brand of research. In 1951 a civilian doctor passed on to the Pentagon details of LSD that he had gleaned from European colleagues. At the height of the Korean War, the military were worried by the use of brainwashing techniques on American prisoners by Communist interrogators, and the intelligence of a new, highly potent, mind-altering drug hit a raw nerve. Anxiety reached a new pitch shortly afterwards when a US Embassy official reported from Switzerland that the Russians had bought 50 million doses. The report proved to be wrong, but the Pentagon and the CIA could wait no longer. Separately and together, they pursued a multi-pronged programme. One objective was to keep any further LSD out of the hands of the West's enemies; another was to find out as much as possible about the drug; and the third was to experiment with LSD as a weapon in warfare and espionage.

A chance to fulfill the first objective came in 1952. Sandoz offered to turn out 100 grams a week for the Americans for as long as the Americans wanted. Some agreement appears to have been made, but the details have never been released. At the same time Sandoz promised they would never sell to Communists, would keep them posted on production and shipments and pass on any intelligence they discovered on East European interest. No one seems to have told the Americans that since Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia are among the world's leading producers of ergotamine and since the formula had been available for some years, it is very unlikely Russia would have needed to go to Sandoz or anyone else in the western world.

Back home in the United States, the Eli Lilly company in Indianapolis established a new process for LSD which meant that the drug could now be mass-produced. The CIA agent who reported this development to his superiors noted that the military services had access to a home supply of LSD by the ton. Eli Lilly kept details of the full process confidential and made up a special batch of LSD for the CIA.



In pursuit of the second objective, both the CIA and the Pentagon invested in civilian research. While working for the soldiers and spies, the researchers published unclassified parts of their work in learned journals, adding to the growing fund of information. They told their colleagues about its use with psychotherapy to deal with fears of homosexuality or ego enhancement, and the CIA about LSD's effects on memory, suggestibility, changing sexual patterns and the creation of mental disturbance.

Dr. Harris Isbell of the Addiction Research Center attached to the Lexington Federal Drug Hospital persuaded inmates to take LSD in return for payments of their favourite drugs. The prisoners could build up deposits in a "drugs bank" or, if they did not want drugs, they earned remission from their sentences. Ex-prisoners later revealed that they experienced "trips" lasting up to seventeen hours after taking LSD in cookies. At one point, Isbell kept seven men on LSD for a total of seventy-seven days, responding to their increased tolerance levels by tripling or quadrupling their dosages.

Work like Isbell's was a valuable adjunct to the third objective: that of discovering the strategic or espionage value of LSD. Throughout the Cold War years, the CIA had a ravenous appetite for super-technology, gadgets and drugs with which to keep abreast of the other side. Was LSD the super truth-drug the CIA men had dreamt of the drug which could crack the will of an enemy operative and subvert not only his tongue but his loyalty by distorting reality? Alternatively LSD clearly had potential as a "dirty tricks" weapon.

To investigate these possibilities, the CIA established Project MKULTRA with an initial budget of \$300,000. Run by a group of specialist technicians, the project coordinated information and indicated lines of research. Gradually, however, the technicians themselves became part of the experiments. They took LSD at the office or their homes, and more than one espionage agent found himself propelled into a visionary's world. At a party after one session, a CIA man wept at returning "to a place where I would not be able to hold on to this beauty." The team also spiked the cocktails or morning coffee of their colleagues; one technician who unsuspectingly sipped an LSD dose in his coffee lost control and fled across Washington, pursued by his friends.

Such unpredictable behaviour was not news to the CIA team. During the early Swiss research, one man had been given LSD and tried to swim a lake in Arctic conditions. Sandoz's literature on the drug, written by Hofmann, included the warning: "Pathological mental conditions may be intensified ... Particular caution is necessary in subjects with a suicidal tendency ... The psycho-effective liability and the tendency to commit impulsive acts may occasionally last for some days."

In 1952 the CIA were warned of the case of a doctor in Geneva who had taken part in an LSD experiment and killed herself three weeks later. The woman had suffered from depression before taking the drug, but the case was to be tragically mirrored in the United States when the CIA team moved from testing its own members to testing unsuspecting outsiders. In November 1953 the CIA men tried the drug out on staff at the US Army's Special Operations Division (known by the unfortunate initials SOD) at Fort Detrick, Maryland. Although warned about the need for authorization before using the drug, the team acted without consultation.

At an annual working retreat for CIA and Army technicians in a remote hunting lodge in West Maryland, Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, leader of the LSD project, slipped the drug into the post-prandial Cointreau on the second evening of the meeting.

As the evening drew on one Army man in particular seemed to react badly. Dr. Frank Olsen, temporary head of SOD chemical corps and a specialist in biological warfare, kept insisting that someone was playing tricks on him. His mood did not improve when the meeting broke up. The normally gregarious family man returned home quiet and withdrawn. His behaviour so alarmed his superiors that they called in the CIA who sent him to New York to see Dr. Harold Abramson at Mount Sinai Hospital. Olsen was now in a state of paranoia dominated by fears of the CIA.

Abramson, an allergist by training and a CIA researcher, could do little with the Army officer. In the next few weeks he was watched night and day by a colleague from Fort Detrick while he stayed in New York and the CIA considered their next move. Olsen gave his keeper the slip one night and was found wandering the streets of the city tearing up money and throwing it to the winds. He said he was too embarrassed to go home for Thanksgiving because of his condition, and plans were laid to move him to a sanatorium. The night before he was due to travel, Olsen and a CIA man checked into the Statler Hotel. In the early hours of the following morning, Olsen took a headlong run at the closed window of their room and crashed to his death ten floors below.

Olsen's case was muffled by a security blanket which gave his family and the police no clue to the reasons behind his death. The family were eventually given a government pension after pressure from the soldier's colleagues—one of whom filed a form noting that Olsen had died of a "classified illness"—and the full truth of what seemed to be an inexplicable suicide did not emerge until the CIA came under investigation almost twenty-years later.

Within the CIA the shock waves reached as high as Allen Dulles, the director of the Agency and initiator of the MKULTRA programme, who ordered an internal inquiry. At its conclusion, the CIA team received little more than a bureaucratic slap' on the wrist—an official letter saying the experiment was in poor judgement but that the letter would not go on their files and harm their future careers. But the importance of LSD overrode any reservations and a new, bizarre research programme began.

Using files from the wartime Office of Strategic Services—forerunner of the CIA—Gottlieb discovered that a secret drug-testing programme had been run on unsuspecting Mafiosi. The tests were organized by George White, a tough, old-fashioned, narcotics agent; Gottlieb seconded White to start up a similar programme using LSD. This time White was told to steer clear of the Mafia and use less significant criminals: the pimps, prostitutes and ne'er-do-wells on the underworld's fringes.

White, posing as an artist and seaman, opened a safe house, complete with two-way mirrors and bugging equipment, in Greenwich Village, New York. The CIA learnt not only about the effects of LSD, but also the sexual proclivities of the subjects they were testing it on: the kind of material used in the more traditional spycraft of blackmail. In 1955 White was transferred to San Francisco where two safe houses were eventually opened.

None of the subjects who passed through the CIA safe houses knew what was going on. People sometimes walked off into the night still under the influence of drugs which the CIA technicians were too scared to try on themselves. The safe houses lasted until the mid-1960s.

They provided both a testing ground and a rehearsal theatre for operation in the field; by 1957, LSD and other drugs had been used against thirty-three people in six still secret incidents, while stocks were held at "field stations" in Manila, Philippines, and Atsugi, Japan. In 1960, the CIA is reported to have plotted to slip "super LSD" to Fidel Castro before a television broadcast, in an attempt to sabotage his image. During the Watergate crisis a Nixon aide with CIA experience also contemplated using LSD against one of the President's enemies.

Unlike the CIA, the Pentagon did not have to fuss with safe houses or search in prisons for suitable LSD subjects; they could practise on thousands of men in uniform. While the CIA looked at LSD for clandestine uses, the generals considered LSD as a potential strategic weapon which could redress the imbalance in manpower between East and West. One told senators: "It is my hope through the use of incapacitating weapons the free world will have a relatively clear and rapid means of both fighting and deterring a limited war." In 1952, contracts were given to companies to examine a range of drugs, and in 1955 the Secretary of the Army endorsed a report urging development of chemical, biological and radiological Weapons. At the end of the Korean War, American spending on chemical and biological warfare was \$10 million but within a few years it was running at between \$100 and \$150 million.

Experiments were carried out at the Army's Chemical Center at the Edgewood Arsenal and at the Aberdeen Testing Ground in Maryland. Ex-servicemen later reported other tests at Fort Benning, Georgia, and at Fort Bragg, North Carolina; tests were also made on European and Pacific posts.

The early co-operation between the services and the CIA had by now deteriorated and the agency was sometimes forced to spy on the Army to find out what was happening in its LSD programme.

Conducted in part with researchers from the University of Maryland, the tests were designed to measure the effects of LSD on combat effectiveness. Attempts had been made to allow the experimenters to try their drugs out on the crew of a Nike guided missile site, but the request was turned down. Instead one group of crew cut recruits dressed in combat fatigues and carrying backpacks was filmed staggering through the Maryland woods while trying to take part in a "war game." Much to the disgust of the civilian advisers, LSD was given to unsuspecting soldiers at mess parties. Eventually some 1,500 army personnel took LSD; other comrades tried the thousands of new compounds delivered to Edgewood by pharmaceutical companies. General William Creasey, sometime head of Edgewood, boasted that for the first time "war would not necessarily mean death" for troops and civilians.

Perhaps he was forgetting (or did not know) of the death of Harold Blauer in 1953. Blauer, a tennis professional, died five hours after a doctor carrying out research for the Pentagon at the New York State Psychiatric Institute injected him with a hallucinogenic drug. The doctor later told Army investigators: "We didn't know whether it was dog piss or what it was we were giving him." In 1976, the Congressional committee headed by Senator Frank Church to look into foreign and military intelligence discovered that the "dog piss" was a synthetic mescaline derivative. By then General Creasey had retired. It was left to his successors at the Pentagon to listen to the ex-soldiers coming forward with tales of epilepsy and severe depression after LSD trials.

In 1967, the testing programme was abandoned because it was decided LSD was too unpredictable and too expensive. But it had proved its worth in pointing the way to other chemical weapons. The US Army announced in 1958 an agent twice as potent as LSD, known as BZ, which not only created mental hallucinations but also produced unpleasant physical effects. Today, at a time when generals are again tall king of chemical warfare as a strategic tactic to counter the Russian forces facing western Europe, America has ten tons of BZ ready for use.

As far as the NATO Alliance was concerned, during the early days of the CIA interest in LSD and new forms of interrogation, discussions were held with both the Canadians and the British. A discussion paper noted that there was no evidence that the Russians in the early 1950s had changed their techniques: "The Soviet pattern is remarkably similar to the age-old methods of interrogation—with only minor refinements towards inducing co-operation"; but participants in the discussions were urged to check all known cases.

Since the last war the three countries have made use of a tripartite arrangement on chemical and biological warfare to exchange information and research. There have been suggestions that some of the research carried out in Britain on LSD could have been funded by the United States. In 1956, a US Army report on large-scale LSD testing noted "the observations of certain British investigations on normal volunteers and reliable reports from their colleagues."

In the 1950s, the British were interested enough in LSD themselves to examine its spread through water supplies and to decide, wrongly, that it could only be used when the water did not contain chemicals such as chlorine and fluorine. Another version of LSD was developed which did not have this failing.

With intelligence reports of Communist stockpiles of LSD being circulated among the NATO allies in the 1960s, Britain experimented in defences against chemical attack but, unlike the American research, great care was taken. The experiment in 1966 was evaluated by a board of doctors and scientists before it was put into operation, and hospital facilities were readied at Porton Down, the chemical defence experimental station in Wiltshire. A total of 143 soldiers were each given LSD in their morning coffee. The volunteers, recruited from crack regiments by circular, received three shillings (15p) each. The men demonstrated that a small dose of LSD—40 micrograms could be successfully resisted by well-disciplined and motivated men. No soldiers were trained in the use of the drug against an enemy. It seems the old lease-lend ideal of the last war still extends to hallucinogenics: Britain would probably borrow stocks from the Americans in return for know-how on defensive precautions.

In aid of undefined research, some years ago the British government bought a job lot of LSD from Sandoz through a senior official at the Department of Health. The purchase provided a tiny stockpile of 200 ampoules holding 10,000 micrograms, and the LSD is now stored in a secret and secure site.

The stockpiles in Eastern Europe also remain secret. There are reports that LSD has been used by Hungarian secret police, and the Czechs carried out academic research from home-grown ergot. A paper released by the Russians in 1970 shows they too have done apparently harmless investigations, but the head of Soviet military medical services once said publicly and unspecifically: "special interest attaches to the psychic poisons." At one time during the 1970s the Americans received intelligence that the Russians had built up stocks of a new hallucinogenic agent. Nevertheless military theorists believe the Russians have concentrated chemical weaponry on the Chinese border.

That may explain why the Chinese in the 1960s, when Russia and China were splitting away from each other, came west to buy LSD. With British companies acting as brokers, China bought LSD at the rate of 100 to 150 grams a year, equivalent to 1.5 million doses at 100 micrograms a dose. The source was Czechoslovakia, and the Czechs did not mind that China was buying 80 per cent of their LSD exports.

The China sale was one example in which the CIA/Pentagon policy failed to prevent the spread of LSD abroad. At home, the failure was complete. Worse, the soldiers and the spymasters unwittingly helped the spread. For LSD was not simply a potential weapon of war, a truth drug for spies or a psychiatrist's tool, as the thousands who took part in government-funded research programmes found out.

# Slow Dance of Golden Lights

## Chapter Two

"I was seeing what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation—the miracle, moment by moment, of naked existence ... flowers shining with their inner light and all but quivering under the pressure with which they were charged ... words like "grace" and "transfiguration" came to mind." In the large garden buried in the Hollywood Hills above Los Angeles early in 1953, the very tall, slightly stooped Englishman marvelled at his new-found insight.

Aldous Huxley, author, philosopher and prophet, felt an intensification of light and colour changing even such a mundane object as a garden chair: "Where the shadows fell on the canvas, upholstery stripes of deep but glowing indigo alternated with stripes of incandescence so intensely bright that it was hard to believe that they could be made of anything but blue fire ... it was inexpressibly wonderful, wonderful to a point, almost, of being terrifying." Under the influence of mescaline it was as though the valves of the brain were being opened wide so that, instead of the trickle of utilitarian information that normally reached the mind, a torrent of awareness and understanding was released. "To be shaken out of the ruts of ordinary perception, to be shown for a few timeless hours the inner and outer world ... as they are apprehended directly and indirectly by the Mind at Large, this experience is of inestimable value to everyone ... the man who comes back through the Door in the Wall will never be quite the same as the man who went out."

Huxley turned to his watching wife and the doctor who had nervously poured out the dose of mescaline and told them: "This is how one ought to see. This is how things really are."

Huxley found expression for the tearful emotions of the CIA technician and the growing extracurricular interest in the hallucinogenics: something else besides deathless weaponry was locked away in LSD-25 and its hallucinogenic brothers. A year before he took the mescaline Huxley wrote: "From poppy to curare, from Andean coca to Indian hemp and Siberian agaric, every plant or bush or fungus capable when ingested of stupefying or exciting or evoking visions has long since been discovered and systematically employed. The fact is strangely significant; for it seems to prove that always and everywhere Human Beings have felt the radical inadequacy of their personal existence, the mystery of being insulated selves and not something else, something wider, something "far more deeply infused."

Born into a famous English family of scientists and writers, Aldous Huxley established his own reputation as an author in the 1930s with a series of widely-acclaimed satires on modern society and his own social background. The bitterness they represented showed the first traces of a growing disaffection with western values and institutions, and an increasing horror at the progress of the twentieth century which Huxley came to see accelerating into a barbarous post-atomic world.

His interest in drugs as a means of enlightenment and pleasure dated back to the 1930s when he came across a neglected copy of *Phantastica*, a study of psychoactive drugs by Louis Lewin. To Huxley the book was "an unpromising looking treasure" which he put to good use in *Brave New World*, the most famous of his works of fiction. In the future world he created for the book he described "soma," an impossible combination of euphoric, hallucinogen and sedative which was used by anyone who was depressed or below par. The name came from a drug described by Lewin—an alcoholic juice reported in Hindu literature and said to have been used by the ancient Aryan invaders of India in their rites.

Although the book pointed up the use of drugs in mind control, Huxley was far more intrigued by the benign use of drugs, the "deeply infused." By the 1950s Huxley was settled in California, where a man of his scientific and questing instincts could hardly remain ignorant of the gathering interest in the hallucinogenics across the United States.

The man who introduced Huxley to mescaline was Dr. Humphrey Osmond, another English exile and a pioneer in the use of mescaline for treating alcoholics. Huxley wrote to him after spotting a report by the psychiatrist and a colleague in an obscure medical journal. Lewin had mentioned peyote in his work, describing its use among Indians as a sacrament in religious rites; Huxley offered himself to Osmond, working in Canada, as a "relatively sane" subject to broaden the research. He told the doctor of the "enormous possible world of consciousness waiting to be discovered ..." Mescaline or something like it might allow young people to "taste and see ... the writings of the religious, the works of the poets, painters and musicians."

Osmond agreed, not without considerable trepidation, to try the mescaline on Huxley. He prepared 400 milligrams of mescaline and passed it to his illustrious guinea-pig in a tumbler of water. Osmond later remarked: "I did not relish the possibility of being the man who drove Aldous Huxley mad." Half an hour later, Huxley began to see what he described as a "slow dance of golden lights" and moved into an experience which went on for eight hours.

Although Huxley did not equate mescaline with religious mysticism, he was nevertheless deeply impressed with the experience. "All I am suggesting," he wrote, "is that the mescaline experience is what Catholic theologians call a "gratuitous grace," not necessary to salvation but potentially helpful and to be accepted thankfully." Huxley's home was no stranger to experimentation by the time the mild-mannered Dr. Osmond arrived. The writer had experimented with mental techniques including parapsychology, sensory deprivation, extrasensory perception and phenomena. Huxley numbered among his friends the writers Gerald Heard and Christopher Isherwood, as well as the founder of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard.

The experiments and the fascination with mysticism and Eastern religion seeped into the steady stream of books and essays, drawing attacks that he was erring from the true intellectual path. It was suggested that Huxley's philosophical blend was turning into an attempt to establish himself as a religious leader. In a treatise on three thousand years of philosophical and religious belief, Huxley insisted that the publishers note in their foreword: "Mr. Huxley has made no attempt to found a new religion."

In the aftermath of the mescaline experience, Huxley resolved upon a new work; a month after Osmond's visit he told his publisher: "It is without question the most extraordinary and significant experience available to human beings this side of the Beatific Vision; and it opens up a host of philosophical problems, throws intense light and raises all manner of questions in the field of aesthetics, religion, the theory of knowledge." The mescaline session, polished by a lifetime of scholarship, became the basis of a small book, *The Doors of Perception*, which provided the most famous literary description of a hallucinogenic experience.

With the book (its title taken from the works of William Blake, the English eighteenth-century visionary artist and poet) Huxley declared himself a propagandist for the use of hallucinogens. It proved to be the most controversial work Huxley had written for years. Theologians were concerned at what they took to be an offer of a chemical short-cut to spiritual understanding, and indeed Huxley did seem to be democratizing the mystical experience. Some literary critics found quackery and intellectual abdication while others were embarrassed by what they saw as evidence of the further decline of a once great writer. Nonetheless Huxley was now bent upon continuing his "mental exploration to discover the far continents of the mind." It was but a short step to LSD, which became the basis of another work, *Heaven and Hell*.

From the very beginning there had been an edge in the drug experiences bordering, frighteningly, on insanity. Huxley's second wife, Laura, herself an LSD psychotherapist, later wrote: "Always Aldous emphasizes how delicately and respectfully these chemicals should be used." LSD should only be taken with a doctor's consent and then when the subject was peaceful, in good health, friendly surroundings and wise company.

Huxley disseminated his opinions on hallucinogenics through a stream of articles in some of the most widely read newspapers and magazines in the English language. So impressed was he by the potential of LSD and the other hallucinogens that he urged the establishment of an interdisciplinary committee to examine its uses, telling friends: "As the man whose book was largely responsible for the great interest in mescaline, I hope to participate." He continued his experiments with the drugs, taking LSD in the majority of twelve hallucinogenic sessions.

*Island* was the last of Huxley's novels, written as the 1950s drew to a close, the final statement and a partial answer to the bleak vision of *Brave New World*. Pursuing an early belief in the concept of small utopian communities, he set the book on an island where the inhabitants ate visionary mushrooms and practised Tantric Buddhism, hypnotism and eugenics. Soma had now been replaced by "moksha," a perfect hallucinogenic whose name was taken from the Sanskrit for liberation. Yet Huxley still could not shake off his deep pessimism, for the community finally falls prey to the guns of a neighbouring dictatorship.

Other experimenters had also by now recorded their impressions of the hallucinogenics in newspapers and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic. There was even a new word to describe the hallucinogenic experience. Appropriately enough, the coiners were Huxley and Osmond, now close friends. Huxley suggested "phamerothyme" (from phameroim—to make visible; thymos—soul) and wrote a couplet for Osmond:

To make this mundane world sublime  
Take half a gram of Pharnerothyme.

Osmond had his own name:

To fathom Hell or sour angelic  
Just take a pinch of psychedelic.

He derived the word from psycho—the mind, and delos—arising from. Huxley hesitated, then accepted it. Psychedelic.

Despite his writings and his appearances, Huxley urged caution as interest in the hallucinogenics grew. It was a forlorn hope and, given Huxley's own powerful advocacy, perhaps a naïve one. The new drugs were not something either Huxley or the government could keep restricted. There was too much research, too much publicity.



In 1957, *Life* magazine published the story of the discovery of the "magic mushroom," *Psilocybe mexicana* and another hallucinogenic was revealed to the magazine's millions of readers. The powers of the mushroom, known as "God's Flesh," had been used for centuries by Mexican Indians to enhance their religious rites, much in the same way that peyote had been used by North-American Indians. In Europe, Hofmann collaborated with a French professor of chemistry to add synthetic "psilocybin" to mescaline and LSD.

The hallucinogenics got a further boost in 1959 when two Hollywood doctors published results of experimental LSD therapy with 110 patients, including Cary Grant and his wife, Betsy Drake. Grant was enthusiastic about the treatment, saying: "If I drop dead within the next ten years I will have enjoyed more living in the latter part of my life than most people ever know." The story was picked up across the United States and provoked an enormous response. On the West Coast, interest prompted one journalist to talk of the "Great American LSD binge" in which LSD became fashionable at cocktail parties.

LSD spread north from Los Angeles to San Francisco where the hallucinogenics had already struck a resonant chord among intellectuals, those perennial seekers of new perceptions. The Beat subculture was emerging among the young. It had many meeting points with Huxley's own philosophy.

Beat at its crudest represented a volatile urge to escape from the constrictions of post-war America, its art and its mores. It was a world which from the outside seemed populated by "frenetic young men and women racing furiously across America to wherever life is fastest, where girls are hottest, parties wildest, " bop" to be heard, marijuana to be smoked, or a road to be taken at 90 m.p.h. plus—a neurotic hunger for sensation and experience." Moving to the rhythms of modern jazz, it was also about a study of Zen Buddhism, anti-materialism and a sense of anarchy.

Some of the Beats like Allen Ginsberg, the poet, had already tasted peyote. Others, like the writer William Burroughs, were established denizens of the drug world. Their importance lay in the fact that they linked the psychedelics to a tiny groundswell of non-conformity which might appeal to the growing numbers of young Americans taking higher education in the late 1950s. By the middle of the next decade, there would be over five million students at the universities, part of a subculture of 25 million between the ages of thirteen and nineteen. In 1955, Ginsberg wrote a poem called "Howl," inspired by a drug cocktail containing peyote. A sweeping diatribe of America's conformity and materialism, there was something prophetic in "angel-headed hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo ... who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating ..."

No doubt many of the young were already listening to Huxley. As Carnegie Visiting Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the winter of 1960, his lectures on the theme "What a piece of work is Man" drew huge audiences; the crush of people trying to attend was so heavy that traffic was backed up across the Charles River bridge towards Boston.

At the time, few knew that Huxley was rapidly approaching the end of his life. Some months before the lectures, he had already received radium treatment for cancer. By the autumn of 1963, Huxley was terminally ill. In November, on the day President Kennedy was shot in Dallas, Huxley slipped away, supported by injections of LSD given by his wife. As she administered 400 milligrams intravenously, Laura Huxley saw her husband's face show "this immense expression of complete bliss and love." She whispered: "Light and free you let go, darling, forward and up ... you are going towards the light."

The value of Huxley's work on hallucinogenic drugs has been fiercely debated. But one point is not in doubt: he gave the psychedelics an intellectual imprimatur for the layman. The importance of the experiment in his Los Angeles garden in 1953 is that the age of the psychochemicals was taken out of the laboratory. In his writings he fused the drugs with a concept of life opposed to materialism, based on simple communal lines and painted with the mystic colours of eastern religion. While he wrote, the psychedelics were becoming available through the research programmes and psychotherapists, drawing further publicity.

But, by the time Huxley died, his warnings about the indiscriminate use of psychedelics were proving prophetic. The "slow dance of golden lights" was turning into a swirling, spinning rush. Huxley, the psychedelic visionary of the 1950s, had passed the baton to the psychedelic revolutionary of the 1960s.

### Chapter Three

The tall, lean figure seen crossing Harvard Square in autumn 1960 seemed everything the New England campus might expect of its staff. Dressed in a Harris tweed jacket and grey slacks, Dr. Timothy Leary was a psychologist with a reputation for stimulating, original thinking. At the age of forty he was a recent recruit to the university's Center for Research in Personality, to which he brought experience gleaned from hospital work and research projects elsewhere in America. There were those who called him "Theory Leary," but his self-confidence was boundless. In his own words he was "handsome, clean-cut, witty, confident, charismatic and in that inert culture unusually creative ..."

At the start of a new decade Leary walked with the inner knowledge of his psychedelic experience. Here was a man with a strong sense of rebelliousness which more than once in his life had pulled him away from the safety of convention: a sense of mischief. Leary was an iconoclast who regarded his chosen profession as a "piddling science."

A few months before in Mexico, Leary had taken a fistful of mushrooms—*Psilocybe mexicana*. Within minutes he was "swept over the edge of a sensory Niagara." Five hours later he decided that his life would be dedicated to this "new instrument" for psychology, a science badly in need of new directions.

He fired the enthusiasm of a young colleague at Harvard, Richard Alpert, an assistant professor of education and psychology. At first sight they made an unlikely partnership for they came from such different backgrounds. Alpert, son of a wealthy New England lawyer, was ten years younger and obsessed with "success." With his thick, black-rimmed glasses and neat hair, Alpert was a man aggressively determined to get on in life, even though he already had many of the trappings of attainment—an aircraft, a boat, a motorcycle, and both a sports car and a foreign limousine. Alpert's climb was going to be by the book, a brilliant frontal assault.

Leary, on the other hand, seemed to have spent his life fighting guerilla campaigns against the establishment. His mother wanted him to become a priest and his father cherished visions of him in uniform. Neither got their way. Leary gave up his place at a Catholic seminary and then resigned from West Point after an infraction of the rules which led to his being ostracized by the other cadets for nine months (Leary used the time to study Eastern philosophy). He enrolled at Alabama University to read psychology, only to be thrown out after being caught in the girls' dormitories. After an undistinguished war career as clerk and hospital aide—he was partially deaf—he returned to finish his degree and went on to take a doctorate at the University of California, Berkeley. He joined the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland as director of psychology research and it was here that *Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality: A Functional Theory and Methodology for Personality Evaluation*, all 518 pages of it, was born and completed in 1956. It was described as “Best Book on Psychotherapy of the Year” by the Annual Review of Psychology. In the midst of public success his private life came under attack and collapsed. His two marriages failed; his first wife eventually killed herself. Leary, also disillusioned with his work, went off to Europe with his two children. In Florence he met David McClelland who was director of the Center, a division of Harvard's Laboratory of Social Relations, and who persuaded him to join the university.

Now Leary, aided by Alpert, was about to do battle again. The two men plotted the outline of a psilocybin experiment, and for reference Leary turned to Huxley's two works, *The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell*. The man who used West Point as a yoga monastery was immediately in tune with Huxley, understanding both the psychedelic and the oriental strains in the books. Even as Leary was reading them, Huxley was at MIT delivering his lectures.

The two men first met over lunch in Harvard's faculty club. In the course of a meal starting (appropriately enough) with mushroom soup, they began to discuss the Harvard project. Amid the hubbub of the dining room Huxley was charmed by the psychologist and Leary was spellbound by the writer's erudition. According to Leary, he and Alpert listened as Huxley “advised and counselled and joked and told stories ... and our research programme was shaped accordingly. Huxley offered to sit in on our planning meetings and was ready to take mushrooms with us when the research was under way.”

At first the Harvard psilocybin research project was small, comprising Leary, Alpert and six graduate students. Leary and Alpert wanted to study the mental and emotional effects of the drug on artists and intellectuals. Using psilocybin, ordered from Sandoz, the thirty-eight subjects were allowed to control their own dosages (within reasonable limits), taking the drug in pleasant, spacious surroundings. Huxley was among the volunteers, as were Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs, two of the leading Beat artists; Alan Watts, noted expert on Zen Buddhism; and Arthur Koestler, writer and philosopher.

The project took a fresh direction with a series of experiments at the nearby Concord men's prison, to discover if psilocybin could cure recidivism. In the short term the drug seemed to work since only a quarter of the thirty-five who took part later got into fresh trouble, against the normal rate of 80 per cent.

Huxley remained in touch with Leary, corresponding on aspects of visionary art useful to psychedelic research. It was through Huxley that he graduated on to LSD.

The man who made it possible was Michael Hollingshead, denizen of Greenwich Village and British expatriate. Hollingshead had been working as the executive secretary of a foundation established to promote Anglo-American cultural relations through student exchanges. The demands of the foundation left Hollingshead free time to investigate the wilder side of the cultures he was cross-fertilizing, in Greenwich Village coffee bars among the Beats. Impressed by Huxley's writings on mescaline and LSD, Hollingshead persuaded a fellow countryman working at a New York hospital to place an order with Sandoz's New Jersey office using hospital notepaper.

When the gram of LSD arrived, Hollingshead diluted it with water and poured it into an empty mayonnaise jar. His first taste astonished him—and left him eager to learn more. Huxley advised him to approach Leary.

Although Leary gave Hollingshead a job within his team and a room in his home, he at first could not be persuaded to dip into the mayonnaise jar. "His view might be summarized," said Hollingshead, "as "when you've had one psychedelic, you've had them all."

Leary was finally won over by the enthusiasm of those who had taken the drug. LSD became the basis of the most dramatic of the Harvard experiments—"the miracle of Marsh Chapel." On Good Friday 1963, twenty students from Andover Theological Seminary filed into Marsh Chapel at Boston University to test the religious and mystic possibilities of LSD. Ten were given LSD and the other ten a mild amphetamine, but none knew what they were taking. Nine of the ten who took the LSD reported mystical experience—one began to read out passages from Donne's poetry, ripped the buttons off his clothes and claimed he was a fish. Another wandered out into the Boston traffic, believing he was Christ: nothing, he thought, could harm him. Confusion reigned in the chapel as the untouched students watched their colleagues gyrating like snakes or stretched out rigid on the pews.

The "miracle" was the climax of Leary's formal academic programme of experiments, coming in the middle of a year which proved to be a watershed for the Harvard psychologist. As the experiments extended their scope, Leary could not resist proselytization through less organized experimentation; 400 writers, artists, priests and students between them took 3,000 doses of the hallucinogenics. With such work came a stream of intellectual hyperbole which rapidly turned into a torrent of assertions and claims for the significance of LSD and its lesser brethren.

Harvard's initial response to the early psilocybin experiments was expressed as little more than academic doubts about the methodology of the work, mingled with sarcastic murmurs that the experiments were hallucinogenic cocktail parties. But by 1962 Leary's psychedelic research was alarming both the university authorities and the Massachusetts Public Health Department. When the Boston Herald picked up the story, the university found itself the focus for unwelcome publicity. The university decided that the contracts given to Alpert and Leary would not be renewed when they expired in the summer of 1963.

Tired of academic in-fighting and the unwelcome attention of state investigators, the researchers retreated into exile. Leary, Alpert and a dozen followers rented a hotel in Zihuatenejo, a small Mexican fishing port on the Pacific coast, to conduct personal experiments without interruption. When they returned to Harvard for the start of the new academic year, the exile had restored their vigour and enforced a new militancy.

Opposition welded Leary and his disciples more tightly together. The psychedelics were not only an artistic and medical tool; they held the promise of changing the world, changing Man, heralding a new millennium.

To the group round Leary and Alpert the situation seemed simple. The creators of many great movements and intellectual developments in history have had to fight an entrenched establishment in their early days, only to see themselves eventually vindicated. Could this not be the case with the psychedelics? Those who had taken it were convinced of the rightness of their cause and of Leary, their leader. Even Alpert, apparently joint organizer of the experiments, was moved to say of Leary: "I've never met a great man before and this is one of them and it is enough for my life merely to serve such a being."

Back at Harvard, they created a "colony for transcendental living" in a spacious house in Newton, a sedate Boston suburb. Based on Huxley's *Island*, the commune was made up of Leary, his children, another Harvard man and his family, Alpert and a number of friends. This "multi-family" existence was invented to "maintain a level of experience which cuts beyond routine ego and social games." A meditation room was specially built, accessible only by ladder and furnished with cushions, mattresses and curtains. Illuminated by one small light stood a small statue of Buddha, and the fragrance of incense hung in the air. Soon, a second "multi-family" centre was opened nearby.

Within the university, Alpert continued to lecture on motivation while Leary took his graduate seminars in research methods. Outside it they launched IFIF, the International Federation for Internal Freedom, dedicated to the new fifth freedom—freedom to expand one's consciousness. Students were encouraged to join and form "cells" through which they would later be able to obtain drugs. Alpert went fund-raising among the wealthy in Boston and New York.

At Harvard the experiments and the authorities were moving towards fresh battles. Huxley, soon to die, wondered what would happen next. He told Osmond: "What about Tim Leary? I spent an evening with him a few weeks ago—he talked such nonsense ... that I became quite concerned. Not about his sanity—because he is perfectly sane—but about his prospects in the world; for this nonsense talking is just another device for annoying people in authority, flouting convention, cocking snooks at the academic world; it is the reaction of the mischievous Irish boy to the headmaster of the school. One of these days the headmaster will lose patience."

Indeed, patience was becoming scarce at Harvard. The authorities were increasingly worried by the growing black market for drugs in and around the campus. There were reports of sugar cubes coated with LSD selling on Harvard Square for a dollar a time and a student dispensing mail-ordered peyote to his friends.

John Monro, Dean of Harvard, issued a strong warning against the evils of drugs: the psychedelics "may result in serious hazard to the mental health and stability of even an apparently normal person." Leary and Alpert replied that "the control and expansion of consciousness would be a major civil liberty in the next decade." In February 1963, IFIF sent its literature to Harvard students, graduate students and faculty members.

As matters came to a head at Harvard—Leary was facing dismissal for failing to turn up on campus, and the authorities began an investigation into both him and Alpert—IFIF, with branches in Los Angeles and other American cities, opened its most grandiose extension back at Zihuatanejo. This was intended to be an extension of the early Harvard communities and a training centre for missionaries. Leary announced he would gamble his reputation on the centre. He hired a public relations firm to stimulate interest. It opened on 1 May 1963, and lasted six weeks.

Dr. Joseph Downing, a Los Angeles psychologist, reported on the Mexican centre in a 1964 survey of LSD. The group he watched was drawn from Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York. They were aged between twenty and sixty and included clinical psychologists, engineers and businessmen. Dr. Downing described the IFIF philosophy as “a mixture of modern psychology, New England mysticism and modified Mahayana Buddhism ... The urbane and skilful writings of Aldous Huxley and Alan Watts, the Tibetan Buddhist emphasis on mystic preparation for death-rebirth experience and the stern no-nonsense pragmatism of Chinese and Japanese Zen Buddhist philosophy with its emphasis on satori (transcendental enlightenment) have been adapted to order and rationalize the other-worldly experiences which this school of thought attributes to the psychedelic drugs.”

The philosophic cocktail was not to the taste of the Mexican authorities, who watched the community with growing alarm. Three days after the community opened its doors Alpert was fired from Harvard; investigations revealed that he had broken a promise not to give drugs to students.

The sacking aroused further Mexican anxiety and the antipathy of at least one prominent Mexican newspaper. Public opinion gathered momentum. Eventually the government decreed that the IFIF people had entered Mexico under false pretences: they claimed to be tourists when they were in fact researchers and students. The expulsion was courteous—even friendly—but final.

## Chapter Four

For the benefit of the photographer, Leary turned slightly on the back of the big white mare and laughed down at the camera lens. The renegade psychologist was naked to the waist, a large medallion round his neck, and his bare feet hung down from loose white trousers, either side of the horse. Riding her bare-back, Leary kept a firm grip on the animal's reins. One eye on the camera, she seemed to be laughing as well. Behind them extended the frontage of a magnificent sixty-four-room New England mansion, and in front of them 2,000 acres of land. Within two months of being ejected from Mexico, Leary and his followers had found themselves a new home. Huxley's *Island* was a possibility a few miles off US Route 9 in the Hudson valley.

The name of the mansion was Millbrook, a turreted, slightly spooky, neo-Bavarian creation dating from the 1890s. The grounds included an ornamental lawn and lake, cottages, barns, a bowling alley and a gatehouse.

The owner of Millbrook and Leary's saviour was William Mellon Hitchcock, a tall, fair-haired, handsome young man in his twenties, who had the added advantage of being rich. Hitchcock was the grandson of William Larimer Hitchcock, founder of Gulf Oil, and a nephew of Richard and Andrew Mellon, Pittsburgh financiers and philanthropists extraordinaire.

Hitchcock, a Wall Street broker, met Leary through Hitchcock's sister Peggy, director of IFIF's New York branch. The psychedelics were moving in the smart, moneyed set now—a set Alpert had first tapped from Harvard. Hitchcock offered Leary the use of the mansion at a nominal rent of \$500 a month. He himself obligingly moved into the gardener's cottage but left his helicopter in one of the barns.

Why Leary and LSD? In the words of a family friend, “Hitchcock is a bored, rich guy and it was fun, adventure.” It was also very fashionable and appealing to someone who enjoyed a touch of risk, trifling with the unconventional.

A student at universities in Vienna and Texas, Hitchcock abandoned academic life without a degree to make money, but at one time worked as a roughneck on a Texas oil-well in order to experience the roots of his wealth. He found his true niche with a reputable New York firm of stock brokers where, apparently driven by a desire to prove his worth by his own capabilities, he built up contacts with Bahamian and Swiss banking interests, not to mention the world of fast money. "Mr. Billy," as he was known to the servants, was liked by almost everyone who met him.

Millbrook became the home of the Castalia Foundation, based on Herman Hesse's book *The Glass Bead Game*. In the book, Castalia was the name for an intellectual colony. Leary was impressed by Hesse's vision and the message he spelled out for any colony that wanted to set itself to one side of everyday life.

At Millbrook in the mid-1960s, Leary pulled together strands from many such philosophies, both Eastern and Western, bound them with the wonders of LSD and articulated them with the staccato rhythms of Beat—"Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out."

A disciple who joined Leary at Millbrook said: "Tim Leary is generally accepted by most of us as the equivalent of Christ for the Christians and so on, not in a foolish way ... We look at him as a great religious leader." Leary, who had never been known for modesty, added: "All religions start with visionaries who taught people—Christ, Mohammed, Ignatius Loyola ..." Huxley's Irish schoolboy had ordained himself.

An artful publicist, he used the media to best effect with neat catch-phrases like "Acid Is Ecstasy, Ecstasy Is Good For You." Leary and LSD attracted nationwide publicity.

The psychedelics were the subject of a procession of books from investigators, for and against, from academics and from those who had used them. Leary himself contributed to a collection of essays prepared by David Solomon, a New York editor connected with IFIF.

For the debate was no longer just about their efficacy but their proscription, for American medical opinion was turning against LSD. From 1963, under new Federal Drug Administration rules, LSD and most other psychedelics were only supplied to researchers in federal or state agencies; but researchers who still had these drugs in hand could continue using them until 1965, when they had to be given over to the government. As yet, psychedelics in the main were not subject to any controls under criminal law.

From Millbrook, Leary and Alpert tried to maintain their LSD supplies while at the same time continuing their proselytizing. Fortified by a smoke of marijuana, the neatly-suited Leary was ever ready for the television interviewers and comperes, and his claims were growing more outrageous. In a lengthy *Playboy* interview, stretching to 20,000 words, Leary enthused about the use of LSD to enhance sex and sexual performance. On one occasion he claimed to have given away ten million doses himself. It seems unlikely. Since Leary was neither a federal nor a state researcher, the embargo often presented problems.

During the expulsion from Zihuatenejo, Alpert planned to get the LSD past customs by putting it in his shaving lotion, but at the airport the suitcase was dropped. Not until they were driving home from the airport did he dare to slip open the suitcase. The bottle has smashed, covering a suit with LSD. Rather than waste the drug, the suit was hung up on a wall so that anyone could simply suck the material. But this bizarre supply could not last for ever.

Leary and Alpert turned to the black market, organizing a loose distribution system across America: a network later claimed to include a mid-Western professor, an Atlanta businessman, ministers of religion and a New York magazine editor. The supplies came from a mysterious gentleman whom Leary called "Dr. Spaulding." The man, said to be one of America's top chemists and the owner of a lot of LSD, contacted Leary during one of the psychologist's lecture tours. The two met, so Leary claims, in a deserted carpark where Spaulding, warning of further restrictions on LSD, announced he would release part of his stockpile. He would send Leary 1,000 grams in plain brown envelopes and hollowed-out books. Over the weeks after the meeting, the LSD arrived through the post in consignments each of 100 grams. The LSD does not seem to have lasted very long—although in telling the story Leary estimated that the 1,000 grams should have lasted four years—because Alpert continued his newfound interest in smuggling. There was no longer any need to approach Sandoz with supplications. The Swiss firm's patents had run out and Alpert could buy Czech LSD from small chemical traders in London. He would store the LSD in a matchbox, catch a flight for Montreal, Canada, and then hop over the border to New York on a second flight. On the last leg to Millbrook, he would fly his own plane, sometimes high on LSD. One dealer in London was even quite prepared to send the drugs over by airmail.

By whatever route they came, the supplies were an essential part of life at the New England estate. The Millbrook community developed group LSD sessions, led by a guide who orchestrated lights, musical tapes and readings. After some hours of meditation and exhortation, the group would flourish little hand mirrors in front of their faces, seeing " ... lives past, and lives we might yet live in the present." The sessions, on up to 800 micrograms per person, ended with a walk in the woods and a simple meal.

Hitchcock, the patron of all this, could hardly remain isolated from happenings at the big house. He was turned on to LSD by Alpert, eventually taking it over fifty times in the next few years, as well as a wide range of other drugs from cocaine to heroin. The man about Wall Street found it was "a tool for the process of growth. I wanted to share the experience and further the movement."

It meant (among other things) the introduction of friends such as Charles Rumsey, a lawyer. A nephew of Averell Harriman, a leading American politician, Rumsey is said to have become a missionary for LSD among the Manhattan set and New York sent many new disciples to Millbrook—for the experimental weekend workshops. Even breakfasts were designed to be part of the experience. The scrambled eggs were green, the porridge was purple and the milk black. The visitors sat down hesitantly and tried manfully to cope with this sudden assault on their conventions.

The visitors were mainly middle-class professionals who paid \$75 each to take part. They arrived, fifteen at a time, on Friday night to a silent welcome and written exhortations on which they were to meditate for an hour. They gathered to hear the programme and explanations, splitting into groups of five under guides. On Saturday they would be prepared for a simulated psychedelic experience. To the sound of Buddhist chants, Tibetan music and a mélange of image and light, they were urged to leave their minds and find their heads.

