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NEW LOOK



JULY SEPT.

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!

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

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor: So you think that an ex-addict can go to the moon?

ED. Certainly! Take one step off "Cloud Nine" turn right--presto you are there.

Dear Editor: I think your magazine stunk. (sic) Why doncha (sic) you have some have some cartunes (sic) in it?

ED. In this issue will be found a cartoon. No pun was intended by the above insertations; they were placed there to show that your well written letter is a true copy.

Dear Editor: Where do you find ~~the~~ product "Utter Confusion?"

ED. All around you!

Dear Editor: What does the eye and flower on your cover symbolize?

ED. A New Look at the possibility of bloom and growth.

Dear Editor: You imply that the job of rehabilitation of the addict is society's responsibility, but the way I see it, you men must take the first step and then, you must make it known that you are looking for help.

ED. We didn't mean to imply anything of the sort because we know that we must have rapport with Society.

Dear Editor: We think your magazine was well developed, but not quite extensive enough.

Dear Editor: Why do you and your staff hide behind such big words? For instance, you call criminals and other irresponsible people hustlers and players. Why don't you call a spade a spade?

ED. A spade is a spade!

Dear Editor: I have never heard the Extremes sing. Where can I get their records?

ED. They haven't cut any records yet, but everyone sings the songs made famous by the Extremes.

Dear Editor: I believe that your magazine indicates that you and your staff are heading towards the right direction.

Dear Editor: Do you follow the philosophy of Synanon?

ED. We believe in their status-oriented rewards theory. Also we believe that they are right about the red tape of psycho-medico jargon.

We received none of the above letters; they were the products of our imagination. However, we did receive several letters which told us we are on the right path.

Editor and Staff

ONE'S SELF

In all the world there is only one fellow who **can** hurt you. Only one fellow who can kick down the future you have planned, who can trample under foot the foundations of happiness you have laid.

There is only one fellow who can waste today for you---who can handicap you for the big things you are going to do tomorrow. Only one fellow can break your nerve or crumble your hopes---who can destroy your love and cripple your faith.

And you know who he is! You may kid yourself---sometimes make believe you think it is somebody else---but you know!

The only person in all the world who can help you or harm you is you yourself. By your hands alone can be molded your future---in your heart and in your brain alone lies the answer to every problem you will ever face.

No man can hurt you from the outside---he must do it from the inside. For you must do it yourself---he can't. His meanness and smallness and disloyalty fall like broken arrows from your armour---if you don't permit him to make you hurt yourself.

The greatest harm a man can do is to make you hate him, make you harm him; for, in trying to harm him, you harm yourself doubly. No man was ever broken by treachery, by ingratitude, by unfairness---only by the bitterness that they sowed in his heart.

Within yourself lies the answer to your future. Nothing can hurt you that you do not take into your heart and nurse. And nothing can help you that you do not take unto yourself and make a part of you.

So don't let anything get your goat! A sneer in your heart is more dangerous than a bullet in your back. The other fellow can't hurt you---only you can hurt yourself!

-N. A. MEMBER-

CONTENTS: YOU MIGHT SAY

Having to read all the copy before it can be verified and printed is quite a job, but a job worthy of the effort. Since my writing capability is not comparable with my astute staff's, I am forced to use their materials to further my own end. Therefore, let me introduce these men to you along with my evaluation and interpretation of what they have written; and perhaps, you the reader will better appreciate their poems, articles, etc., if you are made to see these men as individuals with variations of capacities and abilities.

First there is Harold G., the author of the "The Druglords," who not only writes, but he is also an integral part of the many self-help programs here. Further, he is a magnificent athlete whose abilities went untapped when he was a free man. Mind you now, all of his involvement takes place during his leisure time. After proof reading his "The Druglords," a re-reading was imperative. It is quite unusual for a confessed addict to take the stand that he does in his article; however, it is only those who have latent citizenship qualities who stand out in any struggle.

Then comes Jimmy J., whose creative ability is shown in "The Game"--another of the interesting articles in this issue. After reading his article the impact of its projection was not surprising; on the contrary, we knew when he joined the staff we could expect many unique contributions. Having known this man for many years, he did nothing less than what we expected. Being a co-worker of his in the Academic School, we have had every opportunity to observe his many capabilities; writer--disc jockey, clerk, etc. His deeds are many. In the final sentence of his article, "The Game," he says, "My first lady--society--destroyed me, but in doing so she destroyed a little bit of herself." Perhaps she did!

Another member of the New Look staff is Theodore J., the very incisive author of "It Is Our Belief" which too is found in this issue. Since we feel that any words of admiration for him would be merely understatement, we are compelled to ask ourselves, what can we say--by saying that he helped us greatly with the first issue of the magazine? by saying that he too is a part of the many programs here? by saying that he has stood alone, from us who were unable to quit, on the summit and said to drugs: "I blow you to the wind!"--still we will not have said enough; therefore, we will only say: "To the future!"

The fourth member of this team is Elliot G., the author of "How It Begins and How It Ends!" This man is truly a person who can wear the term "indispensable" with pride because he serves a triple capacity: member of N.A.; Correspondence Secretary; and member of the Editorial-

Staff. After reading Elliot's article several times, we noticed that he introduced a novel approach of presentation; he also expressed some thought-provoking ideas with his unique method. He spent many hours arranging, re-arranging his materials so that the reader could better understand what he was saying. We feel confident when we say that he will "never lie flat on his face, in the dust from which he came."

As an added attraction we have a poem which was contributed by Norman P. This poem is called "My Big Claim To Fame."

Also we have received a vast amount of material from a very prolific writer who calls himself Unknown. Interestingly enough, we received a note, along with his monthly contributions, which explained his motive for choosing the pseudonym "Unknown." In part, he said that the word Unknown was parallel with Anonymous; therefore, rather than be a part of something Anonymous, he would prefer being Unknown. His logic was so incontestable that we decided not to seek out his identity.

Another titillating "Forum" is in this issue. Because we believe that humor can often dramatize certain situations better than serious methods, we chose humor.

Last, and by no means least, is our own article--our own attempt to demonstrate that we too can think. We got our ideas from whatever providential force that controls the strings of human existence, and our article expresses it.

We are working towards our commitments: That we will produce not only an interesting magazine, but also a thought-provoking one. Therefore, we hope the contents will be invigorating enough to stimulate the addict out of his apathy and caustic enough to stimulate the people, who are able to aid us, out of their immobility. We realize that most decisive things are developed and implemented by a nucleus of dedicated men, but in making these developments, we do not intend to change the patterns of living some people enjoy; however, we are seeking to formulate positive identities. It is these youths who are capable of doing great things and we want to help them generate the energy to start.

