

WORLD DRUG TRAFFIC AND ITS IMPACT ON U.S. SECURITY

HEARINGS BEFORE THE SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY UNITED STATES SENATE NINETY-SECOND CONGRESS SECOND SESSION

PART 2 THE HASHISH TRAIL

SEPTEMBER 12, 1972

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WORLD DRUG TRAFFIC AND ITS IMPACT ON U.S. SECURITY

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1972

U.S. SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to call, at 10:55 a.m. in room 1202, New Senate Office Building, Senator James O. Eastland (chairman), presiding.

Also present: J. G. Sourwine, chief counsel.

The CHAIRMAN. The committee will come to order.

We have convened this hearing today for the purpose of exploring the worldwide drug traffic and more particularly its effect on the security of the United States.

The dangerous and devious aspects of global drug traffic are frightening; and, when this menace of narcotics is translated into the terms of its impact on America and particularly on our youth, it is even more frightening.

Despite our every effort to keep drugs out of this country, illegal narcotics are coming in at an alarming and ever-increasing rate. Our present antidrug apparatus has so far not been able to cope with the tremendous influx of drugs. In spite of all we are doing to combat the flow of drugs, we are being overwhelmed. The situation is critical.

I am convinced that we are now losing this battle; and if prompt decisive steps are not taken, we will most assuredly lose the war against drugs. America and our society as we know it is in serious and imminent danger.

The study of global drug traffic is fascinating, but frightening. It is an extremely dangerous, highly devious and immensely profitable business; but only international criminals profit, while the world stands to lose.

Drugs are threatening to undermine the very foundation of the American future—our youth.

To recognize the impact of drugs on the American scene—and particularly on our young people—one needs only to look at the most recent figures provided by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on crime in the United States. I am convinced that drugs are a major factor in this startling increase in crime in this country. We will substantially reduce crime only when we substantially reduce the use of drugs.

Let us look at the figures concerning drug arrests for violations of narcotics laws:

Drug arrests increased eightfold in the last 11 years;

Arrests for those under 18 were up by 30-fold, a staggering and startling 3,000 percent;

Arrests for those under 18 increased five times faster than those over 18;

Drug arrests accelerated seven times faster than arrests for all offenses combined; and,

In 1971, more persons were arrested on narcotics charges than for murder, manslaughter, rape, robbery, and aggravated assault combined.

Last year, nearly a half million persons were arrested on drug violations. More than half of these—52 percent—were under the age of 21, and almost a quarter of them—22 percent—were under 18 years of age. In fact, the largest number of those arrested were 17-, 18-, and 19-year olds.

To end the drug epidemic in this country, we must get to the source: world drug traffic. We must stop drugs at our doorstep, we must block the global routes of drug traffickers, we must put out of business international hoodlums who profit from drugs, and we must dry up the sources. This will come only through cooperation—close cooperation—among the nations of the world.

In this country, I am convinced that only through strong laws—and strong law enforcement—can we roll back the drug epidemic.

This is a deadly serious situation. Unless America can conquer drugs, drugs will surely conquer America.

It is my hope that these hearings will accomplish two purposes: First, sound the alert to a complacent public by giving them the facts about a serious situation that threatens the well-being of every American: and, second, these hearings should point the way toward new and effective legislation that will enable the United States to meet and overcome this challenge of worldwide drug traffic.

In May of this year, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee commissioned General Lewis W. Walt, retired Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, to direct a task force investigation of the world drug problem. General Walt personally visited 15 countries in the course of his investigation, and, on August 14, he testified on the situation in Southeast Asia. Thursday morning he will be appearing before the subcommittee for a second time to complete his testimony on the world drug situation and what can be done to roll back the drug epidemic.

Our plan, during 5 days of testimony, is to give an overall view of the drug situation and look closely at what can be done to cope with it.

Our first hearing today, "The Hashish Trail," will deal with the impact of drugs on the individual.

Our second hearing, "The International Connection," will describe the world of the drug traffickers and the machinery of drug traffic.

In our third hearing, General Walt will present an overview of the world drug problem, and his recommendations for strengthening our controls at both the national and international level.

In our fourth and fifth hearings, the heads of the four major divisions of Government concerned with drug control, will each report

on the special role played by their agency in the war against drugs. Also, Dr. Olav Braenden, who has headed up the United Nations Narcotics Laboratory since its inception 16 years ago, will testify on certain aspects of current narcotics research.

Our first witness this morning, Suzanne Labin, is a distinguished French writer, the author of 15 books. She may very well be the only Western journalist who traveled the full length of the Hashish Trail, from its beginning in Western Europe to its end on the Indian Ocean, living with American and European young people, taking their life stories, and studying their progressive human degradation as they moved further along this infamous trail.

General Walt, you may identify yourself.

**STATEMENT OF GEN. LEWIS W. WALT, U.S. MARINE CORPS
(RETIRED)**

General WALT. I am Gen. Lewis Walt, U.S. Marine Corps (retired), and I have done a study for the committee, Internal Security Subcommittee, having to do with the international drug traffic problem.

The CHAIRMAN. Now, proceed.

General WALT. Mr. Chairman, this morning I would like to continue our testimony by taking a look at the human side of the drug problem.

Last June, you directed me to make a trip around the world, and I visited certain countries. One of the countries we visited was Afghanistan. We stopped at Kabul, the capital, for 1 day and 1 night. One of the most deplorable and saddening sights of my life I saw at Kabul in Afghanistan. I saw literally hundreds of hippie-type people, youth from many countries, especially from the United States, on the streets of Kabul. These young people, many of them, have come from as far west as Antwerp and Paris. They have come down through the Balkans, through Turkey and Iran, into Afghanistan. Some went up to Nepal, and some planned to go down into India, and so on. This trail through Europe and Asia has become known as the "Hashish Trail."

I had heard about it, but I did not realize the meaning until I got to Kabul and saw these young people on the streets of Kabul, most of them very poorly dressed, very dirty, many of them very emaciated, due to the fact that they had not had anything to eat for a long time.

They come in there and they live on drugs primarily. Then can do this, because the drugs in Kabul are cheap, relatively speaking. With hashish, they can sustain their addiction there on about 40 cents to 60 cents a day, and when they have this much drug they do not care for food. They lose their appetite and they lose their weight, and get down to where they are just skin and bones. These are the types of people I saw on the streets of Kabul.

I tried to talk to them. They had a dullness about their eyes that was just unreal. These were young American kids, 15, 18 years old. They are a tragic proof of what is happening as far as our drug addiction problem is concerned.

