

Strange Things May Happen When a Fellow Swears Off!

Many Who Give Up Alcohol Take to Heroin, Embezzlement, Etc., Says Dr. Brill

THAT the excessive use of alcohol is a matter of developed appetite on the part of those who might be classed as emotionally defective, which, if repressed or forbidden, will lead to its equivalent in other abnormalities is the belief of Dr. A. A. Brill, New York nerve specialist, eminent psychologist and translator of Freud. His views are given in an article in "The New York Medical Journal."

Man, after all, is dominated by hunger and love, and the civilization of the individual, like that of the race, is therefore judged best by his attitude toward the impulses of hunger and love, and it is axiomatic that the most advanced races are those who have exercised the greatest control in their behavior toward these impulses.

Dr. Brill points out: "Our civilization is held together by the powerful fabric of self-renunciation. The individual is taught from the beginning to give up or control his natural tendencies and, depending on his capacity to adjust, he either becomes a so-called social being or he remains extrasocial or even contrasocial. Studies made of the highest types of individuals show that natural impulses can only be controlled, never annihilated; that there is always a constant struggle between them and the forces of civilization; and that society must often assist the individual if he is not to succumb to this struggle."

The Child

"The child's demands are very simple; it subsists entirely on its mother's milk and wants nothing else. Weaning has always been a tragedy for the child as well as the parents. The child resists every new article of food and has to be more or less forced to partake of it. As he grows older his taste becomes correspondingly broader and he gradually shows a versatile attitude toward nourishment, which is more or less determined by his environment. A cosmopolitan can eat clams and lobsters in New York and snails and frogs in Paris. Indeed, it has been said that the civilization of a nation can readily be measured by its manner of preparing food."

"Compare, for example, the manifold varieties of foods offered on the menu cards in any first class restaurant in Paris or New York to the food consumed by the average Russian peasant. If one goes down still further in the line of civilization the differences become even more marked. The Eskimau lives on the simplest kind of food and the South American peons, according to Miller, 'subsist everlastingly on boiled corn and penella.' Here, as in other respects, the child of nature, the savage, behaves like the real child; his consumption of food is of the simplest variety, and as he advances in civilization his tastes become correspondingly broadened."

Away With Vodka!

Thus, as Dr. Brill submits, vodka, so eagerly imbibed by the Russian peasant, would be rejected by the average Anglo-Saxon who craves his whiskey or brandy. Almost every nation has its own national alcoholic beverage, which is not relished by a foreigner, though he may quickly develop a taste for a foreign concoction and later crave it. As a matter of fact, almost all alcoholic tastes are cultivated, though many begin drinking at different ages.

On this matter Dr. Brill said: "I tried to find out at what age it became a habit, i. e., when the individual could say 'I take a drink because I like it,' and found that whereas the non-alcoholics did not experience this feeling before the age of nineteen to twenty the alcoholic manifested a strong craving for even the hard stuff at the age of fifteen, sixteen or seventeen. With very few exceptions I can say that all of my chronic alcoholic patients were psychopaths, many were slightly subnormal, some were manic depressive types and some epileptics."

"In other words, years of experience with alcoholics both in hospitals and in private practice leads me to state that practically all individuals who chronically indulge excessively in alcohol are emotionally more or less diseased. I do not wish to imply that a psychological examination will show them all to

be mentally deficient, though a great many of them are that, too, but judging by a standard of adjustment of continuous effort, in some directions they are all deficient. I have treated them in all sorts of ways; I have given them the so-called specifics, have hypnotized and analyzed them, but the results were very disappointing."

If a person is not extremely subnormal he can be helped to give up alcohol for a while, but he usually returns to it. In treating sixteen cases of psycho-analysis Dr. Brill obtained some interesting results. Intellectually, he says, his subjects would be considered normal, though emotionally one would call them psychopathic. The ages range from nineteen to thirty-nine years. Nine of the patients returned to their former habits, while two drink moderately but are considered cured by their relatives, because for over two years they have not been intoxicated in public.

The remaining five have not indulged in alcohol since their discharge, but, as Dr. Brill emphasized, their behavior is such that both relatives and physicians regret that they are not alcoholics.

One, a woman, became addicted to heroin and daily consumes enormous amounts of bromo seltzer. She also has fits of depression, during which she talks of suicide.

The case of another, a man of thirty-two years of age, Dr. Brill explains thus:

"He came to me eight years ago and was under my care for about six months and I saw him occasionally until about eighteen months ago. Before coming to me he was treated for alcoholism for many years. Although he was brought up in cultured surroundings he was often sent to the workhouse as a common drunkard. Incidentally he was somewhat precocious and emotionally he was very unstable. For over a year prior to his coming to me he was in a sanitarium, where he was considered incurable. He became drunk on the day he left the sanitarium, but he gradually yielded to treatment, and after about six months I considered him cured of his alcoholism. About eight months later he came to me in an excited condition. To allay my apprehensions he started by saying: 'Don't worry, doctor, I didn't touch anything.' That was quite true, but he had forged a check and asked me to intercede with his father, for otherwise he was liable to be imprisoned."

