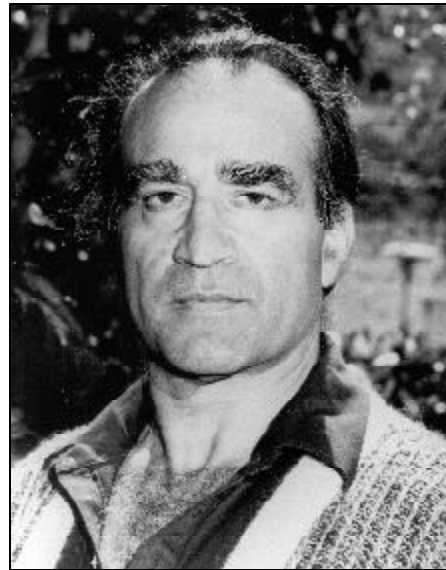


Special Section

A Tribute to FM-2030



FM-2030

Now Hurting into the Future

by Fred Chamberlain

FM-2030's Visions—Overpowering!

The visions of the future held by FM-2030 were strong. So strong and so positive, perhaps, that they might have almost been paralyzing to most of those who read what he wrote and heard what he said. For decades, those who followed him saw the future unfolding just as he told them it might. Yet almost none of them elected to make the arrangements for cryotransport that he so vigorously advocated.

In the fall of 1997, Linda Chamberlain and I had the privilege of visiting with FM and a number of his friends who had gathered to hear about a company just then forming, BioTransport, Inc. They were curious about cryotransport but skeptical about the price. Knowing full well that even a heart bypass operation would cost as much, they asked why the arrangements could not be offered more cheaply. They were looking for more in the way of guarantees that it would “work.” In short, their perceptions were like those of most people who contemplate the alter-

natives of cryostasis and conventional interment.

FM was frustrated and incredulous. He looked about the room and threw up his hands. “You people!” he exclaimed. “In this very room, thirty years ago, you would come each month and hear Saul Kent tell you that you should be signed up! And you are *still* not signed up!” To FM, the course of action was obvious. To those around him, it might as well have been invisible.

FM-2030's Loyalties to His Followers—Unswerving!

The events described above may have frustrated FM, but they did not deter him. Each time he called us at Alcor, and he called many times, there was one question on his mind: how could he better bring the vision of prearrangements for cryostasis to those he knew?

He talked of starting new groups in the locations he lived, of building strong networks among those who shared his ideas. In particular, a summer gathering in New York devoted to the benefits of prearrangements for all those he knew was an obsession with FM-2030. He was determined to bring this vision of what made sense so

strongly to others that they would join with him in his journey toward the future.

But, as might happen with any of us, time ran out. Before the promotional programs FM envisioned could be carried out, before he could recruit his many friends and family to join him in making prearrangements, an illness overtook him. Although all of those caring for him hoped for a recovery, a sudden turn for the worse brought FM-2030 down. Standby arrangements had been discussed, but none had as yet been made. As too often happens, FM passed into clinical death with no Alcor members present. And the logistics of retrieving him from New York City were complicated.

FM-2030's Launch toward the Future

A full technical report on FM-2030's cryotransport will appear in a future issue of *Cryonics*. This is merely an overview. Yet, the essence of what happened will be the most important part for you who are reading this. FM-2030 appeared destined to receive only straight cooling without cryoprotection, due to unfavorable initial

conditions.

In the end, exactly the opposite was achieved. Even with delays in initial cooling, complete absence of initial medications, and 30 hours elapsed before surgery began at Alcor Central, FM-2030 received brain cryoprotection at the highest levels set as the goal. Even though the time-related damage to neural structure is as yet undefined, there was no compromise related to an inability to carry out replacement of water with glycerol, which limits the formation of ice crystals.

How did this happen? How could it be? In an earlier case this year, all our advice from the most technologically knowledgeable sources we could reach was that 30 hours of delay would make an attempt at cryoprotection “futile.” Lack of medication and poor initial cooling were the same. Was the surgical approach for FM-2030 different? Were there any factors that could have given us a better chance? We are still shaking our heads with amazement. And why did we attempt this supposedly “futile” procedure?

