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LOOK

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THIRTEEN STEPS

1. Admit the use of narcotics made my life seem more tolerable and the drugs had become an undesirable power over my life.
2. Come to realize that to face life without drugs I must develop an inner strength.
3. Make a decision to face the suffering of withdrawal.
4. Learn to accept my fears without drugs.
5. Find someone who has progressed this far and who is able to assist me.
6. Admit to him the nature and depth of my addiction
7. Realize the seriousness of my shortcomings as I know them and accept the responsibility of facing them.
8. Admit before a group of N.A., members these shortcomings and explain how I am trying to overcome them.
9. List for my own understanding all the persons I have hurt.
10. Take a daily inventory of my action and admit to myself those which are contrary to good conscience.
11. Realize that to maintain freedom from drugs I must share with others the experiences from which I have benefited.
12. Determine a purpose in life and try with all the spiritual and physical power within me towards its fulfillment.
13. GOD HELP ME!

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STATE PRISON OF SOUTHERN MICHIGAN
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The New Look is published as a mirror through which the factors relating to Narcotic Addiction can be seen and then discussed. Opinions expressed herein are the writers own, and do not necessarily represent the Officials of the prison or N.A., as a whole.

All letters to the Editor or other correspondence should be directed to Mr. Ex R. Barham, Special Activities, 4000 Cooper Street, Jackson, Michigan 49201.

WE WELCOME CONSTRUCTIVE COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS

F O R E W O R D

Our intent is not to editorialize, moralize or evangelize; to express our viewpoint is our objective. And in doing this we probably won't be rational all the time, but we shall try to be interesting most of the time. We have no recipes or panaceas for all the problems that narcotics cause, but if we prevent one person from using drugs or aid one person in stopping to use, then can we say in unison: "A job well done."

We have not been told what we cannot say; therefore, we shall use this freedom as a criterion for what we will say.

EDITOR

"Friendly Chat"

Several days ago, I had a conversation with a man who considered himself a confirmed addict This was the title he chose to use. This man told me that, in all probability he would be in and out of prison for the remainder of his life; that is, unless some system is developed whereby he can use drugs and remain in society as a productive citizen. Drugs it seemed, were his first love.

I listened attentively while he related his theories on drugs. He said drugs were balms to salve the subtle hurts which plagued him. He was very articulate, and his conversation was orderly and logical; indeed, I felt he had read considerably. After he told me that drugs were the cushions on which he laid his real emotional problems, I felt myself being drawn to him. I felt sympathy that I could ill afford, flowing out to him. As he continued his discourse which consisted mainly of the different kinds of drugs he had used, and he named each categorically; he came to the point where he considered all addicts were sick people who were beyond repair. Just for an aside, he threw in a great part of the remainder of mankind.

While momentarily thinking about what he had said, a small ray of thought struck me; and this idea caused me to question the validity of his premise. Thus, I asked him; "If addicts are sick people, in toto, as you claim, then why are they selected in choosing a particular kind of medicine to arrest their ailments?"

He mulled the matter over before saying, "I don't quite know why this is so . . . Maybe I'm not sure what you mean exactly; perhaps you will explain."

"First," I said, "we must distinguish what we consider the incurable addict from the curable. I think that when an addict takes anything and everything to reach a state of euphoria, the chances of total abstinence are slim, but if he is selective in what he uses, then drugs are merely another phase of life through which he passes on to something more challenging!"

"Very illuminating!" he exclaimed, your chip of a speculative gem reminds me of two great philosophers: One asked a question: 'What is beauty?' And the other, missing the pointed question, went on to elaborate on what is beautiful." He said, "I informed you that my opinion on addicts was that I consider them to be sick people; but you assured me that they aren't sick -- just sickly."

"Furthermore, you are trying to support your definition of an addict by saying to yourself, 'Some addicts are intelligent, I am an addict, therefore I'm intelligent'. This, to me, is oversimplification. You are what you are and nothing more."

While trying to keep pace with what he was saying, while organizing my rebuttal, I said to him, "It is quite odd that you would use the post hoc fallacy, when you know that each effect produces a cause out of which another effect is developed. You imply that I am seeking to make the curable addict intelligent or mature, because I want to be intelligent. You

You have sought a tangible cause for my concern, and naturally you seized the first thing that struck you, and you have used it to further your aim of self-delusion. Often the real cause of any event is less simple and less close to the surface. You have likened me to the fox in the fable who, after losing his tail, wanted his kinsmen to suffer the same fate, because they would then be on his level. On the contrary, I am a seeker who have lived in an equalitarian society which is oriented towards the concept of you do it for me; thus, self as such is beaten like millet, until its malleable enough to suit the needs of the total fellowship. Therefore, my friend, I don't want society to make it comfortable for me to use drugs, because it would be another device to whittle away a piece of my being. However, my position doesn't mean that you shouldn't be afforded the opportunity to use drugs in peace. But me. . . well, I am like Zoroaster when he asked in the Zend-Avesta: "Who holds the earth, and the sky above it? Who makes the waters and the trees of the fields? Who makes the winds and storms run quickly?" I am like Socrates when he stood before the world and asked: 'Why?'"

"I do not want to go through life like a trembling cloud driven by the wind. Occasionally, my friend, when in the fond embrace of Solitude I aspire after things which have eluded even the wisest of the wise---infinity."

He listened and I could tell that he was weighing what I had said-- he turned and spoke: "To quote Goethe, 'If you would step into the infinite, just go to the infinite's side'." "But on the other hand he continued, "as Browning wrote, 'There is no voice that whispers: 'All is well.''" You can't make this man weak and that man strong, nor this thing right and that thing wrong, for they are too transit; and life is too sad and brief. The moving finger writes and having writ moves on and the further one goes the less one knows. Therefore, it is said that reason aids all creatures, virtue feeds them, raises them, and protects them, but it is death that slays them."

