

COVERING LETTER

July 1, 1972.

Mr. Dave
SHANLEY

If you had been following my itinerary over the past months, you probably divined that I was in pursuit of knowledge of a new phenomenon on the youth scene and no doubt have pieced together that it was the renewed interest in the occult which I expected to flourish in the wake of the collapse of the counter-culture.

New York, New Jersey, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco, Hollywood, all abound in the mystery cults.

Fortunately there has not been any overwhelming responsive violence on the part of Christians but that may be simply because they have not yet run face to face with it. Obviously the connection with religion put me in a precarious position with adults and led to my decision to remain silent on this prediction.

Why would kids be expected to turn to this? First, because they are generally transcendentalists - believers in a force over and above the natural - our kids were much more spiritual than their detractors credited them with being. If the traditional religions were to continue to ally with the Establishment and appear unconcerned with the issues which were searing the minds of youth, then of necessity young people would have to find a replacement.

Second, as alienation (the feeling of powerlessness) grew, it was natural to seek power in any place it might be offered--which is basically what the occult holds out to people: power, control of the rat race which was producing Toffler's Future Shock.

In earlier ages when the church had appeared to be hand in glove with the overbearing rulers of the state, the poorer classes had turned to devil worship. If our kids were defying all the other no-no's, then why should they omit this one?

In most cases it is as innocuous as a beer bash though far more poetic. These kids have not the awe or fear of the Devil that their parents have and thus to attempt to conjure him up has about the same significance as adults dallying with an oija board. Even the celebrated name of Anton LaVey and his church of Satan turned out to be anything but supernatural and more an attempt to do what communards and health food buffs were attempting: to celebrate the natural, live in the present and forget pie in the sky by and by. Not that all the various types of groups subscribe to this approach. But it is of interest that one of the most widely known is turning toward man and not looking above man.

For the most part it is a boring, tedious, jejeune patter that occupies the time and interest of street people in much the same way as did the pre-occupation with signs of the zodiac a few years back. If reacted to without fear and violence, it will go the way of all fads (and I say this without meaning to depreciate the real value to be found in ESP and other para-psychology phenomena).

If the Christian community should react with rage and repression, then of course you'll be hearing more from me on this topic.

Perhaps I should add that this is not the major phenomenon which I mentioned earlier is on the horizon and about which I have not yet written.

COVERING LETTER - 2

Look for this to be the worst summer by far on Cape Cod for drug abuse of the harder, killer drugs; expect that present drug facilities will be overwhelmed and inadequate to cope with the inundation descending upon them. "Authorities" have mistakenly convinced the public that the thing has peaked. Quite the contrary. Although booze is "in" again. Heroin has plateaued, temporarily, until the two groups mentioned earlier swell the ranks. (G.I's and depressed ex-acid heads) The scandal of the year may well be the failure of Half-way house graduates to stay clean.

I am back in Boston, emmeshed in preparing for the scenes I anticipate will soon burst upon the public. I can still be reached through my secretary, Eileen Mulcahy, 843 5731, who informs me that you had better send another dollar if you want the rest of these chapters. Or, if you cannot afford it, at least a note saying you wish to be kept on the mailing list.

My special gratitude to Mr. Vin Turner of Turner & Co., Gallivan Blvd., Dorchester, who has done all the mimeographing, and to Mr. Edward Donovan of Sacred Heart Radio & TV Program, 21 James St., Boston, who has given technical assistance and generosity to this endeavor. Also, to Mr. George Landry of General Envelope Co. in Braintree and to Mr. Edward Narcus of Narcus Stationery, Boston, for their generous interest and cooperation.

Father Paul

3.

NOTES FROM THE ROAD

For a change of pace, here are some notes from the road - scribbled on old paper bags often enough.

Burlington:

In this world I think I have touched the depths of sadness and loneliness. Perhaps this is why the moments of beauty are so wry and rich. "We slept on the breeze in the midnight with raindrops and tears in our eyes." Donovan.

