

TESTIMONY ON MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION IN HOLMESBURG PRISON
PRESENTED BY EDWARD ANTHONY
BEFORE THE PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE'S
SUBCOMMITTEE ON CRIMES AND CORRECTIONS

My name is Edward Anthony. My address is 401 West Walnut Lane House Apartments Apt. 327, Philadelphia, PA. I am 55 years old. I participated in University of Pennsylvania studies during 1964 -- 1966 at Holmesburg Prison. During the time I was in prison there I spent approximately the first 15 months in Holmesburg Prison. I went to the House of Corrections for the last 6 months.

When I was being checked in to the prison the first time I thought that it must have been a crazy place with guys trying to kill each other because everyone was walking around with bandages on their hands and body. Later I learned, from my cell-mates, that this was because of the medical tests. At night the University of Pennsylvania guys would come over and distribute pills. Another guy, an inmate, had a portfolio on all the tests and he would tell us about the tests that we could get involved in. My cell partner told the inmate to hook me up with something good. I was told that the tests were safe and that I could make some money. They were really selling the tests to us. I saw other guys on the tests and figured it was ok.

I read the consent form that the University of Pennsylvania people gave to us and it scared me. The form said that I couldn't hold University of Pennsylvania responsible for anything. I asked them, "What's up with this? Is this risky?" and the University of Pennsylvania person said, "Oh that's just a formality."

I did a patch study for Johnson and Johnson bubble bath for thirty dollars. My understanding was that they were going to see how irritated my skin would be. They sprayed something on my back to make the tape stick. Benzoate went into my blood stream. As soon as I returned back to my cell I fell on the floor and passed out. I complained for two or three weeks and a male nurse named Otto gave me Emprin for my pain. That didn't help, so I kept complaining and the University of Pennsylvania people gave me some pain relievers that were like morphine, which they got out of a safe. They then bathed my back with a vinegar-like substance and gave me calomine lotion.

After this first experiment I said that I wasn't going to do anymore experiments. They put me in the hole and I developed another infection. My family found out and then they started doing something about it.

In 1966 my rash started to reoccur. I went to PGH

(Philadelphia General Hospital) and they did a surface treatment -- a salve. I went to various hospitals and clinics too. I had an internal itch in my hands and the only way to make it feel better was to put my hands under scalding hot water. In prison I would take really hot showers because that was my only relief.

In 1969 I was in prison for 7 months at Lexington KY and my rash broke out again. They treated me there and operated on my feet. I also took pills. They had me soak my hands and feet everyday.

I went to PGH several times. The last time was in 1973 and I was hospitalized for three weeks. I had joined an Islamic mosque, came off the streets, and became a custodian at the mosque. One day my feet and hands had swollen over 3 times their normal size -- like boxing gloves -- and they smelled bad. The stuff had gone to my hands and feet because of gravity and because of my prayer ritual. At PGH the nurses cut off skin from my hands and feet. I was put on steroids, pain pills, valium, and they soaked my hands and feet three times a day in something that smelled like vinegar. The doctors there never gave a positive diagnosis; they didn't know what I had. In the laboratory they said I was a "gold mine" for research. They eventually operated on my hands and feet. My doctor there was

the head of dermatology.

I was also in a diet test for \$30.00 for the University of Pennsylvania. For this test I had to take 7 pills three times a day. After 21 days I suffered dehydration of the colon. I couldn't pass bowels. They gave me a laxative and I had piles that were indescribable. The University of Pennsylvania had no one there to treat me. They were supposed to take me to PGH, but I think they didn't want PGH people to see what they had done to me. One morning the institution doctor, Mr. Geizer, a ghoul, did an operation on me. They took me into the back of C-Block, the quarantine block, into a small room. Dr. Geizer used novocaine to numb the rectum, but three inmates had to hold me down while he cut and burned my hemorrhoids. Despite the novocaine, it was so painful that I hollered and passed out during the operation. The doctor left after the operation and didn't give me any care, or instructions for my care.