EDITOR

"THE DRUGLORDS"

I am going to do an unconventional thing by telling you how it all ends before revealing the story. I don't think the story will be destroyed if you hear the ending first.

In the end we shall have a world peace; we shall actually have Utopia far beyond our present dreams. This world will be filled with idleness and ease, and filled with production, health, plenty, and happiness.

Indeed the picture looks bright, but before we can reach its realization, we first must blend all the little worlds of people into the great positive world of purpose. How can we bring about this change? I think it can be done by attacking each problem step by step.

Now begins my story which attacks the little world of drug-addiction. The little Kingdom of Drugs sits within the Empire of Vice, which in turn is surrounded by its sworn enemies--people. The survival of both the Kingdom of Drugs, and the Empire of Vice depends upon the people who support them; but do you think they appreciate the support? No, they do not; but, on the contrary they pollute the mainstreams of life, they corrode the minds and pervert the morals of the youths of the civilized world. Nevertheless, the orderly world does nothing to fight these foes; yet, they have many wars against aggressors, but they **have** never concentrated troops around the Kingdom of Drugs and the Empire of Vice, but this too is a war of propaganda, infiltration, subversion, and demoralization; it is a war which attacks our minds, moral and spiritual values rather than our earthly possessions. We have nuclear deterrents to halt all aggressors except the Druglords; yet, they destroy as many lives as would a nuclear explosion. We spend much money to prevent the spread of communism, but we spend little or nothing, outside of mass hysteria, to fight the spread of drug-addiction. We must realize that the Druglords kidnap the innocent youths, the emotionally disturbed, the irresponsible, and the darn-right lazy and carry them to the Kingdom of Drugs. Also the Druglords, masquerading as citizens, attack the responsible people and sabotage the schools, infiltrate the professions, and corrupt the political structures.

How can we prepare for this guerilla warfare? How can we remove the disguises that Druglords wear? How do we train all the people so that they can fight in this war? Where do we start? We can prepare for the war by admitting that the Druglords exist; in other words, a declaration of war must be legislated and enacted against the Druglords. We can remove the disguises the Druglords wear by removing his source of income--the addict! We train the people for this war by making them realize that the next victim of the Druglords may be their sons or daughters or even the people themselves. How can the present addicts be used in this war? The present addict can be used in this war by being

MADE human. How do we make the addict human? We make the addict human by realizing that they are like newly born babies after they leave the mothers' womb. That they like newly born babies are not totally alive until they are given a helping hand. The smacking hand gives breath to the babies, but society must supply that hand which can smack breath in to the reborn addict. In this war, society must realize that rehabilitation is not the exclusive property of the addicts.

---By HAROLD G.---

Play with life, O mortal. Play with thine own self and thy desires. What is above and below shall be a game to thee, a pleasantry unto thee the Height and Depth. Mount unto the pinnacle of Reason to behold her smile, then laugh thou with her laughter. Rise beyond her, and laugh even at her laughter--then descend to life.

Life has two gates. By one gate enters he who is full of awe before existence, he who is spanned to lofty aspirations and loves duties and commandments; he who rejoices in the joy of subjection: serious--minded he climbs and ascends, while bundles of purpose weigh down his back. By the other gate enters he who has risen above all purposes and above all the elements of purpose, he who has cast off the yoke of Reason, that handmaid of life, and has freed himself from her chains of morality, he who has reigned for one hour over Knowledge and has observed her ignorance: lightminded he descends and smiles.

Play with life, O mortal. Seek danger, and if thou find est it not, create it! Gaze into the Deeps---and fear. Whoever has not feared the Great Fear, that one has not lived the Great Life. Fear and laugh.

THE GAME

I will use such words as game and player with the understanding that I am not using the true meaning of these words.

There is no game about the life of a player, to him the game is life itself. Some say that a hustler--player if you wish--has a life of ease, this is because they know nothing about his job. Yes, Job! for that is what it is from the moment he gets his first lady, he has a 24 hour job. There is no letup or stopping, he must continue to work night and day to hold what he has! Some may think that he, the hustler, rules his and others' lives; while in reality he is ruled both by his eternal need for the good opinion of those in his class and for more money. Money is the most dominating factor in his life, and his expenses are far greater than those of another man. He is measured by what he wears, where he goes and what he spends. Most people think the player has many women, (ladies if you like) but in reality he has only one--the game. The game and only the game is he true to. He loves it passionately and lusts after everything that it brings him. His love for the game is more than any love for a woman. He can't be content with it nor can he do without it. When his lust and greed go unfulfilled, he often reaches out for a crutch which, more often than not, is drugs, which becomes his mistress.

From the moment the player receives his first dollar in this diabolical game, he is hooked. He will do anything and call it the game...accept any and all money. What was it that caused us to accept this way of life? We weren't born this way. Was it because we craved to belong and to be equal with others? Everyone needs to be needed; perhaps then, it is because we feel that we are needed by the ladies that we have, and they feel that we need them. I don't believe there is any set answer for us, but a combination of many.

Society was my first lady and my first love. She whispered the secret of life in my ear; she taught me of her many delights and showed me what desire was; she introduced me to her sons and daughters and told me what goals she had that could be reached by men. Then she crushed me! She told me I could know the secrets of her life but never share them. I could hear of her many delights and desires but never know them. Look at her sons and daughters but never associate with or be their equal, but I could never reach her goals. So like a lover who has been scorned, I blindly wandered about, searching for something or someone to fill this void in my life. I was looking for someone to want, need, accept, and, above all, love me. In my search I found many others who were disillusioned, hurt, and lonely as I. We never found what we sought, we changed partners like most people change their clothes and go from one stimulus to another, seeking release from the constant searching.

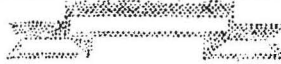
I'm not proud of my life but it is all that I have. I can at least find some measure of success; but even in it I see the reflection of my failures. Even with the goals that I have reached in my life, and I have reached a few, I stand before you a defeated man. But I wasn't defeated alone, because by defeating me, my first lady, Society, defeated herself

-JIMMY J.

Out flows the flood of my lamentations
For the sad affairs of this generation;
I rent my hair in vain to those who sit
Beyond the vale of nature's subtle wit.