Getting into the music of this culture is a long sought goal - a luxury for which I now have time. And find that, source or summit, it contains most of the meaning of a life style. I'm with Freaks in the cheapest apartment they could find. Oh the hassles poor people endure! Having moved in, they find no heat, light, electricity, gas, stove or refrigerator - that's the tenants responsibility. Surrounded by people on welfare and freaks! It is a street of children - all starving for adult time and affection. They knock all day at my door, invent needs and excuses, and babble on, - "half of what I say is meaningless but I say it just to reach you."

The 7:15 AM show: Through paper-thin walls I am awakened daily to parents roaring imprecations at their children and wonder how long they, parents or kids, can endure. "Please turn down the hi fi," pleads a 9 year old with me. I can't stand loud noises". Enough of that at home.

I guess it is an attempt too, to get completely away from privileges. I want to be treated with respect because I am a human being not because I am a Priest, or educated, or well to do, or wear the right clothes or espouse the right kind of patriotism or morality.

In this syndrome life gets more and more complex as one loses power (job, money, food, quarters, respectability) and the slightest task becomes more and more difficult, e.g. you can't pick up the 'phone and make a call. You have to go find a pay 'phone. But then you don't have the right change so you have to find a store that will make change and lots of stores don't like long hairs. Back to the 'phone and now you have to urinate. But there's no bathroom handy and the cops would love to get you going outdoors. Finally you are back to the booth and someone is using the 'phone. When you get it the line is busy and you lose your dime and the operator says she will mail it. You bum another dime which you should use for food. Now the circuits are busy. Or no answer because you forgot about the three hour time differential between coasts. Finally you eventually make contact and suddenly your three minutes are up. Meanwhile there's someone waiting for the booth and getting impatient.

As so many kids express it: it gets so complicated and I just don't have the drive. A vicious circle: your energy is being used up on trivia and constantly draining from lack of food and sleep. At the same time you need more and more energy just to do the simple things that take no energy for most people. Like a 'phone call.

Get a job. So easy to say. But millions are out of work and who needs a long-hair. Anyway you have to get up on time. But you have no alarm clock. And no place to sleep if you did. And by the time you get there you are ragged because you have no place to clean up. Nor the energy to do the whole thing in the first place. You get the job by some miracle but it doesn't pay for a week or two. So you can't get a place to get some sleep to get up to go to work and make a meal. Your nerves

become jangled at the perplexity of such a simple task. When you get your pay you need to celebrate and relax and try to forget. So you blow your check. What's left you owe to people you borrowed from. Your head is now woozy from your celebration, you are listless and lack energy. It's so easy to rationalize and say who wants to work in such a meaningless job anyway and who needs the 9-5 rat race? The undisciplined life beckons and you can't remember why you went to all this trouble in the first place. You were doing all right without a job before weren't you?

My experience is that a kid cannot, unaided pull himself out of this whirlpool. But with firm yet kindly assistance it is relatively simple. It takes strength and power and kids have neither. But adults have both and the investment of them would pay off so much more cheaply than allowing it to go on until you have a derelict or an addict on your hands and costly rehab. to finance. Not to mention the waste of a human life.

Holy Week 1972:

Midnight. Some where on Route 78 heading into Harrisburg and the trials, searching for a place to sleep. I am overwhelmed with loneliness, ashamed at my pleas to God to find a way out for me. All my prayers should be for my people for whom there is no way out. How many 16 year olds are also lonely tonight on the road, on the run? Is it really so important for me to go on? The Letters say so. They warn: "If you give up so must we. You are our hope." People shouldn't put such hope in a mere man, any man. It's almost sacriligious. If they knew the madness in me, festering below the surface, they would join the ranks of my accusers.

O God, why hast Thou forsaken these lovely, gentle people!

My thoughts run to that beautiful whiskey priest of Graham Green's novel, the last one left in Mexico, underground, no good, yet he cannot leave. How the people use him, then push him out. For me it is not like that. These kids can't even use me. They know I don't represent the church. They love me as a person, respect me as a priest, but have no need nor inclination to turn to the power structure that is the established church in America - my Sacraments are worthless to them.

It is not frequently that anything can bring me down. I know I'll be up tomorrow. But today again I met this kid who haunts me, who is everywhere across the land - the candidate for heroin addiction of whom I spoke earlier. It is as if some kind of human defoliation program had decimated the country's youth.