Now, this morning, sir, we are very fortunate in having a witness who saw a lot of this. She followed this Hashish Trail herself for several months, and she has written a book about it. This book is a very interesting book. It is "Hippies, Drugs, and Promiscuity." That is the title of it. I have read the book, and I think anyone would enjoy

reading it and would get an awful lot from it. It tells the story of these young Americans and other young people from other countries who take this trail and get hooked on these drugs, and to me it is a very important part of the testimony, because it does get the human side. It shows what the drug addiction in the world, the international drug traffic, is doing to the young people not only of America, sir, but to young people from Germany, England, and France and other countries as well.

It is a very sad story, but I think we are very fortunate this morning, sir, in having Madame Suzanne Labin to give us details of this story.

The CHAIRMAN. Identify yourself for the record.

TESTIMONY OF MME. SUZANNE LABIN

Mrs. LABIN. Yes. I am Suzanne Labin, a French writer and journalist and lecturer.

I have made 16 around-the-world tours, and I have written 15 books. I have been recently interested in the drug traffic because I met a lot of drug addicts in America, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, and 1 or 2 years after the epidemic spread into France, Italy and all Europe, and I learned about the "Hashish Trail."

So I decided to make the voyage not only through Afghanistan, Kabul, and Nepal, through India, through Goa, but I have interviewed some hundreds of them, individually and in groups, in many countries. I have visited all types of places where they gather and studied their way of life. I have seen all degrees of intoxication, from light to lethal. I studied most of the existing literatures and research about drugs and hippies. I have discussed the matter with renowned specialists, physicians, psychiatrists, directors of rescue services, representatives of hospitals and the Red Cross, the Chief of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics in Paris, chiefs of the French Narcotic Squad, Ministers of Information, together with ambassadors and consuls in the capitals I have visited along the Hashish Trail.

I have a master of science degree in physiology and chemistry, so I understand the technicalities involved.

The drug addicts I contacted can be analyzed in the following ways:

Age: Most were below 30, the bulk between 19 and 25; many even under 15.

Sex: Sixty percent were male; 40 percent female.

Nationality: In all my around-the-world tours, 40 percent of the addicts were Americans. The remainder, in decreasing proportions, were English, Germans, Scandinavians, French, Dutch, Australians, Italians, and Belgians. There were, on the whole Hashish Trail, no significant contingent from Spain, Portugal, Greece, or from Latin America, Asia, and Africa. Most of them were people, your people, white, from the Western World.

Social level: Eighty percent came from upper and middle class, 20 percent from workers and families of lower income. None were farmers or peasants.

Cultural level: Eighty percent of the runaways above 17 had attended college for at least 1 year.

Now that you have a general background about the field, I will cover, together with my qualification to do it, my specific experiences and the conclusions I derived from them.

THE TRIBUTARIES THAT FEED THE HASHISH TRIAL

Mr. Chairman, now I will make a description of case stories.

My first contact with this particularly tragic group was during the nights I spent in the police station of Hollywood-West, once in 1968, a second time in 1970.

Do you know, Mr. Chairman, in Los Angeles, the law forbids children under 16 to walk alone in the streets after 10 p.m.? During my nights in the police station, every 15 minutes the patrol cars brought in two to four teenagers who had been picked up drifting alone. Their pockets were full of all kinds of drugs. Some had run away from their families months ago.

All these kids showed the characteristic dilated pupils, vacant stares of hashish smokers. Some already had the discreet but chronic cough of the marihuana addicts. All considered themselves advanced, superior to the sheep who followed the standards of backward schoolmasters and parents. Several whom I interrogated revealed that they had dropped out of school. The pictures of runaways, claimed by their families, covered whole walls of some police stations from floor to ceiling.

Meanwhile, some years ago, there were only three or four pictures on these walls.

A young boy appeared to be an expert trafficker already. In a notebook I discovered on him I read, with amazement, elaborate schemes about prospective new customers to contact, new drugs to test, and where to get them cheapest. Scrawled across a fresh page in a bold yet childish hand, he had written "I must expand my empire." At 15, he had already lost his life.

After this first and heartbreaking experience, I met teenage drug addicts all over the world. The most atrocious scene I witnessed in this respect occurred in October 1970, in a high school for boys in Honolulu. There, one morning, more than 200 boys got stoned together. During the several days previous, they had been given free barbiturate pills by some pushers at the school entrance. These were of a kind that produced bad trips and they were even more addictive than heroin. The scene grew into sheer horror. The boys were running in all corners, shouting insane things with shrill voices, tearing their garments to pieces, breaking everything, engaging in bloody rows.

In Rome, Italy, I witnessed the police search of a so-called sports club for teenagers installed on a big boat on the Tiber River and attended by 2,000 boys and girls from 20 high schools. Instead of athletic training, they were given drugs of all kinds and induced to have sexual intercourse.

The reason for the extent of drug addiction among the teenagers is that the younger they are the easier they are influenced and the faster they become addicted. In addition, many teenagers are very clever and discreet auxiliaries of the traffickers. That is why the pushers eagerly cultivate that group of customers. They often organize free distribution of various drugs—even heroin—in high schools and colleges. The chief of police I met in Manila documented that he had caught some. And in Manila, I met President Marcos who told me the drug problem had reached a point of no-solution in his country, and his statement made the headlines in all the press.

In many schools, principals have confirmed the fact to me that the boys are given drugs in the school.

Also, to promote the drug habit among teenagers, the pushers have developed a variety of mini-drugs, such as banana skins. This has no intoxicating effect at all but by being taken in an atmosphere of clandestine initiation to artificial paradises, it encourages the kids to go on to the true drugs.

During a smoke-in party in a park in Vancouver, Canada, I watched a man selling balloons to children under 12. He instructed them to sniff the Freon gas and get on a trip of several minutes. I saw one child after the other, from a long line, falling in the grass with the vertigo. I learned afterwards that this sniffing can cause death, because the expansion of the gas freezes the lungs.

Now, I will speak to you, Mr. Chairman, of the psychedelic churches.

I want to mention the too little known phenomenon of the so-called psychedelic churches. The basis is in a decision of your Supreme Court.

In accordance with the freedom of religion guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution, the Indians are allowed to eat the cactus called peyote, during their religious rituals as they have for centuries. Peyote contains mescaline, a hallucinogenic drug. From this ruling, the hippie leaders, realizing that the words religion and cult are not defined in the Constitution, concluded that taking drugs could be exempt from legal restraint by pretending that they are sacraments in a new cult, and to use the stratagem, they advised their followers:

You must make a written "declaration of faith" stating that you use drugs to elevate your souls; as part of a ritual of a new religion you have created, you put the declaration in a sealed envelope, send it to yourself, and keep it sealed. Your church can consist of no more than you and your girl with your bedroom as a temple. Should the police raid the place, you will open the envelope and prove that you were taking drugs as part of your religious ritual, and you could invoke the protection of the Constitution.