-SHEP D.-

THIS IS OUR BELIEF



This is an open letter to all addicts and ex-addicts. Stop and listen. In this land of ours, in this day of opportunity, our lives should be filled to the brim with abundance. Therefore, happiness and good fortune can smile on us if we open the door. So many times we use the outdated belief that the door is closed to us because of our past, or because of what we have done, and this is wrong. This is a wrong that we are doing to ourselves. Opportunity knocks at this moment; if we would only open the door and stop feeling sorry for ourselves---yes feeling sorry for ourselves.

Dope is only a crutch for us to lean on so that reality won't face us so directly. I realize that so many of us were looking for kicks when we first started using, but we found out in the end we were the only ones who got kicked, and kicked where it hurts. Some of us fled from broken homes only to be engulfed in a deeper chaos---drug addiction. Some of us desired wealth and reached out our arms and embraced disaster. The reason for this has often been because our aims have been in the wrong direction. To some of us a terrible crime was perpetrated. Our ideas and the people we believed in led us into the jaws of hell. They introduced us to what we thought was pleasure and bliss. However, in a very short while, we found that we had embraced the devil. One morning we found that we no longer had control of our minds, bodies, and souls.

Regardless to what our reasons were for using, we are now going to use our future more profitably now that our eyes are open.

First of all, we must understand that dope addicts don't have to reside permanently in the world of addiction. Most people enter a state of confusion periodically, but they never take up permanent residency.

Many times! Oh, how many times! have we struggled for a thread of light which would illuminate the many differences among people. We have sought everywhere for information that would tell us why this man is weak and that man is strong. Often while seeking an answer to these questions, we rationalize by attributing all the ills of life to Society. This irrational buck-passing is a normal process, but it is an unhealthy one because it can develop into a crutch. Therefore, we are compelled to acknowledge that there is but one fellow who can kick down our future plans and trample under foot the foundation of happiness we have laid---ourselves!

We now lift our heads to the heavens and in unison fill our mind and lungs with this new exuberance, success, acceleration and fulfillment.

I now stand with a powder in my hand, who some men, and women call or think of as God. I say to you who has caused my life one misery after another, my need for you is no longer; so, I blow you to the wind.

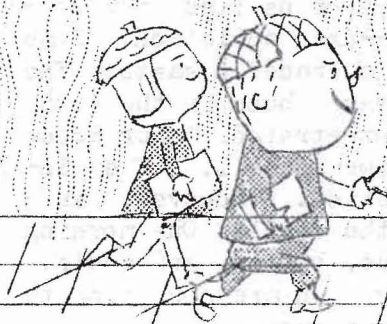
-THEODORE J.



NEW LOOK
I'VE HAD MY
OLD LOOK
YET!



DADDY NEW LOOK
IS HERE!



HOW IT BEGAN AND HOW IT ENDS

Confusion is nothing new. From time immemorial, man has been plagued by the shadows of things which are outside of his control. Man has been preoccupied by these questions: What comes first...? What makes things tick...? What am I? What is my purpose....? Some of these men were not satisfied with those questions which were considered unanswerable; therefore, they went beneath the surface of the apparent, seeking the causes. In other words, they investigated, weighed, and analyzed life. Those men were called Elders, Magicians, and later on they earned the title---Scientists. On the other hand, there were those who attributed their existence to some divine source; therefore, they chose not to tread, speculatively, on those divine premises. They clung to existence while seeking neither changes nor confirmations. Those men were called tribesmen. Then there were those who saw life dimensionally; they saw life not as a unique whole, but as fragments which merged and separated continuously. They saw the past tugging with the present and present struggling with the future for control over existence. In other words, they saw life not as an orderly process, but as a chaotic one. These men were called fools and were stoned and driven out of the tribe because they were dreamers.

Finally, there were men who believed in nothing outside of self; they sneered at the Elders, laughed at the Scientists, and chased the fools. These were the men who took a second helping of life's offerings without putting anything into the pot. Whenever they were refused they hid their hurts in superior attitudes; consequently, they overthrew existing orders and became the absolute rulers. However, not all of them did this; some chose more negative methods of self-expression, such as perversions, self-destructions, and will-destroying drugs.

The picture of the past does resemble the present yet; then as well as now, only a few people choose to take the easy way out, while the majority of people live happy and productive lives. But many of us, the unhappy ones, go through life--through this exciting, dangerous, and infinitely beautiful world around us---as though we had somehow wandered off course. Something is missing from our lives! Is it the joys of life which come no more...? Perhaps more than this lies at the bottom of it. Maybe it's because we are alienated from ourselves and out of touch with our true identities.

Further, we may lack that one quality, self-confidence, to set things right in our lives. We may say that life is like a card game which deals us our hands, but how we play them is up to us. It is in our power to improve the quality of our play as we go along. Certainly we realize that in any venture, failure is a possible outcome. Even if we ourselves perform perfectly, circumstances beyond our control can bring about partial or total failure. Intellectually, we know that everybody can't be a winner. But for some reason, in some situations

we fear failure so much that we would rather not try or take risks.

Although some men are born to spend their entire lives reaching for the stars; they, nevertheless, spend their entire lives lying in the dust from which they come; especially those who are bound to selfish causes which they pit against the uncompromising forces of society. In their lives, smiles are few and they soon drown in the unending tears of constant hurts. In their lives there are only passionate yearning, urgent wishes, and never-ending searches for the unknown. They lie there in the dust lonely, suffering a real hell. Will their pains be justified? Will they find themselves flat on their faces in the dust from which they came?

-ELLIOTT G.-

If a child lives with hostility, he learns fight. If a child lives with fear, he learns to be afraid. If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel sorry for himself. If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to hate. If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident. If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative. If a child lives with recognition he learns to have a goal. If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice. If a child lives with honesty, he learns what truth is. If a child lives with friendliness, he learns that the world is a nice place in which to live.

quoted by Ann Landers,

"MY BIG CLAIM TO FAME"

I took a deep drag, I thought my lungs would burst,
My mouth was dry, I had an insatiable thirst.
Thus, was my introduction to a "real hip game."
Now, being a junky is my BIG claim to fame.

Long-time users had warned me, obviously it didn't jell
So I'm writing these words from a cold prison cell.
I was a smart guy, a hipster, I made the scene just the same.
Now, being a junky is my big claim to fame.