Among those who came to be initiated for real or by simulation were Felix Topolski, the artist; Charlie Mingus, the jazz musician; Saul Steinberg, cartoonist; and Dr. Ronald Laing, a notable British psychiatrist and innovator. Leary later claimed he had even persuaded Hermann Kahn, dean of the think-tank academics and soothsayer of the nuclear age, to try LSD among the many converts at Millbrook.



There were others who took up residence at Millbrook as Hitchcock's generosity attracted devotees of various exotic cultures to find a home among the 2,000 acres. Art Kleps, formerly a school psychiatrist, eventually founded the NeoAmerican Church as an off-shoot of Leary's religious drive. With a claimed congregation of 500 across America, Kleps styled himself Chief Boo Hoo of an anarchic theology. Eccentric even by Millbrook's standards, Kleps became its chronicler. Tents and tepees were erected in the woods for the little communities which grew up. Millbrook became an experimenters' playground, encouraged by Hitchcock's seemingly endless charity.

But first and foremost, Millbrook was the heart of Leary's movement. From its offices near Harvard, IFIF sent out magazines and letters, keeping in touch with a network which Leary put at 50,000 people across the United States. Hollingshead, the man with the mayonnaise jar, founded the Agora Foundation in New York with the aid of Victor Lowmes, the crown prince of the Playboy empire, and the finance of Howard Teague, a Nassau millionaire. From there he went back across the Atlantic to the Swinging London of the mid-1960s and set up shop in Chelsea. Based in a large and comfortable flat off the Kings Road, he founded the World Psychedelic Centre with the help of two old Etonians. Hollingshead imported books and half a gram of LSD from the United States. The centre built up links to St Martin's School of Art and the recently opened Institute of Contemporary Arts. Among those who (he claims) came within his circle were Alex Trocchi, the writer; Julie Felix, the folksinger; and Sir Roland Penrose, artist and photographer.

Meanwhile Millbrook organized psychedelic events and "explorations" in New York itself. It was, according to Hollingshead, the dawning of the "Golden Age of Anarchy."

True, Hollingshead could be as hyperbolic as Leary when he wanted—he eventually wrote an autobiography entitled *The Man Who Turned On The World*—but he was not entirely inaccurate. For there came a day in the summer of 1964 when a strange bus pulled into the driveway of Millbrook. On the front destination-board someone had written "FURTHER." On the back, the board read: "CAUTION, WEIRD LOAD."

## Chapter Five

Smoke bombs tumbled from the bus with a crump, sending green clouds billowing across Millbrook's lawns. A couple, wandering on the grass and lost in contemplation, looked up in astonishment and scuttled away hurriedly. Streaked and splashed with a confusion of red, blue, green and yellow paint, the bus was a moving sound-system blaring out rock and roll from speakers on the top. The "Stars and Stripes" streamed in the wind as the vehicle came up the drive.

The passengers stared out, laughing, chattering, shouting. They were as weird as the bus, with painted faces and bizarre clothes, with names like Zonker, Speed Limit, Intrepid Traveller, Gretchin Fetchin. The leader was a muscular balding figure with a wide grin who looked a bit like everyone's favourite mad professor. On the bus he sometimes went by the name of Swashbuckler, but he had been christened by his Baptist parents in rural Oregon as Ken Kesey. Athlete and successful author, Kesey was also known in some parts of the West Coast as the initiator of a robust, extrovert use of LSD which made Leary look Victorian by comparison. Beat was back on the road, in psychedelic livery.

Kesey had laid out \$1,500 for a 1939 school bus converted for long-distance travel, and set out with a group of young Californians, dubbed the Acid Pranksters, to tweak America's nose and invade its mind. A hole had been cut in the roof of the bus so that the passengers could take the air or startle unsuspecting passers-by. A complex microphone and tape system picked up sound outside and then played it back to the Pranksters' victims.

Heading East via the Deep South, the LSD in chilled orange juice, they conceived the idea of The Movie somewhere out in the desert; and from then on, every policeman who stopped them and every garage attendant who gawped at them got footage for free. The Pranksters painted themselves, thrusting Day-Glo hands at passers-by. Who's mad? You or us?

The lurching, creaking bus crossed America at the height of summer and barrelled into New York. Here Kesey briefly met Jack Kerouac, darling of the Beats, before moving on to Millbrook.

It was going to be the great meeting of East and West, but it fell flat. Leary was unavailable. Alpert and a few others showed the Pranksters around Millbrook, but to the newcomers it seemed like a tour round the family mausoleum. They dubbed the moment "the crypt trip."

It was back on the bus, back to California. Alpert could not even spare them any LSD. The abortive meeting illustrated a major division which was developing in the psychedelic movement. Leary and Kesey had discovered LSD at almost the same time; but the drug had led them in very different directions.

There was always something slightly rarefied about the East Coast psychedelic movement. Initiates met in Greenwich Village bars, swish Manhattan apartments or the intellectual hides round Harvard and at Millbrook. By and large, the movement was restrained.

Not so on the West Coast. It was insane in the way the word is often used in America; not to denote genuine madness but something unreal, difficult to believe because there is no apparent logic, defying understanding.

In 1959, while Leary was chewing the Magic Mushroom by a Mexican pool, Kesey was the 25-year-old holder of a fellowship in creative writing at Stanford University, supplementing his grant by earning \$75 a day on one of the government's drug research programmes at Menlo Park Veterans' Hospital. Part of an intellectual colony in Perry Lane, Stanford's answer to Greenwich Village, Kesey was enchanted by the psychedelics. Somehow supplies followed him back from the hospital to the Lane where he became the centre of a group of cognoscenti.

Influenced, like many young writers, by the Beats of the 1950s, Kesey had planned to write a novel on them, set in their San Francisco home of North Beach, not far from Stanford. He began writing while working as an aide on the night shift in Menlo Park's psychiatric wards. Locked in with the sleeping patients, Kesey's creative juices bubbled with LSD and peyote and the theme of the novel changed.

*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* is set in a psychiatric ward where a new patient arrives who is feigning madness to avoid prison. His attempts to provoke the other inmates out of their supine existences challenge the preconceptions of insanity and its treatment, asking who was really mad. Kesey once said: "The real thing behind it is that it's about America ... and it's about what's crazy in America." In retrospect, the book was also a prophecy and Kesey's working philosophy with the psychedelics. Kesey would challenge vested authority, just as Randle McMurphy, the new patient, fought the malignant ministrations of Nurse Ratched. Kesey's "madness" was the euphoria and vision of LSD with which he would summon America to save itself, in the same way as in the book McMurphy finally reaches the catatonic Chief.

One Flew drew critical acclaim, but Perry Lane was no more, destroyed by developers, and Kesey moved to a log house in sedate La Honda. He was now the central figure of a group which included not only the inner circle from Perry Lane but Beat figures from San Francisco.

Kesey had also met a group of the Hell's Angels through Dr. Hunter Thompson, then a young journalist with a taste for the oddball, who was writing a book for them. They were invited to La Honda. They agreed to come: no one had ever invited them anywhere before.

A billboard proclaimed: "The Merry Pranksters Welcome the Hell's Angels."

A motorbike gang based in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, the Angels were legendary for their violence, their machismo and their outlaw attitudes. The media added to the aura, creating an image of rape, pillage and unadulterated evil. The sound of those massed Harley-Davidson 74 motorcycles was calculated to turn the heart of every suburban Californian into an uncontrollable pulse of rage or fear.

It was that distant rising roar which broke the Saturday afternoon peace in August 1965 as drivers on Route 84 watched the beards, the long hair and the sleeveless denim jackets with the death's head insignia fly past.

Waiting for them at La Honda were the Pranksters, some of the old Perry Lane crowd and dignitaries from San Francisco's bohemia. The two sides met over beer and LSD. The party went on for two days with the police waiting outside in their cars, powerless until someone stepped over the fence and broke the law where they could reach them. The Angels usually found that their presence anywhere provoked a fight—someone always objected to them or tried to test their meanness. At La Honda, relative peace reigned. The party was a meeting of kindred spirits, brother outlaws. Allen Ginsberg, author of *Howl* and now rising bard of the psychedelic movement, with his wispy beard and bald pate, rubbed shoulders with the toughest Angels. They liked LSD.

In the wake of the party Kesey discovered an interesting fact. The doctrine according to Leary was that you needed peace, the right setting and the right mood to initiate people. But there was really no need for Leary's intellectual map-reading course. LSD should come out of the smoke-filled back rooms and on to the hustings. If you wanted to turn people on, then you had to go out there and find them. The new thing would be the "Acid Test." The Pranksters would-challenge: "Can you pass the Acid Test?"

Kesey was to begin the populist approach to LSD, a blend of the aesthetic and the entertaining, loud and rollicking, hitting the senses from every direction with rock and roll and strobe lighting. The audience was young. The optimism fired by John F. Kennedy was mingling with a growing campus radicalism. In 1962, Kennedy's little bush war in Vietnam had involved 11,000 American troops. In 1965 there were 170,000, many of them teenage conscripts. The "Students for a Democratic Society" organization was growing across the country, expressing a feeling that students could be instruments of change. Kesey was among the speakers in an anti-Vietnam protest at Berkeley and the bus took the road painted blood red, its passengers shouting anti-war slogans.

Leary wrote and spoke of the psychedelics as the way towards the new millennium that the young seemed set on finding. Kesey offered further directions, using language and imagery they understood. In the autumn of 1965 the Acid Tests began.

The first one fell flat because very few people came, but the second was scheduled for San José when the Rolling Stones were giving one of a series of concerts across America.

Failing to find a suitable hall, the Pranksters settled for an old rambling house. Music was provided by the Grateful Dead, a group led by Jerry Garcia, part of the Perry Lane scene. The group was closely identified with LSD but was never involved in the trafficking or manufacture of hallucinogenics. They lugged their equipment into the house while the Pranksters waited outside San José's civic auditorium with handbills and waylaid the crowds. The house was jam-packed.

The posters for the first Trips Festival were odd, letters and drawings which bent like images in a fairground distorting mirror. Youngsters came in their thousands for the three-day event. It was a revelation. Everyone knew someone else who was taking LSD or smoking marijuana like themselves, but no one knew there were that many. Kesey, dressed in a space suit, heard his "Psychedelic Symphony" played by the Grateful Dead with a sound-light console on a tower. Under a mass of flags hung from the roof of the octagonal building of the Longshoremen's Hall, the young danced in Indian dress, old uniforms, flowing robes, bare-breasted. The strobe lights caught the dancers freeze-framed like stills from a film.

The festival was the outcome of the Pranksters' tests up and down the West Coast. "Trip" was the word for an LSD session, borrowed from the term used by the US Army for LSD experiments. Bill Graham was persuaded to act as impresario, after his success with a number of rock benefits. The festival, in late January 1966, cost very little but made a lot—\$16,000—and Graham went to the Fillmore Hall and hired it every week, every Saturday, for one never-ending festival.

Many of the celebrants were inhabitants of a town within a city. The sharing of experience meant newspapers, shops, a community. People were moving into a district called Haight-Ashbury, where Haight Street ran for twenty blocks through the Ashbury district. It was a quiet place with cheap Victorian houses bordered by parks.

The kids could play music in their rooms and no one would come in shouting about the TV, or go round the dormitory shouting about exams. In Haight, no one complained about clothes or long hair. Life here meant being free, communes, sharing. Everything was beautiful. Someone described it as a latter-day Children's Crusade.

It was also wonderfully esoteric: the tree hut that became a canton. No one out there knew what it was about, not parents, not teachers, not the police.

The kids arrived in Haight Street with packs on their backs, punched-in cowboy hats tilted back or bright headbands tied over long hair and with Indian beads over their T-shirts.

The kids were "hip," as the Beats used to say. They were hippies. Long hair and exaggerated clothes became part of the uniform—anything that was different, as different as possible from the conventional.

Haight-Ashbury was the manifestation of a feeling among the young that they had something special, a collective sense of righteousness. The posters and handbills talked about the tribe: linking the urbanized young to the old natural ways of the Indian before the white man came and corrupted their pure freedom.

Peace and love ... Flower Power ... Make Love Not War. Leary's talent for slogans had been quickly acquired by a generation brought up to slick commercials in a country where the best political manifesto has often been the shortest, pithiest message. The message of Haight Ashbury spread very quickly. In the first six months of 1966, San Francisco police dealt with over 8,000 juveniles who had run away from home. There were more on the way. Others were moving to enclaves in other cities—East Village, New York; a section of Boston; Cleveland; Los Angeles; and Philadelphia.

For those who stayed at home, in school or college, the message was passed on by music. In the mid-1960s record sales in the United States topped the \$1,000 million mark for the first time as the new tribal chants beat out. Part of it was protest, a lot of it was about drugs. In 1965, Eric Burden and the Animals crooned: "A Girl Named Sandoz"; the Byrds went "Eight Miles High"; and Dylan was rapidly becoming the electronic Byron. He turned on the Beatles in a brief meeting at Kennedy Airport by giving Ringo marijuana. George and John took LSD in 1964 in their after-dinner coffee. Some members of the Rolling Stones tried it in 1965 after starting with marijuana. On the West Coast, there were the Grateful Dead, accompanists to the Pranksters, Jefferson Airplane, the Fugs, the Family Dog, Big Brother and the Holding Company.

In 1962, Leary estimated that some 25,000 Americans had tried the main psychedelics. Three years later, a study of the drugs by Alpert and others suggested that four million had now tasted LSD; and in 1966 *Life* magazine put the number who had tried mescaline, let alone the other psychedelics, at one million. Seventy per cent of the LSD users in the Alpert study were described as high-school or college age—teens to early twenties. The drugs had clearly moved from the clinical couch on to the street in an upsurge of drug use which the United States had never seen before. Many of the young inhabitants of Haight Ashbury made pin money from selling and dealing in drugs, and local police were no longer fazed by discovering caches. Drugs were so common they were, as one narcotics officer put it, "like pennies in your pocket." The problem for such officers was that the law covered some psychedelics but not others.

Apart from the restrictions brought in by the FDA, there were still no other controls on LSD; no laws on dealing or possession. Sandoz's patents had run out in 1963 and drugs could reach the United States from new legal producers springing up in Europe. At the same time, there was evidence that amateur producers were starting domestic production as well. It was clear that interest in the psychedelics had brought about an expansion in the use of marijuana—Leary and Kesey both used it, as did many of the old Beats.

The rise of LSD and the new interest in marijuana presented a contradiction: marijuana had been controlled by criminal law since the 1930s and was regarded internationally as being in the same class of drug as heroin and cocaine—narcotics. Over the decades, marijuana had been presented as the refuge and the stimulant of base criminal elements, and propaganda campaigns presented it in the worst light imaginable. After years of being told that drugs like marijuana turned innocent young people into raving debauched savages, the conventional, adult public was growing uneasy and so were the media.

The friendly, curious treatment given to LSD had changed. Since 1963, press interest had concentrated on the detrimental effects. Horror stories were avidly circulated on both sides of the Atlantic.

Sandoz, who had tightened its distribution over the years, halted the sale of LSD and psilocybin in the United States and Britain. The decision provoked a lengthy editorial in the *British Medical Journal*, the official voice of the British medical profession, which cited the case of a man who had driven his car at 100 mph into a house, and of a woman who had stabbed the man who made her pregnant. LSD, said the editorial, had its uses and was not addictive, but the experiences of the United States were a warning signal. Controls should be instituted. Sandoz's decision brought protests from doctors, but the company itself issued a statement explaining that the drug had never produced profits and its manufacture was a service to the medical profession. Aware of the dangers of the drug, Sandoz had always taken precautions, but they were now faced with the great lay interest, lack of any controls and changes in production which made it possible to manufacture the drug in bulk.

When Sandoz talked about "lay" use, they meant Kesey and Leary. Neither man had done anything to abate public unease since both had been arrested for marijuana offences with all that that entailed to a public fed the anti-marijuana propaganda.

Such brushes with the law did not embarrass Leary or deflect him; indeed they were grist to his mill, and there were those who began to wonder if Leary was being deliberately provocative. The doubters included Alpert, who had left Millbrook after fighting futilely against the chaos Leary seemed to enjoy creating. In retrospect, Alpert admitted Leary's brilliance and gave him due credit for initiating the psychedelic movement; but his achievement was tinged with a destructive element. Like Huxley, Alpert was also worried by Leary's desire to twist the lion's tail.

Leary got his chance to take on a whole pride of the beasts when, in May 1966, he was called to give evidence to the Senate sub-committee on juvenile delinquency, chaired by Senator Thomas Dodd from Connecticut, who was calling for urgent legislation on the psychedelics. Leary was as persuasively articulate as ever, but Senator Robert Kennedy, sitting in on the hearing, chose to interrupt and attack Leary constantly throughout his twenty-five-minute testimony. Leary left the hearing badly mauled by Kennedy's attacks.

Since Alpert was no longer available to play a supporting role, the task of seconding Leary passed to Art Kleps, Chief Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church and Millbrook habitué. Kleps told the senators that if new legislation was brought in they would face mayhem. Leary was a great religious teacher and the day he finally went to prison would be the day religious civil war broke out.

Washington was unmoved by the threat. Pressure to take action was not only national but international, with the United Nations calling on all member-countries to legislate speedily. Early in 1966, the United States took the first step when the Drug Abuse Control Amendments became effective, making the unlawful sale or manufacture of the psychedelics into a misdemeanour. Enforcement was entrusted to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare rather than to the Bureau of Narcotics. Nationally, possession remained untouched, but in California and New York, state legislators in the two centres of psychedelic use took their own action. Possession became a crime in both states by the middle of October 1966, and other states would follow. Leary's answer was to declare the formation of the League of Spiritual Discovery, to fight for LSD as a legal sacrament. The precedent already existed, since the Indian members of the Native American Church had already been granted legal immunity for peyote. In San Francisco, the people of Haight-Ashbury gathered in force in Golden Gate Park to declare their opposition to the new law.

From 7 October 1966, possession of LSD became a misdemeanour punishable by a fine of \$1,000 or one year in prison; manufacture or sale could, as a felony, bring one to five years for the first offence and two to ten years for further offences.

But the supporters of the psychedelics were prepared to stand their ground. "They're like the Romans," said one LSD promoter, referring to the legislators. "They don't realize this is a religious movement. Until they make it [the use of psychedelics] legal, we'll find our sacrament where we can. And no sooner is one made illegal, we'll come up with another."

# Outlaw Days

## Chapter Six

By day, Canter's Delicatessen was a meeting place for the elders of the orthodox Jewish community living in the streets around Fairfax Avenue, Los Angeles. Canter's, close to the junction of West Hollywood and Beverly Hills, held a monopoly as the only eating place around the area which kept to the complex food regulations of the Jewish faith. Reassured by the management's strictness, elderly men would sip lemon tea and tidbits, gossiping about children, grandchildren, Israel and the neighbourhood.

By night, when the old men had gone, their seats were taken over by hundreds of young people drawn from all over Los Angeles. There were other late opening delicatessens in Los Angeles, but the special attraction of Canter's was the booths where conversation could not be overheard. It was there the dealers sat and waited for business, passing a capsule of LSD or an ounce of marijuana under the table in exchange for a handful of dollars. Between two and four in the morning, a steady procession of cars stopped outside as customers arrived for the booths. Rich and poor congregated at Canter's, at "Capsule Corner."

Early one morning in 1966, as the crowd at Canter's began to build up towards its peak, four players sat round a table in an apartment a few blocks away to pass the time with a game of Monopoly. It was nearly 3 A.M. when they were interrupted by a group of people who had drifted over from the delicatessen. They knew most of the new arrivals, but they were not sure about the man with the cameras. Someone stepped forward. "This is Lawrence Schiller," he said, "the guy I told you about who works for *Life* magazine. They wanted him to do a piece on LSD and Larry here is collecting material. He's all right."

Schiller was trying to piece together the network of LSD distribution from maker to street user; he had been invited to witness the purchase of doses from distributors by middlemen: the four players were the middlemen and the apartment was the venue for the connection. To Schiller the apartment looked ordinary, another duplex like hundreds of others in the surrounding streets. He glanced round again and his gaze fell on the table. He started.

The Monopoly players, all teenagers, were nonchalantly tossing round teal banknotes.

Schiller made a quick mental tally: ten, twenty ... twenty-five ... thirty ... thirty-five. Thirty-five thousand dollars. There lay \$35,000 split between four kids who told him they were an insurance company trainee, a student, a rock and roll musician and a full-time drug dealer.

The delivery was casual, too. Another kid, a girl, bounced into the apartment clutching a peanut butter jar filled with purple pills. She whirled around the room and said with glee, "Look what I got from Owsley." One of the boys frowned, glancing warningly at Schiller. As the jar was emptied on the table to reveal thousands of LSD doses, Schiller and everyone else crowded round. The boy slipped away to telephone a number on the other side of Los Angeles.

The phone rang in a large, rambling, rented house in the west of the city. The man who answered the call was Augustus Owsley Stanley III, once described by US government agents as the man who did for LSD what Henry Ford did for the motor car. Dubbed by Leary "God's secret agent," he was the first underground chemist to mass-produce LSD to a high quality. "Owsley Acid" had become a byword among dealers and users alike. Bespectacled, in his early thirties and with slightly sharp features, Owsley provided the expanding LSD market with doses by the hundred thousand. Grandson of a US senator and Kentucky governor, son of a government lawyer, he was on his way to becoming "king of LSD."

When the call from Capsule Comer came through, Owsley and his two associates—Melissa Cargill and Tim Scully—were in a celebratory mood. As far as they knew, no one had ever successfully tableted LSD before—until then, Owsley had made a white LSD powder which was dosed in capsules. The tableting had been performed by hand, the finished pills poured into the peanut jar, then delivered. The run complete, he and his two assistants took a tablet each and sat back to enjoy the fruits of their labours.

But as soon as the boy on the telephone began to speak, alarm bells rang in Owsley's head. The girl had come; there was the *Life* man present; she had shown him the LSD and had spoken Owsley's name. There were up to 40,000 doses in the jar, and *Life* magazine with a circulation of millions knew who made them. The very point of using a purple dye to colour the pills had been to confuse the simple chemical test-kits the police sometimes carried which showed up purple if LSD was present in a haul. It now seemed a pointless precaution. Any minute, the sound of police sirens would rise in the distance.

Owsley, Scully and Cargill, fuelled by LSD and adrenalin, scoured the house for drugs. If the police could not get them on an LSD charge, they could make out a pretty good case on the marijuana lying around. Everything Owsley and his assistants could find was piled into the back of a car and driven to the safety of a friend's house on the beach at Venice.

They returned a few hours later, having been thrown off the beach because of their eccentric behaviour, to find not the police but the four teenage middlemen who had bought the LSD. The buyers were up in arms. First of all, they had expected a lot more LSD than they had, and secondly, what was this stuff doing in tablets? No one had ever heard of LSD in tablet form. There were loud cries of "Rip off." Owsley blanched at the possibility of the police following them to the house and waiting to be certain before they struck. He and Scully could feel paranoia rising again. They told the four to go home and try the tablets. If they were no good, then they could come back and some sort of deal would be struck. They left and, to everyone's relief, were never seen again. The tablets were later heard of in Australia, in Europe and behind the Iron Curtain. They always worked.

Perhaps Owsley's teachers would not have been surprised by such an achievement. Something of a genius at school the headmaster described him as a near "brain child" in science subjects—Owsley nevertheless proved to be a problem pupil, moved from school to school; the headmaster who praised his genius potential in science eventually expelled him for being drunk. After finishing school he started an engineering course at the University of Virginia, but quit to head west where he joined the USAF, staying eighteen months. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, he drifted round the West Coast in a series of jobs, then in 1963 started a fresh university course at Berkeley.

His first experience with drugs is reported to have been unpleasant: he took a powerful stimulant which shook up the central nervous system. But he was introduced to methedrine, a milder amphetamine, and was impressed enough to decide to make it himself. He persuaded his girlfriend, Melissa Cargill, a chemistry student at Berkeley, to use her term practical project to make 100 grams. The project was a great success, persuading Owsley and Cargill to open the Marine Methedrine Factory in a shop on Virginia Street, close to the campus.



However, methedrine was proscribed; early in 1965, the police swooped to close up the laboratory in the shop's bathroom, and seized all of Owsley's equipment and chemical stores. They took away jars of what they thought were the finished product, only to discover on analysis that the chemicals were not methedrine and were in fact quite legal. They had captured drugs that were on their way to becoming methedrine, while the finished product was actually locked away in the boot of Owsley's car which they did not search. Everything taken in the raid had to be handed back to Owsley with a warning that the police did not intend to let matters go at that, and the next time there would be no mistakes. Owsley fled south to Los Angeles to pursue his growing interest in LSD out of harm's way.

Near Pasadena, in a house on Lafler Road, Owsley sank his profits from methedrine into an LSD laboratory. Creating a dummy company called Bear Research Group—"Bear" was his nickname—Owsley ordered chemicals; within two months he took delivery of 500 grams of lysergic acid from a Los Angeles company at a cost of \$20,000. He paid in cash and followed up with another 300 grams bought from a second company. It was the last purchase of its kind to be made in the United States before tougher controls were established.

Owsley stored the chemicals in a series of safety deposit boxes under false names. The exact size of the production-run in Los Angeles has never been revealed, but estimates range from 20 grams, equal to 100,000 doses, to 200 grams (ten million doses). Whatever the true amount, it was enough to found Owsley's reputation.

Returning to San Francisco, Owsley went to see Kesey at La Honda, his visiting card a plastic bag of LSD. He supplanted the "Mad Chemist" who had been supplying the Pranksters, and started appearing at the Acid Tests. There he met the Grateful Dead and began experimenting with electronic equipment to improve their sound. He heard of a young scientist called Tim Scully, who was living near Berkeley and was reputed to be an electronics genius. Owsley decided to find Scully and see if he would help design equipment. Ironically, Scully was in fact looking for Owsley, but with LSD rather than electronics in mind.

Scully had arrived at Berkeley with his scientific abilities proven. At school he built a computer out of scrap parts, for little more than a dollar. The computer, which was designed to work out strategies for playing a simple game, won him second place in a school science competition and an introduction to scientists working at the radiation laboratory at Berkeley. Impressed by the abilities of 15-year-old Scully, they gave him a part-time job analysing data from experiments in high energy physics. He began another school project to turn molecules of mercury into gold but his teachers, afraid they might face law-suits over the potential radiation risk, stopped him, and Scully left to go to Berkeley. Besides his university course in mathematical physics and the radiation laboratory work, Scully, now eighteen, began electronics consultative work for private companies. This business grew so much he gave up university and laboratory work to form his own company.

Just out of his teens, Scully made enough money to put down the deposit on a house near Berkeley, which he filled with student lodgers. It was one of these, a childhood friend, who interested him in eastern philosophy. Scully, the product of parents who taught a very rational, scientific approach to life, was persuaded to read *The Doors of Perception* and a number of other Aldous Huxley works. He became fascinated by the world of mysticism and psychedelia they revealed to him.

It was almost certainly Owsley's LSD that Scully took and he felt afterwards as though he had been hit by a revelation: "a sense that this was a way of communicating by natural knowing to people the delicateness of our environment, a sense of the worth and value of other human beings, the need for being gentle both with the environment and each other." Scully, like many other young people, believed that LSD cut through hypocrisy and deceit. "Somebody once said LSD is like a virus. Viruses don't reproduce themselves but they enter into a cell and cause the cell to produce more of the virus. That was the effect on me. I wanted to make some more LSD and give it away to a lot of people."

Scully investigated sources of chemicals, but could find no supplies. However, news of Owsley's chemical coup percolated down to him and Scully began to search for a way of making contact. The ideal thing would be to buy part of the lysergic acid cache.

The two met on Scully's front-door step in Hopkins Street, close to the campus, when Owsley knocked and introduced himself. They talked for several hours: Scully, the tall, lean, serious young man with a dry sense of humour, and Owsley, nearly ten years older, already a veteran of the LSD scene and very nearly the unofficial mayor of San Francisco. Sure, said Owsley, he was going to make more LSD, but not just yet. Owsley was wary, wondering if Scully was an informer. Finally he suggested that Scully work with the Grateful Dead, and they would take it from there. Scully agreed and joined the band behind the scenes. But there came a point when Owsley's funds ran low. The answer was the purple pills.

The money from the Capsule Corner tablets did not last very long, since Owsley was paying most of the Dead's expenses as well as contributing to many projects in the Bay area. He was beginning to feel that his role as major supplier conferred on him certain duties, and he was building up a complex view of LSD and its potential. He saw himself as an alchemist, someone with a mission to make LSD available as a tool to alter history; whatever profits accrued were held in trust.

A few months after the tableting operation and its nerve-racking end, Owsley decided to begin producing LSD again, drawing on his stock of lysergic acid, but the Dead, now again living in San Francisco, made it clear that he and Scully could not make LSD and stay with them. Owsley and Scully had little choice, and quit the band to look for a suitable laboratory site.

Owsley got out of the Volkswagen and looked across the bay from Point Richmond towards San Francisco, sniffing the air appreciatively. Anyone watching might have doubted his sanity. Point Richmond was a little cove with lots of—pretty timber-frame houses and nice neighbours like Berkeley professors, but the smell on the wind was not pleasant. Point Richmond stank. Near to the houses was a large refinery belching out all manner of fumes. But that was fine for Owsley. With all those refinery smells, no one would ever notice the fumes from an LSD laboratory. Another advantage possessed by the neighbourhood was that no one was likely to suspect a laboratory among the professors and artists who lived around there. The actual house he planned to rent had its own special attractions: located right on the edge of the bay, the white timber home stood in such a position that it could be kept under surveillance from only two spots, both of which could be checked before anyone approached the house.

The living quarters of the house were built above the garage and the basement, which ran into each other. The basement could be partitioned off to form a laboratory area; and chemicals and equipment could be driven almost straight in without anyone on the street outside seeing what was happening. The house had one other little feature which appealed to Owsley's sense of melodrama. The basement could be reached from the house above through a trap-door that was hidden under a rug in a cupboard in the bedroom.

The police raid on his methedrine factory had taught Owsley the virtues of caution and security, almost to the point of paranoia. He was always careful to be late for appointments, to vary his movements and check whether he was under surveillance. So, when he came to consider laboratory sites, he sat down and thought out his requirements with great care. Point Richmond was the “prototypical underground laboratory.”

Owsley, Scully and Melissa Cargill moved there early in the summer of 1966. The couple slept in the house's only bedroom while Scully and any visitors bedded down on the lounge floor. To make sure no one could see into the basement from the road, they set up sheets of plywood, dividing it from the garage.

From Point Richmond they brought in chemical supplies from companies around San Francisco that knew Owsley as a steady customer. The most difficult and unpleasant job was moving in “dry ice” as part of a condensing process. The laboratory used 100 lb a week, and the car or van they carried it in had to have all the windows open to disperse the carbon dioxide fumes. Owsley and Scully would take circuitous routes to avoid being followed, hoping the fumes would disappear on the way.

Owsley was still working on the basis of a formula for LSD—the formula released by Eli Lilly in the 1950s which left out key details on purification and prevention of decay for commercial rather than security reasons. Point Richmond became a proving ground for filling in some of those blanks. Owsley had got as far as crystal LSD, which in itself required a reasonable level of purity; but he believed that if he could achieve absolute purity, then the LSD would be extra special with extra special results. Between them Owsley and Scully created 20 to 30 grams of what they thought was the purest LSD anyone had yet produced. The crystal lost its yellowish tinge and became almost blue-white under the fluorescent lamp. It was pure enough to be pizoluminescent—if the crystals were shaken or crushed, they gave off flashes of light. (LSD is one of a very small group of compounds with this property.)

The laboratory was also used to experiment with mescaline and DMT, a synthetic version of the resinous bark of several South American trees long known for hallucinogenic properties. DMT is similar to psilocybin, though its effects last for only thirty minutes or so (users nicknamed it “the businessman's lunch”). Production of these two drugs was small, however, and Owsley and Scully devoted most of their time to LSD. Turning from purification, Owsley examined marketing considerations and decided to vary the dye on the crystal, instead of using only one shade. He took five ordinary food colourings, as approved by the Food and Drugs Administration for the food industry, and divided the LSD into 3,600 doses per gram. Each gram was split into five, mixed with dye and put into capsules. Although there was no difference between the capsules, the street dealers reported back that the users were giving the colours different qualities: red was considered laid back; green frantic; and blue the ideal compromise. Point Richmond began churning out “Blue Cheer,” as the capsules were dubbed by users.

Owsley's experimentation was not over, however. In a small town north of San Francisco he rented a house from a man reported to be, ironically, a former guard at Alcatraz, and moved in a tableting machine, to make the first compression-moulded (machine-made) tablets to appear on the LSD scene. They were white, and became famous as “White Lightning.” Between midsummer and October 1966 when the new California law banning LSD came into effect, the chemist and his apprentice produced between 200 and 300 grams of LSD, or approximately one million doses, worth \$1 million on the street.

On one LSD trip Fat George spent the day wandering the streets, fascinated by the visual insights his dose produced. He carefully examined the carvings and grain on an antique totem pole. Standing over six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds, George Wethern stared like a fascinated toddler at the twinkle of glass equipment in a power station. He was sitting watching the rain dappling the surface of a swimming pool when the police arrived and cautiously shooed him home. You could never be too careful with a Hell's Angel. Introduced to LSD at Kesey's La Honda party, the Angels became fervent converts, doubling and trebling doses to 1,000 micrograms in a twelve-hour session. Despite a number of clashes with anti-Vietnam War protesters, they were welcomed by the hippies of Haight-Ashbury as allies, even regarded as a counter-culture police force. When two popular Angels—"Chocolate George" and "Hairy Henry"—were arrested during a Haight-Ashbury festival celebrating (among other things) the death of money, 250 hippies demonstrated outside the local police station. It was a display which included self-interest as well as altruism.

The Angels were not only "policemen" but also purveyors of drugs. What the Angels were selling was Owsley's products. He knew them through Kesey; they offered him a secure network through which to move his LSD around San Francisco. They might seem unlikely allies but their reputation was high in Haight-Ashbury and, on the practical side, the Angels were renowned for never informing on one another. Nor for that matter were they an easy group to infiltrate.

"Terry the Tramp," born John T. Tracey, was at the centre of the dealing operation. Tracey became the Angels' link with the hippies. A tall, bizarre man—once described by a friend as looking like a yeti—he had a string of convictions including one for performing cunnilingus in public. At the La Honda party he got so bored when his friends tried to lynch some unfortunate in one of the few tense moments, that he picked up a spider and chewed it. Wethern, at one time a plasterer, became his lieutenant.

The dealing began on a small scale with the two Angels cruising San Francisco offering a little marijuana and LSD in \$50-\$100 deals. The appearance of three hippies in search of \$8,000 worth of LSD helped to change all that. The exchange became the basis for a permanent arrangement, escalating to deals worth \$70,000 a week: the hippies sold to neighbours and paid up in bundles of small-denomination notes wrapped in animal skins until Wethern, tired of counting the notes, refused to take anything smaller than \$50 bills. Owsley passed on raw LSD crystals which the Angels tableted themselves at 4,000 doses to the gram, using a formula the chemist supplied. With street prices now rising to \$3-\$5 a dose, they were churning out up to 25 grams of LSD worth \$225,000-\$375,000.

The market could bear it. Haight-Ashbury was turning into a drug entrepot. Nothing was organized, but people would drift in from out of town, make a buy and then take it back to campuses or hippy enclaves in some corner of a city or town. The streets were like an open-air drug Bourse, an exchange for Owsley's LSD, and for marijuana, much of it brought up across the border from Mexico.

The major staging-post for the shipments from the south was a little seaside town near Los Angeles called Laguna Beach and a shop on the Pacific Coast Highway called the Mystic Arts World.

## Chapter Seven

The Mystic Arts World Store was opposite a Mexican fast-food stand on South Laguna Beach. At the front it sold the sort of things to be found in a thousand similar stores that were sprouting up across the America of 1966 and 1967—home-made clothes, natural foods, leatherware, brass, tapestries, pipes and papers for marijuana smoking: another “head shop,” a sort of frontier store for America's newest pioneers, the hippies; a corner shop for the colony of young people moving into Laguna Beach, south of Los Angeles, to enjoy a “Haight-Ashbury on sea.”

But the real business of Mystic Arts lay at the back in the meditation room. The floor was covered from wall to wall by foam rubber overlaid with thick carpeting, making visitors feel as though they were walking on a huge, luxurious bed. At one end, a small waterfall tumbled into an indoor rock garden. The sound was soft and rhythmic, lulling. In another corner stood a water pipe. Scatter cushions had been left here and there for customers, who removed their shoes before entering, to loll at their ease. A group of young men in their twenties might be sitting round at the beginning of an LSD session: their hair was long; they wore patched jeans and loose shirts, embroidered waistcoats over painted T-shirts and single strings of thick, crude beads. Some had the deep sunburn that you find in this part of California on surfers, where the heat of the sun has burnt into the skin, magnified by the sea-water, and left a rich tan. Others had the thick-set, hard-musclcd build of mechanics.

They were men with a cause, yet theirs was not quite the burning ardour of the radicals elsewhere in the country, streaming across the campuses towards the administration blocks and screaming against betrayal, grappling with the police as they denounced LBJ and vowing they would never fight in Vietnam. Theirs was another kind of fervour: there was no violence, just the unswerving confidence of missionaries going about their work.

The meditation room was, on occasion, the private chapel of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a legally incorporated religious charity. At other times it was the front office of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, drug dealers extraordinary. The essence of the Brotherhood might well be summed up in Owsley's “chemistry is theology.”

The man to watch at the LSD sessions was a short, stocky character wearing a Hopi Indian headband and flowing green Eastern trousers and shirt. John Griggs, dark and intense with bright blue eyes, was the founding figure of the Brotherhood: a man who had discovered LSD in dramatic circumstances.

At the time, Griggs, approaching his middle twenties, was the leader of a marijuana-smoking south Los Angeles motorcycle gang, preying on supermarkets. Largely unschooled, Griggs was a wandering adventurer who had earned the name of “Farmer John” after disappearing into the Californian mountains to live as a trapper. He rode with his pack along the freeways and highways that criss-crossed Los Angeles in search of fresh excitement. On a summer night he led his gang through Hollywood towards Beverly Hills and Mulholland Drive. According to the grapevine, a well-known Hollywood film producer up there kept a cache of pure LSD in his refrigerator. Griggs and the gang decided it was time they tried this LSD stuff everyone was talking about.

They burst in on the producer during a dinner party. All the guests froze as the gang, armed with guns and knives, came out of the darkness ... but all they wanted was the LSD, and they took it. The host was so relieved that he rushed out to the driveway as they started up their motorcycles and cried after them: “Have a great trip, boys. Jesus, I thought it was something serious.”

The gang roared out of Los Angeles towards the vast, high acres of Joshua Tree National Park beyond the city. They climbed higher and higher into the hills among the yucca trees until they were above Palm Springs and, at midnight, they came to a halt. Motorcycles parked in a group, they stood round in the clear, sharp mountain air and shared out the LSD, made by Sandoz. Each man swallowed the equivalent of 1,000 micrograms, four times a normal dose, and wandered off to await the result. It was cold and the yuccas with their twisted stems and shrouds of dead leaves cast fantastic shapes in the gloom.

As the sun burst across the sky at dawn, hours later, Griggs threw his gun into the dry scrub and shouted: "This is it. This is it." The gang regrouped round their motorbikes, shaken and overwhelmed. All had thrown away their weapons. They started home for Anaheim, a flat Los Angeles suburb of pale-coloured houses, and what was to be a new life.

Griggs was the proselytizer, the moving spirit. He talked to old school friends like Glen Lynd and Calvin Delaney. Lynd had already tried marijuana and now took the LSD Griggs passed on to him. Like Griggs, Lynd was in his middle twenties and something of a drifter. The group that began to assemble totalled nine. Most of the young men, all in their early or middle twenties, came from Anaheim. Michael Randall was from Long Beach, although he had attended Anaheim Western High School. He started smoking marijuana in 1963 but remained on the edge of the group, since, he was finishing a course in business administration at California State College.

At first, the group did little more than meet at the weekends to try out the psychedelics, but Griggs had wider visions. He urged the others to move with him out of Los Angeles, east to Modjeska Canyon, in the countryside beyond the city. The group shared a couple of houses, feeling, like Alpert and Leary had felt at Harvard, that they had "something wonderful in common." Those who had jobs continued to work—Russ Harrigan for example was a longshoreman—but all now began a little drug dealing as well. Lynd and Harrigan went down to San Pedro with the odd kilo of marijuana brought back from trips to Mexico, and all the group sold LSD from San Francisco to visitors to Modjeska Canyon. Several of them enrolled in research programmes at the University of California, Los Angeles, in order to continue using the psychedelics for free.

But on Wednesday nights they came together to talk about their futures. Lynd said later: "There was hopeful thought of buying land ... the purpose was to buy it so people could live on it. We could farm it or whatever." Plans began to form round the notion. Lynd had heard Leary lecturing and had been impressed. Griggs went east to meet him at Millbrook. Leary was taken with him: "an incredible genius" was how he described Griggs; "although unschooled and unlettered he was an impressive person. He had this charisma, energy, that sparkle in his eye. He was good-natured, surfing the energy waves with a smile on his face." As far as Griggs was concerned, Leary was his guru, one with some useful practical ideas.

In the summer of 1966 when Griggs went to Millbrook, Leary was working on his plans for the formation of the League of Spiritual Discovery. Griggs and his friends seemed to have a good thing going out there in the West, so why not set up something similar? The new psychedelic religion was not something all-embracing and spiritually omnipotent. There was no Pope to set out the prescribed dogma. This religion was about a new kind of spiritual freedom which you found for yourself. The basic tenets of the League included: "enthusiastic acceptance of the sacramental method by the young ... a recognition that the search for God is a private affair ... the rituals spring from experiences of the small worship group ... the leaven works underground ... friends initiate, teach, prepare and guide ..."

Ten days after California banned LSD in October 1966, Lynd, his wife and a friend walked into the offices of a Los Angeles attorney on Sunset Boulevard and signed the papers incorporating the Brotherhood; Lynd was the only Brother who did not have a criminal record, so he was designated to organize the incorporation. According to the legal papers, the Brotherhood, tax exempt, was dedicated "to bring to the world a greater awareness of God through the teachings of Jesus Christ, Rama-Krishnam Babaji, Paramahansa Yogananda, Mahatma Gandhi and all true prophets and apostles of God." Was there a hint of Leary's influence in this list? Griggs had recently returned from a trip to the East, and the Brothers were largely "unschooled."

To achieve its ends, the Brotherhood intended to "buy, manage and own and hold real and personal property necessary and proper for a place of public worship and carry on educational and charitable work." Was there an echo of the League's tenets in article 4-D which read: "We believe in the sacred right of each individual to commune with God in spirit and in truth as it is empirically revealed to him"? This was "a recognition that the search for God is a private matter," written another way. Lynd said years later: "Well, it was John Griggs' main idea to incorporate because he had talked to Leary, and it was possible to incorporate to become tax-exempt as far as land goes and, if and when marijuana ever becomes legal, become tax-exempt on marijuana." There were no fixed rules for joining; no name signing or ritual. But there was one basic rule among the Brothers—they believed in taking as much of the psychedelics as possible, the largest doses of LSD they could buy. The articles of association did not explain how the Brotherhood intended to buy its land or establish its place of worship. You cannot really tell a lawyer or the State of California that you intend to raise capital by breaking the law—by massive dealing in drugs.

Laguna Beach is an artists' colony and resort thirty miles south of Los Angeles. There are only two roads into the town: the Pacific Coast Highway or, from inland, down Laguna Canyon. The town itself, like the Stage of an amphitheatre, sits at the base of a semicircle of sandstone hills rising to 1,200 feet above the Pacific. Amid the bright flowers and clapboard homes the hissing rush of the surf, rolling across the sand eight to twelve feet high, is the major disturber of the peace. The plastic and concrete sprawl of Los Angeles could be on another planet. The peace brought the artists—Laguna has a museum devoted to the works of early Californian painters—and the ocean brought the surfers. In the early 1960s Laguna was a sleepy little township with the sort of mix to be found in many Californian communities. The American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution thrived alongside the artistic community—indeed, the local high school football team was called the Laguna Beach Artists. Once a year on Labor Day, things got a mite out of hand on the "Walkaround," a fifty-year-old custom in which the passing of summer was mourned, by a walk from bar to bar along the Pacific Coast Highway. Other than that, not much happened in Laguna.