This trick has worked pretty often, and was the basis for the creation of over a hundred pseudo churches. I thought, Mr. Chairman, this loophole in your legislative framework was worth mentioning.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I speak of my experience on the Hashish Trail.

THE HASHISH TRAIL

The most determined and most addicted hippies from the Western World set out on the famous Hashish Trail to India and its surrounding countries where they hope to find a world of their dreams, a world of mysticism, detachment from material things, long hair, bare feet, minimal dress, free housing and, above all, cheap drugs. A few affluent hippies from the United States of America take planes and can land directly in India because they can produce a return ticket which is a necessary condition to get a visa. All the others, a great majority, who do not have the money for a roundtrip ticket to India, must go to Afghanistan first and from there cross illegally into India. They travel mainly by hitchhiking in Europe, buses, lorries, and trains in Asia, often walking barefooted. When they begin

this crusade there is flesh on their bones, and they enjoy outbursts of color, dance and music. When they arrive at the end of the trail far-away in Goa, they have turned, as we shall see, into silent, gray, meager, slow-moving spectres, awaiting only death.

The route goes through Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Iran. The hard part is Turkey where the police are brutal, the cost of living high, where truckdrivers use to beat and rob their passengers and rape the girls and even the boys because of their long hair. In Ankara I met a desperate young American man who had just married a Dutch girl. His wife had boarded a different truck than he and she did not arrive and did not show up day after day. She had probably been sold to a Saudi-Arabian brothel from which no woman ever gets out.

Many of these drug crusaders--more than is commonly thought--disappear during their travels, be it by death due to overdose and disease, or be it by murder.

A quarter of a million pilgrims have given up even before Turkey because of all the hardships or lack of money.

In Turkey, another half abandon or fade away and most return to their countries, often even to their homes. Only the hardest 25 percent get to Afghanistan.

AFGHANISTAN

There the picture changes markedly. It is a place of rest where the many hippies gather. As a matter of fact, the Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs assured me that his country had adhered to the U.N. Covenant of 1961 which prohibits drugs. And I have seen drug users arrested in the Cafe Keyber--although they were soon back. But the tabernacles of the drugs in Kabul are the rooms in a belt of fleabag hotels. All of them are open to anybody's visit and are crammed with hippies taking drugs from dawn to dark.

Why is that tolerated so openly? Because a foreign diplomat whispered in my ear, "The hotels belong to local VIP's."

A bed in a communal room of one of these hotels costs 30 cents daily; 20 cents if the hotel does not provide blankets; 15 cents for sleeping on a table, and 10 cents for sleeping on the floor. As food is cheap, the hippies can make it for \$1.50 a day, including the price of dope which is 20 to 50 times less than in the United States.

By "room," Mr. Chairman, you must understand it to be four naked and dirty walls with a door, an obscure window, and a pale lamp. No furniture; no water; no toilet. In some there is a fireplace in the middle; the pipes go through the window. The hippies sleep mainly in their own clothes as long as they have not sold them.

There, gentlemen and Mr. Chairman, is the drug paradise. There, on the bare ground inside the heads of those lost youngsters who have traveled 10,000 miles to compose that scene. There is where I found boys and girls of all types, from all our civilized countries. "Boys and girls?" Or should I say "a third middle sex," because they are nearly indistinguishable under their long greasy hair, their shabby pants, their loose shirts of faded colors, their stonelike complexion.

Sexual intercourse is free; but after Kabul it is rare because persistent intoxication by drugs slowly extinguishes sexual drive and power.

In a minuscule room of the Hotel Fez in Kabul, I found two blond handsome German boys who were spending their life lying on their bed and testing one mixture of opium and hashish after the other, deadly serious. The two did not leave their room again. They had definitely drawn the curtain between the world and themselves.

I was brought to this silent sanctuary of vacuity by a French lad, the son of a servant couple, who had escaped from the police in Marseilles and did not have a penny left. He was living as a parasite on the two German parasites. At the Hotel Noor, another room was occupied by five boys and one chap whose face was permanently hidden by a vast peevish hat. The walking thing never spoke nor seemed to understand what happened or what was happening all around. If there were degrees of vacuity, their eyes which sometimes appeared from under the hat, read absolute zero. Suddenly, that hatted shape proved to be a girl by undressing herself without knowing it. She was stoned practically all the time. And, Mr. Chairman, I can tell you that they were not taking only hashish or opium but were taking all classes of drugs, amphetamines, and barbiturates with aspirin. They mix everything.

In still another crowded room of the Bamyán Hotel, a Canadian with piercing eyes, acted as a chieftain. I was to learn later he was, in reality, an American deserter from the draft who had procured a Canadian passport. He offered me a white powder to play with in my mouth. I refused, of course, but the powder was instantly accepted by an English hippie. The Canadian, the only one constantly active, was surely a pusher. If the white powder was heroin, addiction could occur in 2 weeks; in 2 days, if it was cocaine. Nevertheless, all these ignorant roommates put in their stomachs or in their veins whatever chemicals are offered to them without inquiring about the one who offers and without taking care of the most precious inheritance they possess: their brain.

Dramas often occur. Another American lad—and, of course, I am speaking to you more of the Americans because I think you are interested in your boys, but there are many dramas among the French also. Another American lad, whom I rescued from starvation with some dollars, led me to his room where I met a young, anemic British hippie who was seeking, with large tired eyes, some remains of life and was coughing all the time. When I returned to the room some days later, I learned that he had died the night before from an excruciating crisis of asthma, exaggerated by hashish. Nobody in the room had moved to call a doctor, who could have saved him easily, because all were high on drugs.

My French friend told me that a fortnight ago a girl had cut her veins to feel the magic intensity of the redness of her blood under LSD. Her blood whispered under her door all night, and in the morning she was dead.

Urgent middle-of-the-night calls to help a hippie who has swallowed an overdose are commonplace. Help coming too late is also commonplace.

NEPAL

Now, in Katmandu, Nepal, the general picture is the same, very cheap life and drugs in shabby bistros and rooms full of druggtakers from all Western nations. One difference is that drugs there are legal.

In a restaurant I had the shock of reading, printed in the menu, dishes like "Hashish Pudding," Marijuana Ice Cream."

Dramas are also frequent in Nepal. I have seen bands of naked girls wandering around erotic temples by night. A Belgian girl, Brigitte Axel, suffered recurrent crises of LSD—which means trips erupting spontaneously weeks after a first ingestion—which made her insane. As there are no psychiatric hospitals in Nepal and insanity is considered as the possession of the body by some demon, she was imprisoned and finally chained because she became violent.

