

RENDERED UNTO CAESAR

[Back in the days when he was assistant to President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, Milton Mayer wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* (Oct. 7, 1939) an article entitled, "I Think I'll Sit This One Out," explaining why he would be a conscientious objector if war came and the draft claimed his services. This article became a classic of modern war resistance literature. Now, a quarter of a century later, Mayer has extended the record of his thinking about war, peace, and the individual, in a long discussion which was published in *Fellowship* for September. We strongly recommend that interested readers obtain this issue of *Fellowship* (Box 271, Nyack, N.Y., 30 cents) for Mayer's unabbreviated reasoning and an account of his legal action to regain from the U.S. Government funds subtracted from his bank account for non-payment of taxes. Meanwhile, we print here, by permission, a much condensed version of this article.]

I WAS a spavined old man of forty-three (this was ten years ago) when I realized that my Government was unlikely ever again to order me to pick up a gun and kill a man who has never offended me and who had been ordered by his Government to pick up a gun and kill me; each of us subject, if he disobeyed the order, to being set upon by his own Government. The last time my Government ordered me to perpetrate this abomination—for such it may be seen to be, on its very face—was in 1942.

On that occasion I had said No (as who wouldn't, to such a preposterous demand?) and the Government retired in instant confusion. I had not expected that it would stand up to me like a man; rather, I had expected it to use its brute force on me. But I appeared to have taken it by surprise. Governments taken by surprise hasten to reclassify, supposing by this device they may escape their predicament. Mine reclassified me.

It reclassified me as "indispensable war worker" because I was beating my gums in the lower depths of the one remaining peaceable

division of a university engaged in a great secret war project. (The university's motto was, Let Knowledge Grow from More to More, that Human Life May Be Enriched; and by August 6, 1945, its knowledge had grown to the point where it was able to enrich human life in Hiroshima.)

When I saw that all a man had to do was say No to send the Government headlong, I lost my fear of it. I had long since lost my respect for it, as any man necessarily must for any such organization, be it Murder Inc. or Murder United. But the Government found other men to do its sorry work, and enough of them, I suppose, because it did not come near me again; not even in 1948, when it enacted universal peacetime conscription (which Woodrow Wilson had called "the root evil of Prussianism"). It sent me a classification card again, and I sent it back with a letter of regret and heard nothing more.

Others may have had another sort of experience with Government, or with Governments more purposeful than mine, but mine convinces me that Government, whatever it means to be, good government or bad, is something of a humbug. The good things it pretends to do are done by men—by free men, and even by slaves—and the one thing it is specifically designed to do, and always promises to do, it never does, namely, keep the peace.

A humbug and, like all humbugs, a fourflusher. A few years ago I was invited to Hungary on a religious mission. My American passport forbade me—quite tyrannically—to go to Hungary. But my American Constitution forbade the Government to interfere with my religion. As between the passport and the Constitution, I held with the Constitution and so informed the Government before I went. The Government waited until I got back and then threatened to take

my passport away from me, and thus make me a prisoner of my own country, unless I immediately swore that I would never again disobey its regulations present and future. Again, all I had to do was say No. My religion forbade me to swear at all and my Americanism forbade me to agree to obey anybody's *future* regulations, and I said so. The Government ran away at once.

There remained one matter in respect of which I felt that the Government needed a really good licking and would not behave itself until it had one. That was money. If men for its abominations were, as it seemed, a dime a dozen, it wanted only to get the dime to get the men. I might be palsied and arthritic, but I could still hand over the dime and the Government would let me go my wind-broken way. As long as I went on giving it its annual allowance, I could no more expect it to mend its ways than I could a reprobate son. I had to say No to the dime and see what happened.

The Government was even then—this was 1952—on a shooting spree and I was financing the spree. It was ordering men to kill other innocent men and burn down their shanties, and I was buying it the men. I was paying others to do what I would never do myself or, indeed, countenance in others in any other circumstances. This couldn't go on.

Such were my reflections when, that same season, in a German town, I saw the ruins of a hospital in which eighty-five people, their eyes bound after surgery, were burned up blind when a bomber missed the railroad station. I realized that my notion of war as two innocent men ordered to kill one another was a little refined. War meant killing people in hospitals, including whatever Jews in Germany Hitler had overlooked.

This really couldn't go on. I notified the Government that I was cutting it off without a nickel of my dime until it straightened up. It was spending at least half of its allowance on criminal debauchery and I did not see how I could be a

God-fearing American and go on paying its upkeep.

Taxes are inevitable. So is death. But suicide isn't inevitable. I intend to die unwillingly and without giving death any help. The inevitability of any evil is not the point; the point is my subornation of it. Why should I, on receipt of the Government's demand for money to kill the innocent, hurry as fast as I can to comply?