I'm sure most of you would be shocked and put the book down after one chapter if I recommended "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People" so I don't recommend it. But I finished it and put it down with a heart surfeited by the hypocrisy of which the author, Lenny Bruce, was victim. Law and order we scream and then by every corruption of the legal process and every illegality necessary we silence those who expose us. Lenny Bruce, comedian, antedated Selma and peace and dropping out with protest. He was all alone out there. And he was right. Lenny Bruce was a Prophet. I have changed my mind. I do recommend you read it.

Montreal:

I took my freaky friends to the Cathedral in Montreal - they, not I, wanted to "do a Sunday Mass". It is a small replica of St. Peter's in Rome. I saw a young priest standing in the back whispering "Bon Jour" to the exiting worshippers, and saw myself a few years back and I wondered.

He has all the looks, deportment, aplomb to be a Bishop - all he has to do is keep quiet. I hope he won't sell out to diplomacy, dignity, prudence, respect for authority, obedience, waiting for the power to make a stand. Still I don't wish for him the fate of the two Bishops who did speak out. Old people, little kids, a few teens obviously trying to appear not to be with their parents, and most benches empty where hundreds of 15 - 30 year olds might have been. One Archbishop opined: "The Church is always waiting to forgive and welcome them back." Insufferable impertinence! It is the Church who must ask their forgiveness. Do we really think they have walked away from God because they walked away from us? What a tedious group we have become - "Catholics are a boring bunch, aren't they," asked a young hippie. Kids flock to B'hai, Hari Krishna, transcendental meditation, Yoga, Gurus, the Jesus Freaks, anywhere to quench their thirst for things spiritual and Pope Paul says the reason young people eschew Seminaries and Convents today is materialism. Oh, how embarrassing!

When we arrived in Montreal, we picked up a freak hitchhiking. We inquired about hostels. "Stay at my place. Have you sleeping bags?" He had known us about 3 minutes. We stayed even though he was "living in sin" with his chick. Both college grads unable to find meaningful work.

As we left the Cathedral a hippie girl (honors in anthropology currently on welfare) mused: "I thought as I watched them come back from Communion, how many would take in three strangers over night?" "How did you feel" they asked me as we headed for Notre Dame and its breathtaking woodcarving. A collage of emotions: Pity, nostalgia, estrangement, a man without a country, loneliness, thirst, gratitude for having seen through this, for being with these kids, but especially ashamed - that it was all meaningless. As Paul put it, "if you have faith that moves mountains and have not charity, it is as sounding bells and tinkling cymbals" - worthless. "The Magic Show" as a priest friend of mine is wont to call it. It is all so safe and proper and unchallenging and comforting and unchristian. I was glad when they said "let's split."

Wham - the beauty of Notre Dame knocks us between the eyes. Truly astonished, they stood for 20 minutes gobbling up the color and intensity of the intricate carvings. While a pathetic congregation went through its joisting with one another as to who was right - stand? sit? kneel? No group was sure but followed determined leads from several conflicting sources - and each hoped it wasn't making a fool of itself. Duty done they left and the freaks found God - but not in the tabernacle or the assembly line mnemonics that hid the Supper of Jesus from their eyes. I thought of the Street Mass and how the kids loved it and got into it. And lost it. I suppose Boston is ready to forgive them too for not attending Mass.

Again embarrassment. As we pursued the "rushes" of beauty around the church, we came upon a grotesque scene - a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a statue in bronze of a seated Saint and an ugly enormous crucifix, ceiling to floor with a corpus ready to overwhelm you - flanked by rows of 7-day, one dollar candles, and all huddled together in one corner. I winced and hoped we wouldn't pass the church with the neon lights across its facade. Did you know there is a car up on chances on the lawn of St. Francis of Assisi Parish in S. Braintree? SCS - Save Our School, by any means. Beano, we love you; come home. Join the 1000 Club, Las Vegas Night.

What's the matter with kids today? Why don't they love God? They do, but not the Church. Guess why?