Upon reflection, I find that much of what my friend said was true, but I still feel that there is a distinct difference between the men who use drugs to sustain themselves through life and the men who accepted the challenge as another facet of life; and it is the latter who will have a better chance of total abstinence, while the former will always settle for conditions as they are.

N.A. Member

December 1966
S. P. S. M.

"New Look" Group
Editorial Staff
S. P. S. M.

As a former user of narcotics, it is my pleasure to be able to thank you men of the Narcotics Anonymous "New Look" Editorial Staff for the fine job of putting out the New Look Magazine.

Realizing the problems you men face in supplying your readers with a enjoyable, and readable magazine, without adequate material, typewriters or outside help, other than the articles contributed to you men from the N.A. Group; I congratulate you for your time, effort, and work that you have put into making the "New Look" a magazine that can reach out with the "printed word" and bring to me, and your many readers as expressed in their many letters, a new way of looking at our addiction problems, and a chance of finding help that has not been forthcoming from "free world citizens and agencies" in our efforts to overcome our problems.

The help that you men have given to me via the "printed word" in your magazine has made me take more than one LOOK at my problem in my efforts to find happiness in life --- free of drugs.

You men deserve more commendation than this small letter of appreciation and, if in my capacity as Clerk of Special Activities, and through my attendance and participation in the Group, I can be of any help to you men, please feel free to call on me.

The "printed word" that you have given to me, I will carry to others. And our slogan, "One fix is too many and a thousand is not enough" will be a message I shall carry with me, and to others. in days to come as you brought it to me. In appreciation of a job well done, I remain,

Yours in N.A.
S/ CHARLES GATEWOOD

GUEST SPEAKER

Last week I had, for the first time in my life, the opportunity to speak to a group of men who were members of Narcotics Anonymous here at S.P.S.M. The things I learned and the things that I saw on the faces of those men I would like to relate to others who, like myself, had formed a negative attitude toward the users of narcotics. To show that these people aren't as they have been projected by the different books, and newspapers.

First, I would like to give these N.A. members the name "The Enlighten Ones" because the members of N.A. have been through the school of hard-knocks. These people have suffered the untold pain of rejection from life-long friends who have turned away; and from Mothers, Fathers and Brothers who have disowned them. These addicts are people who "just don't belong." But we can't forget that they are human beings, just like you and me. They are not things that you buy in a five and dime store nor are they something you want today and reject tomorrow. These people can't be just locked up and forgotten.

The men and women who are addicted to drugs know that with help they can overcome the problems which confront them. Even in the crime they committed they were asking for help.

What I saw on those faces was a sincere need for understanding of their problems. I saw among these men the working of Brotherhood in its true essence, for these men often turned and gave aid to each other when help was needed. Indeed, they are the "Enlighten Ones." They are men and women who have been down the road of darkness. They have faced this cold and inhuman society with courage; they have faced their stigma in this negative society. Also, I have seen on their faces the determination to face narcotics in the future without giving in so meekly to its influence. But in order to do so they need all the help they can get, for they cannot do the job of abstinence all alone. I feel that they will get the needed help because help always come to those who are sincere; and this help will come from those who have compassion in their hearts for their fellow men.

May God bless the men of the Narcotics Anonymous who are trying so hard to make the come-back, "out of the night unto the light of the day!" And the people who aid these lost souls will also find their light.

Milton Yates

"LOVE"

The cycle of life is three-hundred-sixty degrees; and since we feel the motivating factor in the essence of life is love, we think it would be philosophical to say that love runs in this same cycle: love for self, to love for others, back to love for self. We feel that love will find you if you manifest love.

The addict by living in his small world put up a defense against love to maintain his addiction. He conditions himself to be cunning, sly and devious, to maintain his addiction. So in his journey back to a normal life his fight is much harder than most people may believe. Even in his own mind he fails to realize that the giving and receiving of love are the main factors in determining whether or not he fails or succeeds on the long journey back to reality.

Open your minds and hearts and manifest love, and then love will in-turn find you worthy to embrace. Open your doors and love will find its way in, as it has found its way into our loves.

Love, like a stranger, far from home, one day found its way into our hearts; and on that day we and love became friends; we became one with each other. Oh! what a wonderful feeling it was that day when love walked into our lives with a bundle of happiness under each arm.

We, after much debate and rationalization, found that love is the dormant factor in most narcotic problems and it is our sincere effort to bring this word and its feeling into the light where we all can take a look at it. For after much research and personal introspection we found out that there are many segments of love, but we will put them under the headings of Comedy and Tragedy.

Although we feel that love has had a tragic beginning with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and with Osiris and Isis in Egypt, and with Krishna and Madha in India, we feel that it was the Greeks who made us conscious of the tragical aspects of love; for they gave love the name Aphrodite and made her into a goddess of eternal beauty. She was the goddess who permitted her little son to guile Paris into abducting the beautiful Helen of Troy; and it was she who caused Clytemestra to raise the heated hand of passion against Agamemnon; love, that tragic goddess made rose tinted tears flow from Oedipus' eyeless sockets over the tainted corpse of his mother, Jocasta.

Though the Greeks showed us the dramatic aspects of tragic love they failed to show the tragic mystery of compassionate love. We must turn to the Jews, for it was they who made us conscious of the compassionate aspects of love through their splendid stories. The compassionate love of Jesus for Judas and its consequence can never be paralleled. But love the "snare of nature's own" can best be understood by reading the works of Shakespeare. Shakespeare knew love! He showed his knowledge of tragic love in his "Rape of Lucrece," and the tragic love of power in his "Macbeth."

The knowers of tragic love shiver when they hear the cry, "yes, you shall be like a tinkling heard above a roar, like bells above a tambau-

rine. Your name is in my heart like the golden clapper of a bell; and I know no rest, Roxane. O, Roxane, always the heart is shaken and ever rings your name. "Roxane!" sung from the sweet lute of Cyrano.

