

TEL. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
addiction consultant
[REDACTED]

Palmer, Ma.
02069

June 5, 1993

Dear Mr. Lamb:

As unrealistic a request as this may be, I am going to ask you to please read the attached material. If it provokes something in you, I would further ask that you have the appropriate radio and/or televisions stations contact me (asap). My cross-country motorcycle trip/itinerary will be based upon the response(s) I may or may not get. I am not a crazy person. However, after eight years of fighting the self-serving substance abuse "industry" in America, I have become somewhat of a desperate person. It is my hope beyond hope that perhaps an important stranger like yourself might be willing to help in some way. One never knows unless one asks. I have simply asked.

Thank you.

Yours In Recovery And Service,
[REDACTED]

President/Founder, [REDACTED]

?????????
THERE IS
A STORY
TO BE TOLD.
????????????

DISCIPLINE = F

FREEDOM





June 3, 1993

To: The radio and television stations of America.

Re: Appearing as a guest in order to discuss the perverse economy known as the substance abuse "medical model."

Dear Sir:

On April 16, 1985, I crawled out of my last treatment center and on into recovery from over a quarter century of hard-core heroin addiction and alcoholism. My first year of enlightenment was spent cleaning bathrooms at a state hospital, after which I became a "professional" substance abuse counselor for a brief disillusioning period of time. *Bathrooms held cleaner work.*

I am now a writer and the Founding President of a nonprofit addictions consulting office, controversially known as [redacted] Inc. [redacted] stands for "recovering junkie.") For the past five years I have written a syndicated newspaper column called [redacted]. Ask me what I think about the life, treatment and education surrounding drugs. People like myself have a lot to say, especially when we are allowed to say it. God only knows we Americans have been forced-fed "professional" rhetoric long enough. Such doctored and eloquent snake oil has proven itself to be of little value in the fight against drugs, ultimately serving itself long before anyone else. Yet we are still being lead to believe that the medical model actually works, and that we can simply buy recovery from drug addiction as though we were paying for a broken leg to be fixed.

In addition to my newspaper column, my alternative looks into substance abuse have been published in over eighty countries. My book, [redacted] should be out by fall. I would now like to "blow the whistle" on your radio or television show. Soon I'll begin traveling cross country on my Harley. Perhaps I could pay you a visit. Please call or write to the above address in order to schedule my appearance. YOU'LL BE HELPING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE THAT ONLY AN IDEALIST LIKE MYSELF CAN MAKE.

Thank you.

Yours In Recovery And Service,

[redacted]
President/Founder, [redacted]

Enclosures



"IDEALISTS DEAL LESS"

ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU,
BUT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO "TO" YOU.

I have often been called an IDEALIST (among other things): one that places ideals before practical considerations. It appears that as the years go by, there is less of a place for ideological malcontents like myself. There once was a time when ideals at least stood an outside chance of becoming reality. Today, realized ideas are more apt to be found in the history books. Why? Because in order for an ideal to become an "I did," it must be supported by others at some level above the superficial. Since we are living in an ever more superficial society, the day may come when we are all eating plastic, and calling it meat.

The difference between idealists and practical people - aside from idealists being much more prone to frustration - is that idealists actually BELIEVE they can help make a difference, while practical people go about the "business" of making a difference, all the while knowing that they are more likely to sprout wings and fly. For example: Administrators - under the guise of idealism - are always asking for more money, no matter what the economy might be like at the time, only to ultimately show that it has been merely spent. These "idealistic" administrators/politicians are actually practical people who realize that the multitudes of other practical people expect them to do nothing more than talk and spend, talk and spend. In fact, if practical people did expect something more from other practical people, it would be to expect something less. Religious leaders, on the other hand, simply ask for more money, and more money, and more money, leaving idealistic reality to God, the One who doesn't need money; a religious paradox that over the years has lost the need to make sense. Life itself is a paradox that doesn't make sense, unless of course you can envision it without materialistic humanity involved.