They left a drain in my rectum for three days that should have been taken out immediately. I went back to Dr. Geizer because I was in pain and he said, "No wonder -- he still has the cork in his ass." He pulled the cork out and I began to bleed. I was sent back to the housing area and it was 3 months before I could sit and eat with the other inmates.

Another test I participated in was the Army test in 1965 for \$75.00. We were paid for each injection they gave us and for each math problem we did. I was only in the primer test. This primer test was what they did to see which guys were going to be used for the real test. They gave me mathematical problems to do and then they injected me with something, but I don't know what that substance was. They told us to do the mathematical problems again, but I was spaced out and couldn't concentrate and couldn't do more than three problems.

Because I had reacted so badly to that first injection they didn't take me out to the trailers for the rest of the test. I just went back to my block. They sent me back to the block and for 3 or 4 months I was still spaced out. Who knows what could have happened if I hadn't had friends in the jail to watch out for me. Some of the guys who had done the test had to go to the mental ward in the hospital. I was a candidate for this, but because other inmates watched out for me I never got sent there.

There were three other studies I remember participating in. One involved sleeping pills and the other was a barbiturate test. And I also did a dye study where they shot dye into my veins. I was in a trailer and could taste butter in my mouth and they monitored my arms for one night. I don't know the long-term

effects of these three studies.

I had a flashback occurrence around 1969. I was sent to the psychiatrists, Dr. Guy and Dr. Case, in the House of Corrections. This was the first time I was treated for my mental troubles. I was diagnosed as having psychosis paranoia. They gave me medication and I also did therapy.

I was under pressure in that jail -- it was so corrupt. The experiments were a release from that tension. They were a way to get out to other blocks -- a social thing. I got money to get things from the commissary without dealing with the loan sharks. With the money I made in prison I bought letterhead so I could write to my family. I bought items from the commissary such as ice cream, chips, movie tickets, candy bars. Buying these things relieved the boredom of being in prison. I had other sources of income; every now and again I'd get a visit and someone would leave a few dollars. I also had a job. I worked in a knit shop and a tailor shop, but I got out of work to do the experiments. But I eventually had to terminate my job after my hemorrhoid operation and become a worker on the C-block.

When I had gotten out of jail I didn't know that there was anything I could do. Because I had signed that form I thought I had sold my rights away. I didn't know who could show me my

rights, or get a lawyer. I became suicidal. I thought there was no way of being helped. I didn't even believe there was a God. I promised that I would never let another doctor treat me. The University of Pennsylvania people had no compassion.

My body and my mind are deteriorating because of the aftereffects of the experiments I participated in. I had hemorrhoid problems, but was afraid to go to the doctor. I used to use preparation-H or Vaseline everyday to put the hemorrhoids back. I have developed arthritis. I still have gastrointestinal problems. I get migraine headaches about 2 times a week. I have seen a psychiatrist for the last 14 years at the Warny-Smith drug rehabilitation center. I take blood purifiers - Echinacea and red clover. Every day I take a laxative called tsyllium to have a stool -- this is because of my rectum operation. Last year Dr. Khabani operated on my foot because of the patch test. I go to doctors -- Dr. Strickland and Dr. Usef Khabani -- for my skin about two or three times a year. Recently I had an operation at Temple on my hemorrhoids because it had gotten like a tumor.

I feel used. My IQ is low and I was functionally illiterate at the time I took the experiments. When I got out of prison I couldn't be around my kids and family because I wasn't physically

and emotionally ok. I was an outcast. I've only recently been able to win back the respect of my family and earn the right to spend time with them. I looked awful and they didn't want me to even be in the house. I can't work. I can't ball up my fist. I'm permanently disabled. Some days I feel good, and the next day I feel bad. I'm mentally strained. Especially after I started working with Allen Hornblum I would cry -- and I didn't know why -- and I couldn't sleep. I've stopped working with him except for some things because of that.

I'd like to see follow-up treatment for the guys. I don't want anybody to go through this again. I want science to be used right. People should do experiments according to the Nuremberg rules. These experiments by the University of Pennsylvania are an example of injustice and iniquity.