Love? They knew love? No!

No man has known love unless he has been taken away from family and friends and confined by the distance of separation; no man has been awed by the slumbering pangs of time, until he has been left with the elusive tingling of lips just kissed, or until the suffocating remorse engulfs him within the perfume-laden fragrance which reminds him that the verdure of love lives long after love has gone.

No man has known the pangs of love until he has set his phantom child upon his knee, while explaining ribbon wrapped toys under the soul-starring Christmas tree. While sorrow's froth beat against the reef of his despair, the atmosphere is brought almost alive by the cries of his phantom daughter's cries: "Daddy!" "Daddy!" "Oh, daddy lift me too, and let me sing my song of Christmas to you." Indeed, no man has known love until he has been struck by the arrows of sun-light as it flashes brilliantly against his bowed head and catches the tear on his sleeve in a halo of light, after he realizes that day had begun and those he dearly loved had gone and reality had come.

Indeed, love is an intricate thing, and once you have drunk its elixir it's no longer love, because you have consumed that which has existed outside of self. And once you have this alien substance in your system it, like cancer, slowly begins to eat up your substance. To sustain its existence within your being you must be conscious enough to set aside an area for the invading substance to feed upon so that it won't consume you totally.

Love is what all men seek but few men find, a figment of the imagination. Love is like a dark and droll cave where a weary traveler stops to take refuge for only a moment. When we love we are only shouting out our hate, because to possess that which we lack, we must humble ourselves to get that which makes us whole.

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickly's compass come. . ."

"O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken. . ."

"But bears it out even to the edge of doom. . ."

The addict develops a strange sensual love and it's this love that engulfs him; and both he and his love end up in tragedy. Love to the addict is calculated sensuality of the voluptuary. The addict is lost to the shades and meanings, for they are insensitive to the subtleness of love.

If love had a voice we would hear such words as: "What is my joy if all hands, even the unclean, can reach into it?" "What is my wisdom if even the fools can dictate to me?" "What is my freedom, if all creatures,

even the botched and impotent, are my masters?" "What is my life, if I am but to bow, to agree and to obey?"

Now for the essence of love: love is velvety; it must be played soulful and funky, in order to bring hope to hurtful hearts, and hurtful hearts to those without hope. Love is delicate at birth; it becomes stronger with use. Feed it with the proper food and it will grow strong in time. A little fire languishes if it's not feed, and it will disappear beneath the grey ashes that accumulate upon it. But add sulphur, and low, fresh flames will leap and sparkle with new splendor.

Though it be glorious for the man of love to make conquests, it is still more glorious to retain them. The former is sometimes the work of chance, but the latter is always the work of skill. So that the giver will receive, a guarantee should be the specific conditional clause attached to the contract of love.

This world which has so much seems to be moving from the arms of love into the arms of hate; and love is becoming more and more dormant. But realizing that we cannot reach the whole let's concentrate on the few lost souls who need the warmth of love. The power of love if injected properly will raise even the dead.

Lovers turn from broken hearts where love never was; and in their search for love they turn to self pity and take refuge in delusion.

Fractured hearts turn from unpleasant surroundings while trying to find pleasant ones often never complete their trip before being engulfed in some tragedy. But there are hurts far greater than the hungry jaws of death; these hurts are the pangs of broken hearts.

We propose true love as the stabilizer for all mankind. But dear reader you will ask here what is true love. Love is a tear and a smile. One cannot love, and not bear the storm with the calm, for love is pain, but a sweet one. And if one cannot bear its pain, then they know not love. Love fulfills not your desire, but its own.

Even as the sun loves the flowers, it shines not for their sake alone. And like the rain when it falls, love quenches not only the lovers thirst. Should the flowers desire too much sun or rain, and flowers were their own masters, would not the flowers perish from too much of one or too much of the other? Even though the sun and rain give to those who are worthy, the sun and rain are their own masters. So it is with love, you are not its master, for if love finds you worthy it will find you and not you---love.

As the brilliant sunlight of reasoning kissed our understanding, it was like noon tide on a summer day, and we knew that it was not love that was lost, but we were. For we had drunk from fountains of polluted waters which were from the stagnant pools of our own understandings. We were the eve of our own loneliness, and the midnight darkness of our sorrows, lost like a ship on the sea--with pity as our mutinous crew.

But now love is our harbor light, and understanding is our sails.

Solicitude, then our constant companion departed from us---and took the mask of sorrow along---to find another port; another cast upon the stage of life's great stage. Joy, standing in the wings of our souls, watched the two, solicitude and sorrow, departed into the open arms of the past.

Theodore J.

THE ASHES OF LOVE

Transfixed the man sat watching an erratic flame
Playing artfully with Autumn painted leaves, naked
Twigs and broken branches that girded round a stolid
Limb as armament to shield it in the dramatic game.
Suddenly! the flame pounced upon a trembling branch
And set it aglow; still the hot flaming fiery lips
And blushing cheeks and tinted smiles couldn't reach
The innocent limb; so the flame hawked, breeze tip'd
Leaves which danced on their stems like sparkles in a gem.
The delicate leaves twisted and squirmed to gain surcease
From fiery nails, but to no avail---they got no peace;
From the conflict came eerie cries: crackling and grim;
As the leaves were engulfed by the hot pulsating rhythm
Of the fire, they emitted those cries, like suppres'd sighs,
Which showered the limb and set it accidentally afire.
The poor limb, burning in the middle, twained with a cry
Into spasms of defeat; ---the fire proved its heated might
As it blazed up in pride and lighted the calm of the night
With its hot gleaming smile of victorious delight.
Unconcerned by illuminating the passive night below,
The fire soared and set the man's face aglow;
Then the knitted irradiation soared up to the most high
As a sacrifice to the gods who sat sated in the sky,
Watching the ashes below---blown by the wind;
Now only aches remain where love's fire had been;
All's gone! Nothing is left 'cept love's ashy end!