The answers are that Alcor was on the verge of implementing a protocol for vitrifying human brains and had already planned to take a new surgical approach for this, going directly into all major vessels leading to the brain at the closest point possible and capturing the return flow with no back-pressure. Although the new perfusates for this procedure were not quite ready, and the rapid cooling techniques were still being developed, the new surgical technique could be implemented on short notice, and a “pioneer” for the first use of it was needed. FM-2030 was that pioneer.

The only possible disadvantage was a slight further delay in cool-down to liquid nitrogen temperatures, but the possible advantages

were at least some cryoprotection. Weighing all the variables, the decision was made to attempt cryoprotection for FM-2030. Both of Alcor’s primary surgeons were called in. One of the key individuals associated with the vitrification research project flew in and supervised the perfusion. Results from research still in progress were used to guide the cryoprotection, leading us to use slightly higher temperatures for perfusion than we usually have used and introducing pauses for tissues to absorb cryoprotectant at key points, where formerly we would have continued to raise the levels. This was an exploratory, experimental procedure in every respect, through all the surgery and perfusion steps. The results far outdid anything we could have hoped for.

The surface of FM-2030’s brain, as seen through a non-damaging “burhole” in the skull (performed by Jose Kanshepolksy, M.D., a retired neurosurgeon who has done this in hundreds of operations), gradually receded from the underside of the skull. The brain was shrinking by a small amount, as cryoprotectant removed water faster than it could replace it in the brain tissues. For a long time, this reduced volume condition persisted, and then the surface level of the brain rose again, as the cryoprotectant gradually did infuse and replace the water it had withdrawn. This process took approximately four hours, versus the two hours more usual in the past. However, the end result was that the brain returned to normal volume with no indication of excess swelling.

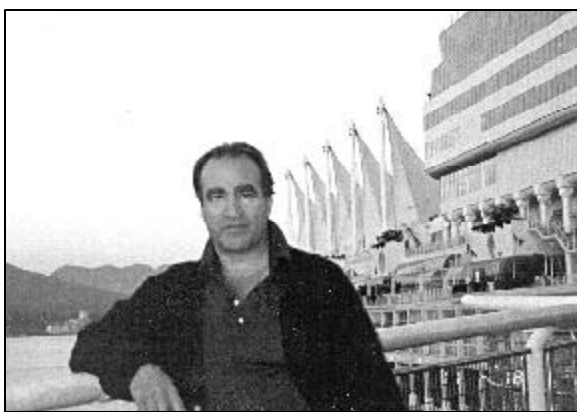
Fears that the capillaries would be “gone” because of the long delays proved to be unfounded. Coagulation was not a problem; a side effect of the terminal illness might have been a benefit, in that this ill-

ness reduced the patient’s capacity for coagulation of the blood, but this is as yet speculation. Above all, FM-2030’s cryotransport gave us the confidence to attempt cryoprotection in future cases where all of the vessels of the brain can be directly accessed (neuropreservation). We are still uncertain of the chances we might have in whole body cases, which do not permit direct surgical access to all of the vessels of the brain.

FM-2030’s Future

The future is *there!* Unless the world destroys itself, or deteriorates in such a way that no attempts to recover our patients would be possible, this is our assumption. And FM-2030 (in a state of cryostasis) will be *there* also, if our attempts to build Alcor and make it strong succeed. Will FM-2030 be part of the future, as he always envisioned, in terms of “awakening?” How likely is it that he will open his eyes, free of pain and full of energy, and look out a window into a world that will fulfill all of his expectations?

While we cannot answer these questions, we can say that of Alcor’s patients, FM-2030 is one of those most deserving a chance to “see the future” and be part of it. Of Alcor’s present patients, he may appreciate the future most of all. Conspicuously, he was one of the most “forward-looking” individuals of our culture. Assuming that he makes it through intact, I cannot help but think that after a few months of familiarization, he will see entirely new possibilities of what is coming, which those of that time will still not have recognized. And he will be telling all of us about them!