But in the mid-1960s, the number of young surfers was growing and they brought with them other young people eager to live a rude life away from the cities; among them were the Brotherhood. A mile from the beach, a cluster of about fifty houses made up a sub-suburb called Woodland Drive beneath one of the sandstone hills in Laguna Canyon. It was a ramshackle area of gorse and dirt tracks, running down to badly paved streets and a single street light, but it was home for the colony of youngsters. The Brotherhood moved into four white-painted houses.

The scene was painted for a journalist some years later by one of the young men who lived in the Drive: "I went to school in Hollywood and got into surfing and just like everyone else I wound up in Laguna. Things were happening then, opening up. The chicks were seeing things and there was a lot of grass and there was a vibe that you could make it with love and digging each other ... I'd go down to Laguna more and more and finally I just moved into a place on the Canyon with some chicks and a couple of other guys. It was cheap and it was fun. You know the bond, the thing that tied us up together was surfing and dope and balling. We'd get up early in the morning, stay out in the sun all day and somebody always had more grass ... Then this cat Farmer John started coming around and he was really into acid. So we did a lot of acid and dug it and Farmer John was putting down a heavy brother-love rap." Griggs, a charismatic figure, began to enlarge the Brotherhood, drawing people in to create concentric rings which spread out from the central core of Brothers who had moved into Laguna.

The Brotherhood and its apostles were no longer occasional dealers: the business was now a full-time occupation, financing the way they lived and the opening of the Mystic Arts World Store. At first, there had been odd deals of marijuana tucked inside matchboxes—and, the next moment, consignments of kilos. They arrived in Laguna so often that Lynd for one no longer found anything strange in this new life. "It was just an everyday occurrence. We would buy kilos of marijuana across the Mexican border and sell them to other Brothers who would turn round and sell them, with the money going to the store. Then there was the LSD sales. Different people would go up to San Francisco which was the place to buy LSD and buy it in quantity to resell in Laguna," he said. As far as the marijuana was concerned, "there could be anything from one kilo to as many as 300 to possibly 400 kilos at a time. I had taken kilos most likely on half a dozen occasions, possibly even a dozen occasions to places like San Francisco. Most of the money that was made was turned into the shop. Randall would collect money and Johnny Griggs would collect ..." The two men were at the centre of the distribution system for the marijuana. According to Lynd, kilos were bought for \$45, sold to Griggs and Randal for \$65-\$70, who then sold them for \$100 or more. The buyers broke down the kilos to smaller dealers selling on the streets. Sales were not confined to the houses up in Woodland Drive. At night, the area round the Taco Bell fast-food stand, close to the Mystic Arts World, and crowded with surfers, beach bums and hippies, buying and trading small deals.

Lynd may have sounded nonchalant about the source of supply in Mexico, but the Brothers worked out a careful system centred on a town near Tijuana, a few miles south of San Diego. The long-haired Brothers may have seemed unlikely company for an officer in the Mexican police, but once a month they met for a quiet chat. There was not much that a policeman missed in a tiny Mexican town. A group of young Americans renting a house, coming and going with battered cars and trucks on the dusty roads in and out of town stood out among the local peasantry and the tourist buses thundering past. But a policeman has to live, even a local police chief. he had arranged their tenancy and offered to watch the house for a few dollars; for \$30 a month, the Brothers paid him not to. In return for this outlay, the Brothers could buy their marijuana, hide it in the fenders of their cars and drive across the border without problems. No one seemed to bother them.



Griggs was so excited by the Brothers' successes, he would telephone Leary at Millbrook: "Hey, Uncle Tim, we've just moved half a ton of grass and we've got some righteous acid." The calls came in about once a week, but Leary tended to dismiss them, although Jack, his son, now in his teens, decided he would go west to California and have a look. He returned home to Millbrook filled with enthusiasm. One evening, he told his father, Griggs was counting out a stack of \$1,000 bills by the light of candles. The air in Griggs' home on Woodland Drive was heavy with incense and the smell of marijuana. Jack Leary leant over, took a banknote and lit it with one of the candles. As a thousand dollars disappeared in a bright flame, black ash and the smell of burning paper, no one batted an eyelid.

But back at Millbrook, Leary was astonished. He called Griggs and offered to repay the \$1,000 dollars, but Griggs would have none of it. "Hey, Uncle Tim, we all wanted to burn a thousand-dollar bill. It was a great thing he did, very enlightening."

Leary was becoming a frequent visitor to the West Coast as he toured the country lecturing and lobbying. When he decided to visit Laguna with Rosemary, his latest wife, he was greeted like an elder statesman and given conducted tours of the Brothers' achievements. He said: "They were running the store which was an enormous, beautiful place. Just a group of guys who were pooling all their resources to raise consciousness. They were dedicating their lives to becoming better people. They could see it happening round the country. They were pioneers."

Hollingshead, the man who had given Leary his first LSD experience, had returned from Britain and joined Leary in Laguna. "The Brotherhood felt they were leading a new society," he remembered. "California was the country of the future. It was as if the culture had entered into them. They were responding. Righteous dealing was a sacrament, with Tim as their guru. I have always found them very gracious people, very honest, very wise—but also very naïve. It was the Dead-end Kids who took acid and fell in love with beauty." The Brothers were making money out of dealing, but Hollingshead said: "Griggs was not thinking in those terms. He was only thinking of getting the psychedelics on the streets so that people could take them. They were totally committed. They had tremendous determination. They were all very tough; once they were moving dope, they were manic. When the stuff came from Mexico they did this non-stop thing ..."

Lynd slammed down the boot of the car, climbed into the driving seat and drove over to pick up his wife and children. Once they were settled, he turned the car northwards out of the suburbs of Phoenix, Arizona, on to the long, dusty desert roads; a young man and his family innocently about their business. Christmas 1967 was just a few days away. Perhaps they were heading home for the holidays, visiting the grandparents. The highway patrols ignored them.

The brand-new Cadillac, the dream and envy of many a full-blooded American, took the miles of tarmac like a stately liner. There was no rest for the huge chrome car. The family slept as Lynd crossed America straight as an arrow on the long country roads, whistling past farms, towns, cities. He drove, eyes fixed, for New York. The car's air-conditioning went off and the heating came on as the air outside grew colder. The roads were sometimes snow-lined now.

As he drove into New York, Lynd, tired after his marathon, searched for a telephone. Griggs had told him to call a certain number in New Jersey and the people at the other end would be ready. In the boot were 250 kilos of best marijuana.

He rang. No money yet. Leary needed \$5,000 fast. Lynd tried the contact number again. The buyer had raised a stake. Lynd dropped his family off, and grabbed a flight back to the West Coast. At one in the morning he was back in Laguna with the money for Leary. He took another flight back to New York to finalize the deal on the marijuana.

He had hardly recovered his breath back home in Laguna before he was on the road again. As 1968 opened, the Cadillac had been replaced by a big Ford camper and a cargo of 500 kilos, again bound for New York and the same buyer. This time there were no hitches. Ten days later Griggs appeared in Woodland Drive with two suitcases. He opened them up in front of Lynd and Randall, revealing wads of banknotes. Three times the Brothers counted the money and then they were satisfied. Lynd's two drives had yielded \$98,000. Over \$40,000 had to be paid to a connection in Los Angeles who provided the marijuana. The arrangement with the Mexican police chief had fallen through after someone had tried getting across the border without paying the monthly dues and had been caught on a tip-off from the policeman. Mexican marijuana now came to the Brothers from the barrios of Los Angeles, or across the border in Arizona.

Nearly \$50,000 the richer, the Brothers drove over to Palm Springs. Leary's advice was to do what they had always promised themselves—buy land. Led by Griggs, the Brotherhood put a cash down-payment on the Idylwild Ranch and bought themselves a 300-acre retreat. Not for them the crowded streets of Haight-Ashbury and a beaten-up Victorian house. Southern California slept on in the sun, paying them no heed. But up north ...

## Chapter Eight

The Gray Line coaches left San Francisco's main hotels on the hour every hour for the \$6 "Hippie Hop," billed as the "only foreign tour within the continental limits of the United States." Scott McKenzie was singing "San Francisco (Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair)."

1967 was the year Haight-Ashbury was well and truly discovered—the year, as one visiting journalist put it, when "hippie culture made the transition from scene to seen. Sociologists, educators, clergymen, and radicals and reactionaries of no professional persuasion spend long hours watching the boppers go by. Reporters infiltrate the demi-monde, then surface with the inside story of drugs and orgies for the square press. Television cameramen wait for authentic happenings ..." Transition was the key word. Middle-aged America, and Europe for that matter, was becoming aware of a "youth revolution," a "counterrevolution": the discovery that the young were decidedly striking out on their own, encouraged by fashionable thinkers ranging from Leary to Marcuse. At a time when the number of American troops in Vietnam was climbing towards 500,000, for the first time, Ho Chi Minh's treatise on revolution was published in the United States for the first time, not as an exercise in "know your enemy" but as a signpost towards the wilder shores of radicalism. In *The Graduate*, Dustin Hoffman played out the role of the young, middle-class American bored by success, trapped by middle-aged corruption. Bonnie and Clyde turned death and destruction into a balletic exercise where armed robbery became black comedy and the good guys were the ones firing at the federal agents. On Broadway, the President of the United States was lampooned in *MacBird*.

But the core of the cultural change was on neither the screen nor the stage. Music was the essential tool, reaching out to millions on records, tapes and radios. Tim Scully, electronic adviser to the Grateful Dead as well as an LSD chemist, once said there was a great interest in "what could be done with music as a tool for altering consciousness and changing the culture. That became part of the general belief system, that psychedelic drugs and music were both very powerful for cultural change and most of the people involved, well everybody I ever met in the music scene was very involved in the drug scene and vice versa. Generally most of these people were aggressively interested in changing our culture." In 1967 Jimi Hendrix topped the LP charts with "Are You Experienced?," the Beatles were third with "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"; Buffalo Springfield sixth, Cream tenth and the Byrds eleventh.

A portrait of Aldous Huxley was included in the assorted figures and faces on the sleeve of the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper" album. The Doors took their name directly from *The Doors of Perception*.

The record companies were among the first to recognize the rebellion that was being articulated primarily through music. For example, CBS printed advertisements stating that they supported the revolution, implying that to buy CBS records would in some way help financially; the reaction of CBS stock-holders is not recorded. As Haight attracted journalists and tourists, it also attracted others, who, seeing the public interest, knew a fast dollar when they saw one. Even people who swear fealty to the flag and lead totally conventional lives like to dice just a little with the wild side, when the wild side can be made acceptable. The clothes were adapted by fashion designers for sale in high street stores and the mystique of Haight eventually became Hair, a box-office triumph.

The Fillmore, The Avalon Ballroom and The Winterland in San Francisco featured an endless procession of concerts, which one inhabitant of Haight described as "the village well." On New Year's Eve 1966, the celebrations at The Winterland, Bill Graham's latest showplace, marked the changing year with the entry of a white horse ridden by a figure in a loincloth who released white doves into the crowds. But "village well" was no longer quite the right phrase for Haight's meeting places. An unofficial census at the start of the year put the population of the community at 10,000; a few months later, Haight gave notice to the increasingly worried officials of City Hall that up to 100,000 young people could be expected to arrive in San Francisco in the summer months.

There were also the unannounced, unpublicized visitors. In the summer of 1966 the main alternative newspaper, the *Berkeley Barb*, under the headline "Barb bares under-cover drug men," had revealed the existence of a special course on Berkeley's campus for agents of the Food and Drugs Administration. Under the auspices of the university's criminology department, the FDA, charged with enforcing the new law on the psychedelics, was girding its loins for battle. Every afternoon the "students" were trained in karate, wrestling and boxing at the campus gym. Older than normal members of the undergraduate population, the agents were lectured on the street language and behaviour of Haight and the hippies—essential studies for tyro members of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, BDAC. They were to combat the psychedelics while heroin and cocaine remained the purview of the Department of Justice's Bureau of Narcotics, whose veteran agents had little chance of insinuating themselves into the hippy communities even if they wanted to; trained to fight the organized-crime drug syndicates, the agents regarded LSD as "kiddy dope."

Dismissive though the phrase might be, it was not inappropriate. Studies by two doctors in California in 1966 and 1967 showed estimates of LSD usage in high schools ranged from a conservative 4 per cent to a liberal 30 per cent, but in certain high schools in Los Angeles the estimates, from reliable sources, put use at up to 50 per cent. The doctors talked of a hallucinogenic epidemic throughout the state. Within Haight, a free medical clinic found that 85 per cent of patients had used LSD at least once. There were no national figures for LSD at the time, but estimates of marijuana use ran to ten million people, again most of them young.

As the BDAC agents came on to the streets in 1967, the *Berkeley Barb* obligingly published a picture of their graduation class and a training brochure. Agents, it suggested, should keep watch on psychedelic bookshops, and be aware of tablets from illegal laboratories. "They appear," ran the text, "to be the product of a fairly sophisticated manufacturing process."

Owsley and Scully knew very well who the brochure had in mind. Haight was the acknowledged LSD capital of the world and Owsley was its most important manufacturer. Reeking of patchouli oil, Owsley dispensed largesse to the Grateful Dead, charities and the Diggers—a group dedicated to non-violent anarchy and philanthropy—while enjoying the plaudits of his clientele. Owsley clung to the belief that his vital role as producer of LSD made him immune from the ministrations of BDAC. According to his credo, "chemistry is theology"; and if the task was divine, then the Powers above would protect him.

Scully was rather more realistic. If "dues" had to be paid, they would be paid. The psychedelics were worth it. There was no intention of throwing the rule book out of the window—just one narrow little law passed by people who had no idea of what they were doing. LSD was a means of social change; Scully argued that people who turned on with LSD began to take a different view of governments particular and general. Their opinions became critical and since no establishment wants to lose power, the chances of the politicians making LSD generally available were slim. Scully had an answer: he would make enough LSD to turn on the world—or, rather, that part of it which would be receptive. It would take, he calculated, 200 grams, or 72 million doses at 360 milligrams a time.

Perhaps it was naïve but then the psychedelic movement was naïve. All you had to do, so the logic ran, was to get enough LSD to enough people ... and the world would live happily ever after. Scully put up his idea to Owsley, only to find that the master craftsman had fallen, for the time being, into a leisurely holiday mood. Owsley was happy to finance Scully and supply him with lysergic acid from his private cache, but work was out. If Scully wanted to start, that was fine. For himself, Owsley felt that even alchemists deserve a break. Perhaps he would go east and visit the famous Millbrook. In the spring of 1967 Scully began work on his own ... or, rather, almost on his own. The BDAC men started to appear.

Before Scully set off, he brought out a wide-band radio receiver he had built and walked slowly round the sixteen-foot truck. Down the street the BDAC agents sat impassively in their cars. Scully finished his circumnavigation and nodded an all-clear to his companion. The receiver showed that there was no evidence of any sort of bleeper attached to the truck that was loaded with a ton of chemicals and equipment. The truck, once a workhorse for the Grateful Dead's electronic equipment, could not be tailed electronically. The BDAC men were still relying on old-fashioned techniques. As the vehicle's engine roared into life, the agents in the—two cars also turned on their ignitions.

On Interstate Highway 80 the green truck rumbled along at the head of the convoy. The agents speculated on their destination for the day. They had found Scully after they had paid a visit to a Bay chemical firm requesting information on anyone asking for chemicals which the BDAC scientists said would be needed for LSD production. Scully, with an introduction from Owsley, duly turned up. The firm even allowed a BDAC man to be present when Scully came back for his order; he helped Scully load up. Perhaps it was a little foolish for the agent to get into his car and immediately start following Scully, but sooner or later the target would have worked out he was being tailed.

The sight of a BDAC car in the rear-view mirror threw Scully, the first time. Gradually he realized that the agents were not only inexperienced but unlikely to act unless he led them to a laboratory. He could go through red lights, do anything outrageous—and the BDAC men sat in their cars, pretending they were invisible.

When Scully pulled in for fuel on a trip, the agents would pull in at the garage as soon as he had left and quiz the attendant for any clues to the next port of call. As soon as they pulled out, Scully would pass them going the other way and stop at the garage again to ask what the agents had asked. Then the agents would go back and ask what Scully had asked about them.

But they never lost him. Since the streets were laid out in grids, the two BDAC cars simply drove along parallel roads, linked by radio, until they saw the truck. The only problem they ever had was when Scully was using a car and nobody could work out where he went.

Today it was the truck again. They seemed to be heading for San José.

In the cab of the truck Scully called for directions from his companion as they came into the city. His friend spread out a map, looking for the junction he had ringed.

It was close now: a point where ten or twelve roads converged. Scully could see the junction as the first of the BDAC cars closed in through the traffic. He hunched over the wheel, his foot on the accelerator keeping the speed steady.

As he came closer the lights were green, and then started to change.

Scully jammed his foot down hard. On red he was across, scraping over as traffic started across behind him. In the mirror he could see the first of the BDAC cars trapped, unable to dodge across because of the traffic pressure. It was a long red light—Scully had checked.

Scully turned the truck through the side streets with no sign of the agents behind. The chemist and his friend had picked this area precisely because the streets did not run in grids, so there was no way the agents could pick him up.

The truck headed out of San José. Scully was still shooting anxious glances at the mirror, but the BDAC men were gone, still searching disconsolately through the back streets of San José. If they had kept up with Scully's car on those mysterious trips, they would have known where to go: Scully was on his way to Denver, Colorado. His new laboratory was 2,000 miles from San Francisco.

He had rented a suburban house, telling the owner that he was doing work with radio isotopes on a government licence which required special security. Notwithstanding the planning rules for the area, the work had to be done in the basement and if the lady wanted to sell, which she did, Scully would eventually buy—if his work was kept secret.

After a day-and-night drive across the Rockies, Scully, the van and the equipment arrived safely. With the laboratory set up, he returned to San Francisco and Owsley's store of lysergic acid. But when he mentioned the chemical a strange thing happened. Owsley was stricken by intuition. Though capable of being hard-headed, Owsley was one of those people who went very much by gut reaction, and now he announced that his reaction to the idea of a fresh LSD run was negative. What he failed to tell Scully was that the lysergic acid was hidden in an Arizona safety deposit box under a false name. Owsley kept no written records and he had forgotten the false name. The "negative intuition" was cover for an acute attack of embarrassment. But Scully's work could not be allowed to go to waste. Owsley made a suggestion.

Instead of the promised lysergic acid, Owsley offered Scully a tablet with 20 milligrams of a new drug called STP. Developed in 1964 by an experimental chemist working for the Dow Chemical Company, STP was an amphetamine-related psychedelic like mescaline. Unlike LSD, the body does not readily assimilate STP and effects can last as long as seventy-two hours when large doses are taken. LSD peaks only last an hour, but an STP user taking a dose of, say, 20 milligrams finds that he seems to go on rising through a peak lasting up to twelve hours. Smaller doses of 3 to 5 milligrams produce a very smooth effect rather like, as one user put it, "somebody has taken your eyeballs and washed them like a window cleaner with a soft cloth; everything just flows very smoothly." One of Owsley's friends coined the initials STP after an oil additive for engines, and journalists later spelled out the initials as Serenity, Tranquillity and Peace.

The great advantage of STP was that neither BDAC nor the government knew anything about it. Scully would be making a drug that did not officially exist, which meant that any "dues" (risks) were minimal. Scully, not entirely enamoured with STP after his own experiences, agreed to make the stuff while Owsley waited for his "intuition" on LSD to come positive. (Owsley had undergone hypnosis to try and remember the name for the deposit box.) To reduce any risks, Scully persuaded Owsley not to sell any STP until the Denver laboratory had completed production. The raw materials for the drug were easily obtainable but Owsley only had a rough sketch of the process, which left Scully to refine the manufacture with the aid of the scientific libraries at Berkeley. Production was finally under way when Scully was contacted by Owsley. Having finally made it to Millbrook, Owsley had made contact with Nick Sand, "alchemist to the Neo-American Church." After an eventful journey across America, Sand was in San Francisco, eager to learn the secrets of STP.

Nick Sand was not the sort of chemist to spend his time sitting in a faculty building looking up formulae. He was a graduate of the bath-tub school of chemistry and at the age of twenty-six he was a senior member of the alumni, the Prohibition bootlegger reincarnated. A bright, energetic New Yorker, he sought nothing else in life but to make chemicals and money. There are those who say that Sand to his dying day will be working somewhere in a laboratory. He was street-wise where Scully was innocent, with an ego every bit as big—maybe bigger—than Owsley's.

He began his career in his mother's home in an apartment block in Brooklyn while still at school. In the early 1960s he spent a year away at college, came home and worked for a degree in sociology and anthropology at Brooklyn College. A devotee of Gurdjieff, a Graeco-Russian mystic, Sand belonged to a New York group dedicated to his teachings, which may well have led him into Greenwich Village and the LSD scene. From there he travelled up to Millbrook and grew to know Leary well.

After finishing college in 1966, Sand worked for a short while as a census-taker for the New York port authority the only legal job he is ever known to have had—and then established the Bell Perfume Company with Alan Bell, a childhood friend. Sited opposite the local police station and the Hall of Justice, the company set out to manufacture mescaline, DMT, the drug made by Owsley at Point Richmond, and DET, another hallucinogenic closely related to DMT. It was there Sand established his reputation by cooking up a bath-full of DMT. Unlike Owsley, Sand was not particular about the purity he achieved, and the DMT came out a yellowish orange rather than the salt-like crystal it should have been. The impurities in DMT are the same substances which give faeces its smell. Sand's DMT stank.

By the time Owsley turned up at Millbrook, Sand had other problems. The New York police were taking an interest in his activities—he had a conviction for possession of marijuana—and the time might well be ripe to make a move westwards. Leary was constantly visiting California now and Hitchcock was interested in going out there as well. Owsley expounded the virtues of STP and the pleasures of Haight-Ashbury. Sand loaded up a truck with equipment and chemicals, recruited a partner for the West Coast and began driving but, being Sand, there just had to be that little disaster on the way.

State Patrolman J. J. Johnson never benefited from the BDAC men's campus education. He was cut more in the Broderick Crawford mould of law-enforcement officer, not a man for finesse. Two hundred miles north-west of Denver, Johnson was guarding a weigh station at Dinosaur, near the township of Craig, in late March 1967. Trucks are supposed to be weighed at weigh stations to make sure they are not travelling overloaded and therefore being a menace to themselves and other highway users. That was what the law said and that was what Officer Johnson was there to make sure happened. But there was this ageing truck with California plates which did not seem to be stopping.

Sand, with his equipment and chemicals on board, was not about to stop for anything as trivial as a weigh station in the middle of nowhere. The next thing he knew as the weigh station disappeared behind him was the sound of a police siren: Officer Johnson in hot pursuit.

Sand pulled over, to find himself covered by a large police revolver in the unwavering hand of the state patrolman. Ten days in the county jail.

But the bad luck had only just started. A drug store in Craig, where Sand was jailed, had been burgled the night before the weigh station incident; the local sheriff got to thinking about this and the truck and the New Yorker driving it. Innocent people do not evade weigh stations. Backed by a posse, the sheriff broke into Sand's truck.

Next thing, the telephone lines to BDAC regional headquarters were fairly burning as the good sheriff summoned expert help. The sheriff and the BDAC men proudly announced they had uncovered a mobile laboratory with 20 lb. of "LSD," valued initially at \$336 million. Since the drug was not pure but apparently only partially processed, the estimate rapidly dropped to \$1.5 million.

However, the law officers' jubilation soured. Was the search lawful without a warrant? The BDAC men rounded on the sheriff for acting in haste. Sand left them to argue the point. Freed on bail, he was now bereft of both equipment and chemicals. (The truck's contents were eventually returned two years later because the search had been unlawful.) He could not even return to New York for fresh supplies because, the day after his arrest, the old laboratory was destroyed by fire and Alan Bell died. The story Sand gave to friends was that Bell was the victim of the same imprecision which made his DMT stink: he had fallen asleep in the laboratory, leaving a flame burning.

It was a somewhat frustrated Sand who arrived in San Francisco, but Owsley saved the day. Instead of one laboratory he would have two. Sand would set up shop in San Francisco and Scully would continue in Denver. The output would be tableted and distributed by Owsley.

Provided with the formula for STP, Sand, the hustler, decided on a short-cut and sent it off to the chemical suppliers he had used in New York. Could they perhaps make up this formula? Back came a negative reply and his cheque. If it had to be a laboratory, then so be it ... but Sand, the chemist, vowed that his would pump out STP like never before.

In July 1967, Sand started business. The laboratory was hidden in an area on the east side of San Francisco between two large agricultural markets. In a rented house overlooking the approach road, Sand kept a sentry ready by a telephone to warn of approaching police.

But the greatest danger was in the laboratory itself. The pride of his laboratory was a 150-gallon soup-vessel bought from a restaurant supply store in San Francisco. Scully had designed a piece of equipment with which Sand could "cook up" STP. The vessel, six feet high and three feet across, was Sand's interpretive short-cut on Scully's careful drawings. At first no one noticed anything. Sand and his helpers worked busily away round the soup-vessel as it built up heat, the top secured by a pressure-cooker lid. Then someone started coughing. The heat was really rising in the vessel now. Someone else was coughing. Then everybody began wheezing and gasping for air. There was a mad rush for the doors and fresh air.

There comes a point in the process when noxious fumes are given off, especially if the process is allowed to overheat. Sand had allowed his wonderful soup-vessel to overheat, pouring out hydrochloric acid. When he got back into the laboratory, Sand could look at the sky through the hole in the roof eaten away by the acid.

As Sand corrected his mistake and made his repairs, STP was already being distributed from Denver. Owsley had ignored his deal with Scully, passing out 5,000 doses for the summer solstice festival organized in Haight. The dosages were high—Owsley had distributed 30-milligram doses at Millbrook earlier in the year and left the place floored for three days—and warnings rapidly spread through Haight. Attempts to stifle the effects with thiorazine, the standard response to bad LSD experiences, only seemed to make things worse. Finally "the Alchemist" appeared in the offices of the *Berkeley Barb* to put the record straight. STP, he understood, was made "by people who considered it a sacrament and if it was not free it was not STP."

The Denver laboratory produced at least 2 lb of STP before Owsley finally remembered where he had put the lysergic acid. In the early autumn, Owsley and Scully finished the cache to produce more White Lightning and what became famous among devotees as "Pink Owsley." Owsley was refining his work with greater and greater skill. He devised a system for recycling impure material from the purifying process and using it again. Early tablets were uneven in content but Owsley worked to rectify this, trying to ensure that LSD could not be rubbed off or soaked away with the sweat of a hand.



Although at his peak, Owsley may well have considered retiring. The cache of lysergic acid was finished and the attractions of Haight were beginning to pall under the deluge of tourists—not to mention the men from BDAC. There were also the profits of Owsley's productions. By the winter of 1967 over \$320,000 were salted away in safe-deposit boxes around San Francisco. Another \$225,000 had been moved abroad, courtesy of Billy Hitchcock. The trip to Millbrook had not been uneventful. Near the estate, Owsley had been stopped by police and, reeking as usual of patchouli oil, he aroused their suspicions. Searching Owsley's car, they discovered a safe-deposit key for a New York box filled by Melissa Cargill, his girlfriend, who flew across the United States to top up the box. A panic-stricken Owsley contacted Hitchcock ... who knew just what to do. Since the 1960s, he had acted as a broker for the Fiduciary Trust Company, based in the Bahamas and an offshoot of Bernie Cornfeld's ill-starred Investors' Overseas Services empire. Charles Rumsey, Hitchcock's friend, was the New York lawyer for Fiduciary. The two opened the safe-deposit on behalf of Owsley, and in the bedroom of Hitchcock's New York apartment the money was passed over to the general manager of Fiduciary to open the "Robin Goodfellow" account. Owsley also had an account in London, contents never revealed. The task may have been divine, but the fruits were certainly worldly. By comparison, Scully earned little more than \$6,000 a year with Owsley, and his ambitions went no higher than a plain Chinese meal.

While Owsley was meditating on his future and organizing the tableting, Scully was still insistent on his goal of turning the world on. Owsley shook his head. Try Hitchcock, he said, he might just be interested. The young millionaire had first visited San Francisco after meeting Owsley; he liked what he saw. Millbrook, beset by feuds between the various esoteric tenants and the attentions of the police, was past its heyday. Haight was where it was at, and Hitchcock moved his life west.

Renting a house in the pleasant San Francisco suburb of Sausalito, home of artists and LSD luminaries, he maintained his business life through a secretary in New York who kept in touch by telephone. Through Leary, he met the West Coast psychedelic movement, and through Owsley, he stepped into its illicit side. Once again he found his wealth attracted attention. While working on the STP laboratory, Sand popped up clutching the formula Scully had given him, claiming it was the original, promising he had the help of the inventor and asking for finance. Hitchcock demurred but promised to stay in touch. Owsley introduced his new friend to the Angels. Hitchcock warmed to Owsley's suggestion that perhaps he, Hitchcock, might like to move in. He moved another \$90,000 for the chemist to the Bahamas. Short of cash to operate, Scully borrowed from Hitchcock on behalf of Owsley—whose credit was clearly good—and then Sand, Scully and Hitchcock got together for a conference. If Owsley did quit, maybe ... That was always providing the damned BDAC agents ...

BDAC agent Orve Hendrix was sitting in his car outside the Scully home when he saw Scully come out with another man. Hendrix spotted that the man was trying to conceal a brown paper bag, and as far as he was concerned that meant only one thing. Scully was up to something which might be enough to get the case against him rolling. With his partner in the second BDAC car some way behind him, Hendrix tagged on behind Scully and friend as they drove out of Berkeley and into the hills. They drove into an area with a lot of dead-end streets, turned into one and pulled up outside a house.

As Hendrix came along the street, Scully and the second man, still clutching the bag, got out of their car and began walking up to the front door of the house. While his partner stopped at the top of the road, ready to take off quickly if necessary, Hendrix stopped his car outside the house next door to the one the two men were approaching.

Getting out, Hendrix began walking up the pathway as though he too were calling on someone who just happened to live next door. Unfortunately, a woman in the house had heard Hendrix's car pull up and came to the door. Thrown for a moment, he backed away down the path and, as he did so, Scully's friend rushed across the front lawn to stick a camera in his startled face.

Hendrix exploded. Screaming mad, he ran after the photographer and Scully as they rushed for their car, frightened that in his fury the agent might pull a gun on them.

Pulling away, they could see Hendrix climb into his own car, start the engine and try to make a wild turn to follow them out of the dead end.

In his haste he knocked over a mail box, and Scully stopped his car. "Hey, mister. You knocked over those folks' mail box," he shouted.

Hendrix, startled, stopped the car and went round the rear to try and right the crumpled box.

Under the headline "Hunting the Nark can be quite a Lark," the *Berkeley Barb* printed both the picture and the story in November 1967, without attributing the source. Scully had taken his revenge after a year of harassment.

A year earlier, Scully had taken to smiling and waving at BDAC agents like old friends. It was "nicer than scowling at them; I was trying to maintain a friendly attitude at that point. We thought the government was evil but the folks working for the government we thought of as ordinary people caught up in doing their jobs who were sincere too. So we tried to avoid getting them mad at us." What changed was that Scully, a nice enough man, after months of being tailed, could take no more. The constant hassle of trying to lose the agents became too big an irritant and he concocted the trap as a minor revenge. The bag was the poisoned bait: the camera was inside it.

BDAC eventually printed the story as a cautionary tale in its internal staff magazine. Agent Hendrix still works for the federal successor to BDAC.

While Hendrix nursed his bruised ego, BDAC considered its revenge. For months agents had been out on the streets hovering on the fringe of Haight, buying drugs, trying to trace back sources, keeping abreast of the market. Often single men in their late twenties and early thirties, they were prepared to put in long hours of surveillance.

The ideal opportunity was a buy which led back towards the source of supply, but Owsley was always very careful about his distribution. BDAC could not get beyond the street level to the Hell's Angels and their supplier. The Denver laboratory had closed without ever being discovered. The BDAC's only hope was to reach the LSD at the tableting stage.

Agent Ken Cresswell had been after Owsley for a very long time when he was offered some genuine Owsley LSD tablets from a dealer with a small supply. The dealer was not one of the normal sellers supplied through the Hell's Angel chain, and Cresswell went through with the deal. The dealer was followed surreptitiously, for once, leading the BDAC men back to a three-storey house at Orinda, near the city. Cresswell suddenly became very interested indeed when he saw who the tenants were.

Scully was still laughing over the incident with Hendrix on 20 December 1967, when he looked out of his home in Berkeley and noticed that the BDAC stake-out had changed alarmingly. Where there were normally two or three agents, now he counted something like thirty.

Owsley always insisted that any telephone calls should be made from public telephone boxes to avoid the risk of tapping. Scully slipped out and rang the chemist. Something's up, he told him, there are BDAC guys everywhere. Have you got any problems? Maybe we should take off for a little while.

Paranoia, Tim, said Owsley. Pure paranoia. No problems here. Forget it.

But Scully was still uneasy, whatever Owsley's famous intuition told him. Scully flew down to Los Angeles to see a leading criminal lawyer whom Owsley kept on retainer. He was sitting in counsel's office the next day when the telephone rang with a chastened Owsley on the line.

On 21 December, six BDAC agents broke down the door of the Orinda house and discovered Owsley's tableting operation, 161 grams of STP and 217 grams of LSD—one dealer put the street value of the haul at over \$11 million.

Owsley was just setting up a barbecue for some friends. As the BDAC men crowded in, his first response was "How did they find me?" The dealer Cresswell had followed was one of the small team working on the tableting. Careful though the chemist might be about distribution, he always allowed the tableters to take something for themselves to sell privately.

As the agents inspected the tableting rooms that were covered with plastic sheeting to allow LSD dust to be collected and recycled, Owsley stood on his dignity. "You're uninvited guests. Please take only the contraband."

"Oh, you mean this," the agents asked, brandishing the stockpiles of LSD and STP.

"I make only the purest acid, for my family and friends," Owsley said huffily. Furthermore, he said, all his products conformed to the highest federal regulations for legitimate drugs.

Released on bail, Owsley rapidly emptied his safety deposit boxes with the aid of the Angels, and prepared for his trial. A federal court gave him three years in prison and a fine for tax evasion. His advice to Scully was simple: "You're on your own."

## Chapter Nine

It was not only lonely, it was getting cold. Haight's Summer of Love was turning into a Winter of Despair. In the autumn of 1967, the community officially declared "The Death of Hippie" complete with an autopsy by the *Berkeley Barb*. The newspaper's own pages showed the changing times with an influx of pornography and massage parlour advertisements. In 1968, federal controls on drugs changed, to make possession of the main psychedelics a misdemeanour and their sale a felony. The short-lived BDAC was soon to be merged with the Bureau of Narcotics, forming the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, controlled by the Department of Justice instead of by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The psychedelics were now considered in the same light as narcotics.

Scully, however, still believed it was possible that the psychedelic movement could survive its over-exposure and the advances of the law, not to mention public cynicism and corruption. He clung to his aim of turning the entire world on. For succour and support he now looked towards Hitchcock and the promises held out by the talks of the autumn. The young millionaire might not be a chemist or a folk hero like Owsley, but his credentials were impeccable in the psychedelic movement. Apart from the loan of Millbrook to Leary, he had also provided financial aid for the would-be psychedelic revolutionary in his brushes with the law. On the West Coast, Hitchcock's home at Sausalito was open house for local luminaries.

Scully's proposition was quite simple. He not only wanted to make more LSD but he wanted to give it away. He recalled later; "My view was that the sale of psychedelics was corrupting and was going to be the downfall of the drug scene. People getting into things above their heads and dealing drugs is more addictive than taking them." There had already been one dramatic killing in San Francisco in September 1967 when a black dealer in Haight called "Superspade" was shot and stabbed while carrying \$50,000 to make an LSD buy. Scully was equally unhappy about Owsley's use of the Hell's Angels. The gang had not dallied with LSD for very long; the transformation created by the drug wore off. The psychedelics added to a growing list of drugs from which they extracted huge profits, using violence and intimidation to achieve dealing monopolies. At the same time, new networks were created. An Angel called Tommy Tee-shirt supplied rock musicians, while a non-Angel was used to sell to suburban "closet heads"—users who wanted to keep their "straight" image with the neighbours.

Scully knew that although Owsley treated himself handsomely out of his LSD profits—with trips to Europe, for example—he also ploughed considerable amounts into the Haight community and backed the musical efforts of the Grateful Dead. But the Angels Used their profits in a bizarre carnival of spending. Tracey—Terry the Tramp and head of the distribution network—bought Wethern, his second-in-command, a seven-foot anti-tank gun for his birthday, which the Angel added to an arsenal including foreign machine guns and hand-tooled pistols. There were exotic pets—several Angels kept lionesses—and the Harley-Davidsons were retired honourably, to be replaced by Jaguar and Cadillac cars.

Haight now included a large number of people whose only form of support was drug dealing, either on a street level for the Angels or on behalf of other entrepreneurs. Scully thought he could see danger ahead. "There is a lot of status, egoism, friends. I have met very few people who have ever kicked the habit and I was beginning to see the process. I was trying to put a stop to it. I wanted Billy Hitchcock to finance large amounts of acid which could be given away."

Hitchcock explained that he too saw the virtues of LSD. He later said: "I don't believe the drugs themselves were responsible for the process of learning but I think they maybe cleared the tubes or the blocks that had allowed me to accept certain things in a sort of prima facie way without really examining them." But on one thing he was adamant: there would not be any free LSD. The drug might be sacred, but in Hitchcock's view people never valued anything that they got for nothing. Besides, what was a dollar a dose?

At the end of the day it was Hitchcock who won. How could he lose? He had the money, and if Scully wanted to get out LSD he would have to accept the terms. Hitchcock became the banker, although he later told friends he had been nothing more than a counsellor and financial adviser. That may be true up to a point, but this member of one of America's wealthiest families also played a role somewhere between director and fixer, not only helping Scully but also Sand.

The BDAC men had stopped the tableting process, but Sand was still merrily churning out STP from his San Francisco plant. However, there was no way of turning it into presentable form for the street.

Out of that grey, cold mist that seemed to Scully to be creeping up on the psychedelic movement and infiltrating it with the mores of professional criminality, came Donald Munson. Munson claimed to have the solution to Sand's problem.

He was discovered by accident at a Hollywood party where he appeared to be very knowledgeable about the drug world. Pressed by other guests, he claimed to know where certain types of equipment were easily obtainable. One of the guests passed the information back to Sand, who conferred with Scully. The two made contact with Munson and found themselves with a very unlikely character. Donald Munson, in his mid-thirties, was a onetime gold smuggler who now worked as the scriptwriter for a religious programme on TV. But the demands of scriptwriting could be set aside if the price was right. He did indeed know of a tableting machine which was in the hands of a man called "Joe." If that did not sound a little dubious to Sand and Scully, "Joe" could be found in Chicago, where the gangsters were supposed to work and play.

"Joe" was huge. A heavy-set man dressed in a black suit, dark gloves and dark hat, he looked like a cross between an American football player and an undertaker. Furthermore, at the meeting place outside Chicago's main airport, it was quite clear that he was none too impressed by his customers. Scully and Sand, the latter with a bankroll in his back pocket, shook hands as Munson introduced them. The two chemists, dressed in jeans, could feel the restrained power in the man's grip. Was that bulge in his jacket a gun?

Ushered into "Joe's" car, as sombre as the dress of its owner, the chemists found themselves being driven along the shore of Lake Michigan. It was a dark, wet night and the lake looked wide, deep and hostile. Sand could feel the bankroll burning in his back pocket.

And then the car stopped. The engine no longer muffled the sound of the rain and the wind.

"Joe" turned round in the seat and said: "I'd like to show you my gun collection."

Sand and Scully froze as the man reached forward into the car's glove compartment. "Joe" brought out a gun and passed it over to the back seat.

What were the two chemists to do? Turn the gun on the man and make a run for it? Keep cool.

They admired the gun.

"Joe" reached into the glove compartment again. He turned round with two large marijuana cigarettes.

"You guys wanna smoke?"

With considerable relief and some bewilderment, the two chemists lit up. For a Mafia man, "Joe" had some very quaint habits. It began to dawn on Scully and Sand that things were not quite as they appeared.

"Joe" introduced himself properly as Joe Helpern; it became clear, as the night wore on, that the nearest he had got to organized crime was having a Chicago address. He drove to a motel which he said was owned by "our people" and where the chemists were told, "Anything you want, just ask." Once everyone was booked in, Helpern produced a shopping bag of best marijuana to pass away the evening. Over dinner he played chess with Munson. Afterwards he discussed Gurdjieff with Sand. No ... whatever Helpern was, he was not Mafia.

The next day he turned out to be the salesman for two ancient tableting presses stored in Detroit. Sand paid \$7,000 for machines that he would have to cannibalize into one working piece of equipment. Munson got a third of the price for the machines which, even transformed into one, still never worked properly.

A few weeks after the Chicago trip, Scully found himself on a second business trip. In the men's department of a leading New York store he busily shucked off his hippie image under Munson's watchful eye. Off came the jeans, the loose shirt, the beads. On went a nice tasteful collection of Ivy League clothes: a quiet jacket and slacks, a shirt, a tie. Munson took him for a haircut. Good smugglers, said the man who used to run gold into India, do not arouse suspicion. Good smugglers, he told Scully, should not look like hippies. Scully was on his way to Europe in search of raw materials.

The major problem facing both Scully and Sand was the availability of chemical bases. Owsley's cache was finished, and federal agents were wise to the possibility of purchases in the United States. There were two potential sources: one was a Swiss chemical trader Sand knew through his dealings on the East Coast. The other was an Englishman Hitchcock knew of who went back to the very early days. His name was Michael Druce, and early in 1968 he was to be found working in London as a chemicals broker, a wheeler-dealer in drugs and compounds on the wholesale markets of Europe. In his own small way Druce, who had left school at fifteen to work for a chemical company and then struck out on his own, had played a significant part in the emergence of the psychedelic movement in the United States. For in the early 1960s, Druce had supplied psychedelics to both Millbrook and the West Coast, as well as to Europe.

Druce was not a convert to the psychedelics although he did dabble in them. His interest was largely one of profit. He said recently: "There was a lot of business to be had in Eastern Europe and one of the things for which there was a big market in those days was Czechoslovakian LSD. The LSD was a good starting-up point because no one knew anything about it." Early in the 1960s, the Czechs, no longer bothered by the expired Sandoz patent, were producing 24 grams of LSD each quarter and exporting it through a state trading company. In Britain the Czechs' outlet was their own company, Exico. The LSD came in 1 milligram vials for small orders or in 100-milligram ampoules of powder for bulk purchases. At one stage Druce was Exico's biggest British consumer for laboratory chemicals. It was he who organized the sale of 400 grams of LSD to Red China.

But Druce also cultivated a mail-order business and over a period supplied a total of 30 to 40 grams of LSD. One source within Exico suggests that Druce's business was even bigger, with purchases of 9 kilos between 1964 and 1965. In Britain, Druce sold LSD in London, Oxford and the Home Counties. In the United States, he sold 5 grams to a middle-aged woman in Los Angeles; she capped the drug into 100microgram doses in her kitchen and sold them.

In some ways Druce could vie with Hollingshead as the man who turned on the world—the title Hollingshead used for his autobiography of life with Leary. It was he, Druce, who kept Millbrook going when LSD was in short supply in the United States. The connection was Alper who flew to London to pick up cash deliveries at rendezvous in the plush bars of the Cumberland and Hilton hotels. The rapport which grew between them was such that Alper once presented Druce with a copy of a book he and Leary had written together on psychedelic use.

With LSD proscribed, Druce withdrew from business. His name, however, was not forgotten by the Millbrook group. Soon after Billy Hitchcock moved to the West Coast, a representative arrived in London and visited Druce—now owner of Charles Druce Ltd—with a long list of psychedelics which Druce says he refused to supply.

Early in 1968, Billy Hitchcock suggested to Scully that Druce might not have such qualms about raw materials. The Americans knew that lysergic acid or ergotamine tartrate was being produced in Italy and Czechoslovakia. It might be dangerous to approach the producers direct, but a broker like Druce would arouse no suspicion. Chemical brokers or traders work like their equivalents in other commodity markets, storing merchandise against price rises or trading with one another. If Druce could get the supplies, Scully, with Munson's aid, would smuggle the chemicals back to the United States.