NOTES FROM THE ROAD - 4

BILLY JACK was not a very deep movie but depth is not really necessary to delineate the animosities and injustice so much a part of American culture. Some times I think that violence and hate are just below the surface in all of us. When Billy Jack finally takes vengeance on a kidnap-rapist-racist, a freak who was with me said: "I really enjoyed seeing him killed." Violence breeds violence. Scratch a pacifist and find a killer - as long as it is "just" and the victim is a "Baddie". And so it is only necessary to convince an American of these two facts to lure him into violence vs. Indians, Blacks, Japs, gooks, hippies, pigs, commies, faggots. Since we are so easily seduced into believing these two qualities about others, violence will always be ready to hand.

The recent rash of peaceniks and pacifists and COs disturbs me because so much of it is based on a new-found conviction that this war is unjust and Vietcong not baddies; not all war, not all peoples. The violence is still there unresolved waiting for provocation and conviction of the facelessness of the new enemy.

St. Louis:

Rolling down the road in a second-hand camper heading into St. Louis: The camper gives me the autonomy I need when I speak e.g. on campuses. I can stay around a few days and talk privately with the many troubled students, yet not be a burden on my host. Then too I learn a lot by picking up hitchhikers. It gives me the mobility I need to head for key areas on the youth scene.

New Orleans:

Preservation Hall in the Quarter.

I felt for the first time in my life that I was touching pure Americana, home-grown, organic - Jazz, played by its now elderly originators. New Orleans - into the occult long centuries before today's kids found a thirst for mystery, was ripe for the occult rebirth. A harried, hairy minister freshly bailed after arrest, sweats and strains to clean out an old building for the countless runaways who flock to him.

Los Angeles:

I'm lying on a mattress on the floor in a dirty run-down tenement house downtown. My companions are some of the legion of leftovers who now ply the streets as male hustlers. None is over seventeen, the youngest thirteen. Through my head is running the song "Hear O Lord". The legend is that it was written by a Nun who had moved into a flat in the ghetto. Perhaps that is why I flash on it. Or perhaps because of its mournful lamentation like taps. We always played it at kids' funerals. Back on my beloved Terrible Mountain when a friend died, I asked a kid to play taps on his trumpet aiming into the hills. And then this song:

"Hear O Lord the sound of my call
Hear O Lord and have mercy.
My soul is longing for the glory of You
Hear O Lord and answer me.

Ev'ry night before I sleep,
I pray my soul you'll take.
Or else I pray that loneliness
Is gone when I awake.

These kids are longing, without recognizing it, for the Glory of God and finding only the selfishness of man - in others, in themselves.

Berkeley:

Street sounds: Most stores display a sign: "Heroin dealers not welcome." Even the sounds of this culture are so different. Suburbia is silent late at night. The street is almost never quiet or unpeopled. I'm agog at the police - subdued, without arrogance or swagger, respectful and courteous to longhairs, ever present yet unobtrusive, unbeligerent yet firm, almost apologetic for having to be present. Can this be exported?

A young man walks up and greets me on a corner. Crazy George. For days I had searched for him in order to talk him into a mental hospital back in Boston years ago. He had flipped out and could talk only to his little doll he carried everywhere. Now cured and healthy, married, divorced and back on the road, he thanks me.

Big Sur:

I had planned to be back East for my class reunion but what I am finding here grips, intrigues and upsets me. Hundreds of young desperados, outlaws, hiding out in the hills around Big Sur unable to enter cities because of drug or draft charges against them. Theft becomes the only way to survive. Soon it will turn to assault. These and the thousands of ex-sold heads I described earlier could easily be helped in a farm-mountain-sea setting which enjoys amnesty, freedom from harassment, the self-same impunity granted to our fraternity houses. Not unlike the minimum security prison camps - but voluntary. Similar to CCD camps of yesterday. It would be to society's benefit as well as their own. Where in America? How get funds? I sit on a hilltop and ponder.

Texas:

"Have a good day". The adult shopkeepers have taken up the greeting the freaks use. I was pleasantly surprised to find Texans so outgoing, receptive, cordial to longhairs - especially when I know how their police and prisons treat freaks.