J'Attendrai

by Dara Esfandiary

Blast off!!! Blast off, he commanded!!! And so the zealous co-pilot would eagerly thrust the throttle ahead to full warp-speed! In 7 seconds the sonic boom would signify that we had just penetrated thru the sound-barrier. In 30 seconds we were soaring thru the stratosphere. Within 3 minutes we would behold the majesty of the rugged lunar hills. But on this mission, we would not have enough time for a lunar landing, for the caverns of Mars beckoned!

Each mission was different. Each mission would stretch our horizons and take us on a new interplanetary, even intergalactic, adventure. We'd lunch on Deimos, pick flowers for Mom in the telebotanical gardens of Jupiter, we'd waltz to Strauss atop the rings of Saturn, or rapel down the glaciers of Neptune. But before our final "descent" from the celestial, we would make time to also savor some of the pleasures of the terrestrial. Our earth-bound detour might be a stop at our favorite bistro in Paris to enjoy a scoop of ice cream while being serenaded by strolling musicians, who, when in FM's company, would ever so faithfully play Rossi's interpretation of

J'Attendrai. Or we might shuttle over to the Lodge above our favorite watering-hole deep in the Masai-Mara to quietly observe 10,000 elephants frolicking in glorious abandon.

It was always with a profound sense of awe that we would behold the infinity, and the beauty, of it all.

Now, to those observing us from the beach, we were probably two ordinary tourists bobbing about their over-visited waters in an ordinary place and time, and on a very ordinary vessel—a mere jet-ski. But to us, this was no ordinary vessel. The roar of its engine, ignited by boundless imagination and fueled by FM's explosive—and most contagious—enthusiasm, would launch us into the most extraordinary voyages of exotic discovery and unforgettable excitement.

I became a highly accomplished, well-travelled, co-pilot. And through it all FM never let me notice that I was only 10 years old, and not even qualified to operate this intergalactic spaceship!

And so this was the way of FM: making people feel good. Making people feel good—especially about themselves. FM's expressive and unselfish, unconditional, no-strings-attached kind of love for people—inspired many (including this 10-year-old boy) to try and grow each day—within ourselves. He inspired us to evolve. To cultivate hope where there was despair; to slap confidence in the face of overwhelming doubt; to subjugate pain with joy; and to banish from the heart any feelings of prejudice, misanthropy or xenophobia—such that we could open up room to germinate feelings of universality, philanthropy, harmony, and love.

And as we embrace these precious—and timeless—values, we observe that this voyage has NOT come to its end.

It's just another blasted detour! This time he's off to Arizona, where he awaits another "launch," the next blast-off.

Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you to listen carefully. Listen very carefully, and you just might hear that passionate voice of a gentle soul, whose life-long message of peace, hope, and love has finally achieved the dream of immortality.

1



Linking Up

by Nena O'Neill

When we first met, at our favorite Armenian soiree held in an artist's studio in the 1960s, we knew him as Feridouin, before he adopted his future name of FM-2030. *Identity Card* was behind him, presaging his interest in a global world. We were impressed and overwhelmed with his encompassing physical presence and his personal warmth.

He declared himself even then as a citizen of the world. And he dominated that studio then as he always dominated any room he entered. He was simply solid and dynamic—even charismatic.

I remember our Armenian safari one weekend when all of us bundled into two cars and took off for a Hampton's beach—a raucous bunch of daytrippers.... Setting ourselves up, we were playing ball, eating, talking—not unruly, just having fun. A fussy Hampton's matron walked over shaking her finger at us to remind us of the 12 posted rules about forbidden actions like tossing a ball and making noise. FM stood up, took her by the arm, and said, "Come, my dear," sweet-talking her back to her beach chair as he could so adroitly do, and we continued having fun.

We (my late husband George and I) became close friends with FM and fell under his spell. This was long before our splashy entry into the literary world. We met often, shared stories and philosophies, watched him run around Greenwich Park, chopped cucumbers and beets into his yogurt concoctions at his Village apartment parties. More often we talked while watching the stars from his Harbor deck.

He held those famous group discussions in the Village. Even my younger son, Brian, attended these lively, informative events covering everything from marriage to death and dying. As he developed his futurism we often argued about the demise of

marriage in his vision of the future.