In my recovery from drug addiction - an illusionary craziness - I have been burdened with what I believe to be the true discernment of a far greater craziness. The thing I couldn't quite see then - man's inhumanity to man - I detest now, for it has been made perfectly clear. And much worse, as an idealist, I believe that it can be remedied. But since this is the only life I could recover back into, I'm forced to live it on its own terms, and without the use of chemical blinders; blinders that the practical person has no need of, for he sees no remedy, and could care less even if there was one. As an idealist, just when I think that I'm gaining ground, a practical person comes along to inject me with his/her special mixture of bureaucratic reality. Just when I think that at least a portion of my ideals will become a therapeutic and perhaps transcending reality, a much more superficial - to the idealist at least - reality comes along and slaps me in the face, undermining my vision to such a degree that - to the practical person - it was but madness to begin with. But of course, being practical people, they do not call it madness. They don't call it anything. Instead, they apply a finely tuned defeatist's rhetoric to it, learned at the universities of practicality, where an ideal is more apt to be considered a flaw.

"You do good work, [REDACTED]. We really appreciate all that you have done for the students. [REDACTED]. However, for this year you expect too much. Perhaps next year we can give you the financial support that we said we'd give you this year, or was it last year. After all, you have proven yourself time and again. The students love you, but of course they are young, and have not yet learned to be practical adults, although we are teaching them. I'm sure your perseverance will pay off, [REDACTED], but for now, here's another bone. Because of the practical nature of things, the meat must be given to more practical people. I'm sure you understand; it's nothing personal, [REDACTED]."

That's my problem; I do understand - ALL TOO WELL! If you, my readers, still don't understand what I've been talking about for these past few years, you can always write me off as a rambling idealist, although you may prefer to call me a mad man. Perhaps I am. In any case, I have rant and raved yet one more column. I'm now off to play in the woods with the "animals." Could it be their language that I speak?

Yours In Recovery and Service,
[REDACTED]



OPINION

■ *I'm a recovering drug addict. I was restored back to a better way of life by those who love and understand.*

ALL you ever hear about drug rehabilitation is the wonderful forms of treatment each facility is selling.

You never hear whether they have a healthy success rate, because most treatment facilities don't have anywhere near what would be termed a success rate. The successes they do attest to can be taken lightly.

Few treatment centers follow up on their clients for any significant length of time. They may see the client again, but only when he or she reenters the facility because of a relapse.

If the cars built by big automakers like General Motors or Ford were continuously in for repairs, do you think these com-

panies would make this fact known to the public?

Of course not! They would continue selling mass-produced cars and make more money in the process as people brought them back in for parts and repairs. This type of logic is part of our economy and present-day drug rehabilitation is no different in its approach.

As far as the cold, unthinking, unfeeling economy goes, it must be fed and it doesn't care what it eats. However, it just might choke on all the addicts getting stuck in its craw.

Cars cannot return to talk about the thousands of dollars of repairs they underwent in garages. Cars don't speak of running well one day and stalling out the next. Cars can only be used and abused by the economy until they no longer serve their purpose. They are then abandoned

alongside some dark road, imprisoned in junkyards, or die by meltdown to be resurrected once again. There is a way, however, that a car can be brought back to life without being just an economic tool.

Someone who understands cars may see beauty under the rust and begin a labor of love. He will take the junked or abandoned car into his garage and start its restoration. Others with similar devotion and understanding may work by his side.

Depending on the car's condition and the effort put into the restoration, it may eventually appear and run better than when it first hit the road. And often it is valued more.

Now that the car is clean and shiny, the restorers will try to make sure it stays in good shape. They will check on it daily. If it appears to be in trouble, through

love and understanding they will see to it that the car maintains the quality of its restoration. They do not want to see it back in the junkyard because a piece of them will go with it.

I'm a recovering drug addict. I am that car. I was restored back to a better way of life by those who love and understand: addicts who were restored by addicts.