New Mexico:

Tonight I began to get into the history, true history of America's rape and murder of its Indians. In the wake of my enlightenment it all comes sweeping, pounding in again. "We are doing it all over again" - to blacks, to longhairs, Vietnamese, poor people. How hard for the "God-fearing Christians" to be disabused of the myths that Church and State have always acted morally in their savage battles with "enemies". I recall my shame at walking through a pictorial exhibit of the interment camps for Americans of Japanese ancestry. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" - for some, sometimes.

HALF-WAY HOUSES, DROP-IN CENTERS, HOT LINES

These were among the recommendations we urged on suburbia to diminish the flow of runaways. The theory was that if the problems that were chewing up kids and spewing them into the streets of major cities could be dealt with in their own towns that it would mitigate the enormous problems which develop in or are aggravated by the life of the street.

You know of course that it was years before even the most enlightened communities got around to seeing the wisdom of our recommendation. Everyone eventually wanted these places but few wanted them next door.

"Zyannis Rotarians for the second meeting in as many weeks were given a hard jolt of the summer drug use increase and runaways invasion. "We don't want just understanding of the situation by adults - we want adults

HALF-WAY HOUSES, DROP-IN CENTERS, HOT LINES - 2

who can orient themselves to the problem and DO something, help set up meaningful programs, help these kids find alternatives to and ways out of their hangups", said Dr. David Lewis, youthful Harvard Medical School faculty member and special narcotics consultant for the State Dept. of Mental Health. Dr. Lewis had a major role in setting up a drop-in center at Boston's King's Chapel. "These young drifters of the 'love culture' are switching steadily to the use of drugs - the hard stuff or the psychedelic - because they feel they don't belong to society", he said. "We need a coalition of concerned adults who can volunteer to sit down and listen, listen to their concerns about politics, pollution, social problems."

"Dr. Lewis might have startled some of his listeners when, in his appraisal, he emphasized the need for the informal, sit-down sort of discussions at drop-in centers, a friendly probing "of what the kids have on their minds." "The (large auditorium) stuff is simply no good. It does not reach the kids." He said a whole series of changes was going on in school guidance areas, one involving getting parents to come in as advisors and sit down - not with their own - but with others.

"....any innovative social program must overcome the prejudices of the community or its chances of acceptance and eventual success are slim indeed. But, the hard reality of the situation is that more and more young people - those from affluent neighborhoods as well as those from the ghettos - are being "hooked" on drugs. If those who can offer a helping hand are thwarted in their efforts to do so by powerful community prejudices, there is nowhere for these desperate young addicts to turn-except to more drugs."

Then as they multiplied, the inevitable struck. Overwhelmed by fears, bullied by ex-addicts, communities rushed in too quickly and forgetting that the ex-addict is often an emotionally disturbed person gave the ex-addict carte blanche, ignoring proper safeguards and then saw too late the error. Improprieties, excesses and irregularities came to light and the conservative backlash succeeded in closing many of them.

Drop-in centers easily become the best place in town to push drugs with impunity. Here is what I wrote back then: Every town in the U. S. should have by this time a half-way house, drop-in center and hot line. They are indispensable and dangerous. Unless properly managed, they can do more harm than good. But without them, there is no place to turn, for parents or kids when a drug crisis arises. I said earlier there is no cure in practical numbers for heroin addiction, despite all the half-way houses whose names have become household words. In no way do I mean to denigrate the magnificent work they are doing. The government narcotics hospitals have a miserable record - between 93 and 95% return to drugs. It is akin to alcoholism - medicine has a poor record, AA (a type of ex-addict) a good one.

Yet I insist it is a distinct disservice to kids to talk too much about these places. They conclude: "if I ever get the monkey on my back, I'll go to a half-way house." My experience is that your chances of getting in are slim. They are jammed. And many have been closed by local resistance.

I went to New York City some time ago and estimated there were 25,000 heroin addicted children at that time excluding adults, mere users, and addicts of other drugs. Our rule of thumb on the street is that heroin, unlike the other drugs, doubles every two months. I could not find one hospital bed in that whole city set aside for adolescent addicts. Therefore, by the end of that summer, we estimated there would be 100,000 kids addicted and at least a death a day.

HALF-WAY HOUSES, ETC. - 3

Marathon House can take thirty kids at \$100,000 a year budget and in two years perhaps cure them all. But divide thirty kids into 100,000 kids and you can see that you will need a house on every corner. And the cost staggers the mind.