I smoked reefers, ate pills, claiming they were the thing,
Not knowing the Silver Scorpion was waiting in the wings.
Her steel tipped probe, poised--ready to plunge,
Ready to spew her venom in one deathly lunge.
She knew I was destined to become her slave,
To kneel at her bidding like a subservient knave.
She knew, on my journey, I'd pass her way.
She knew by my actions, I'd be hers someday,
Because I was reaching for the circle, avoiding the squares,
Seeking out the "in crowd." A man of affairs!
Her patience was rewarded, we met one afternoon.
She was just a pinch of white powder in a smoke blackened spoon.
Water was added, three matches applied heat,
Soon the powder was liquid, it was all so--so neat.
Her silver lance sucked up the poison, to a glass bellied shell,
Then, with a dart in my arm, I was introduced to Hell.

The Silver Scorpion a plaything? Don't be a fool!
Any man she embraces, becomes her tool!
She can subdue the strong, mold the weak
Draw you back from any escape that you might seek
She can ruin the rich, cripple the stable;
Spur you to feats you thought you weren't able;
She smiles knowingly if you try to take leave
She knows you'll be back with rolled up sleeve.
For her solace, your principles you'll sacrifice, her love comes dear
She'll make you lie, cheat, steal, double-cross anyone who comes near
She's vicious, she's cruel, she's hard to let go
And if you try to, she's unmerciful and her torture is slow.
While we traveled together, my friends noted the change.
Tho' they didn't know why, my actions seemed strange.
So I was side-tracked from the smart set that once was my aim
Now, being a junky is my big claim to fame.

Finally, my family disowned me, my friends have deserted.
Many things I've done are considered perverted.
I know what it's like to feel bitter shame,
Because, being a junky is my big claim to fame.
Many will say, "This can't happen to me."
But this prison has hundreds who just couldn't see.
They thought they were the exception, could play and then quit,
Only to learn, backing off's harder, as hit adds to hit.

There are no winners in this game of strife,
There are only losers, and the stakes are your life.
For some these words won't seem to apply,
It's good advice--not for me--the other guy.

That's the mistake most of us made,
Felt we were different, something special, unafraid.
We were too hip to be suckers, like a mark or a lame,
Now being a junky is our big claim to fame.

By
NORMAN P.

GO TAKE SOME THERAPY!

Go take some therapy--- the poor man's psychoanalysis---is the latest cry. This "do it yourself kit" concept which is being bandied back and forth can possibly be destructive because without control over self-involvement one can often go astray. Self without correlated interpretation is madness; therefore, no matter how much we develop self we need others to give it meaning.

Maybe I can reconstruct a very shattering experience to illustrate my point. It may be somewhat fragmented, but most recalled experience are. Where did it begin. . . ?

After being out of prison for a period of two weeks I decided to give the old job hunting thing a try. I rationalized the wasted two weeks by calling them weeks of social readjustments. Anyway, as I walked along I pulled out my newspaper and checked the job listings. Naturally, I looked under the skilled listings; I checked off a few references, started to close the paper when something on the front page, a small paragraph, caught my eye. It said that the Urban League was looking for qualified people for job placements. That's me I said to myself. Qualifications---I have! After recording the address in my memory, I had a tape like memory, I decided to give them first try at me so I headed in the direction of the League's main office.

On the way there I stopped at a service station to use its restroom, but I didn't make it known to the attendant that that was my purpose---instead I asked him how could I get to the street I was looking for. After he told me, I then asked his permission to use the rest room. I went in and checked my hair, teeth, tie and collar. "Am I?" I asked the mirror. It reflected, yes; so I left satisfied.

Walking with more assurance, I hurried my steps. Finally I arrived at my destination. The Urban League, when I was a kid, had been something to think about---but never to be touched! But now it was different, I had arrived! I was qualified, so to speak. I went into the reception room---I hope that is the right word---where many comfortable chairs were arranged to form a half-circle. A large desk stood in the mouth of the circle. Behind this desk sat a beautiful young lady with delicate features and black hair, worn au naturele you might say---since it was hers and not store bought. Well any way, this young miss gave me a pleasant good morning and, along with my name and address, I gave her an intimate smile---the are you single sort of smile---I call it. She smiled back so I told myself that half of my battle was won. After looking her over I became conscious that there were two other people in the room. I gave them my hard "are you trying to get my job" look, and silently hoped that it wasn't my job which they waited on.

While waiting I thumbed through the latest issues of Field and Stream and Better Homes, Better Schools and Better Roads to Nandalay, I think. Finally the sweet-voiced secretary called my name; she told me that Mr.

-----would see me now. I went up a flight of stairs to the second floor and opened the door to Mr.-----'s office. A young man with excellent manners greeted me with out-stretched hand. We shook hands and sat down. I sat in the chair which was placed in front of his desk; he sat behind the desk. I informed the fellow that I had just left prison and what I had been sent there for. He gave me that "I understand" kind of look, then he asked me did I think my problem was licked. I told him that it was and that my desire for a job indicated my recovery. After he had heard my qualifications he informed me that he would forward my name to another man who headed the Job Placement Program; and that this other man would call me in for an interview.

On the way downstairs I thought that I had been played on because he was not the big fellow after all. But I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps I would be fortunate enough to get a job similiar to his-- nothing to do all day but ask futile questions and give out very little information. Indeed, he has a talking job with many fringe benefits, I told myself.

Back on the first floor, I thought that perhaps I could gain something after all--I looked at the young lady and thought that she would probably go for a little jazzing-up, but while I was thinking these thoughts she gave me that patented smile and said, "Good day, Sir," so I left for home to wait for my interview.

Two months and much water under the bridge later, I received a call which invited me to an interview. Although I was feeling a little piqued I made ready to go meet this man who could possibly change the course of my meandering life. I took special precautions with my toiletries, I got out my one impeccable suit and my best pair of shoes; in other words, I got clean. This was to be my debut and I knew that my performance would determine my future. When I left home my appearance was similiar to a Philadelphia lawyer's.

I found the address that I had been given over the phone, it was a church. Standing outside of this building while many thoughts flowed through my mind, I almost decided to leave because churches have always frightened me---I've always associated them with death. My needs for self-improvement gave me courage, so I went up to the door, opened it and entered the church. The outside awed me, but the solemnity of the inside terrified me, so much so that I practically panicked. While seeking a decision or solution, my worries were suddenly cut short by the appearance of a very prominent Reverend whom I had read about on several occasions. His kind voice--keyed to the public relations tone--eased my tensions somewhat. We went into his office and he offered me a chair which I accepted. After we both were seated, he asked for some information about my background, my present circumstances, and what I planned to do with my future. Being naive to his motive, but egotistical with

mine. I used his permission to speak as a lever to open the sluice gate of my vanity. I decided to simply overpower him with the rapid currents of my vast knowledge.

