The Story of
How Many Thousands of Men and Women Have Recovered from Alcoholism

BOOKERS EDITION

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS WORLD SERVICES, INC.
New York City
2001
BIG BOOK APPROACH

THE following are general guidelines that can be followed when accompanying a newcomer through the 12 Steps as discussed in the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous.

QUALIFY THE NEWCOMER
1. Are you a real alcoholic/addict?
   a. Pg. 20, paragraph 5...Moderate users have little trouble taking or leaving it...is this your experience? YES/NO?
   b. Heavy users given sufficient reason can moderate or stop...is this your experience? YES/NO?
   c. Once you take that first drink/drug, can you moderate or stop...is this your experience? YES/NO?
2. Do you want to quit drinking or using for good? YES/NO?
3. Are you convinced you cannot do it on your own? YES/NO?
4. Do you believe in a Higher Power? If no, are you open-minded enough to be willing to believe in a Higher Power? YES/NO?
5. Would you be willing to go to this Higher Power and ask for help, calmly and without reservations? YES/NO?
6. Are you willing to go to any lengths for a way out to permanent recovery? YES/NO?

SURRENDER – Honesty, Open-Mindedness, Willingness (HOW) – Give it Up!

Introduction:  Title Page

Pg. xiii, paragraph 1...We of Alcoholics Anonymous, are more...is the main purpose of this book.

Agreement:  Pg. 18, paragraph 3...But the ex-problem drinker...

Step 1:  Pg. xxviii, paragraph 3...Men and women drink/use essentially...

Title Page, Draw World of Self, World of Spirit diagram

Pg. 20, paragraph 4...Moderate drinkers have little trouble...

Pg. 24, paragraph 1...The fact is that most...

Pg. 30, paragraph 2...We learned that we had to fully...

Step 2:  Pg. 45, paragraph 1...Lack of power, that was our...
Pg. 47, paragraph 2... *We needed to ask ourselves but one...*

**Step 3:** (optional) Pg. 60-63, paragraph 2... *(a) That we were alcoholics and could not...*

Pg. 63, paragraph 2... *We were now at Step Three...*

Explain Self-Will vs. God’s Will Test
i.e. dishonesty, resentment, honesty, purity, unselfishness, love

**SHARING – Remove Blocks to God (Higher Power) Fess Up!**

**Steps 4 & 5:** Pg. 64, paragraph 4... *Resentment is the number one offender...*

Pg. 69, paragraph 1... *We reviewed our own conduct...*

**Step 6:** Pg. 76, paragraph 1... *If we can answer to...*

**Step 7:** Pg. 76, paragraph 2... *When ready, we say something like this, My Creator...*

**AMMENDS – Restitution & Forgiveness – Pay Up!**

**Steps 8 & 9:** Pg. 76, paragraph 3... *Now we need more action...*

Refer back to Step 4 worksheet to determine who requires that we make direct amends to

**GUIDANCE – Quiet Time, Prayer, Listening to God for divine guidance – Keep it Up!**

**Step 10:** Pg. 84, paragraph 2... *This thought brings us to Step 10...*

Pg. 84, paragraph 3... *And we have ceased fighting anything...*

**Step 11:** Pg. 85, paragraph 3... *Step Eleven suggests prayer and meditation...*

Pg. 86, paragraph 1-3... *When we retire at night...*

**Step 12:** Pg. xvi, paragraph 2... *Prior to his journey to Akron, the broker...*

Pg. xvii, 1st sentence... *strenuous work, one alcoholic/addict...*

Pg. 89, paragraph 1-2... *Practical experience shows that...*

**BIG BOOK, BOOKING OUTLINE** (Approximately 30-60 days!)

1. **Spiritual Experience** (Pg. 567-568)
2. **Preface** (Pg. xi, then skip to last para, Pg. xii... *all changes...*)
3. **Foreword to First Edition**
4. **Foreword to Second Edition**
5. **Doctor’s Opinion to Chapter 7** (Pg. 89)
6. **Working with Others** (Pg. 89-103)
7. **Back of Book Material** (Pg. 552-The Big Shovel)
PREFACE

This is the fourth edition of the book "Alcoholics Anonymous." The first edition appeared in April 1939 and in the following sixteen years more than 800,000 copies went into circulation. The second edition published in 1955 reached a total of more than 1,150,000 copies. The third edition which came off press in 1976 achieved a circulation of approximately 9,550,000 in all formats.

Because this book has become the basic text for our Society and has helped such large numbers of alcoholic men and women to recovery, there exists strong sentiment against any radical changes being made in it. Therefore, the first portion of this volume, describing the A.A. recovery program, has been left untouched in the course of revisions made for the second, third and fourth editions. The section called "The Doctor’s Opinion", has been kept intact just as it was originally written in 1939 by the late Dr. William D. Silkworth, our Society’s great medical benefactor.

The second edition added the appendices, the Twelve Traditions and the directions for getting in touch with A.A. But the chief change was in the section of personal stories, which was expanded to reflect the Fellowship’s growth. "Bill’s Story" and "Doctor Bob’s Nightmare" and one other personal history from the first edition were retained intact; three were edited and one of these was retitled; new versions of two sto-

ries were written, with new titles; thirty completely new stories were added; and the story section was di-vided into three parts, under the same headings that are used now.

In the third edition, Part I (“Pioneers of A.A.”) was left unchanged. Nine of the stories in Part II (“They Stopped in Time”) were carried over from the second edition; eight new stories were added. In Part III (“They Lost Nearly All”), eight stories were retained; five new ones were added.

This fourth edition includes the Twelve Concepts for World Service and revises the three sections of personal stories as follows. One new story has been added to Part I, and two that originally appeared in Part III have been repositioned there; six stories have been deleted. Six of the stories in Part II have been carried over, eleven new ones have been added, and eleven taken out. Part III now includes twelve new stories; eight were removed (in addition to the two that were transferred to Part I).

All changes made over the years in the Big Book (A.A. members’ fond nickname for this volume) have had the same purpose: to represent the current membership of Alcoholics Anonymous more accurately and thereby to reach more alcoholics. If you have a drinking problem, we hope that you may pause in reading one of the forty-two personal stories and
think: “Yes, that happened to me”; or, more important, “Yes, I’ve felt like that”; or, most important, “Yes, I believe this program can work for me too.”

Power of the book, Power of the 100, Bookee needs Power

FOREWORD TO FIRST EDITION

This is the Foreword as it appeared in the first printing of the first edition in 1939

We, of Alcoholics Anonymous, are more than one hundred men and women who have recovered from a seemingly hopeless state of mind and body. To show other alcoholics precisely how we have recovered is the main purpose of this book. For them, we hope these pages will prove so convincing that no further authentication will be necessary. We think this account of our experiences will help every one to better understand the alcoholic. Many do not comprehend that the alcoholic is a very sick person. And besides, we are sure that our way of living has its advantages for all.

It is important that we remain anonymous because we are too few, at present to handle the overwhelming number of personal appeals which may result from this publication. Being mostly business or professional folk, we could not well carry on our occupations in such an event. We would like it understood that our alcoholic work is an avocation.

When writing or speaking publicly about alcoholism, we urge each of our Fellowship to omit his personal name, designating himself instead as “a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.”

Very earnestly we ask the press also, to observe this request, for otherwise we shall be greatly handicapped.

We are not an organization in the conventional sense of the word. There are no fees or dues what-ever. The only requirement for membership is an honest desire to stop drinking. We are not allied with any particular faith, sect or denomination nor do we oppose anyone. We simply wish to be helpful to those who are afflicted.

We shall be interested to hear from those who are getting results from this book particularly from those who have commenced work with other alcoholics. We should like to be helpful to such cases.

Inquiry by scientific, medical and religious societies will be welcomed.
FOREWORD TO SECOND EDITION

Figures given in this foreword describe the Fellowship as it was in 1938.

Since the original Foreword to this book was written in 1939, a wholesale miracle has taken place. Our earliest printing voiced the hope “that every alcoholic who journeys will find the Fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous at his destination. Already,” continues the early text “twos and threes and fives of us have sprung up in other communities.”

Sixteen years have elapsed between our first printing of this book and the presentation in 1955 of our second edition. In that brief span, Alcoholics Anonymous has mushroomed into nearly 6,000 groups whose membership is far above 150,000 recovered alcoholics.

Groups are to be found in each of the United States and all of the provinces of Canada. A.A. has flourishing communities in the British Isles, the Scandinavian countries, South Africa, South America, Mexico, Alaska, Australia, and Hawaii. All told, promising beginnings have been made in some 50 foreign countries and U.S. possessions. Some are just now taking shape in Asia. Many of our friends encourage us by saying that this is but a beginning, only the surgery of a much larger future ahead.

The spark that was to flare into the first A.A. group was struck at Akron, Ohio, in June 1935 during a talk between a New York stockbroker and an Akron physician. Six months earlier, the broker had been relieved of his drink obsession by a sudden spiritual experience following a meeting with an alcoholic friend who had been in contact with the Oxford Group of that day. He had also been greatly helped by the late Dr. William D. Silkworth, a New York specialist in alcoholism who is now accounted no less than a medical saint by A.A. members, and whose story of the early days of our Society appears in the next pages. From this doctor, the broker had learned the grave nature of alcoholism.

Though he could not accept all the tenets of the Oxford Group, he was convinced of the need for moral inventory, confession of personal defects, restitution to those harmed, helpfulness to others, and the necessity of belief in and dependence upon God.