Also not everyone is acceptable to these houses. Nor does every addict want to take the cure in that atmosphere. We have no accurate statistics of how many drop out nor of the number of graduates who stay clean. Again let it be clear: prevention not rehabilitation is the only way out.

Dr. David Lewis' pleas, spoken of above, were almost never realized since there were few adults who had the courage to enter these drop-in centers and kids ended up talking to kids.

We were gratified to see places like Freeport opening up. "Newton District Court Judge Franklin A. Flaschner says that in his two months on the bench, he has already seen 35 juveniles, including seven who were brought in on "stubborn child" complaints. "In an affluent community like Newton" says the Judge, "parents are bringing their children into court because they are unmanageable at a rate of nearly one a week. And I'm sure we are no different from many other suburban communities." The Judge's dilemma is what to do with these children who are thrown into his lap by parents so afraid of what they believe is happening to the child, they swallow their pride and turn to the police. They are children who have not committed any offense - except perhaps staying away from home for an extended period of time, or being rebellious at home. "And the kid" says the Judge, "could be completely right."

"The only public place now available to the courts for these children is the Youth Service Board detention center, which the Judge calls "a punishment place of the worst kind, and this child simply has not done anything to deserve that kind of punishment." Although the children who reach the courts may be a little too rebellious for Freeport as it is now conceived, the Judge points out they are exactly the kind of kid who should have got to Freeport six months before he got to this point."

"One of the most serious needs of this community is substitute homes for kids to keep them in this community," says Judge Flaschner. "Call them foster homes, call them safe harbors, call them Freeports, call them what you will, the generation gap is very real."

"Indeed the Psychology Dept. of Newton's two high schools has an average of 40 children at any given time who could use the Freeport experience, according to Dr. Joseph Massimo, Chief Psychologist for the Newton Schools. There are 5,000 students in the two high schools.

"And the number of "good, quiet children" who do not even get to see the counselors, but passively let themselves be eroded away inside, is even greater, according to Freeport's student leaders.

"I know a lot of kids who don't fight back. They withdraw into themselves" says one of those leaders, a 16 year old Newton High School Junior named Kathy Humphrey. "And that's worse than the kid who rebels - at least he's got his fight." "If you spend any time in a high school, said another Freeport leader, Becky Crosby, a Newton Senior, "you see kids who aren't involved in school or outside of school. They're sort of vegetating. "It's not always the family that is the problem. But getting away from the stresses of the family and giving them (the kids) positive support, that is what is needed" she said.

HALF-WAY HOUSES, ETC.- 4

"The idea of Freeport is, in a sense, revolutionary for this country. So impressed was the National Institute of Mental Health with the idea that it sent representatives to Newton to study the details and Kathy says she was told NIMH is interested in "starting this type of thing in Bethesda, Maryland.

"State Mental Health Commissioner, Dr. Milton Greenblatt, a Newton resident, has said Freeport "could be a model for the Commonwealth and the Nation." What is new about Freeport is that it is an attempt by a community with adults and teenagers working cooperatively - to act before things go so wrong that the legal system of punishment and rehabilitation must be called in.

"In another sense, however, Freeport is not a new idea at all. In earlier days, when there was a black sheep in the family - as Judge Flaschner says these kids would have been called - he would be sent to live with Uncle Sam or Grandma or maiden Aunt Mary, all of whom lived in the same community. He would not be torn from friends and school and all the other familiarities of his life and sent to some distant boarding school, as is often done now, but would continue to be a member of that community. "In today's fragmented society", complains the Judge, "there aren't any safety valves. Grandma lives in a one room apartment in Florida." Boston Sunday Herald
May 3, 1970.

Even the Archdiocese of Boston finally got around to allowing Father Jack Curley to establish Pilgrim Centre in Braintree, Mass.

Mention should be made here too of the drug clinics or Free Clinics. They got in trouble much for the same reason I was often in trouble: They refrained from moralizing and playing policeman.