I told him about my introduction to vice and how under its influence I hid from my frustrations until I got arrested the first time. Through my discourse I mentioned my first conviction which led to prison and how after being there, I was introduced to philosophy, which started with Zoroaster and progressed to the Greeks, Latins, Chinese of the ancient world; and I took him through the western world via: Russia, Germany, England, France and contemporary America. Also I threw in for good measure, a few words about the ancient philosophy of India.

He listened patiently as I took him on the philosophical flight around the world; he listened as I dissected and expounded on the different schools of philosophy. After I told him about what I thought of Russell, Wylie, and Rand, he simply said, "My!" Misinterpreting his "My," I continued by telling him how unfortunate it was that, after having finished high school, had to go to prison to learn about Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Thales, and all the philosophers who followed in their steps from Greece to America. He listened, mused a moment, then he spoke, "Perhaps you missed them."

I was aghast at the implication that I had missed all my favorite "thinkers"; therefore, I said, "But sir, if I had caught all those sages that I missed while in school, then perhaps I would have been a Rhodes Scholar. I know that you think I am rationalizing, perhaps you are right; but there is one thing I cannot accept, that is, how was it possible for me to graduate without knowing how to conjugate the verb--to be?"

"Touche," was his only answer.

I continued, "I had to re-teach myself English---our only valuable communication medium, one of the truly great concept builders--so that I could think. Further, I knew very little about the Social Sciences and less about Political Science, Economics, Mathematics, Semantics, Physics and too much more to mention. In other words, I am a personal indictment against the inner school systems. Did you know that I had to teach myself to read so that I could think; all this was done in prison; yet I was not a dropout, but a high school graduate with a little college background. Granted I may have wasted lots of time in school, but no one could have missed that much."

"And so?" he asked me indicating that he wanted me to continue.

I told him that all was said to bring him up to date on my qualifications. If I remember right I also told him that perhaps the rest of my portfolio would further illustrate my accomplishments; these consisted of: Existentialism, General Semantics, Psychology, Parapsychology, Psychoanalysis, Painting, Poetry, Interior Decorating and Shorthand.

"Very, very good," he said, "but what can you do now?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said I.

"What can you do now?" he repeated. "You mentioned Shorthand, but you said nothing about typing--can you type?"

"Well sort of," I stammered. "You see it took me so long to learn ty...."

He interrupted me by saying, "I understand. You mentioned painting--can you sign paint?"

"Sign paint," I said in an agitated tone. "I am an esthetic."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed while looking through his index files. "Let me see, esthetics--no, I am sorry but we have no job openings for an esthetic; however, if one becomes available we will notify you. Meanwhile, why don't you give these people a try." He handed me a card on which was written--Joe's Auto Wash.

I thanked him with my lips, but I committed blasphemy with my mind. I am writing this as a testament that I did not go to Joe's Auto Wash and a proof that it is not what you know that counts, but what you can do.

-SHEP D.-

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

-EMERSON-

"J N E F O R U M"

Ladies and Gentlemen this is your moderator, Mr. Wong, at Station G.E.E., here to bring you another Forum. As you know from observing our last program that we invite prominent guest to discuss the problems which revolve around the world of dope. Through these discussions, it is hoped that some of the problems can be illuminated out of the darkness of ignorance, and resolved by a rational public. Today, we have with us some very eminent scientists. Therefore, to get the program started let me introduce them: On my left sits Dr. J.D. Pondering, the great Sociologist; next to him sits Dr. Charles Clearlight, one of the pioneers in the field of psychology; and Dr. Von Cleve DeEgo, the internationally known Psychoanalysis. To my right sits Dr. Wilhelm Von Fredrich Cristal, a Pharmacologist, and finally that great lady who has treaked acrossed many lands unknown seeking their cultural meanings; Dr. Mildred Tweed, the extrodinary female Anthropologist.

Before we get the program on the way, we must take time out for this announcement from our sponsor, Utter Confusion.

The vibrating tautness of a rope, the hissing blade of a knife and the crack of a revolver, all echoed to families in the past that death had come, saw and taken a loved-one-not death the intruder, but death the guest had come.

People of the past chose their instruments of suicides with great deliberation. They chose to make their exit with dignity and tack rather than with fanfare. But today self-elimination is seedy and bothersome, and dangerous to innocent people. This desire for glorified self-extention can be attributed to "Utter Confusion" which acts as a magnet to which malcontents gravitates.

Utter Confusion and all of its derivites can slowly destroy the will of the emotionally deprived, victumes of both broken homes and shattered hopes, and those who are over indulgent, childrens who have nothing to identify with; those who totally distrust authorities, those who have poor ego and superego

underdevelopment, and those who have are love starved. Indeed, Utter Confusion is a product that we are ashamed of. If you purchase this product anywhere and find it unsatisfactory--remember we are not proud of it, and that we prefer your having your problem back to solve in a more mature fashion.

Utter Confusion gets the body and the soul grimmer than dirt; therefore, whenever you are tempted to use this product stop and remember that Utter Confusion promotes self-destruction. Now back to Mr. Wong.

Mr. W: Before the first speaker begins, let me remind you out there that absolutely no one can use our product without the admixture of an equal portion of prison life. This is a fact and it is not a subliminal sales pitch. Now our first speaker, Dr. J.D. Pondering.

Dr. Pondering: Good afternoon! Contrary to what my name implies, I must assure you that I am not under its persuasion; in fact, you might say that my mien is fundamental, systematic, and exact--I am a pure scientist, to be sure. Also, I possess the equal distribution of rationality and perspective that is necessary in the field of Social Science. Further, my functions, as a sociologist, is within the realm of predictability, in so far as human behavior patterns are concerned.

Perhaps some information regarding sociology should be given in general and some facts about Drug Addiction in particular; Sociology necessarily uses a wide range of techniques of study; for example, research in the problems of socialization, stratification, and ethnic groupings; it also employs an extensive examination of individual life histories to determine how a person acquires the basic social skills, and how he uses these skills to enhance the society in which he lives. Further, the use of case analysis of groups as well as individuals and the specific technique of sociometry fall within the scope of sociology. In other words, an understanding of group phenomena which can offer clues to underlying causes and can offer effective curative probabilities.