For all his seriousness, FM had a wicked sense of humor, often delivered in his first-rate Indian accent. Whenever we met him—Westwood, New York, Three-Mile Harbor—each incident we shared became a treasured bead in the long necklace of our friendship.

One could have no better friend. He would pull you into his expansive wrestler's chest and hug you like the big teddy bear he was. His terms of endearment: "My dear," and "I kiss you," "I hug you, dear one," were lavished on one and all. He wrapped you up, cuddled you in a blanket of acceptance and love. He could very well have been a Linus blanket for many people. Most certainly a beacon for his students with his unlimited creativity in ideas about the future.

His capacity for affection was limitless and thus profoundly binding. I turned to him in grief when my husband died, and he was a great and substantial solace. When I started to write again after George's death, FM suggested agents and discussed my projects. His advice was sound and confidence-inspiring. That was probably one of his main attractions and why there were so many FM groupies through all the years. He emanated a generosity, a concern and solidity in all his dealings as well as his classes and groups.

Dear, dear FM, you were a synthesizer, gathering up pieces of information as you gathered together people, winding them all into your fabric of the future. I know you are there, your free soul wandering as you always did, exploring—your mind light-years ahead of others. I know you are linking up with the shooting stars you loved so much and linking together all your genderless souls of the future.

Wherever you are out there, I send a "kiss, kiss" and "I hug you, my dear FM." And I cherish the day we met and have yet to meet. 1

TRIBUTE TO FM-2030

by Flora Schnall

Dear Ones, as FM always said, today we pay tribute to an extraordinary man, FM-2030. In these brief words we will attempt to capture a little of his essence, to celebrate his life and anticipate his return through the triumph of science and technology.

FM was special—

His mellifluous voice with
his rolling r's,
His warm smile,
His kindness.
His sense of humor and playfulness,
His physique,
His prowess at sports,
His wisdom.

Many of the hundreds of cards and letters I received emphasized two of his qualities:

- 1) His visionary and original ideas, and
- 2) The profound impact FM had on the lives of so many.

FM spent many hours guiding and counseling his many friends and children... not biological children of course but children he parented, protected, and listened to.

He helped save marriages, he helped changes of careers, he helped with illnesses and addictions, he edited manuscripts of aspiring writers, he generously mentored many others. FM helped and made a difference in the lives of many friends around the world.

Just a tiny example of FM's impact: My nephew wrote me that when he was 6 or 7 years old after spending time with FM in East Hampton he returned home to Washington D.C. a confirmed vegetarian... at least for a while. But FM did, my nephew wrote, permanently influence the way my nephew treated people, animals, insects... all with a new compassion and respect and sensitivity.

FM was an original thinker—a visionary—a maverick. As someone recently wrote: FM “thought very large thoughts.” While we both might have looked at the same movie or read the same book. FM always saw something different... something new... something creative... something original.

He was a multi-track thinker.

FM had an inner radar capable of anticipating what lay ahead—

- * When everyone was pessimistic and worried about global resources... FM was writing about optimism and abundance.
- * When everyone was caught up in the cold war... FM was writing about the collapse of communism.
- * As early as the 1970s FM was talking and writing about teleconferencing, telemedicine, telebanking... telespheres!!!
- * When everyone wore ties and jackets... FM was already the forerunner of our current dress-down mode.
- * When girls never called boys, FM and I met and I asked him how to spell his then first name—he took out his card, wrote something on the back, and gave it to me. I turned it over and there he had written his telephone number. He suggested that I call him sometime. I was quite taken aback. Of course, FM has a different version of the event!!!!

FM WAS A HUMANIST.

When he and his sisters were very young they witnessed the killing of a young pet lamb. As a result, FM and his three sisters became life-long vegetarians and advocates of vegetarianism for ethical reasons. As FM said he would never eat anything that had a mother.

FM was as attentive to a janitor as to a CEO. He was elegant and handsome and lived a beautiful life. But neither the pursuit of material things nor the pursuit of prestige were on his radar.



His link-ups and think tank get-togethers were special events devoted to discussing the many important issues that interested him: The transition to the post-industrial world, abundance, optimism, vegetarianism, immortality, and other future trends.