My neighbor says that the Government will take the money anyway, by force and violence and other lawful means. He is right, but what's that to me? If a robber ties me up and robs me, I have not become a robber. If the wicked Russians kill me and my little ones in my (or at least in my little ones') innocence, I have not become a killer. I have become a killer only if I kill wicked Russians (or, more likely, their wicked little ones).

My neighbor says that my refusal to pay half the tax begs the question, since the Government will use half of what I do pay to kill the innocent and, in the end, with interest and penalties, get more from me than if I had paid the whole tax with a smile. Agreed. But the point is unaffected; the point is the smile.

I am told that the Government doesn't need my piddling nickel to get on with its abominations. Agreed again. But I need it. The year I first refused to pay it, the tax came to \$33.94. I could buy myself a champagne supper with \$33.94. Or I could send it to the American Friends Service Committee, which could buy 1,697 dinners with it for hungry children in Orissa Province in India. One way or another, the Government doesn't need the \$33.94, and I do; and its characterization of the amount, when I went to court for it, as "this small tax" was contemptuous.

Of course the Government can get along without my money. If it gets less from me, or none, it will get more from my neighbor. Or more from me, then less from him. It will get the money and buy the guns and give them to the Portuguese to defend democracy against the

Russians by killing the innocent in Angola. Good enough. I am not the government; I haven't the power to put a stop to the abomination, but only to put a stop to my being willing to perpetrate it myself. . . .

If I need not pay my taxes because I am squeamish about the killing of men, then, says my neighbor, the vegetarian need not pay his for inspection of the killing of animals, etc., and, in the end, no one need pay his taxes for anything he doesn't much fancy, and this is Anarchy. My neighbor is not alone in saying it. When the Circuit Court of Appeals was hearing my complaint against the Government, one of the Judges said to my learned counsel, "Is the plaintiff aware that this Court, if it held for him, would itself be laying the axe to the root of all established Government?" And learned counsel said, "I think he is, Your Honor."

Is a man who is worth anything at all to be diverted from positive horrors by putative horrors? I have no primary obligation to save established Government from the axe, but to save myself from the fire. I will pay for the conveniences of Government, including those conveniences I don't use. I will pay for its inconveniences, because prudence dictates that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes. But why should I pay for its madness—or my neighbor's, if you will—because the madness is established? All the more reason for cutting it off at once; all the more. The Government is anarchical, not I. It, not I, denies the kingdom of God and throws its anarchical bombs into the midst of the family of man.

I am not first of all a doctor of political philosophy, with no better business than to set terms like Anarchy in order (though I may say that if there were only one other term, and that Slavery, I, like Locke's judicious Hooker, would know how to order the two). I am first of all a man; not much of a man, and getting no better; but still a man, born with a set of terms to live by

and an instinctive apprehension of their validity. My neighbor says "Anarchy" as if he were affirming the Eleventh Commandment instead of denying the Second and the Sixth. He wags his head and says that there is no other way than established Government—or even than *this* established Government—to manage human affairs.

Who said that human affairs are manageable?—Not I. Perhaps they aren't. They do not seem to be just now, nor for a long time since. If they aren't, then a man who may not live until they are must manage his affairs as best he can. The burden of proving manageability is on the managers or, as they are known in election year, the rascals. Neither my neighbor nor *the rascals* can relieve me of my responsibility by thumbing through their index of terms and threatening me with Anarchy.

But all this is by the bye. I do not mean to argue Pacifism here (another of my neighbor's terms). I mean to abide by the Aesculapian oath to do good if possible, but in no case to do harm, whether or not the doctors of medicine (or of political philosophy) abide by it. And if I can not once in a while try to be righteous without succeeding in being self-righteous, I am sorry that I am offensive and that my neighbor is diverted by the offense.

My neighbor is forever saying that the situation is pretty bad (or at least hopeless) and asking, "But what can one man do?" He means to answer his own question with "Nothing." I tell him what one man can do, almost nothing, perhaps, but not quite nothing, and do at no more effort than it takes to keep his golf clubs polished. But when I tell him, he says, "But one man is ineffective."

I know that one man is ineffective. I know that Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower were ineffective. They all hated war—so they said, and I believed and believed them—and they all made war. I hear that John F. Kennedy, as President, is the prisoner of his position. And these men are

managers, and my neighbor and I are not even managers. How, then, should one of us be effective? But one of us can try to do the right thing, all by himself, and, maybe, even be effective. The United Nations has not been able to disarm the world by one man; I, all by myself, can be more effective than it has been.