Scully tried both Sand's Swiss broker and Druce. Once again he found he was moving in a world which was not always what it seemed.

Druce indeed had lysergic acid on offer which, it transpired, was the same lysergic acid the Swiss source claimed to have (Druce and the man were involved in trading). The Swiss man had already taken a hefty deposit and was asking twice Druce's price. A deal was instead struck with Druce for \$4,500 and the lysergic acid sent to the United States by post, stuffed in several children's brightly coloured soft toys. But on examination in the United States, Scully discovered he had bought what looked like talcum powder. Druce, telephoned long-distance, pleaded ignorance. As a sign of good faith he offered 1 kilo (1,000 grams) of lysergic acid at the price normally charged for 750 grams. After reference to Hitchcock, Scully agreed. Apart from anything else, they needed the order Scully had also placed for ergotamine tartrate.

Druce knew the chemicals might be used for something like LSD, but he saw the deals purely as good business deals which in themselves were not illegal. Scully paid \$9,000 for 2.8 kilos of ergotamine tartrate at \$3.25 a gram. The ergotamine was sent to the United States as "CQ equipment for gas chromatography," a means of chemical analysis, and picked up at a chemical firm by someone on behalf of "Tim Philips," Scully's name in London. Scully would go back to London and collect the promised kilo of lysergic acid, which could be placed in a Swiss bank deposit until needed.

The money from the psychedelics was now steadily moving out of the United States to hidden corners of the banking world in the same way professional criminals hid their gains. While Scully was busy arranging raw materials, Hitchcock went to work for Sand much as he had for Owsley. Sand had made use of Swiss accounts before he moved to the West Coast; but in the spring of 1968, led by Hitchcock, he followed Owsley's example by moving funds to the Bahamas. On a trip to Nassau with Hitchcock, he opened up an account with Fiduciary Trust under the name of Alan Bell, his dead partner, and deposited \$70,000. In the space of a year, the trust had handled \$385,000—Owsley had moved a further \$90,000 to his account from the money he recovered after he was arrested and bailed—and much of it came through the Angels. Owsley's link with them had been taken over by Sand—but it proved to be a dangerous liaison, as Scully feared.

Both Hitchcock and Sand had met Tracey—Terry the Tramp—through Owsley. The chemist's parting gift to his friends among the Angels was a cache of LSD crystals the BDAC men had missed and a new connection for their drug supplies. According to Tracey's number two, Wethern, Sand was more than eager to fill the breach, offering a weekly supply of LSD worth \$50,000 in exchange for \$40,000. The Angels were happy with the arrangement sweetened by samples of DMT, the drug Sand had made in New York and which he handed round at the conference. If the Angels liked the drug, he would make it for them in return for a supply of raw materials. The Angels did indeed like the quick-acting drug and agreed to supply chemicals.

The first delivery of LSD went smoothly enough. Sand handed over 27,000 yellow tablets which Wethern circulated among other Angels and in Berkeley. The word came back that they were every bit as good as anything Owsley had made. But as the system regularized, complaints started to come back from the streets that customers were not getting LSD. Wethern personally "interviewed" Sand who admitted that he still had some STP to get rid of before beginning LSD production. The Angels, lacking any other supplier, were forced to accept the situation and sell STP until Sand had exhausted his stock. Sand should have realized then the dangers he could face if he tried to be too clever.

The STP brought further problems when 12,000 doses hidden in a garage were transformed into a useless blob by moisture. Tracey and Wethern decided to force Sand to take back the wasted material and drove the seventy-five miles from San Francisco to Cloverdale where Sand was living on a rented ranch. Wethern, having failed to shoot the lock off the ranch gates, climbed over with Tracey. The two massive Angels stalked past the duck pond, the geodesic dome, the orchard and the tepees installed by Sand, towards the main house. The inhabitants greeted the visitors cautiously. Witnesses to the visit said that the Angels, in their usual tactless way, toted guns at women and children, held everybody up and then took anything of value they could find. Wethern denies this but admits that he and Tracey practised with their guns on a hillside until a worried Sand arrived to replace the useless drugs.

Peace returned. However, the Angels began to discover they were now having difficulties in moving any STP at all. No one seemed to want to buy. In their own inimitable fashion, the Angels began to investigate the state of the market. Their conclusions resulted in a very unusual business conference.

Wethern parked his car outside a cemetery. In the back Sand was jammed in between several large Angels. Why, Wethern wanted to know, was there so much trouble moving STP? Why Nick? Why Nick?

The Angel answered for him. The gang had paid a visit to a dealer who had always been a good customer, on the boat that he kept. With a rock and a rope round his neck the dealer explained that he no longer wanted Angel STP because he could get it at a better price.

Do you know who from, Nick? the Angel asked. Guess. You.

The revelation was the signal for Sand to be pistol-whipped. As he slumped, bleeding, Wethern still wanted to know how Sand could keep up his supplies to the Angels and run another deal on the side. It is not recorded how long Sand took to pluck up the courage and reply. But finally he did.

The raw materials Sand had requested from the Angels to make their DMT had been diverted to STP production. Chemicals stolen by the Angels from factories, laboratories and universities had been used to cheat them. Wethern estimated that Sand had been given, free, enough chemicals to make something like 8 million STP doses.

Before Sand left the car, Wethern pressed his nose to the window and made him stare at the tombstones across the road. The message was very clear.

A chastened Sand finally ended his STP production in May 1968, worried by the appearance of police in the area. There was little doubt now that Scully had been right. In future the Angels would be strenuously avoided, but trusted dealers do not appear as if by magic. At least there was a little time to spare. As Sand closed down, Scully began operating his LSD run; the search for new distributors could be paced against his progress.



Once again he had chosen suburban Denver as his venue. Having worked there once without detection, there was no reason why he should not succeed again, safely distanced from San Francisco in a city which he now knew. In June, Scully had hardly started when he had to return to San Francisco. He left without qualms. Nothing could go wrong in the sunny, sleepy streets of the Colorado capital.

Like all the homes around it, 1050 South Elmira Street, Scully's laboratory site, had a large lawn. In the summer everyone vied to keep their lawns green and lush. Each evening the soft swish of sprinklers ushered home the weary Denver suburbanite. But not at Number 1050 in the summer of 1968. Water in that part of Denver had to be drawn by pump from wells, and the pump at Number 1050 had broken down.

Two of Scully's friends were in charge of the rented house; they decided to fly to San Francisco to report the problem to Scully. Scully, busy with other matters, just told them to go back and get the thing fixed. The couple decided to drive back leisurely.

They were still on the road when the neighbours began telephoning the owner of the house about the state of the lawn. It was no good having a nice house in a nice suburb if someone let the side down by not keeping their grass up to scratch. Think what would happen to house prices if lawns dried out. It would be an eyesore. And an eyesore was appearing on the turf of Number 1050. The dry grass was turning a nasty shade of yellow.

An angry owner drove up to the house one Saturday.

The grass was so dry a cigarette stub would have sent it up. Walking round the silent house he wrinkled his nose. There was a terrible smell from somewhere. A dead body? My God. Someone has changed the locks. Call the police.

A patrol car arrived. With the owner's permission, the policeman broke in. The party began hunting the house for that awful smell.

In the basement they found the smell coming from spilt chemicals. They were standing in a laboratory as sophisticated as any in the city's hospitals. Scully had invested \$25,000 in building up the best laboratory the illicit LSD world had probably seen at that time.

Next day, while the fire brigade watered the lawn, police scientists examined the small samples of LSD they found. After analysis, they reported the quality was higher than anything made by Sandoz or other of the commercial firms.

In San Francisco, Scully had heard nothing from his friends and put in a call to Denver. He put the telephone down with a start when a voice answered: "Scully residence." There were papers lying around with his real name on, but the house had been rented under a pseudonym.

It was too late to warn the couple on the road. Scully had no idea where they were. For all he knew, they might already have been caught. Four days after the laboratory was discovered, they arrived in Denver, blissfully unaware of events. The laboratory had made frontpage news, but they never noticed. They managed to drive up to the house without even seeing the police cars. Walking in to find all manner of strange people wandering around, they demanded to know what was happening ... and were promptly arrested.

Scully still had lysergic acid picked up from London, but there was now neither a laboratory nor a distribution network. Scully, with many of his possessions in the hands of the police in Denver, joined Hitchcock at Sausalito while they discussed what to do next.

They were still pondering their next move when Hitchcock had a couple of callers. John Griggs had met him before, through Leary, when the millionaire first came west. In the summer of 1968, Griggs dropped in again, bringing Michael Randall with him. The Brotherhood also had difficulties.

## Chapter Ten

In the months since taking over the Idylwild ranch the Brothers had developed a tradition, by the summer of 1968, of using LSD communally once a week, often under the leadership of Leary. A group of Brothers, Leary and Rosemary would climb up to the ridge above—the ranch buildings each week and into the cave set aside for the ceremony. The cave was quite large, fitted out with fur rugs on the floor and large cushions covered with Indian silk. Near the entrance a crude fireplace had been built, and light came from two hanging lamps.

At their best, the communal sessions were a tremendous experience. Sometimes, when the moon was full, the rugs would be hauled out of the cave and set round a square hearth nearby. The hearth, based on the ceremonial hearths used by Indians for peyote ceremonies, was surrounded by a large circle of fine sand and became the core of the session. As the others sat hushed, Leary would say a prayer enjoining the congregation to open their minds to the wonders to come. A small wicker basket circulated, filled with LSD, and each person took whatever size dose he wanted—the average was usually as much as 1,500 micrograms.

With the moon gleaming above, shining on the desert and Palm Springs in the distance, the session gathered pace. First an Indian peyote rattle would be passed round; as each person took hold of it they began to yell, shout, laugh, scream—their voices ringing out on the still air.

As the voices died on the night, the mood quietened to rhythmic chanting for a hour or so. Then a flute would accompany the voices, dancing alongside them. This was the cue for other instruments to pick up the beat until everyone was playing something—drums, guitars.

One July night in 1968, the rhythm and harmony never emerged. The LSD went round as usual. Griggs, Lynd, Randall, several other Brothers and the Learys each took their doses. Yet the effect was muted, and the session limped through the night with more troughs than peaks. It was a scattered, uninspiring experience which ended as the sun rose.

In the morning the Brothers held a post mortem with Leary. The weakness of the LSD made a mockery of the whole sacramental ceremony, and yet their LSD had come from San Francisco as usual. Leary told them it was important to get a good strong source. There might well be LSD on the streets in San Francisco, but no one knew how good it was. The Brothers asked if it was still possible to get the Sandoz LSD. No, said Leary. He really did not know where they could get any reasonable LSD. It was Griggs who suggested that the source could be Hitchcock and his friends. He and Randall went north.

A few weeks after they had arrived at Hitchcock's Sausalito home, Nick Sand drove along Highway 74, past the village of Mountain Centre, to the dirt road which led up to the padlocked gates of the ranch. When the Brothers moved in they changed the combination of the locks to 1943, the year of Hofmann's discovery, but Sand—as a result of the visit to Sausalito—was expected. He was visiting ostensibly to look over the Brothers' arrangements, because he was planning improvements to the ranch at Cloverdale.

He liked what he saw. There was a main ranch house, a wooden building with four bedrooms, two large barns with living quarters attached, another little house and, further away, a one-bedroomed house where Leary stayed. The Brothers were in the process of buying themselves a dozen horses. Plans were afoot for a sauna where people could retire with a large marijuana cigarette and just ooze and smoke. Land was being dug up for vegetables so that the ranch could be as near self-sufficient as possible.

But what struck Sand was the amount of space, the spare buildings and the isolation of the place on a plateau, with a good view for miles around. In the corral near the main house Sand put his proposition. The Brothers wanted LSD and he and his colleagues needed a production site. How about using the ranch as the base for a new laboratory?

Just as he had tempted the Angels with supplies of DMT, so Sand sweetened his proposal with a bag of blue capsules. The Brothers were invited to take handfuls of the capsules which Sand described as his latest product, "Blue Levis." Very good LSD, he assured them and he could make more if he had a good laboratory site.

The Brothers went into a huddle. The LSD was impressive—it was almost certainly the work of Scully, who had brought 100,000 doses from Denver before he lost his equipment. However, the idea of a laboratory on the ranch was not very appealing. The Brothers were content to deal, but nothing more. They wanted to get good LSD on to the streets; and if Sand could help them do that, they were prepared to distribute his product.

Sand left without getting his site; but he, Hitchcock and Scully had partially solved their problem. Once they could get a production run moving, they had a good, safe distribution route—and Scully for one could put aside his fears of corruption. The Brotherhood were building up a reputation across Southern California for square, fair dealing. No guns here. Griggs would not allow it. When two dealers skipped with \$5,000 in Laguna, Griggs forbade the other Brothers to try and catch them.

If anyone still had any ethical doubts, Leary could vouch for the Brothers. Indeed, he even put his praise into print. The East Village Other in New York published "Deal for Real, The Dealer as Robin Hood," in which Leary suggested it would be a moral exercise for all users of the psychedelics to do a little dealing "to pay tribute to this most honourable profession ... brotherhoods or groups of men."

The sort of people he had in mind were the Brothers—described in the piece as "a group of clear-eyed smiling beautiful dealers. They were young men in their twenties as all dealers have to be young. At that time their life situation was close to perfect. They were living together with their families in nature."

Leary was so struck by them that in the summer of 1968 he moved on to the ranch, taking over the little one-bedroomed house and a plot of land by its side. The Brothers were his new patrons. Millbrook was dead, after a long, wasting illness. In May 1968, Billy Hitchcock and his family issued eviction orders for the various tenants through one of Hitchcock's companies.

When Millbrook was discussed shortly after the Learys arrived to take up residence at the ranch, Leary told Lynd that the faults of the estate were rooted in a debauched and uncontrolled lifestyle which constantly threw up problems. That may have been one of the reasons. The others were the constant attentions of the local police, the friction between different groups on the estate and the "undesirables" who seemed to follow Leary home from his excursions to New York. By 1968 there were in fact three religious groups living in partial rivalry at Millbrook: Leary's League, Art Kleps' Boo-Hoo church and an ashram. The League had the big house; the church had the gatehouse; and the ashram was set up in the carnage house. If that was not enough to create chaos, there were also the psychedelic pilgrims whose influx constantly annoyed neighbours. Posters were put up telling outsiders that no visitors were allowed in without permission, but that did nothing to mollify the police who began a campaign of steady harassment, ranging from arrests for crimes such as having a dirty car windscreen to raids on the estate for "criminal facilitation." Hitchcock sweetened the eviction notices by handing each of the three religious leaders a cheque. Leary quit Millbrook for the Brothers' ranch with a pay-off of \$14,000.

No, Leary assured Lynd, the ranch would never have the same problems as Millbrook. The people on the ranch were all more or less of the same age, most were married couples, and the arrangement was far more stable than Millbrook had been. Besides, life on the ranch was fairly well organized.

The Brothers rose at six each morning for an hour of meditation to the sound of rock music or tapes of a Buddhist chant. Then the work of the day would start, with the wives taking care of the cooking (which was vegetarian) and the cleaning, while the men set about the chores of the ranch itself which included mending a large number of fences—since the horses they had bought turned out to be largely unbroken. The afternoon might be spent with a ball game or discussions with Leary who had officially amalgamated the League with the Brotherhood, symbolizing the bond with little medallions worn by the Brothers and bearing the Chinese Yin and Yang motif. Leary taught the Brothers the games theories he had once practised at Harvard, explaining his belief that human behaviour was affected by rules, ritual and roles. Hours were spent mulling over ideas that had once made Leary such an acclaimed innovator. The commune's discussions ranged from Zen Buddhism to the current status of the psychedelic movement.

Someone in the Pentagon rashly tried to call up one of the younger Brothers for the war in Vietnam. The night before he was due to go to the induction centre, he was fed every kind of drug on the ranch. The next morning, still blasted out of his mind, the Brothers dressed him in the weirdest clothes they could find, bundled him into an old car and trundled off to the centre. After dropping him at the door, the car cruised back and forth outside. A few minutes later, he was hurled out in the road. The US Army had standards to maintain.

Leary was asked to endorse the plans for demonstrations and opposition to the war at the Democratic Party convention in Chicago. Groups like the Yippies (the Youth International Party) and the revolutionary Black Panthers wanted the psychedelic movement to be there. Leary conferred with the Brothers. Signs of trouble in Chicago were in the air. The Brothers wanted no part of violence, which seemed at odds with their concepts. The idea of people taking LSD and then taking part in what could—and did—become street battles was too much to accept.

When Chicago erupted in August 1968, the ripples never reached out to Idylwild where life seemed almost blessed. Leary was inspired to write a film script of the scene—a model of the society of the future, a dream world. Hollingshead, who joined Leary at the ranch, tells the story of the aftermath of a party the Brothers had been to in Los Angeles. At five or six in the morning, the Brothers were on their way back from a party in Hollywood. Dressed in beads and light robes, they were feeling thirsty when someone spotted an orange grove. The car pulled up and everyone began running around, climbing trees, laughing and throwing oranges to each other. No one worried about six or seven kilos of marijuana tucked away in the abandoned car. The morning air was loud with shouts of glee when a police prowler pulled up.

On the face of it, a dangerous situation. The Brothers were clearly stealing oranges and it would take little more than a cursory search of the car to nail them with something more serious. Griggs came over to the man and explained things.

Nothing serious officer. Just a few guys who got thirsty on the road.

The police listened, nodded and told Griggs not to let it happen again.

Hollingshead said: "They had fantastic luck. Griggs would take incredible risks like that. I compare them to Mr. Magoo, where Mr. Magoo is crossing the bridge which is falling down and he does not know this because he can't see it." To the Brothers, the incident was no different from the time a patrol car went off the road outside San Diego chasing a marijuana load. As one put it: "Those motherfuckers get zapped each time." Like Owsley, they believed there was some sort of divine protection for their sacred role of moving drugs. The barns on the ranch were regularly packed with bales of marijuana neatly tied by a baling machine the Brothers found and renovated. Shortly after Leary moved in, the Brothers were off on what he called one of their "spiritual journeys."

In the summer of 1968 Lynd found himself heading eastwards towards Afghanistan. With a bank roll of \$6,000 he bought a Volkswagen camper in West Germany, fitting it out for the long overland trek, on the advice of a Californian who made the trip to Europe to help him. The vehicle was loaded with extra stores, water cans, petrol tanks. The Volkswagen also had another modification: under the beds a hole had been cut to make a hidden compartment.

No one paid a great deal of attention to Lynd. The Baltic and Middle Eastern countries were beginning to grow accustomed to strange-looking Europeans and Americans heading east, many of them in battered campers like Lynd's. The roads to the east were not the smooth highways of the United States but sometimes rough roads climbing and twisting, ducking down and stretching across dusty scrub. Petrol stations were few, rest-rooms rare. The other traffic was comprised of huge juggernauts road-running between east and west, with consumer items going one way and farm produce the other. There were times when you needed a good air-conditioning system, which few European cars had, and times when the windscreen became clogged with dead insects. Stones bounced off the camper. Sheep ambled across the road. Californians are sometimes accused by other Americans of a certain insularity, an indifference to the rest of the world, sitting smugly in their Pacific paradise, yet here was Lynd quite prepared to go halfway round the world and into the unknown in search of hashish, hash.

Hash is the resin of the cannabis plant, dried and hardened into a dark lump, often considerably more potent than marijuana. As a product of the Middle East and Central Asia, it was rarely seen on the West Coast until the hippies began moving eastwards. By the mid-1960s they were going east in search of the mystic experiences and sources so often woven into the theology of the psychedelic movement from the texts and teachings of Asia.

A Brotherhood expedition to buy stock in Iran, India, Pakistan and Afghanistan for the Mystic Arts World Store in the spring of 1968, found itself in the bazaars of Kandahar, Afghanistan. Hash was a mere \$20 a kilo, compared with \$2,000 a kilo in California, and the expedition brought back 50 kilos.

The hash was greeted with enthusiasm in Woodland Drive in Laguna, where a consortium system for drugs had developed between the Brothers. Some would provide finance and others organize purchases; then the stocks would be split up for distribution. Six of the central Brothers decided that Afghanistan was worth more than a chance encounter. Led by Griggs and Randall, the group decided they would provide the money while Lynd and several others would make the trip. It was to be the prototype of many others.

Lynd drove through the plains and hills of Turkey into the desert of Iran, towards Afghanistan and the beginning of the Himalayas: into a world of mud homes and thin leathery men who still kept sharp knives in their belts or cradled ageing fowling-pieces in their arms.

Lynd's goal in Kandahar, at the base of the Hindu Kush, was to find two brothers, the Tokhis. The first Brotherhood travellers had stumbled on them by chance when the manager of their hotel suggested they might be interested in doing business with them. One man was called Ayatollah and the other Nasrullah. Both were in their late twenties, but Ayatollah (which means "Light of God") was the prime mover. He started his working life selling kebabs on the streets, saved up to buy a taxi and made enough to open a hotel. Nasrullah was homosexual, taken in by an Afghan dignitary in his teens and later becoming the proprietor of a rug shop.

The hotel and the rug shop were part of a much wider business empire. The Tokhis were also important figures in the sale of "honey oil," hash.

One of the men who had been on the first trip was supposed to join Lynd in Kandahar to make the introduction, but Lynd decided not to wait. He walked through the dust and dirt of an Asian city to find the Tokhis.

He found Nasrullah's shop opposite the Tourist Hotel which Ayatollah now owned in Shari Nar. Lynd paused. The shop was supposed to sell rugs, but this one sold clothes. Perhaps the Tokhis had changed their business.

Slowly and carefully he explained in English to the tall Afghani that he was in Afghanistan to buy hash, dope, uh ... drugs. Hashish. He was from Laguna Beach, Laguna Beach in the United States.

Nasrullah was interested but cautious.

Perhaps the gentleman had friends he had met? He mentioned the name of one of the Brothers on the first trip.

Yes indeed. Lynd certainly did know him. Of course he knew him. He was about so tall, and he wore ...

Nasrullah pulled out a pocket book and showed it to Lynd. The names of the Brothers on the first trip were written down. Nasrullah knew all about the Brotherhood. The others had explained it to him and said there would be more buyers. In the shade of the shop, the Afghani and the American began to talk business.

The next day, Lynd was introduced to Ayatollah, a thin-faced man with sunken cheeks, short hair and a thin moustache. A deal was struck for 250 lb of hash, which Lynd had no doubt would sell rapidly back home.

The American and the Afghans seemed to be getting on famously. Lynd told them they were all brothers together, the Afghans enthusiastically agreed. Lynd was a favoured customer, sweetening future deals by paying \$20 per lb., \$5 more than the Tokhis were asking.

Ayatollah took him to see the hash being made at his home and the friendship was sealed over a pipe or two of hash.

Lynd did not have enough cash to pay for the load—the Brother who was joining him would have the money—but the Tokhis were still happy to load up the Volkswagen in a quiet valley outside Kandahar. It was there that Lynd began to learn of the veniality of the Afghans.

The bed had been cut out and the hash was being put into the hidden storage space when an Afghani in uniform pulled up on a motorcycle. Nasrullah said the man was a police official and Lynd began to panic, but his host told him to keep calm. The official was told that the Volkswagen was under emergency repair, and seemed satisfied. Why don't you come up to my house afterwards, he suggested.

On the patio of the man's villa, Lynd found that the attitudes of the Afghani police were considerably more relaxed than those of their American counterparts. The official offered the party food and the pleasures of his hookah.

When the Volkswagen was loaded and the other Brother had arrived, the shipment was ready for its journey home. The plan was to drive the camper to Karachi and then ship it back to the United States, but the cash did not cover the sea journey. Racked with dysentery, Lynd decided to fly home, raise some more cash and telex it to Karachi. He arrived at Kabul airport wearing a coat Nasrullah had specially made for him. It contained a secret compartment hiding 6 lb of hash which would be sold to raise more cash for the main load.

Lynd, ticket in hand, was on his way to the aircraft when a customs official stopped him.

Lynd was led to an interview room where the drugs were quickly found. He was growing wise in the ways of Afghanistan. Nasrullah had undoubtedly tipped off the man, who was now expecting to be paid off to free him. Lynd gave him \$175 and went off to his flight. He was just getting himself comfortable in the aircraft when the official popped in and returned his hash. Lynd stuck it in his belt, flying home to Los Angeles with the hash undetected.

Griggs drove Lynd south to Laguna and sold the hash in a matter of hours. The profit was sent off to Karachi and the Brothers waited for the camper to arrive.

They chose Wilmington, Los Angeles, as the port of entry, and took no chances. The Volkswagen, brought in under a fictitious name, sat for two days on the dock while Lynd kept watch in case customs agents were taking an undue interest. When the coast was clear, another Brother went on to the dock and took possession of the camper. He filled in the paperwork for the first stage of customs clearance, the tank was filled and the battery reconnected.

The Brother drove over to Lynd. The camper still had to be inspected. The customs inspection post was round a corner and out of sight. The Brothers looked at each other. What was to stop them driving out? Lynd hopped in and the camper headed for the last part of its journey.

When the load was eagerly weighed out so that each investor could take his share, Lynd discovered that the Tokhis had sold him 125 lb. instead of 250 lb.: Lynd had never weighed the hash. He had even paid over the odds.

The mood soured quickly. Lynd took 10 lb. of hash and decided to leave the others to squabble. No one knew what to do with the camper, so they tossed coins and Lynd took it with him. The others might feel shortchanged, but the load was still worth a great deal.

At the end of the day the shipment generated \$400,000. The hash could well subsidize the LSD supplies. While the Brothers had been busy in Afghanistan, their new allies in San Francisco had not been idle either.

The guide who met Druce and his companion at San Francisco airport seemed businesslike, if a little casual in his dress. Sand, in jeans and sandals, typified the Englishman's idea of an American student. As they were driving away from the airport, Sand pulled in to give a hippie a lift, and the two began chatting happily about where to get the best grass (marijuana). Druce's travelling companion was totally mystified. Ron Craze had never taken a drug in his life and he had absolutely no idea what the Americans were discussing. He and Druce had come all this way to ask Hitchcock for funding to start their company, not to sit in a car with two men talking about God knows what.

Druce shared offices in London with another company whose owner held a half-interest in his business. Craze had come over from Exico, where Druce had once bought his LSD, to work for the man on legitimate chemicals business. Like Druce, who started in business at a humble level, Ron Craze was on the look-out for new business opportunities, and seized on the idea for a specialist firm which would sell feed to developing countries by a totally new method. The problem was finance. Druce came into the discussions, holding out the possibility that American contacts might just have the money needed. He could buy up the other interest in his firm, turn it over to what would become Alban Feeds and set up a new company which would deal in specialist chemicals. The two companies would be interrelated through holdings.

The contacts Druce had in mind were Scully and, through him, Hitchcock. Approached with the idea of Alban Feeds, the millionaire felt that a small investment could be an inducement to Druce to maintain the supply of base materials for LSD. Druce and Craze, who claims he was in the dark about the other side of Druce's contacts, were summoned to San Francisco, fares paid by Hitchcock, to discuss the matter.

In the pleasant summer heat of San Francisco, the two Englishmen were whisked out of the city to Sausalito and Hitchcock's home. But after the prompting to fly over, there seemed no urgency to do business. Everything was low key, although people took great care when coming and going, as though they expected to be followed. Hitchcock himself was constantly on the telephone to New York, playing the market, checking on share movements. Druce was impressed by him, but otherwise bored. The two Englishmen were left to watch TV most of the day. One evening, they were taken into San Francisco for a meal which ended with a visit to someone's friends who seemed to live in a bare house with boarded doors. After climbing through the window, Craze was introduced to a group of rock musicians. Back at the Hitchcock home, there was still no news of the \$5,000 needed for Alban Feeds. However, Craze had finally realized that things were not quite what they seemed. Sand expatiated on the virtues of creating a better world with LSD. Craze listened politely as the chemist told him that any ordinary illness could be tackled and cured through the mind; Sand wanted to set up a clinic in Switzerland. Scully told the Englishman that if LSD were put into water supplies, there would be no more war.



On the last night they got down to business. "There were not more than five of us altogether," said Druce. "There was the usual thing about quality but that was their problem in production." Druce realized Sand was the chemist. "I got the impression they were fragmented. Guys with the money on one side and guys with the laboratory on the other." As far as money was concerned, Druce "had a rough idea they could earn five to six million dollars. I was not worried, providing it was done in the United States. It was a strictly business proposition." The money would be forthcoming for Alban Feeds, while Druce would set about supplying raw materials.

He took home with him, according to Craze, a shopping list of chemicals written on the back of one of his catalogues. Druce was also commissioned to check comparative prices, and back in London began sending out requests to companies for their catalogues to pass on to the United States.

Soon after the San Francisco trip, Hitchcock, Sand and Scully arrived in London to finalize matters. Druce said he was told they wanted as much raw material as possible, every, three or four months. According to Scully, Druce was left with orders for 5 kilos of lysergic acid and 10-20 kilos of ergotamine tartrate. He was sent in the region of \$100,000 for the orders, on top of the money for Alban Feeds and earlier payments.

The funding came direct from European bank accounts. The various trips from San Francisco had laid out a network of bank accounts for Hitchcock and the chemists. Late in July 1968, Hitchcock warned Sand that Fiduciary in the Bahamas was no longer a safe haven; there were rumours that the American authorities were taking an unhealthy interest in the company. Hitchcock recommended the Paravicini Bank in Switzerland. Some years before, Hitchcock in his profession of broker had struck up a successful deal with the bank, and they would be happy to repay any debts. Both Sand's Alan Bell account and the remains of Owsley's Robin Goodfellow account were transferred to the Berne offices of Paravicini. Sand, no slouch himself in the world of Swiss banking with its secrecy and tight security controls, moved \$114,000 from an account at another Swiss bank. Hitchcock was given power of attorney for Sand's account because it would be used for stock investment on which the millionaire would advise. Hitchcock's own account at Paravicini would provide finance for Druce.

The Swiss accounts had the obvious virtue of making it difficult for the American authorities to follow the business activities of Hitchcock and friends. While he was in Switzerland, he and Sand also arranged other ways of keeping Federal agents at arm's length. With the help of a Zurich bank official, the two men created a Liechtenstein corporation called Four Star Anstalt. Hitchcock later explained that the company was created because "we were dealing with substances which were at best controversial. We were dealing with funds from unexplained sources and there was certainly no advantages on the other side of the ledger to any overt operations."

The idea of Four Star Anstalt, funded through an account at the Vontobel Bank which Sand had used in the past, was to cope with the purchase of a site for the next laboratory to supply the Brotherhood. This time, if the laboratory was found, Hitchcock and friends would be well distanced from it. First of all, any investigator would have to get through the secrecy surrounding Swiss banks, then, if he succeeded, he would find himself up against the brick wall of the Liechtenstein company. Although a dot on the map of Europe, the country is the home of hundreds of thousands of companies, many of which are nothing more than paper creations run from the offices of local lawyers sworn to secrecy.

If the catastrophe of Owsley's fall and the discovery of the Denver site taught Hitchcock and the others anything, it taught them to put themselves as far away from federal agents as possible. They even thought of moving any future laboratory abroad. They first got the idea of the Bahamas while they were sorting out the original arrangements for the Fiduciary account. The island was conveniently close to the American mainland, yet at the same time outside United States' control. American investors came and went every day. Soon the scheme embraced not only a laboratory but a whole centre, like Leary's at Zihuatenejo. Scully, an enthusiast for Huxley's *Island*, was gripped by the idea and flew out to rendezvous with an official from Fiduciary who promised to help with any local problems.

The assistance amounted to an introduction to two men who, Scully was assured, would be of great help in his work. The problem was that the two reminded Scully very strongly of his first dramatic meeting with Joe Helpern in Chicago. However, whereas the subfusc giant turned out to be more machismo than Mafia, Scully's helpers were a little too realistic. Numbered among the American investors eager to put money into the Bahamas were members of the organized crime syndicates, and as the three explored the area around Nassau, Scully decided his travelling companions were Mafia musclemen. The two men told Scully they would take care of everything and the chemist decided he was probably included in the "everything." With visions of life chained to the bench of a Mafia laboratory, Scully preferred to take his chances on the American mainland.

Back home, Scully was nevertheless careful. The site he chose was a lonely house in Windsor, near Santa Rosa, using Sand's money. Scully's lawyer, a San Francisco tax expert called Peter Buchanan, would handle the details of the \$41,000 purchase. To avoid the Internal Revenue Service, Buchanan agreed to hide the source of the money by changing it into bank cashiers' cheques or money orders, putting them through his firm's trust account and using that account to buy the house. It was a laborious task. Buchanan laundered \$10,000 at 16 different New York banks, flying east in person. He did the same back on the West Coast, and in December a "Mr. James Orr" became the apparent owner of the house.

Hitchcock and Scully drove to a mushroom farm at Cupertino to recover stored laboratory equipment and chemicals Scully had laid in. When they arrived, the farmer's daughter warned Scully that some strange men had been hanging about in the neighbourhood—the BNDD (successors to BDAC) were on the trail again. They occasionally staked out in a chicken coop. The day Sand and Scully arrived, the coop was empty.

Scully and Sand agreed to split the raw material between them on the production run. Scully would go first, and Sand would follow. The New Yorker was none too bothered. He was planning a holiday in Mexico and some brushing-up on his techniques.

The bath-tub graduate had finally decided to go to school. He could be found part of the time in the laboratory of Professor Lester Friedman at Case Western Reserve University, Missouri. Sand had stumbled over him when he had tried to get STP made commercially. The firm he wrote to had suggested he approach Friedman, their consultant. The underground chemist and the overground chemist eventually met, and Sand began to pick his brains.

Lester Friedman was a tall, balding man in his forties. His specialist work, on chemistry connected to the sense of smell, had been translated into several languages, and he had something of an international reputation. A family man, sober and well-read, he did not fit easily into Sand's circle; but, like Sand, he had a passion for chemistry and considerable financial acumen. He will not talk now about those days, but perhaps his passion and his commercial sense got the better of him. Druce, who knew him quite well as a figure in chemical trading, says it was easy to forget he was an academic when they were doing business.

With the end of STP production, Sand began working at Case Western in the summer. He introduced Friedman to Hitchcock and, according to Hitchcock, the talk centred on compounds, simplification of processes and the improvements Friedman could make to the manufacture of LSD. Just as Druce had been given Alban Feeds, so Friedman received a research grant from Sand for his services. For the moment he stayed in the background, coaching Sand in December 1968.

With raw materials stored in one of Hitchcock's safety deposit boxes, Scully began work in January 1969, just as the New Year came in.

The Brotherhood—their hash supplies secured—awaited delivery.

## Chapter Eleven

The crowds at the Anaheim rock concert were settling down, waiting for the bands to begin. The air was turning blue with rising cigarette smoke. Here and there you could smell the thick, musty scent of marijuana. The place buzzed with conversation and teenagers walked backwards and forwards getting drinks, chatting to friends. On stage the last pieces of equipment were being moved into place with bumps and thumps. A roadie blew deeply into the microphone, clearing away any electronic gremlins with a sound which came out as a short, almost rasping rush of air. There were cheers from the audience and a thin whine on the amplifiers which strangled itself into an unpleasant, unbroken electric scream.

Somewhere out of nowhere it suddenly started to rain. Hard, heavy rain like hail which collected in the aisles, fell down people's necks and drummed on their shoulders and heads. Kids looked round and up. This was not rain. Someone must be fooling around with popcorn in the seats higher up. No, wait. It was not popcorn. Someone was throwing down orange pills. They were being scattered like seeds. Kids started cheering. Free pills, free drugs.

Free from whom, where? There he was. A man in black leather trousers and a T-shirt scattering pills as he ran, like a frenetic farmer, behind with his sowing. He had very dark hair which flowed behind him, a thin moustache and a small beard. When he stopped for a moment, the hair settled down over his shoulders. He was small, about five foot six inches tall. Then he started running again, but he had stopped long enough for the legend on the T-shirt to be read: "Orange Sunshine Express."

John Gale, a rising figure in the Brotherhood's distribution network, was spreading the word for the Brothers' new LSD in the best way he knew how; on Laguna Beach he had handed out 100,000 doses in a day. Orange Sunshine, the most famous LSD since the days of Owsley, was hitting the streets.

Gale was the promotional salesman extraordinaire. Owner of a surfing shop called Rainbow Surfboards near the Mystic Arts World Store, the young man was not an original Brother but the son of wealthy parents—his father was the owner of a famous marine engineering firm—who had been lured into the world of surfing and helped by the Brothers after a surfing accident.

What he was handing out was Scully and Sand's latest production, given its name from the colour, produced by mixing food-dyes into a yellowish orange for the pills. Orange Sunshine, with the help of Gale, was building itself a name as "righteous acid," sold with the imprimatur of the Brothers.

The mission of getting good LSD on the streets still counted for quite a lot. The proselytizing of Gale's ventures was subsidized from the booming hash sales. The LSD sold in gram lots—of between 3,200 and 3,400 doses per gram—to dealers lower down the scale at \$2,800 a time.

When Lynd, having moved to join his family in Oregon, dropped in on Randall in Laguna, Randall was only too keen to describe Orange Sunshine.

"It's really starting to move, you know," Randall told Lynd. "People are starting to buy it."

Randall was already bettering Hitchcock's plans for doses at a dollar a time. Doses were going for 45 cents, and Randall believed the price could come down to 15 cents.

He interrupted the conversation to rummage in a cupboard and fished out a large, clear plastic bag. It was filled to a depth of a foot with hundreds of thousands of doses. Later, Lynd watched Randall and others weighing out the tablets and tipping them into plastic bags. He was in Randall's home when the distributor walked in with 100 grams ready for sale. Everyone agreed that Orange Sunshine was the best LSD the Brothers had ever found. So it should have been. Scully had taken great pains over his first uninterrupted production run, both in what he made and in the security that permitted him to continue without detection.

With the lessons of Owsley's professional demise, the capture of the Denver laboratory and the continuing interest of the BNDD agents in mind, no one was taking any chances this time. Windsor was a poor substitute for a foreign base, but Scully set up the best security checks he could. Sand was not allowed near the laboratory until Scully was finished, and then the second chemist had to produce his run in one continuous operation without leaving the site: Sand was a bit too keen on bragging about his achievements for Scully's liking. Nothing would be sold until the raw material was completely exhausted, so that if Federal agents traced sales backwards they would simply find an empty laboratory.

Scully had one more ace up his sleeve. Windsor was not producing LSD but ALD-52, similar but not illegal, or so Scully believed. Scully found the ALD formula among scientific papers and books in the specialist library at Berkeley. It was a compound Hofmann had tested years before. At the University of California Medical Center, Scully uncovered the scientific paper Hofmann and a colleague had published on the drug. From the US Patent Office he drew patent number 2,810,723, lodged by Sandoz with production details. In *The Hallucinogens*, co-authored by Osmond and Hofmann, Scully discovered a table comparing the effects of ALD and other drugs in the same family.

The table suggested that ALD might actually have advantages over LSD, reducing any side effects but achieving a stronger trip. Measurements of brain waves while people were taking the two drugs showed that while LSD produced brain waves associated with intense concentration and anxiety, ALD produced brain waves showing a more relaxed mental state.

There was one snag. Hofmann's formula meant making LSD first, then converting it into ALD. Although the finished product might be legal, at a crucial stage in its production it was illegal. The solution was a simple reversal in the order of production so that at no time was drug illegal. Neither Hitchcock nor the Brothers were told of ALD. Hitchcock had been badly burned financially when STP had picked up a bad name on the street. It was thought he would oppose ALD as yet another innovation that would prove difficult to sell. The drug was simply labelled "acid," and he and the Brotherhood were none the wiser.

They took their first delivery one evening late in February 1969, at Hitchcock's home in Sausalito. The millionaire had been up at Windsor with Scully, working as a general handyman round the production site, a physical contribution small by comparison with the finance of between \$100,000 and \$200,000 he had given the chemists. Sand was at the house, and Rumsey too. The Brotherhood was represented by Griggs. He took charge of a box of hand-made pills. There were five small bottles filled with powder which were to be machine-tableted later.

Oh yes, Randall told Lynd, Orange Sunshine was certainly going to move and the Brotherhood was in the debt of the chemists. Scully was invited down to the ranch and discreetly taken round Laguna, before having dinner with Randall and his family. Sand took his reward more substantially. The profits from Orange Sunshine were paying for the purchase of the Cloverdale ranch at a price of \$155,000. Griggs paid the chemist's share of the acid profits into a safety deposit box at a San Francisco bank which Buchanan and Rumsey, Hitchcock's friend and helpmate, would launder through other accounts before passing on to Sand. On one visit to the box, Rumsey found \$90,000 salted away.

The success of Orange Sunshine encouraged both Sand and Scully to continue with their efforts. Scully and Hitchcock re-opened the question of a foreign laboratory, but now their ideas were grandiose.

When Scully and Hitchcock pored over the atlas in the Los Angeles offices of Scully's lawyer, the spot under the attorney's finger looked like paradise. Clipperton Island, in the Pacific Ocean, was no bigger than the "i" in its name on a map. A volcanic atoll two miles square, Clipperton was one of the last relics of France's colonial past. Devoid of freshwater supplies or human habitation, the island was once a settlement for supplying guano for fertilizer. During World War II it had served as a US Navy weather station and servicing base.

Now the island was to become the world's first independent state based on LSD. Established with the funds from LSD sales in the United States, Clipperton would be run according to the principles of the psychedelic movement, prospering by the export of hallucinogenics developed and made by Scully. The country's financial institutions organized by Hitchcock would provide a useful alternative income, attracting the money that was sloshing round the world trying to dodge taxation or curious policemen—a real off-shore investment centre. Other countries, principally the United States, might rail at Clipperton's economy, but the intricacies of international law could smother the strongest resolve. It was one thing to bust a laboratory in Denver but quite another to invade an independent island, 700 miles off the Pacific coast of Mexico. Hitchcock and Scully decided to make France an offer.

An emissary was sent to Europe with \$2,000 to investigate the purchase. The millionaire and the chemist went on dreaming. No news. Were the French being typically Gallic and awkward? Nothing so grand. The emissary was rather more realistic than his patrons—he took the money and disappeared. Hitchcock and Scully were dissuaded from trying again by the discovery that the French government were planning to set up a research station on the island.

Sand's dreams, although simpler, also seemed to founder. All he wanted to do was go on making Orange Sunshine, but nowhere could he get the raw materials. Druce had suddenly dried up. First Munson went to reason with him, then both Munson and Sand went to talk with him, but Druce said there were difficulties and delays. What he failed to mention was that raw material used in the busted Denver laboratory had been traced back to him. The American authorities could not do anything, but a detective sergeant from Scotland Yard paid a call on Mr. Druce, which made it clear that Mr. Druce might be unwise to continue supplying the chemicals.

Munson went out to Czechoslovakia in search of materials at source, posing as the East European representative of the fictitious firm of Syntex Lavine, the latter name taken from the name of his apartment building in New York. Attempts to reach senior officials of the state chemical company proved negative. Sand went out on a second, fruitless journey. All their efforts had yielded was a quantity of psilocybin bought from a Swiss dealer on the way to Prague. Munson smuggled the drugs back into the United States. Sand, a regular visitor to the Brotherhood ranch, passed some on to Griggs.

Life on the ranch went on as usual, often in a haze of marijuana, since many of the Brothers would smoke up to thirty cigarettes a day. A brown dog called Nasrullah wandered around and the water towers were painted orange, after the new LSD. The original Brothers were the core of a gathering band still spreading wider and wider. The Mystic Arts World Store never seemed to make enough money to maintain itself, but there was plenty coming in from the various drug deals: 400-500-lb loads were now being hidden in Laguna. New figures were emerging in the distribution networks. Just as Gale was making a name for himself with LSD, so "Fat Bobby" Andrist was doing the same with hash, taking over the Afghanistan runs. A huge, Rabelaisian figure with hair down to his shoulders and a thick moustache which drooped over triple chins, Andrist was not above ostentatiously smoking large marijuana cigarettes and insulting passing police patrol cars.