Up-Wingers, Inc., a nonprofit corporation founded by FM and a group of friends in the 1970s, was organized to pursue many of these ideas. You will find its manifesto on FM's website: www.FM2030.com.

Going through my mementos the other day, I came across a beautiful postcard FM had sent me. The card was a silhouette of two people strolling along a shimmering East Hampton ocean. He had quoted a Greek philosopher (Democritus):

“I WOULD RATHER FIND ONE CAUSE THAN BE EMPEROR OF PERSIA” “...We may not be emperors,” he wrote, “but we have found a cause... a dream.” FM wanted to influence the way people think about the world, about the future, and the way the world will be... or should be. FM wanted to get on to the next stage of human evolution.

FM HAD ONE SIMPLE AMBITION—HE WANTED TO CHANGE THE WORLD.

FM loved change!

He was not afraid of change. He

relished it. He felt it made one grow. He changed his name at least three times in the years I knew him. He moved around the world, living in Europe, in New York City, in East Hampton, in California, in Florida. He enjoyed making new friends, exchanging new ideas, giving away his possessions with each move and starting all over again.

* * * * *

I would like to share with you a note FM wrote me this past December:

Hi my sweetheart Flora—

Today—Saturday December 18, I woke up early in the morning (around seven am) and I toyed around with my computer for a while... my very first thought went to you:

How lovely that we are so deeply involved in each other's lives.

How lovely that you are in my life.

How touched I am by all your love and kindness of recent months.

Of course I will continue to be your guardian angel –for Life!

Love as always your FM.

* * * * *

Friends and family (and to FM you are all his family), FM will be the guardian angel for all of you... for life!!!

There never will be anyone who looked like FM.

There never will be anyone who thought like FM.

There never will be anyone who lived and loved life like FM.

There never will be another FM-2030.

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An Eternal Hero

by Natasha Vita-More

“There will come a day when the death of any one person will be so rare the news of it will ring around the planet.” FM-2030

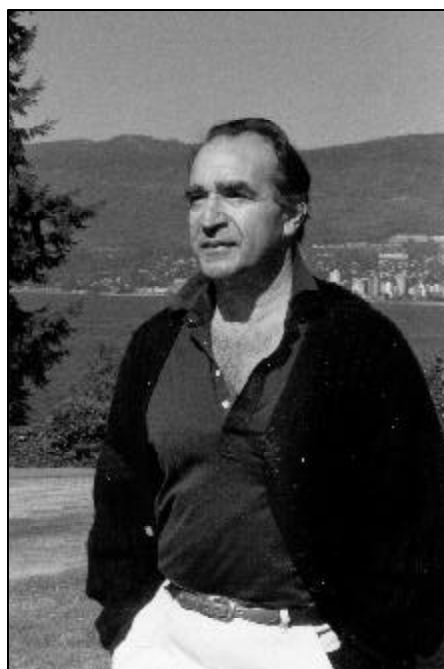
On June 8th the announcement of FM-2030’s cryonic suspension sent an electronic flash around the planet headlining the world’s most known immortalist.

* * * * *

FM’s vision of the future is highlighted iridescently in bold strokes across the pages of his life. Words such as *multi-track*, *transhuman*, *global*, *optimism*, *telespheres*, and *linkup* have made their way onto printed pages around the globe and will irrevocably be associated with FM.

FM wrote and lectured about ways to navigate the future. He planned a strategy for examining the rapid changes ahead and scenarios for dealing with them. FM saw the world as global—an interconnecting, telespherical community, believing there are “no illegal aliens, just illegal borders.” He also emphasized the fluidity of humanity and saw today’s environment as hyperfluid where people flow in and out of different lifestyles. He saw the future of humans as an evolution from being exclusively biological to becoming post-biological—the transhuman.

A fervent glance at FM’s nostalgia for the future signals a hope for the prolongation of life and motions a desire for new and



exotic environments. Like a mosaic of divergent styles, FM’s sense of life renders a deep appreciation of the universe around him.

A quick wit and cajoling humor balanced FM’s pervasive privacy. He simply did not want everyone knowing everything about him. FM believed that he had transformed—that he was a continuation of his history and an amalgamation of his future. He encouraged others to embrace the future, and in doing so, he felt it was unnecessary to emphasize his past.