"ELLIOTT G.

My name is Elliott G., my story is similar to many others who are also addicts. As an addict I would venture to guess that I have tried hundreds of ways of arresting my addiction. At the present time I am an inmate, imprisoned here in this penitentiary. I was sentenced to fifteen (15) to thirty (30) years in 1961 on a charge of armed robbery. I can best start my story at the age of 15 when I first saw my blood, mingling with the liquid of dissolved heroin in the glass barrel of a hypodermic needle. If only I had known what I was doing to myself! The needle which punctured my skin that day could easily be likened to a phonograph needle being placed in the first groove of a painfully discordant record, a record of horror and utter degradation.

A school drop-out at 15, I never got past the 8th grade. I had become addicted and left school. For the first year out of school, I stumbled aimlessly through life. I made an attempt to go into the U.S. Marine Corps by raising my age, but they found out. The Recruiting Officers told me to wait another year and perhaps I would be able to have my mother sign me in. This was what I wanted, anything to help me get away from the use of drugs.

My life for the next few months after the Corps had turned me down was spent on odd jobs in the neighborhood. The vice like setting became a part of my life. Although I was addicted, my family did not know I was. They were very good to me, and they were my bank. They owned the hotel, in which I lived, and the neighborhood store. Through the store and hotel, I could do favors off the books, and I met people from all walks of life. It was like having the key to the city to do with as I pleased. I was well liked in the neighborhood.

Soon after I turned 16, I met Philomean, my love, the woman who really gave my life a meaning. Philomean, was four years older than me, but I fell in love with her. The streets were the stages where our love played its many parts for all to see. When Philomean and I were together, people found us a good topic to discuss. Some said, "Oh how well they look together." Others said, "They cannot grow old together; therefore their love will fail!"

My family found out that I was using drugs. I was hurt and very ashamed of this, so rather than to face up to my problems with my family and get help, I left home putting the ice on them because of their dislike for Philomean. She was not the best woman in the world but Philomean was mine! I loved her and that made her the best for me in the world.

Philomean and I lived in a rather classy apartment near one of the Red Light Areas of Chicago's south east side. It did not take long to

become well known there in the red light area, with a woman like Philomean. She knew all the pass-words to get us through the doors of dope houses, but the answers to quit using drugs eluded her. We used more and more drugs day by day and this called for more money. After going hustling with older guys, I soon became a Boss Shot Artist (pick-pocket), but like using drugs; however I knew I had to have them because without them I would get sick or perhaps I would die.

I had a few run-ins with the police while hustling, but because of my age, I had two cases dismissed in Court. The police now had a make on me for hustling. On my next police pick-up, I was not so lucky. I was committed to the Illinois State Training School for Boys. After a month or so at the school under the care of a doctor, I was soon feeling fine, like myself again. My mother was up to visit me every Sunday. I worked out a way for Philomean to visit as my sister. She never did visit me!! I did not even hear from Philomean, after trying in vain to get in touch with her. She got my mail because it never returned to me. After six months, I was made eligible to go home under my mother's supervision for a year. My mother came and got me and the feeling of going home was lovely. It was even more delightful to be back home with my younger brother and sister.

It was a week before I went out anywhere, but when I did go out and down to the Red Light Area. I met one of Philomean's girl friends who told me that Philomean had taken an over-dose of heroin just weeks after the news was out that I would be coming home. I didn't want to believe this. Not of my love the only woman I loved. It was the truth and to me a hurting and painful truth. I felt like I had been left in the world alone, and thought, if I had been at home with Philomean, she would still be living.

Philomean had two girls that lived with her mother, which we never kept because of the things we were doing. I love them very much and have visited them numbers of times through the years. I love the kids and think of them as mine.

I worked on a job until I turned 19, then I quit and left Chicago for Minnesota. I was clean (meaning I had not laid my hands on any type of drugs.) After a few months there in St. Paul, Minnesota, through a little influence, I was right back in the vice settings, but this time on a higher level. I was pushing drugs and thought I had a right to use. After a few months of this, I was hooked, (I had a habit.) Things got hot there in St. Paul and the police seem to be always down my neck for I was not within the law. I left for Washington, by way of Canada.

In Washington, I got in the vice setting so I could keep up my drug habit. I knew this was not hep at all, but I was not able to control my want of drugs. I thought to myself, "This has to stop, if I am ever going to make something of myself other than a dope head." My family sent me some money, and I went to Lex. (Service Hospital for Addicts) at Lexington, Kentucky for a cure. I was there for four months and 18 days.

When I left Lexington, I felt in my mind and heart that I was never again going to use. Back in Chicago however, jobs were hard to find. I had been home almost three months and no luck in finding myself a job. The notes on my car were overdue and my rent was behind. Now I was suffering from hunger and humiliation. Because of an empty stomach, I got myself a gun, not to blow my brains out, but to make ends meet by robbery. This was a deadly game and I knew armed robbery would get me life or maybe the chair if I made any mistakes. I made the mistake!

I came to Michigan, in 1954 and on the very first robbery the police caught me. I was committed to prison and after doing two years and three months I made a parole to Chicago. I was in violation of my parole the first day out of prison. I forgot I even had a parole and did not report in. For the next 15 months I lived. I got myself one of those big lovely cars. This dream apartment that I had so long dreamed of. Yes friends, I was enjoying the fruits of the fields and the wine of the vineyards. A life of luxury that was all too soon to fall into the hands of the law.