Now, however, we shall discuss my functions in relation to

crime causation, so far as the addict and non-addict is concerned. These functions have two principal forms: (1) The study of crime rates to variations in social organization and culture. Groups with high crime rates are compared by many social characteristics, including differential mobility, cultural conflicts, competition, stratification, population composition and density, the distribution of income, wealth, employment, as well as politics and economics. (2) The learning process of crime: Becoming a criminal involves the same learning process as becoming a clergyman, professor or tradesman. The content of the learning, not the process, determines whether or not a person becomes a criminal. Further, the density of subcultures where drug addiction is prevalent must be analysed then altered to cultural standards. These groups who are in the poverty areas are unable to attain many of the material goods which their culture stress as important. They lose respect for the values which are stressed because the important materials are denied them.

I have personally worked among the subcultural people and I have found apathy prevalent, not laziness mind you, but defeatism. Yet some of my co-workers and I were able to stimulate interest, especially interest among the youths. We developed a cohesive group who had, prior to our coming been literally slaughtering each other---mainly because they had been constantly told that this was expected of them. This dramatization of evil played a great part in the young men's criminality. This dramatizing consisted of tagging, defining, identifying, segregation, describing, and emotionalizing and making conscious and self-conscious. It became a way of stimulating, inducing, suggesting the very same traits of social dis-association.

It is a probability that most of you men here have a dislike for property and don't know the reason why! It is also possible that you have a dislike for society or certain segments of it and for this reason you withdrew from the social setting as a contributor, but in doing so, you did both society and yourselves an injustice. To be sure, I am not totally enchanted with all the present social situations, nor are many other people, but we realize that society, in one form or another, is here to stay----that is, unless some mad man is permitted to alter society to fit his personality. So to correct the ills we must face them maturely rather than turn

our backs to them. To change the malignant aspects we must first rid ourselves of the outmoded concept of "what is mine is mine" and "what is yours, is yours" because "mine" is often extended beyond its boundaries, so much so that it infringes on the territory of what is "yours." For example, a person who is firmly convinced that he owns absolutely nothing will contribute to absolutely nothing. He believes that he should pay nothing for the maintenance of someone else's property; therefore, he forfeits his citizenship claims, even to the extent of public facilities and utilities. We can conclude by saying that the addict, as so many other criminals, disrespects property rights and this causes them to commit a lot of crimes against property without knowing why. Thus crimes become anti-climatic.

Mr. Wong: Thank you Dr. Pondering that was very informative and we hope that our next speaker, Dr. Clearlight, will be as informative.

Dr. Clearlight: Hello men, my function, in part, deals with sociology in so far as the psychological factor are concerned. For the past twenty-years I have been involved in research on the psychological variants in human behavior. The psychological tree has grown, over the past years, many branches and twigs; therefore, a proper definition of what exactly is psychology would be veritably impossible. But I can say with assurance that it is not a cure-all, and it was never meant to be. Further, since psychology is so multifaceted and would take considerable time to explain, I will stay relatively close to the shoreline of drug addiction. Let me say that I know absolutely nothing about the one main cause of drug addiction, but I have investigated many of the reputed causative factors. Therefore, the question is not why you men use, instead it is why you continue to use. If I was perceptive enough to read your thoughts to this question then in all probability I would receive as many varied answers as there are addicts. For some, drugs prove an escape from anxiety, loneliness, despair, frustration, anger, or hostilities into a placid world of unreality. For some, drugs provide the ultimate in hedonistic experiences which combined the pleasures that other people derive from work, love of wife, families or friends, personal or group accomplishment or services to others. For others the intravenous injection of narcotics provides the ecstasy of the adult orgasm and the somniferous satisfaction of the satiated infant at the breast. An addict with his drugs has little in-

terest or concern about persons, things and beliefs; an addict without drugs is principally interested in obtaining a supply. Thus, the psychological addiction is related to the basic mental disorder of the user. The mental disorder most frequently present is personality trait disturbances, sociopathic personality disturbances, psychoneurotic disorder and personality pattern disturbances. Personality traits and sociopathic personality disturbances are prevalent in many addicts. These individuals appear to be the product of a disorder of maturation in emotional development. The behaviour shown by such persons indicates that development is fragmentary and may include behaviour that would be normal for an infant, a young child, a pre-adolescent, and adolescence, and all in the same person, at the same time, or at the same time they may be demanding, dependent, narcissistic stubborn, pouting, passively obstructive, have temper tantrums. These are many of the traits, now perhaps I can speculate on the causes. The personal history of many addicts show they have been the victims of absentee---fathers or mothers or both. Many addicts living under matriarchy or the effete influence of a weak father develops a mother fixation; therefore, they develop a negative identification. I will not venture into the sex aspects of their personality development, I will leave that to Dr. Von Cleve DeEgo. However, to continue, it can be said that most psychoses and psychopatheses and minor emotional disorders possessed by criminals have their origin in the social relation of the individual in question. The psychoses aspect of addiction is the addicts' inability to communicate his problems in a rational way. He becomes a psychotic when he completely loses contact with reality. Further, the addict is able to conceal the symptoms of his sickness even from himself. To conclude I shall try to give you some information on how to break undesirable habits. (1) A method of habit-breaking is a method for the elimination of certain habitual responses. The elimination of a response can be accomplished only by subjecting it to inhibition. That is, an existing old response can be inhibited only by developing, through learning, a new reaction which is antagonistic to it, and which is superior to it in strength. Therefore, any successful method of habit-breaking requires the development of new reactions which are capable of inhibiting the undesirable habit. This means in part, that the motivation and stimulation which produced the habit in the first place must be completely displaced. In other words find a better substitute for it, a substitute that is rational and effective.

That was very informative and I truly believe that the men will leave this session of the Forum with plenty on their minds. Now for our next speaker Dr. Von Cleve DeEgo.

Dr. Von Cleve DeEgo: I have often found, as my colleague has said, that among the causative personality factors involved with addiction there are immaturity of character development a desire to live only in the present, a narcissistic attitude, or a destructive and even self-destructive tendency. The lack of a sense of meaning in life promotes the desire to escape from it. The lack of will control to solve frustrations, anxieties and stresses often cause the addiction prone person to withdraw by means of an escape stimulus. During therapeutic sessions, it has been revealed repeatedly that many addicts both male and female suffer from immature sexual concepts which hangs on the borderline of unconscious aberrations: for example, the interchangeability of the passive and aggressive roles. This is especially noticeable in the panderer and prostitute relationship. The latter who emerges as a wage earner becomes unconsciously the masculine aggressor; thereby making the recipient of her earnings a passive person. However, it must be stressed that this exchange of identity is not only prevalent in the addictive world, but there are also many signs which indicates that something has gone wrong with the American male concept of himself as a whole. We find in the underprivileged areas that pure masculinity is often exaggerated by violence on the one hand and by the flight from responsibility on the other hand. Further, the men in these areas utilize the symbols of big cars, expensive suits and diamond rings to try to balance their subservient roles. They rationalize changing diapers, washing dishes, and performing the normal duties of the female by calling their passive roles---"the game." In other words, they are unconsciously saying that the end results justify the means of acquirement. On the other extreme of the cultural pole sexual ambiguity causes similiar problems, but they are handled better since the people of those areas are more educated; therefore, they are more secure; thus, they are more able to control their problems.