"But someone must take the responsibility for Society. Is there no other way than public preferment to take responsibility for Society? If there is none, a man may have to be irresponsible. Too bad; but not as bad as being responsible for the offenses the men-turned-Government are obliged to commit in Society's name. Society, grumbling at the offenses, but assenting to them, has compelled me to choose between a bad course and a worse.

Thoreau imagined a State which would recognize the individual as a higher and independent power. He may have been whimsical then. He would be much more whimsical now. Two victorious world wars for democracy have not extended democracy even among the citizens of the victorious nations. Two victorious world wars for democracy have extended, not the black man's, but all men's enslavement to war and its preparation.

The State that Thoreau, so whimsically in his time, so much more so in ours, imagined "would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbors and fellow-men." Some of us who once pitied the Forgotten Man would like ourselves to be forgotten now, but the State insists upon remembering us each and several; not, to be sure, as men, but as cards to be slipped soundlessly into a computer. But when one of the cards does not slip soundlessly out the other end, the computer may not know, for a moment, what to do, and so, for a moment, do nothing. The only thing a man—a man, not a card—can do now is obstruct and pray for obstruction.

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." When Mr. Kennedy spoke these words at his inaugural, I knew that I was at odds with a Society which did not immediately rebel against them. They are the words of totalitarianism pure; no Jefferson could have spoken them, and no Khrushchev could have spoken them better. Could a man say what Mr. Kennedy said and also say that the difference between *us* and *them* is that *they* believe that man exists for the State and *we* believe that the State exists for man? He couldn't, but he did. And in doing so, he read me out of society.

This good man, and the good men around him, can neither do good themselves nor allow me to do good if I would. They are all of them prisoners of their position—prisoners already of the Government which tries to imprison me. I offered to give the Government all the money it wanted, no matter how much it wanted, if it would use it to help my countrymen. My country's children needed schools. Its old people needed medical care for want of which I (with my own eyes, as my mother would say) had seen them die.

But the Government wouldn't hear of these needs. They were all beyond its capacity—the capacity of the Government of the richest nation in history. So straitened, indeed, is the Government's capacity to help men, at home or abroad, that it is constrained to notify the children of Orissa Province in India that they either have to make war on "our" side or starve.*

Shall we say "Yes" to a Government, no matter what it asks of us? If so, men are freer in Prague than they are at home; and this would seem strange unless you hold that ours is a Government that, unlike any Government that ever was before, never asks anything of us. Our

* "It is my belief that in the administration of these (foreign aid) funds we should give great attention and consideration to those nations which have our view of the world crisis."—President Kennedy (*Newsweek*, Sept. 18, 1961).

government is certainly better than many in many respects, but in the one respect of mortal wrong, the killing of the innocent, it is identical with all the rest.

There is something to practice's making perfect. I may say, "I would say *No* to Communism," or, "I would have said *No* to Nazism." But if I can not say "No" to a Government whose pains are light, what makes me think I would say "No" to a Government whose pains are heavier?

It is excruciatingly easy for me to say "No" to Communism, and I say it. I would not rather be red than dead; I would rather be neither. But I would rather be either than have the blood of the innocent on my hands. Wouldn't you? The Russians will have to answer to their Government's abominations, you and I only to ours. What our Government requires of you and me, in our dotage, is only that we give it the money to buy the gun and hire the man to carry it. What say you?

The world may end next week, or next year, and the last flash will light up the darkness in which we stumble now. We shall be able to see then, in an instant, that the Government, like us, wasn't itself very good or very bad but only, like us, enchanted, and, in its enchantment, like us in ours, turned everything it touched to iron. Between now and then we shall none of us change our wonted ways very much or very fast, and we should not expect to. But then, in the last flash, instead of saying, "What little can I do?" we shall say, "What little could I have done?"

MILTON MAYER

REVIEW

"MOTHER NIGHT"

PARTLY, no doubt, because of its macabre cover, and partly because this latest Kurt Vonnegut novel appeared to be related to the Eichmann case—which we are trying to forget—*Mother Night* (Gold Medal, 1962) has been neglected on our shelf since last February. Finally, remembering this author's perceptive *Player Piano* (an unusual novel of the "1984" type), we started reading it, and, once started, we kept going.