With the experience he had gained from Afghanistan, Andrist also became a prime figure in the developing connection with Hawaii. The quality of the islands' marijuana, of which "Maui wowie" was the most famous brand, made it a valuable import for the United States. Andrist set up a small canning workshop, sending tins of what were supposed to be local fruit, but were in reality marijuana, to California. A colleague opened an import/export business called "Unbelievable Imports" and brought stereos from Japan which were shipped on to the United States, also stuffed with marijuana.

The interest in Hawaii was not however restricted to produce. Maui, one of the islands, became a new base for the Brothers. The second biggest of the 132 islands in the southernmost American state, its normal population of 50,000 live in a delightful climate. The hippies began settling themselves up on the coastal strip in the town of Lahaina—pronounced La-high-nah—which, after a chequered career as a whaling port and holiday retreat for the Hawaiian royal family, became a new Laguna, with legitimate businesses including a health and fruit-juice bar.

The Brothers also set up another commune on mainland America under the leadership of Lynd. Financed by sales of Orange Sunshine, he bought a parcel of land in Grant's Pass, a remote part of Oregon. The full purchase price was \$20,000 and, to avoid arousing the suspicion of the police or tax officials, the deal was done in the name of Lynd's brother-in-law, Robert Ramsey.

For their money, Lynd and the Brothers got themselves a stretch of virgin land bordering on a forest. This commune, unlike the ranch, would be very basic and could also be a hide-out for fugitive Brothers. Just about everything had to be transported to the site, and Lynd set up tepees. He now dressed like a backwoods farmer. His long blond hair fell over the top of his denim overalls. The new image included a full beard.

Hawaii, Afghanistan, Oregon—the Brothers were steadily moving further afield. They could even be found in the sleepy English resort of Broadstairs looking out to the English Channel, enjoying the archetypal English summer holiday by the sea. At the height of the season, four of them rented a flat above a fish-and-chip restaurant on the sea front, to await vehicles arriving at the port of Tilbury before reshipping them to the United States.

Their landlady remembers “they went on like saints. They all talked about brotherhood, love and religion all the time. They seemed to have hardly any money and ate little more than apples and cheese. They did not smoke or drink and they had no luxuries of any kind. Very humble people, they would listen to Krishna music. They said there was a man who ran the organization and he was very religious, just like a guru.”

Everyone got on very well, and the landlady agreed one evening to run the man who appeared to be their leader to Tilbury to pick up a van. As he was getting the Bedford van out of the customs shed, he was arrested. In the spare tyre of the van the police found 15 lb. of marijuana. The Brother, who described himself as an unemployed health food salesman, got eight months' imprisonment and deportation. The police strongly suspected that some of the cannabis would have stayed in Britain: they found a number of London addresses.

The man arrested in Broadstairs gave a false name and it took the police some time to discover his real identity. When a second, more senior Brother was caught coming into Britain with a small amount of cannabis, the police deported him, admitting they were not sure who he was.

With so much foreign travel, the Brothers were perfecting a system of false identification to mask their movements. Its success was such that the methodology was even applied at home in the United States.

The trick of disappearing and reappearing in a fresh and officially recognized guise has since been described in a book aptly entitled *The Paper Trip* and published in California in the early 1970s. The key is to get hold of a genuine birth certificate, either by claiming one for someone who has recently died, or finding someone who died young. In either case, so long as the applicant roughly answers the description of the deceased, a birth certificate will be issued by the registrar of the place of birth. Using someone who has recently died tends to provide problems because they will already have records of social security or driving tests attached to their name. Therefore, it is better to hunt for someone who died young.

Other means of identification are relatively easy to obtain. Pass a local driving test—and the “new” person has a licence. A social security number can be obtained from a local security office with a claim that the applicant originated on the other coast of the United States and has since been abroad for a long time.

The Brotherhood's use of false identification was quite startling. Randall may have had as many as twenty sets of false identifications, while one of his LSD distributors used to share the name "Christopher Wheat" with his partners during large deals. If the police ever got on to the trail they would find Mr. Wheats popping up at the same time hundreds of miles apart. One hash dealer was picked up in San Francisco with a false identity and got bail. Later in Hawaii he was arrested again—again with false identification and once more disappeared on bail.

The Brothers employed their false identities to get passports, usually by applying through post offices. Over 30 per cent of all passport applications are made this way in the United States and the standard of scrutiny is very low. It was equally easy abroad to go to the local embassy, seeking a replacement for a "lost" passport.

The police began to suspect situations where their prisoner, although a down-at-heel hippie, seemed by some coincidence to have an impeccable set of papers on him; but for much of the time they could do little but list the aliases in a growing list of "also known as" or AKA's, and hope that someone would use the same name again.

When it was difficult to get real papers, the Brothers went into counterfeiting. They even set up a mobile forgery outfit in a trailer to turn out papers like student identity cards. The trailer kept on the move round Southern California, ready to help out where needed.

For it was now clear that Laguna Beach and the ranch could not stay exempt from police interest. The officers were mesmerized as the trickle of marijuana was transformed into a flood—but not for long.

## Chapter Twelve

Officer Neal Purcell kept watch on Woodland Drive as best he could. It was not easy, but Purcell had a sense of righteousness which drove him as strongly as any Brother. A slim, compact figure with a clipped moustache, Purcell came to Laguna in the autumn of 1968 and did not like what he saw. America was in his view beset by moral decay—in his last job he had specialized in entrapping homosexuals—and "degenerate" is a word one would have expected to tumble easily from his lips. Purcell was conservative, old-fashioned and angry at the way the United States appeared to be changing in the 1960s. Not even the pretty little California resort town where he now found himself was exempted from the debauchery of current American life. Long-haired kids wandered round the streets openly using drugs and, furthermore, a man like Timothy Leary roamed the place spreading all manner of mischief, safe from interference. Purcell's way was Mace, helicopters, squad cars. Such police paraphernalia would have cleared out Laguna, but no one listened to Purcell. The policeman was not quite sure what Laguna and Woodland Drive added up to, but he was going to make it his business to find out.

Shortly after Christmas 1968, Leary crossed swords with Purcell.

The policeman spotted a station wagon blocking a roadway. He later claimed he did not realize it was Leary's until he approached the car, but as he drew near he saw Leary roll down the window and release a cloud of marijuana smoke which wafted over to the keen-nosed Purcell.

Rosemary Leary was beside her husband, and Jack, her stepson, was in the back, apparently on all fours. As Purcell identified himself and began asking questions, Jack Leary made faces at him through the car windows. Purcell was not amused at such disrespect to the uniform. The car was searched and Purcell came up with two marijuana cigarettes. "Big deal," said Leary.



Still fighting court cases arising out of arrests in the East and Texas, Leary was charged with possession of marijuana and released on bail. Leary was still trying to challenge the headmaster—ignorant of, or not caring about, the cost to friends and allies. The Brothers were to find out that their guru was something of a liability.

Early in 1969, Leary announced his candidature for the governorship of California, challenging Ronald Reagan. Starting yet another merry dance with the media, Leary led them back to his mountain retreat, to the Brotherhood ranch. Considering what his highly public presence at Millbrook had done, it was not a bright move.

He was already facing a thirty-year sentence for the Texas marijuana charge in 1965 pending an appeal now winding its way up to the Supreme Court. He had been arrested again on a drugs charge, and led the world right back to the Brothers. They were openly connected with a man whom the new Nixon administration, elected on a strong law-and-order plank, was believed to have firmly in its sights. Some fears were abated in May 1969 when Leary won his appeal against the 1965 conviction.

But the relief did not last long. In July, Charlene Almeida, a 17-year-old friend of Leary's daughter, was found dead while visiting the ranch. An autopsy using relatively new blood-analysis techniques showed traces of LSD in her blood. Homicide detectives were on the ranch talking to Leary, who was charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Things seemed to be going from bad to worse. The homicide men were followed by state narcotics agents. Afghan hash was on its way to the ranch in surfboards made up specially by John Gale. The boards had been props in a film on surfing, which was itself a cover for the drug deal. Suspicious of the film crew, the police had followed them in their camper out of Los Angeles. Griggs was standing on a hill with a pair of binoculars watching as the police swooped at the gates of Idylwild. He saw one of his friends trying to escape, clutching a surfboard, as the police closed in. The ranch settled back into an uneasy calm but, just over a week after the arrests, the ranch suffered another death, a very significant one.

There were few people on the ranch at the time: Griggs, his wife, another of the original Brothers and his girlfriend. The couples were living in two tepees on either side of the ridge above the ranch. The two men decided to test the psilocybin which Sand had brought from Switzerland. After swallowing some crystals, Griggs went to his own tepee. Twenty minutes later, he yelled from the door: "Don't take the stuff. Don't take this psilocybin. It's a complete overdose."

It was dark now and the other man called back something.

"If you want to get high, take acid, throw the psilocybin away. Don't take it," Griggs shouted again.

About half an hour later, the other man, who had turned to LSD instead, walked over to Griggs' tepee. The Brotherhood founder was seriously ill, but he refused any suggestion of going to hospital. "I don't want to go and be busted for being loaded," he said. "It's just between me and God, and that's the way it's going to be." The Brother went back to his own tepee.

But as the night wore on, Griggs became progressively worse. His wife could not bear it any longer. It was agreed he would have to go to hospital now. He was carried into the emergency room in the arms of the Brother who had been with him on the ridge. As the door closed behind them, Griggs shivered and died on the morning of 4 August. The psilocybin must have been pure and Griggs had widely miscalculated the dose, victim of the firm Brotherhood principle of taking as much as possible of any psychedelic.

Lynd, hundreds of miles away at his Oregon home, was under the influence of 1,000 micrograms of Orange Sunshine at the time of Griggs' death. He had a sudden vision of his friend lying on the ground; he sensed a searing pain, followed by an equally terrifying stillness. It took him twenty-four hours to get back to Southern California, where a distraught Randall told him that Griggs had died.

As Lynd listened to Randall, the ranch was emptying. Brothers were collecting their possessions and moving out. It would be many months before they returned. The gods no longer seemed to be smiling. Leary, returning to Laguna from the gubernatorial campaign, told Lynd he detected a change. The disappearance of Griggs seemed to alter the Brothers, but he could not quite put his finger on it.

On top of the troubles at the ranch, there were now also problems with the LSD chemists and their patron. Hitchcock began to move his affairs back to New York, fearful that his role in the history of Orange Sunshine and STP might be close to discovery. Despite all the security arrangements, a man tends to confide in his wife; in the case of Hitchcock, this had proved to be very unwise. The couple had separated and Hitchcock's spouse was suing for divorce. She had filed papers as yet undisclosed by the court which went in considerable detail into her husband's interests in the psychedelics. Hitchcock moved back into a now peaceful Millbrook to muster his defences. He wanted out of Orange Sunshine.

Scully felt the same, but in his case the pressures were immediate. For some time Scully had believed on legal advice that although the BNDD clearly knew of his involvement with the Denver laboratory, they could not make a case which would stand up in court. With the Windsor laboratory closed down, Scully developed an interest in flying, using an aircraft provided by Hitchcock. The two were planning a holiday in Mexico and Scully drove out to his local airfield to check some radio equipment. He was arrested by BNDD agents investigating the Denver laboratory, taken back to Colorado and charged. Out on bail, Scully had no intention of carrying on with LSD. His job was done. Someone else could carry on the torch for the millions out there in America. Scully was not sorry. He could also see unpleasant changes taking place. There was a last burst of song and the psychedelic movement slipped into a twilight.

For three days the 400,000-strong crowd camped. There were heavy downpours, but the youngsters sheltered under makeshift covers while the music played. There were thirty-one groups and performers at Woodstock, New York State. Janis Joplin told the crowds: "Even Billy Graham doesn't draw that many people." Another performer added: "Hey, man. I just gotta say that you people have gotta be the strongest bunch I ever saw."

At the beginning, an official had said: "If we are going to make it you had better remember the guy next to you is your brother." By and large, the huge crowds took the advice to heart. Woodstock, with its array of some of the finest rock groups and artists, became in many people's minds the epitome of what Peace and Love meant. The day after it ended the New York Times, in an editorial headed "Nightmare in the Catskills," asked "What kind of a culture is it that can produce so colossal a mess? Woodstock in the middle of August 1969 proved to be a swansong. The New York Times should have stayed its headline writer's hand until December. The real nightmare was at Altamont, Livermore, California.

The Rolling Stones, on tour in the United States, wanted to put on a free concert. Originally they hoped to stage it in San Francisco and asked the Grateful Dead to set it up for them; after all, the Dead were veterans at this sort of thing. But Altamont was not like Haight-Ashbury or Woodstock. The 300,000-strong crowd was sullen, fickle, scared; like a restless beast which could change dangerously at any minute.

The crowd was asked from the stage to "cool it, cool it" by Grace Slick of the Jefferson Airplane, but it went on bubbling, not improved by the presence of the Hell's Angels as security guards. The Rolling Stones held off going on stage on the advice of their organizers, but finally they came out into the blinding pool of light before the crowd.

They were going into "Jumpin' Jack Flash" when trouble started, about ten or fifteen rows back, over a motorcycle which had fallen down. An 18-year-old black hippie was stabbed and beaten to death by Angels wielding billiard cues. Somehow, the moment was the summation of the changing times: murder done in the middle of an immense crowd, the cues rising and falling, and the music playing on as though Peace and Love would reign for ever, when in fact it was being brutalized on the sodden, dirty, trampled grass. Leary was at Altamont. He saw no psychedelics but an array of amphetamines, heroin and alcohol.

He later wrote: "In a sense Altamont was a microcosm of the overall political situation since 99 per cent of everybody wants to get high and groove and love, while less than 1 per cent get their kicks from violence ..."

For once Leary underestimated. Having worshipped Peace and Love, the young were turning full circle towards War and Hate. Cynics might say that every movement comes up against basic human nature and the potential for corruption, while sociologists might argue that the young were so intoxicated with the image of their own power that they turned to aggression when their aims were frustrated.

Campus after campus was in uproar over the war in Vietnam. The new Nixon administration found itself confronted by huge demonstrations close to Capitol Hill: to Nixon, student protesters were "bums," even when killed by National Guardsmen. The violence was reciprocated. The Black Panthers posed, holding automatic weapons, and drilled their cadres. Small armed communes stood on the steps of their homes posing for the cameras; unsmiling couples held children and rifles; policemen in flak jackets and helmets crouched at corners with carbines. Ideas that had once been the preserve of tiny minority groups were being bombed and blasted on to the TV screen and the front page: "Off the Pigs. Kill the motherfuckers. Fuck the System. Power to the people. Right on."

A senatorial investigation established that between June 1969 and April 1970 there were 4,330 bombing incidents. There was no shortage of information available on how to make bombs. The *Anarchist Cookbook* contained illustrated instructions on all aspects of weaponry and sabotage, as well as explaining the manufacturing process for LSD. The *Mini Manual of the Urban Guerilla*, by the Brazilian revolutionary Carlos Marighella, became the standard textbook for the young revolutionaries and the French Marxist journalist Regis Debray provided a modern empirical and political model.

The worldwide protest against the Vietnam War, capitalism, imperialism et al. created a romance-tinged image of guerilla war which vied for status with the drug-world figures. There was a ready hero and martyr in the life and death of Ché Guevara, whose career began with Fidel Castro and ended in a Bolivian jungle with a bullet. The security forces stood proudly round the body like sheriffs of the Old West when they killed an outlaw. Guevara became the first pop revolutionary idol. His bearded face, surmounted by a black beret, stared out from T-shirts and posters. His name was even given to boutiques.

His successors in the concrete jungle of American cities were groups like the Weathermen, drawn from the radical wing of the Students for Democratic Society and named after the line "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows" in a Bob Dylan song. In the wake of the uproar at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, they had steadily moved underground, issuing communiqués of resistance to the Nixon administration through the 200 newspapers of the underground press which now reached up to five million young people.

Guevara might not approve, but his successors were never far removed from the drug culture. A Working Guide for the Utilization of Undercover Special Agents, written by the FBI for its programme against the Weathermen, noted they were getting succour and cover from communes and collectives. The Weathermen, thought to number about fifty, kept infiltrators at bay by demanding that novices should take LSD at one or more group sessions, so that an imposter could be unmasked and a true believer admitted to the revolutionary discipline of the group consciousness. There would always be links between the new guerillas and the drug world, both in the United States and abroad.

The Weathermen were not the only ones now using LSD for reasons far removed from those of its initial supporters. Charles Manson, in his way also a revolutionary, used it to indoctrinate would-be members of his gang. The Manson murders seemed to be the proof of all the arguments that had been raised against the spread of psychedelics. The story was flesh and blood to the anxieties about drug crazed "animals" stalking the streets—at complete odds with the fact that LSD and marijuana had rarely been associated with violence.

The Manson "family" came to light after the murder of Sharon Tate, wife of the film director Roman Polanski, and some friends in a secluded home above Los Angeles in the summer of 1969. Miss Tate, eight months pregnant, had been stabbed to death. The walls of the house were smeared with slogans written in the blood of the victims. Manson, a man with Messianic convictions and a criminal record, was in Haight-Ashbury at its height. He drew around him the core of a commune, often recruiting impressionable young girls, and eventually found a place for it on a ranch. Fear seems to have been the basis of his religion, which turned to some sort of Holy War. Play was made by newspapers over the use of LSD by Manson and his followers in their rites; but at the root of the case lay the personality of a very strange man.

Manson and his followers were indicted in December 1969, a few days after Leary came to trial on the Laguna Beach arrest by Officer Purcell. After years of evading the law, the psychedelic revolutionary would be convicted again, but this time would go to prison. Kesey, his proselytizing rival, had already left the front ranks of the psychedelic movement.

Ken Kesey, after exiling himself in Mexico, had returned to California and served a prison sentence. Now he was moving out of the state, back home to rural peace on a farm in Oregon.

The law was getting tougher all the time. Drug-control legislation was now being consolidated into the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act by an administration which saw the fight against drugs as a major issue.

Such actions would not scare the Brothers. Too many of them had grown up and matured in the excitements and intrigues of dealing to want to change their lives. The hardening responses of authority toughened resistance without anyone noticing where that might lead—deeper into criminality. Like all great outlaw gangs, a mythology was growing round the Brotherhood and its LSD chemists which concealed as well as embellished the truth.

At Christmas 1969, the Mystic Arts World Store burned down in circumstances no one could ever explain. The fire was not considered a terrible loss. The idea of eventually living off the profits of the shop had been doomed by the drugs that were dealt to get it started. Everyone grew too fascinated in drug dealing to want to serve in the store,

As the smoke cleared, the Brothers with the rest of the psychedelic movement were heading towards the Badlands where outlaws survive—at a price. The man who stepped into the breach created by the retirement of Hitchcock and Scully was a man well versed in such situations.

# The Badlands — Brotherhood International

## Chapter Thirteen

The calling card was 1 kilo of LSD. He was growing fat and was balding, the wide forehead pushing back thick, dark hair. In his early thirties, Ron Stark seemed quite at home on the Brotherhood ranch in a smelly jellaba—and the Brothers loved him.

He was introduced through an indirect connection with Millbrook and Leary. The first anyone knew of Stark was when a man turned up in New York to see Hitchcock. The messenger had been part of the psychedelic menagerie at Millbrook, and came as emissary of a large French LSD operation. Hitchcock sent him west. Stark, the man's boss, followed soon afterwards.

Stark had a remarkable ability for giving his listeners what they wanted to hear, speaking the language of both the smugglers and the chemists. "He impressed the heck out of the Brothers," said one source, "especially as he came up with all sorts of smuggling scams which they liked." There was the West African "scam." Using connections which included both business and ministerial contacts, Stark proposed that heavy electrical equipment be sent backwards and forwards to the United States packed with drugs instead of the normal mechanisms. There was the Japanese "scam." Stark had business contacts there, too. If the Brothers wanted to turn the world on, they should not forget Red China. The Japanese criminal syndicates could be very useful in reaching the Chinese mainland.

The Brothers were afraid police action would cost them the ranch, while Hitchcock was desperate to remove all traces of his connection. Stark had companies and lawyers who could take care of such worries. Sand still needed financial expertise, and Scully wanted to go into a legitimate electronics business. Again, Stark had answers. He sat on so many boards, controlled so many concerns, that a few shell companies or a few thousand dollars were no problem.

As for LSD, Sand was still tableting but had no immediate prospects of a laboratory without raw materials. In return for a feedback of money and materials, Stark could fill the gap. The LSD would be made in Europe, in a laboratory safely out of reach of the American authorities, and dyed orange to continue the flow of Orange Sunshine. To spice the offer, Stark added that he had discovered a new quick process of making LSD and even had the assistance of an English chemist who, he claimed, had done research for a Nobel Prize-winning team.

No one worried that Stark seemed far removed from the traditions of the psychedelic scene. This was some sort of LSD entrepreneur, whatever his clothes and his outrageous ideas. This was a Faustus tempting the Brothers further into the new world of big business drug-making, and no one stopped to wonder where he was coming from. If they tried to find out, they would not get very far.

Ronald Stark was and is an enigma. Many people can describe him and remember conversations or events, yet they cannot say who exactly he really was. With a clutch of different identities, he moved like a chameleon from communes and LSD laboratories to luxury hotels and exclusive gentlemen's clubs. The major LSD producer who became adviser and partner of the pacific Brothers was also adviser and confidant of terrorists, walking with Arab princes and Sicilian Mafiosi. He was the man who made LSD a transatlantic commodity, the catalyst for a British subsidiary which became one of the world's greatest LSD producers.

If Owsley was, according to Leary, God's Secret Agent, for whom did Stark work? There is no one word which accurately describes Stark ... and that is the way he wanted it. Stark operated on four continents, in at least a dozen countries. He did so for the most part successfully because in the Americas they knew little about what he did in Europe, just as those in Europe knew very little about what he had done in Africa, and those in Africa knew nothing about his activities in Asia. His textbook for security, exhorting others to follow his example, was, of all things, a science-fiction novel published in the 1960s by Robert A. Heinlein, called *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*. It is the story of a lunar colony's attempt to free itself from the control of Earth through a movement based on a system of cells, each kept in ignorance of the others. The success of the revolution is also aided by skilful deployment of disinformation.

In this, Stark was a past master. There is not one biography but two, three, four or more different stories which he disseminated. Each is slightly different, so that no two people ever got the same story.

The official record leaves plenty of room for embroidery and subterfuge. Stark was born in New York in September 1938 as Ronald Shitsky. In adult life, he is recorded as being five feet eight inches tall, weighing 210 lb., with brown hair, blue eyes, balding with a scar on his abdomen. In 1962 he was convicted of filing a false application for a government Post and became FBI Number 812020E. He failed to abide by the terms of his probation and was sent to a federal detention centre, and then to Lewisburg Prison, Pennsylvania. Shitsky was changing identity. He was convicted as Ronald Hadley Clark. When jailed, he was now calling himself Ronald H. Stark. While in custody he spent a period of time in Bellevue mental hospital. Under the heading of employment, his record merely says "research laboratory." In 1967, the record notes he was worth \$3,000, but the next year in excess of \$1 million.

Mug shots from Stark's time in prison show a young man already going to fat, the hairline receding from a high forehead; the face heavy and slightly glowering. Someone once said he looked like the "toad god" from one of the ancient cultures.

Friends in New York in the mid-1960s remember him as living in a tenement in the centre of the Little Italy area of the city. They thought he was a biochemist or something at Cornell University. "He was short and fat. The kind of guy who could pass as ethnic anything and aged between 25 and 45. He was an interesting guy," said one acquaintance. Stark also seemed a little eccentric. He had a six-room apartment, but lived in only two of them, throwing his garbage in the other four rooms. When the place filled up, he left. The friends understood he got his money from a breakthrough in his research, and they saw documents which seemed to back up the story. One of the friends tried to get hold of Stark at his Cornell laboratory, used by a Nobel Prize winner, but no one had heard of him.

Stark's explanation of his wealth to friends in the drug world revolved round his connections with the Whitney family, one of America's richest clans. Calling himself George Ronald Hadley Whitney Stark, he claimed to have been born into an Austrian branch of the family. He was given money from the family's trust funds which he put to good use and increased. Stark said he was at Harvard at the time of President Kennedy's election and, on graduating, joined the administration, like many other young Harvard men recruited by the Kennedys. He served under McNamara in the Defence Department on work which was secret but the (unspecified) tasks eventually so disgusted him that he resigned. His break with the American establishment was completed in the mid-1960s when he first took LSD.

The conversion to LSD was omitted when Stark spoke to his lawyers. The story here was that his father had been a biochemist in Europe during the 1930s who had moved his funds from Nazi Germany to Switzerland. Stark inherited the funds because his mother wanted nothing to do with anything connected with the Nazis, and in 1968 Stark sold patents, implying that they might have been his father's, to a Californian corporation for \$900,000, plus an annual royalty payment guaranteed at never less than \$24,000. A graduate of Harvard, the Rockefeller University and a New York teaching hospital, Stark took his PhD in biochemistry and his MD and, with his new fortune, moved into the international business community.

In Accra, capital of Ghana, in 1967 Stark again claimed connections with the Whitneys. He acquired a genuine 40 per-cent holding in the Ghanaian state pharmaceutical house, in the hope of eventually buying out the government. While there, he enlisted the aid of an economics specialist at the US embassy to press his bid. Entertained at the diplomat's home, he boasted of his collection of large fast cars and houses in Rome, Paris and other capital cities. Further along the coast in Nigeria, he claimed to be an important member of a company called West Africa Services and talked of plans to open a pharmaceutical company. His business card announced him as part of Interbiochem Ghana—which the card said had replaced the state pharmaceutical house.

In fact, he was never a graduate of Harvard—or of anywhere else, for that matter. The firm to which he is supposed to have sold his patents say merely that they had some dealings with him in the mid-1960s and do not wish to comment further. Department of Defense records in Washington do not go back further than 1973. There is a Ronald Harry Stark living a perfectly ordinary life in the Midwest. This Stark has genuine connections to various forms of research; somewhere, although he cannot remember anyone like his “namesake,” the fictitious Stark discovered him and his useful identity. The two men are the same age, the same build and the real Mr. Stark says he has never been out of the United States. “Stark's” mother is still alive and living in New York, but neither she nor his lawyer will comment about the background of her son.

In all the autobiographies Stark issued, one thing was missing which could have explained more about his wealth: Stark was a very successful LSD entrepreneur. At one point he worked for a corporation which sold ergotamine tartrate in the United States—a company for which Druce once acted as agent and the one Stark is supposed to have sold his patents to—and a comparison of street prices for LSD and the wholesale price of ergotamine would have made interesting reading for a man out to make a fortune. Or, while at Bellevue, did Stark receive his first LSD as part of a course of treatment? The story about the squalor of his New York apartment is interesting when compared with Sand's early career in similar circumstances. Perhaps Stark tried to make his own LSD, and the squalor was either a cover or the result.

Exactly when he moved into large-scale production abroad, or why, is not known; but several sources independent of each other report a production run in Rome at the time when he suddenly became wealthy. By the late 1960s, Stark had again moved, to France, embellishing his operations with legitimate chemical companies as a front. He was established in the thirteenth arrondissement of Paris with two other Americans, working at night after the regular staff had gone.



The mean little figure arrested by the FBI a few years earlier was now a wealthy man of the world, boasting a fleet of expensive cars and a pleasant home at the better end of Greenwich Village. He may have worn a jellaba for the Brothers, but he was equally comfortable in expensive suits, developing a taste for fine food, particularly caviar. A dabbler in legitimate and illegitimate businesses, he had command of many languages. Gregarious and charming when it suited him, he seemed fascinated by the antics of the young. On the streets during the Paris riots in May 1969 he bumped into a fellow American expatriate. The casual meeting was to have great importance. The two got talking about drugs and the other American, a student at Cambridge, England, mentioned that a drugs expert and writer had settled in the university town. Stark tucked the name away for future reference. David Solomon was a man, like others, who went back to Millbrook days and beyond. It was through David Solomon that Stark met the brilliant English chemist he mentioned to the Brothers. But these were different people from the Brothers, developing in very different circumstances. Their story began in the late 1960s, when the Brothers were growing in strength and Owsley was already an established figure.

David Solomon left the United States with his family in 1966 as a rising authority on drugs. The man who first took mescaline as a magazine assignment after reading Huxley's books turned from jazz criticism to a series of works in which he pulled together and edited the views of artists, philosophers and experimenters on drugs. The books on LSD and marijuana added, for their readers at least, a gloss of respectability to the growing drug culture. Many of them might well grow out of the culture eventually, but Solomon did not. In his early forties he did not shrug aside the faith he had acquired. The psychedelics—to which he had been introduced in the first fervent period of lay interest, becoming part of an LSD pipeline in the IFIF days—were a natural part of an unconventional philosophy he already accepted.

From the United States the Solomon family moved to Majorca where their friends included the poet Robert Graves. But they did not stay long. Arrested by the police for drug possession, Solomon left the island without paying the court fine. In late 1967, he moved to Britain and settled in Cambridge.

The youth revolt in Britain lagged some years behind the United States and never had a clear focal point like the Vietnam War or Civil Rights. While the use of drugs was well established by the mid-1960s in the United States, it was still developing in Britain, where laws were tighter. There was no British equivalent of Leary in a society which was more stable than the American and where ideas moved much more slowly. The proscription of LSD did not produce any group like the Brothers or campaigning movements; the nearest Britain got was a lobby to legitimize marijuana. Solomon found himself at Cambridge in a world eager to learn, and he was happy to become its psychedelic missionary.

Dressed in jeans and sweater, the scrawny, bird-like author was an appealing Loyola to the young, one who reached easily down to their level, unaffected by stuffy adult conventions.

Here was a man as outrageous as any Yippie half his age: he walked through customs posts with marijuana stuffed in his pipe or drove up a motorway with one foot on the steering wheel and the other on the accelerator while lighting up. Despite his age, Solomon was fired by a desire to be everywhere and do everything, ranging up and down the social scales of the drug world. His interest in Soma, the group campaigning for the legalization of cannabis, brought him into contact with Dr. Francis Crick, the Cambridge Nobel Prize winner, and Dr. R. D. Laing, the famous British radical psychiatrist; both were on the Soma council.

At a lower level, the family home in Granchester Meadows, close to the meandering river on the outskirts of Cambridge, was open house to the young who could come for a sympathetic hearing from a man many took as a surrogate parent. The house was a social whirlpool, a vortex powered by Solomon's enthusiasms which sucked people into it. In the spring of 1968 it sucked in Dick Kemp.

Solomon had not moved to Cambridge simply because of its relaxed and academic ambience or the pleasant rural setting. He left Majorca with the germ of an idea, to synthesize THC, the active ingredient of marijuana. Such an achievement would short-circuit smuggling across the world, producing a fortune for the men who made it simply and successfully. THC at the time was legal in Britain where scientists at Cambridge were involved in research. Before he came to Britain, Solomon, the drug expert and author, had written to them on behalf of what he later came to call his "company": a potential partnership between Solomon and two other Americans. One was a contact from Majorca and the other from the New York days, but both were also members of the Millbrook fraternity.

Paul Arnabaldi was at Millbrook in its heyday, but by the time Solomon met him he was an expatriate living on the Spanish island. Described as a rather morose, sardonic person, Arnabaldi looked what he was—a buccaneer. Living a life close to that of a beach bum in Majorca, he was a much-travelled man with some private means and an interest in supplementing them.

The other American was Gerry Thomas, who began as a chemical engineer. Given to short hair and sharp suits, he became a celebrated drug smuggler, earning the nickname of "Elephant Boy" for moving a marijuana load into the United States in the innards of a stuffed elephant. Yet another man who had visited Millbrook, Thomas, recipient of three degrees, was now in his thirties and was also fascinated by THC.

The author, the hustler and the smuggler began a very uneasy partnership. The start of the THC research was not auspicious. Solomon hired the services of a post-graduate student who knew one of his daughters. The man began working on a formula drawn up by Israeli scientists, only to find difficulty in obtaining chemicals.

The post-graduate turned for help to an old friend from his student days—Dick Kemp. On the face of it, Kemp was a grey scientific researcher; but he possessed characteristics of both Scully and Owsley.

A tall, angular young man, he shared with Owsley the background of a troubled, uneven childhood, and with Scully academic prowess harnessed to a certain naïveté. The child of working-class parents, Kemp won a scholarship to a minor public school. Never totally happy in what must have been an alien atmosphere, he scored well in exams and went to St Andrews University in Scotland. Both a good science student and a sportsman, he was thrown out for a misdemeanour, but his abilities were too good to be wasted. He was given a fresh place at Liverpool University, where he graduated to research work.

Kemp helped his friend out as best he could and thought no more of the matter until he dropped in to Cambridge in the autumn of 1968 while on his way abroad for a scientific conference. He was enchanted by Solomon who was amusing and interesting, confronting Kemp with a host of ideas new to a man whose horizons stretched no further than his research, a pint of beer, a bridge hand or a game of squash. At Granchester Meadow, Kemp smoked his first marijuana cigarette, fascinated by both the drug and his host's patter. With a £5 note from Solomon tucked in his pocket in payment for his help on the chemicals, he left, having agreed that he might further aid the THC research. Back in Liverpool, when he had time he tinkered in his laboratory on the project.

Who brought up the question of making LSD was later a matter of dispute, but by the beginning of 1969 Kemp and his friend at Cambridge were prepared to try making the drug to finance further THC research. Solomon told Kemp, who had never taken LSD, that the drug was a stronger version of marijuana.

In a basement in Liverpool, Kemp did indeed make LSD, using raw materials smuggled by Arnabaldi. Three batches of very poor LSD, which found their way to Canada, were created for the "company." The wages for the chemists were little more than a few hundred pounds and a supply of marijuana.

To find out what he was making, Kemp chewed slivers of filter paper. Bad though the LSD was, Kemp liked what he tried. Alone in the make-shift laboratory, he upset a flask which smashed and gave him an enormous dose. The young chemist mentally tumbled and turned under the influence; the experience left him shaken but none the less very impressed.

When he crossed Liverpool to his legitimate work bench, the excitement of LSD was hard to shake off. He became increasingly disillusioned with his poorly-paid university research job; he felt he was being treated as sweated labour by narrow-minded scientists. He was moving towards a choice between underground chemistry and overground research. The changes he registered in himself under the influence of the psychedelics were fascinating compared with the scientific trivia of life at the university. Solomon had given him a push towards his choice. The final shove came with a summons to Cambridge to meet a man with a "\$3 million inheritance," a background in chemistry and a love of the good life. Stark, following up the information gleaned in Paris, had announced himself at Granchester Meadows.

On a summer evening in 1969, Kemp and the two Americans sat up late discussing the future. Solomon was about to sell his newest asset in return for more LSD to keep his "company" alive.

Kemp later compared the deal to the transfer of a promising young footballer from a tiny, impoverished club to one of the rich giants. The unlikely venue for the final negotiations was the Oxford and Cambridge Club in London. Stark, posing as a Harvard graduate to gain membership, used the hushed and elegant ambience of the gentleman's club in Pall Mall as his headquarters for British business. In return for a supply of LSD at the discount price of \$900 a gram, Solomon passed Kemp over to Stark.

When Kemp arrived in France in early 1970, after Stark had linked up with the Brotherhood, his ostensible function was to continue THC research. But the humble denizen of a Liverpool research laboratory came to Paris to find himself accelerated into a world of mass LSD production, fine living and more than a little excitement. Kemp did some THC work but, now a veteran LSD user, he could not object to LSD manufacture as well—Stark claimed that production was still legal in France.

Stark's site was a Paris perfume factory, and the English chemist was resourceful and ambitious. The aim was to make over a kilo of LSD and Kemp more than justified his transfer fee. Accidentally he stumbled on a way of making an almost pure product. Part of the way through the process, Kemp was on his own late one night and decided to store the solution he had made in a refrigerator until the next day. When he examined it again he found he had discovered a short-cut of great value by the simple act of freezing. It could save time as well as producing a very good product which had long-lasting qualities. In his own words, Kemp became "the goose who laid the golden egg."

Over a kilo of LSD was made and stored. Kemp may not have known it was destined to become Orange Sunshine, but it was.

The Paris laboratory was so successful that Stark, breaching his own security, showed Kemp off to Sand and Friedman, Sand's professional adviser, at a meeting in Switzerland, where the LSD was delivered for smuggling to the United States. It was the opportunity to set the seal on a loose-knit partnership of Stark and Sand within the Brothers' LSD operation; Kemp remained a subordinate. The meeting looked not only at LSD but also THC, since Friedman was spending a sabbatical year in Israel and Switzerland at various research laboratories, and he passed on to the others his experiences in dealing with the two leading Israeli scientists working in the area.

Business concluded, Stark indulged himself by buying a Ferrari 250-GT he saw advertised in a Zurich newspaper. A few weeks after returning to Paris, Kemp was allowed to take the car on to Britain, accompanied by one of Stark's aides. At Dover the customs wanted the duty paid, although Kemp explained he was driving it for Stark.

His passenger offered to take responsibility for the car and produced his passport. Unfortunately, he had been a registered drug addict in Britain with a conviction. The British customs officer returned to the car with a search team and they spent the next six hours taking the Ferrari to pieces, but to no avail.

When Kemp finally drove away from the customs post at Dover's ferry terminal, the aide exclaimed merrily at the stupidity of the customs men. On the back seat of the car was his briefcase. The customs men had failed to notice documents for the purchase of 9 kilos of ergotamine tartrate from Druce.

Ever since his visit from the police after the raid on Scully's Denver laboratory, Druce had been blowing cool on any chemical deliveries. He was constantly pressured to produce as much as possible as soon as possible; but Druce, frightened, kept stalling and urging caution. While Sand was in Switzerland, Druce was summoned to see him. Druce tried to play one last card. He persuaded a young man at Exico, the Czech state company he had dealt with for years, to get a quotation for lysergic acid and travel with him to Switzerland.

But Sand was not so easily placated, and Stark's advice was to get what was owed, one way or another.

## Chapter Fourteen

After the trip to Switzerland, Druce returned to London and a seemingly unruffled existence in the summer of 1970. His firm was used as a source of supplies and equipment which Stark could not or did not want to buy on the Continent. Friedman, who had done consultancy work in Britain, acted as the go-between for purchases which included a specialized and expensive piece of scientific apparatus for Kemp. The little local difficulties of the Swiss trip seemed to be a thing of the past. But Druce was no longer dealing with people invested with the casual attitude of the original psychedelic outlaws: there was no Griggs to shrug off rip-offs and scams. The smooth-talking Mr. Druce now faced men like Stark—and Stark, in the words of Munson, was a “real mover.” He was about to bring his skills to bear on Druce's non-delivery. The morality of the psychedelic movement could be stretched a very long way in the Badlands where trickery was one of an arsenal of weapons of survival.

First of all, Friedman laid the bait. He suggested to Druce that if he could lay his hands on ergotamine tartrate, he knew a firm in Switzerland which would pay well for a bulk purchase. Charles Druce Ltd was supposed to specialize in fine chemicals, but Alban Feeds had a remit to dabble in commoner chemicals to bolster its finances and, as it happened, Craze had apparently been stockpiling ergotamine tartrate against a shifting market price.

Craze's speculation could have been quite profitable. The price of ergotamine rose and fell between \$3.50 and \$8 per gram. The place to keep it was Hamburg, the international marketplace for the pharmaceutical industry. Between March 1969 and July 1970, Alban Feeds bought ergotamine tartrate from a West German firm in regular lots of 1-2 kilos and stored them away to catch the market.

The moment seemed ripe when Friedman (via Druce) suggested the Zurich brokerage firm of Inland Alkaloids. Friedman had rung Alban Feeds several times, trying to reach Druce about outstanding business; but Craze says he made no connection between such calls and the sudden appearance of a buyer for his stockpile. Alban Feeds had several telephone conversations with representatives of Inland Alkaloids.

Documents for the sale were finally sent off to Switzerland, but nothing happened. The papers were sent again, but still there was silence. The kilos were bought on loan—the chemicals assigned to the bank as collateral—and Craze checked in Hamburg to ensure all was well. The chemicals were not to be collected without proper authorization but Craze had not been specific enough in his instructions and the ergotamine tartrate was gone.

A pleasant young Englishman had walked into the German firm and presented documents for the order. Dressed in a pinstripe suit and clutching a briefcase, he seemed eminently respectable. The firm released the chemicals which he packed in his briefcase. It was the same man who showed Kemp papers for 9 kilos of ergotamine tartrate, and who worked for Stark. Ergotamine tartrate worth over £19,000, and many thousands of pounds more when converted into LSD, was on its way to France.

Inland Alkaloids was nothing more than a front company with a Swiss postal box number. The directors were Friedman and Stark's man, but the guiding spirits were Stark and Sand.

Craze was soon on their trail. Alban Feeds was overextended and the bank wanted its money back. Within a couple of months, Druce had been ejected from the firm by Craze and the other partner. In a business putsch, the two then struck at Charles Druce Ltd, using a van to cart away papers in the hope that they could track down what had happened to their promising company. Craze wrote threatening letters to Sand, Friedman and Hitchcock.

In the autumn of 1970, the three conspirators began a strategy of promises and threats, in the hope of silencing the English businessman, with meetings scattered all over London. Then they simply faded away.

Craze and the third director went bankrupt and have never recovered financially. Druce just about stayed afloat, becoming a van driver. If the episode sank the partnership in Alban Feeds, it did little to improve that between Sand and Stark. After all his trouble Sand thought he should have got the ergotamine, or at least reimbursement but Stark refused, and at one point relations were so strained that Stark thought Sand would kill him. Two years later Stark, recalling the incident, claimed the ergotamine was still safely tucked away in the free port of Tangiers. It is more likely to have been used in Stark's second French laboratory. Having moved out of Paris, he had set up base at Orléans, but 1970 was not going well for Stark. Kemp was being difficult, too.

The Orléans site was in the outhouses of a stomach-potion firm where Kemp had gone back to his work on THC. At Orléans, Kemp became bored and angry: the good life in France had grown stale. There was a time when Stark had been fascinating, going into bars and pulling out a pocketful of change from so many countries that he had trouble sorting it out before paying for anything. Now Stark seemed merely bizarre. A man with both homo-and heterosexual tastes, his boyfriends flitted in and out of Stark's various homes with impunity. Then one night Stark climbed into Kemp's bed claiming to be ill, and the chemist grew paranoid. Stark was getting a little too rich for the Briton's taste.

Matters were not improved by Stark's contradictory views on security. He never worried about his boyfriends but he strongly disapproved of Dr. Christine Bott, Kemp's girlfriend. Kemp had met her while she was still a medical student at Liverpool, and the relationship blossomed. He introduced her to drugs but she retained her career in England while he went to France. The trouble began when Kemp brought the tall, blonde girl over for a visit, introducing her to one of Stark's assistants. Stark was furious. He already blamed Kemp for the customs search at Dover. Kemp gave as good as he got. And where was Stark anyway? Kemp worked away alone at Orléans while the American and his assistants disappeared. He kept talking about the Brotherhood but "these great men" were never at Orléans. And what about money?

One day, Kemp took his lunch break with some of the French chemists working on legitimate projects, and in conversation one of them innocently showed Kemp a newspaper article about illicit drug-making. The Frenchman joked that perhaps he was on the wrong side of the business since others were making millions. Everyone—including Kemp—laughed. Later, Kemp did not think it was particularly funny.

When Stark brought up the possibility of another LSD run, Kemp brought up the possibility of money. The chemist would not work unless he was paid and his employment put on a regular basis. According to Kemp, Stark would not agree: if Kemp was not going to work, he could go back to Britain. In despair, Kemp had already sounded out Solomon who had kept in touch, and Arnabaldi in Paris. They had yet to receive the promised transfer fee. Kemp went back to Britain.

While Kemp returned home to take a holiday with his girlfriend, Solomon set about the question of the transfer fee and approached Stark. During an angry meeting in a Chinese restaurant—Stark, being Stark, said it served the best Hong Kong food outside Hong Kong—the deal was agreed. Why Stark should decide to pay after such a long delay is not known, but he made Solomon a straight offer of the LSD if Solomon would arrange to collect the cache from Switzerland. A young drug dealer who worked with Solomon was sent to keep the liaison.

The handover took place in a Swiss hotel. The brown jar weighed about as much as a small packet of margarine. Inside it was 240 grams of pure crystal LSD, worth £1,000,000. Within an hour, the Englishman was on a train heading home.