Prior to his journey to Akron, the broker had worked hard with many alcoholics on the theory that only an alcoholic could help an alcoholic, but he had succumbed only in keeping sober himself. The broker had gone to Akron on a business venture which had collapsed, leaving him greatly in fear that he might start drinking again. He suddenly realized that in order to save himself he must carry his message to another alcoholic. That alcoholic turned out to be the Akron physician...
This physician had repeatedly tried spiritual means to resolve his alcoholic dilemma but had failed. But when the broker gave him Dr. Silkworth's description of alcoholism and its hopelessness the physician began to pursue the spiritual remedy for his malady with a willingness he had never before been able to muster. He sobered, never to drink again up to the moment of his death in 1950. This seemed to prove that one alcoholic could affect another as no nonalcoholic could. It also indicated that strenuous work on one alcoholic with another was vital to permanent recovery.

Hence the two men set to work almost frantically on the alcoholics arriving in the ward of the Akron City Hospital. Their very first case, a desperate one, recovered immediately and became A.A.'s number three. He never had another drink. This work at Akron continued through the summer of 1935. There were many failures but there was an occasional heartening success. When the broker returned to New York in the fall of 1935 the first A.A. group had actually been formed though no one realized it at the time.

A second small group promptly took shape at New York to be followed in 1937 with the start of a third at Cleveland. Besides these, there were scattered alcoholics who had picked up the basic ideas in Akron or New York who were trying to form groups in other cities. By late 1937 the number of members having substantial sobriety time behind them was sufficient to convince the membership that a new light had entered the dark world of the alcoholic.

It was now time, the struggling groups thought, to place their message and unique experience before the world. This determination bore fruit in the spring of 1939 by the publication of the first volume. The membership had then reached about 100 men and women. The fledgling society, which had been nameless, now began to be called Alcoholics Anonymous from the title of its own book. The flying-blind period ended and A.A. entered a new phase of its pioneering time.

With the appearance of the new book a great deal began to happen. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the FOREWORD TO SECOND EDITION

noted [Bigshot] reviewed it with approval. In the fall of 1939 Fulton Oursler, then editor of Liberty printed a piece in his magazine called "Alcoholics and God." This brought a rush of 800 frantic inquiries into the little New York office which meanwhile had been established. Each inquiry was painstakingly answered pamphlets and books were sent out. Businessmen, traveling out of existing groups, were referred to these prospective newcomers. New groups started up and it was found, to the astonishment of everyone, that A.A.'s message could be transmitted in the mail as well as by word of mouth. By the end of 1939 it was estimated that 800 alcoholics were on their way to recovery.

In the spring of 1940 John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave a dinner for many of his friends to which he invited A.A. members to tell their stories. News of this got on the world wires and inquiries poured in again and many people went to the bookstores to get the book "Alco-
Holics Anonymous’ By March [1941] the membership had shot up to 2,000. Then Jack Alexander wrote a feature article in the Saturday Evening Post and placed such a compelling picture of A.A. before the general public that alcoholics in need of help really flocked to us. By the close of 1941, A.A. numbered 3,000 members. The mushrooming process was in full swing. A.A. had become a national institution.

Our Society then entered a fearsome and exciting adolescent period. The test that it faced was this: Could these large numbers of erstwhile erratic alcoholics successfully meet and work together? Would there be quarrels over membership, leadership, and money? Would there be strivings for power and prestige? Would there be schisms which would split A.A. apart? Soon A.A. was beset by these very prob-lems on every side and in every group. But out of this frightening and at first disrupting experience, the con-viction grew that A.A.’s had to hang together or die separately. We had to unify our Fellowship or pass off the scene.

As we discovered the principles by which the indi-vidual alcoholic could live, so we had to evolve principles by which the A.A. groups and A.A. as a whole could survive and function effectively. It was thought that no alcoholic man or woman could be excluded from our Society that our leaders might serve but never govern, that each group was to be autonomous and there was to be no professional class of therapists. There were to be no fees, or dues, our expenses were to be met by our own voluntary contributions. There was to be the least possible organization, even in our service centers. Our public relations were to be based upon attraction rather than promotion. It was decided that all members ought to be anonymous at the level of press, radio, TV and films. And in no circumstances should we give endorsements, make alliances, or enter public controversies.

This was the substance of A.A.’s Twelve Traditions, which are stated in full on page 561 of this book. Though none of these principles had the force of rules or laws, they had become so widely accepted by 1950 that they were confirmed by our first International Conference held at Cleveland. Today the remarkable unity of A.A. is one of the greatest assets that our Society has.

While the internal difficulties of our adolescent period were being sorted out, public acceptance of A.A. grew by leaps and bounds. For this there were two principal reasons: the large numbers of recoveries and reunited homes. These made their impressions everywhere. Of alcoholics who came to A.A. and really tried, 50% got sober at once and remained that way; 25% sobered up after some relapses and among the remain-der, those who stayed on with A.A. showed improve-ment. Other thousands came to a few A.A. meetings and at first decided they didn’t want the program. But great numbers of these-about two out of three-began to return as time passed.

Another reason for the wide acceptance of A.A. was the ministration of friends—friends in medicine, religion, and the press. Together with innumerable others who became our able and persistent advocates. Without such support, A.A. could have made only the...
Some of the recommendations of A.A.'s early medical and religious friends will be found further on in this book. Alcoholics Anonymous is not a religious organization. Neither does A.A. take any particular medical point of view though we cooperate widely with the men of medicine as well as with the men of religion.

Alcohol being no respecter of persons, we are an accurate cross section of America and in distant lands the same democratic evening-up process is now going on. By personal religious affiliation, we include Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Hindus, and a sprinkling of Moslems and Buddhists. More than 15% of us are women.

At present, our membership is pyramiding at the rate of about twenty per cent a year. So far, upon the total problem of several million actual and potential alcoholics in the world, we have made only a scratch. In all probability, we shall never be able to touch more than a fair fraction of the alcohol problem in all its ramifications. Upon therapy for the alcoholic himself, we surely have no monopoly. Yet it is our great hope that all those who have as yet found no answer may begin to find one in the pages of this book and will presently join us on the high road to a new freedom.
FOREWORD TO THIRD EDITION

BY March 1976 when this edition went to the printer, the total worldwide membership of Alcoholics Anonymous was conservatively estimated at more than 1,000,000 with almost 28,000 groups meeting in over 20 countries.

Surveys of groups in the United States and Canada indicate that A.A. is reaching out, not only to more and more people, but to a wider and wider range. Women now make up more than one-fourth of the membership; among newer members, the proportion is nearly one-third. Seven percent of the A.A.’s surveyed are less than 30 years of age—among them, many in their teens.

The basic principles of the A.A. program, it appears, hold good for individuals with many different lifestyles, just as the program has brought recovery to those of many different nationalities. The Twelve Steps that summarize the program may be called los Doce Pasos in one country, les Douze Etapes in another, but they trace exactly the same path to recovery that was blazed by the earliest members of Alcoholics Anonymous.

In spite of the great increase in the size and the span of this Fellowship, at its core it remains simple and personal. Each day, somewhere in the world, recovery begins when one alcoholic talks with another alcoholic, sharing experience, strength, and hope.

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FOREWORD TO FOURTH EDITION

THIS fourth edition of “Alcoholics Anonymous” came off press in November 2001, at the start of a new millennium. Since the third edition was published in 1976, worldwide membership of A.A. has just about doubled, to an estimated two million or more, with nearly 100,800 groups meeting in approximately 150 countries around the world.

Literature has played a major role in A.A.’s growth, and a striking phenomenon of the past quarter-century has been the explosion of translations of our basic literature into many languages and dialects. In country after country where the A.A. seed was planted, it has taken root, slowly at first, then growing by leaps and bounds when literature has become available. Currently, “Alcoholics Anonymous” has been translated into forty-three languages.

As the message of recovery has reached larger numbers of people, it has also touched the lives of a vastly greater variety of suffering alcoholics. When the phrase “We are people who normally would not mix” (page 17 of this book) was written in 1939, it referred to a Fellowship composed largely of men (and a few women) with quite similar social, ethnic, and economic backgrounds. Like so much of A.A.’s basic text, those words have proved to be far more visionary than the founding members could ever have imagined. The stories added to this edition represent a membership whose characteristics—of age, gender, race, and culture—have widened and have deepened to encompass
virtually everyone the first 100 members could have hoped to reach.
While our literature has preserved the integrity of the A.A. message, sweeping changes in society as a whole are reflected in new customs and practices within the Fellowship. Taking advantage of technological advances, for example, A.A. members with computers can participate in meetings online, sharing with fellow alcoholics across the country or around the world. In any meeting, anywhere, A.A.’s share experience, strength, and hope with each other, in order to stay sober and help other alcoholics. Modem-to-modem or face-to-face, A.A.’s speak the language of the heart in all its power and simplicity.
THE DOCTOR'S OPINION

The Problem

We of Alcoholics Anonymous believe that the reader will be interested in the medical estimate of the plan of recovery described in this book. Convincing testimony must surely come from medical men who have had experience with the sufferings of our members and have witnessed our return to health. A well-known doctor, chief physician at a nationally prominent hospital specializing in alcoholic and drug addiction, gave Alcoholics Anonymous this letter:

To Whom It May Concern:

I have specialized in the treatment of alcoholism for many years. In late 1934 I attended a patient who, though he had been a competent businessman of good earning capacity, was an alcoholic of a type I had come to regard as hopeless. In the course of his third treatment he acquired certain ideas concerning a possible means of recovery. As part of his rehabilitation he commenced to present his conceptions to other alcoholics, impressing upon them that they must do likewise with their families. This has become the basis of a rapidly growing fellowship of these men and their families. This man and over one hundred others appear to have recovered.

I personally know scores of cases who were of the type with whom other methods had failed completely. These facts appear to be of extreme medical importance; because of the extraordinary possibilities of rapid growth inherent in this group, they may mark a new epoch in the annals of alcoholism. These men may well have a remedy for thousands of such situations.

You may rely absolutely on anything they say about themselves.

Very truly yours,

William D. Silkworth, M.D.