We do not need nor do we want expensive, professional intervention. We want to take the junked and abandoned people who break down through drugs and are briefly repaired by clinics into our own garages — self-help fellowships like Alcoholics and Narcotics Anonymous.

Then, please leave us alone so that we can restore one another in anonymity.

■ [redacted] is an addiction consultant living in Palmer, Mass.

SUBSEQUENT ENDORSEMENT → EXCERPT

Now after all that long-winded "background summary," Mr. [redacted] I repeat my opening salute to the exceptional clarity and force of your central thesis -- namely, that as a society, we've been wasting uncountable sums of money, and numbers of retrievable (but lost) human lives, by ignoring the absolutely vital part personal effort and will-power must play (and always have) in the addict's recovery. All the years I spent -- in close administrative or supervisory jobs with a N.C.A. affiliate, a State Substance-Abuse Department, and two Federally-funded research-survey grant studies -- confirm this thesis fully. You've done [redacted] readers a tremendous favor by laying this central point out so vigorously through the inspired metaphor of car-repairs-- the image of sloppy, misdirected, uncomprehending, and hence useless, "repair-work" is beautifully apt.

Cordially,

[redacted]

Ex-addict talks straight to all who'll listen

By COSMO MACERO JR.

WARE — shows his 49 years from the inside out.

His frame is lean in some places, thick in others, sturdy throughout. Scars and tattoos show a little history, but youth is painted more prominently on his golden skin.

Three decades of heavy drug use and all its trappings have weathered his heart, refocused his mind and pickled his body, he says.

Sitting in the basement office of his home, where he records his past, known as to most, talks about the day he hit rock bottom, under the same roof as Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, back in 1969, when men walked on the moon.

Metro people

stands for recovering junkie.

And this man who has dug old freebasing spoons from beneath the stairs of his house like fossils from a too-familiar past is hopscotching between anecdotes of the pre-Titticut Follies' Bridgewater State and his first rewarding days as a counselor for other addicts.

"Addiction is funny. It's a disease of instant gratification," says, thumbing through a book he plans to publish about his life on heroin, cocaine and other drugs. "If the wind blows the wrong way, you have to go out and get high."

Getting high is what did from the time he was a schoolboy in Palmer, through stints at the wire mills in Holyoke, military service in Vietnam, and years of marriage and fatherhood that continue today in the second stage of his life — seven years after kicking his many bad habits for good.

A new life began for in the bathrooms at the now-closed Belchertown State School, where in 1985 he began his recovery by scrubbing toilets.

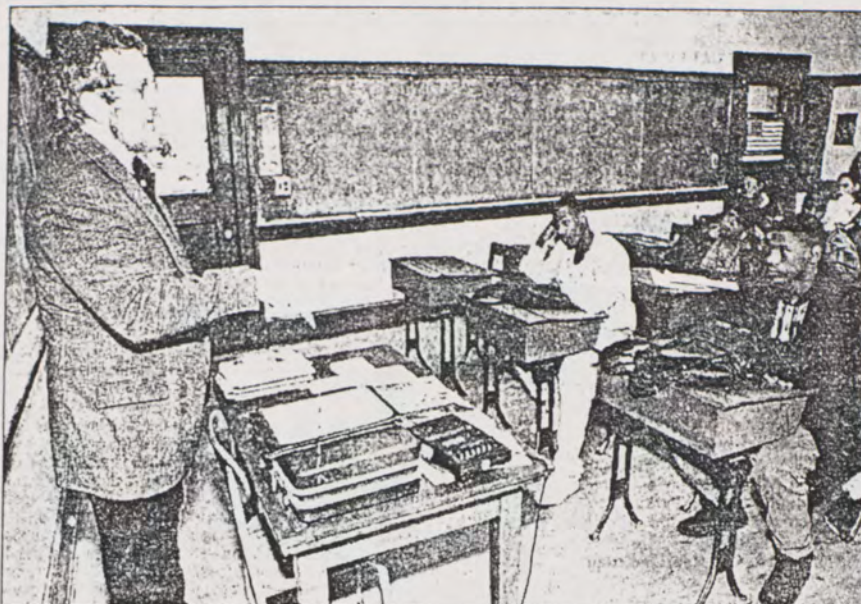
Brief work as a counselor at Memorial Hospital soon followed. The attitude that allows him to relate easily to teens and other addicts has carried along since then. And with his straight-talk counseling services for hire, in more ways than one, he is now his own boss.