The hero-villain—or villain-hero, if you prefer—is an American who lived in pre-World War II Berlin for many years and had become a successful playwright during the last phase of the Nazi drive to power. With roots in Germany, he paid little attention to politics and hoped that if war did come it would pass him by. However, an American undercover agent asked him to spy on the Nazis, with whom he was currently in favor, out of loyalty to the land of his birth. The only way in which he could ingratiate himself with the Nazi elite was by turning out a more effective brand of anti-semitic propaganda than anyone else. This he did, and while his coded espionage messages traveled over the air waves, they had the external form of clever defilements of "international Jewry," democracy, etc. Caught up in this activity, the playwright-broadcaster, "Howard W. Campbell, Jr.," begins to recognize that he has no sure beliefs save that any kind of nationalism, as well as any kind of racism, is insane. Part of the strange quality of Kurt Vonnegut's situation developments is suggested in a conversation between Campbell and his father-in-law, chief of Berlin police, on the eve of Russian penetration of the city. The police official had suspected that Campbell might be a spy, but had never investigated him—a reason for this curious neglect coming out at a climactic moment:

"Did you know," he said, "that until almost this very moment nothing would have delighted me more than to prove that you were a spy, to see you shot?"

"No," I said.

"And do you know why I don't care now if you were a spy or not?" he said. "You could tell me now that you were a spy, and we would go on talking calmly, just as we're talking now. I would let you wander off to wherever spies go when a war is over. You know why?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Because you could never have served the enemy as well as you served us," he said. "I realize that almost all the ideas that I hold now, that make me unashamed of anything I may have felt or done as a Nazi, come not from Hitler, not from Goebbels, not from Himmler—but from you." He took my hand. "You alone kept me from concluding that Germany had gone insane."

For political reasons the American government declines to recognize Campbell as an authorized agent, so hated had his name become by people of Jewish extraction throughout the world. Yet he is somehow saved from trial as a war criminal and shunted off to New York, where he is expected to lose himself in the anonymity of the great city. Finally Communist agents, one of whom is an attractive woman, try to make use of Campbell. A conversation between Campbell and the girl has this sequence:

"You hate America, don't you?" she said.

"That would be as silly as loving it," I said. "It's impossible for me to get emotional about it, because real estate doesn't interest me. It's no doubt a great flaw in my personality, but I can't think in terms of boundaries. Those imaginary lines are as unreal to me as elves and pixies. I can't believe that they mark the end or the beginning of anything of real concern to a human soul. Virtues and vices, pleasures and pains cross boundaries at will."

"You've changed so," she said.

"People should be changed by world wars," I said, "else what are world wars for?"

Finally, the Communists, having captured Campbell for their own ends of propaganda, turn him over to Israel, where he is wanted because he, even as Eichmann, is regarded as having contributed to the deaths of millions of Jews in Germany and Poland. Campbell meets Eichmann again in an Israel jail. In Campbell's broodings

about Eichmann it is possible that some elusive truths about the latter become clear:

The more I think about Eichmann and me, the more I think that he should be sent to the hospital, and that I am the sort of person for whom punishments by fair, just men were devised.

As a friend of the court that will try Eichmann, I offer my opinion that Eichmann cannot distinguish between right and wrong—that not only right and wrong, but truth and falsehood, hope and despair, beauty and ugliness, kindness and cruelty and tragedy, are all processed by Eichmann's mind indiscriminately, like birdshot through a bugle.

My case is different. I always know when I tell a lie, am capable of imagining the cruel consequences of anybody's believing my lies, know cruelty is wrong. I could no more lie without noticing it than I could unknowingly pass a kidney stone.

If there is another life after this one, I would like very much, in the next one, to be the sort of person of whom it could truly be said, "Forgive him—he knows not what he does."

Virtually at the last moment, the elusive American colonel who originally recruited Campbell as a spy finally comes forward in his behalf. He "saves" Campbell from punishment, but the former spy now realizes that had the Nazis won the war he would probably have gone right along with them, keeping his favorable position. He realizes, too, that what he did "for his country" was not out of deep belief, but simply because he was challenged to play a difficult role. The book ends:

So I am about to be a free man again, to wander where I please.

I find the prospect nauseating.

I think that tonight is the night I will hang Howard W. Campbell, Jr., for crimes against himself.

They say that a hanging man hears gorgeous music. Too bad that I, like my father, unlike my musical mother, am tone-deaf. All the same, I hope that the tune I am about to hear is not Bing Crosby's "White Christmas."

Goodbye, cruel world!

Auf Wiedersehen?

COMMENTARY

WHAT HAPPENS AT SYNANON

IN his statement before the Senate, Sen. Dodd (see *Frontiers*) discussed the human reclamation going on at Synanon in terms of the help it gives to individuals to recover from a specific ill. "They were," he says, "considered hopeless cases a few years ago," and "today they can look forward to life free from the ravages of drug addiction."