His debt finally paid, Stark left for California and Christmas with the Brothers. With Sand glowering at him, Stark had awkward questions to answer, but no one seemed too fazed by his mishaps. The Brothers had special reason to celebrate Christmas that year: once again they had paid their dues to Leary, the guru who had inspired their creation. On 13 September 1970, Leary, one-time psychology professor, psychic magician and convicted prisoner of the State of California, had been transformed into William John McMillan, socially responsible businessman, married with two children and living in Salt Lake City.

## Chapter Fifteen

Leary opened the door to the prison yard and peeked out cautiously at the floodlit expanse. His presence in the yard after dark was enough to sound the alarms, but nothing stirred. California Men's Colony, West Facility, was unaware that its most famous prisoner was on the loose. Behind Leary, prisoners were watching Saturday-night TV. He had passed, as he planned, few people in the corridors.

Across the yard he could see the tree and the overcast sky above. He slipped across the yard, keenly conscious of the windows looking down at him; aware of the voices. At one, a prisoner, an informant, was chatting to two guards. The man had only to stare out to see Leary. In the prison block someone could open his locker and find the farewell note—Leary compared himself to Socrates fleeing oppression. Someone might suddenly order a roll-call, want to see him. The prisoner turned away from the window and Leary began climbing the tree.

He pulled himself upwards, his sneakers trying to keep a purchase on the bark. The sneakers had been dyed black. Leary had carefully replaced the white laces with brown ones to be on the safe side.

The tall, slim figure was now at the top of the tree where it overhung block 324. Taking purchase on the sloping roof, Leary slipped off the sneakers.

Just short of fifty, Leary was less than fit, and climbing trees was not something he had trained in. The roof was easy. He was above the glare of the lights, looking down into one of the guardrooms. In stockinged feet, he moved softly across the roof. There was no sound, but beneath his feet and behind him was an establishment filled with people. You could be like this, seemingly alone in the world under the clouds, within a few yards of other human beings. You could feel they were there even if you could not see them, hear them or touch them.

What was that? Leary felt something.

Mentally planning the route before setting out, Leary had warned himself about the TV antennae. Now he had forgotten and bumped into them.

On the other side of the roof he found the cable, twenty feet above the ground. Gently he put his sneakers back on and pulled out a pair of baseball gloves from the pocket of his denim prison jacket. Leary lowered himself on to the cable, kicked his legs up like an ape and began to inch forward. Ninety seconds this should take. Forty feet of cable. Leary's arms and legs ached like they had never ached before. He could hear his breath, feel the sweat breaking out under his arms.

Ten years ago he had been a rising academic star at Harvard, settled in a chair in the Faculty Club with the sports pages of the Boston Globe. Now he was a psychedelic revolutionary breaking out, busting free. Goodbye, Mr. Federal Agent. Goodbye, Officer Purcell. Thank you for the arrest for those two lousy marijuana cigarettes. Thank you for shackling Timothy Leary to rapists as another number on a jailer's list.

Sweet Jesus. No.

There was a sudden glare of lights. Leary clung to the cable, willing it to stop swinging. A patrol car turned towards him, its lights changing the colour of his denims. The officer flicked out a cigarette as he drove by under Leary without looking up.

Leary reached out for the utility pole on the other side of the perimeter fence. Still no sound from the prison. Like a true magician, Leary had flown over the fence. He slid down the pole. Keep going.

Past the outer buildings of the prison towards the highway. Leary found the spot he had been told to wait by, three trees joined at their base by one trunk.

Prisoner B 26358 felt very vulnerable as the minutes ticked by. One police prowler catching sight of his figure slipping back from the road ... one look at the famous features ... and the pains in Leary's limbs and chest would be wasted.

A pick-up truck signalled it was pulling in. Someone said the password, "Kelly." Overjoyed Leary replied as he had been told, "Tino." As the car door slammed behind him and the vehicle pulled away, the two girls on board handed Leary papers for Mr. McMillan. On the back seat was a set of new clothes.

Leary was told his old clothes would be dumped at a garage to throw the police in the wrong direction. He would change vehicles and keep moving, as his rescuers planned. The psychedelic revolutionary was free, in the protection of the Weathermen.

Free. Leary could thank a man he called Aries, none other than Michael Randall. The leading Brothers, led by Randall, having already swollen Leary's defence funds, had raised \$50,000 for the escape. The go-between for the escape plan was characteristic of the many meeting-points the world of drugs and the world of extremist left-wing politics were now beginning to find, and would continue to find, in the underground. When the going gets rough, everyone needs a lawyer; in this case, senior Federal officials believe the middleman was a young West Coast counsellor with radical interests bridging drugs and the left wing.

Exactly what the Brothers had paid for became apparent in the first few days after the escape. Leary was smuggled eastwards, joined by Rosemary, towards Detroit on the Weathermen's underground routes. As the police search for Leary got under way, he began making a physical transition into Mr. McMillan with the help of Weathermen disguise experts and a growing mass of false identification.

Three days after the escape, Leary handed his passport to emigration officials at Detroit airport before boarding a flight for Madrid. They gave him a cursory glance. Gone was the thick, greying hair, the toothy grin, the casual dress and attitude. The man before them was a bald, tight-lipped individual in glasses. Smartly dressed and intense, Mr. McMillan was an international executive in a hurry.

Rosemary Leary, travelling separately on the flight, was equally unrecognizable. A short, loosely curled wig concealed her long black mane of hair and her face was transformed by large glasses, false eyelashes and orangey lipstick. Her passport announced her as Miss Margaret Ann McCreedy, insurance company secretary. In her pale polyester suit, she was the image of a safe, conventional professional woman.

What the Weathermen gained from the escape, apart from the contribution to their war chests, became clear when they issued a communiqué claiming responsibility. The escape was another blow against the "belly of the beast ... pig Amerika," a tremendous propaganda coup freeing a political prisoner from the State's POW camp.

The communiqué declared that drugs would help to make a better world but, for the moment, "We are at war. With the NLF and the North Vietnamese, with the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and Al Fatah, with all black and brown revolutionaries ... and all prisoners of war in American concentration camps, we know that peace is only possible in the destruction of US imperialism. We are outlaws. We are Free."



Leary paid a price for release. The man who had decided with the Brothers not to take part in the Chicago demonstrations in 1968 because of possible violence issued a letter six days after his escape announcing: "World War III is now being waged by shorthaired robots." Instead of tuning in, turning on and dropping out, Leary called for sabotage and hijackings and claimed that "to shoot a genocidal robot policeman in defence of life is a sacred act." The "mechanical mind" could still be blown with "holy acid," but Leary really did seem to err on the side of the revolutionary rather than the psychedelic. Perhaps the dramas of his escape had affected him, for in a postscript he declared: "Warning: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life and freedom."

In California there was some uncertainty about the letters. No one would actually swear that the signatures were those of Leary.

But they were. The Learys had taken refuge in Algeria, a favourite gathering place for revolutionary and quasi-revolutionary alike in the early 1970s; and from there Leary sent more messages, calling for violent resistance. Yet the bright revolutionary dawn rapidly clouded. Leary joined Eldridge Cleaver, former Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party. Estranged from his party at home, Eldridge was now Supreme Commander while his supporters called their offices "the official United States Embassy." The alliance between figures such as Leary and Cleaver fired the underground imagination, but the reality was a clash of egos: there was not enough elbow room for two powerful spokesmen among the expatriate revolutionaries.

Cleaver placed Leary under "house arrest" for a time, and the Brothers sent out \$25,000 to smooth Leary's life with the Panthers. There were visits from other radicals, like the leaders of the Yippies; and eventually Leary fled from the Black Panthers to Switzerland where he took up residence as exile-in-chief of the psychedelic movement. The Brothers, having paid their dues, went back to business.

## Chapter Sixteen

Just before Christmas 1970, brightly painted posters circulated throughout California calling "All Wise Beings" to come to Laguna Beach on Christmas Day and celebrate the holiday with cosmic light shows, celestial music and fun. The poster was signed by "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love." One of the organizers was a young woman who had lived in the town most of her life. She said later, "There was no real organization. The Brotherhood was more a vibe than a group. It symbolized freak power ... So a group of us got together and called ourselves members of the Brotherhood and had posters done. It was that simple." That was one view of the Brotherhood, something from the 1960s.

The other, the 1970s view, could be seen in another holiday celebration, the convention on the new repopulated ranch. About thirty people had gathered for what one guest, a European who had never met the Brothers before, thought was a drug-world parody of the meetings of the great gangs during the Prohibition days. There were dealers from New York, the East, the Midwest and, of course, California. The righteousness he had heard of was there—Randall gossiped about the Leary escape—but the atmosphere was heavily commercial as well. Many of the other people on the ranch struck the guest as street-wise rather than beatific and there was a strain of violence: discussion about setting up a contract to kill someone who was giving them trouble—the Brothers, however, could not bring themselves to do it. Instead, they turned to business, the problems of LSD supplies, new hash routes, marijuana deals.

Both the view of the Brotherhood at the ranch and the view in Laguna were legitimate, both part of a Brotherhood which by the early 1970s was a schizophrenic creature. The Brotherhood had expanded like the ripples from a stone thrown into a pond, circles moving further and further out. The mythology of the Brotherhood and its freewheeling structure allowed anyone to claim membership or understand the "vibes." There were those who just believed that the Brotherhood was a simple summation of their views, their loyalties. At the same time, the Brotherhood had grown into a huge network of drug smugglers, manufacturers and suppliers. Partnerships would come together and split like amoebae. But key figures, the people with the connections and the experience, remained at the centre. Randall was the organizer of much of the LSD trading while Fat Bobby Andrist had risen to control much of the hash movement. No one was eliminated to make way for new leaders and no one shot it out in Woodland Drive for possession of a garage-full of marijuana. If this was a mafia, it was one with a distinctly different ethos from the traditional idea of organized crime.

The more deals you got into, the more money they generated, which meant more deals and more money, and again more deals.

The dealing had an addictive, almost hypnotic effect, like playing an enormous and never-ending game of Monopoly. Many things were now acceptable.

The Brothers may have balked at a contract killing, but Andrist always carried a gun in the Middle East. The Brothers had already moved into the world of secret bank accounts and deposits with the help of Hitchcock. Why should they not? They now operated on the scale of a conglomerate, a multinational.

Some of the Brothers were moving into cocaine from South America via Costa Rica. It was not big business at any time, but it was there for those who wanted to take it up. The Brothers did not discourage the infiltration of a non-psychedelic drug into their range. That was one of the differences between the people at the ranch and the people at Laguna Beach, between the "vibes," imagined or real, and the marketplace.

There is no doubt the Brothers could enjoy the money that drugs provided. The Christmas meeting dripped with money. Andrist brought back a Porsche sports car from West Germany on one of his trips; he was too fat to drive it and had to get John Gale to chauffeur him. Yet the same Andrist turned up in Laguna with a suitcase filled with \$1 million from various deals and promised that one day he would bum such amounts. The Brothers were not completely rid of their original ideals, but they were often dwarfed by the size of the enterprise. The ambiguities of trying to establish a new lifestyle in the midst of the old were showing through.

Their interests now stretched south through Mexico to South America, west to Hawaii and east across the Atlantic to Europe and on to the Middle East and Asia. Members had invested in shops along the Laguna front, in other Southern Californian towns and in the Hawaiian islands. Between them, Sand and the Brothers owned two ranches in California and land in Oregon.

The LSD system headed by Randall boasted over thirty regional and local distributors, covering not only California but also the Eastern Seaboard. Orange Sunshine could be found in Texas, Illinois, New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and eventually as far afield as Argentina and Australia. John Gale was still throwing LSD doses to the crowds; but he was also distributing on a commercial basis between 80,000 and 250,000 doses at a time. Randall, who supplied them, dealt in tens of grams. Andrist's hash runs were organized to bring in 1,000 kilos from Afghanistan in three deliveries a month on a highly organized basis.

The Brothers no longer took potluck as Lynd had done. An advance party met up with the Tokhis in Kandahar. Ostensibly, the Americans were interested in buying rugs for export to the United States. Somewhere in Turkey a Volkswagen, a Mercedes or even a pick-up truck brought over from the United States would be ploughing its way along the lonely roads towards Iran.

Once in Teheran, the driver would cable Kabul, using a simple code to give his estimated time of arrival. At the border, one of the Tokhis' minions would be waiting. As the pick-up or camper crossed through the customs point, an Afghani car would pull out behind it. The small convoy headed out into the desert until the coast was clear and the Tokhis' man identified himself.

The Brotherhood driver was directed south-east along the main road linking Herat in the north to Kandahar in the south. Eighty miles outside Kandahar, the Brotherhood vehicle turned off further into the desert near Lashkar Gah. With the main road behind him the going got rougher, but it was also isolated and undisturbed: sand dunes and hills which rose in the east towards foothills and then mountain ranges. The Tokhis' messenger picked a suitable spot and left him.

A few hours later, an ancient Borgward truck would bounce and sway into view, its springs low on the ground under the weight of its load.

Hidden compartments built into the Brotherhood vehicle would be loaded with kilo after kilo of hash. To protect the drugs and kill off the scent, the Brotherhood had taught the Tokhis methods of packaging the polythene-covered hash with latex paint, hot wax or styrofoam supplied from the United States on previous runs. Oil-filter cans soaked with canine repellents were placed in the hidden compartments to confuse sniffer dogs used by police and customs investigators.

With the loading complete, the Brotherhood vehicle waited for the cover of darkness before driving back on to the main road. The car or van went straight through Kandahar without stopping, on to Kabul and across the Pakistan border, heading for the port of Karachi, or Bombay further south in India.

The vehicle and its load arrived in the United States or Canada at one of eight ports where the Brotherhood thought customs surveillance was slack. Driven to Laguna, the contents would be bought up by Andrist who arranged the unloading. The hash was hidden in rubber garbage cans buried in the hills around the town until sales were made, usually at 50 kilos a time.

In his garage, Andrist used his stock to experiment with making hash oil, a distillation of the resin which is high in THC but low in bulk. The Brothers were fascinated by new ideas. Now matter how extravagant the ideas, they were always willing to give them a try.

Seven of the Brothers were to be found crewing a 96-foot yacht off the western coast of Mexico in 1970. Most had previously got no nearer the sea than the surf at Laguna, but they had successfully brought their vessel out of Maui in Hawaii, across the Pacific to stand off Zapategas outside the twelve-mile limit.

This was no pleasure cruise. As the yacht lay anchored a convoy of small launches put out from the shore, roaring across the open sea and tossing in the swell. The Brothers lined the rails as the first of the launches cut its engine, bobbing gently. Tied alongside the yacht, Mexicans on board the launch began to pass up bales. The yacht took on board 1,500 kilos of best Mexican marijuana before hauling up anchor and turning westwards back to Maui.

Safe ashore, the Brotherhood's crew's travels were not over. Several of them flew to Japan and ordered stereo speakers for importation to Maui. In the back room of a health food bar, the Mexican cargo was packed into the speakers which were sent to the American mainland. Part of it was also canned as Hawaiian produce.

The yacht was only one way of moving marijuana in bulk without meeting the problems and risks of overland travel. There were plans to use a couple of battered DC3s to move it up from Mexico and South America. Perhaps one day the same could be done for cargoes from Afghanistan or the Middle East, where the Brothers had discovered the potential of Lebanon.

Such multinational trade needed unsuspecting specialist advisers. Through the good offices of Stark, they now had the services of an international law firm. Stark had first presented himself to the law firm of Surrey, Karasik and Morse in the United States, where the son of the American diplomat he had met in West Africa now worked. The firm decided that since Stark appeared to live in Paris their French branch should handle his affairs. Sam Goekjian, the partner in Paris, received a letter of recommendation from his firm in the United States and assumed that Stark was, as his colleague believed, a rather impressive entrepreneur.

Using Goekjian in Europe and Buchanan, who had worked for Sand and Hitchcock, in San Francisco, Stark began to lay a false trail over the investments of both the Brotherhood and their chemist. Through Goekjian, Stark bought a Panamanian paper company called La Hormega. It would be used by Stark to conceal Sand's ownership of the Cloverdale ranch.

Buchanan was also hired by Randall to deal with the purchase of \$80,000 worth of land which the Brothers were buying to merge into their land at Idylwild. Title to the land did not pass to Randall but to Four Star Anstalt, the Liechtenstein company Hitchcock had concocted for the off-shore laboratory site which never materialized. In Paris, Goekjian was told by Stark that the company was to be another of his holding companies for interests in California.

The job of false companies completed and reported to the Brothers, Stark began work on his other projects for the Brotherhood. He was a very busy and much-travelled man in the aftermath of the Christmas convention. But he still-found time to check on the results of Kemp's apprenticeship.

It is a moot point whether the British LSD operation was a proper and deliberate offshoot of the Brotherhood or something that simply grew under the initial influence of the Brothers through Stark. On the one hand Stark maintained his contacts and interests with the Solomon group, even though his arrangements with them were said to be at an end; and he told Solomon of his links to the Brotherhood. On the other hand, with the rapid spread of the drugs world in the late 1960s and early 1970s, there were bound to be overlaps across the continents, loose federated networks working in much the same way as the Brotherhood itself now operated.

From the start the British group operated in the sort of world Scully had forecast to Hitchcock. LSD had been banned in Britain for four years and there was none of the impetus or experience which created Scully and his master, Owsley. Both Kemp and Solomon were firm believers in the efficacy of LSD, yet they were also driven by the sheer excitement of their achievements and rewards. Stark found that Solomon was expanding.

## Chapter Seventeen

The new figure in Solomon's company was a friend of one of the American's step-daughters. Kemp thought he was "just a guy on a motorcycle," but it was unwise to dismiss Henry Barclay Todd out of hand. Tall, dark and burly, Todd enjoyed mountaineering and rugby. At first sight he might seem too conservative for Solomon's circle and the American's ambitions, but Todd was also one of those young men thrown up by the 1960s. They never adopted the total alternative life-style of the times, but took to their own those parts which suited them best, floating from job to job, enjoying life and watchful for chances to find a better one. Given such an opening, Todd could bring to bear a blend of shrewdness, flamboyance, greed and leadership. He was a rogue who could be both forceful and charming: qualities useful to a small-time drug dealer, which was what he was when he, like Kemp, was sucked into the vortex of the Solomon circle. What came out of the vortex was, by the standards of the drug world, the embryo of a very successful executive.

With Stark's transfer fee of LSD buried in the hills outside Cambridge, Solomon was in a predicament. He had to sell the stuff but—whatever he might have told his sleeping partners, Arnabaldi and Thomas, or claimed to Stark—it seems that Solomon had little idea about the best way of going about that task. His ambitions were bigger than his expertise. Moving LSD was no problem to the Brotherhood in the United States, but then they had four years of experience and millions of doses behind them. Todd, as a small-scale dealer, was brought in to help.

The product of a middle-class, Service background, Todd was an intelligent, adaptable man in his mid-twenties, a chequered career already behind him. Educated to university entry level, he jettisoned any chance of a degree course to spend two years in Paris as a photographer. Back in Britain, he was convicted of theft and obtaining money by false pretences in 1966 and sent to Oxford prison where he tried unsuccessfully to escape. At the end of his sentence he became a computer systems analyst. Eventually Todd moved in with a girlfriend near Cambridge, spending his weekends there as a pig farmer and his weekdays with computers in the City. On the side, he dabbled in imports and modelled for art students at a London college.

Early in 1971 he agreed to become part of the distribution chain Solomon was setting up, but it was a chain which began with mishaps and distrust; whatever his feelings for the finer qualities of the psychedelic movement, Solomon was a suspicious character dogged by ineptitude.

The early deals were based on quarter-grams sold at £100 a time. There were soon complaints that he was selling short. Solomon replied that it was he who was being caught out because the drugs were watered down after they left him. It transpired that Solomon's idea of precision weighing consisted of a pair of ancient post office scales. It has to be given to Solomon that his solution was effective, if outrageous. He befriended a postgraduate student in the university who was partial to marijuana and, in the space of a few days, persuaded his new-found acquaintance to do the weighing in his University laboratory with specialized scientific equipment. A few hundred yards from the laboratory where Rutherford had split the atom, Solomon weighed out cellophane bags of LSD.

Left in Solomon's hands, tableting could also be an ad hoc exercise. Capsules were filled by hand in a rudimentary system which required a taster to check each batch. The LSD was normally brushed into capsules placed in a pegboard; but Solomon, taking a turn as taster, dispensed with the brush and crammed LSD into a capsule. The dosage was normally estimated at 200 micrograms but, using this method, Solomon had taken nearer 1,000 micrograms. He had to be driven home from the cottage rented for the tableting. When the car arrived the tiny figure leapt out, crashed through the front door and collapsed in bed for a week.

Todd's success in his new vocation relieved Solomon of further mishap. The market built up so rapidly that Todd took full grams rather than quarters and moved on to do his own tableting. His customers included not only people in Cambridge and London, but also West Germans. The German distribution grew into a major outlet which Todd carefully nurtured and kept under his wing. He visited Berlin and opened a bank account in case he should need it.

When Stark came over from France, Solomon's group seemed to be prospering after early mishaps. Stark drove up to Cambridge to spy out the lie of the land.

The French laboratory had been closed. Warnings of impending danger are said to have come from a senior CIA man Stark met by chance in London, a public figure who heard from government sources of impending trouble and in the United States, a source also reported problems. Stark boasted that the French operation had turned out 18 kilos of LSD in each of eight runs, at a total value of \$400 million, and put it about that the LSD was stored in a Swiss bank vault wired with a remote-controlled fire bomb in case of trouble. Planning his next production site, Stark was as security-conscious as ever.

Once he arrived in Cambridge his sense of self-preservation went into overdrive. What he heard about Solomon was not good at all. Success had gone to Solomon's head. His ego had been inflated beyond endurance by his venture, and he openly boasted of his company's achievements. Friends in and around Cambridge, vaguely aware of what he might be doing, feared for their safety and the anxiety was passed to Stark.

Having closed down the French laboratory, there was no way he could tolerate security risks which might lead back to the Brothers and himself. Before seeking Solomon, Stark mused darkly about some sort of permanent arrangement for his fellow American—there were those who dubbed Stark "The Godfather"—but in a place like England, it was explained to Stark, the sort of arrangement he had in mind was out of court.

Solomon was summoned to the Oxford and Cambridge Club. The row took place behind closed doors, but the results were dramatic. Solomon sped back to Cambridge and prepared to move.

Having survived Stark's wrath, Solomon found he was also the target of ambitious employees. Stark's 240 grams, less 50 grams for Arnabaldi, who like Todd had German connections and also links to the United States, were exhausted. Kemp was prepared to open his own laboratory. As Christine Bott saw it, he had little choice: "either ICI and coronaries or LSD." Besides which, Kemp, treated like a god at Solomon's parties in Cambridge, was addicted to the power he had acquired and the adrenalin of combating a society he now despised. "I get a great feeling from it," he said, "the power to turn people on." There was also quite a lot of money. The LSD had generated well over £50,000 for the chemist, Todd and Solomon, and much more on the streets.

Solomon, in anticipation of Kemp's production, began the work of acquiring raw materials. Using a Stark trick of printing up impressive headed notepaper, he became "Carl Andresen," head of Inter-Dominion Associates, and wrote off to European chemical firms in search of ergotamine tartrate. The address for replies was a Holborn agency which ran a poste restante service—the agency was recommended by Thomas, one of Solomon's sleeping partners. Most firms said they were unable to help Inter-Dominion, but a Swiss firm explained that it represented a German chemical company called Dr. Rentschler of Laupheim, one of Europe's biggest legitimate stockists.

In June 1971, Solomon took personal delivery of a kilo of ergotamine and hurried back to Britain, only to find his further services were not required. His chemist and his distribution expert had taken over much of the control. Neither Kemp nor Todd was prepared to suffer fools.

The new scheme of things became clear to Solomon when, during discussions on the new price of LSD at £300 per gram, Todd intimated he was no longer a junior partner. Todd rode roughshod over the American while Kemp sat back without defending the man who had introduced him to LSD. The upshot of the meeting was a firm order to Solomon: "Don't call us, we'll call you." Solomon could get raw materials if they were needed. Nothing more.

Kemp and Christine Bott moved into a flat in the heart of Notting Hill, west London, which Kemp planned to use as a laboratory as well as a home. The choice was not accidental. Six months earlier, the tenant had been Stark's aide, who was followed by a Dr. S. D. Cohen. His tenancy had only just expired when Christine Bott applied for the flat. The landlords were surprised, since the flat had yet to be advertised. "Dr. Cohen" is thought to have been either Stark or Lester Friedman, scientific adviser to Sand and now Stark. Relations between Stark and Kemp seem to have improved again, and at one stage the American asked Kemp to consider rejoining him. Kemp refused, but Stark was nonetheless prepared to help him with advice or information. Notting Hill, with its many communes, was an area which Stark often visited.

Unfortunately the flat was too cramped and too flimsy for a laboratory. Kemp's electric pump shook the floor and the hum could be heard all over the building. The flat became a proper home and the chemist decided on a peripatetic operation, using other small flats hidden in the anonymous streets of bed-sitters. He looked for places where the drains system discharged into sealed mains, to prevent suspicious smells being detected, and strong water-pressure which meant a flat close to ground level. London had the advantage that the neighbours were normally reticent but, to be on the safe side, Kemp would move in for a couple of weeks to check on their movements before bringing in his equipment.

Once Kemp was satisfied, he set up production in the kitchen. All the time the laboratory was in situ, either Kemp or his girlfriend stayed in the flat as a security measure. Windows were kept open to release fumes and a fan ran in one corner of the kitchen to keep air circulating. Extra equipment and chemicals were bought through an accommodation address agency in Earls Court which Thomas had again recommended (and was using himself). Kemp, keeping his laboratory on the move, even took a house in Liverpool for one production run.

Although Kemp left the tableting and distribution to Todd, they collaborated on sales philosophy, aiming to produce for the summer pop festivals which sprang up in the early 1970s. These festivals were descendants of the great festivals of the late 1960s in the United States, "free festivals" organized within the British underground among the squats and communes: ideal marketplaces. Todd and Kemp debated whether to produce one continuous line which would become a byword, like Orange Sunshine, or to vary the product. They chose the latter course because the customers might prefer a range, and the differences would serve to confuse the police. Kemp said: "It pays to have a good range; people are fussy." The shape remained the same. It was called the microdot—a tiny disc, as the name suggests.

Kemp and Todd were so close now that they arranged for further supplies of raw materials without Solomon, and Todd bought 3 kilos from a Swiss firm called Dolder.

But Solomon could not stay away. Having tried and failed to produce LSD on his own, he foisted another kilo of ergotamine on the chemist with the unwelcome news that he and Thomas were now experimenting with synthetic cocaine close to Kemp's home. Kemp was not amused, but gradually his mood changed. He was learning things about Todd. And he did not like what he discovered.

The price agreed on between Todd and Kemp had originally been set at £300 per gram, but dropped to £200 as Todd started taking larger and larger deliveries. Then the marketing manager put up a new discount of £27.50 per 1,000 doses with a content of 200 microdots per dose. Kemp would now be paid £137 per gram.

The content was an important point for Kemp because from the very beginning he was adamant, as Owsley had been, that the user must get a good dose of LSD to appreciate its effects. Soon after the new arrangement, Kemp bought his own LSD at a pop festival with a confident assurance from the dealer that the doses were good for 100 micrograms each.

In order to be sure, a worried Kemp borrowed Andy Munro, a young Cambridge graduate working for Solomon on the cocaine project. Munro had taken a master's degree at East Anglia University, and took Kemp back there to test the doses in—one of the laboratories. The microdots contained 100 micrograms each.

Challenged with incontrovertible evidence, Todd admitted he was paying Kemp for 5,000 doses per gram but splitting them to make 10,000, and promised not to do it again. Kemp took his promise at little more than face value. Thomas was asked by Kemp to try his hand at tableting while Solomon bought another 3 kilos of ergotamine.

In financial terms, no one could really complain. In two years, Kemp admitted making 500 grams of LSD, claiming he had wasted ergotamine equal to 2.5 million doses through accidents. His output at that figure was worth between £68,000 and £100,000 from Todd. On the street, the doses might sell at between 25p and £1, which generated between £625,000 and £2,500,000 for the marketing manager, the distributors and the dealers. If Kemp's admission of 500 grams is wrong and he produced LSD at his usual rate of 250 grams per kilo, then the 5 kilos bought by Solomon and Todd produced 6,250,000 doses. The cost of each dose was once calculated by Kemp at 0.01p.

With so much money being generated, a new hiding place was needed. Once again Stark provided the solution, having demonstrated to Kemp in the Paris days the use of Swiss banks and their safety deposit boxes. Kemp and the others had set up a network of accounts in three Swiss cities, joined by powers of attorney.



Stark, who inspired the accounts and their contents, still flitted in and out of London. The LSD run for which he had tried to recruit Kemp was coming to fruition and Solomon and Co could be useful. Meanwhile he kept many other irons in the fire, both in London and elsewhere.

## Chapter Eighteen

In Afghanistan the new product was hash oil. Stark had inspired its creation in Afghanistan by suggesting to the Brothers the idea of taking Andrist's process out to Asia and subverting the dominant position of the Tokhis, who were still distrusted as "hotel hustlers." He went further, proposing that he should go out to Afghanistan with an idea taken from a contact Solomon had furnished in Britain. Instead of producing hash oil, it might be possible to take the process further and turn the oil into a powder which was even easier to transport.

Stark visited Afghanistan at least once. The rifle-waving tribesmen in the foothills did not endear themselves to him, but he did manage to work his way into the confidence of a Minister and began making plans for a factory to produce penicillin. But rather than cut out the Tokhis, Stark and the Brothers appear to have decided to teach them how to make hash oil. Papers recovered from Stark years later include correspondence on material and equipment in Afghanistan yet to be removed.

For the Brotherhood, the move into hash oil could only be a profitable one. A gallon of oil brought in \$40,000 wholesale, and considerably more when divided. The Tokhis were more than happy to oblige. A third brother called Aman had joined the family business, quitting his job as a maintenance supervisor at the American Embassy in Kabul. In a matter of months he became a well-dressed businessman sporting gold watches, two cars and a wad of banknotes. For \$36,000 he bought the former home of an American diplomat close to his old workplace. Aman explained that his good fortune was due to the considerable success of the family rug business. Another brother was planning a private zoo in the garden of his villa in Kandahar.

Not content with hash oil, Stark was still chasing the elusive prospect of synthetic THC which had led him to Solomon, and was now talking of going one stage further. He had it in mind to make a derivative of much greater power. One kilo, he once claimed, would be equal to thousands of kilos of THC and with eight of the fourteen stages of production worked out, Stark needed just another \$500,000 to finish the job.

The super-THC was bruited in London where Stark, with a Chelsea apartment, was also talking about the prospects for a little firm he had started to make pocket calculators. Aware that the Brothers might like a new spiritual leader to replace Leary, he found time, it is reported, to approach a radical British psychiatrist who turned the idea down flat.

Across the Channel, his French lawyers were asked to look at the pocket calculator idea, while Stark indicated he might be interested in an olive oil refinery on Cyprus which Goekjian had put money into. Stark called in Lester Friedman to advise him. The law firm was handling a research grant which Stark had promised the professor.

There was nothing to rouse Goekjian's suspicions. Stark's lavish international life-style inspired confidence. An early Picasso and a De Kooning graced the walls of his Greenwich Village base. In Paris he stayed at the Ritz; in the South of France he used a villa. Goekjian even agreed, at Stark's request, to look into the case of one of Sand's friends who had been caught and imprisoned in Greece while trying to fly out a cannabis load.

In Switzerland, Stark was busy setting up new companies and across the border in West Germany he was trawling for supplies of ergotamine, using a Hamburg dealer and approaching Renschler, Solomon's supplier.

But the heart of the network was a university campus just outside Brussels. The overground projects were passing fancies—the Brothers needed more LSD. Stark was now sewing together the pieces which would add up to his next LSD production centre. Germany would be the source for ergotamine, Geneva and London the conduits, and the details of the laboratory were ironed out in Paris.

The link to Belgium was the American diplomat Stark had met in West Africa who had introduced him through his son to Surrey, Karasik and Morse. After Africa, the man was on the last stage of his career before retiring and was now serving in Brussels. His wealthy young friend was looking for a laboratory site and the diplomat, unaware of the real purpose, helped. The site chosen was a villa on the campus of Louvain le Neuve University. Stark, true to his modus operandi of using legitimate fronts, named the laboratory Laboratoire Le Clocheton and gave the address as part of the university. (The university objected and he stopped.)

In Paris Goekjian drew up papers for a company producing organic and inorganic chemicals. Nearly \$300,000 were put into the factory, and shares were split between Stark, as managing director, Friedman, as consultant, the lawyers until other shareholders came in—and the other 994 were held by Swiss nominees. To gather his small staff, Stark advertised in the Belgian magazine Chemical Reporter, telling recruits that he had many financial interests and was interested largely in medical research. He confided to one member of staff that he was hoping to manufacture a product difficult to make but commanding a high price.

The most important staff members had in fact already been recruited from the team he had used in France. One American had applied formally for a Belgian work permit in New York. He became a technician and security man entered on the payroll, but another, the chemist, was a mystery to the staff. Stark said he had been co-opted from another of his firms and was not registered because he would be leaving soon. Working in his own separate laboratory this man kept odd hours, apparently doing his "research" at night, sleeping during the day.

Stark searched for as much ergotamine as he could find, building up supplies for both Belgium and future production runs. In London, he appears to have used Kemp and Solomon, who repaid his help in the past with information on supplies. If the British were not fully fledged members of the original Brotherhood, they played a growing part in the loose-knit international network which it generated.

As Matthew Thompson of the Amalgamated Pharmaceutical Company in the summer of 1972, Stark used the same accommodation address agency in Holborn that Solomon had used and another address in Holland Road, Notting Hill, a few doors away from one of Kemp's laboratories. The telephone number on the headed notepaper was for an address miles away on the edge of north-west London. The masquerade got him 8 kilos from Renschler—Solomon's supplier—with the proviso that he did not resell it in the United States. Stark agreed, tongue in cheek. The sources added up to a considerable quantity of ergotamine, probably over 30 kilos.

Randall visited the laboratory, travelling under the name of Michael T. Garrity, soon after production began. He must have been impressed by what he saw—even the professors on the campus thought Stark was a genuine scientist. Small amounts of legitimate chemicals were being sold to Switzerland and Stark was seeking further orders, but out of sight the real money-maker was being produced. Randall ordered a shipment. Since the Brothers were adept at the movement of hash concealed in vehicles, what better transport than Stark's ageing Jaguar shipped to New York for Randall?

In Paris, Goekjian and his firm were now making plans to pull out as directors to allow Stark to appoint more substantial figures. Then they got an inkling of what they might have landed themselves in.

Agents from the American Internal Revenue Service appeared in Goekjian's office. Right at the beginning, Stark had explained that his father's "inheritance" could cause him tax problems, but these men wanted to know about someone called Sand and a ranch. Goekjian contacted Stark and suggested they should meet in Washington and sort the thing out in the summer. Stark agreed.

Goekjian flew to Washington, but Stark did not turn up. He went back to Paris where he was telephoned by Stark's girlfriend. Ron was ill and recuperating on a Caribbean island. He would be in touch again very soon. Stark's movements were erratic at the best of times, and Goekjian sat back to await his reappearance. In October 1972 he got a call from the laboratory. The firm was going bankrupt. Stark had not been seen for months, the security guard had run off with the chemist's wife who had also been injured in an accident. Who was going to pay the wages? Goekjian began searching for Stark, but he had disappeared.

# The Brotherhood of Eternal Self-Interest

## Chapter Nineteen

"We wanna make a deal. Yeah. We wanna make a deal."

The words in different languages have been heard so often in thousands of police stations across the world that they deserve to be framed on the walls alongside the fly-blown station rules and the much-thumbed files of administrative notices.

The Laguna Beach detectives were non-committal: the essence of good interrogation is to get the suspect talking. One of them asked the two drug dealers exactly what they had in mind. What deal? What did they have?

The dealers laid it on the line. The bust was practically nothing. Just a bit of dope. No big deal. What would they get—probation? A year or so inside? Nothing. Nada. Why not just let them go?

Let them go! The detective shrugged dismissively.

Not for nothing, said the dealers. They were just small fish. If the cops let them go, in return they would give something good. Really good.

Like what?

A really big dealer. He can get kilos just like that.

So who is this number one guy?

Is it a deal?

It could be. It could just be.

Patrick Brennan knew nothing of this. Nothing at all. He was at work when the dealers rang with an urgent demand. They needed marijuana right away, now. Could he deal? Brennan reckoned he could. As a member of the Brotherhood, it was never difficult to lay hands on marijuana. There were no problems. Why should there be? The dealers were also members of the Brotherhood. It was a standard rule that if anyone was busted, they had to be cold-shouldered just in case the cops were up to something. But Brennan knew nothing about these two being arrested and assumed everything must be square. He put together the marijuana deal in a few hours.

The detectives took him with 7.5 kilos. Brennan, in his early twenties, sat in the station in May 1971, fuming. A junior member of the Brotherhood, still at school when it was first formed, he was not a number one capture, but the detectives kept their word to the two informers.

Brennan knew how he had been caught, and why. His so-called Brothers had "snitched" to save their own skins and set him up with \$1,000 haul of marijuana. Pat Brennan started thinking about the Brotherhood. It did not take him long to see the simple lesson of his predicament.

"Wanna make a deal?"

What have you got, they asked Pat Brennan.

How about the Brotherhood? The Brotherhood of Eternal Love, said Brennan.

Neal Purcell, the self-appointed avenging angel of Laguna, the man who finally put Leary behind bars, sat opposite Brennan and listened. Woodland Drive finally made sense.

"I'd have to start around 1966 with a guy I grew up with. We went surfing together and he was in some sort of drug activity and ..." Brennan's story slowly unfolded. He knew something of the beginnings, something of the LSD, something of the hash runs, Afghanistan. Brennan got his freedom.

A year earlier, Brennan's story might have fallen on stony ground. A year earlier, Purcell might not have been listening so intently. But the Laguna Beach of 1971 was no longer the free and easy Laguna Beach in which the Brotherhood first pitched camp a few years earlier. The moderate police chief of the town who believed the Brotherhood was nothing more than a loose, informal group with neither leader nor evil intent was gone. In his place was a former senior Marine MP.

The Christmas celebrations blazoned by the posters had provoked the rage of a growing and vociferous right wing in the town and its council. New statutes were being planned or passed, making it more difficult for hippies to live without running foul of the police.

The change in the town was symbolic, reflecting the attitudes developing in the Washington of Richard M. Nixon. The use of drugs indicated the moral degeneration of the country. Nixon told media executives: "Drug traffic is public enemy number one domestically, and we must wage a total offensive, worldwide, nationwide, government-wide."

The drug issue had great benefits for the administration as an issue which artfully preyed on public anxieties in the wake of the 1960s. Everyone knew—but could not prove—that narcotics addicts committed crime to pay for their habits; the distinction between narcotics and psychedelics was not always made. Better drug control could be posited as better crime control.

Between 1967 and 1971, the federal agencies responsible for policing drug trafficking, BDAC and BNDD, its successor, grew in size and budget. By 1971, BNDD had a budget of \$43 million, a fourteen-fold increase on the 1967 figure, and a force of 1,500 agents in the field. In an attempt to stop marijuana flooding over the border from Mexico, the Nixon administration set up Operation Intercept—billed as the United States' "largest peacetime search and seizure operation"—in which thousands of customs and border agents checked five million people in the space of three weeks. Intercept was a failure, but the White House liked the publicity, providing the BNDD with an increasing array of technology such as sensor devices to pick out marijuana fields from the air. The customs department had pioneered the use of computers in California to check licence plates of vehicles at border points and individuals at airports. The man in charge of shaping policy at the White House was C. Gordon Liddy; as a New England District Attorney, he had first reached national prominence by harassing Leary and the Millbrook Community.

Yet for all the public statements and increasing technology, the new drive had yet to show real dividends. In 1971 it was estimated that five million Americans had now used LSD. Although the days of the 1960s were fast becoming a bright memory, the use of LSD had not waned. In the early 1970s it was reckoned that 150 million doses, of 100 micrograms each, were sold in one year; and a survey among high school seniors in the Bay Area showed that the number claiming to use LSD did not fall but rose over the years. The amount of marijuana being used seemed to be infinite, with seizures rising annually.

Few narcotics agents were in doubt about their aims. It was already clear that picking off dealers at street level was only touching the tip of the iceberg. The aim of the game had to be to take out the sources, the main dealers. Purcell, a rising star in the newly modelled Laguna force, knew it too. Brennan, a chemist, may well have spiced his story, claiming that he was being groomed as the new Owsley for a Brotherhood which now grew its own rye for ergotamine, but he spilled enough other details to reveal a shape which whetted Purcell's appetite. Here was one of the icebergs, a secret society, a hippie mafia. Over the years many of the Brothers had been arrested: there were the raids on the ranch, Randall had several convictions for marijuana, the arrests in Britain. Purcell began to see a picture emerging. His suspicions of Woodland Drive were confirmed through the mouth of Brennan.

"Our toughest job was selling everyone, including our supervisors, on the idea that an outfit like the Brotherhood in bare feet and long hair could actually exist," he said later. They began to believe him after Brennan. If there were any doubts, the news from Oregon dispelled them.

Glen Lynd and Robert Ramsey, his brother-in-law, were always close. Five or six years older than Lynd, Ramsey had watched him grow from a boy. In those years there was not much that Ramsey did not hear about the Brotherhood. Lynd showed him the drugs he brought back from abroad, the cars he converted for smuggling runs, and took him down to Laguna to inspect the Mystic Arts World Store. Ramsey met Andrist and the Brothers' cocaine expert. Lynd, on the periphery of the group, still kept in contact from Oregon where Ramsey had allowed his name to be used for the purchase of Brotherhood land. From Lynd he heard about life at Idylwild and the role of Leary. Ramsey was almost a father-confessor to his brother-in-law. For his own part, the Brotherhood was none of his business; Ramsey adopted a policy of live and let live.

By his early thirties, Ramsey had held a variety of jobs over the years, but in 1971 it seemed that Lynd's fascination with the drug world had finally rubbed off. Round Josephine County, Oregon, the story was that Bob Ramsey sold amphetamines. At the sheriffs office, drug suspects were constantly questioned about Ramsey and any light they could throw on the man. The sheriffs men seemed very set on busting him. The rumour was that Ramsey dealt amphetamines at 50,000 a time.

One morning in April 1971, Ramsey popped in to see Lynd at his Oregon home. Lynd was with another man, one of the Brothers, Ramsey had met in the past, and had just taken a delivery of hash. Lynd asked his brother-in-law if he might be interested. Ramsey asked how much was available.

"Oh, I've got a little pinch here," said Lynd, tugging a suitcase from the corner of his living room. The case held a plastic bag with half-pound slabs of hash—seven or eight in all.

"That looks pretty good stuff," said Ramsey, admiring the haul.

"It should be," said Lynd, "one week ago, that hash was in Afghanistan."

Ramsey bought half an ounce for \$55, but demurred at selling the rest on behalf of Lynd at a discounted price. That was all right with Lynd. He and his visitor could handle a sale without any problems. He just thought he could do his brother-in-law a favour.

A few weeks later, Lynd came to regret his generosity. He was suddenly arrested for the \$55 sale to Ramsey. The sheriff's department could prove their case without difficulty. The dollar bills were specially marked, and there was no problem about Ramsey giving evidence since he was one of theirs. In March 1971, Ramsey had joined the department, becoming an undercover narcotics officer.

Lynd got five years' probation for the charge and never spoke to Ramsey again, but it was too late, much too late; the damage had been done. Camouflaged in police and BNDD reports as informant "CAT," Ramsey spilt out the details of the Brotherhood as he knew them, warning of hash loads on their way to the United States, tying the Brothers to Hawaii and passing on a stream of names—thirty-six in all.

Events in Oregon added fuel to Purcell's arguments. He convinced not only his superiors of the importance of the Brotherhood, but also the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement and the local district attorney for Orange County, who in turn called in the BNDD. A large-scale drug investigation was moving into gear.