Has supporters, detractors

"The people that have seen my work can't deny that I'm good," he says, holding up a ball and chain that he uses to symbolize the constant weight of addiction. "A lot of people don't know what a recovering addict is. A healthy recovering addict is someone who's growing. They're happy and they feel good about themselves."

Mincing words has never been part of social repertoire. And it's his refusal to say anything but exactly what he thinks that has put him in hot water with everyone from colleagues and superiors at publications, for which he writes a column about drug addiction, to parishioners and officials at St. Mary's Church in whom he lambasted in a series of columns and letters for approving the sale of alcohol at a church function.

Count among his detractors, too, medical professionals whose drug treatment methods dismisses out of hand, and those who simply frown on his brash at



Staff photo by Dave Roback

STORY TO SHARE — of speaks to students at High School in recently about the often crude realities of drug addiction. who speaks from years of experience as a hardcore addict, runs a program on drug prevention in the school system.

titude, biker clothes and the loud motorcycle that rumbles out of his garage on clear days.

"I polarize the community. I'm not like them, and I will not compromise what I know to be right," he says.

Still, along the way, has built an impressive list of fans — many, like School Superintendent whose trust he earned by repeatedly pitching his counseling methods.

More like a peer

As he has done at schools in Palmer, Southwick and other Western Massachusetts towns, is now running a program in schools that shows pupils the crude realities of drug addiction. Somehow, pulls it off by sounding more like a peer than a teacher.

"He's not what people make him out to be. He's not irresponsible," says. "Because he tells the truth, that frightens people. Maybe we need more people to tell the truth like he does."

says he may expand program in most recently delivered at High School and to a group of students prone to disciplinary problems, to include other schools in the final weeks of the semester.

"I'm attracted to because he really seems to get through all the extraneous stuff and get to the kids," explains. "He's very non-traditional. But without being coarse, he gets to the point. Every time I talk to a kid about him, he remembers it, and has something good to say."

Tape tells of 'cold turkey'

A focal point of program, endorsed by the likes of

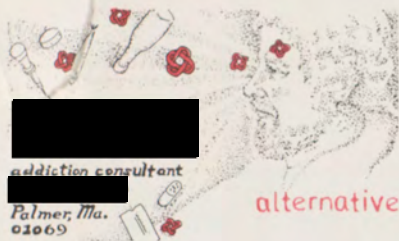
State Rep. High School Principal University of Massachusetts educators, and Medical Center psychiatric staffers, is an audio tape called The tape graphically details grueling detoxification at Bridgewater State Hospital in 1969.

Between that time and 1985, stumbled and fell, but pressed on toward his goals of writing successfully, bringing stability to his family life and spreading the message his way. The freebasing spoons are now part of a memorial plaque to his beating drugs. The tape still brings tears to his eyes, as does the recollection of the time his son, nearly died of an overdose himself. For a time, like fishing and ballgames, getting high was a father-and-son thing in the family.

Through it all, wife a nurse, has stood by — supporting the family both emotionally and financially. She is forgiving of the bad times and mindful of the good.

"You really can't put your finger on it," she says of her strong will over nearly two decades of trying times with "It's in my

character. He was always good to the kids. He never beat me. I always knew he was good inside, but he just had this affliction. I guess it was just meant to be this way."



011 SPFLD MA 18:26



06/05/93 #2



Mr. Brian P. Lamb
Chairman/CEO
C-SPAN/CABLE SATELLITE PUBLIC
AFFAIRS NETWORK
400 N. Capitol Street, N.W. Suite 650
Washington, DC 20001

20001-1550 12