"A few months later he reappeared and again assured me that he hadn't 'touched anything,' which was true. This time he had embezzled some money from the firm who employed him. Again his parents helped him. Very soon thereafter he was again in trouble and again implored my help. This time he had married a girl of questionable reputation."

"In brief he continued to come to me every few months, always prefacing his story with 'Don't worry, doctor, I didn't touch anything,' until one day I involuntarily exclaimed 'I wish you would have touched something and gone back to the sanitarium.' This man committed about half a dozen crimes any one of which would have landed him in prison and all these after he was cured of his alcoholism."

The specialist observes that the

same conditions prevailed in all the other alcoholics who stopped drinking. They always resorted to something vicious, something that in his opinion was worse for society than the original vice.

"It is my opinion," said Dr. Brill, "that the alcoholic flight is in itself an adjustment to some that are mentally and emotionally below par, and that taking away the alcohol only unloosens the other primitive impulses." And he continued:

"When one studies a number of such cases and compares them with peculiar cravings in so-called nor-

mal and primitive people, one becomes convinced that chronic alcoholism is a psychoneurotic symptom usually found in emotionally defective persons, which in the normal is nothing but a craving or habit confined to the oral and gastric regions.

"It is usually induced by environment, but when that particular craving is removed by treatment or force from the defective person something is bound to take its place, either in the physical or in the psychic spheres. It is a well known fact that with the removal of alcohol there is a greater demand for candy and chewing gum, and in the states where prohibition exists many substitutes are already in use which have nothing of the original taste, but which stimulate the taste buds. Defectives, children and primitives, readily form a habit and can easily become a slave to it."

Why Won't Water Do? The question might be asked, Why

do people, both normal and abnormal, indulge in some sort of beverage besides pure water? To Dr. Brill the answer seems simple. The wish is the motive force of life. The human being begins to wish with birth, and never stops wishing. That is what makes progress for it difficult to face inexorable reality, and to avoid it he has resorted to all sorts of psychic and physical means. Moderate doses of alcohol remove inhibitions and make reality less burdensome. The monotonous drudgery caused by the division of labor makes the life of the laborer very miserable. His work offers him no outlet whatever, for what pleasure can one obtain by making holes in a piece of cloth or leather day in and day out? He becomes restless and dissatisfied, and then imagines that Bolshevism will help cure him. I feel that the glass or beer or wine actually helps the laborer to feel more contented with life. It allows him to give vent to the play instinct

As Dr. Brill said: "Everything in moderation has been preached from time immemorial, and it was not addressed to defectives either. Usually, however, the average normal person learns to curb his wishes, but allows himself a certain amount of indulgence which is not altogether harmful to him. No one can ever absolutely renounce any pleasure once experienced. It is as indestructible as physical matter, its form only can be changed. Anything that is as universally craved as fermented

liquors must supply a definite want in the vital economy of the individual, and studies in that direction fully corroborate this.

"I shall not enter into a full discussion of this problem. All I wish to say is that man has always found it difficult to face inexorable reality, and to avoid it he has resorted to all sorts of psychic and physical means. Moderate doses of alcohol remove inhibitions and make reality less burdensome. The monotonous drudgery caused by the division of labor makes the life of the laborer very miserable. His work offers him no outlet whatever, for what pleasure can one obtain by making holes in a piece of cloth or leather day in and day out? He becomes restless and dissatisfied, and then imagines that Bolshevism will help cure him. I feel that the glass or beer or wine actually helps the laborer to feel more contented with life. It allows him to give vent to the play instinct

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A Food Jag That Took Half an Hour

DR. BRILL observed that one of his patients alternated between attacks of eating and drinking, having periods during which he "gorged himself with food." Then he cites remarkable instances of "food jags":

I wish to mention the fact that attacks of overindulgence are not only confined to alcoholism. I have seen quite a number of psychoneurotics who have regular eating attacks which serve the same mechanisms as drinking.