Every psychoanalyst knows approximately how many emotional difficulties are due to those fears and insecurities of neurotic men who unconsciously doubt their masculinity and suf-

fer from the fears and doubts. While women, constantly showered with the fears of masculinity, begin to wonder if they might be considered only women, since they have to fulfill the functions of mothers, wives and family stabilizers.

Therefore, you men will have to not only prepare yourselves for reassimilation but you will also have to prepare for the jobs of fatherhood, wage earner and concerned citizen. You have got to take care of those babies by earning wages which are correlated with the living norms; you have got to prepare a college education fund for those babies; you've got to exercise your citizenship rights by voting and being a part of the community projects; you have got to pressure the boards of education for better schools so that your babies can learn that life itself is a learning process. Leave here and get yourselves involved in wholesome productivity rather than destructive futility.

I know by your smiles and by your applause that you enjoyed Dr. Von Cleve DeEgo very much. He will be here to answer any questions you might want answered. But let's get on with our other two guests. Next we shall hear from Dr. Von Fredrich Cristal.

Dr. Von Cristal: Being a psychopharmacologist I am totally concerned with the behavior of the total organism rather than the fragments. Therefore, let me start with that elusive and often mystical quality--self. Self is spoke of as though it was a truly singular entity, rather than a quality which is repeatedly bombarded with other selves. To be relative it must merge with many other components of selves. Therefore, since self can not live alone, we have to understand that neither can we. I am not going to waste any time on the multi-complicities of self; on the contrary, I shall try to make you men see how drugs affect the entire organism and how certain drugs affect its stability.

In order to better understand how certain drugs affect the organism we must first know something about the drug properties. Since so many ignorancies and deficiencies could be materially aided by some knowledge of the origin and species of drugs. The historical roots of the subject---drugs---go deep, and it is only by understanding these that the present ignorancies can be adequately assessed. It is thought that

mescal, cohoba, morphia, marihuana and reserpine owe their discovery to chance rather than active search. The search now, however, is in full speed. At a time when the clinician is dominated by a mounting literature on chloromazine, reserpine, meprobamate, amphetamine, dexamy, eskatal, and nembutal, it is well to recall that the most marked and specific psychotropic effects were first noted in the so-called hallucinogenic (psychosomimetic) agents---LSD in particular. All observers who, since Lewin's and Hoffman's original discoveries, have used mescaline and LSD in themselves or others agree that the most important areas of disturbed functions lie in the effective, perceptual, and cognitive fields; and that alteration in overt behaviour need not necessarily accompany striking subjective change, and, if it does, can form only the crudest counterpart of the subjective experience. Equally, the intensity, variation, speed, and fluctuating kaleidoscopic play of the phenomena is such as to defy the ordinary semantic tools. Changes in perception, affect, the body image during the brief twilight states separating wakefulness from sleep (the so-called hypnagogic imagery), the synaesthesias, the ecstatic feelings of identity and fusion accompanying intense religious experience, all describes these phenomena of mind-expanding drugs. These drugs affect the nervous system as a whole. Through chemical analysis of the nervous system it has been found that drugs not only attack the brain, but the cell structure, the organs and the glands; therefore, they affect smelling, tasting, eating, sexual stimulation, balance, and possibly hearing.

Since anything that I might say further might be misunderstood because of its technical nature, I will conclude by saying something to stress the fact that you men are not the only victims of drugs, because we are now seeing the development of an elite addiction which runs rampant through the strata of the upper classes. To illustrate this point, we find a large body of white collar addicts who normally shy away from the more harsh drugs, but nevertheless, become firmly addicted to drugs which can be purchased from their doctors. The fad of white collar drugs has produced the pill parties which in turn produces the broken homes and destroyed lives.

Thank you Dr. Cristal! Now we shall hear what Dr. Tweed has to say on the drug situation as she has seen it during her many travels.

Dr. Mildred Tweed: My field of research is closely related to sociology, but it covers more ground, you might say. Further, in anthropology, we do not try to control social patterns, but we do try to understand them. Also, we try to understand man's physical characteristic, the origin and classification of races, environmental and social realization. I have found through my travels that many of man's fears, likes and dislikes can be attributed to propoganda and misunderstanding. Further, I have found name-calling, such as taboos, prevalent throughout all the cultures I have visited. Certain objects and ideas are condemned simply because it is the custom to do so. Yet the idea or object censored has neither been examined nor faced rationally. While on the other hand, customary things such as drugs are accepted and used by the group mainly because this is what the group has been accustomed to doing. The use of mescal, betel nut marihuana, and chewing of the cocoa leaves are so intergrated into the cultures that their beginning goes back to antiquity. Initially, drugs were used in religious ceremonies, such as the chewing of willow leaves and laurel leaves during fertility rituals, and the drinking of mistletoe brew by the Druids.

Drugs have been used as a substitute for trained medical personnel. They have been used by some for the purpose of personality differentiation--to set them apart from the common herds. For example, the use of scarification which is being used today in some of the current fashions and physical scarification which the addict uses to expostulate his apartness from his fellow men--the squares. To illustrate this premise let's take the addict who always talks about how many dollars it took to make possible the usual long lines of scars on his arm; and the female addict who not only brags about all the money she has made but she also tells about the many male habits she has supported. She does this by constantly showing the many needle scars on her feet, legs, thighs, arms, neck, etc., as references. So we can safely say that drugs are the stimulus used by the addict for the purpose of seeking his identity.

So you can see that drugs have a long and distorted history, and that they have been used specifically where they have been needed. Sometimes the need has been imaginative, but in most instances drugs have been used because the social complexities demanded that the people use some sort of stimulus. Perhaps one day mankind will develop a universal conscious whereby drugs won't have to be used except for medical purposes.

Now before we begin the question and answer part of this program we will hear a song which was written especially for this Forum by the "Extremes"—the Utter Confusion singers.

The id is connected to the ego;
The ego is connected to superego;
The superego is connected to the conscious;
The conscious is connected to the unconscious;
And all is the work of Sigmund Freud.