This is a contribution of immeasurable value to our society, as at least the beginning of a solution to a problem which public agencies are confessedly unable to deal with. But the Synanon experiment may have an importance which reaches beyond the scope of narcotic addiction. It is this possibility which opens the pages of *MANAS* to material about Synanon—not once, but again and again. (There will soon be another full-length article on the inner metabolism of this extraordinary institution.) Sen. Dodd gives a clue to the larger meaning of the self-help laboratory on the beach at Santa Monica when he says:

The major difference between Synanon and other treatment facilities for addicts, mental patients, or delinquents is that the program at Synanon is not run by State authorities or by professionals. This may also be the key factor in the success of the project. There are no doctors and patients at Synanon. All patients are doctors and all doctors are patients.

Syanon, in other words, is one more dramatic instance of the power of non-specialized man to serve himself and other non-specialized human beings under the most difficult circumstances, after all the experts have failed. There are some problems, some relationships in human life where the delegation of authority and initiative absolutely prohibits any progress. These include all those situations and extremities where the individual finds that he has to reach deep within himself, take hold of himself, find out about himself, and alter one part of himself with the strength of another part. These situations include many more than that of drug addiction.

Drug addiction is distinguished from other extreme situations by reason of the overt personal disaster it brings. Drug addiction eventually drives its victims to suspect their engagement in the process of self-destruction. Synanon offers a means by which the individual learns how to complete this process of recognition for himself. This is obviously a principle of broad application, capable of wider use.

CHILDREN

. . . and Ourselves

THE PEACE MOVEMENT AND EDUCATION

AMONG present conscientious objectors to any form of military service, the word "radical" continues to acquire expanded meaning. To be radical, after all, is to go to the root, as Dwight Macdonald pointed out in *The Root is Man*. A number of small periodicals, some of them mimeographed, circulate among peace movement participants who gravitate towards the construction of small "sane" communities. And each such community, even if it involves only a half-dozen people, inevitably begins to experiment with the education of children. Currently at hand is a six-page paper titled *The Greenleaf*, published in Raymond, N.H. and edited by Arthur Harvey. The leading discussion, under the heading "Education," constitutes some reflections on the part of a former teacher in the public schools. This teacher decided that, for him, the teaching game was no longer worth the candle. Mr. Bruce Beck, of Canterbury, writes:

After a semester of teaching in junior high school this spring, I have decided to go on with more useful pursuits at this time. A high school teacher spends most of his time on discipline, his life is "frittered away by detail." If so much discipline is necessary, there is no incentive to learn.

The artificial classroom situation must be replaced by practical work. Some manual labor and some play, out of doors in a country environment. Then when a child is about twelve he can begin to read and study in earnest; but it will be on material in which he is interested. If his previous education has been in how to make useful articles, and to care for himself, he will tend to be interested in studying projects along these lines. He calls many things play which would be work to the conventional student.

But most children do not have the chance to learn how to care for themselves. Herded into school buses, forced by bell and word from class to class along the cold walls of a modern consolidated school, they only learn routine and regimentation. When I read stories of adventure with such children, under fluorescent lights, in a period exactly 43 minutes

long, I could not see how their imaginations could be stimulated. We read about hikers, folksingers, and pearl divers, but for those without well-developed imaginations, these interesting ways of living were obviously lost.

For those who want a real distinction for their children, I advise a small private school, where practical training and individual development is emphasized, such as the Barker School at Stony Point, N.Y. For the high school age, there is the Quaker-run Meeting School in Rindge, N.H., or the Walden School in Berkeley, Calif. The best idea is to educate your children yourself.

For obvious reasons, subsistence farming and living is a subject of interest to small pacifist communities. Dudley Laufman, in the same issue of *The Greenleaf*, explains in simple terms what "subsistence living" can mean:

My wife and I and our three small children live on two acres in central New Hampshire, in a house we built ourselves with help of fine neighbors. We produce nearly all the food we use, buying only salt, sugar or honey (bees for us; next spring), powdered milk for when the goats are dry, meat on holidays, salad oil, raisins, and peanut butter, spending about sixty dollars a year all told, for food. We raise corn and wheat for flour and bread. I work at odd jobs for cash, and have been a ditch digger, carpenter, mason, furniture repairman, apple picker, silo filler, hockey coach, actor, musician and writer. We get by and it is a fine life.

I would say that subsistence farming is where a chap uses whatever he grows, right in his home, and doesn't sell any of it. To be a complete subsistence farmer is rather difficult. Feller with beef has to buy grain for them from an outside source. Chap with woodchucks must buy rice. I do well with food, and could live on what I grow, but depend on someone else for clothing and fuel. None of us gets our entire sustenance off the farm. Therefore we do not continue to live or subsist by our farming. It is more subsistence living with us. I like the term essential living better.