It was October 1958, a very clear day, my buddy and I had just robbed a place for a large sum of money and while trying to get away we were noticed by a Police Officer who knew I was wanted for armed robbery. There was a gun fight, in which my buddy was shot down in the streets. Two police officers had got shot, and somehow I got away, but not for long. I had been shot in my hip and, every hospital in the city knew my face. I made an attempt to leave the city by air, but when I got to the air port, the police force was there to welcome me and help me from the car. The two officers that got shot lived (thank God). I was given a year and a five thousand dollar fine in the Cook County Jail maybe, because my lawyer had been well paid. However, I was lucky, so the people said. I did the year and my fine was paid. I was returned to Michigan. I was turned on by the Parole People here to 18 months, but in 9 months I was eligible for a Special Parole. And I was given a parole. But I had to do my parole in Michigan. I was only out on parole 90 days before I was back to prison, not only for parole violation, but also with a new sentence of 15 to 30 years for armed robbery.

The first year or so here during this time I felt alone and out of

place. This was not an unusual feeling for me. I felt alone and out of place most of my life. Even when at one of those hip settings with my so-called buddies, I had not felt that I belonged. My first two years here were not too different than the rest of my life. I had been in the Hole for making phony show tickets and numbers of times for getting high on homemade drinks and inhaling deadly gases.

I was advised that the N. A. program might be able to help me help myself. So wanting help, I attended my first meeting four years ago. This first meeting did not make a very good impression on me, as the same old feeling of not belonging was there! Also I could not admit even to myself that I was actually an addict. I did promise myself to go back to the next meeting though, and make a genuine attempt to get into the spirit of things. As I have mentioned before, I did not believe myself to be an addict, but I did have sense enough to know that I had a problem in life.

I will never regret going to that second meeting. I found that there was really a place for me in the New Look Group, if I genuinely wanted to quit using drugs; though I believed, at that time, that the only requirement was the will-power to say "No!" And my life would suddenly change.

In the third year, the realization started seeping in that most of my problems could be traced directly to drugs, and that there were defects in my personality that made me turn to drugs for relief.

The first big change occurred when we had our Christmas party last year. I was asked to be one of the speakers, and likely the shakiest of the group. How I made it up to the platform, what I said there, and why I didn't pass out mid-way is a mystery to me. As I walked back to my seat after my talk, I looked at the Chairman's table, where our Secretary gave me a nod, as if to say, "well done!" It was then that I truly realized what should have been clear all along -- that I really belonged in this group.

That was the first time, as long as I can remember, that I had done something that I could be proud of. It wasn't that the speech was anything special to be raved about as a golden flow of words, but it had my heart in it. To another person a speech might be a very simple thing, but to me it was the biggest accomplishment of my life.

Since accepting the New Look Group's way of life, I find that the mistakes I made do not bother me as they used to. I stopped worrying over them as I used to, and now I simply attempt to avoid making them a second time. I realize I have a long way to go before my commitments to

self is realized, but I now feel as though I have the necessary will power to fulfill my intentions. And if this testimony prove to be helpful to anyone who reads it, then I know that all my efforts will not be in vain; for it has been the very same type help that I have got from others that I am now trying to give. Indeed, N. A. is an investment from which we get return dividends to invest in others.

Elliott G.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculty! in form and moving how expressed and admirable! in action, how like an angel!
in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world!
the paragon of animals!"

-Hamlet, Act 11, Scene 2-

INTROSPECTION

The story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, I can truly say was the story of my life, when I was addicted to drugs. I relate this error of judgment to my two selves. The self image I projected when I was addicted to drugs, and the person I, in fact, am now that I have quit using are two distinct persons.

I have found that if a person is to find sure freedom from drugs, or addiction, he must yield himself to the birth of his true personality and to the strong desire to accomplish the goals of that personality. But the seeming self was so familiar a companion to me that it was not easily dropped, nor was it any use to tell me that this superficial self has no legitimate place within me. Like plastic cast, the false image had to be cut away, the monkey had to be pulled off my back. But this is a process that involves detachment, pain, and some indignity.

When drugs dominate our lives, we blame little faults on others so that we don't feel any guilt. However, when others do us the same wrong we say that they should have known better. We selfishly push others aside and call it getting our just desserts. We resent the successful person and call ourselves the "defenders of the downtrodden." We disguise our psychological reluctance to get ahead by saying we never had a chance, which gives us more reason to lean on the crutch of drugs. We nurse our troubles so much that we forget to see the beauty in others. When drugs become supreme these are the temptations to which we all are prone.

Those who glorify drugs permit their seeming selves to develop a vicarious interest in solving phantom problems, which do not concern them, as a substitute for tackling their own problems. The reason for this is that they have never practiced introspection. Drugs or the seeming selves have obscured their "I-am-ness"; and these obscurities have drowned out their true personalities.

The judgment of our friends is a self-revelation and, therefore a judgment on ourselves. The very touchiness and sensitivity of drug addicts, about themselves, and the violent way they react to criticism, is an indication of how much they protect their superficial selves. Further, their sensitivities show how little courage they have in daring to let their real selves stand the light of day like seeds risen to the glow of the sun. Because the habit and the real self are related as the pod is to the seed; it follows that the real self is not revealed unless the habit is kicked. Man, like the apple, does not become a tree until the outer covering of the pulp is shed and the seed is set free to grow.

Those who constantly disguise their true selves behind drugs not only reveal themselves to their friends at moments of stress as totally different personalities, but they have within themselves a bare minimum of the true self consciousness which is necessary for life.

I will sum up this self-induced introspection by asking you to take heed to my words, not because they are wise, but because they are my

personal experiences. I have learned by the mistakes I have made while I used drugs; therefore, friends, I am putting this picture before you with the hope that you may possibly gain from my mistakes; or at the very least, it will, I hope, make you think about your problems whether they deal with drugs or life as a whole.

Floyd H.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow! And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow: You are not wrong, who deem that my
Days have been a dream; yet if Hope has flown away in a
Night, or in a day, in a vision, or in none, is it therefore
The less gone? All that we see or seem is but a dream within
A dream.

