

An Annotated Bibliography of
TIMOTHY LEARY

TIMOTHY LEARY, 1987

Photo by Frederic Ohringer

An Annotated Bibliography of
TIMOTHY LEARY

by

Michael Horowitz
Karen Walls

and
Billy Smith

Foreword by Allen Ginsberg
Preface by Timothy Leary

Introduction by Frank Barron, Ph.D., Sc.D,
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This book is dedicated to two very young women who were
born while the work
was in progress

Jasmine and Sierra Marin, the Wallsmith sisters

with the hope that a few of the books described herein
are on the standard
reading lists of the colleges they attend in the twenty
-first century.

Foreword

Allen Ginsberg

By the late '40s of this memory Century the people I
knew best and loved most
had already broken thru the crust of old Reasons & were
dowsing for some
Supreme Reality, "Christmas on Earth" Rimbaud said,
"Second
Religiousness" according to Spengler's outline of
civilization declining
through proliferation of non-human therefore boring
technology; Blake had
called "O Earth O Earth return!" centuries before,
echoing the ancient gnostic
prophecy that Whitman spelled out for America
specifically demanding that the
Steam-engine "be confronted and met by at least an
equally subtle and
tremendous force-infusion for purposes of
spiritualization, for the pure
conscience, for genuine aesthetics, and for absolute
and primal manliness and
womanliness " Ezra Pound's mind jumped to diagnose the

dimming of the
world's third Eye: "With Usura the line grows thick."

One scholar who transmitted Blake's kabbalah, S. Foster Damon, could remember his sudden vision of tiny flowers carpeting Harvard Yard violet before World War One, an image that lingered over 60 years in mind since his fellow student Virgil Thomson gave him the cactus Peyote to eat. Damon concluded that rare beings like Blake are born with physiologic gift of such vision, continuous or intermittent. William James, whose pragmatic magic probably called the Peyote God to Harvard in the first place, had included shamanistic chemical visions among the many authentic "Varieties of Religious Experience." His student Gertrude Stein experimented in alteration of consciousness through mindfulness of language, an extremely effective Yoga since mechanical reproduction of language by XX Century had made language the dominant vehicle of civilized consciousness; her companion Alice B. Toklas contributed a cookbook recipe for Hashish Brownies to enlighten those persons over-talkative in drawing rooms unaware that "the medium is the message."

This synchronism is exquisite: William S. Burroughs also once of Harvard shared Miss Stein's mindfulness of the hypnotic drug-like power of language, and collaborated on cut-up rearrangement of stereotyped language forms with friend Brion Gysin, who recounts that he had originally given Miss Toklas the recipe for her famous Brownies. Burroughs among others had begun experiments with drug-shamanism after World War Two for the author of "Naked Lunch" it was a pragmatic extension of his Cambridge interest in linguistic

Anthropology. That same gnostic impulse broke through
to clear consciousness
simultaneously in many American cities: Gary Snyder
realized the entire
universe was "alive" one daybreak 1948 in Portland when
a flight of birds rose
out of the tree stillness in a gully by the city river,
a natural vision The masters
of the Berkeley Renaissance read Gertrude Stein aloud
and practiced Poetic
kabbalah (charming synchronism that psychologist
Timothy Leary met poets
Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan in that same 1948 student
scene) Neal
Cassady drove Jack Kerouac to Mexico in a prophetic
automobile to see the
physical body of America, the same Denver Cassady that
one decade later
drove Ken Kesey's Kosmos-patterned schoolbus on a
Kafka-circus tour over
the roads of the awakening nation And that wakening
began, some say, with
the first saxophone cry of the new mode of black music
which shook the walls
of white city mind when Charles Parker lifted his
birdflightnoted horn &
announced a new rhythm of thinking, an extended
breathing of the body in
music and speech, a new consciousness. For as Plato had
said, "When the mode
of the music changes, the walls of the city shake."