A Swiss lady of admirable dedication, working with the Red Cross, searched out her family in Brussels, because there is no Belgian Embassy in Katmandu, Nepal, and her family sent enough money to return Brigitte by plane with a husky male nurse who watched her every move. Once cured, this girl of good education wrote a book telling her story, where you will find, from the beginning to end, passages like this one:

"I walk along the road. A long-haired American, plucking a guitar, picks me up in a little used car. Dick has a good provision of shit"—the slang term for pot. "By night, I sleep with him in a community tent. The day after, Dick departs to Goa. I stay gladly because the place is full of shit. I proceed to Benares with Joan, a blond girl who fixes herself with heroin. On the way we board a little used car. In the back, Peter is plucking a guitar. He has lots of shit. I spend with him 2 nights." And so on, and so on, ad nauseam.

This excerpt shows well the vacuity of those hippies' lives. Notice that in Katmandu they are surrounded by superior samples of those natural beauties they claim to prefer to our jammed cities, and by marvels of art, not to mention the charm of fairy people living in a biblical style, having more temples than houses. Well, although surrounded by this fascinating human and natural scenery, most of the hippies remain packed—one should rather say "buried"—in their dark, bad-smelling rooms and bistros. None of those I met has had the curiosity to inquire about the religion and mores of the Afghan and Nepalese peoples. The drug makes them indifferent to everything, unable to read, unwilling to walk a few miles to contemplate the incredible Himalayas. Yet, they retain the ability to discuss between trips.

THE COMMUNAL LIFE

An aspect of drug addiction which contributes strongly to make it attractive is the community life. The appeal of that old utopia is understandable, because all of those who run away from regular society soon feel the need for another society for mutual help. In addition, many drugs are taken collectively.

Among the variety of communes which have been organized, the rural type received special publicity. It was presented as a model of a return to a nontechnological, hence "pure" and "poetic," way of life. Well, I have visited over a dozen of such agrarian communities of drug addicts in Honolulu, Vancouver, Europe, the Near East, and nowhere did I find any hint of bucolic style or virtues. I only found utter dirtiness due to the laziness of drug addicts, and disputes about the work to be done.

Above all, I found a perpetual flux because these so-called "flower children" are, in reality, "butterfly children" with as few brains and as much instability as butterflies.

Mr. Chairman, the hippie communities break up just as quickly as they gather and for reasons just as superficial. The groups cling together and then fall apart just like the clouds in the sky and are nothing more than collections of lonely people. There is no hippie community in the proper sense of the word, only temporary bivouacs raised here in a whim and then set up elsewhere under another whim with other pilgrims. At the bottom, every pilgrim remains eternally alone. His companions—or rather should I say "his entourage"—are composed of electrons without affinity with each other, transitorily linked together by the pipe or the bed. No real friends, no real lovers. Those traditional links imply that the partners cultivate something together—even though it be commonplace—something lasting; whereas, these drug addicts are not really looking for anything, for nothing to nourish the mind, nothing to warm the heart, nothing of any lasting value. Their inner visions are essentially fleeting and incapable of communication.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SURVIVAL

Now, Mr. Chairman, I would speak of how these hippies survive.

Although the hippie drug addicts, who form 95 percent of this subculture, live very poorly, let us say on an average of \$50 per month in the Middle East, they still need those \$50. I investigated the important problem of how they manage to get them. Here is a list of their methods:

1. The money they take with them when leaving, together with their belongings which they sell en route.
2. Within Western countries they find plenty of surpluses.
3. They beg on the streets.
4. They sell their passports. An American passport in the Orient is worth \$100.
5. They sell their blood. This, they do in Europe as well as Asia. Sometimes their blood gets polluted by disease. It happened in Sweden, where for 3 months the blood bank closed its doors and serious surgery cases had to be shifted to Europe.
6. They rob whatever they can, from statues in temples, to food and saris in popular markets; tourist cameras; curtains and carpets in embassies; wrist watches and wallets from bedmates, and, of course, drugs from pharmacies.
7. Above all, they turn themselves into drug dealers for newcomers.

In Asia, the parasitic character of the hippies struck me more than in the West, because of the tragic all-pervading poverty in Asian society. As a matter of fact, the hippies take their food from the have-nots; they rob the have-nots; they corrupt the have-nots because they spread among them the additional calamity of drugs. This is why the Hindu Government refuses to back these foreign tramps who bring a thousand new unsolvable problems with them, that add to the hundred of thousands of unsolvable problems the Government had on its daily agenda. In India, there are not enough houses, food, hospitals, medicines, prisons, without even mentioning the enormous surplus of beggars.

So what can the Hindu authorities do with the hungry, ill, mendicant, thieving, or trafficking hippies? How can they tolerate the fact that these self-manufactured poor live on the very substance of the genuine poor? Don't these rich children, dressed up as indigents and who pretend to live upon nothing, insult the unfortunate who are dying from it?

Mr. Chairman, I have to stress to you that the Western embassies are overwhelmed.

The French Ambassador to Nepal, Mr. Francais, told me about a French girl who had been discovered by the agents of the consulate crawling on all fours. She had been carried to his office, and he realized that she had lost the control of her tongue and of her sphincters. She urinated on the Embassy's carpets. He was able to send her back to Paris where she will end her animal life in a psychiatric hospital because of the many drugs she has taken.

The ambassadors of France, United States of America, and Great Britain made me aware of the size of the problems. They receive every week from 6 to 15 long-distance calls from their respective countries, imploring them to find out about runaway children. But how can they act efficiently? They have no budget to pay the detectives required to search the cities unceasingly. They have no budget to buy return air tickets. When they get their money from the families for that purpose and they have fortuitously succeeded in spotting the delinquent and putting him in a plane, said delinquent most often would fly away to Delhi, sell his ticket, and disappear. Besides, how can they convince the delinquent to return home? They have no power at all, neither of police, nor of justice, to enforce their plans. Only their government could do something, "but," said U.S. Ambassador Robert Neumann, "apparently they did not want to bother." "An embassy," added Mr. Francais, the French Ambassador, "is neither a police station, nor a prison, nor a hotel, nor a bank, nor a section of the Red Cross." Therefore, peoples from our Western countries should be advised that their representatives in the countries along the "Hashish Trail" practically cannot do anything to have the runaways go back home if the latter do not want it.

GOA

Now, as to in Goa, at the end of the line: The most extremist hippies dedicated to drugs find the human climate in Kabul or Katmandu too noisy and they go further; they go to the bottom of India, at the remote Bay of Kalagute, near Goa. This golden sand beach is bordered by a beautiful tropical forest, and that is where the hard-drug addicts settle. I have followed these humans, gifted with reason, and who voluntarily embrace madness.

There are huts scattered under the palm trees. One-third of them harbor native fishing families, the others harbor families of hippies, most of which do not include any women, but usually four or five young men living in chastity—drugs deaden the sexual drive. The hippies rent their huts for \$4 a month. Since there may be from 4 to 10 in a hut, the price per person is seldom more than a dollar. By the time the hippies arrive at Goa, most of them have lost all but two of their treasures—their hashish pipe and their long hair.