The physician who, at our request, gave us this letter, has been kind enough to enlarge upon his views in another statement which follows. In this statement he confirms what we who have suffered alcoholic torture must believe—that the body of the alcoholic is quite abnormal as his mind. It did not satisfy us to be told that we could not control our drinking just because we were maladjusted to life, that we were in full flight from reality, or were outright mental defective. These things were true to some extent, in fact, to a consider-
able extent with some of us. But we are sure that our bodies were sickened as well. In our belief, any picture of the alcoholic which leaves out this physical factor is incomplete.

The doctor’s theory that we have an allergy to alcohols interests us. As laymen, our opinion as to its soundness may, of course, mean little. But as exproblem drinkers, we can say that his explanation makes good sense. It explains many things for which we cannot otherwise account.

Though we work out our solution on the spiritual as well as on the altruistic plane, we favor hospitalization for the alcoholic who is very ill or befuddled. More often than not, it is imperative that a man’s brain be cleared before he is approached as he has then a better chance of understanding and accepting what we have to offer.

The doctor writes:

The subject presented in this book seems to me to be of paramount importance to those afflicted with alcoholic addiction.

I say this after many years’ experience as medical director of one of the oldest hospitals in the country treating alcoholic and drug addiction.

There was, therefore, a sense of real satisfaction when I was asked to contribute a few words on a subject which is covered in such masterly detail in these pages.

We doctors have realized for a long time that some form of moral psychology was of urgent importance to alcoholics, but its application presented difficulties beyond our conception. What with our ultra-modern standards, our scientific approach to everything, we are perhaps not well equipped to apply the powers of good that lie outside our synthetic knowledge.

Many years ago one of the leading contributors to this book came under our care in this hospital and while here he acquired some ideas which he put into practical application. It once

Later, he requested the privilege of being allowed to tell his story to other patients here and with some misgiving we consented. The cases we have followed through have been most interesting. In fact, many of them are amazing. The unselfishness of these men as we have come to know them, the entire absence of profit motive, and their com-munity spirit is indeed inspiring to one who has labored long and wearily in this alcoholic field. They believe in themselves and still more in the Power which pulls chronic alcoholics back from the gates of death.

Of course an alcoholic ought to be freed from his physical craving for liquor, and this often requires a definite hospital procedure. But psychological measures can be of maximum benefit.

We believe and so suggested a few years ago, that the action of alcohol on these chronic alcoholics is a manifestation of an allergy. And that the phenomenon of craving is not limited to this class, and never occurs in the average temperate drinker. These allergic types can never safely use alcohol in any form at all, and once having formed the habit and found they cannot break it once having lost their
self-confidence their reliance upon things human their prob-lems pile up on them and become astonishingly difficult to solve.

Frothy emotional appeal seldom suffices. The message which can interest and hold these alco-holic people must have depth and weight in nearly all cases their ideals must be grounded in a power greater than themselves if they are to re-create their lives.

If any feel that as psychia-trists directing a hospital for alco-holics we appear somewhat sentimental in our treatment of their prob-lems and the most cynical will not wonder that we have accepted and encouraged this move-ment. We feel, after many years of experience, that we have found nothing which has contributed more to the rehabilitation of these men than the spiritual movement now growing up among them.

Men and women drink essentially because they like the effect produced by alcoholic. The sensation is so elusivethat, while they admit it is injurious they cannot after a time differentiate the alcohol from the false. To them, their alco-hollic life seems the only normal one. They are restless, irritable and discontented unless they can gain experience.

XXIX THE DOCTOR’S OPINION

the sense of ease and comfort which comes at once by taking a few drinks—drinks which they see others taking with immunity. After they have succumbed to the desire again as so many do, and the phenomenon of craving develops, they pass through the well-known stages of a spree: merging remorseful with a firm resolution not to drink again. This is repeated over and over, and unless this person can experience an entire psychic change, there is very little hope of his recovery.

On the other hand—and strange as this may seem to those who do not understand—once a psychic change has occurred, the very same person who seemed doomed, who had so many problems he despaired of ever solving them suddenly finds himself easily able to control his desire for alcohol, the only effort necessary being that required to follow a few simple rules.

Men have cried out to me in sincere despair, “Doctor, I cannot go on like this; I have everything to live for; I must stop’ but I cannot. You must help me!”

Faced with this problem, if a doctor is honest with himself, he must sometimes feel his own inadequacy. Although he gives all that is in him, it is often not enough. One feels that something more than human power is needed to pro-duce the essential psychic change. Though the aggregate of recoveries resulting from psychiatric effort is consider-able, we physicians must admit we have made little impression upon the problem as a whole. Many types do not respond to the ordinary psychological approach.

I do not hold with those who believe that alcoholism is entirely a problem of mental control. I have had many men who had, for example, worked a period of months on some problem or business deal which was to be settled on a certain date. Favorably to them. They took a drink a day or so prior to the date and then the phenomenon of craving at once became paramount to all other interests so that the

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important appointment was hot men. These men were not drinking to escape; they were drinking to overcome a craving beyond their mental control. There are many situations which arise out of the phenomenon of craving which cause men to make the supreme sacrifice rather than continue to fight.

The classification of alcoholic seems most difficult, and in much detail is outside the scope of this book. There are, of course, the psychopaths who are emotionally unstable. We are all familiar with this type. They are always "going on the wagon for keeps." They are over-resemeful and make many resolutions but never a decision.

There is the type of man who is unwilling to admit that he cannot take a drink. He plans various ways of drinking. He changes his brand or his environment. There is the type who always believes that after being entirely free from alcohol for a period of time he can take a drink without danger. There is the manic-depressive type who is, per-haps, the least understood by his friends and about whom a whole chapter could be written.

Then there are types entirely normal in every respect except in the effect alcohol has upon them. They are often the intelligent, friendly people.

All these, and many others, have one symptom in common: they cannot start drinking without developing the phenomenon of craving. This phenomenon as we have suggested, may be the manifestation of an allergy which differentiates these people, and sets them apart as a distinct entity. It has never been, by any treatment with which we are familiar, permanently eradicated. The only relief we have to suggest is entire abstinence.

This immediately precipitates us into a seething caldron of debate. Much has been written pro and con but among physicians the general opinion seems to be that most chronic alcoholics are doomed.

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THE DOCTOR'S OPINION

What is the solution? Perhaps I can best answer this by relating one of my experiences.

About one year prior to this experience a man was brought in to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He had partially recovered from a gastric hemorrhage and seemed to be a case of pathological mental deterioration. He had lost everything worthwhile in life and was only living, one might say, to drink. He frankly admitted and believed that for him there was no hope. Following the elimination of alcohol, there was found to be no permanent brain injury. He accepted the plan outlined in this book. One year later he called to see me, and I experienced a very strange sensation. I knew the man by name and partly recognized his features, but there all resemblance ended. From a trembling, nervous wreck, he had emerged a man ruminating over self-reliance and self-treatment.

To me he was a stranger and so he left me. Long time has passed with no return to alcohol.

When I need a mental uplift I often think of another case brought in by a physician prominent in New York. The patient had made his own diagnosis and decided his situation hopeless. He had hidden in a deserted barn to die. He was rescued by a searching party and, in desperate condition, brought to me. Following his physical rehabilitation, he had a talk with me in which he frankly stated he thought the treatment a waste of effort unless I could assure him, which no one ever had, that in the future he would have the will power to resist the impulse to drink.

His alcoholic problem was too complex, and his depression so great, that we felt his only hope would be through what we then called "moral psychology" and we doubted if even that would have any effect.

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THE DOCTOR'S OPINION
However, he did become sold on the ideas contained in this book. He has not had a drink for a great many years. I see him now and then and he is as fine a specimen of manhood as one could wish to meet.

I earnestly advise every alcoholic to read this book through, and though perhaps he came to scoff, he may remain to pray.

William D. Silkworth, M.D.

Summary of Points
1. Disease of mind
2. Disease of body
3. I’m not normal
4. Slips are possible
5. Something more than human power is needed to recover
Step 1: Disease of mind & body.

(i.e. Pain of relapsing > Pain of the solution)

Chapter 1

BILL’S STORY

War fever ran high in the New England town to which we new young officers from Plattsburg were assigned and we were flattered when the first citizens took us to their homes, making us feel heroic. Here was over applause, war moments sub-lime with intervals hilarious. I was part of life at last and in the midst of the excitement I discovered liquor. I forgot the strong warnings and the prejudices of my people concerning drink. In time we sailed for “Over There.” I was very lonely and again turned to alcohol.

We landed in England. I visited Manchester Cathedral. Much moved I wandered outside. My attention was caught by a doggerel on an old tombstone:

"Here lies a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death
Drinking cold small beer.
A good soldier is ne’er forgot
Whether he dieth by musket
Or by pot"

Ominous warning—which I failed to heed.

Twenty-two and a veteran of foreign wars, I went home at last. I fancied myself a leader for had not the men of my battery given me a special token of appreciation? My talent for leadership, I imagined, would place me at the head of vast enterprises which I would manage with the utmost assurance.

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

I took a high law course and obtained employment as investigator for a surety company. The drive for success was on! I’d prove to the world I was important. My work took me about Wall Street and little by little I became interested in the market. Many people lost money—but some became very rich. Why not I? I studied economics and business as well as law. Potential alcoholic, I was. I nearly failed my law course. At one of the finals I was too drunk to think or write. Though my drinking was not yet continuous, it disturbed my wife. We had long talks when I would still her forebodings by telling her that men of genius conceived their best projects when drunk. That the most majestic constructions of philosophic thought were so derived.

By the time I had completed the course, I knew the law was not for me. The inviting maelstrom of Wall Street had me in its grip. Business and financial leaders were my
heroes. Out of this alloy of drink and speculation I commenced to forge the weapon that one day would turn in its flight like a boomerang and all but cut me to ribbons. Living modestly, my wife and I saved $1,000. It went into certain securities, then cheap and rather unpopular. I rightly imagined that they would some day have a great rise. I failed to persuade my broker friends to send me out looking over factories and management, but my wife and I decided to go anyway. I had developed a theory that most people lost money in stocks through ignorance of markets. I discovered many more reasons later on.