If a man had five or six acres of land and a small family, he could operate a completely self-sufficient enterprise. He could grow all his food, clothing and footwear, build a house and heat it, make his own table and kitchen ware, and maybe do something about mining and blacksmithing. Be quite a feller to do all that. It can be done but most of us

probably will be content to tackle portions of it, or maybe all of it, but a little at a time. Really isn't necessary for us to attempt such a project. Some folks can accomplish certain trades and arts with greater skill than others, and so they specialize; e.g., the blacksmith tends to his smithing and lets the farmer grow corn for him, while he mends the farmer's wagon wheel. People were meant to help one another.

I choose to live in a rural area because I enjoy the country and because I enjoy farming. I prefer not to have a steady job, because it leaves me more time to be at home with my family, to watch the children grow every day, all day; more time to write, more time to tend my farm and do a good job without having to hurry at it; and I have a clear conscience that I am not contributing money to the making of bombs.

Not everyone who is moved by the appeal of the "simple life" heads for a rural area. A growing number of roving teachers welcome employment in small schools which are able to provide no more than the cost of bare necessities. In some cases these men and women have tired of the public school routine and seek a more creative life. In other instances, where there is a radical leaning toward the "peace movement," the desire for companionship and work with those of like mind may lead to a pooling of resources on an austerity basis. We have one communication from a young woman, the wife of a MANAS contributor, who had prepared herself to augment the family income with a teaching job in the public schools, but decided that, in the long run, she could do more *teaching* good with a small group. She said in a letter:

Without knowing too much about our schools and what they are doing to the youth in this country I recognize this crying need for saving these kids from becoming less than sheep.

Yesterday I had a startling experience when I began to apply for a teaching certificate. If you have seen the forms to fill out, I need say no more. This was an insult to anything decent left in a person of no intelligence whatever. The health form alone is unbelievable. And then the blood-letting for Jesus, John and Gov. Brown, of course. I would like to teach, but I just can't make the compromises

necessary. Ironic, isn't it? that people who might dare to defy the system are unable, by reason of maintaining their own integrity, to deal with the problem from an inside vantage point?

FRONTIERS A Study in Heroism

[Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (Conn.), chairman of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, spent the first week of August, 1962, holding hearings on the use of narcotic drugs by juveniles and young people in the state of California. Included in this investigation was the work of the Synanon Foundation in Santa Monica. Following is the statement made by Sen. Dodd (Sept. 6), embodying his conclusions (slightly abridged) concerning Synanon.]

DRUG ADDICTION is one of the most baffling social and emotional diseases known to our society. It is a vicious affliction because it dehumanizes the individual, it takes away one's motivation, it destroys will power, and it turns men and women into walking corpses moved about by a force beyond their control.

So far, in spite of all the efforts put forth, we have failed to find a cure for this terrible illness. We have failed in psychiatric treatment methods; we have failed in medical treatment methods; and we have failed to eliminate narcotics addiction through punishment and correctional efforts.

In our Federal hospitals for drug addicts and in various state mental institutions and psychiatric clinics experts are continuously working with hundreds of patients. These scientists have found ways to cure the physiological dependence on drugs. But they have not devised successful methods to handle the emotional and psychological conflicts and deviancies which drive the potential victims of narcotics to escape reality, to run away from life, and to seek out the criminal drug peddler because they cannot face the ups and downs of everyday living without a "chemical crutch." Although psychiatrists and psychologists provide various types of therapy while the addict remains in the hospital, they have difficulty keeping him there once the physical effects of excessive drug use are eliminated. The addict returns to the city streets again and again to meet his "contact" because, although the doctors have

cured his physiological dependence on drugs, they cannot give him the will power to refrain from repeated addiction. Thus a vicious cycle begins anew. The addict's desire for the drug is so strong that he will steal and rob and even kill for it. And where there is demand, there is supply.

Increasingly stricter laws make the risks involved in dope pushing extremely high. However, even the death penalty for possession of opiate drugs will not eliminate the traffic as long as the demand is there, as long as those once poisoned must addict others who then in turn peddle the drug to support the habit, a habit over which they have no control, a habit which is stronger than some men's wills. As long as people demand drugs, as long as no cure is found for the affliction, the drug will be made available to them. The higher the risk, the higher the price, the higher the profit.

We must conclude that the only possible way to destroy this evil is to kill the desire to use the drug by those already addicted or those on the verge of contamination.