The CHAIRMAN. That is a rollcall vote. I will have to leave. We will resume at 2 o'clock.

(Whereupon, at 11:55 a.m., a recess was taken until 2 p.m., this same day.)

AFTERNOON SESSION

The CHAIRMAN. Good afternoon.

The subcommittee will come to order.

The witness may proceed.

General WALT. Mr. Chairman, we would like to continue with the testimony of Madame Labin on her experiences with young people and drugs, with the youth, not only in this country, but internationally. Her experience took her along the "Hashish Trail," during which time for several months she actually lived with these young people.

She got to know them. She talked with them. She tried to understand them, and as a result of this she has received a real insight into the drug problem insofar as the youth of our country, as well as other countries, are concerned. I would like now to introduce Madame Suzanne Labin to continue her testimony, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. We would be very glad to hear from you.

TESTIMONY OF MME. SUZANNE LABIN—Resumed

Mrs. LABIN. Mr. Chairman, I will continue my testimony.

Thus, in this enchanted forest along the most inaccessible shores of India, I made my way from door-to-door to visit the most extreme of those who have rejected Western-style modern life.

In the first hut I met an American young man sitting on the dirt floor with a cat in his arms. He told me that, "My cat loves to take trips with me," he said, "especially LSD trips." He told me that he believed in transmigration and that he hoped to be a Siamese cat in his next life. So you see many of them have become a little crazy.

In another hut I found a young French couple who were eager to share their ideas. After a while I noticed the girl's stillness. She had been lying on her mat without moving for more than 2 hours. One could see traces of suffering on her features. Then I looked at her companion. Did the blood still course through his veins? He suffered infectious hepatitis.

I suggested to them to go to the bracing ocean air to recover health. But the young man said it had been ages since they had been to the beach. "It's only an hour's walk," I said. The girl interrupted. "I can't walk. My legs are too painful."

She unrolled the dirty cloth wrapped around her ankle. I was horrified. Here was the result of the hippie pattern of drug injections, with needles washed by licking with the tongue. From the swollen mass of flesh, a mixture of blood and pus oozed, and with it an odor of putrefaction. I had a feeling that the girl believed these open wounds would evaporate, if only she could show them to a tourist arriving from the Western World "corrupted by technological civilization and work," but which, nonetheless, knew something about the healing of ills.

In one especially dirty hut, from which the garbage had not been removed for months, I was received by a household of three, com-

posed of an American Israeli in a black skull cap, a cadaverous French woman in her thirties, and a very young Swedish girl. The first two had met in Israel and had a 9-year-old daughter.

"Where does the child go to school?" I asked.

"Nowhere," said the man. "To learn what? False ideas of life, I don't want my daughter to have her head stuffed with all that knowledge by the establishment."

"Then, who teaches her to read and write. Her mother?"

"Well, you see," the mother started, but he interrupted her indignantly: "No one. Must she learn to read and write, to do the multiplication tables, to be happy? She is teaching herself the wonders of nature, watching the trees, the flowers, the butterflies, as she chooses. She does what she wants, without restraint. She is as free as a bird."

Then, turning suddenly toward the child, who was about to put a pipe in her mouth, he yelled, "Don't touch that. I have told you a dozen times. And don't go too far from the house. Remember, I've forbidden you to go to the beach alone."

Quite a bit of interdictions for a child free as a bird.

I asked the family autocrat what they did all the day.

"What we do? Nothing," he answered.

"But there must be something in that 'nothing'."

"I eat, I drink. I sleep. I smoke hash."

"I mean, what do you do to nourish the spirit? Do you read?"

"Never."

"All right. You don't read, you don't play an instrument, you don't paint. Then you travel? You visit the churches of Goa? You swim? You play cards? Have you a hobby?"

They burst into laughter, as if I had made a bad joke.

"We don't know how to swim. We can hardly tell a queen from a jack. Our church is this forest, and the trips we take are without moving, through LSD," the man told me.

"Do you cook?" I asked, almost desperately.

"No. We buy our food already cooked from the Indians. They prepare it over their wood fires near their huts. It is too tiring to gather wood in the forest."

"But where do you get the money?"

"We make out."

"But how?"

I couldn't draw them out further. Then, suddenly, the young Swedish girl appeared at the door, bright and healthy, wearing gaudy ornaments and pink cheeks. And I understood she had just left home with money and riches in hand, and the couple rented her the hut for more per week than they paid for it for a year. This is the supreme law of the clan: the old hands are supported by the novices, to whom, in compensation, they teach the ropes about the drug world.

I watched five young men approach. There were two Americans, and again I couldn't believe my eyes. Remember, Mr. Chairman, those starving people of Biafra not so long ago? These hippies—wearing only loin cloths—reminded me of them. Their thighs were no thicker than broom handles, which made their knees look like deformed protuberances.

Their skin was stretched tight across their ribs. And in place of cheeks and eyes, there were deep, skull-like holes. They forgot to be buried. Yet they were in search of drugs, not of food. In the long run, the drug deadens all sensations. Abusers of hash or opium don't feel hunger, have no pain from ulcers, don't realize they are getting steadily weaker. They are wrapped in cottonwool, internally and externally. Pain is an alarm necessary to the survival of all animals. But drugs have broken their alarm system.

Here, then, I have seen the end of the line. And I discovered that it's the entrance to the grave.

Now, briefly, I will speak about the causes of the drug explosion.

THE DRUG EXPLOSION: THE FALSE REASONS

The drug explosion was so sudden, so unexpected, and so severe, that the first question arising in everybody's mind is: Why? Why on earth did it happen precisely in our time, precisely in the most developed countries, precisely among the most privileged youth? I shall offer you the results of my own thinking about this fundamental question.

Let us examine the most popular false explanations of the phenomenon.

The first explanation states that the youth revolts and defies the establishment by taking drugs to protest social injustice. But social injustice was considerably worse 60 years ago, and no one confronted it with drugs. The main channel of protest was the socialist movement, and this was fully pledged to science, technology, rationalism, material well-being, sanctity of work, social planning, all in direct contradiction to the philosophy of the present youth revolt.

Why should mysticism and drug addiction have erupted when social justice had made tremendous advances? And, why among the upper classes, not among the true victims of the said injustice? It's probably because there is not much ground left to make drama with the emancipation of the working class, so our hippies had to turn toward claiming emancipation from neckties, haircuts, and sex.

A second explanation of the upsurge of drug addiction is that our society has become unbearably materialistic and greedy. A candid examination disproves this idea, too. Just consult the annals from past times, and you will realize how much cruder than today were the race for money, the venality of the officeholders, the concern for social status in marriage.