The new consciousness born in these States can be
traced back through old
gnostic texts, visions, artists & shamans; it is the
consciousness of our ground
nature suppressed & desecrated. It was always the
secret tale of the tribe in
America, this great scandal of the closing of the doors
of perception on Nature's
Naked Human Form Divine. It began with the white murder
of Indian inhabi-
tants of the ground, the theft and later usurious
exploitation of their land, it
continued with an assault on all races and species of
Mother Nature herself and

concludes today with total disruption of the ecology of the entire planet. No wonder black slaves kept for non-human use into this century in tear-gassed ghettos of megalopolis were the first Aliens to sound the horn of Change, the first Strangers to Call the Great Call through Basilides' many Heavens. Amazing synchronism again, that Mr. Frank Takes Gun, Native American Church amerindian Peyote Chief, invited the brilliantly talkative silver-haired psychiatrist who directed a Saskatchewan mental hospital in the early '50s to participate in a Peyote ritual, and that the same Dr. Humphry Osmond having recognized a wonder of consciousness thus experienced passed on the catalyst in Mescaline synthetic form to Aldous Huxley; and that Huxley's 1954 essay on the chemical opening of the Doors of Perception found its way to the tables of Bickford's Cafeteria Times Square New York & the couches of Reed College and Berkeley, where artist persons, having heard the Great Call of the Blacks, already initiated themselves en masse to subtle gradations of their own consciousness experienced while puffing on the same African hemp smoked by Lester Young, Charles Parker, Thelonious Monk & Dizzy Gillespie.

Dr. Timothy Leary takes up his part of the tale of the tribe in a Mexican hut and brings his discovery to Harvard harmoniously and there begins the political battle, black and white magic become publicly visible for a generation. Dr. Leary is a hero of American consciousness. He began as a sophisticated academician, he encountered discoveries in his field which con-

founded him and his own technology, he pursued his studies where attention commanded, he arrived beyond the boundaries of public

knowledge. One
might hesitate to say, like Socrates, like Galileo?
poor Dr. Leary , poor Earth!
yet here we are in Science Fiction History, in the age
of Hydrogen Bomb
Apocalypse, the very Kali Yuga wherein man's stupidity
so overwhelms the
planet that ecological catastrophe begins to rehearse
old tribe-tales of Karmaic
retribution, Fire & Flood & Armageddon impending.

It would be natural (in fact deja vu) that the very
technology stereotyping our
consciousness & desensitizing our perceptions should
throw up its own
antidote, an antidote synthetic such as LSD synchronous
with mythic tribal
Soma & Peyote. Given such historic Comedy, who could
emerge from Harvard
technology but one and only Dr. Leary, a respectable
human being, a worldly
man faced with the task of a Messiah. Inevitable! Not
merely because the whole
field of mental psychology as a "science" had arrived
at biochemistry anyway.
It was inevitable because the whole professional
civilized world, like Dr.
Leary, was already faced with the Messianic task of
accelerated evolution (i.e. ,
psychosocial Revolution) including an alteration of
human consciousness lead-
ing to the rapid mutation of social & economic forms.
This staggering
realization, psychedelic, i.e. , consciousness
expanding & mind-manifesting in
itself, without the use of chemical catalysts, is now
forced on all of us by
images of our own unconscious rising from the streets
of Chicago, where city
teargas was dumped on Christ's very Cross in Lincoln
Park AD 1968. The
drains are backing up in the cities, smog noise and
physiologic poison in food
turns us to insect acts, overpopulation crazes the
planet, our lakes corrupt, old
riverways become dank fens, tanks enter Prague and
Chicago streets
simultaneous, Police State arrives in every major city,
starvation wastes Afri-

can provinces, Chinese genocide in Tibet mirrors
American genocide in
Vietnam, Alarm! Alarm! howls deep as any Biblical
prophecy.