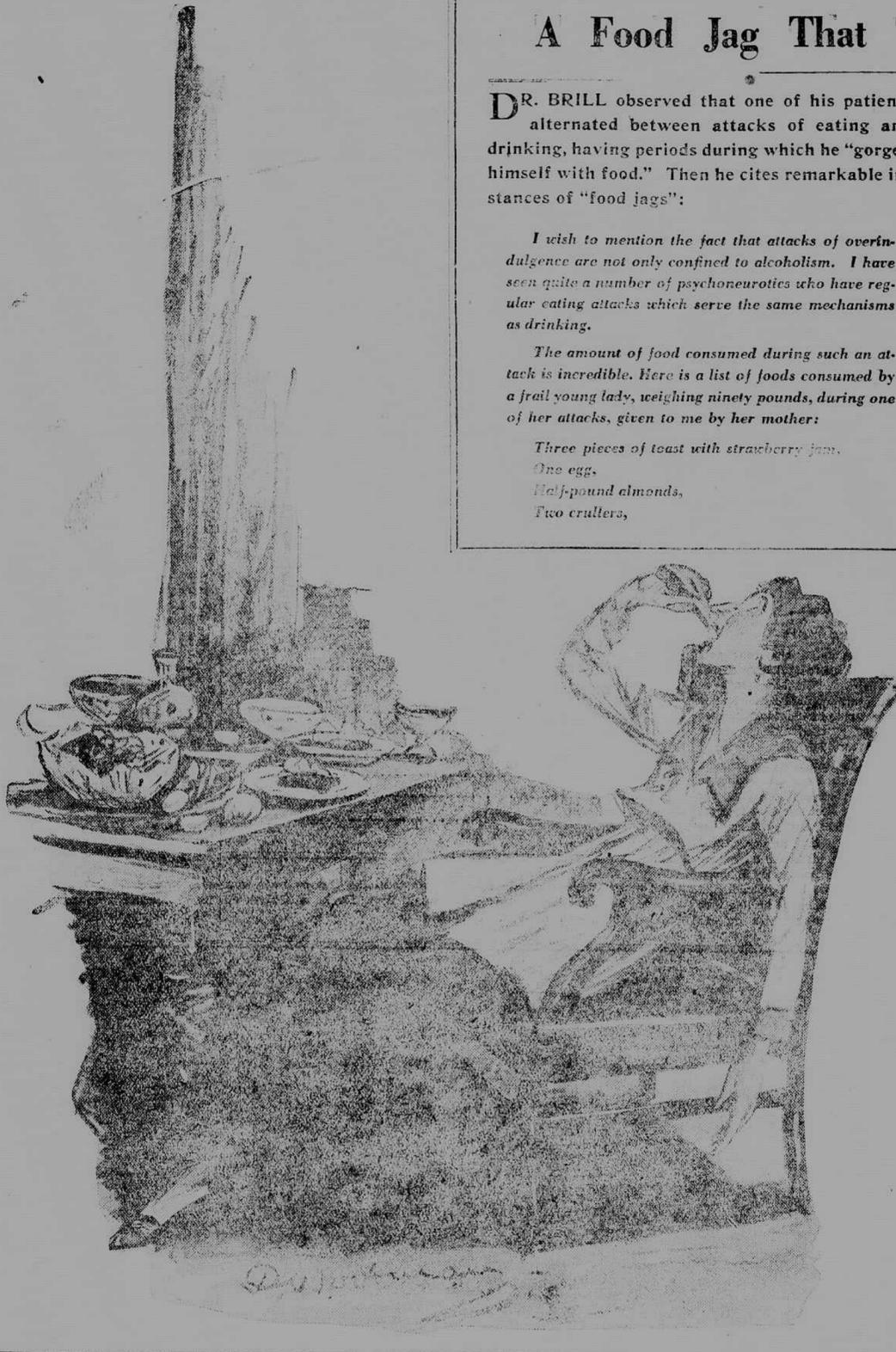
The amount of food consumed during such an attack is incredible. Here is a list of foods consumed by a frail young lady, weighing ninety pounds, during one of her attacks, given to me by her mother:

- Three pieces of toast with strawberry jam.
- One egg.
- Half-pound almonds,
- Two crullers,

- Six pieces of pastry,
- Two raw frankfurters,
- A plate of shrimps a la Newburg,
- Three pieces of toast and butter,
- One roast beef sandwich,
- Three cup cakes,
- Two veal chops with tomato sauce,
- One dish of cucumbers,
- Nine nut cakes,
- Two apples,
- Half pound pecans,
- Six bananas,
- One pound box of candy.

All of this was consumed within half an hour.

"Another young woman of twenty-five would have regular attacks during which she would consume a few pounds of roast beef and become so stimulated by it that for a time the family suspected she indulged in alcohol. She had what the family called 'roast beef jags!'"



which reality denies him and which his organism demands. It must be borne in mind that the individual vocation is only a sublimation of his most primitive impulses, which modern society holds in constant repression and suppression, and that his pleasure principle as such has to be constantly checked.