Never, in the past, have states spent so hugely for sciences, arts, sports, education, entertainment, research, and, last but not least, pleasures for the youth. Don't forget that the fantastic cost of cosmic travel is supported exclusively for the sake of knowledge. Don't forget that our adult generation, presented as being interested only in gadgets, calories, and TV watching, has endured cruel sufferings to fight against fascism for the highest ideal: Freedom.

Don't forget that history has never seen the equivalent of the collective generosity embodied in the \$250 billion in aid delivered by the rich nations, mainly the United States, to the poor ones. Besides, I find it odd to present as a reaction against our society's excessive selfishness, a movement which leads to taking drugs, the epitome of self-centred hedonism.

A third explanation goes back to the uniformity and boredom produced by our mass society. Here there is a gross misunderstanding. Our technology offers, indeed, to everybody the same set of keys to material life and entertainment. But those keys are so numerous that they open a much wider range of horizons than in any age before.

It's like saying that Guttenberg uniformized culture because all writings got printed the same way. As a matter of fact, uniformity was more choking in older times. when the nobles could see only one and the same play every month, and the common man had only one and the same church sermon every week. Wealth and technology always work to enlarge, not reduce, the range of personal drive and initiative.

A fourth explanation is that our youngsters rebel against too oppressive family and social disciplines. This is too obviously the opposite of truth to deserve a lengthy refutation. Never has an existing order been so liberal, so open to all those who curse and undermine it, so kind toward all the fancies set up by its youth to defy it. The philosophers of the hippie-drug-New Left population only cry that this population is oppressed, in order to put around their head the aura of chain breakers.

THE REAL REASONS

All the reasons of the "Youth Revolt" we have reviewed have the common trait that they make the established order and the older generation guilty for the drug explosion.

I shall now try to demonstrate that, if our generation plays a part in the genesis of this plague, it's in the opposite direction; namely, that of having given too much without due preparations. If the hippie-drug-New Left complex can be considered as the embodiment of a crisis in our civilization, it is a crisis of growth, not of decay.

Consider, for instance, the torrential increase in the university population. It marks an expanding and liberal society, not a restrictive and privilege-minded one. But it has thrown so many youngsters into superior education that the newcomers became strangers in their modest and unsophisticated families, and they were ready to buy outside their families the romantic but hollow postures of rebellion. They formed the psychological proletariat I have mentioned earlier.

Those families of the upper strata which do possess the culture to face their son's pretensions at transcendental novelties, are not willing to do it, because they have abdicated parental authority. The typical nor the the inner resources to force their offspring into a healthy way of life.

Proposing a system of values to a boy is considered anathema, bigotry, intellectual oppression. Hence, the parents lock themselves into impotence when their children fancy to take drugs.

General affluence multiplies the effects of moral permissiveness in families and schools. General affluence in society and ultraleftism in ideology has proved to be a major social explosive. In particular, it has unchained that old component of human nature called laziness.

One had forgotten it because for all the past centuries, which were poor and required hard work, the rampant biological laziness in us had been repressed by the tremendous power of moral censure, social prohibition, and material punishment. Today, all this age-old apparatus

to inhibit laziness has been broken by the triumphant trilogy I have mentioned. Permissiveness allows the child to let his laziness flow without being castigated; general affluence allows the lazy adolescent to survive even outside of his home; and ultraleftism allows him to appear not as a good-for-nothing, but as an interesting rebel.

In other words, the adolescent has now available: The permission to display his laziness, the means to live without working, and the philosophy to turn his parasitism into a nice case of social revolt.

But once laziness is given free course, the great problem becomes to occupy the passing time. Classical games and pleasures, like music and love, are quickly found insufficient. The only way is to forget time, to substitute the normal, extroverted life, which calls for activities, by an artificial, introverted life, with an unoccupied body. And the only solution, obviously, is drugs.

This explanation accounts for some characteristics of the hippie drug phenomenon. Two other factors have contributed to give it its present dramatic size. One is the help it received from the establishment; the other is the big push received from the subversive forces.

THE HELP OF THE ESTABLISHMENT

The so-called progressive intelligentsia has shed, through the mass media of communication, torrents of propaganda presenting the "hippie drug culture" with an interesting aura, as a pristine upsurge of our "advanced" youngsters, to enlarge human potentialities beyond the dull limits imposed by our ugly society.

This propaganda, through press, books, lectures, films, TV, magazines, songs, buttons, posters, mass rallies, and happenings, has reached much greater proportions than is commonly realized. The so-called underground hippie press has, in fact, an open circulation of millions of copies each week, most of which chant loudly the marvels of drugs. The record makers of the establishment have issued tens of millions of records alluding to the marvels of drugs. Such big hits as "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds"—initials from LSD—"Freak out U.S.A." "Day Tripper," are just a few in a long list.

Tim Leary, although discharged from Harvard for having given LSD to his students, was kindly and respectfully interviewed by dozens of TV stations and reputable magazines of mass circulation. I have met dozens of school principals who refrained from repressing drugs in their establishments in order not to appear backward. And I can assert that this multifarious propaganda has been most responsible for the spread of drugs among the youth, always eager to try something new, forbidden, but glamorous.

In France, the antidrug law forbids all forms of prodrug propaganda. But not in the United States, because of the too absolute interpretation of the first amendment. Justice Holmes once said that freedom of speech does not permit one to scream, "Fire, fire" in a theater, because that endangers the life of the people. But to propagandize in favor of drugs endangers the life of society much more.

Yet, the courts of justice, intimidated by the formidable wall of sweetness built by the mass media around hippie subculture, have been extremely soft. They let all the prodrug literature and happenings, which I just mentioned, flourish without intervening.

Remember that on September 23, 1966, a court of appeals dropped the charges against Leary stemming from his second arrest the preceding April. The court was trapped by the justification given by Leary that LSD was taken as a religious ritual in the new church he had just founded 4 days before and called League for Spiritual Discovery, initialed after LSD.

On October 12 of the same year, Leary was arrested a third time for having carried drugs from Canada, but he was released again. During all this time, he held press conferences in the best clubs, celebrated open services of his new church in a New York theater, organized "Acid Culture Weeks" and LSD-sanctified marriages at his "Castalia Foundation."

This establishment, with 64 luxury rooms, in Milbrook, and registered as a nonprofit organization, openly and loudly advised the young to drop out from school—which is criminal under the laws of compulsory education—and to take one marijuana trip each day and one LSD trip each week—which is criminal under the laws against drugs.

Only in March 1970, after hundreds of bad trips, some ending in death or murder or insanity, and due to Leary's propaganda for LSD, did a Federal court uphold his initial conviction for smuggling drugs from Mexico. He got a 10-year sentence. And during the very display of all this leniency by the establishment, Leary was denouncing its "oppression" and described it as "being made up of old crabs physiologically and mentally in the declining menopause age." And he earned a tax-free fortune from these denunciations.