We gave up our positions and off we roared on a motorcycle, the sidecar stuffed with tent, blankets, a change of clothes, and three huge volumes of a financial reference service. Our friends thought a lunacy commission should be appointed.

Perhaps they were right. I had had some success at speculation, so we had a little money but we once worked on a farm for a month to avoid drawing on our small capital. That was the last honest manual labor on my part for many a day. We covered the whole eastern United States in a year. At the end of it, my reports to Wall Street procured me a position there and the use of a large expense account. The exercise of an option brought in more money, leaving us with a profit of several thou-sand dollars for that year.

For the next few years fortune threw money and pp-plause my way. I had arrived. My judgment and ideas were followed by many to the tune of paper millions. The great boom of the late twenties was feath- ing and swelling. Drink was taking an important and exhilarating part in my life. There was loud talk in the jazz places uptown. Everyone spent in thousands and shattered in millions. Soffers could scoff and be damned. I made a host of air-weather friends.

My drinking assumed more serious propor-tions con-tinuing all day and almost every night. The remon-strances of my friends terminated in a row and I became a one-wolf. There were many unhappy scenes in our sumptuous apartment. There had been no real infidelity for loyalty to my wife, helped at times by extreme drunkenness, kept me out of those scrapes.

In 1929 I contracted golf fever. We went at once to the country, my wife to applaud while I started out to overtake Walter Hagen. Liquor caught up with me much faster than I came up behind Walter. I began to be littery in the morning. Golf permitted drinking every day and every night. It was fun to carom around the exclusive course which had inspired such awe in me as a lad. I acquired the impeccable coat of tan one sees upon the well-to-do. The local banker watched me whirl fat checks in and out of his till with amused skepticism.

Abruptly in October 1929 hell broke loose on the New York stock exchange. After one of those days of inferno, I wobbled from a hotel bar to a brokerage office. It was eight o’clock-five hours after the market closed. The ticker still cluttered. I was staring at an inch of the tape which bore the inscription YZ-32. It had been 52 that morning. I was finished and so were many friends. The papers reported men jumping to death from the towers of High
I became an unwelcome hanger-on at brokerage places. Liquor ceased to be a luxury; it became a necessity. Bathtub gin, two bottles a day, and often three, got to be a routine. Sometimes a small deal would net a few hundred dollars and I would pay my bills at the bars and delicatessens. This went on endlessly and I began to waken very early in the morning lurching violently. A tumbler full of gin followed by half a dozen bottles of beer would be required if I were to eat any breakfast! Nevertheless, I still thought I could control the situation, and there were periods of sobriety which renewed my wife's hope.

Gradually things got worse. The house was taken over by the mortgage holder, my mother-in-law died, my wife and father-in-law became ill.

Then I got a promising business opportunity. Stocks were at the low point of [1932] and I had somehow formed a group to buy. I was to share generously in the profits. Then I went on a prodigious spree, and the chance vanished.

I woke up. This had to be stopped. I saw I could not take so much as one drink. I was through forever. Before then, I had written lots of letters to friends, but my wife happily observed that this time I meant business. And so I did.

Shortly afterward I came home drunk. There had been no fight! Where had been my high resolve? I simply didn't know. It hadn't even come to mind. Someone had pushed a drink my way, and I had taken it! Was I crazy? I began to wonder, for such an appalling lack of perspective seemed near being just that.

Renewing my resolve, I tried again. Some time passed, and confidence began to be replaced by cock-sureness. I could laugh at the gin mills. Now I had what it takes. One day I walked into a cafe to tele-phone. In no time I was beating on the bar asking myself how it happened. As the whisky rose to my head I told myself I would manage better next time, but might as well get good and drunk then. And I did.
The remorse, horror and hopelessness of the next morning are unforgettable. The courage to do battle was not there. My brain raced uncontrollably and there was a terrible sense of impending calamity. I hardly dared cross the street, lest I collapse and be run down by an early morning truck for it was scarcely daylight. An all night place supplied me with a dozen glasses of ale. My writhing nerves were still at last. A morning paper told me the market had gone to hell again. Well, so had I if the market would recover, but I wouldn't. That was a hard thought. Should I kill myself? No—hot now. Then a mental fog settled down. Gin would fix that. So two bottles, and—oblivion.

The mind and body are marvelous mechanisms. Mine endured this agony two more years. Sometimes I stole from my wife's slender purse when the morning terror and madness were on me. Again I swayed dizzyly before an open window or the medicine cabinet where there was poison, cursing myself for a weakening. There were flights from city to country and back, as my wife and I sought escape. Then came the night when the physical and mental torture was so hellish I feared I would burst through my window, slash and all. Somehow I managed to drag my mattress to a lower floor, lest I suddenly leap.

A doctor came with a heavy sedative. Next day found me drinking both gin and sedative. This combination soon landed me on the rocks. People feared for my sanity. So did I. I could eat little or nothing when drinking, and I was forty pounds under weight.

My brother-in-law is a physician, and through his kindness and that of my mother I was placed in a nation-ally known hospital for the mental and physical rehabilitation of alcoholics. Under the so-called bella donna treatment my brain cleared. Hydrotherapy and mild exercise helped much. Best of all, I met a kind doctor who explained that though I was selfish and foolish I had been seriously ill bodily and mentally.

It relieved me somewhat to learn that in alcoholics the will is amazingly weakened when it comes to combating liquor. Though it often remains strong in other respects. My incredible behavior in the face of a desperate desire to stop was explained. Understanding myself now I fared forth in high hope. For three or four months I went to town regularly and even made a little money. Surely this was the answer—self knowledge.

But it was not for the frightful day came when I drank once more. The curve of my declining moral and bodily health fell off like a ski-jump. After a time I returned to the hospital. This was the finish. The cur-tain, it seemed to me. My weary and despairing wife was informed that it would all end with heart failure during delirium tremens, or I would develop a wet brain, perhaps within a year. She would soon have to give me over to the undertaker or the asylum.

They did not need to tell me, I knew, and almost welcomed the idea. It was a devastating blow to my

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I, who had thought so well of myself and my abilities of my capacity to surmount obstacles, was cornered at last. Now I was to plunge into the dark joining that endless procession of souls who had gone on before. I thought of my poor wife. There had been much happiness after all. What would I not give to make amends? But that was ever now.

No words can tell of the loneliness and despair I found in that bitter morass of self-pity. Quicksand stretched around me in all directions. I had met my match. I had been overwhelmed. Alcohol was my master.

Trembling, I stepped from the hospital a broken man. Fear sobered me for a bit. Then came the insidious insanity of that first drink, and on Armistice Day 1934, I was off again.

Everyone became resigned to the certainty that I would have to be shut up some-where or would stumble along to a miserable end. How dark it is before the dawn. In reality, that was the beginning of my last Rebauch. I was soon to be catapulted into what I like to call the fourth dimension of existence. I was to know happiness, peace and usefulness, in a way of life that is incredibly more wonderful as time passes.

Near the end of that bleak November I sat drinking in my kitchen. With a certain satisfaction I reflected there was enough gin concealed about the house to carry me through that night and the next day. My wife was at work. I wondered whether I dared hide a full bottle of gin near the head of our bed. I would need it before daylight.

My musing was interrupted by the telephone. The cheery voice of an old school friend asked if he might come over. He was sober. It was years since I could remember his coming to New York in that condition. I was amazed. Rumor had it that he had been committed for alcoholic insanity. I wondered how he had escaped. Of course he would have dinner, and then I could drink openly with him. Unmindful of his wel-fare, I thought only of recapturing the spirit of other days. There was that time we had chartered an air-plane to complete a deal. His coming was an oasis in this dreary desert of futility. The very thing—an oasis! Drinkers are like that.

The door opened and he stood there, fresh-skinned and glowing. There was something about his eyes. He was inexplicably different. What had happened?

I pushed a drink across the table. He refused it. Disappointed but curious, I wondered what had got into the fellow. He wasn't himself.

“Come, what's all this about?” I queried.

He looked straight at me. Simply, but smilingly, he said, “I've got religion.”

I was aghast. So that was it—last summer an acro-holic crackpot now, I suspected, a little cracked about religion. He had that starry-eyed look. Yes, the old boy was on fire all right. But bless his heart, let him rant. Besides, my gin would last longer than his breathing. But he did no ranting. In a matter of fact way he told how two men had appeared in court, persuading the judge to suspend his commitment. They had told of a simple religious idea and a practical program of action. That was two months ago and the result was self-evident. It worked.

He had come to pass his experience along to me—
I cared to have it. I was shocked, but interested. Certainly I was interested. I had to be, for I was hopeless.

He talked for hours. Childhood memories rose before me. I could almost hear the sound of the preacher's voice as I sat on still Sundays way over there on the hillside; there was that proffered tempemrance pledge. I never signed; my grandfather's good natured contempt of some Church folk and their doings; his insistence that the spheres really had their music but his denial of the preacher's right to tell him how he must listen; his fearlessness as he spoke of these things just before he died; these recollections welled up from the past. They made me swallowed hard.

That war-time day in old Winchester Cathedral came back again.

I had always believed in a Power greater than myself. I had often pondered these things. I was not an atheist. Few people really are, for that means blind faith in the strange proposition that this universe originated in a furnace and mindlessly rushes however. My intellectual hero, the Chemists, the Astronomers, even the Evolutionists suggested vast laws and forces at work. Despite contrary indications, I had little doubt that a highly purpose and rhythm underlay all. How could there be so much of precise and immutable law and no intelligence? I simply had to believe in a Spirit of the Universe, who knew neither time nor limitation. But that was as far as I had gone.