Ourselves caught in the giant machine are conditioned
to its terms, only holy
vision or technological catastrophe or revolution break
"the mind-forg'd
manacles." Given one by-product of the technology that
might, as it were by
feed-back, correct the berserk machine and liberate the
inventor's mind from
captivity by robot hypnosis, Dr. Leary had in LSD an
invaluable civilized
elixir. For, as Dr. Jiri Roubichek observed early in
Prague ("Artificial
Psychosis," 1958), "LSD inhibits conditioned reflexes."
And this single
phrase, for rational men, might be the key to the whole
gnostic mystery of LSD
and Dr. Leary's role as unique, alas solitary,
courageous, humane & frank
public Democratic Buddhist-teacher of the uses of
LSD in America. For he
took on himself the noble task of announcing the
evidence of his senses despite
the scary contumely of fellow academicians, the
dispraising timorous irony of
scientific "professionals," the stupidity meanness
self-serving cowardice and
hollow vanity of bureaucratic personnel from Harvard
Yard to Mexico City to
Washington, from the ignorant Sheriff's office in
Dutchess County NY to the
inner greedy Gordon-Liddy-haunted sanctums of the US
Treasury Department

in D.C. , our whole "establishment" of civilization
that defends us from know-
ledge of our own unconscious by means of policemen's
clubs, and would resist
the liberation of our minds and bodies by any brutish
means available including
teargas, napalm & the Hydrogen Bomb.

Dr. Leary conducted himself fairly & equitably, given

the extraordinary
nature of his knowledge; it took an innocent courage to
explore his own
unconditioned consciousness, to take LSD and other
chemicals often enough to
balance praxis with explanation, and to attempt to wed
the enormity of his
experience to Reason. An heroic attempt to communicate
clearly and openly
through civilized technologic media to his fellow
citizens, despite centuries of
identity brainwash accelerated now to mass neurosis and
Cold War Apocalypse
Paranoia required of Dr. Leary the proverbial wisdom of
serpent & harmless-
ness of dove. . . .

Dr. Leary was jailed for theory and practice of
research on LSD & Cannabis.
He took the burden of giving honest public report of
LSD & Cannabis in terms
more accurate & harmless than the faked science of the
Government Party
Hacks & therefore his imprisonment was an act of insult
to Science, Liberty,
Common Sense, Freedom, Academy, Philosophy, Medicine,
Psychology as an
Art, and Poetry as a tradition of human mind- vision.

(Excerpted from the Preface to
Timothy Leary 's Jail Notes,
1968; 1970; revised, 1985.)

Preface

Timothy Leary

My first meeting with Michael Horowitz occurred in the
summer of 1970 when
I was headquartered in a state prison faced with thirty
years incarceration for a
small amount of marijuana. Michael was interested in
organizing my personal

archives, a dozen or so file cabinets containing records of historical interest about the beginnings of humanist psychology in the 1950s and about the origins of the psychedelic drug culture in the 1960s. I was more than eager to turn these records over to Michael and his comrade Bob Barker because at that very moment I was busy planning a "midnight express" departure and feared that the archives would be seized by government agencies if and when the escape plot succeeded.

After the escape, during the years of exile, Michael became my closest link to the old country. He forwarded documents to me in Algeria, visited me in Switzerland and in various prisons where I was to be found after my recapture. By this time the archives contained records of historical interest about the cultural and political conflicts of the stormy 1970s.

During the 1980s our interaction has occurred in less melodramatic zones under the redwoods in Michael's Mendocino commune, at Dodger Stadium, around the dinner table with Barbara Leary and our son Zachary and Michael's wife Cynthia and their children Sunyata, Jubal, Noni and Uri.

The publication of this conscientious, scholarly review of my varied "published" transmissions (1942-1986) is, for me, a celebration of this precious collaborative interaction. In looking over the manuscript I am overcome with admiration for Michael and Karen Walls and Billy Smith, that crack squad of "private investigators" who have dedicated so much time and talent to tracking down evidence, checking leads, interviewing witnesses, dusting for ink-stained fingerprints, patiently collecting clues from the scene of the time.