I think that one of the most urgent and efficient ways to combat the drug explosion is to stop that abominable propaganda. It is absurd to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to repress a conduct which you permit to be glorified in 100 million words.

A third type of help granted by the establishment to the spreading of drugs is that it lets free, and even subsidizes, the centers organized by the hippies to assist drug addicts. Rescuing people in distress, even when they are in distress from their own faults, is a principle of generosity, which a modern society must uphold. But that should be only the job of charitable organizations; while, in reality, the relief centers set up by the hippies are often also relays and sometimes strongholds of further drug use. They prevent the hippies who call on them from returning home, when they feel desperate, by giving them a new start with addresses of cheap hotels, free food, drug dealers, guides for LSD trips, et cetera.

I might say that you can become addicted in 15 days on heroine, but it only takes 2 days on cocaine.

THE ROLE OF POLITICAL SUBVERSIVE FORCES

I shall give a look at the ties between the hippie drug movement and the various species of radical leftism and organized subversion.

Not all the hippies are radicals. As a matter of fact, most of the run-of-the-mill hippies shy away from political, as well as from all organized, commitments. But all those who do indulge in some politicking do it on the side of the extreme left. I was very struck by the fact during my world inquiries, that most of the missionaries of the

hippie crusade did not use drugs. They obviously wanted to keep cool heads in order to recruit the greatest number of prospective converts.

The self-appointed Messiah I interviewed in a hippie community of San Francisco, who told me that "The saints of Christ are the new forces for the riots," was of that type. So, also, was a British musician who led hippie bands in the streets of St. Germain des Près in Paris, who exquisitely explained to me that "Rock and roll, drugs, and communism are all of the same essence."

So was the Canadian chieftain of the Hotel Bamyan, in Kabul, whom I mentioned earlier. So was an articulate, never-stoned Chinese chap whom I watched serving as director of conscience in the drug lodges of Nepal. All were fluent and clever to praise—to the others—the drugs they never took, filling their environment with all the subversive slogans about current issues.

The higher leaders of the "drug culture" are even more tainted with the same political color. During the student strikes in Berkeley, Mario Savio welded together a coalition of hippies and left revolutionaries. Allen Ginsberg appears at public meetings at the side of Communist speakers and leaders of the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

The Canadian hippie leader, Daniel DePoe, adorns his headquarters with photos of Mao Tse-tung. The French hippie leader, Jean Claude Lamoureux, before dying from a heroin injection, printed a journal called, "The Red Mole." For all the underground hippie press, the only material you find, apart from hippie and drug items, is not discernible from the propaganda stuff of all subversive movements.

And notice that the greatest guru, Timothy Leary, once escaped from jail, went straight to Algeria to offer his services to the Marxist revolution. An incident worth remarking here is that, in the end, Tim Leary was expelled from Algeria, which is in tune with the following, very revealing lines written by the Castroite publicist Susan Sontag, in the April 1969 issue of Ramparts, to defend Castro's stern interdiction of hippicism:

The American new left is correct to be anarchic, because it is out of power. The freaky clothes, rock, drug, sex, are prerevolutionary forms of cultural subversion and so you can have your grass and your orgy, and still be moral and revolutionary. But in Cuba, the revolution has come to power, and so it follows that such disintegrative "freedom" is inappropriate.

Through this undisguised confession of Communist double play, Susan Sontag brought unwillingly to light a very important point; namely, that the pro-Communist leanings of those hippies who engage in politics are by no means normal. What naturally belongs to the hippie drug drives is a radical condemnation of the social order existing in the West. But there is no reason why this should entail applauding the Communist order of the East, in which all the vices denounced by the hippies are considerably more severe: Hard discipline, innumerable constraints, intensive labor, oppressive police, black censorship, rigid orthodoxy, and strict outlawing of drug addiction, with drug traffickers sentenced to death.

There is, thus a paradox in the fact that the hippies curse a democratic society which treats them nicely and lets their horizons free, while blessing a totalitarian society which oppresses and enslaves

men. This paradox can only be understood under one assumption: that the hippies have been manipulated by the subversive propaganda machines.

They are, indeed, easy to manipulate, because of their naivete and ignorance. As they are constantly at odds with the law, which prohibits drugs, they are bound to welcome the "kill pigs" campaigns of black extremist groups against the police. As they love peace and dislike violence, they are biased so as to swallow phony pacifist slogans used by the Communists to undermine the American resistance to Communist aggressions. In support of what I have just said, let me make some quotations.

The hippie press is full of ads publicizing antidraft unions. Their journalists advise the young to convince their draft board that they are either addicts, homosexuals, or incurable psychotics, or to throw a hysterical fit. Many ads offer obscene tatoos on the body, to avoid the draft. The "Sun," which boasts of specializing in "rock, drugs, and fornicating," write that guerrilla warfare ought to include the dynamiting of police vans and recruiting offices.

Jerry Rubin, who burned his draft card, wrote the following in his book, "Do It":

We have mixed young people, music, sex, drugs, revolt and treason all together. What other combination would be as effective? . . . What we need is a generation of bizarre, unbalanced, irrational people, obsessed with sex, angry, irreligious, infantile and crazy. People who burn their draft cards, who take marijuana and LSD, who proudly wave the Vietcong flag, who are not afraid to say obscenities on television.

To sum up, we see that all varieties of the leftist subversions had tried to capture the hippie-drug movement and to manipulate it.

SUMMARY

Now, let me attempt a general summary.

Living with drugs:

I have specially focused my investigations on the human—not clinical—angle. From that point of view, there are some main questions bothering the public, which I had constantly in my mind. What are the risks of fatal accidents? Can the drug addicts be saved and return to a normal life? During their life under drugs, to what extent are the addicts degraded?

Unfortunately, there is no unique answer to these questions. All depends, in complex ways, on the nature of the drug, the age and health of the one who takes it, the way he does it—orally or by injections, with or without hygiene, by strong or moderate doses, and frequency.

But what I am sure of is that, whatever the circumstances, the answers to the preceding questions are rather dramatic. Not in the sense that all drug addicts necessarily end in premature death. With nonphysically addictive drugs like hashish, LSD, soft amphetamines—in most cases the young person finally escapes and goes back to normal life. But he may remain deeply handicapped, with broken health, diminished mental and sexual power—this latter is often definitely gone—and the sequel of so many years entirely lost for study or professional training.

But before being saved by a return to normal life, the drug addict may have been victim of a fatal accident. By "fatal accident," I understand any of the following hazards: serious and chronic illness, and/or incurable insanity—leading to life confined in an asylum; suicide, and other forms of violent accidents provoked by "bad trips," such as, people throwing themselves out of the window because they think they can fly; or engaging in bloody fights. And, finally, direct death as a consequence of overdoses, or exaggerated frequency, or bad quality of the drug.