On Woodland Drive, BNDD sent in one of its new breed of agents. Doug Kuehl's sandy hair was long and he dressed in Levis. He could merge easily into a crowd, but the Brothers were careful. A girl or a hippy would check any parked car for a radio or sign of a gun. If they were still suspicious, the car would be surrounded by a crowd of hippies. Kuehl, recalling the hours he spent trying to watch the Brothers, said: "Hippies would flock round you. You just had to leave. Everybody in the family looked out for everyone else. They did not have to be violent when they had control like that." Not only did such self-protection make surveillance difficult, it also threatened any attempt to infiltrate by buying into drug deals, one of the BNDD's most successful tactics. With strangers, the Brothers would only deal if the buyer came into Laguna.

If the BNDD had to give Woodland Drive a miss, the span of their organization allowed them to find other places, vulnerable spots in the Brotherhood network: places like Afghanistan.

Scotland Yard had sent over a copy of an address found during the Brotherhood arrests in Broadstairs years before. It matched one provided by CAT—the Tokhis' rug shop in Kandahar.

For the first time, BNDD had an agent in Kabul. Terence Burke was a CIA veteran who spoke local dialects fluently, having served as an undercover agent alongside Interpol to break up a group of dealers running hash from India to the United States.

Burke formed a working partnership with the Interpol representative and adviser, a formidable West German prepared to use unorthodox methods and disguises to ensnare dealers. The American agent began by establishing cooperation with the Afghan authorities. He arranged to get copies of embarkation and disembarkation airline cards for American travellers; and from this basic information he got checks run at home in the BNDD files to monitor who was coming and going. He rapidly gathered considerable information on the many Californians who seemed to favour Afghanistan for visits. Burke found the smugglers often favoured a route which took them from San Francisco to Beirut to Kabul to Delhi, and back westwards. The agent's researches confirmed the Tokhi brothers as major hash dealers with an almost exclusively American clientele, and linked with the information from the United States.

Burke was on hand in November 1971 when the Tokhis left Afghanistan to visit the Brotherhood for Christmas—details of the trip were known to the police in California even before the Tokhis set off. All along their route they were under surveillance. Once they arrived in California, the Afghanis found themselves the centre of attention in more ways than one. Wherever they and their hosts went, narcotics agents blatantly photographed and recorded almost their every move. Andrist took them to Disneyland, and the police were close behind. The party went to see wild animals at a safari park, attended by a police helicopter overhead.

In their absence Burke was busy, building up his dossiers. In Kabul he found a hash oil operation hidden behind a hotel the Tokhis often used to put up their Brotherhood guests. Perched on top of a fifteen-foot wall surrounding the house used for the production operation, Burke one night found himself almost overcome by fumes from an open window.

He was on hand at Kabul airport a month later to watch another Brotherhood trip. The Brothers were getting sloppy. Alexander Kulik, a distributor, had approached a 50-year-old unemployed Californian to act as courier. For \$2,000, Kulik inveigled the man to leave his trailer home in San Diego, fly to Afghanistan and bring back 5 kilos of hash oil. Who, reasoned Kulik, would suspect such an ageing courier?

Unfortunately, the man was a sometime customs informant and, once in Kabul, decided he did not want to go ahead with the arrangement. The day before he was due to leave Kabul with the oil hidden in a special rubber vest, the man contacted Burke. The next day, as Kulik and his man were about to leave the check-in desk at Kabul airport, the courier suddenly dumped a bag hiding the vest at Kulik's feet, announced he was not going through with the flight and walked off.

Kulik himself started to follow him, leaving the bag on the ground. Burke, who had been watching the scene, stepped forward. "Say, haven't you forgotten your bag?" he asked amicably.

"Oh yeah," said Kulik, who started to pick it up and found himself under arrest by Afghan policemen.

Kulik got a fine. Burke got the chance to read his papers and add more details to the BNDD dossiers.

In a matter of months, the Brothers seemed to be under a lot of pressure. A major hash dealer was held and questioned in Honolulu on his way home from Afghanistan, a hash oil laboratory was discovered in Laguna, narcotics officers picked up 86,000 doses of Orange Sunshine. The Brothers shrugged it off. They still retained that Mr. Magoo quality which Hollingshead discovered in the early days, walking across bridges when they were about to collapse. The agents' attempts to follow the Tokhi visit had been greeted with good humour and arrogance.

Andrist, eventually tired of the tails, deliberately drew a state narcotics agent away from the group. The agent clung on behind Andrist's big Ford Torino as it sped away. Andrist braked sharply. The agent stopped as well with a scream of brakes and a flurry of dust.

Andrist checked his mirror, gunned the engine and roared away again, still followed by the agent. With the road ahead clear, Andrist yanked the wheel and slewed the Ford across the road in a wide U-turn.

The drive was turning into an episode from a gangster film. Behind him, the agent pulled round as well. The huge bulk of Andrist looked over his steering wheel.

More U-turns. The agent was still there.

Andrist pressed the throttle down. The Ford's engine screamed as the car drew away. Then suddenly Andrist braked and once again threw the car across the road in a turn.

The agent was some way behind now. Andrist's car came back towards him slowly, menacingly. The agent could not turn in front of him.

As the two cars drew level, Andrist raised the middle finger of his right hand in an obscene gesture.



## Chapter Twenty

Karl Schmitt's Volkswagen camper was a much-travelled vehicle. When it arrived in Seattle early in 1971 it was at the end of a nine-month trip taking in India, Afghanistan and Hawaii. The customs men were struck by the camper and its journey and put it on a weighbridge. For some inexplicable reason, the vehicle was 490 lb heavier than when it had been exported. The customs men decided to let the camper go and see what happened.

In the winter of 1971, Mr. Schmitt was still travelling. This time the camper was unloaded at Vancouver, British Columbia, because of a dockers' strike at Seattle. It waited on the dock for collection.

Early in January 1972 another much travelled camper came into Portland, Oregon. Customs men waited. On 3 January a group of Brothers turned up at the dock, expecting to clear the Volkswagen without difficulty, one of them smartly and conventionally dressed as usual to lull any customs suspicions. The customs men pounced. Inside hidden sections of the camper they found 1,330 lb of hash—the biggest load ever seized in the United States at that time.

In Laguna, Andrist tried to make up the loss. There was still the camper at Vancouver. But the customs at Vancouver were getting wiser by the minute. Checks had already been made between their office and Laguna. Why, they wanted to know, what possible reason could there be for this camper to be unloaded outside California if it was due to go to Los Angeles?

Canadian customs could understand the diversion to Vancouver because of the strike, but that did not explain why the camper was originally destined for Seattle. The Seattle customs told them of the earlier journey. The advice from US customs was to watch and wait. When a Brotherhood representative arrived in Vancouver, the customs men moved in. Mr. Schmitt, alias Andrist, had a 700-lb load of hash on board the camper.

Somewhere in the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, the butt of Andrist's driving skills could allow himself a wry smile of triumph. But the good news was not over yet. In Afghanistan, Burke had managed to get Ayatollah Tokhi arrested if only briefly. In a country as corrupt as Afghanistan, the coup by BNDD special agent 107 was little short of a miracle.

Burke's information was reaching the United States and joining the growing library of flow-charts, bulletins, maps and position papers. The investigation Purcell had unleashed was getting so large that in May 1972 a council of war was held amid tight security at a San Francisco hotel to plot the way forward. Ramsey was there from Oregon with police officers from up and down southern California, BNDD agents and attorneys. The discussions, tape-recorded and later edited, ranged across the spectrum of what so far was known of the Brotherhood and by now their knowledge was considerable. By following possible Brotherhood members, agents had identified at least five businesses in Laguna and La Jolla, further down the coast, which could be front organizations. The trail of false identities used by the Brotherhood was laid out—birth certificates from New York; drivers' licences from Oregon, Utah, Hawaii, Nevada and California; military service cards; draft cards and student ID cards. Few Brothers owned cars but many used hire firms giving false addresses.

The report which came out of the meeting included examples of the false papers and a chart detailing the organization as the police understood it. At the top they ranked Leary and Hitchcock. One arm led down through Andrist and the Tokhi brothers to over twenty distributors in Laguna, Costa Rica, Idylwild and San Diego, trading in hash, marijuana and cocaine. On the LSD side, the arm stretched down through Randall to Sand and on to almost a score of People in Laguna, Hawaii, Oregon and Santa Barbara. The report added the warning that roles were interchangeable: Brothers could deal in both LSD and marijuana. It was felt, however, that the latter, in various forms, had taken over from LSD as the main market.

Given Purcell's feelings about Leary, it is hardly surprising that a great deal of emphasis was put on his role in the Brotherhood. Under the heading of *modus operandi*, the report noted that: "subjects are 'mystics' and study the 'religious' philosophy of Timothy Leary and other sects from the Near East and European countries. Subjects frequently have Buddha statues and Eastern musical instruments and artifacts in their residence ..." Subjects were difficult to interrogate, fortified by their religious sense of mission.

To help investigators know when they were dealing with Brotherhood members, the report reproduced symbols believed to be used by them. The symbols, said the report, could often be found in Brotherhood homes or written on letters. One was the Yin-Yang sign and another was the word OM, used in Buddhist chants. The report included a reproduction of a poster found in a Brotherhood house which explained OM and how to pronounce it.

At the back of the report was a rogues' gallery of suspects. Hitchcock was there in a picture taken from a newspaper. Andrist glowered out from behind a Laguna Beach police number. John Gale looked biblical with his long flowing hair and gentle smile. He had been caught a few months earlier with thirty gallons of hash oil. Sand wore his hair short in what looked like a passport photograph. Under the picture of Leary, chin up and grim, the caption read: "Wanted Escapee."

The BNDD produced its own report in which the Brotherhood was held responsible for 50 per cent of all the LSD and hash to be found in the United States. In an investigation, classified AM-00007, BNDD scientists had already tried to trace the extent of Orange Sunshine by analysing seizures, comparing them under the microscope and producing a ballistics table. The LSD had turned up in thirteen states right across the country. The report noted that by 1968 the Brothers were "developing a justified reputation as being the major suppliers of LSD and hashish on the West Coast." The report hit on one of the key problems of the investigation to date: many Brothers had been arrested on false identification, released on very low bail, then vanished. At least fifteen individuals were on the run from state and local police agencies.

The report was headed "Justification for Possible Task Force Activity." The justification was accepted in Washington. BNDD was going to experiment with a concerted effort, bringing to bear all resources on Operation BEL. At the same time, within California the police at state and local level were assembling their own task force to operate beneath the BNDD's umbrella. Purcell's lonely initiative in Woodland Drive had eventually mobilized a force of some 200 agents and police officers. The battle between the law and the Brotherhood was beginning to look like a primeval struggle between leviathans: ambushes and sallies in the jungle of the drug world.

Yet for all the attention the Brothers were drawing, they continued to respond with almost haughty disdain. If the Brotherhood had been smaller and managed with a concrete set of rules, the defence might have been better than mere arrogance. But the game had become so compulsive that the Brothers did not even break off when they were caught. Out on bail, they would simply start again, acting as recklessly as ever. Take the case of James Lee Crittenden, a major distributor for LSD around Laguna on behalf of John Gale. Crittenden ostensibly worked as a \$200-a-week truck driver in Mariposa. Early in 1972, Crittenden's more usual form of transportation was a Porsche which he drove with verve: on one occasion he celebrated a successful deal by licking a specially-made three-inch Orange Sunshine tablet and roaring along the Californian roads at top speed. His flamboyant style had already led to one dangerous brush with the law, when a chase along the Pacific Coast Highway out of Laguna ended with Crittenden abandoning his beloved Porsche, riddled with bullet holes.

In the spring of 1972, Crittenden, aged twenty-nine, was at the wheel of a brand-new green replacement when he was spotted by a traffic patrol making a sudden turn on the Pacific Coast Highway and accelerating through traffic.

The patrol car tried to gain on the Porsche and found that Crittenden was moving at 112 m.p.h. The red warning lights of the police car began to flash in his mirror, but Crittenden took no notice. The air was broken by the shrill sound of the police siren.

As the chase developed, the police driver thought he saw a chance to ram the Porsche and tried to move in. He realized too late that his planned collision would throw both cars into telephone poles, but he lost control. The police car slewed off the road, its lights blazing, its siren rising and falling. Crittenden pulled away, leaving the patrol car to topple into a ditch.

The driver radioed details of his chase, sending out an all points warning. Crittenden was now moving at close to 130 m.p.h.

A police helicopter, spotting the Porsche, pulled in police cruisers to block off the rampaging Crittenden. A car was waiting as Crittenden roared up the highway. The police driver stood out in the road waving to him to stop. At the last minute Crittenden pulled the wheel over and forced the car around the block. Behind him, a service revolver cracked out as the policeman he had narrowly missed tried to shoot out one of his tyres.

Two police cars were now in pursuit, and the helicopter was high in the sky pinpointing the Porsche's movements. The police cruisers were being driven to the maximum but they still could not close up on Crittenden.

The Porsche disappeared into a residential area under the watchful eye of the helicopter, only to return to the highway. One of the police patrols closed in, ramming the sports car. Crittenden kept control but his car was trapped in a cul-de-sac. He braked, leapt from the car, running for some fences. He jumped them as the police cars squealed to a halt behind and officers took up the chase on foot. Crittenden was cornered in a backyard.

The car was registered to a fictitious person. The police found \$5,000 and markers for \$150,000 in LSD deals. All Crittenden need have done was pull over and get caught for speeding.

The chase was a dramatic counterpoint to a much more solid and less exciting side of Operation BEL. The real job of bringing down the Brotherhood was being done behind closed doors in utter secrecy. On 25 July, the Orange County Grand Jury filed into court to hear the initial details of the case against the Brotherhood of Eternal Love and decide whether there was sufficient evidence to hand down an indictment on thirty people. Leary was on the list; so were Andrist, Gale, Crittenden and even the Tokhis. The first legal broadside in the case of the People of the State of California versus the Brotherhood was about to be fired.

The chosen weapon was to be the conspiracy laws framed by the Nixon administration to counter radical opponents. Before the sixteen men and women of the jury got down to work, Edward Freeman of the Orange County District Attorney's office told them they had to decide whether there was a conspiracy surrounding LSD and hash. If there was, the jury's task was "to analyse as to whether or not these individuals are members of that conspiracy by anything they have done, and then if you so conclude then every member of the conspiracy is liable for every crime that any member of the conspiracy commits in furtherance of the conspiracy. They don't even have to know each other."

The case, said Freeman, involved some 200 members of the Brotherhood. "I will submit to you," he said, "it is not an organization that meets every Monday morning and we call roll with two hundred members there ... It is a loosely knit organization with a core group." Even as the jury sat, agents were out in the field. Evidence and witnesses would be drawn from across the world: Burke would fly in from Kabul; scientists would describe how they compared LSD doses, and local narcotics agents would describe their work in Laguna.

After a brief outline of the proposed case, Mr. Freeman called his first witness. Into court walked Robert Ramsey, recently retired from the Sheriffs Department at Josephine County, Oregon. Freeman showed him a photograph of Lynd which Ramsey identified and then began to tell the story of the Brotherhood as he knew it.

It was a long but fascinating tale, stretching from Lynd's teens when he was an occasional marijuana user and on to his gradual change into a hippy. Ramsey laced his story with prurient details of sex orgies alleged to have taken place at the Brotherhood ranch and how cocaine users bled through their nostrils after taking too much. For the suburban members of the Grand Jury, Ramsey knowledgeably testified on drug use, lifting stones and showing them the southern California drug world in which unknowingly they lived.

While the Grand Jury listened in the comfort of their air-conditioned room, Doug Kuehl and other agents were still on stake-out. Kuehl was beginning to view the Brothers with a mixture of loathing and envy. All they seemed to do was surf and have a good time, usually accompanied by beautiful girls. Kuehl drew the unpleasant task of moving from the warmth of Laguna to cold desert nights outside the ranch.

The task of breaking down the Brothers' false identities had become so difficult that agents had to travel with two suitcases loaded with all the files and pictures.

Early in August, after the Grand Jury had been at their work for more than a week, the order went out to Kuehl and his colleagues to intensify surveillance on all fronts. From now on it had to be twenty-four hours, non-stop.

At 6 A.M. on Saturday, 5 August 1972, narcotics agents picked up forty people. The Orange County District Attorney claimed the back of the Brotherhood had been broken and promised to extradite Leary. In fact, the agents did not get many people at the top, despite further sweeps.

None the less, the investigation could claim to have netted 1.5 million LSD tablets, 2.5 tons of hash, 30 gallons of liquid hash, thousands of dollars and numerous sets of identification. The California state tax board weighed in with an initial claim of \$76 million against the Brotherhood.

Among those arrested was Glen Lynd. In jail, Lynd was upset at the way the Brotherhood seemed to be crashing down. He was still haunted by Griggs' death. After a lot of thought, Lynd decided he wanted to change his life.

In November, the Orange County Grand Jury sat again. Much of what the district attorney's office had offered so far was based on hearsay or evidence gathered together from police raids. Glen Lynd walked into court and changed all that. Here was the star witness who could talk about the Brotherhood from its innermost core. Lynd appeared twice, providing a 200-page testimony on life with the Brothers.

Lynd took his listeners from the early days in Anaheim to the Mystic Arts World Store, his hash run to Afghanistan, the purchase of the ranch, the dealings with Sand, the creation of Orange Sunshine, Griggs' death and on into the 1970s. Although Lynd spent much of his life in Oregon, he still travelled to Laguna occasionally and was trusted by both Andrist and Randall. At the ranch, Lynd had known Leary quite well and regaled the jury with stories of their conversations telling how Leary had helped to shape the Brotherhood.

The list of names before the original hearings had not included many of the original Brothers. Now, they were all before the reconvened hearings, including Randall. Sand was also named. Operation BEL had made a serious mistake. In the spring of 1972, both the state agents and the BNDD had assumed that the Brotherhood's major interest had moved significantly from LSD to hash and marijuana. After the August raids they began to change their minds. There was still a great deal about the Brotherhood they did not know.

Operation BEL was no longer confined to southern California. Agents began to explore connections with San Francisco and northern California. The BNDD went to look at the work of the IRS, the Internal Revenue Service. One of the Nixon measures against drug dealers was a special IRS narcotics force designed to hit dealers on tax evasion.

## **Chapter Twenty-One**

In April 1970, Sand filed a tax return for the previous year showing a sale of stocks representing a tax debt of \$376. The return was drawn up by Peter Buchanan, his tax lawyer and the man Scully and Hitchcock had both used in the past. In the box on the tax form asking about the return for the previous year, Buchanan wrote: "None; insufficient income." Filling in the form was like lighting a slow-burning fuse.

The narcotics investigators at the IRS were appointed to examine cases involving suspected narcotics dealing or manufacture, probing any evidence which showed up in the financial resources of the suspect, on the basis that if money is being made illegally a tax case can be made when all else fails. In the 1930s it was IRS investigators who finally put Al Capone behind bars, not the FBI. Balance sheets and bank accounts cannot be intimidated, plead the Fifth Amendment or lie under oath.

Sand had no convictions on the West Coast, but the file on him was already large. For one thing, there was the little matter of the arrest in Colorado.

On 5 November 1971, IRS Special Agent Richard L. Rathjen, attached to the IRS intelligence division in San Francisco, was assigned to look at the 1969 tax return. In Los Angeles and Laguna, Purcell and various other agents were already fairly well advanced on their work against the Brotherhood, but Rathjen started with little or nothing. He had four facts: he knew Sand's name and address; Sand was believed to be a drug manufacturer; the 1969 tax return showed one sale of securities; and the tax return had been prepared by Buchanan.

In most investigations the hunter and his quarry normally do not meet until the moment of the kill, but tax investigations often depend on a much more open approach. Rathjen's first move was to check out Mr. Sand. He could say it was just another routine tax case, a few questions. With so little to go on, Rathjen had no choice but to move forward very carefully.

He met up with Sand in Buchanan's office. The tax man wanted to know why Sand had only filed returns for 1969. As Sand explained, he had not earned any money in other years, living off gifts and loans from his mother and his wife. In 1969 he had sold the stock, and felt that it should be declared. Rathjen probed a little and Sand let slip that he kept two bank accounts: one near Cloverdale, the other in San Francisco. Despite his apparent poverty, Sand admitted he was running a small company which kept an account at the second bank.

As far as Rathjen could see, Sand's story of gifts and loans was borne out by his Cloverdale account, but in San Francisco the second account was more promising. It held \$22,000 which had been deposited in cashiers' cheques originally on the account of a "Paul Nesbitt." Rathjen asked in the bank about Mr. Nesbitt. Mr. Nesbitt banked at the same branch. Mr. Nesbitt had \$85,000, paid in by cashiers' cheques, and Mr. Nesbitt's account had a trustee—Peter Buchanan, tax attorney to Sand.

For two months Rathjen and four other agents scoured the bank's records for traces of other Buchanan accounts, microfilming what they found. The mass of material Rathjen uncovered suggested that the lawyer was rather more than a financial adviser. Rathjen prepared a summons for all the records Buchanan held for bank accounts under his name. The IRS had also uncovered Stark's La Hormega company, which owned the Cloverdale ranch. Perhaps Buchanan could explain?

The confrontation between the tax expert and the tax investigator yielded no results. Buchanan was evasive. After a second, equally fruitless, session, Rathjen tried one last throw. He wanted Buchanan to know just how much had already been put together. We know, he told the lawyer, about the movement of the cashiers' cheques. We know about the \$85,000 in the Nesbitt account and Mr. Peter Buchanan, we know just how it got there.

The IRS agent did not expect a response. But, to his surprise, Buchanan stopped in his tracks.

Buchanan had lost his nerve. He admitted what he had done with the \$85,000. Not only did he admit it but he asked for immediate immunity from any prosecution, state or federal. The IRS wondered how many secrets Buchanan might know. State and federal immunity?

In June 1972, Buchanan was subpoenaed as a witness before a Grand Jury sitting in San Francisco. Hitchcock, in touch with Randall, was growing increasingly nervous. After talking to the lawyer, he thought Buchanan might still keep quiet, but now he sent Scully off on holiday in case he too was called.

On the witness stand Buchanan was again evasive, drawing out his evidence with lengthy conferences with his own attorney, but enough was emerging for the IRS to begin investigations into Scully, Randall, Friedman and Stark. Teams of men were put on each suspect.

When Goekjian, having also been subpoenaed, arrived in San Francisco in October 1972, the threads of what was happening there were woven into the tapestry unfurled by Operation BEL and the raids in August. Rathjen's work was now part of a joint exercise between the IRS and BNDD, one of the first of its kind. Goekjian led them to Le Clocheton. Rathjen and Gary Elliot, a BNDD agent, flew to Belgium. They were too late to find Stark, although the laboratory was still intact. The investigation was accelerating beyond Rathjen's belief.

Rathjen and his superiors knew that Hitchcock was beginning to have tax problems of his own in the East. For the moment, they sat on their hands. They were also at a standstill with the cases growing against Sand, Stark and Randall. All three were nowhere to be found. Randall and Andrist both escaped the arrests in southern California. Randall was fast becoming something of a Scarlet Pimpernel, with rumours that he was to be found both at home and abroad. The BNDD men sat down to consider just where he might turn up next.

The auditorium of the Winterland Concert Hall in San Francisco was virtually deserted; the house lights were bright and the only people present were roadies moving squat black loudspeakers into position.

The Grateful Dead were due to play out the Old Year at the Winterland before an audience of San Francisco's rock elite in a concert organized by the now veteran impresario, Bill Graham. As the shutters on the pay booths came up at 6 P.M., the foyer was already packed with people waiting. But there was one young man who did not want to pay. Why should he? The Dead were a people's band. He bounced along the four deep line on the sidewalk, laughing and hugging strangers, up to the auditorium doors.

"Say, why don't you get some air?" Graham advised the long-haired young man, and propelled him back into Steiner Street. But he bounced back again until Graham wrapped his arms round the young man and put him back on the sidewalk.

What happened next was confused, but it ended with the young man falling under the wheels of a passing truck and being rushed to hospital with broken ribs and internal injuries. Many of the waiting crowd accused Graham of pushing him in front of the truck. It was not true, said the promoter, the guy was too stoned; he ran into the truck. If you don't believe me, said Graham, ask this man. He saw it all.

Graham pointed to an embarrassed Doug Kuehl, BNDD agent. The last thing that Kuehl, known to Graham, wanted was to have his presence announced to one and all, but Graham was telling reporters his story, explaining who his witness was. Terrific. A whole stake-out looked guaranteed to be blown.

The commotion subsided and Graham came over. To make up for the gaffe, he slipped Kuehl a steward's badge, allowing him to roam at will in the auditorium. As the concert started, Kuehl stood among the thousands of youngsters, craning his neck to see familiar faces. The packed rock auditoriums were extremely difficult to work in, presenting very high risks that an overt arrest would bring angry reaction from by-standers.

It was gone 10 P.M. now. Kuehl had persuaded his superiors that it might be worth watching the concert, even if it meant missing New Year's Eve. According to informants, the Brothers liked attending the Dead concerts, turning up after the music had begun, slipping in from their cars and bypassing the queues. Kuehl reasoned that somehow people feel safer on a holiday.

Now was the witching hour. Was Kuehl going to waste his New Year's Eve?

He began to recognize the odd face. There was John Gale, out on bail, distributing LSD as usual. Kuehl could see other Brotherhood faces. The agent's apparent fascination with the audience was beginning to rouse suspicions, despite his steward's badge. As the Grateful Dead rose to their electronic heaven there were murmurs among his neighbours.

Suddenly Kuehl's radio came on loud and clear despite the din: "We got Randall at the door."

Kuehl turned and pushed and shoved his way towards the exit. Outside, Randall was telling Kuehl's colleagues they had got it all wrong. He knew nothing about any Michael Randall. He was Joe Tomkins from Reno, Nevada.

Two weeks after Randall was arrested, Kuehl flew east, joined by Gary Elliot. They were bound for St Louis, Missouri, where the local police had discovered some interesting facts about a man called "Leland Jordan." Jordan took over a \$250,000 estate in Fenton on the outskirts of St Louis in the autumn of 1972. Nothing seemed to be amiss. Mr. Jordan lived in the house with two other people and appeared to be a businessman of some sort.

Over the Christmas and New Year period the house was empty, although no one told the mail woman. Delivering letters as usual, she was puzzled to find the mailbox jammed solid. A little worried by her discovery, the woman reported what she had found to the police. A patrolman went over to look around. From what he could see from the outside, the woman's anxiety was not misplaced. The Christmas tree was still on display well after the festivities, a dog bowl still had water in it and water was coming down through a ceiling. Suspecting foul play, the patrolman forced his way in. Upstairs, someone had left a tap on. He moved through the house, checking rooms, opening and closing cupboards. He found 250 lb. of marijuana. The basement was packed with chemical drums and equipment.

The police began making checks, fast, on the police and BNDD network. Mr. Jordan was none other than the missing Mr. Sand. St Louis officers called Elliot and Kuehl in San Francisco. When the two agents arrived, they found the house was big local news. Kuehl and Elliot begged the police to cool things down and secure the house in case anyone came back or tried to destroy the evidence.

From police headquarters they drove out to see the laboratory for themselves. It was snowing as their car pulled up the hill to Sand's mansion; at the door they drew abreast of a taxi which a 22-year-old Canadian hippie was just paying off. The man was struggling with six or eight cardboard boxes plus a suitcase tied up with wire. Stopped by the agents, the man would only admit he had come from San Francisco. Kuehl and Elliot began to go through his luggage. They found hash, parts of a small tableting machine and pure LSD crystal, estimated to be enough to make 15 million doses.

The next day in downtown St Louis, they discovered Sand's front office. Outside the two-storey laboratory building the sign read: "Signet Research and Development." Behind the desk in the reception office was a display of Mr. Jordan's college and university qualifications, city licences and a company calendar. Sand had bought the place, ripped everything out and rebuilt it at a cost of \$500,000. The building was stacked with glassware and equipment.

For Elliot, who had seen Stark's Belgian laboratory, there must have been a feeling of déjà vu; he reasoned that Sand's operation was probably intended as a potential replacement for the loss of Le Clocheton and suspected that Stark might have paid a visit. Sand could not only make LSD—he could also work on research projects for fresh psychedelics. The BNDD scientists were very impressed, telling Elliot the set-up was better than their own government-funded premises. In the laboratory fridge, LSD was stored in liquid form.



Sand was discovered a few days later after a tip-off, when he returned to pick up his car—a beaten-up Plymouth 66. The BNDD's haul was not over—a telephone call to Sand's home led them to Lester Friedman. He left a message saying Dr. Goldberg was waiting at the airport. Friedman was arrested by simply paging Dr. Goldberg and waiting until he arrived at the information desk.

Yet despite the signal success of the St Louis operation, it all counted for nought. Sand wouldn't talk, calling the narcotics agents "fascist cops" and claiming that bail demands were "ransom." Unfortunately, the local police, in their enthusiasm, had forgotten simple things like search warrants. Sand walked away a free man, as he had done after the seizure of his truck in Colorado.

However, the way things were shaping up in San Francisco and Laguna, it was unlikely his luck would last much longer. The IRS-BNDD operations were intensifying. The Brotherhood of Eternal Love was beginning to look like the Brotherhood of Eternal Self-Interest.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

Leary's self-imposed exile in Switzerland was very pleasant after the traumas of life as a would-be revolutionary in Algeria. Old friends like David Solomon and Billy Hitchcock visited him. He drove a smart yellow Porsche; skied at Gstaad and St. Moritz, mixed with the beautiful people. Most of Leary's spare time went into preparing a book on his escape and subsequent travels in the underground called *Diary of a Hope Fiend*. Having split up with Rosemary, Leary was now escorted by Joanna Harcourt-Smith, the 26-year-old niece of a London publisher and a familiar face in smart European and American circles.

Yet despite the distance from Orange County, he began to feel the pressure from Operation BEL. There were demands for Leary's expulsion and the Swiss said he had to be out by the end of the year.

Leary was running out of money, but Joanna suggested that with the help of her friends they could reach Ceylon where a yacht would be put at their disposal. Leary headed east. The couple arrived in Afghanistan on the girl's birthday, a few days after Sand was arrested in the United States. As the fugitive from justice strolled across Kabul's immigration hall, a member of the US Consul's office came forward and confiscated Leary's passport, already revoked by the State Department. For three days, Leary was kept under house arrest while Burke wheedled, bullied and harangued the Afghan authorities into deporting him forthwith.

"Burke," cried the irrepressible Leary as the BNDD man joined him for the Pan-Am flight, "you're famous." Indeed Burke was, featured in a two-part article on the Brotherhood investigations by Rolling Stone magazine and a major witness before the Grand Jury in Orange County. Now the omniscient agent had been the instrument of Leary's downfall.

The BNDD man flew all the way to Los Angeles, not even turning a hair when Leary and Joanna tried to halt the flight transfer in London by claiming political asylum during the stop-over.

Once in Los Angeles, Burke formally arrested his man, handcuffed him and led Leary back to prison. The convoy of cars was followed by TV cameras; Leary, a flower tucked behind an ear, smiled broadly at reporters from a Volkswagen in the centre of the cavalcade. His girlfriend, ill with hepatitis, declared: "I am Timothy Leary's true love and I have come here to speak to President Nixon."

Leary's arrest was not simply a propaganda coup for the investigators. It brought a substantial consequence in the shape of Dennis Martino, a former dealer, related to Leary through marriage. On the run from a Californian charge, Martino joined the Leary entourage in Switzerland. Two weeks after Leary was held in Kabul, Martino became a BNDD informant. Burke debriefed him for three days. The agent felt that much of what he was told merely fleshed out details of the Brotherhood, but the detail was extensive; Martino suggested places where the BNDD might look for Brotherhood fugitives.

Back in California, Martino had other uses. Kuehl found that Martino could infiltrate himself among the Brothers, such as Randall, out on bail. He pinpointed fugitives hiding south of San Francisco, which led to a raid on Easter Sunday, during which one man tried to gallop away on horseback across the mountains and another disappeared into brush so thick no one thought he could get away. He did, but the BNDD picked up five others.

As the trials and legal arguments rolled on in southern California—Brennan had now become a witness as well, and others were also talking—in San Francisco the joint IRS-BNDD operation was still gathering momentum.

For months Hitchcock stayed out of reach of the investigators, who bided their time watching events in the east. Hitchcock was an increasingly worried, even desperate, man. In Pittsburgh, the local IRS department was putting together a tax case against him, while in New York he faced divorce proceedings plus problems from the SEC on stock market malpractice. Buchanan had not kept his mouth shut. Scully would not allow himself to be hidden away. In March 1973, Hitchcock surrendered. Approaching the Federal Attorney's office in New York, he offered to talk in return for a deal, leniency on his charges.

A telephone call from the New York attorney's office and Hitchcock was on his way back to San Francisco for a debriefing with federal agents and an appearance before the Grand Jury. Hitchcock told everything, naming Sand, Scully, Randall, Friedman, Druce, Owsley, Griggs and Stark—not to mention the various bank accounts, the search for raw materials and a mass of other detail. Hitchcock put the agents on to the trail of Rumsey as another potential witness, and in the middle of April gave his evidence to the Grand Jury.

On 26 April, the jury handed down indictments against Sand, Scully, Druce, Friedman and Randall.

Since his arrest on the Orange County indictment, Randall, facing both drug charges and a \$350,000 tax bill, had been fighting with skilful legal advice against the BNDD at every twist and turn. The BNDD pleaded with the courts that Randall's case, his background and his skill at avoiding capture required very high bail. But the courts reduced the initial figure of \$250,000 to \$25,000. When he was re-arrested for passport offences which Elliot linked to the Belgian laboratory, Randall was given bail of \$10,000 on that charge. As the Grand Jury in San Francisco prepared the last touches to the indictment, a court in Orange County was about to consider moving Randall's bail up to \$250,000 again. It was too late. Randall was also a worried man. He had fled, jumping bail the day before the San Francisco court produced the indictment. Kuehl watched sadly as Randall's relatives cleared out the fugitive's belongings from his home.

At the very beginning of the investigations, Randall told Hitchcock that nothing could happen if everyone kept quiet. He remained a fugitive and never saw the proof of his words in the San Francisco court, late in 1973, when the case against the LSD makers opened. Stark was not there either, still missing. Druce could not be extradited from Britain on a conspiracy charge and refused to become a prosecution witness despite offers of immunity. The thirty-nine day case turned into the Sand-Scully Conspiracy trial.

Hitchcock had actually persuaded Scully to give himself up, paid his legal fees and apparently tried to talk him into a guilty plea. Scully however was prepared to pay his dues, as he had always said he would. They were going to be hefty.

At the beginning of the case, the court was told that it revolved round whether Scully was responsible for the psychedelic movement in California. Yet when Hitchcock began to give evidence, it was clear from his testimony that the millionaire had played a vital role in events over the years. But Hitchcock had done his deal. He pleaded guilty to two Federal cases on tax and credit regulations in New York, and was given a five-year suspended sentence, plus a \$20,000 fine. Other tax liabilities were also settled. He had immunity in San Francisco.

So did others. George Wethern, the Hell's Angel dealer, was now living under a new name and occupation as a beneficiary of the Federal Witness Program and appeared, his mental faculties damaged by the variety of drugs he had taken over the years. Glen Lynd, another participant in the Program, also appeared. Rumsey was in court; so was Goekjian. Munson was discovered after a chance remark by Hitchcock, brought out from the East during the trial, and became a surprise witness.

Sand's defence decided to call Leary from prison. The great visionary, the psychedelic revolutionary who inspired the Brotherhood, spent a day talking to one of the prosecution lawyers before he was due to take the stand. Suddenly, he no longer wanted to appear. The Orange County Brotherhood charges against him were dropped shortly afterwards.

At the end of January 1974, the jury returned its verdict. Friedman was acquitted of the drugs charges. He later pleaded guilty to a perjury charge. Sand and Scully were each found guilty of the main charges. In the course of the trial, Owsley had often watched the proceedings. Evidence began to accumulate against him, too, and the IRS attorney ordered agents to put together a case-they had three weeks to do it-which later led to a fine for the sometime master chemist.

His apprentices were not so lucky. Scully was given twenty years and Sand fifteen. Each was fined \$10,000 and together faced a tax bill of over \$250,000. Out on appeal, Sand, who had become very interested in medical work while in prison where he had been appointed head trustie, vanished like Stark and Randall before him.

Scully lost his appeal. His sentence, compared with those being handed out in Orange County, was extremely harsh. Andrist pleaded guilty to passport offences and was given two years in federal prison which he served concurrently with a sentence on the Brotherhood conspiracy. Gale pleaded guilty to the conspiracy and was sentenced to one to ten years, but ended serving only a few months. Crittenden, the Porsche driver, received a short prison sentence, and other Brothers received equally light penalties. Judges were prepared to be very lenient, despite the claims of the prosecutors.

Nevertheless, overall members of Operation BEL and the investigators in San Francisco were jubilant.

Their epilogue on the case was written even before the last chapter was completed. The BNDD was being restructured to become a new weapon against drugs called the Drug Enforcement Agency, and Operation BEL was a useful argument to provide the DEA with the budget and facilities it would require.

Before the San Francisco trial had even started, John Bartels Jr., acting administrator to the emerging DEA, appeared at a Senate Sub-Committee on Internal Security. "In many ways," he told the senators, "the evolution of the drug trafficking activities of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love is a tragic illustration of the cynicism into which the youthful drug revolution of the mid-1960s has fallen."

Between 1966 and 1971, the Brotherhood was virtually untouchable, but in the course of the investigation 750 members had been identified in a business the IRS estimated to be worth \$200 million.

To date, the Brotherhood investigation had resulted, the senators were told, in the arrest of over 100 individuals including Dr. Timothy Leary. Four LSD factories were seized, along with over one million Orange Sunshine tablets and 3,500 grams of crystal, capable of producing 14 million dosages; six hashish oil laboratories; over thirty gallons of hashish oil and 6,000 lb of solid hashish ... Other drugs and articles seized included 104 grams of peyote, 8 lb of amphetamine powder, 13.64 lb of cocaine, two marijuana canning operations, an Orange Sunshine pill press, seven vehicles, 546 acres of property in southern California and over \$1.8 million in cash, either seized or located in foreign banks. The Internal Revenue Service and the California Franchise Tax Board assessed the Brotherhood of Eternal Love corporation for over \$70 million in back taxes.

Doug Kuehl was still out on the streets following leads: "At the beginning of the case I said we were taking on the hippie dope dealers of southern California. Well, we won. We had never taken something out which did not appear again. The Brotherhood acid never came back." Nor for that matter did the old Brotherhood. Kuehl now found many dealers had turned to cocaine and heroin.

But the story was not quite over. The remit for both the BNDD and the DEA which followed it centred on tracing leads affecting the United States. No one paid much attention to Stark's other interests beside California and Belgium. By what may or may not be a strange coincidence, as the investigations got under way in the United States, changes were taking place in the organization Stark had helped to foster in Britain.

In the spring of 1973, Stark, on the run from the BNDD and the IRS, passed through London and obtained a false British passport—shortly after Hitchcock made his deal with the IRS. He left behind him in London an organization which would fill the gap created by the Brotherhood's downfall, producing up to 50 per cent of the LSD seized by the police throughout the world. Only the players had changed—not the game.

# Here Comes the Night

## Chapter Twenty-Three

Kemp raced from the car into the garden of the Welsh cottage. He ran round and round and round, waving his arms in the air like a triumphant footballer who has just scored a magnificent goal. Waves of relief and exhilaration flooded over him. He hugged and shook a laughing Christine Bott.

The man who dreamed of making LSD by the hundredweight had, single-handed, in the spring of 1976, completed the biggest production run of his career: over 7 kilos of ergotamine tartrate converted in a series of shattering night-and-day stints into 1,800 grams of LSD—enough to make nine million microdots. Happy and tired, Kemp slumped down in the cottage to recover.

There was only one other home in the valley, one and a half miles from the town of Tregaron, and the windows gave out on to a panoramic view of open countryside dominated by hills. The hassles of living and operating in overcrowded London were behind Kemp.

The chemist and his girlfriend fitted neatly into a rural world of hill-farmers and radical refugees from the big cities. In the surrounding valleys were many others who had given up the struggle on the streets, trying to find utopias on the land in a mix of drugs and self-sufficiency.

The two acres of land which went with the £9,000 cottage were divided into meadow, field and a vegetable garden on which Kemp lavished attention. Christine Bott shared his enthusiasm for their new life. She was a member of the Soil Association and the Goat Society, pouring attention on two goats called Stella and Petra whose milk was sold to passing hippies.

LSD was the panacea for so many of society's ills, but now it was married to a "back-to-the-land" philosophy, not unlike that of the Brothers. "I'd have everyone out in two-acre plots like ours, being self-sufficient," Kemp said. His hair greying, his memory not quite as sharp as it had once been, Kemp clung to his faith in LSD, and Christine Bott was not prepared to change him. Over the years, the couple put their views on the line, not only in making LSD but funding organizations which were part of the fight. The only group Kemp ever admitted contributing to was Release, a London charity fighting for drug law reform and helping users in trouble. But funds also went behind the scenes to help the British underground's free festivals at Watchfield and Glastonbury. The most Kemp ever said about his investments was that money went to "head politics." Certainly Kemp and his girlfriend travelled a long way left from their roots.

Kemp's journey to Wales had begun in part because of his outlook and the way it differed from Todd's aspirations. To the chemist's way of thinking, Todd was nothing more than a dilettante whose values were largely mercenary. As far as Todd was concerned, Kemp was difficult, arrogant and naïve behind his back, Todd and his friends called the chemist "face ache" because of a disfiguring scar. The simmering differences came to a head with negotiations on future production. Although radical in his views, Kemp was not so far gone as to forget the main chance. It was almost an action replay of the split with Stark. Kemp thought he should have more because he was the kingpin. Todd thought Kemp was being too greedy. They parted in 1973.

That was the picture painted to friends and the one which filtered into the gossip on the London drugs market. Might there not also have been security considerations? Friedman, Sand and the Brothers had been busted. Stark, fleeing from the DEA and the IRS, hid in London while he got a fresh British passport. Then in July 1973, Gerry Thomas, Solomon's partner, was arrested in Canada. The trail was coming uncomfortably close to home. The split might have been motivated as much by mutual safety as mutual dislike.

The division led to one of the world's biggest, if not the biggest, LSD operations which took over where the Brothers had been forced to leave off. Unlike the Brothers, the organization was tighter, more compact—better equipped to survive.

On Kemp's side, what now emerged was a reincarnation of the original trio of Kemp, Solomon and Arnabaldi. Solomon had already been reinstated, and he now added 6 kilos of ergotamine tartrate to the 3 ordered by Kemp and Todd in happier times, creating a Swiss stockpile of 9 kilos. But he remained on the periphery and, knowing of Solomon's past clashes with Arnabaldi, Kemp kept his approach to the other American to himself. Arnabaldi became junior partner in setting up the new laboratory.

Together Kemp, Christine Bott and the American had toured the country early in 1974 with a caravan hitched to the back of a red Range Rover which Kemp had bought, cash down, in a moment of weakness. The search ended at PlasLlysyn, a large, rundown manor house dating back to the early eighteenth century. Sited at Carno in the Cambrian mountains and surrounded by harsh, spectacular scenery, it was in need of repair. With Arnabaldi posing as an American writer, the house was bought in the summer of 1974 for £26,000. The deal was financed by Arnabaldi selling his shares to Kemp for £17,500, and the chemist made up the rest.

Once the sale was completed, Kemp went to work with a will, for at last he could create his own laboratory in situ. He had rescued his equipment from store and began buying in supplies—he tried to keep a spare for every item of equipment, so that accidents did not hold up production. Kemp and Bott lived in the mansion, but neither thought it a good arrangement. Apart from the dangers of living over the cellar laboratory Christine wanted somewhere settled; she was still driving to London to pick up mail held at the Earls Court accommodation address. They moved into the cottage as the time for the production run drew near. It was only a matter of days before Kemp was to start in April 1975 when his plans were seriously upset.

Travelling between Carno and the cottage—an hour's drive—Kemp skidded with the Range Rover on a wet road and ploughed into a car carrying a young rector and his wife. Christine Bott accompanied the injured man to hospital, but he was dead on arrival. Kemp was seriously shaken by the death. Unnerved and facing driving charges, the chemist could not begin the run; it had to be delayed for nearly nine months until the court case was over.