I stand amid the roar of a surf-tormented shore, and I hold
Within my hand grains of the golden sand: How few! yet how
They creep through my fingers to the deep, while I weep,---
While I weep! Oh, God! can I not save one from the pitiless
Wave? Is all that we see or seem but a dream within a dream?

-EDGAR ALLAN POE-

DO WE REALLY CARE?

Do we really care?

Every time we pick up the evening paper we read about how bad our youths are. We hear it on the radio and watch it on television. We never hear or read about the ones who have been good. This leads others to believe that to get recognition is to do something against accepted standards. Everyone wants to be noticed, especially the young. They want to be praised for what they do; listened to; and talked to on their level! How many of us will sit and talk to them on their level, or to want them to tell us their problems and how they feel about them and our way rather than theirs? Try sometime to express your feelings in a foreign language that you don't understand and you might get an idea of how we frustrate youth.

Look around you! Don't you wonder why the young people seem to do many things that you didn't do in your youth? Why? I remember when I was a child, the people that made good came back to help others. Joe Louis, he had a club for youths. We read a great deal about other champions and greats or near greats. Now there is very little on the front pages about them. Our singers, actors, and sportsmen don't come back to their old neighborhood any more. They only make the front pages when they do something wrong. What little we do read seems to praise them for how badly they dress or how bad their tempers are. What's wrong with their everyday lives? As we look around our streets, the well dressed men are the dope peddlers, the numbers men, and the pimps. The big cars and the best dressed young girls are theirs. When I say young girls, I mean just that! They are anywhere from 15 to 25. Mostly when they reach twenty-three and up, they are too old for the big men. In fact, they are too old for anything! Our youths see the same thing that we do, so what do we expect of them? Here are young people that wish to be somebody, someone who is talked about....someone BIG! The only ones they see are the hustlers. So now there big ambition is to be like the man on the corner; to be pimps, harlots, pushers, and numbers men.

The boys get chose and the girls chooses. Once the boys find that it takes a great deal to make a big man in the life he has choosen and a great deal of money to keep up appearances; he will steal, or do anything, or try any means in which he may obtain the needed monies. Soon he will begin to drink to forget he isn't a big man. Even if he is considered a big man, there is an emptiness about the whole thing, and he will start to drink. From here it is only a short step to drugs and addiction. The girl differs little, she starts with one man and finds that the love and life she was looking for isn't there. The only thing she finds is the drive for money and more money and gets beat when she does not bring it in. She is no longer a person, sho is an animal, a machine, a harlot. She goes from pimp to pimp, looking for love and affection but she will find none. If she is strong, she waits until she is about

twenty to start drinking; and about twenty-one or twenty-two before she starts with drugs. Others start much earlier. Although there are some who don't go into this because of the mentality, they are not affected by this emptiness that they find. I am wondering how much we really care? Do we care enough to educate our children to the seamy side of life? Do we care enough to change their image of a big man, and teach them what is really greatness? Do we care enough to give up our time in learning about our children's world and teach them ours? Not the world that we would like them to believe it is, but the world as it really is! Do we care enough to have our news media publicize the good that our younger people do? Also that their idols do, instead of all the wrong? This may stop some of the ones that drift into a life of drugs, crime, and prostitution....that is, if we really care!!!

Jimmy J----

AN ADDICT REASONING

Narcotics Anonymous is a group of people for whom narcotics have become a major problem and who have banded together in a sincere effort to help themselves and other users to recover their health and maintain their sanity. We of Narcotics Anonymous believe that the addicts suffer from a disease for which no cure has been found. Although some might disagree with me on the subject of whether there is a cure or not. I believe that if any cure should become evident, it will have to begin within the individual through discipline and self-assurance. Substitute drugs which the addict comes in contact with will only relieve him, but they will never cure him. Because of the substitutes which relieve the pain, the addict thinks that there is no permanent cure, therefore, he goes from one to another while not realizing that nothing except his inner strength will enable him to eliminate drugs from his life.

Drugs are many and varied: pills, P.G., morphine, heroin, etc, and all of them are forms used to escape the realities of life. We of N.A. think of an addict's life as unmanageable and destructive to a certain degree.

We believe that the addict can make certain decisions. Therefore he does have a certain amount of sanity, although the sanity that he has is usually channeled in the wrong direction. The addict's life is like a vortex, and will lead him to his own destruction.

We of N.A. believe that a friendly interest in a member, shown by the group, and by outside sources, is a tremendous asset to the addict in his world of addiction. Addicts can be helped if they learn to have friendly concern for others, love for others; and these qualities will teach them how to communicate with other people. The addict speaks a different language and the only people who understand him are people who live in the same environment with him. And whenever he leaves the familiar environment, he loses the ability to communicate with men and women who have different speech patterns than those he is familiar with. Many addicts feel that they will be rejected by others if they attempt to communicate with them, because they have cut themselves off from people and can't find a way to overcome their own rejection of others. Courage, dynamic enthusiasm, honesty, purity, fairness, self-discipline and love all play a part in most people's lives. The addict has all, or most, of these qualities but his use of drugs seemingly controls these qualities and the addict, under the influence of drugs, becomes a different personality.

To me, the addiction world is a lonely, deceitful, sickly environment which is made up of people who refuse to look at themselves objectively. They have become so engrossed with themselves, that their de-

sire for drugs and the fear of the sickness that will result without them, that they refuse to look out at the world--but in at themselves without any regards for others or their rights. Everything stops! Only they are real and the rest of humanity is insignificant. When an addict has reached this stage his only desire is to get some money to buy more drugs to support his habit. Once he has his drugs he undergoes a personality change to the degree that he seeks STATUS among those he associate with. He wants the fine clothes and the big car, he wants the women in this environment to desire him and look up to him because he feels like a big man and wants everyone to think he is a big man. To him the fine car, his money and his lady friends are his big goal in life and, having these things; he is only utilizing his body---not his mind, because if he did use his mind he would no doubt rechannel his thoughts into a more concrete direction. If he were to rechannel his drive for drugs into the obtaining of the more socially accepted "material things of life" such as a home, a wife and kids, perhaps a small business establishment, obtaining a better education, getting a bank account, and becoming a stable and socially accepted citizen of the community, etc., there is no telling what heights he could reach in life.