At this point it should be pointed out that Michael

Horowitz is not an ivory-tower academic sitting in a musty library pouring over yellowing documents. Michael and his wise partner Cindy have been actively involved in the cultural events which are covered by this bibliography. They have had in-depth interactions with sages like Aldous Huxley and Albert Hofmann, shaman women, mainline ladies, alchemist poets. They were engaged participants in the San Francisco Renaissance. They conducted the "longest

permanent-floating drug archive in history" (The Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library) all the while managing to perform numerous miracles of front-line scholarship.

According to the James Boswell Theory of History the true heroes of culture are those who preserve reality for the future those who know precisely what our descendents must remember if they are to learn from us how to create better futures. These are the archivists, the literary archeologists, the bibliographers who preserve and transmit the idea of one time to another.

The twenty-first century, we are told, will be the Century of Information-Communication. The Golden Age of Psychology. The Time of Brain Power. If this comes to pass then Michael Horowitz could well become a legend. Indeed, the biography of Michael Horowitz could become a recognized classic of the twenty-first century. Come to think of it, in The Bibliography of Michael Horowitz the book which you hold in your hand would be just one item!

Reading this book has taught me a lot about myself. Reviewing this list of

published transmissions spanning a period of some forty years I see a clear pattern of thematic repetition that is almost robotic. I am humbled to see that I have been a cheerful cricket in a summer garden scraping out one unchanging note. I can now recognize with embarrassment that my behavior has been predetermined as fixedly as the simplest tropism. Until very recently I have had little understanding or control of my behavior. I have been swept along by an evolutionary wave, enjoying the surf, that's true, feeling great about the surging motion which was surely moving us in the right direction, but still uncertain about where we were going.

There is one word which describes this genetic process of which I have been a passive, unwitting part: interaction. THIS BOOK IS A CATALOG OF IDEAS ABOUT INTERACTION TO WHICH CHILDREN BORN IN THE 1920S WERE EXPOSED.

This interactive stage in our development hit the western world at the turn of the century when Einstein focussed on the relationships among events. And quantum physics defined matter/energy as clusters of probabilities shuttling between on/off states. And Heisenberg pointed out that we can never study anything in nature; since our observations determine the event, all we can ever understand is the interactions we are involved in.

This notion of interaction was in the air when I arrived on the scene in 1920. Einstein's theories were debated in the popular press. It was said that only seven men in the world understood his equations but the meaning of "relativity" was seeping down into public consciousness. Moralists and educators began denouncing Einstein, probably sensing that if the basic concepts about how-the-universe-is-constructed change, then our ideas about ourselves may

have to change. If atoms and protons and electrons and galaxies are not just passive reactive lumps of matter (as feudalism taught), and not sturdy, reliable billiard balls making up a universe manufactured by an engineer-entrepreneur

god, himself dying of the black lung disease called entropy (as taught in Newton's Principia, the bible of the Industrial Revolution); if it turns out that every solidity which we forge into steel is made up of probability bits which cluster into the transient patterns we call matter, and if all these bits are continuously linked into high-energy interplay which continually changes all elements involved, then can the same be true of ourselves? And our societies? All our realities?

Can it be true that we are, each of us, quantum-units defined by our interactions, continually being shaped by the fields of interplay which we inhabit?

The book you are holding in your hand is a direct expression of these philosophic uncertainties which emerged in America during my childhood. Those born in the 1920s were unwitting members of the first wave of inexperienced, untrained shock-troops thrown into brain-to-brain confrontation with the quantum future. The first decade of my life was called "the Roaring Twenties" perhaps because these ancient Pythagorean-Taoist ideas about the nature of everything were just about to flame into realization. Become materialized.

The popular music of any era seems to reflect the stage of philosophic sophistication. The identifying music of the 1920s involved improvisation,

innovation, a fusion of old earth African rhythms and modern technologies. In this music there were no composers and no leaders or conductors. There was this intense interaction among individual improvisors! It was called jazz.