With ministers and the world's religions I parted right there. When they talked of a God personal to me, who was love, superhuman strength and direction, I became irritated and my mind snapped shut against such a theory.

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To Christ I conceded the certainty of a great man not too closely followed by those who claimed Him. His moral teaching—most excellent. For myself, I had adopted those parts which seemed convenient and not too difficult; the rest, I disregarded.

The wars which had been fought, the burnings, and the canyons; that religious dispute had facilitated, made me sick. I honestly doubted whether, on balance, the religious of mankind had any good judging from what I had seen in Europe. And since, the power of God in human affairs was negligible, the Brotherhood of Man a grim jest. If there was a Devil, heaven had the Boss Universal and he certainly had me.

But my friend sat before me, and he made the point-blank declaration that God had done for him what he could not do for himself. His human will had failed. Doctors had pronounced him incurable. Society was about to lock him up. Like myself, he had admitted complete defeat. Then he had, in effect, been raised from the dead, suddenly taken from the scrap heap to a level of life better than the best he had ever known!

Had this power originated in him? Obviously it had not. There had been no more power in him than there was in me at that minute; and this was gone at all.

That floored me! It began to look as though felli-gious people were right after all. Here was something at work in a human heart which had done the impossible! My ideas about
miracles were drastically revised right then. Never mind the dusty past, here sat a miracle directly across the kitchen table. He shouted great tidings.

I saw that my friend was much more than inwardly

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reorganized. He was on a different footing. His roots grasped a new soil.

Despite the living example of my friend there re-mained in me the vestiges of my old prejudice. The word God still aroused a certain antipathy. When the thought was expressed that there might be a God personal to me, this feeling was intensified. I didn't like the idea. I could go for such conceptions as Creative Intelligence, Universal Mind or Spirit of Nature, but I resisted the thought of a God of the Heavens; however, loving His sway might be, I have since talked with scores of men who felt the same way.

My friend suggested what then seemed a novel idea. He said, "Why don't you choose your own conception of God?"

That statement hit me hard. It melted the icy intellectual mountain in whose shadow I had lived and shivered for many years. I stood in the sunlight at last.

It was only a matter of being willing to believe in a Power greater than myself. Nothing more was required of me to make my beginning. I saw that growth could start from that point. Upon a foundation of complete willingness I might build what I saw in my mind. Would I have it? Of course I would.

Thus was I convinced that God is concerned with us humans when we want Him enough. At long last I saw I felt I believed. Scales of pride and prejudice fell from my eyes. A new world came into view.

The real significance of my experience in the Cathe-dral burst upon me. For a brief moment I had needed and wanted God. There had been a humble willingness to have Him with me—and He came. But soon the sense of His presence had been blotted out by worldly clamors, mostly those within myself. And so it had been ever since. How blind I had been.

At the hospital I was separated from alcohol for the last time. Treatment seemed wise, for I showed signs of delirium tremens.

There I humbly offered myself to God, as I then understood Him, to do with me as He would. I placed myself unreservedly under His care and direction. I admitted for the first time that of myself I was nothing that without Him I was lost. I ruthlessly faced my sins and became willing to have my new-found friend take them away, root and branch. I have not had a drink since.

My schoolmate visited me, and I fully acquainted him with my problems and deficiencies. We made a list of people I had hurt or toward whom I felt resentment. I expressed my entire willingness to approach these individuals admitting my wrong. Never was I to be critical of them. I was to fight all such matters to the utmost of my ability.
I was to test my thinking by the new God-consciousness within. Common sense would thus become uncommon sense. I was to sit quietly when in doubt, asking only for direction and strength to meet my problems as He would have me. Never was I to pray for myself, except as my requests bore on my useful-ness to others. Then only might I expect to receive. But that would be in great measure.

My friend promised when these things were done, I would enter upon a new relationship with my Creator; that I would have the elements of a way of living which answered all my problems. Belief in the power of God plus enough willingness, honesty and humility to establish and maintain the new order of things, were the essential requirements. Simple and not easy, a price had to be paid. It meant destruction of self-centeredness. I must turn in all things to the Father of Light who presides over us all.

These were revolutionary and drastic proposals, but the moment I fully accepted them, the effect was electric. There was a sense of victory followed by such a peace and serenity as I had never known. There was inner confidence. I felt lifted up as though the great clean wind of a mountain top blew through and through. God came to most men gradually, but His impact on me was sudden and profound.

For a moment I was harmed and called the friend, the doctor, to ask if I were still sane. He listened in wonder as I talked.

Finally he shook his head saying, “Something has happened to you I don’t understand. But you had better hang on to it. Anything is better than the way you were.” The good doctor now sees many men who have such experiences. He knows that they are real.

While I lay in the hospital the thought came that there were thousand of hopeless alcoholics who might be glad to have what had been so freely given me. Perhaps I could help some of them. They in turn might work with others.

My friend had emphasized the absolute necessity of demonstrating these principles in all my affairs. Par-ticularly was it imperative to work with others as he had worked with me. Faith without works was dead, he said. And how appallingly true for the alcoholic! For if an alcoholic failed to perfect and enlarge his spiritual life through work and self-sacrifice for others, he could not survive the trials and low spots ahead. If he did not work, he would surely die; and if he drank, he would surely die. Then faith would be dead indeed. With us it is just like that.

My wife and I abandoned ourselves with enthusiasm to the idea of helping other alcoholics to a solution of their problems. It was fortunate, for my bus-iness associates remained skeptical for a year and a half, during which I found little work. I was not too well at the time, and was plagued by waves of self-pity and resentment. This sometimes nearly drove me back to drink, but I soon found that when all other measures failed work with another alcoholic would save the day. Many times I have gone to my old

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hospital in _despair_. On talking to a man there, I would be amazingly _lifted up_ and set on my _feet_. It is a design for living that works in _rough going_.

We commenced to make many fast _friends_ and a _fellowship_ has grown up among us of which it is a won-derful thing to _feel a part_. The _joy_ of living we really have, even under _pressure_ and _difficulty_. I have seen hundreds of _families_ set their _feet_ in the _path_ that really goes somewhere have seen the most _impossible_ _domestic situations_ righted; _feuds_ and _bitterness_ of all sorts _wiped out_. I have seen _men_ come out of _asylums_ and _resume a vital place_ in the _lives_ of their _families_ and _communities_. _Business_ and _professional men_ have _regained their standing_. There is scarcely any form of _trouble_ and _misery_ which has not _been overcome among us_. In one western city and its environs there are _one thousand of us_ and our _families_. We meet _frequent_ly, so that _newcomers_ may find the _fellowship_.

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they seek. At these _informal gatherings_ one may often see from _50_ to _200 persons_. We are _growing in numbers_ and _power_.*

An _alcoholic_ in his _cups_ is an _unlovely creature_. Our _struggles_ with _them_ are _strenuous_, _comic_, and _tragic_. One poor chap committed _suicide_ in _my home_. He _could not_ or _would not_ see _our way of life_.

There is, however, a _fast amount_ of _fun_ about it all. I _suppose_ _some_ would be _shocked_ at _our seeming worldliness and levity_. But _just underneath_ there is _heavily earnestness_. _Faith_ _has to work twenty-four hours a day in and through us or we perish_.

_Most of us feel we need look no further for Utopia_. We have it with us _right here and now_. _Each day my friend’s simple talk in our kitchen multiplies itself in a widening circle of peace on earth and good will to men_.

*In 2003, A.A. is composed of _10_ % spiritual principles, _10%_ change of attitude, _10%_ fellowship, _10%_ _god_, and _70%_ _gods_.

_Bill W., co-founder of A.A._

_died January 24, 1971._
Step 1: Disease of mind & body.

(i.e. Pain of relapsing > Pain of the solution)

Chapter 2

THERE IS A SOLUTION

We are ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, know thousands of men and women who were once just as hopeless as Bill. Nearly all have recovered. They have solved the drink problem.

We are average Americans. All sections of this country and many of its occupations are represented, as well as many political, economic, social, and religious backgrounds. We are people who normally would not mix. But there exists among us a fellowship, a friendship and an understanding which is indestructibly wonderful. We are like the passengers of a great liner, the moment after rescue from shipwreck when camaraderie, joyousness and democracy pervade the vessel from steerage to Captain's table. Unlike the feelings of the ship's passengers, however, our joy in escape from disaster does not subsides as we go our in-individual ways. The feeling of having shared in a com-mon peril is one element in the powerful cement which binds us. But that in itself would never have held us together, as we are now joined.

The tremendous fact for every one of us is that we have discovered a common solution. We have a way out on which we can absolutely agree and upon which we can join in brotherly and harmonious action. This is the great news this book carries to those who suffer from alcoholism.

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An illness of this sort—and we have come to believe it an illness—involves those about us in a way no other human sickness can. If a person has cancer all are sorry for him and no one is angry or hurt. But not so with the alcoholic illness for with it there goes annihilation of all the things worth while in life. It engulfs all whose lives touch the sufferer's. It brings misunderstanding, fierce resentment, financial insecurity, disgusted friends and employers, warped lives of blameless children, sad wives and parents—anyone can increase the list.

We hope this volume will inform and comfort those who are, or who may be affected. There are many.

Highly competent psychiatrists who have dealt with us have found it sometimes impossible to persuade an alcoholic to discuss his situation without reserve. Strangely enough, wives, parents and intimate friends usually find us even more unapproachable than do the psychiatrist and the doctor.
But the ex-problem drinker who has found this solution, who is properly armed with facts about himself, can generally win the entire confidence of another alcoholic in a few hours. Until such an understanding is reached, little or nothing can be accomplished.