My personal feeling is that the rate of those fatal accidents is not negligible with cannabis, is significant with methedrine, and is important with LSD.

If, now, we go to the so-called "hard" drugs—opium, heroin, cocaine—the outlook becomes still gloomier. And don't forget that great numbers of addicts of the so-called "soft" drugs escalate to the "hard" ones.

The risks of fatal accidents with the latter are greater and the proportion of the addicts who escape from the hard drugs and save themselves drops to no more than 5 to 10 percent. And those who do return to normal life evince serious damage.

And what about those who do not drop out, and go on taking drugs permanently? What is their life expectation—excluding the cases of fatal accidents? What is the degree of degradation afflicting them during their lifespan? Here, again, it is impossible to give definite figures because of the wide variety of circumstances which can change the picture.

Robust abusers of cannabis may reduce their life expectancy by some 10 years; weak ones by as much as 20 years and, while living under cannabis, they lose something like half of normal human abilities. With systematic LSD—not interrupted by fatal accidents—these abilities are nearly 100 percent lost during trips, and between trips may get restored or stay partially reduced, depending on what brain cells have been damaged. Chromosomes are often badly damaged.

The moderate, regular, well-living taker of opium may live 40 years; an immoderate taker only 20 years, with a steadily increasing degradation reaching practically 100 percent in the last years.

Systematic heroin and morphine addicts rarely survive more than 15 years, during which they are heavily degraded. Permanent cocaine use leads to a still shorter lifespan and leads rapidly to insanity.

Are there benefits to be gained from drugs?

I think this summary fully supports the overall conclusion that all drug addiction entails dramatic damage. There is absolutely no ground for the light dismissal of the issue, as you so often find in the writings of a number of commentators. Some go further than this, treating the whole drug affair as one more sweet folly of our imaginative youngsters.

These so-called "Liberal" writers, in order to feel themselves "advanced," assign our concern about drugs to a reactionary tendency to repress the free development of all human potentialities. Even granted some bad effects, they say, that is the price you pay for getting your consciousness enlarged, and open to transcendent truths.

I can assure you emphatically that I have seen not one single bit of new potentialities developed by any of the hundreds of drug addicts

I met. Even when I was told by them about their inner visions, the miracles they claimed to have experienced boiled down to futile, inconsistent, if highly colored, hallucinations. These visions remain far inferior to the marvels which can be apprehended by a well-awakened and trained natural consciousness, combining refined sensation with alert thinking. Drugs do not enlarge consciousness; they disrupt it.

As for new transcendent truths, where are they? What are they? Notice that over the last 8 years, there have been millions of well-educated white men taking drugs—some pretty bright before their addiction—and you cannot find, stemming from any of these, one outstanding work or great achievement of any kind in any field made under drugs.

And the same applies to all those who have taken drugs through past centuries. This sterility of the mind governed by drugs is all the more striking when you compare it with the extraordinary fertility of human minds governed by their natural consciousness. Plato, Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Newton, Beethoven, Kant, Einstein, and so on, have left us a glittering gallery of philosophic, scientific, and artistic gems, and none of them had taken either hashish, nor LSD, nor heroin.

Physically, all prolonged drug abuses end up in ruin. The euphoria brought on by the drugs—the famous artificial paradises—are always short lived and never gratuitous. In the long run, regular use of all drugs corrodes and disrupts both body and mind. At first, they charm, like the beautiful face of Circe, but in the end they show their hideous head of Medusa. Then comes the desire to continue, experienced by all takers, and the physical and psychic addiction rapidly becomes an all-consuming passion, which deprives the individual of his own free will.

All of the drugs, after long usage, undermine the two principal pillars of all civilizations: in the realm of the mind, the power of reasoning; and in the realm of the soul, the will. Without the ability to think about the universe in a positive way, and without the impulse to act on it, there is no longer room for great works and, hence, there is no more real culture. That is why, should the use of drugs become permanent and universal, as the hippies demand, it would lead to the ruin of all human civilizations.

But, unless we abdicate in total passivity before the hippie-drug explosion, I do not think that it can destroy our civilization. The deep reason is that the foundation that undergirds hippieism is, in reality, marked with the seal of impotence. It can deceive you for a while, because we have come to believe that every revolt is a step forward. But there are also reactionary revolts, and the hippie one belongs to this class, in spite of appearances. It is reactionary because its goal is to destroy, beyond the established order, the only spirit that has ever made humanity advance: the spirit of enterprise.

This spirit of enterprise, which was born 20,000 years ago, and was baptised 350 years ago by the great Galileo, will nevermore disappear from the human scene. It has built too many powerful and splendid pillars. It will probably be given nobler objectives, a more glamorous outlook, but it will never be replaced by the spirit of nothingness. That's why we ought not to yield to panic before this wave of nihilism, which foams at the foot of our towers, and of which the hippies are

the unfortunate troubadours. Our towers will resist because this wave, because, although it is powerful today, it has neither engine nor compass to get very far.

Just open the door of a drug den in Katmandu, and the Messianic theories of the hippie prophets blow away like a current of air. From the vision of these prostrate children, the reality of the hippie's life jumps to our eyes and grips our heart. It is self-destruction, the symbol of defeat.

The hipies and their drug prophets had ambitious pretensions. They wanted to become the social pilots of our time—and here they are, its tramps, in the process of becoming its corpses. Here they are, lost and dirty, along the roads they wanted to flourish.

Here they are, without any deep affection, they who wanted to teach us love. Here they are, without ideas, they who pretended to rejuvenate ours. Here they are, without a future, without a profession, without interest, their eyes empty, whether they turn them toward their inner world or toward the outer world.

Who could really imagine that they will build a new culture with that empty gaze.

Mr. Chairman, I thank you very much.

The CHAIRMAN. Thank you.

Mr. SOURWINE. Madam Labin, I just have one question to ask. If I heard you correctly this morning, you testified that some of the hippies on the Hashish Trail sold their passports. How do you know about this?

Mrs. LABIN. Because I know the parents of many children in France who have returned and said, we have no more passports. Further, they said they have lost them. And after they investigate, they find that they have sold their passports. That has been told to me by three or four parents in France.

Second, the American Ambassador, the French Ambassador told me that nearly every week they have hippies coming to them, to the Embassy, saying that they have lost their passports. The embassies have told me that they know that they are selling them.

Mr. SOURWINE. Thank you.

The CHAIRMAN. Thank you, Madame Labin.

We will be in recess now until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

(Whereupon, at 2:55 p.m., the committee adjourned, to reconvene at 10 a.m., on Wednesday, September 13, 1972.)

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