Respectively, he simply did not want to place emphasis on his birth date while believing he was ageless, one nationality while believing he was global, a single liaison while loving many. A consequence of this clandestine approach to life may have left many with a condensed version of FM. Perhaps he wanted it this way, in charge of his own distinguished memory, even from afar.

Regardless, it took merely a few hours for the news machine to publicize concealed information

that had made FM-2030 so legendary. These sidebars to his life clearly helped to form his prevailing character, but had little relevance in his pursuit of immortality. Inasmuch, it may take more than a headline article to wake up the world to the magnitude of FM’s heroic quest.

“I have no age. Am born and reborn every day. I intend to live forever. Barring an accident I probably will. I also want to help others live on indefinitely.” FM-2030

FM’s many years teaching and writing about the future are well known among cryonicists and others involved in the business of future technology, science, and the arts. He was highly supportive of his peers and encouraged others to pursue their work in bringing about an awareness of the possibilities that await us. He had little tolerance for those who dismissed vegetarian views, who voted on politicians, who used terms like *boyfriend* or *wife*, who were not signed up for cryonics, who resorted to pissing matches, who did not exercise their intelligence, and who were inflexible about change. Conversely, he was patient and inspiring to those who wanted to enhance their understanding of the future. He was considered by many to be a heroic mentor, especially by proponents of our post-biological future. Further, it is his philosophy, as expressed in his courses from the 1960s along with his trilogy *Optimism One*, *Telespheres*, and *Up-Wingers* and his undeniable compassion for humanity that formed his vision and that was later expressed in *Are You a Transhuman?*

FM enchanted an audience by his charismatic manner; neverthe

less his greatest quality was enriching the mind. He seemed to be at his peak when taking a conversational lead, inviting others on his fast-track imaginative lift-off into the future. I remember his enormous capacity for understanding the deep anguish and great joys of humanity. I also remember our heady conversations, lively speculations, and long walks by the sea imagining a time when we would not be restricted by consequences of disease and aging, political and religious wars, the suffering and torture of people, and our own mortality.



As FM often said, “I am not an automaton—I am still locked in this biological body with some of the wiring of an early human.” FM wanted, more than anything, to shed what he called an “outdated body.” He wanted to live indefinitely. How strange it was to read the headlines on June 11th and the words *dead* and *FM* side by side—like a paradox.

As far as most people were told, FM did not know that his illness had become terminal. As far as most people were told, he was not aware that a suspension team had been alerted. As far as most people

were aware, FM did not knowingly prepare, in ways that most of us would want to, for his suspension. As such, he did not have an opportunity to discuss, in intimacy or in detail, issues with his close cryonics friends—issues that are necessary and even beneficial to his future re-entry. The reluctance of some close to him to engage in productive discourse about his situation was disconcerting. On the other hand, those close to FM gave him love, nurturing, and every ounce of possible hope during the weeks prior to his suspension.

What he really wanted had he known he was going to be suspended remains an enigma. There is no question that hope is exceedingly beneficial to a person ill and awaiting a cure. Those in suspension are still waiting. The hope to see our suspended friends again lies on the foundation of action to provide the best possible entry into and re-entry from biostasis.

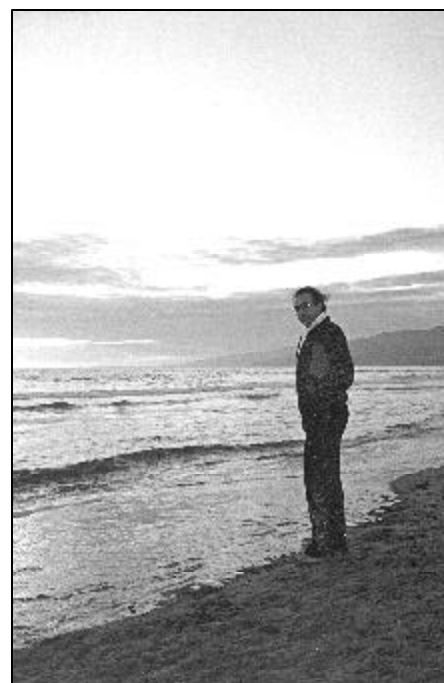
FM was my partner for many years and one of my dearest friends for many more. Rather than expressing or revealing the moments in our lives that brought us joy and fulfillment, I believe that he would probably want me to express it by simply appreciating a future of hope and momentous possibilities.