That the man who is making the approach has had the same difficulty that he obviously knows what he is talking about that his whole department shouts at the new prospect that he is a man with a real answer; that he has no attitude of Holier Than Thou; nothing whatever except the sincere desire to be helpful that there are no fees to pay, no axes to grind, no people to please, no lectures to be endured—these are the conditions we have found most effective. After such an approach many take up their beds and walk again.

None of us makes a vocation of this work, nor do we think its effectiveness would be increased if we did. We feel that elimination of our drinking is but a beginning. A much more important demonstration of our principles lies before us in our respective homes, occupations and affaires. All of us spend much of our spare time in the sort of effort which we are going to describe. A few are fortunate enough to be so situated that they can give nearly all their time to the work.

If we keep on the way we are going there is little doubt that much good will result, but the surface of the problem would hardly be scratched. Those of us who live in large cities are overcome by the reflection that thousands of hundreds are dropping into abjuration every day. Many could recover if they had the opportunity we have enjoyed. How then shall we present that which has been so freely given us?

We have concluded to publish an anonymous volume setting forth the problem as we see it. We shall bring to the task our combined experience and know-edge. This should suggest a useful program for anyone concerned with a drinking problem.

Of necessity there will have to be discussion of matters medical, psychiatric, social, and religious. We are aware that these matters are, from their very nature, controversial. Nothing would please us so much as to write a book which would contain no basis for contention or argument. We shall do our utmost to achieve that ideal. Most of us sense that real tolerance of other people’s shortcomings and viewpoints and a respect for their opinions are attitudes which make us more useful to others. Our very lives, as ex-problem drinkers, depend upon our constant thought of others and how we may help meet their needs.

You may already have asked yourself why it is that all of us became so very ill from drinking. Doubtless you are curious to discover how and why, in the face of expert opinion, to the contrary, we have recovered from a hopeless condition of mind and body. If you are an alcoholic who wants to get over it you may already be asking—What do I have to do?
It is the purpose of this book to answer such questions specifically. We shall tell you what we have done. Before going into a detailed discussion, it may be well to summarize some points as we see them.

How many times have you said to us: “I can take it or leave it alone. Why can’t he?”
Why don’t you drink like a gentleman or quiet?” “That fellow can’t handle his liquor.”
“Why don’t you try beer and wine?” “Lay off the hard stuff.” “His will power must be weak.” “He could stop if he wanted to.” “She’s such a sweet girl. I should think he’d stop for her sake.” The doctor told him that if he ever drank again, it would kill him but there he is all lit up again.”

Now these are commonplace observations on drinkers which we hear all the time. Back of them is a world of ignorance and misunderstanding. We see that these expressions refer to people whose reactions are very different from ours.

Moderate drinkers have little trouble in giving up liquor entirely if they have good reason for it. They can take it or leave it alone.

Then we have a certain type of hard drinker. He may have the habit badly enough to gradually impair him physically and mentally. It may cause him to die a few years before his time. If a sufficiently strong reason—ill health, falling in love, change of environment, or the warning of a doctor—becomes operative, this man can also stop or moderate, although he may find it difficult and troublesome and may even need medical attention.

But what about the real alcoholic? He may start off as a moderate drinker, he may or may not become a continuous hard drinker, but at some stage of his drinking career, he begins to lose all control of his liquor consumption once he starts to drink.

Here is the fellow who has been puzzling you, especially in his lack of control. He does absurd, incredible, tragic things while drinking. He is a real Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He is seldom mildly intoxicated. He is always more or less insanely drunk. His disposition while drinking resembles his normal nature, but little. He may be one of the finest fellows in the world. Yet let him drink for a day and he frequently becomes disgustingly and even dangerously anti-social. He has a positive genius for getting tight at exactly the wrong moment, particularly when some important decision must be made or engagement kept.

He is often perfectly sensible, and well balanced concerning every thing except liquor, but in that respect he is incredibly dishonest and selfish. He often possesses special abilities, skills, and aptitudes, and has a promising career ahead of him. He uses his gifts to build up a bright outlook for his family and himself, and then pulls the structure down on his head by a senseless series of sprees. He is the fellow who goes to bed so intoxicated, he ought to sleep the clock around. Yet early next morning he searches madly for the bottle he misplaced the night before. If he can afford it, he may have liquor concealed all over his house to be certain no one gets his entire supply away from him to throw down the wastepipe. As matters grow worse, he begins to use a

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combination of high-powered sedative and liquor to quiet his nerves so he can go to work. Then comes the day when he simply cannot make it and gets drunk all over again. Perhaps he goes to a doctor who gives him morphine or some sedative with which to taper off. Then he begins toappear at hospitals and sanitariums."

This is by no means a comprehensive picture of the true alcoholic, as our behavior patterns vary. But this description should identify him roughly. Why does he behave like this? If hundreds of experiences have shown him that one drink means another headache with all its attendant humiliation, why is it he takes that one drink? Why can’t he stay on the water wagon? What has become of the common sense and will power that he still sometimes displays with respect to other matters?

Perhaps there will never be a full answer to these questions. Opinions vary considerably as to why the alcoholic reacts differently from normal people. We are not sure why once a certain point is reached little can be done for him. We cannot answer the riddle.

We know that while the alcoholic keeps away from drink, as he may for months or years, he reacts much like other men. We are equally positive that once he takes any alcohol whatever into his system, something happens both in the bodily and mental sense, which makes it virtually impossible for him to stop. The experience of any alcoholic will abundantly confirm this.

These observations would be academic and pointless if our friend never took the first drink thereby setting the terrible cycle in motion. Therefore, the main problem of the alcoholic centers in his mind, rather than in his body. If you ask him why he started on that last binge, the chances are he will offer you one of a hundred alibis. Sometimes these excuses have a certain plausibility, but none of them really makes sense in the light of the havoc an alcoholic’s drinking bout creates. They sound like the philosophy of the man who, having a headache, beats himself on the head with a hammer so that he can’t feel the ache. If you draw this fallacious reasoning to the attention of an alcoholic, he will laugh it off or become irritable and refuse to talk.

Once in a while he may tell the truth. And the truth, strange to say, is usually that he has no more idea why he took that first drink than you have. Some drinkers have excuses with which they are satisfied part of the time. But in their hearts they really do not know why they do it. Once this malady has a real hold, they are a baffled lot. There is the obsession that somehow someday they will beat the game. But they often suspect they are down for the count.

How true this is, few realize. In a vague way their families and friends sense that these drinkers are abnormal, but everybody hopefully awaits the day when the sufferer will rouse himself from his lethargy and assert his power of will.

The tragic truth is that if the man be a real alcoholic, the happy day may not arrive. He has lost

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS
At a certain point in the drinking of every alcoholic, he passes into a state where the most powerful desire to stop drinking is absolutely no avail. This tragic situation has already arrived in practically every case long before it is suspected.

The fact is that most alcoholics, for reasons yet obscure, have lost the power of choice in drink. Our so-called willpower becomes practically nonexistent. We are unable at certain times to bring into our conscious with sufficient force the memory of the suffering and humiliation of even a week or a month ago. We are without defense against the first drink.

The almost certain consequences that follow taking even a glass of beer do not crowd into the mind to deter us. If these thoughts occur, they are hazy and readily supplanted with the old bread-and-cheese idea that this time we shall handle ourselves like other people.

There is a complete failure of the kind of defense that keeps one from putting his hand on a hot stove.

The alcoholic may say to himself in the most casual way, "It won't burn me this time so here's how." Or perhaps he doesn't think at all. How often have some of us begun to drink in this hunchalant way and after the third or fourth, pounded on the bar and said to ourselves, "For God's sake, how did I ever get started again?" Only to have that thought supplanted by "Well, I'll stop with the sixth drink!" Or "What's the use anyhow?"

When this sort of thinking is fully established in an individual with alcoholic tendencies, he has probably placed himself beyond human aid, and unless locked up may lie or go permanently insane. These stark and ugly facts have been confirmed by regions of alcoholics throughout history. For the grace of God there would have been thousands more convincing demonstrations. So many want to stop but cannot.

There is a solution. Almost none of us liked the self-searching and leveling of our pride, the confession of shortcomings which the process requires for successful consumption. But we saw that it really worked in others, and we had come to believe in the hopelessness and futility of life as we had been living it. Then, therefore, we were approached by those in whom the problem had been solved, there was nothing left for us but to pick up the simple kit of spiritual tools laid at our feet. We have found much of heaven and we have rocketed into a fourth dimension of existence of which we had not even dreamed.

The great fact is just this, and nothing less: That we have had deep and effective spiritual experiences which have revolutionized our whole attitude toward life, toward our fellows and toward God's universe. The central fact of our lives today is the absolute certainty that our Creator has entered into our hearts and lives in a way which is indeed miraculous. He has commenced to accomplish those things for us which we could never do by ourselves.

If you are as seriously alcoholic as we were, we believe there is no middle-of-road solution. We were in a position where life was becoming impossible, and if we had passed into the region from which there is no return through human aid, we had but two alternatives: One was to go on to the bitter end, blotting out the consciousness of our intolerable situation as best we could; and the other, to accept spiritual help. This

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Bookers 06-8-10 2:33 PM

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Comment: [BOOKER], doctor, family... [555]
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Comment: Grace is a free gift, not ever... [556]
Bookers 06-8-10 2:46 PM

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Bookers 06-8-10 2:48 PM

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Comment: [BOOKER]: baking, family... [560]
Bookers 06-8-10 2:39 PM

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Comment: Hopelessness & futility... [562]
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we did because we honestly wanted to and were willing to make the effort.  
A certain American business man had ability, good sense and high character. For years he had floundered from one sanitarium to another. He had consulted the best known American psychiatrists. Then he had gone to Europe, placing himself in the care of a celebrated physician (the psychiatrist, Dr. Jung) who prescribed for him. Though experience had made him skeptical, he finished his treatment with unusual confidence. His physical and mental condition were unusually good. Above all, he believed he had acquired such a profound knowledge of the inner workings of his mind and its hidden springs that relapse was unthinkable. Nevertheless, he was drunk in a short time. More baffling still, he could give himself no satisfactory explanation for his fall.