"The Open Door Clinic in Seattle faces insufficient government funding programs and pressure from police to provide information on patients who use drugs. With drug usage increasing, many health officials are questioning whether their profession requires that they also be moralists and law enforcers. Seattle's clinic is joined by the other centers in refraining from overt moral statements and offering instead a soft sell approach in an attempt to reach the problems that precipitate drug abuse.

"Clinic Director Al. Weese said clinic physicians do not take a stand against drug usage, nor do they file reports on drug-using patients with city police. Dr. John Green, a member of the clinic's board of directors, said, "If we did, the kids wouldn't come near us." Weese estimates that although 80% of the clinic's patients use illegal drugs, only about 20% of the treatments given are for drug abuse. Most cases involve what Green calls "a huge area of kids who don't want to communicate with their parents or the Establishment in any way - even for treatment of a cold.

"Green, who also is Director of the Univ. of Washington Seizure Clinic, added, "Drugs are only an agent - there must be a problem that precipitates drug abuse."

"It is this attitude toward drug users, however, that has drawn the ire of police officials upon the clinic and many of their treatment centers. Lt. Dave Hart of the Seattle Police Narcotics Division says jailing drug abusers is inadequate, but he asks, "If you make it too free for kids, is it making drug usage too easy?" Hart has never visited the clinic and says he doesn't want to put the "stigma" of narcotics agents on it. He said he would like a file kept on the clinic's patients and "some sort of cooperation.

HALF-WAY HOUSES, ETC. - 5

"Green said police "assume the clinic sanctions drug usage because it offers treatment to people who are suspected of or have been charged with drug abuse." The police believe, he said "that the physician or counselor must be a moralist, physician and policeman all at once."

"As Senator Kennedy pointed out as late as 1970, "The thing the Drug Bill of 1970 does is stiffen penalties for persons convicted of pushing drugs. "This bill does not have one word in terms of education; does not have one word in terms of research; does not have one word in terms of rehabilitation programs or funds." Because he believes this is one of the more serious social problems facing the nation, Kennedy wants the federal government to spend more money for prevention and treatment programs.

Newburyport News, July 17, 1970

When I returned from my many months on the road, I was immediately overwhelmed by kids and the parents of kids whom I had helped to enter half-way houses in the past and who were now graduated and back on drugs. I tell you sadly that although I know many graduates of half-way houses and many former staff members, I can count on the fingers of one hand the number who have remained clean for any appreciable amount of time.

In a review of Donald Louria's new book OVERCOMING DRUGS: A PROGRAM FOR ACTION, John Wykert says: "How well has the medical model worked in the treatment of the illicit drug user, the narcotics addict? Donald Louria's book suggests that the success rate is non-existent. The largest anti-addiction effort anywhere, the one in New York City (where the addicts are) he calls helplessly bogged down in the most maddening inter-racine warfare, and the field he describes filled with zealots, each ridiculously convinced that he has the best, perhaps the only, program that will reach addicts. They squabble over everything."

In a forthcoming chapter on the ex-addict, I will try to show why I had such grave reservations about giving him his head with drug rehab. Meanwhile doesn't the above sound reminiscent of my oft repeated disclaimer: "I do not know how to cure addiction (nor does anyone else despite all the claims of half-way houses to the contrary) in practical numbers." More than once I was forced to beat a hasty retreat from irate audiences who were incensed by my taking exception to the crap that an ex-addict was spouting from the stage. Where you silence dissent and refuse to listen to another side, you end with chaos and extremes and often, as in this case, abject failure.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER ON DRUGS
SOME ANIMADVERSIONS.

I think you may be in for a surprise when you learn some of my attitudes about drugs. Because I had to spend so much time disabusing adults about the myths, refuting the reasons they were giving kids for not doing drugs, I seldom got to tell them the real reasons why not to do drugs. In Stoneham, a former parish of mine, I was invited to address an open audience. The hall was filled, as much by adults who wanted to gawk at my transmogrification as by long-hairs and drug abusing kids. The kids were all down at the back of the hall-near the exits, to be sure, but the miracle was that they were there and on their own time. As I ran through my pitch a woman stood up and announced that I should tell these people that Acid causes deformed children. "Why do you want me to tell these people that?" "Because my husband is a doctor and his medical journals say this is true." "It isn't true" I responded. But she wouldn't let go,