Only then, in the spring of 1976, did Kemp venture into the laboratory, code-named "the yellow submarine." Upstairs, Arnabaldi, who retired to Majorca during the setback, kept watch, linked to the cellar by intercom as Kemp made up for lost time. With years of experience behind him, he now considered himself a great, if not the greatest, LSD chemist. Like Owsley before him, he strived for increased yields and high quality. Kemp got the yields up to 25 or 30 per cent, while only a sense of scientific modesty forbade him from claiming the LSD was 100 per cent pure.

Where others might take weeks, Kemp broke down the ergotamine in ten days; he took another two weeks to convert it into crystals he claimed would stay intact for hundreds of years. It meant long, hard hours non-stop. The first stage of the process took twenty-four hours without a break, and after that the chemist slept for another twelve. As he worked, the air was full of fumes and particles so he was continually affected by the drug. Kemp worked out a system which allowed him to stagger production, so that while one operation was taking place he could switch attention to material which had already passed through that stage. In between operations, Christine Bott would rescue him and take him back to the cottage for a rest.

As he rested after his jubilant return to the cottage at the completion of the production run, Arnabaldi packed his bags into the dashing little Mini-Moke which had become a familiar sight in the area, and headed home for Majorca. He took with him 450 grams of LSD. The rest was salted down near the mansion, now put up for sale. Kemp and Arnabaldi ended their partnership with an argument over money. Once again, Kemp was unable to keep his relations with his partners free from acrimony. For by now he was also squabbling with Solomon. Yet the chemist needed Solomon to forge the links in the distribution chain. The solution was a buffer, someone whom both could trust and use as a go-between. They turned to Dr. Mark Tcharney. Like Christine Bott an occasional medical practitioner, Tcharney had known both Kemp and Solomon since his student days at Cambridge when he dated one of Solomon's step-daughters. He was now living at Esgairwen, not far from Kemp, and they still saw each other. At the same time, he was working with Solomon on a book on the rather bizarre subject of excreta.

A rate of \$500 per 1,000 microdots was agreed between Solomon and Kemp, who was responsible for tableting. He began to work in the cottage using home-made equipment, estimating he could run off 50,000 in three hours. Kemp planned to let the LSD out into the market gently, calculating that if too many pills were offered for sale at one time, the buyer would demand larger discounts. Whatever his principles and his feelings about Todd's capitalism, Dick Kemp was going to play the market too.

By the spring of 1977, over 180,000 microdots had passed from Kemp via Tcharney to Solomon through a system based on the tried and tested dead-letter drops. As the route built up, Kemp was planning his next laboratory, and work was in progress at Esgairwen.

The ultimate destination for the microdots was Amsterdam, then the major entrepot for the European drug markets. The connection was an Israeli called Isaac Shani, better known to Solomon and Tcharney as Zahi. Aged thirty, Zahi had a reputation for dealing in heroin and LSD to Israel, but based part of his work in London; he had dealings with Todd's distribution chain as well.

Todd, no longer a mere marketing manager, was living the life of a successful businessman at the head of a thriving company. Not for Todd a lonely Welsh fastness with goats and hill-farmers for company. He could be found taking lunch in London at Harrods, the Savoy Grill and Wheeler's; there were holidays in the Bahamas, investments in rare stamps and a collection of stocks and shares. He drove a big solid Volvo and bought another for his common-law wife. In Kemp's world he would have been contemptuously described as a "bread head" —a capitalist. Probably Todd would not have cared. LSD was the means to enjoy life as much as a means to change it. He had linked up with a new distributor and found himself another chemist.

The man who planned the details of the distribution chain was Brian Cuthbertson. Slightly younger than Todd, Cuthbertson was raised in Birmingham by step-parents—one of them a local magistrate—and had studied mathematics at Reading University, forty miles west of London. In the late 1960s, the town was an important junction for drug sales in southern England and the university, like many others, a centre for marijuana use. Cuthbertson failed his exams and was forced to leave.

Yet he remained on the fringes of the university where he had many friends, and earned a reputation as a dealer; in London he was witness to a murder involving a deal. A tall, slim man, he was always investigating new business ventures from importing African curios to renovating old houses and selling leather coats. He was also involved in LSD. One source claims he imported liquid LSD from the United States and tableted it himself, another suggests he tried to recruit couriers to smuggle LSD to the West Coast.

Introduced to Todd through a mutual friend, he hammered out the tableting and distribution system for him. In return, he was rewarded with a life-style as bounteous as Todd's.

The chemist was Andy Munro, the graduate chemist used by Solomon and Thomas in their attempts to synthesize cocaine. Munro knew both Todd and Kemp from his days at Cambridge. He had pestered Kemp for details of his system, but Kemp was too canny to give away his "wrinkles" for making LSD. What about finding Todd, asked Munro. In the event, Todd found him first and recruited him.

Under the cover of twenty-one aliases, Todd bought and stockpiled 15 kilos of ergotamine, together with the necessary equipment. Like Kemp, Todd and Cuthbertson experimented initially with mobile laboratories, but soon decided that they needed a permanent site. It was Number 23 Seymour Road, Hampton Wick, a quiet London suburb edging into commuter country. As Mr. J. J. Ross, in July 1975 Todd paid £33,000 for a large detached house. To the neighbours, the new people seemed to be nice young men who never caused any trouble. Sometimes at night a passerby might catch snatches of Chopin as Cuthbertson relaxed at the piano.

Cuthbertson's tableting site was on the first floor. Above, on the top floor, Munro's laboratory spread through two rooms. Not the best of chemists—trained in the theoretical side of chemistry rather than the practical—Munro could not hope to reach Kemp's level of yield or purity; his carelessness ate into Todd's ergotamine stock. From Munro the finished product went down one flight of stairs to Cuthbertson. Part of the run went into microdots, but another portion was converted into "domes" or "pyramids"—tiny dots, raised slightly towards the middle. The difference gave variety to the consumer and made tracing the source more difficult; the microdots were largely for home consumption and the domes for export.

Just as Cambridge had been a focal point for the original team round Solomon and Kemp, so Reading served the same function in the distribution chain. Cuthbertson drew on friends from university days and the town's drug trade to build up links, orchestrating markets carefully. The domestic chain went out from London through Reading to Wales and the West Country, and then doubled back on itself towards London. Anyone trying to trace it would have started in Wales. The man at the top of the chain received the microdots at £163 per thousand, the next man at £170, and so on—until it reached the street at £1 a dot.

The export trade was equally brisk. LSD from Seymour Road was sold in Switzerland and France and, further afield, in India and Australia. Todd and Cuthbertson maintained their own direct supply-route to West Germany through an antiques shop in Berlin.



By the spring of 1977, the 15 kilos of ergotamine were exhausted. How much LSD was made is not clear. Todd later claimed that 2 kilos were wasted through spillage, accidents and deterioration. A middle-ranking dealer claims that he handled three million doses in two years, while a foreign distributor got through 1,600,000 in a similar period. Working at a scale of 10,000 microdots per gram and 200 grams of LSD per kilo of ergotamine, Todd, Cuthbertson and Munro could have made up to thirty million.

Whatever the figure, Todd and Cuthbertson were rich men—Munro seems to have earned relatively little—walking their money out of Britain tucked down the sides of long boots. In Switzerland, they now used the bank once used by Sand. The latest production run was over. There was talk of retirement. Time and again, Cuthbertson set himself a target figure of money at which point he would stop. Perhaps that moment had come. There would be time for reflection on holiday in the Bahamas with Todd.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

Tintagel House, a mile away from Scotland Yard, overlooking the Thames, is often used as auxiliary office space for police departments overflowing from the main Metropolitan Police Headquarters. In 1974 its latest tenant was a department known as the Central Drugs and Illegal Immigrants Intelligence Unit. Less than a year old, the unit was non-operational, established to collate information on behalf of forces all over the country. CDIIIU began its work with a dozen seconded policemen and several thousand index cards.

The task in hand was to identify patterns and common denominators. But where to start? There was heroin, cocaine, marijuana, amphetamine, LSD and the hundreds of drugs normally on prescription which none the less also appear on the black market.

Although by the early 1970s the police and the Home Office accepted that the drug problem was no longer a mild infection from America—one of the reasons behind CDIIIU's creation—few believed there could still be a large market for LSD.

But LSD nevertheless caught the eye, despite the low number of seizures and prosecutions. There were persistent rumours of a British-based laboratory, a hypothesis which was supported by the scientific analysis of seized samples.

LSD became a targeted drug. The investigation might never have got further than a slim file if Solomon had not argued yet again with one of his partners. In the spring of 1974, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police asked Scotland Yard if anyone was interested in an American they were holding who had come out from London. The man wanted to talk to someone. The start of the investigation into "The Micro-Dot Gang," which later became Operation Julie, was not dissimilar to the humble origins of Operation BEL.

Gerry Thomas, unable to make synthetic cocaine, reverted to his life as a smuggler. In the middle of 1973 his luck ran out: the police discovered 15 lb of hash in a locker at Montreal airport and traced it back to him.

Out on bail, Thomas was stranded in Canada as winter approached. Most of his clothes were still in London and he called Solomon to send on his belongings from a north London warehouse. Solomon panicked, destroying the trunks which held not only personal effects but the equipment for the cocaine project. In Canada, Thomas was furious, writing to a friend that he would take his revenge on Solomon and his "grotty crew." The relationship between the two had already been weakened by a row over Thomas making advances to Solomon's wife. Solomon dismissed the threat.

As the months wore on, Thomas in Montreal considered the prospect of a seven-year sentence in a Canadian jail and, through his lawyer, approached the police for a trade. The details he offered were deliberately sketchy but decidedly interesting.

CDIIIU sent Detective Inspector Derek Godfrey, a tall slim Londoner, and a second detective to see Thomas. Godfrey brought back a treasure trove of information in a fifteen-page report. Kemp, Solomon and Bott were clearly identified, while Todd was named simply as "Henry." The respective roles of the three men in the first period of LSD production were spelt out, including the methods of getting raw materials, with names, Kemp's modus operandi for laboratories, and the distribution system. Pen pictures gave personal details, as well as the philosophies of Kemp and Solomon. The police knew of Solomon's wide-ranging activities in the drug world, his intellectual connections in Cambridge and even the interior of the flat in London where he now lived. Thomas warned the police that there had already been a row about the cutting of dosages by Todd; he advised them on Solomon's system of security at his home.

Godfrey, armed with Thomas's material, became a prime mover in the battle against what the police called the Microdot Gang: a battle dogged by bad luck, lack of finance and low priorities, which broadened into a long game of cat and mouse.

CDIIIU pooled its resources with the drugs squad based at the Yard and a special intelligence branch known as C.11. Kemp and Bott had disappeared, while Todd was still only a Christian name; Thomas knew he had a conviction and provided an old address, but the police were none the wiser.

As the trail grew cool they received fresh impetus when a London man was held by the Australian police with a cache of LSD doses. The man admitted that he had got them from someone called "Eric" connected with a Chelsea restaurant, but that the factory was somewhere in Wales. With telephone taps in both Solomon's flat and the restaurant, the police settled down to wait.

In the West Country, drug squads were alerted for Kemp and his red Range Rover, identified on national drivers' records. There was a fleeting glimpse of him when he was stopped for bad driving in September 1974, but he had gone again, hiding behind out-of-date driving documents. At the same time, the London police picked up reports that a Reading dealer was now living in Wales and connected with LSD. Everything seemed to point to Wales ... and then the Londoners found they were not the only ones on the scent.

Thames Valley Police Force is one of the largest forces in Britain, covering an area extending north to south across the Home Counties west of London, taking in the royal town of Windsor, the university city of Oxford and the commuter town of Reading. The area was the scene for several free pop festivals in the early 1970s. They were the subject of keen interest for Thames Valley's drug squad, the second largest in the country, since the festivals were open-air markets for dealers. The inspector in charge of the squad was a short, stocky Yorkshireman called Dick Lee. Sifting through the reports on the festivals, Lee was struck by the amount of LSD being found. He checked with CDIIIU—but to little effect, since the London police were keeping their cards very close to their chests. The matter might have been forgotten if an undercover operation in Reading had not again thrown up LSD in March 1975. While probing a dealing ring, a detective was offered LSD, at first in thousands of doses, then tens of thousands. The source seemed to be in Wales.

At almost the same time as Lee and his men began rooting among the Welsh villages, the London police got their first break: Kemp's accident in which he killed the young rector in mid-1974. With serious driving charges in view, the chemist could no longer keep his address a secret; but the Thames Valley men had to be stopped from beating their quarry from the bushes too early. Lee was given an idea of the situation but, was told "The Micro-Dot Gang" belonged to his London colleagues. He should leave things to them. Lee ignored the advice. There had always been a strong element of rivalry between the Metropolitan Police and their "country cousins"; added to which, the recent history of drug law-enforcement in London had not promoted confidence outside. The 1970s saw 'the beginning of revelations of corruption within London which are still tearing it apart ten years later, and the drugs squad was among the early victims. At a personal level, Lee was an ambitious officer unhappy about surrendering a promising case.

Lee returned to the Welsh police station where the Range Rover was being held. Christine Bott had been allowed to clear it out, but the police decided to search anyway. They found six scraps of paper which, when put together, revealed the words "hydrazine hydrate" in Kemp's hand. This is a chemical used in LSD production; one of the "wrinkles" picked up from Stark. Lee had a hint that LSD was being made in Britain, but he had yet to take full control of the investigation. He would not wait long.

Beset by bad luck, the London-based inquiry was slowly coming to a halt. It was unable to win support for a larger surveillance operation on Kemp, using specialized equipment held by C.11 and men from the London drugs squad, because the Yard would not pay. Local members of a regional crime squad were drafted in.

Before they could start work, Kemp and his girlfriend learned that the police were interested in them. Christine Bott exhibited one of her goats at a local show, and a picture of her in a white smock standing with the goat appeared in a local newspaper. An enthusiastic policeman saw an easy way of getting up-to-date pictures; he called in to the newspaper offices and asked for a picture. He was given copies but the photographer, a friend of Christine Bott, immediately told her what had happened. The regional crime squad men stood down and the local drugs squad started a casual observation. That too was almost aborted through another leak. It turned out that one of the squad's own informants knew that the police were searching for an LSD laboratory. The informant, a drug addict, worked in London at the Home Office.

While the Home Office scientists were reporting that over 90 per cent of the LSD seized could be British, the investigation was barely ticking over. Still without any identity for "Henry," the London police were watching the wrong production team. Kemp was lying low because of the driving offence, while no one at the time considered the possibility of a second production team. All roads led to Wales because Todd and Cuthbertson's distribution routes led out of London into Wales and then doubled back. Gaps had been punched in the secrecy of the "The Micro-Dot Gang" but the breaches had to be widened. Lee argued for an investigation mounted by several forces, coordinated by the CDIIIU, because if the LSD operation was big then the police effort against it had to be equal to the task.

With evidence from a fresh undercover operation to show the amount of LSD in circulation, he persuaded his own force with the aid of Godfrey of the Yard to call a conference of forces who might have an interest. At meetings in Swindon and Brecon in North Wales, the case was put before senior policemen and Home Office representatives. Lee says there was a feeling at the time that differences highlighted between police forces during the hunt for the Black Panther (a Midland kidnapper and murderer) were raising ideas about amalgamating forces to achieve better co-ordination. If his idea worked, it would show that individual forces could work together and stay separate. In February 1976, he got his investigation.

Twenty-seven officers from eleven police forces were brought together to form Operation Julie, based at a West Country police driving school. The London drugs squad, heavily committed to breaking heroin gangs among the Chinese community in Soho, stayed out. As Kemp got his production going, Lee sent some of his men to Cambridge in search of "Henry." He reckoned it this way. Thomas was sure his man had a conviction, probably a small one; where was not clear, but Cambridge and the surrounding courts figured in "Henry's" past.

The search drew a blank. Back came the order to comb the records of all fourteen magistrates' courts in the county. Mercifully the men looking at Solomon and his circle came up with something. Local detectives remembered very vaguely an incident involving Cheltenham. There was a feeling that Solomon and a "Henry" were somewhere in the background. In the files of the Cheltenham drugs squad they found a Henry Barclay Todd, arrested with seven others for a minor drug offence. All eight came from Cambridge. The convictions were appealed and overturned. They knew they definitely had the right man when one of the Cheltenham officers mentioned a connection with Solomon.

It was good work, with a dash of luck. But pleasure at their sudden progress was tempered by advice from the scientists that they were finding a new LSD dose—the dome—which indicated there could be two laboratories. To be certain, they would need specialized equipment.

At the same time the watch in Wales presented difficulties. It had not taken long to discover Kemp's destination when he left his cottage; Lee split up his forces to watch the chemist's home and his laboratory site. From the reports that came back to Devizes, the Julie base, it was quickly clear that Carno was the laboratory. Kemp was driven over to the house and stayed for up to two days. Christine Bott brought him home again, tired and pale. The evidence was not absolute, but enough to justify a raid.

Should Lee strike? Thomas had said that Kemp tended to work in the spring to produce LSD for the summer festivals. He would then allow the months to pass before starting again the next year. If Lee sat back he would miss a golden opportunity, but he might get an even better one. Drug investigations usually work from the bottom upward by identifying the street dealer and then working back along the line as far as one can. In staying his hand, Lee could do the reverse and pull in the whole system from top to bottom. He held his men off and they watched as Kemp, at the end of his production run, began to clear up. Arnabaldi was gone.

With Kemp back in the cottage, the mansion was a tempting target. At night, two detectives slipped across the grass into the house; in the cellars behind padlocked doors they found remains of the laboratory, which the scientists confirmed as showing traces of LSD. Things should now be moving among the distributors led by Todd.

After the initial triumph of identifying the man came the task of actually finding him. All roads led to an accommodation address in east London, which was the only address in public records, except one. Todd had applied for an alteration to his passport a year earlier so that his small daughter—he lived with his girlfriend—could travel abroad. He gave the Passport Office the usual address but added a day-time telephone number. Detectives were hidden in a van as Todd drove up to his home in the street of mansion flats near the Olympia exhibition halls. The police waited for the links between Todd and Kemp.

The team was already trying to put together the components of the chain further down, marrying information that Thames Valley had collected during its own investigations against the leads the London police had thrown up and the stories that Lee had collected from an informant. He slipped his undercover men into the communes and the homes of the men he suspected.

Phone tapping was never a problem, with the co-operation of the Home Office and the GPO. Lee's search for other equipment was harder, since the operation was always financially stretched. Most of the time, Lee and his men fell back on tried and tested methods. Through the long, hot summer of 1976, police observation teams in London and Wales monitored the suspects. At last, as the summer turned to autumn, their work began to show results.

At first the signs of progress were small. Dealers in Wales began to talk in code on the telephone. The calls placed by Todd showed a telephone number in France—the first inkling of the existence of Cuthbertson. Then Todd made a bad slip: he was heard to ask a shop about repairs to his stereo equipment, but he was not sure of the name he had used. It could be under Todd or it could be under Ross of Seymour Road ... A surveillance van moved into Hampton Wick in November 1976.

Just as things really began to move again—the distribution route seemed to be coming alive now with other leads—Operation Julie almost came to a halt. The chief officers were worried about money, time and manpower. Lee was saturated with information. The dealers were busy talking away to one another, it looked as though Kemp was planning a new laboratory at Esgairwen, and Todd had started putting out orders to chemical companies. Lee took a trip to the United States where he interviewed Thomas, free after a short sentence. He was fascinated by the ramifications of the links with the Brotherhood, but he still could not envisage anything more than one laboratory under Kemp's control.

Even the appearance and identification of Munro did nothing to change the picture. Lee calculated that neither he nor Todd and the recently arrived Cuthbertson had the nerve to make LSD. The most that could happen at Seymour Road was a tableting operation. Work was continuing at Esgairwen which confirmed the belief that Kemp was preparing for another production run. Arnabaldi was watched, arriving to meet the chemist and then heading home to Majorca again. Was it a pre-production conference?

The taps on the dealers threw up something fresh to back the idea of one laboratory: one of them was recorded complaining that he had been given domes instead of microdots. And yet there was a nagging doubt about Seymour Road. The materials Todd was ordering clearly indicated a laboratory.

One night early in March, two policemen surreptitiously checked the cellar at Seymour Road in the mistaken belief that a laboratory, if one existed, would be found there. Lee's team found nothing, of course. The scientists finally announced that they had decided there were two laboratories, one producing a pure product and the other one with impurities. Chief officers were pressing for a rapid move, but news of two laboratories allowed a fresh delay.

The stay of execution rapidly brought results. A watch had been kept on Tcharney; he was heard making arrangements on the telephone with an American. At the time, the police thought it must be Arnabaldi. It was Solomon. For much of the time of the operation he had been in the United States and was discounted. At Seymour Road, they appeared to be clearing up. Cuthbertson was followed to a rubbish tip near Reading where he dumped material and asked a bulldozer driver to bury it. As he drove away, his followers stopped the bulldozing, collected the debris and sent it off for scientific analysis. Back at Seymour Road, someone put out a note for the milkman to cancel deliveries. It was holiday time ...

At 8 P.M. on 25 March 1977, the french windows at Number 23 Seymour Road crashed open as a phalanx of detectives poured into the house to seize Todd, Cuthbertson and Munro. Early next morning, Kemp and Christine Bott were woken up at their Welsh cottage to be told they were being held.

The arrests were the centrepiece of the biggest drug raids ever carried out in Britain. Over 800 officers across the country, using 320 vehicles, executed seventy warrants and arrested nearly 120 people. In London, Solomon, as yet still free, told a mystified friend: "The roof's fallen in." The next day, almost three years after he flew to Montreal to talk to Thomas, Godfrey climbed the stairs to Solomon's home in West London and arrested him.

Others escaped. Alerted to Zahi by Tcharney, the Julie team failed to find this contact with Amsterdam. He went to ground for two months, then slipped out of Britain by car ferry. Arnabaldi was held in Spain, where the police found nothing. There were legal complications about extradition, but the Spanish came up with a neat compromise. The American would be put on a plane for London if the British would pay. They would not. Arnabaldi calmly flew back to the United States and was stopped by the DEA in New York, but he had to be released. Within days of the arrests Thomas's role as an informant was known, thanks apparently to the gaffe of a senior officer. There were rumours of a price on his head, but nothing happened.

Meanwhile at Swindon the interviews got under way, and they gave Solomon little solace. Kemp could not contain his contempt for the man while Todd, who could seldom be drawn very far, also said enough to help impale the American. Tcharney's nerve did not hold for long either. Many were shaken by the evidence against them. Yet Solomon, the man who helped to start it all, for once kept his mouth shut.

As the statements flowed—many of the people in custody struck up good relationships with their interrogators (carefully selected for each suspect)—so did more evidence. Vast quantities of LSD were seized.

The Swiss gave access to bank accounts and safety deposit boxes. Todd was credited with assets of £307,000 which the police could actually trace and Cuthbertson with £153,000. Kemp, Solomon and Bott were not apparently in the same class. Christine Bott had £55,000 and Kemp a mere £200. Another £11,000 turned up later. Solomon had £7,000.

On 9 March 1978, they lined up in front of Mr. Justice Park in a Bristol court for sentencing. Disregarding the appeals of defence lawyers to balance his decisions against sentences of seven or eight years handed out to London heroin traffickers, Park was swingeing. Kemp and Todd each received thirteen years, one year below the maximum; Cuthbertson drew eleven years, Solomon ten years, Munro ten years, Christine Bott nine years; eleven lesser figures received shorter sentences. Only Todd spoke. As he left the court totally composed, he said: "Thank you."

The operation had shown the value of technology and the pooling of intelligence. It was proposed that technical support units should be set up round the country, along with a system of regional crime intelligence bureaux. Both suggestions have now been put into practice.

Among the questions left unanswered was what had happened to the LSD from Seymour Road. The Home Office chemists believed that not everything had been surrendered. Unknown to the police, some was recovered in Britain by the West German distributors; two distribution lines are said never to have been uncovered and, as for the rest, Todd bided his time for the right moment to trade. It came almost eighteen months after the trials. Todd's solicitor was also representing a number of informers working with Operation Countryman, an exercise against London police corruption, and through him Todd made an approach to the police. A deal was struck which included the movement of Cuthbertson to join him in the same prison. In return, the police got a fresh cache of one million doses.

There remained the question of money. Kemp is alleged to have let his girlfriend know that they would be provided for when they were released. Todd's stamp collection has not been recovered. He liked the West Indies very much, so much so that he once flew there just for the weekend. Lee found a bank in the Bahamas but was not allowed to investigate the account.

At the trial, Park ordered that all the money recovered should be sequestered. In 1980, an appeal to the House of Lords overturned that judgement. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were held by the police and the Director of Public Prosecutions, with a refusal to abide by the judgement. The Inland Revenue, like the IRS in the United States, stepped in.

The police were left with many unanswered questions particularly about the relationship between Kemp's operation and Todd's. The role of Zahi, the Israeli distributor, remains partially obscure, as do some links with the Brotherhood.

There was of course the question of another American: Stark. None of his colleagues had seen him for years ...

## Chapter Twenty-Five

British passport number 348489A was issued in the spring of 1973. The holder was Mr. Terrence W. Abbott, a salesman born in Sheffield, South Yorkshire, in 1942. The passport photograph shows the face of a man who could be anything from Mexican to Middle Eastern: thick nostrils and a Zapata moustache below smooth, dark hair. He was much travelled, as the stamps in the visa section show. Part of the time he was in the Middle East, flitting in and out of Lebanon. There were also trips to Holland and Sweden. But the stamps stop early in 1975.

Acting on a tip, Italian police arrested Mr. Abbott at the Grand Hotel Baglioni in Bologna with his family, in connection with drug trafficking. Their preliminary search after the arrest uncovered a strange coincidence: an American passport in the name of Mr. Abbott issued from the American Embassy in London in the late 1960s. To give the puzzle a further international twist, there was also an international driving licence issued in Paris. Telexes and telegrams flowed between Bologna, London and Washington. The man was identified as the long-lost Ronald Stark.

On the face of it, the Italians were dealing with a straightforward smuggling team. Stark was involved with a group of Sicilians in a variation of the now dated methods used by the Brothers. Good-quality cars were stolen abroad and imported into Italy through Palermo with hidden Moroccan and Lebanese hash. Other loads came into Europe through Amsterdam. Stark also negotiated for the use of a yacht to sail cargoes from the Middle East into Italian ports.

But the picture of Stark's activities began to broaden with the discovery of a vial of liquid and a cache of papers kept in a Rome bank deposit box. The vial was sent for forensic examination. The scientists reported back that they could not precisely identify the drug it contained. At best, they put it close to LSD. Perhaps it was the synthetic THC Stark had dreamt of creating; the papers included formulae for the synthesis. There were also plans for the bulk purchase of hemp seeds and calculations for shipments, investments and plant installation. Some of the papers went back to the Brotherhood days but they gave no details of his LSD operations after the Belgian episode. They did show that his range of interests in the drug world had expanded to include narcotics. There were details of the synthesis of cocaine.

Outside Italy, much of Stark's activities lay in the Middle East, as the passport showed. That area was the source for the cargoes moved into Europe, and Stark cultivated contacts in the Lebanon in the late 1960s and the early 1970s. It was widely believed in California that he kept a supply of ergotamine hidden in Lebanon which in those days was the great Bourse of the Arab world. He also had plans for an experimental laboratory to make a substitute for LSD. He became a fixer for at least one of the royal Arab families. Other connections were less aristocratic. Stark travelled widely in the Baalbek region of the country, where the Brothers had bought hash. Among Stark's contacts was Imam Musa Sadr, who apparently possessed semi-feudal control over a section of the Shi-ite branch of the Moslem faith and boasted a personal army of 1,000 men. The area controlled by the Imam was said to include training camps used by the Palestine Liberation Organization. Bordering on Syria, the region offered some safety from the harassment of punitive Israeli raids. The PLO and the Imam were said to live together amicably.

In Italy, Stark often lived in the luxury hotels of Milan, Bologna and other cities. His permanent companion was now an American girl, who had borne him a daughter. Stark's evening haunts, however, belong to another world: dressed in faded jeans and a dirty sweater, he would disappear to the clubs and bars used by young leftwing groups. How this might link with his interests in drugs and his contacts in the Middle East only began to emerge months after his arrest.

Few people outside Italy have heard of Renato Curcio, but very few can fail to have heard of his creation—the Red Brigade. A radical terrorist group on the lines of West Germany's Baader-Meinhof organization, the Red Brigade first appeared in 1972. Within a few years, it had established itself in the industrial cities of northern Italy with a string of attacks including kidnapping, wounding, murder and arson. In 1974, Curcio was caught, then freed by his organization a few months later, and caught again. In the spring of 1976, he was being held in Don Bosco prison in Pisa, awaiting trial. There he made the acquaintance of Ronald Stark, who was also awaiting trial.

In prison Stark was working for the prison barber, to earn pin money. Often a member of prisoners' groups demanding extra rights or comforts, his knowledge of languages had also given him status as an unofficial translator. Despite the strong security measures surrounding Curcio, Stark managed to introduce himself and persuade the terrorist leader to confide in him. Stark must have been able to use the knowledge and names he had gleaned in the backstreet clubs, but there is no clear reason why Curcio should have trusted him, although one man arrested with him claimed that Stark was involved in the escape of two PLO men after an attack on an El Al aircraft in Rome. Yet trust him he did, and so apparently did other Red Brigade members who gave Stark messages to pass on.



A few months before Stark was due to face trial, he asked the prison guards to put him in touch with a lawyer. He was taken to see Pisa's chief attorney. Curcio had told him, Stark claimed, that the chief attorney of Genoa was to be killed by the Red Brigade. There was also a long-term plan to kidnap an important politician who was known to live in Rome.

Whatever their thoughts about Stark's information, the authorities took no chances and moved him to another prison. In June 1976, the chief attorney was indeed killed as a means to halt the trial of Curcio and fifty-two others. A month later, Stark was given fourteen years' imprisonment and a \$60,000 fine. No one seems to have taken much notice of his second piece of information. Eighteen months later, Signor Aldo Moro, five times Italian premier, was kidnapped from his Rome home and eventually killed.

Stark's role as informer does not seem to have got back to the Red Brigade. In prison he received postcards from several leading radicals who were living in Paris.

If his connections with the Red Brigade were curious, his performance at his appeal against sentence was equally difficult to fathom. At his trial, Stark had refused to recognize the court. Now he claimed not only that he was not Terence Abbott but that he was not Ronald Stark either. He told his lawyer and the court he was "Khouri Ali," a Palestinian. The appeal was turned down.

It was just as well because the secret police and the security forces were finally taking a closer look at Stark. What prompted them was the capture of a terrorist who had a hand-drawn map of a guerilla terrorist camp near Baalbek. The map, the man told the police, had come from Stark, and he produced a note in Arabic which was supposed to be a coded introduction. It translated as: "I would like to see the father of Layla." Layla was the name of Stark's daughter.

A fresh police investigation was opened and, in October 1978, Stark was charged with "armed banditry." Despite a charge bordering on terrorism, seven months later he was a free man, released on parole and living in Florence. The magistrate who gave him parole said: "Many circumstances suggest that from 1960 onwards Stark belonged to the American secret services." Stark's own lawyer was less certain but had no real idea who his client was. The prosecutor for the drugs charge felt the whole espionage link was nothing more than the work of a smart confidence trickster who played both sides to his own advantage.

A few weeks after his release, the man who could provide the answers vanished again. Stark simply failed to report to the local police in Florence where he had chosen to stay. Nothing more was heard from him until a letter arrived at the American consul in the city with a note from Stark, returning money he had borrowed. Then silence again.

Which of the Italian lawyers was right? Was Stark, during his years in the drug world, in reality an American agent? Was he feeding back intelligence on the counter culture which the federal agencies were desperate to infiltrate in the late 1960s and early 1970s? Or could he have been a banker investing and transporting money destined for "black" operations beyond the drug world?

On more than one occasion Stark let slip hints of connections with the espionage world. There was the story about working for the Defense Department, and another that he closed down the French operation through a CIA tip. He began work with the Brothers at just the time when they were involved with the Weathermen in the United States. Equally timely, he was in Paris during the May 1968 riots and haunted the radical fringes of London in the early 1970s, when there was yet another curious example of his interest in radicalism/terrorism.

Two American journalists were working on a feature for *Frendz* magazine, an anarchistic offshoot of *Rolling Stone*, on Belfast violence. A rising Provisional IRA man, James McCann, obliged them with copy by trying to firebomb part of Queens University in the town. McCann and the journalists were arrested. The latter were eventually released—but not before a surprising intervention by Stark, who took their London lawyer to lunch at the Oxford and Cambridge Club to discuss their plight, offering to pay their fees and bail.

In fact the meeting did not lead to anything, but Stark had taken a great interest in *Frendz*, which was deeply involved in revolutionary politics and was something of a clearing house at the junction between drugs and the other sides of the underground. Stark's interest in McCann certainly contributed to an interest in the American himself by MI5. When Lee began searching for Stark, he found the secret service had been there before him. For McCann, having escaped from jail, set up as a cannabis dealer in Holland to supply the IRA with money for guns. One of the men sent by the British to find out more about him was a former Oxford student called Howard Marks. Perhaps it is only coincidence, but Marks, who set up in his own right as a cannabis dealer, was eventually arrested after dealing with the remnants of the Brotherhood in California.

Stark is one of the figures in the story of the Brotherhood whose origins do not link directly or tenuously back to Millbrook. When the DEA were putting together a case against Stark in 1972, they had great difficulty in pinning down his personal details and were never able to get his FBI file from New York. Their reports in California and the details passed on to Europe only showed what Stark was not, not what he actually was.

The silence was finally ended late in 1982. Stark was arrested in Holland on a charge involving 16 kilos of hashish. In the summer of 1983, he was released from custody and thrown out of Holland where he had claimed to be a Lebanese bound for New York. He was arrested on arrival in the United States on a passport violation and DEA agents began to reconstruct the original San Francisco LSD case against him. They found it impossible to do so after such a long time and Stark was released.

## Epilogue

Almost forty years after the discovery of LSD's powers, Dr. Albert Hofmann, the scientist who accidentally uncovered the mysteries of compound 25, is retired and living in Switzerland. He rose at Sandoz to direct the company's research into the medicinal properties of plant life, earning honorary degrees for his achievements. In 1979, he published his own account of the early history of LSD in a book wryly entitled *LSD, My Problem Child*. In it he concluded: "I see the true importance of LSD in the possibility of providing material aid to meditation aimed at the mystical experience of a deeper comprehensive reality. Such use accords entirely with the essence and working character of LSD as a sacred drug."

Hofmann expressed the hope that if LSD were used in the right conditions, "then in the future this problem child could become a wonder child." His optimism is echoed by several American academics in recent years, but the chances that serious work on LSD will resume seem slim. Several institutions in the United States hold licences but lack funds or incentive to take up LSD again. Only one researcher is still licensed in Britain, but no work is being undertaken.

Things might have been different but for the rise in nonmedical use of LSD in the 1960s. Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary—two figures who dominated the spread of lay use, especially among the young—like Hofmann have both retired. Kesey, leader of the Acid Pranksters, lives on a farm in his native Oregon and continues writing. The Pranksters' bus is stored in his barn.

After the Sand-Scully trial in 1973, Leary, through Joanna Harcourt-Smith, is alleged to have talked to DEA agents and given information. He appeared as a prosecution witness in a drug case against his own lawyer who worked for the Brotherhood. The authorities also used Leary's help to try and stitch together a case against those who helped him escape from prison. Friends were split over Leary's *volte-face*—he told newspapers to pass on the word to radicals that "the war is over"—some argued that the pressures of his position were too great, while others were less charitable. The *Berkeley Barb*, still publishing, did not mince words. Their headline in the summer of 1974 announced "Leary the Fink." At a meeting in a San Francisco hotel, supporters and opponents under the banner of PILL, "People Investigating Leary's Lies," argued the case in a press conference cum mock trial.

In 1976, Leary was paroled. Once free, he lost Joanna who returned to Europe, and divorced Rosemary. He then married again, for the fourth time. Settled in Los Angeles, he took up new interests—the psychological problems of space travel, the connection between the human nervous system and outer space, and futurology. In 1979, Leary toured clubs and halls in the United States as a "stand-up philosopher and comic." He continued to churn out writings, helped in part by Kesey and appears in a film with Gordon Liddy.

Like Hofmann, Leary mulled over the results of his work in the 1960s. Soon after he returned to the United States in 1973, he admitted he might have made a mistake in encouraging LSD use to spread so wide. In a British television interview, he said he had never really liked the hippies, but later expressed continued admiration for John Griggs and the original Brothers.

By and large, Leary believes the psychedelic movement's achievement was the raising of consciousness and understanding of the human body. With his customary verbal flourish, Leary said recently: "Flowers produce seeds and there are millions of seeds from the flowers of the 1960s. Every aspect of American society is being run by the seeds of the flowers of the 1960s. We are the establishment and we are doing a good job."

Richard Alpert, who travelled on the early psychedelic road with Leary, left the entourage during the chaos at Millbrook to follow Eastern mysticism. Today, he is the guru Baba Ram Dass. In the early 1970s he said: "All of us who know Timothy know that one of the qualities where he is not really cooked is discipline ... Suddenly I saw that there was a destructive quality in Tim's game and no matter how beautiful it got it kept being converted into some horror."

William Hitchcock, Leary's landlord at Millbrook, will not comment on the past. He has settled down to make money rather than LSD. Owsley still lives in the San Francisco area, shy of publicity or interviews, although he can sometimes be found following the fortunes of the Grateful Dead.

Scully, his apprentice, was released from the federal prison on McNeil Island, Washington State, in 1979. He worked on drug rehabilitation while on bail awaiting an appeal against his conviction—the sentence was eventually cut to ten years. As a prisoner, he became a model inmate, building a computer system for the staff, helping design machines for a handicapped young woman, teaching other prisoners, and taking his doctorate. The subject was drug rehabilitation. He developed the idea of using biofeedback methods to control drug abuse. On his release, Scully—named Man of the Year by the Junior Chamber of Commerce for Washington during his time at McNeil—continued his work.

Scully also thought long and hard about his years with the psychedelic movement. "I thought," he said, "that folks would generally use psychedelics pretty much in the way I and my friends were using them, which was a healthy way of using them for personal and religious experience. People used them pretty frivolously and often dangerously." Scully felt that he and others ended up with a distorted vision of reality which obscured how the psychedelics were really being used and how users went on to other drugs. "I met a lot of people in prison deciding that drugs like cocaine were wonderful ... I met one guy who ran a natural food store in New York, an acidhead, and I met him years later in prison and he was a junkie bank robber: typical of the harm that the psychedelics have done. People started out saying since the government has lied to us about marijuana we will just go on ahead and try everything else. I met a small number of people who got into trouble just for taking psychedelics, mostly it was from taking other drugs too. Certainly a lot of harm came out of the whole psychedelic movement, but I have also met a lot of people who say all that is good in their lives came from psychedelics. They got set on the right path with various skills and professions I have a lot of respect for. I think it is much too early to weigh the good against the harm. A lot of people would like to believe a lot of the changes in consciousness that have happened in the last ten years could be attributed in part at least to the psychedelic movement—the end of the Vietnam War, Women's Liberation, modern music, concern for the environment-but it is hard to know. I think it will be another ten or twenty years before we can look back."

Scully's former colleague Nick Sand is not available to comment. Still a fugitive, he was reported to have been sighted in the San Francisco area in 1981 at a rock concert. Lester Friedman, the Case Western University professor, will not talk either. He lost his academic post and went to live in southern California. Peter Buchanan continued as a lawyer. Michael Druce, the chemical supplier, also moved, leaving Britain for a job in Saudi Arabia. Ronald Craze, his former partner, went into business in Cornwall. Paul Arnabaldi has never been found.

Some of the principal figures in the British LSD operations were still in prison in 1983. Gerry Thomas, who betrayed them, lives with his family in Texas. The men who investigated them left the police service. Derek Godfrey became a security officer for a British bank and Dick Lee a freelance journalist and shop-owner. After leaving the police, his book on the investigation drew sharp criticism from former colleagues who felt he had gone too far in describing police operations such as telephone tapping, not normally discussed publicly.

Lee was not the only person to put secrets into print. George Wethern, the Hell's Angels drug dealer, wrote an account of his life in *A Wayward Angel*, published in 1978. Terry the Tramp, John Tracey, the leader of the Angels' drug network, died after a drug overdose in 1970. Wethern believes he was killed by his Angel colleagues. Dennis Martino, who travelled with Leary in exile and became a DEA informant, died in 1975; his body was found in a Spanish hotel room. The local coroner put his death down to natural causes. Joanna Harcourt-Smith thought otherwise.

Of the others who talked to the police and juries, little more emerged, dramatic or otherwise. Patrick Brennan and Robert Ramsey disappeared into private life. Glen Lynd was released from the protection programme, although his new identity and whereabouts were secret.

The men who used the informers so effectively against the Brotherhood and its LSD suppliers continued as policemen, and narcotics agents. Richard Rathjen stayed with the IRS and now works near Seattle. Neil Purcell is acting chief of police in Laguna. Doug Kuehl is a DEA supervisor in the San Diego area. Gary Elliot moved to Las Vegas as a special agent, and Terence Burke left Afghanistan for The Hague, eventually moving to DEA headquarters in Washington as an internal security official.

In the 1980s, the DEA view of the psychedelic movement and the decade in which it thrived is mixed. The economic and social circumstances of the time created a unique upsurge in drug use which is unlikely to occur again, but a new illegal drug industry was established and entrenched over the years.

Late in 1979, the United States Controller General issued a report on the problem of drug use in the United States entitled, rather woefully, "Gains made in controlling illegal drugs, yet the drug trade flourishes." Little mention was made of LSD, but the report estimated that 43 million people had tried marijuana, 10 million had used cocaine and 1.7 million had tried heroin. The marijuana market alone consumed 60,000-91,000 lb. per day at an outlay of \$13-21 billion per year. Overall, heroin, cocaine, marijuana and hash generated up to \$51 billion per year. The report noted: "Drug trafficking today appeals to people from all walks of life including doctors, lawyers, accountants, businessmen ..."

Businessmen like the Tokhis were still going about their trade, at least until the Russian invasion of Afghanistan in 1980. According to DEA information, the Tokhis were nearly closed down by the arrests of the Brothers, but they recovered. By 1977, Ayatollah was doing his own smuggling and is said to have expanded from campers and Land Rovers to oil-tanker lorries.

The fortunes of his former customers have been mixed. Some of the Brothers have retired, others apparently have not, as Doug Kuehl has discovered. The Brotherhood is dead but the alliances flourish.

Bobby Andrist was arrested in Oregon in 1980 and charged with conspiracy involving 800 lb. of hash. The charge was dismissed because of difficulties over a witness. Later in the same year, a group of former Brothers including John Harrington, one of the founder members, was arrested in California after planning to smuggle 8 tons of hash by ship. Agents seized \$400,000 and seven guns. Using telephone taps, the agents uncovered a member of the conspiracy called Donald Graves living in New Mexico. They failed to arrest Mr. Graves and missed the chance to capture Michael Randall, living under yet another alias and still a fugitive, but in July 1983, the DEA finally caught up with him near Denver, and he has been held on a variety of charges.

In April 1981, John Gale was arrested in Laguna, and agents took over 23 kilos of cocaine worth \$9 million and precious stones worth \$1 million and two Ingram M10 miniature machine-guns. At the time, Gale was using the services of two bodyguards. He was killed in June 1982 when he crashed his Mercedes convertible. His lawyer said: "He had lived life in the fast lane, and apparently ended his life in the fast lane."

In November 1981, three former Brothers were arrested in raids in California aimed at halting plans to import marijuana from the Far East. As a result of the raids, property worth \$8 million was taken by the State of California.

The US Comptroller's report included a quotation from President Carter. He said: "Drugs cannot be forced out of existence; they will be with us for as long as people find in them the relief or satisfaction they desire." The climate of the 1980s is far removed from that of the 1960s, but a United Nations survey in 1982 reported that for the first time for many years, LSD was reappearing in noticeable amounts'.

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