The photographs that accompany these articles on FM are from my private collection of pictures I had taken with FM at some of our many parties and on vacations. I hope that they give you a feeling for FM and his gracious depth and presence.

As the years passed, FM and I continued our friendship and we became colleagues. When I married Max, FM congratulated us with an enormous bottle of champagne and expressed his love for both of us. We three—FM, Max, and myself,

shared a common passion and vision about transhumanity. There was such a vibrant, healthy, intelligent and supportive camaraderie between us that I shall miss terribly.

There are many qualities that I admired in FM, but most of all, I think, it is his love of humanity and transhumanity that shall forever cause me to stop for a moment and appreciate the universe around me and feel charmed that I had spent much of it with him.



“Hope is the memory of the future.” FM-2030

* * * * *

On February 14, 2000, FM wrote the following and had it sent to me as an inclusion in my book about our culture.

I asked, “FM, what lies ahead?”
“These days I am at work on 2 sets of ideas.

“First, in the 1960s and 70s I attempted to develop and launch an overview of the social, educational, economic, and political infrastructures of the postindustrial world. I presented these agendas and models in books, in *New York Times* articles, and at seminars at the New School University and at UCLA. It turned out these efforts were premature. There was not yet a framework in which to file these new concepts.

“Today at the beginning of the 21st century these ideas are beginning to crystallize. If the nuclear family is in fact coming apart, what specifically is replacing it? What is replacing school-based education? What is replacing hospital-based medicine? What will eventually replace capitalism and socialism? What will take the place of elective government? Today more than ever people want hard answers to these pressing questions. I am offering a specific agenda for the postindustrial world that is this very day unfolding everywhere.

“Second, I am also at work developing a new set of ideas for the coming decades. Specifically who are transhumans? How do they differ from humans? When will we emerge as posthumans? Specifically how will posthumans be more advanced than humans?

“I expect to develop detailed profiles of transhumans and posthumans.” FM-2030

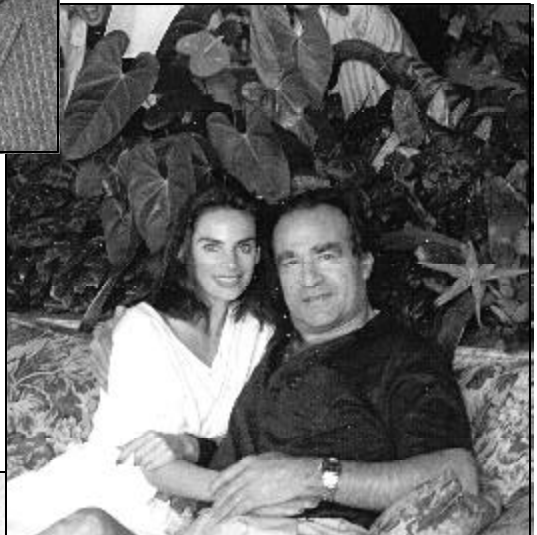
(FM-2030, p. 97, *Create/Recreate: The 3rd Millennial Culture*.)

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You can find FM on the Internet at:
<http://www.transhuman.org>
 or
<http://www.FM-2030.com>



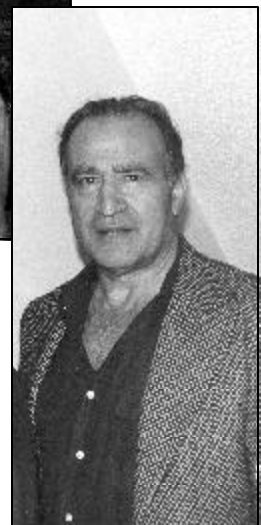
FM-2030 as a young man in his 20s



FM-2030 and Natasha



FM-2030 and Ira Sarnoff



FM-2030 in 1995