So he returned to this doctor whom he admired, and asked him point-blank why he could not recover. He wished above all things to regain self-control. He seemed quite rational and well-balanced with respect to other problems. Yet he had no control whatever over alcohol. **Why was this?**

He begged the doctor to tell him the whole truth and he got it. In the doctor's judgment he was utterly hopeless: he could never regain his position in society and he would have to place himself under lock and key or hire a bodyguard if he expected to live long. That was a great physician's opinion.

But this man still lives, and is a free man. He does not need a bodyguard, nor is he confined. He can go anywhere on this earth where other free men may go without disaster, provided he remains willing to maintain a certain simple attitude.

Some of our alcoholic readers may think they can do without spiritual help. Let us tell you the rest of the conversation a friend had with his doctor.

The doctor said: "You have the mind of a chronic alcoholic. I have never seen one single case recover where that state of mind existed to the extent that it does in you." Our friend felt as though the gates of hell had closed on him with a clang. He said to the doctor, "Is there no exception?"

"Yes!" replied the doctor, "there is. Exceptions to cases such as yours have been occurring since early times. Here and there once in a while, alcoholics have had what are called vital spiritual experiences. To me these occurrences are phenomena. They appear to be in the nature of huge emotional displacements and rearrangements of ideas, emotions and attitudes, which were once the guiding forces of the lives of these men are suddenly cast to one side and a completely new set of conceptions and motives begin to dominate them. In fact, I have been trying to produce such emotional rearrangement within you. With many individuals the methods which I employed were successful, but I have never been successful with an alcoholic of your description."
Upon hearing this, our friend was somewhat relieved, for he reflected that, after all, he was a good church member. This hope, however, was destroyed by the doctor's telling him that while his religious convictions were very good in his case they did not spell the necessary vital spiritual experience.

*For amplification—see Appendix II.

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Here was the terrible dilemma in which our friend found himself when he had the extraordinary experience, which as we have already told you, made him a free man. We, in our turn, sought the same escape with all the desperation of browning men. What seemed at first a limsy reed has proved to be the loving and powerful hand of God. A new life has been given us or, if you prefer, "a design for living" that really works.

The distinguished American psychologist, William James, in his book "Varieties of Religious Experience," indicates a multitude of ways in which men have discovered God. We have no desire to convince anyone that there is only one way by which faith can be acquired. If what we have learned and felt and seen means anything at all, it means that all of us, whatever our face, creed or color, are the children of a living Creator with whom we may form a relationship upon simple and understandable terms as soon as we are willing and honest enough to try. Those having religious affiliations will find here nothing disturbing to their beliefs or ceremonies. There is no friction among us over such matters.

We think it no concern of ours what religious bodies our members identify themselves with as individuals. This should be an entirely personal affair which each one decides for himself in light of past associations or his present choice. Not all of us join religious bodies, but most of us favor such memberships.

In the following chapter, there appears an explanation of alcoholsm, as we understand it, then a chapter addressed to the agnostic. Many who once were in this class are now among our members. Surprisingly enough, we find such convictions no great obstacle to a spiritual experience.

Further on, clear-cut directions are given showing how we recovered. These are followed by forty-two personal experiences.

Each individual in the personal stories, describes in his own language and from his own point of view, the way he established his relationship with God. These give a fair cross section of our membership and the ideal of what has actually happened in their lives.

We hope no one will consider these self-revealing accounts in bad taste. Our hope is that many alcoholic men and women, desperately in need, will see these pages and believe that it is only by fully disclosing ourselves and our problems that they will be persuaded to say, "Yes, I am one of them. I must have this thing."
Step 1: Disease of mind & body.

(i.e. Pain of relapsing > Pain of the solution)

Chapter 3

MORE ABOUT ALCOHOLISM

Most of us have been unwilling to admit we were real alcoholics. No person likes to think he is bodily and mentally different from his fellows. Therefore, it is not surprising that our drinking careers have been characterized by pointless vain attempts to prove we could drink like other people. The idea that someday he will control and enjoy his drinking is the great obsession of every abnormal drinker. The persistence of this illusion is astonishing. Many pursue it into the gates of insanity or death.

We learned that we had to fully concede to our inmost selves that we were alcoholics. This is the first step in recovery. The delusion that we are like other people, or presently may be, has to be smashed.

We alcoholics are men and women who have lost the ability to control our drinking. We know that no real alcoholic ever recovers control. All of us felt at times that we were regaining control, but such inter vals — usually brief — were inevitably followed by still less control which led in time to pitiful and incomprehensible de moralization. We were convinced to a man that alcoholics of our type are in the grip of a progressive illness. Over any considerable period we get worse, never better.

We are like men who have lost their legs: they never grow new ones. Neither does there appear to be any kind of treatment which will make alcoholics of

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our kind like other men. We have tried every imagi nable remedy. In some instances there has been brief recovery, followed always by a still worse relapse. Physicians who are familiar with alcoholism agree there is no such thing as making a normal drinker out of an alcoholic. Science may one day accomplish this, but it hasn’t done so yet.

Despite all we can say, many who are real alcoholics are not going to believe they are in that class. By every form of self deception and experimentation they will try to prove to themselves exceptions to the rule, therefore nonalcoholic. If anyone who is showing inability to control his drinking can do the right about-face and drink like a gentleman, our hats are off to him. Heaven knows, we have tried hard enough and long enough to drink like other people.

Here are some of the methods we have tried: Drink ing beer only, limiting the number of drinks, never drinking alone, never drinking in the morning, drink ing only at home, never having it in the house, never drinking during business hours, drinking only at parties, switching from scotch to brandy, drinking only natural wines, agreeing to resign if ever drunk on the job, taking a trip, not taking a trip, wearing off forever (with and without a solemn oath), taking more physical exercise, reading inspirational books, going to health

...
arms and sanitariums, accepting voluntary commitment to asylums—we could increase the list ad infinitum.

We do not like to pronounce any individual as alco-holic, but you can quickly diagnose yourself. Step over to the nearest barroom and try some controlled drinking. Try to drink and stop abruptly. Try it more than once. It will not take long for you to de-cide, if you are honest with yourself about it. It may be worth a bad case of jitters if you get a full knowledge of your condition.

Though there is no way of proving it, we believe that early in our drinking careers most of us could have stopped drinking. But the difficulty is that few alcoholics have enough desire to stop while there is yet time. We have heard of a few instances where people, who showed definite signs of alcoholism, were able to stop for a long period because of an overpowering desire to do so. Here is one:

A man of thirty was doing a great deal of speed drinking. He was very nervous in the morning after these bouts and quieted himself with more liquor. He was ambitious to succeed in business, but saw that he would get nowhere if he drank at all. Once he started, he had no control whatever. He made up his mind that until he had been successful in business and had retired, he would not touch another drop. An exceptional man; he remained bone dry for twenty-five years and retired at the age of fifty-five after a successful and happy business career. Then he fell victim to a belief which practically every alcoholic has—that his long period of sobriety and self-discipline had qualified him to drink as other men do. Out came his carpet slippers and a bottle. In two months he was in a hospital, puzzled and humiliated. He tried to regulate his drinking for a while, making several trips to the hospital meantime. Then, gathering all his forces, he attempted to stop altogether and found he could not. Every means of solving his problem which

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money could buy was at his disposal. Every attempt failed. Though a robust man at retirement, he went to pieces quickly and was dead within four years.

This case contains a powerful lesson. Most of us have believed that if we remained sober for a long stretch, we could thereafter drink normally. But here is a man who at fifty-five years found he was just where he had left off at thirty. We have seen the truth demonstrated again and again: Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic. Commencing to drink after a period of sobriety, we are in a short time as bad as ever. If we are planning to stop drinking, there must be no reservation of any kind, nor any lurking notion that someday we will be immune to alcohol.

Young people may be encouraged by this man’s experience to think that they can stop, as he did, on their own will power. We doubt if many of them can do it, because none will really want to stop, and hardly one of them, because of the peculiar mental twist already acquired, will find he can win out. Several of our crowd, men of thirty or less, had been
drinking only a few years but they found themselves as help- less as those who had been drinking twenty years.

To be greatly affected, one does not necessarily have to drink a long time nor take the quantities some of us have. This is particularly true of women. Potential female alcoholics often turn into the real thing and are gone beyond recall in a few years. Certain drinkers who would be greatly insulted if called alcoholics, are astonished at their inability to stop. We, who are familiar with the symptoms, see large numbers of potential alcoholics among young people everywhere. But try and get them to see it.*

As we look back, we feel we had gone on drinking many years beyond the point where we could quit on our will power. If anyone questions whether he has entered this dangerous area, let him try leaving liquor alone for one year. If he is a real alcoholic and very far advanced, there is scant chance of success. In the early days of our drinking we occasionally remained sober for a year or more, becoming serious drinkers again later. Though you may be able to stop for a considerable period, you may yet be a potential alcoholic.

We think few to whom this book will appeal, can stay dry anything like a year. Some will be drunk the day after making their resolutions, most of them within a few weeks.

For those who are unable to drink moderately the question is how to stop altogether. We are assuming, of course, that the reader desires to stop. Whether such a person can quit upon a non-spiritual basis depends upon the extent to which he has already lost the power to choose whether he will drink or not. Many of us felt that we had plenty of character. There was a tremendous urge to cease forever. Yet we found it impossible. This is the baffling feature of alcoholism as we know it—this utter inability to leave it alone no matter how great the necessity or the wish.

How then shall we help our readers determine, to their own satisfaction, whether they are one of us? The experiment of quitting for a period of time will be helpful but we think we can render an even greater service to alcoholic sufferers and perhaps to the medi-

* True when this book was first published. But a 2001 U.S./Canada membership survey showed about one-tenth of A.A.’s were thirty and under.