I wonder if the early quantum physicists understood that their formulae about the universe would, within a few years, be passed on to the species in a new form of down-home music? Some of them did, I am sure. THIS BOOK IS A CATALOG OF IDEAS ABOUT INTERACTION WHICH THOSE BORN IN THE 1920S (IN AMERICA) INCULCATED INTO AND SAW REALIZED THROUGH THEIR CHILDREN.

An enduring cultural change happens when parents switch their books on baby and child care. Feudal parents treat their children as their Good Book says: as serf or chattel. Let us call them Children of God. The Lord's Kids.

The Industrial Age began when parents began raising their children according to the Newtonian version of the Bible, preparing them to play roles in the factory-civilization, training them to be dependable, reliable, productive, replaceable cogs in Management's Great Machine. Let us call them The Factory Kids.

The Great Philosopher of the Jazz Age was Dr. Benjamin Spock. In his quantum-mechanics version of the Good Book (originally entitled The Commonsense Book of Baby and Child Care), he said: Treat your children as individuals. Let them improvise and innovate. Harmonize and improvise with them.

Dr. Spock said: Your family members are not like the Vatican Choir, reciting the Gregorian Chant (or the Morman Tabernacle Choir). You as parents are not

conductors of the Carnegie Hall Philharmonic Orchestra playing a symphony composed by a dead European.

Dr. Spock said: Swing to the beat of your own rhythm section. Stay in tune.

The children born after 1946 are often called The Spock Kids.

The books and articles which I wrote during the 1950s were direct spin-offs of the Spock Bible. The key term was interpersonal. The psychologist studied the field of interaction set up between the doctor and the patient. We were unwittingly moving towards a nuclear psychology, a quantum psychology, using "psychotrons" to measure the behavior-bits which appeared when people collided with each other. We studied the relationships among clusters of behavior-bits. We defined personality as the everchanging patterns of interactions within the person and with others. There was much talk about feedback, indices of variability (discrepancy), multilevel assessments, individual patterns of self-determination.

During the 1960s a new field of interaction emerged: the interplay between the brain and the mind. Western psychologists were discovering that consciousness could be experimentally altered. The CIA, operating from a decidedly non-Spockian perspective, vainly attempted to use brain-change drugs for mind control. The Harvard Psychedelic Drug Research Group understood right from the start that reactions to psychoactive drugs were highly subjective, individualized. We demonstrated that the drug experience was determined by the interaction of set and setting. In the scientific mode there was much discussion about how the environment imprinted the

brain and how these imprints determined the brain's interpretation of the environment; levels of consciousness, stages of imprinting, psycho-geometry. In the poetic-metaphorical mode there was much breathless writing about psycho-ecology, the "oneness," the holistic unity of everything. We were still operating, it seems to me, under the influence of The Commonsense Book of Baby and Child Care. The universe, it turned out, was like a Big Baby Boom family. The trendy thing for our young species to do at this stage in our evolution was to realize that it's all linked up and, if you learn how to listen, as Dr. Spock suggests, there's a lot to be learned.

There were many problems involved. The notion of demand feeding and reality menus did create some confusion. Many silly choices were selected. If you treat people (including yourself) as individuals some pretty strange singularities tend to pop out. This bibliography presents ample evidence of the goofiness and wild enthusiasm that gets stirred up when your Good Book encourages improvisation.

It is interesting to note that the managers of industrial America went along with the program. However distasteful they may have found the Good Doctor's prescription, management never failed to produce the goods and goodies demanded. The Spock Kids viewed the body as an instrument of pleasure and beauty use it or lose it so the enormous fitness-style-cosmetic industry emerged. As the first generation of the Information Age they wanted their brains stimulated use it or lose it so they got television, stereo, home video, transistors, satellite-dishes feeding electronic nourishment to hungry neurons.

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