The kind of help the addicts need is enthusiasm and courage, because facing life takes courage. Further, he needs to have honesty, so that people will trust and have faith in him, purity--freedom from errors and corruption--and self-discipline to control himself. If he wants to acquire his goal and perpetuate his qualities, he must refuse to take drugs in any form. Thru N.A. and counseling sessions an addict can be made aware of the road of reasoning. I am writing this because I have had, thru counseling and N.A. the help and understanding that an addict needs. But listening to our N.A. testimony has been the greatest help to me; for they have given me the courage to face my biggest problem--Drugs. A person who wants help must be willing to help and try to understand his problem, because if he doesn't try to help himself, he can't be helped. Therefore, before a person start for a certain objective, the logical thing to do is to ascertain whether or not it's possible for him to reach it. It is sad but true that many of you will simply not know what I mean, but I hope for a miracle to happen for the people to produce the power to help themselves. So go to work on these qualities. Anticipate and study the articles in this magazine. Prepare, NOW, to be a human being.

Harold G.

MEMBERS' COMMENTS

Although most people say they never take anything without knowing the effect it will cause them. But can we say truthfully that we follow this principle of investigating everything we take before we take it? Of course not!

I was recently hospitalized because I took something which I believed to be harmless; fortunately, I am alive and able to write this brief article, and I hope you will have the wisdom to do contrary to what I did. The stimulus I took was suppose to make me relax and help me to sleep. I never dreamed that such a seemingly harmless pill would cause a turmoil, and such a nightmare.

I have made my New Year's resolution, and drugs are the determining factors in it: "Never will I inject or take drugs of any kind without being told to do so by a doctor. Why? Because the former has been the cause of much pain and strain than was necessary; and the latter, because I feel that by taking medicine under the directions of a doctor I will have more safety on my side. Therefore, dear reader, if you love life don't take anything unless ordered to do so by a doctor, or you may be drug poisoning next victume.

Douglas L. S

"WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME"

Christmas means happiness, and a feeling of direct communication with one's God. At this holy time of the year, when everyone and everything is vibrating with the very essence of oneness. The peace and serenity that descends upon the hearts and minds of all creation are in tune with the universe. The oneness of the tiny blade of blue, green grass to the vast magnitude of the universe can be seen and felt by all. This oneness comes out in all forms. With some, it's the singing of carols, with others it is the exchanging of gifts.

Often it's just the look of tenderness in the eye when one says: "Merry Christmas to a love one." This also brings to mind if we as mere mortals can detect this joyous state of consciousness; call it what you may, mood climate, or season.

Can not the blade of grass or the constellations of the heavens feel this very holy presence?

Oh, drink of this cup, which is held before you now, and rejoice for you are blessed to know that once you were on all fours--as a child; and later, as a growing adults we become bipeds; and finally, in the prime of life, we walk with the help of a cane.

"EXCERPTS"

"It makes my troubles roll off my mind."

"I do not have a care in the world."

"You have a contented feeling and nothing worries you."

"It makes you drowsy and feel normal."

Those who imagine that addiction to heroin or morphine is a short cut to the grave and that, if it does not lead to premature death, it certainly brings about moral and intellectual ruin, may find some of Dr. Lawrence Kolb's conclusions rather enlightening.

"That individuals may take morphine or some other opiate for 20 years or more without showing intellectual or moral deterioration is a common experience of every physician who has studied the subject. . . . We think it must be accepted that a man is mentally and morally normal who graduates in medicine, marries and raises a family of useful children, practices medicine for 30 or 40 years, never becomes involved in questionable transactions, takes a part in the affairs of the community, and is looked upon as one of its leading citizens. The same applies to a lawyer who worked himself up from a poor boy to one of the leading attorneys in his country, who become addicted to morphine following a severe abdominal disease with recurrence, and two operations and who continued to practice his profession with undiminished vigor in spite of his physical malady and the addiction.

Such cases as are cited above, and they are not uncommon, have taken as much as 15 grains of morphine daily for years without losing one day's work because of the morphine. Such addicts, however, are under the necessity of concealing a practice which is disapproved by the public and proscribed by law. To this demoralizing situation is added the shame most of them feel at finding themselves slaves to a habit from which they would like to be free. This combination of furtive concealment and shameful regret cannot help but bring about some change for the worse in any personality, but the change produced in mature individuals is usually so slight that it cannot be demonstrated or cannot be classed as "moral deterioration."

These quotations should not be interpreted as meaning that either Dr. Kold or any other responsible physician approves of opiate addiction. Addiction of any kind is undesirable, whether to alcohol, morphine, heroin, benzedrine, or barbiturates. But the concept of what opiate addiction actually involves has become very gravely distorted in the public mind and the above statements by an experienced physician, whose knowledge of this subject is unexcelled, should help to bring the problem into the correct perspective. The narcotics addict is not a criminal, though the criminal may become a narcotics addict. Herion and morphine do not necessarily destroy life or impair intellect. They do reduce am-

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bition, reduce sexual desire almost to the vanishing point, produce a feeling of lethargy and encourage idleness. Above all they enslave, and the slavery they impose is absolute. No tyrant, ancient or modern, exerts a more absolute control over his subjects than do herion and morphine over the individual addicted to these drugs. Over the heads of all addicts these drugs hold the threat of torture and misery if they ever dare to attempt to shed their fetters. Few, for this reason, ever make the attempt, and the threat of this torture fills the life of the addict with fear, compelling him, whether he wishes to do so or not, to associate with criminals and commit crimes himself in his ceaseless quest for drugs which he cannot get legally, and cannot do without.