In view of past failures, I want to speak today about what may well be the first hopeful method of curing drug addicts that has ever been devised. In Santa Monica, California, I found a new social experiment operating on a small scale which, if followed through, studied, and improved by correctional experts, psychiatrists, and other social scientists may lead the way in the future to an effective treatment for not only drug addicts, but also criminals and juvenile delinquents guilty of other offenses. The program of which I speak, called Synanon, is operated in an abandoned armory where some 100 heroic ex-addicts, young men and women, live and work and counsel one another. A major part of the program is similar to group therapy in many respects, but it also contains elements that apparently are not present in any of the treatment methods attempted in correctional institutions, psychiatric clinics, or even in the two Federal hospitals for drug addicts existing in this country. The central ingredient of

Synanon is the close-knit community, or perhaps family-type social climate where hardened drug addicts help each other to get another grip on life.

At Synanon these once desperate men and women find a kind of refuge from the life they could not bear, but more than that, they find often for the first time a place where they can rest and heal their wounds. And more important, they find hope for recovery from the disease most had come to regard as incurable.

At Synanon they find a family, a human group, a society where each individual can live as a member of the community rather than as a patient, an inmate or a prisoner. It is this kind of a sheltered-environment, this kind of family type atmosphere that is increasingly recognized as necessary for the emotional stability of human beings.

Many people, and particularly those prone to drug addiction, need more than the "normal" amount of love, friendship and human warmth. They cannot live with the cold, formal, impersonal, and authoritarian social relationships prevalent in correctional institutions or hospitals.

The major difference between Synanon and other treatment facilities for addicts, mental patients, or delinquents is that the program at Synanon is not run by State authorities or by professionals. This may also be the key factor in the success of the project. There are no doctors and patients at Synanon. All patients are doctors and all doctors are patients.

Each new member, once he has survived withdrawal, the physical ordeal of living six to seven days without taking a shot of heroin, is involved in intensive individual and group discussions with other addicts. As the addict gains new understanding of why he took drugs and why he no longer needs drugs to live a normal life, he in turn becomes part of the treatment for new addicts coming to Synanon. The important part of this "getting well together" is the frank and fearless way these people communicate with each

other on the most intimate level. Their understanding of their own problem, the understanding acquired through personal experience, is an important ingredient of the entire treatment program. Through these group and individual counseling sessions, the hardened ex-addicts can show the newcomers ways by which they themselves have withstood the craving for narcotics ever present in an addict, but rarely understood by anyone else.

And finally, the daily activities and work necessary to maintain the small community shared among the participants makes everyone's contribution meaningful. It gives everyone a significant place in a going concern and it makes each individual an important member of the group. In effect, the project substitutes for the right kind of family most addicts never had; for the education in social living they did not receive; and for a tolerable place in life these people never acquired because of one reason or another.

Every aspect of the addict's life at Synanon strengthens his personality. Although most of the members go through three phases of treatment beginning with residence and work in the building, continuing through outside employment and terminating with both work and residence outside, these phases are incidental to the program. The core of the treatment is the way of life at Synanon, the values, the convictions, and the insights which the individual acquires through association with the other members in the seminar sessions, in recreational activities, and in the cooperative work relationships that are necessary to keep the institution going.

One might say about this new project that it is difficult to single out one or two components of the whole that are more responsible than others for its success in helping narcotics addicts regain a sure footing. It is rather the particular combination of the various elements that seems to have produced this unique institution which has come to be described as "the most significant

attempt to help addicts off drugs that has ever been made."

The Synanon program was originated by Charles E. Dederich, a former business executive and past alcoholic, and contains some of the functions of Alcoholics Anonymous. He is aided by professional people who give of their time and energy in helping the addicts on their long road back. One such individual who should receive credit is Dr. Lewis Yablonsky who brought this institution to the attention of the subcommittee.

Some of the participants in the Synanon program, both male and female, have been drug addicts for as long as 20 years or more. These are hardened addicts who now for the first time in their lives have abstained from using heroin and other drugs for one or two or even three years. Most of their former lives have been spent in prisons and mental hospitals without a cure and without hope for a cure.

I heard the testimony of seven of these brave young people who appeared before the committee and told tales of human degradation that would shock the average citizen beyond belief. I think I should name these seven people, not as "horrible examples" or to exploit their difficulties but to praise them for having the courage to bare their stories and their struggles so that other suffering humans might draw inspiration from their experiences. They have no objections to repeating their personal histories in public; in fact, part of their treatment is to be able to "talk out" their difficulties, and in so doing gain insight and understanding of their own problems. I feel that by giving them recognition for their achievements they will be further encouraged to remain free of the drug habit. I will name them, their crimes, and their present adjustment just as they submitted this information (for the record) at our recent hearings.

JACK HURST, Age 31, from California. Addicted to heroin 9 years. Off drugs at Synanon: 3½ years. Maintained approximately \$25.00 a day habit through burglary, shoplifting, bad checks, and selling

narcotics. Was in custody in the Los Angeles County Jail and Army hospital. At Synanon, he is a member of the Synanon Board of Directors.