"The tired laborer, like the tired business man and the tired professional man, must find some means of making life easier for himself, and, whereas the latter are helped to it by their occupations, the laborer is not, for almost all of his primitive impulses are fettered, and the only emotional outlet offered him is through companionship with his family and friends. Mild alcoholic beverages are the most potent factors in the promotion of such pleasures. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not at all in favor of the American bar, with all that goes with it, but study of the individual shows it is better to give him some substitute for his primitive impulses than let him live through them. By depriving a man of all stimuli, such as alcohol, smoking and prizefights, he is pushed back to the primitive state and, *nolens volens*, he will have to live through those impulses.

"I am opposed to the absolute prohibition of alcoholic beverages be-

Dope Marches On When Drink Fails

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, the "Sage of St. Louis," finds significant fact in the report of a revenue commissioner on the traffic in drugs and editorializes as follows in "Reedy's Mirror":

"More opium per capita is used in the United States than in any other country in the world, says Revenue Commissioner Roper. There are more than a million drug addicts among us, using that many pounds of the drug a year, half of it obtained illegally. The illicit drug traffic and use are notable, says the commissioner, in prohibition territory. This in spite of the drastic Harrison law. The dry wave is driving us from drink to deadlier dope."

Home Brews That Kick

Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A. B., M. A., M. D.

THERE is potentially as much of a devil in every berry of the grape and each fruit of a cereal as there is in the cunning wrestler wine itself.

Good wine needs no bush. You can brew it in a teakettle or a soup boiler beyond the madding revenue and secret service officers. Wine may take away reason, engender insanity, lead thousands to extravagance, and, at the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, yet human nature is fallible and will continue to fall for it.

A concoction popularly known as "home brew" is probably the most common of the locally brewed drinks, and persons who have tried this beverage claim that when properly prepared it compares very favorably with the best of ales. The method of manufacturing "home brew" is very simple, and no expensive equipment is necessary, the chief thing needed being a washboiler or a large kettle that will hold from eight to sixteen gallons of liquid. In this receptacle are placed the required number of gallons of water, the malt and the hops.

This mixture is allowed to steep for hours, or until the goodness of the malt and hops steeps out, after which

brown sugar or molasses is added. It is then thoroughly mixed and strained into a common heavy beer keg. Through the bung-hole is poured a small quantity of yeast. The mixture is allowed to "work" for several hours, after which the bung-hole is carefully plugged. In a couple of days the beer is ready for use.

There are, of course, persons who have a thirst for something stronger. Various methods of home distilling are in vogue already. Chief among them is the "washboiler still." A common washboiler with an inverted top is used. In the bottom of the boiler is placed a small stand, upon which a dish is set to catch the distilled product which drips from the peak of the inverted top. A mixture of molasses, potatoes, malt and barley is placed in the boiler and set over the fire. As this mixture boils the steam strikes the inverted boiler top upon which ice has been placed. The result is rapid condensation, the condensed steam dripping into the dish. This liquid is of high alcoholic content and the color of New England rum.

Still another method in vogue, but one that requires a longer period to produce results, is that of shredding potatoes into a barrel and burying the barrel in the earth. The barrel is allowed to remain buried for from three to six months, and when opened contains several gallons of practically pure alcohol. Dozens of barrels containing potatoes are said to be buried on farms in this section.

Silos are common on farms, but it was not until a few years ago that an inquisitive farmhand with a thirst discovered a byproduct which is now eagerly sought after in the spring. The silos on most farms are filled in the autumn with ensilage corn, which is allowed to ferment, and which is fed out to the cattle during the winter. There is a certain amount of moisture in the corn, and this drips to the bottom of the silo, where it remains when all the fodder has been removed. This liquid contains a high percentage of alcohol and its taste resembles that of new corn whiskey.

Nevertheless, medically and not socially or morally speaking, distilled vegetation is an abomination. You often hear the remark that "there is no harm in a glass of wine per se." Per se means by itself. Certainly there is no harm in a glass of wine by itself.

Place a glass of wine on a shelf and let it remain there, and it is per se, and will harm no one. If, however, you take it from the shelf or the table and turn it inside a man, then it is no longer per se. Do you see?



"Vodka, so eagerly imbibed by the Russian peasant, would be rejected by—"

When a Saloon Is Not a Saloon

A. GREGORY HARTSWICK recently declared that the Salvation Army had opened several "Temperance Bars," in which are preserved all features of the saloon (except alcoholic drinks), even to the traditional brass rail. These bars have been a success with the returning soldiers and sailors, he avers, and have been commercially successful. In the hope that more of the same will be instituted the writer observes that they

"will fill a shortly-to-be-felt want."

But Don Marquis, the incorrigible humorist on an afternoon contemporary, does not agree.

"It is a noble attempt, this one, to denaturize the saloon," he has written. "But when Saul became Paul he was Saul no longer; he was something else again. The thing that made the saloon what it was was the good old jazz-juice they sold there, and there is no substitute. . . . Away with this mockery of our grief."



—the average Anglo-Saxon who craves his whiskey or brandy"