People become addicted to opiates for a variety of reasons. Association with addicts in the slum areas of the great cities is the commonest cause of addiction among adolescents, a growing problem in the United States. The youth or girl who encounters such addicts is commonly offered the drug free and exposed to the scorn of his companions if he refuses to try it. One injection of course does not make an addict. The state of physical dependence is the result of frequent injections, but soon the habit of "joy popping" leads to addiction and the young person is "hooked," as the saying is. It is to stop this kind of spread of addiction that such savage punishments are now incorporated into the United States legislation, threatening one who illegally provides a monor with herion with twenty years imprisonment or death.

Addiction, however, may also take place in perfectly normal people as a result of some painful illness or accident for which opiates had to be used to give relief from suffering.

An enormous amount has been written about the war on opiate addiction, in fact the subject commands an interest out of all proportion to its social importance. To judge by statements one sometimes sees in the press, one might suppose that the whole country was on the verge of being engulfed in a cloud of heroin, specially manufactured by those dreadful Communists in China. One might think that "dope fiends" wandered into American cities by the million and that the very Constitution of the United States was on the point of being undermined by these heroin-crazed addicts. Actually the problem is a minor one. Dr. Harris Isbell, director of the Addiction Research Center at Lexington, is certainly well qualified to speak on this subject. "Opiate addiction," he states, "is a relatively small problem in the United States as compared with tuberculosis, alcoholism and schizophrenia." The number of addicts has declined from between 100,000 and 150,000, which was the figure in 1924, to something in the order of 60,000 at the present time. These 60,000 addicts are concentrated in the slum areas of a few large cities.

So much for the "menace." Like the "marihuana bugaboo," the problem

of heroin addiction has been blown up into a monster of terrifying proportions. This is largely the work of sensation-mongers who insist on speaking of "dope fiends" as if heroin addicts developed horns and tails and went around spearing their fellow men with redhot pitchforks. The concept is picturesque but not accurate. One can scarcely imagine any character less suited to the role of fiend than the addict. Timid, insecure, psychologically inadequate, plagued by inward conflicts and tensions which he cannot resolve, the addict is a sick being who has sought to smother his problems in heroin, just as the alcoholic has sought to drown his in liquor. The one is no more of a fiend than the other, yet for some strange reason contemporary American society insists on treating one as a criminal and the other as a sick man. This is an injustice. Both are equally sick and the alcoholic, because the drug affects his co-ordination and his ability to work, is actually more of a danger to society than the opiate addict. If one is a criminal so is the other. If we are going to jail one we should jail the other. This is quite a large order. With alcoholics running at a figure around 4,000,000, the jails would be kept pretty full.

Just why the alcoholic is tolerated as a sick man while the opiate addict is persecuted as a criminal is hard to understand. There is, in the present attitude of society in the United States toward opiate addicts, much the same hysteria, superstition, and plain cruelty as characterized the attitude of our forefathers toward witches. Legislation reflects this cruelty and superstition. Prison sentences up to 40 years are now being imposed and the death sentence has been introduced. Perhaps one should feel thankful that the legislators have not yet reached the point of burning addicts alive.

The laws now in force more or less compel the addict to take to crime because they regard him as a criminal. If he has the drug in his possession he is automatically guilty. No provision has been made for the treatment of incurable addicts. Their physicians may not treat them. The clinics once established to provide legal medication were long ago closed by the Narcotics Bureau. So they go in and out of jail with monotonous regularity. In this process the addict becomes thoroughly indoctrinated in crime, the criminal receives an education in where to obtain narcotics and how to use them. Society gets the worst of both worlds, for the addicts become criminals and the criminals become addicts.

All the billions our society has spent enforcing criminal measures against the addict have had the sole practical result of protecting the peddler's market, artificially inflating his prices and keeping his profits fantastically high. No other nation hounds its addicts as we do and no other nation faces anything remotely resembling our problem.

And the solution? It seems simple enough if society and the legislators will stop confusing sickness with sin and creating crime where crime does not exist. "There should be a change in attitude towards the addict," states the Academy of Medicine report.

He is a sick person, not a criminal. That he may commit criminal acts to maintain his drug supply is recognized, but it is unjust to consider him criminal simply because he used narcotic drugs. . . . The addict should be able to obtain his drugs at low cost under Federal control, in conjunction with efforts to have him undergo withdrawal. Under this plan these addicts, as sick persons, would apply for medical care and supervision. Criminal acts would no longer be necessary in order to obtain a supply of the drugs and there would be no incentive to create new addicts. Agents and black markets would disappear from lack of patronage. Since about eighty-five percent of the "pushers" on the streets are said to be addicts, they would be glad to forgo this dangerous occupation if they were furnished substantially their drugs. . . . By a change in social attitude which would regard them as sick persons, and by relieving them of the economic oppression of attempting to obtain their supply of the drug at an exorbitant price, it will be possible to reach existing addicts in an orderly and dignified way, not as probationed persons or sentenced criminals. They would come under supervision in the interest of health, not because of entanglement with the law. Thereafter, on a larger scale and in a humanitarian atmosphere, there would be an opportunity to apply persuasion to undergo rehabilitation. It is reasonable to expect that more might accept the opportunity.

Some of the above statements were taken from "DRUGS AND THE MIND," by Robert S. de Ropp. I hope this will lead to your reading the book in its entirety.

Jimmy J.

N.A. PRAYER

GOD

GRANT ME THE

SERENITY TO ACCEPT THE

THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE, COUR-

AGE TO CHANGE THINGS I

CAN, AND WISDOM, TO

KNOW THE

DIFFERENCE.

ONE FIX IS TOO MANY

AND A THOUSAND IS

NOT ENOUGH !