CARMEN ARMSTRONG, Age 29, from New York City. Addicted to heroin 10 years. Off drugs at Synanon 1 year, 5 months. Maintained approximately \$25.00 a day habit through prostitution and shoplifting. Was in custody at Lexington Federal Hospital and Bellevue Hospital in New York City (4 times). At Synanon she is one of the administrators at Synanon nursery facility.

HERMAN GAYER, Age 37, from California. Addicted to heroin for 14 years. Off drugs at Synanon: 3 years and 1 month. Maintained \$25.00 to \$50.00 a day habit through armed robbery, burglary, selling narcotics and procurement (prostitution). Was in custody in the Los Angeles County Jail (3 times) and in San Quentin Prison for 36 months. At Synanon he is a "3rd stager," which means he works out in the community as a salesman. He is a member of the Terminal Island Prison Project and returns to Synanon frequently to counsel newer members.

JEANNE CAMANO, Age 29, from California. Addicted to heroin for 3 years. Off drugs at Synanon: 5 years. Maintained approximately \$25.00 a day habit through prostitution, theft, and selling narcotics. Was in custody at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Hospital and San Francisco General Hospital. At Synanon she is the coordinator in charge of office files and has worked in the community for 1 year.

RONALD PACIFIC, Age 22, from California. Addicted to marijuana 2 years and heroin 4 years, total of 6 years' addiction. Off drugs at Synanon: 7 months. Maintained approximately a \$20.00 a day habit through burglary and robbery. At Synanon he is in charge of maintenance and the Synanon motor pool.

BETTY COLEMAN, Age 39, from California. Addicted for 9 years. Off drugs at Synanon: 3 years. Maintained approximately \$25.00 a day habit through prostitution, selling narcotics, and work. Was in custody at the County Jail, Camarillo State Hospital, and Lexington Federal Hospital. At Synanon she is a member of the Board of Directors and head of the finance department, Chief girls' counselor, and supervisor of Women's Terminal Island Prison Project.

FRANK LAGO, Age 31, from New York City. Addicted for 12 years. Off drugs at Synanon: 2 years and 6 months. Maintained approximately \$25.00 a day habit through robbery, selling narcotics, and procurement (prostitution). Was in custody at

Danbury Federal Prison, Lexington Federal Hospital (3 times), Bellevue Psychiatric Ward (2 times), and Rikers Island, New York, Prison (2 times). At Synanon he is a coordinator and plans to attend city college art class under the California Vocational Rehabilitation Program.

There we have it. Just 7 young people who have a total time of 63 years as addicts and who have spent years in jails, penitentiaries, and hospitals; who have committed an unbelievable range of crimes from burglary, shoplifting, and forgery, to robbery, armed robbery, selling narcotics, and prostitution.

They were considered hopeless cases a few years ago. Today they can look forward to a life free from the ravages of drug addiction.

The program has survived now for several years in spite of mistrust and attacks by the public, by some professionals, and also by the State on several occasions. The participants have organized into a foundation finally recognized and incorporated as a nonprofit corporation and have maintained their existence through public support, through donations of food, furniture, and other equipment by business concerns in the community and through the faith in the program of the members and the directors, most of whom were confirmed drug addicts a few years ago.

Today they are productive members of their small community. They all have worked hard to turn the old armory building into a home and they have maintained themselves by organizing the collection of food and clothing in the larger community. Every day they send a truck into the city to pick up unsold bread from bakeries and other food items that can no longer be sold by the stores and restaurants for one reason or another. Together they have built an institution as peculiar, but as courageous, as the individual men and women who live there. Because of this unique method of self-maintenance, Synanon can be operated at a cost of some \$60 per patient a month. This is a fraction of what it costs to maintain patients at one of the Federal hospitals

for drug addicts, and the more than 200 addicts helped at Synanon, that is individuals who have not relapsed to drug use to date, compare favorably with the 40 patients that, by the hospital's own admission, were helped in the Riverside Hospital in New York City after the expenditure of 4 million dollars.

I want to emphasize that the people at Synanon as many other addicts at one time used \$25 to \$50 worth of narcotics per day. They often had to steal \$100 worth of goods daily to support the habit, and their crimes, together with the court processes against them and their upkeep in public institutions, cost the community virtually millions of dollars.

I have recommended that the director of Synanon, Mr. Dederich, apply for funds to the National Institute of Mental Health so that he can expand his program and introduce it in correctional and other institutions throughout the country.

Mr. President, there is indeed a miracle on the beach at Santa Monica, a man-made miracle that I feel can benefit thousands of drug addicts.