The unconscious is connected to the medula;
The medula is connected to the cerebellum;
The cerebellum is connected to the cerebrum
The cerebrum is connected to the thalamus;
The thalamus is connected to the nervous system;
The nervous system is connected to the glandulars,
And all is not the work of Sigmund Freud.

Aren't they extremely original! Each time I hear them sing something inside of me goes all quiverly. Such talents wasted on our distasteful product, Utter Confusion. Now we will hear any questions that you men might want to ask. To keep things orderly, please address your questions to a particular person. Thank you!

Elliott G: "Dr. Clear-sight, why is it so difficult for me to stop using drugs?"

Dr. Clear-sight "You probably don't possess the necessary courage to do so. Or you haven't developed a mature substitute to replace your dependency and your immature reliance on drugs. Therefore, in order for you to stop using drugs you must want to stop more than anything else. Put all your efforts behind your desire to quit, because effort is the bridge between success and defeat—the man who continues to try, will never go down in defeat."

Harold G: "Dr. DeEgo, why do addicts normally shy away from seeking help from other people?"

Dr. Von Cleve

DeEgo: "Because most of them have developed a defeatist attitude. They feel as though they have been misused so long that they feel a little kindness would be fatal to them."

Charles G: "Dr. DeEgo, do you think two ex-addicts, a male and a female, who love one another can build new lives together?"

Dr. Von Cleve DeEgo: Emphatically not! because the ex-addict is too near the chasm of uncertainty to chance such a union. Mind you, I am not saying it can't be done, but it will have to be done by two extraordinary people who have been using drugs mainly because they were unable to control their gifted minds.

Shep D: Dr. Pondering, you said that, theoretically, crime is taught if it is, why isn't it attacked from the premises of re-education?

Dr. Pondering: It is! But unfortunately there are neither the manpower nor the resources sufficient enough to do an effective job. However, we feel that inroads are being made to correct some of the causes which are prevalent in crime-prone areas, but it would be naive of me to say that all the problems could be eliminated overnight.

Jimmy J: Dr. Von Cristal, why is it that the smell of drugs being prepared affect the addict's nerves, senses, and some of his organs?

Dr. Von Cristal: I would have to say speculatively that the sulphur from the lighted match mixes with the odor of the drugs and causes the addict to become nauseated.

Theodore J: Dr. Clearlight, what is the mental state of an addict between the time he gets sick and the time he gets his fix.

Dr. Clearlight: That's a difficult question, because all addicts probably act in accordance to their weakness and strength. But most will experience anxiety, panic, and exceptional nervousness. Also we have to consider the time-space involved, because the longer an addict waits the more he suffers.

Charles G: Dr. Tweed, you said that people use drugs only when there is a need for them; you imply that people use drugs as substitutes for the complexities of life. If this is so, then what can be used as a substitute for drugs?

Dr. Tweed: That question has the ring of: "If money is the root of all evil, then what is the root of money?" but I will try to answer it because it's not as rhetorical as the sentence I just quoted. When you are released you must become involved and committed to problems other than your own. When you are free most of the political and social ills from which you have suffered are under your control, using only the will and courage you can change them. You can live in a more wiser and productive fashion if you choose to think and work out your problems. Have your dreams, but do not make dreams your master.

Jimmy J: Have any of you ever used drugs?

Group of Scientists: No! Good heavens no!

Elliott G: What effect did the exposure to drugs have on me before I started to use?

Dr. Von DeEgo: Since on one else cares to answer that question, I will give it a try. I think the exposure to drugs had the same effect on you as did the kind of tooth-paste or the breakfast cereal you were exposed to. Young people often take up things which they are nearest to.

Harold G: Then doctor could it be said that environment plays the biggest part in determining whether or not a person turn to drugs or crime as a way of life?

Dr. Von DeEgo: Precisely! Addicts are bred by their surroundings as are the aristocrats by theirs.

Theodore J: Dr. DeEgo at what point does narcotics deteriorate your sex drives?

Dr. Von DeEgo: That depends on the drugs which is used, or on how fast or slow you are driving.

Jimmy J: Dr. Cristal, is marahuana more harmful to the body than are cigarettes?

Dr. Cristal: They equal about the same; from one you get cancer; from the other you get jail sentences or possibly the insane asylum.

Shep D: Dr. Pondering, do you think addicts are as intelligent today as they were years ago?

Dr. Pondering: No! Today using drugs is a fad of thrill-seeking, which develops into addiction; but years ago it was the restless youth who used drugs to ameliorate their frustrations. Yesterday's addicts were people who could not give expressions to their potentials; the artist seeking new expressions; the writer who couldn't create the great novel or article for that matter; the bright kids who were too progressive for the school systems; the athlete who didn't have the incentive to struggle through college. All of them had a similiar pattern: Accumulate as much money as possible, use it as the symbol of all symbols, and then become an addict and waste all that had been accumulated. Years ago one had to be shilled even in the field of crime to be an addict, because drugs were expensive, now it's just the opposite. Drug addicts today are worst bumlbers, and they are about as amateurish as they can be without being totally ridiculous.

Addicts once shop-lifted, now they take; they were burglars now they simply break into anything and everything. Addicts were once family minded, now they just. . . Oh, well, addicts are a sorry lot today.

Elliott G: Dr. Von Cristal, at what point does narcotics become dangerous to our health?

Dr. Von Cristal: At the first injection!

Charles G: Dr. DeEgo, do addicts commit assaults on females?

Dr. DeEgo: Very seldom. The addict is usually too nervous and upset when he is sick, or he is too placid when he is high to commit such an act. The time spent between these two points is spent getting money.

Theodore J: Dr. Tweed, do drugs affect women more severely than men?

Dr. Tweed: Yes, because a woman is weaker, therefore she can be taken advantage of more easily than a man. Also a female addict has to carry the additional burden of a male addict's habit; thus a male addict has only to support one habit while the female has to support two.

I am sorry to interrupt this very interesting discussion but our time has almost expired; therefore, we must close this Forum. Before closing I want to thank each of the guests for coming here today. I also want to thank you men for your contribution to this discussion. This is Mr. Wong at Station G.E.E., saying: goodbye, and remember Utter Confusion—it's everywhere. Watch out for it, because the less you use Utter Confusion the more you save.

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And to S. Julio Moore who proved to be of inestimable help in the final typing and editing.

MAGAZINES

The New Yorker	Jet	Esquire	Vogue	Atlantic Monthly
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 READ READ READ READ READ READ READ READ

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 !

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