MORE ABOUT ALCOHOLISM
Our first example is a friend we shall call Jim. This man has a charming wife and family. He inherited a lucrative automobile agency. He had a commendable World War record. He is a good salesman. Every-body likes him. He is an intelligent man, normal so far as we can see except for a nervous disposition. He did no drinking until he was thirty-five. In a few years he became so violent when intoxicated that he had to be committed. On leaving the asylum he came into contact with us.

We told him what we knew of alcoholism and the answer we had found. He made a beginning. His family was re-assembled and he began to work as a salesman for the business he had lost through drink-ing. All went well for a time, but he failed to enlarge his spiritual life. To his consternation, he found himself drunk half a dozen times in rapid succession. On each of these occasions we worked with him review-ing carefully what had happened. He agreed he was a real alcoholic and in a serious condition. He knew he faced another trip to the asylum if he kept on. Moreover, he would lose his family for whom he had a deep affection.

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Yet he got drunk again. We asked him to tell us exactly how it happened. This is his story: “I came to work on Tuesday morning. I remember I felt irritated that I had to be a salesman for a concern I once owned. I had a few words with the boss, but nothing serious. Then I decided to drive into the country and see one of my prospects for a car. On the way I felt hungry so I stopped at a roadside place where they have a bar. I had no intention of drinking. I just thought I would get a sandwich. I also had the notion that I might find a customer for a car at this place, which was familiar for I had been going to it for years. I had eaten there many times during the months I was sober. I sat down at a table and ordered a sandwich and a glass of milk. Still no thought of drinking. I ordered another sandwich and decided to have another glass of milk.

Suddenly the thought crossed my mind that if I were to put an ounce of whiskey in my milk it couldn’t hurt me on a full stomach. I ordered a whiskey and poured it into the milk. I vaguely sensed I was not being too smart but felt reassured as I was taking the whiskey on a full stomach. The experiment went so well that I ordered another whiskey and poured it into more milk. That didn’t seem to bother me so I tried another.”

Thus started one more journey to the asylum for Jim. Here was the threat of commitment, the loss of family and position to say nothing of that intense mental and physical suffering which drinking always caused him. He had much knowledge about himself as an alcoholic. Yet all reasons for not drinking were

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easily pushed aside in favor of the foolish idea that he could take whiskey if only he mixed it with milk.

Whatever the precise definition of the word may be,
we call this plain insanity. How can such a lack of proportion of the ability to think straight be called anything else?

You may think this an extreme case. To us it is not far-fetched, for this kind of thinking has been characteristic of every single one of us. We have sometimes reflected more than in did upon the consequences. But there was always the curious mental phenomenon that parallel with our sound reasoning there inevitably ran some insanely trivial excuse for taking the first drink. Our sound reasoning failed to hold us in check. The insane idea won out. Next day we would ask our-selves, in all earnestness and sincerity, how it could have happened.

In some circumstances we have gone out deliberately to get drunk, feeling ourselves justified by nervousness, anger, worry, depression, jealousy, or the like. But even in this type of beginning we are obliged to admit that our justification for a spree was insanely insufficient in the light of what always happened. We now see that when we began to drink deliberately instead of casually, there was little serious or effective thought during the period of premeditation of what the terrific consequences might be.

Our behavior is absurd and incomprehensible with respect to the first drink as that of an individual with a passion, say, for jay-walking. He gets a thrill out of speeding in front of fast-moving vehicles. He enjoys himself for a few years in spite of friendly war-nings. Up to this point you would label him as a foolish chap having queer ideas of fun. Luck then deserts him and he is slightly injured several times in succession. You would expect him, if he were normal, to cut it out. Presently he is hit again and this time has a fractured skull. Within a week after leaving the hospital a fast-moving trolley car breaks his arm. He tells you he has decided to stop jay-walking for good but in a few weeks he breaks both legs.

On through the years this conduct continues, accompanied by his continual promises to be careful or to keep off the streets altogether. Finally, he can no longer work, his wife gets a divorce and he is held up to ridicule. He tries every known means to get the jay-walking idea out of his head. He shuts himself up in an asylum hoping to mend his ways. But the day he comes out he races in front of a fire engine, which breaks his back. Such a man would be crazy, wouldn’t he?

You may think our illustration is too ridiculous. But is it? We, who have been through the wringer, have to admit if we substituted alcoholism for jay-walking, the illustration would fit us exactly. However intelligent we may have been in other respects, where alcohol has been involved, we have been strangely insane. It’s strong language—but isn’t it true?

Some of you are thinking: “Yes, what you tell us is true, but it doesn’t fully apply. We admit we have some of these symptoms, but we have not gone to the extremes you fellows did, nor are we likely to, for we understand ourselves so well after what you have told us.
that such things cannot happen again. We have not lost everything in life through drinking and we certainly do not intend to. Thanks for the information. That may be true of certain [8]alcoholic[9] people who, though drinking foolishly and heavily at the present time, are able to stop or moderate, because their brains and bodies have not been damaged as ours were. But the actual or potential alcoholic, with hardly an exception, will be absolutely unable to stop drinking on the basis of self-knowledge. This is a point we wish to emphasize and re-emphasize. To smash home upon our alcoholic readers as it has been re-vealed to us out of bitter experience. Let us take another illustration.

Fred is partner in a well known accounting firm. His income is good, he has a fine home, is happily married and the father of promising children of college age. He has so attractive a personality that he makes friends with everyone. If ever there was a successful businessman, it is Fred. To all appearance he is a stable well balanced individual. Yet, he is alcoholic. We first saw Fred about a year ago in a hospital where he had gone to recover from a bad case of jitters. It was his first experience of this kind, and he was much ashamed of it. Far from admitting he was alcoholic, he told himself he came to the hospital to rest his nerves. The doctor intimated strongly that he might be worse than he realized. For a few days he was depressed about his condition. He made up his mind to quit drinking altogether. He never occurred to him that perhaps he could not do so in spite of his character and standing. Fred would not believe himself an alcoholic, much less accept a spiritual remedy for his problem. We told him what we knew about alcoholism. He was interested and conceded that he had some of the symptoms but he was a long way from admitting that he could do nothing about it himself. He was positive that this humiliating experience plus the knowledge he had acquired, would keep him sober for the rest of his life. Self-knowledge would fix it.

We heard no more of Fred for a while. One day we were told that he was back in the hospital. This time he was quite shaky. He soon indicated he was anxious to see us. The story he told is most instructive. For here was a chap absolutely convinced he had to stop drinking who had no excuse for drinking, who exhibited splendid judgment and determination in all his other concerns, yet was flat on his back nevertheless.

Let him tell you about it: "I was much impressed with what you fellows said about alcoholism, and I frankly did not believe it would be possible for me to drink again. I rather appreciated your ideas about the subtle insinuation which precedes the first drink but I was confident it could not happen to me after what I had learned. I reasoned I was not so far advanced as most of you fellows that I had been usually successful in kicking my other personal problems, and that I would therefore be successful where you men failed. I felt I had every right to be self-confident that it would be only a matter of exercising my will power and keeping on guard."

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“In this frame of mind I went about my business and for a time all was well. I had no trouble refusing drinks, and began to wonder if I had not been making too hard work of a simple matter. One day I went to Washington to present some accounting evidence to a government bureau. I had been out of town before during this particular dry spell, so there was nothing new about that. Physically, I felt fine. Neither did I have any pressing problems or worries. My business came off well. I was pleased and knew my partners would be too. It was the end of a perfect day, not a cloud on the horizon.

“I went to my hotel and leisurely dressed for dinner. As I crossed the threshold of the dining room, the thought came to mind that it would be nice to have a couple of cocktails with dinner. That was all. Nothing more. I ordered a cocktail and my meal. Then I ordered another cocktail. After dinner I decided to take a walk. When I returned to the hotel it struck me a highball would be fine before going to bed, so I stepped into the bar and had one. I remember having several more that night and plenty next morning. I have a shadowy recollection of being in an airplane bound for New York, and of finding a friendly taxicab driver at the landing field instead of my wife. The driver escorted me about for several days. I know little of where I went or what I said and did. Then came the hospital with unbearable mental and physical suffering.

“As soon as I regained my ability to think, I went carefully over that evening in Washington. Not only had I been off guard, I had made no fight whatever against the first drink. This time I had not thought of the consequences at all. I had commenced to drink carelessly as though the cocktails were ginger ale. I now remembered what my alcoholic friends had told me how they prophesied that if I had an alcoholic mind, the time and place would come—I would drink again. They said that though I did raise a defense it would one day give way before some trivial reason for having a drink. Well, just that did happen and more, for what I had learned of alcoholism did not occur to me at all. I knew from that moment that I had an alcoholic mind. I saw that will power and self-knowledge would not help in those strange mental blanks. I had never been able to understand people who said that a problem had them hopelessly defeated. I knew then it was a crushing blow.

“Two of the members of Alcoholics Anonymous came to see me. They grinned, which I didn’t like so much, and then asked me if I thought myself alcoholic and if I were really licked this time. I had to concede both propositions. They piled on me heaps of evidence to the effect that an alcoholic mentality, such as I had exhibited in Washington, was a hopeless condition. They cited cases out of their own experience by the dozens. This process snuffed out the last flicker of conviction that I could do the job myself.

“Then they outlined the spiritual answer and program of action which a hundred of them had followed successfully. Though I had been only a nominal churchman, their proposals were not, intellectually, hard to swallow. But the program of action, though entirely

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A GOOD BOOK IS A GOOD LOG
sensible, was pretty drastic. It meant I would have to throw several lifelong conceptions out of the window. That was not easy. But the moment I made up my mind to go through with the process, I had the curious feeling that my alcoholic condition was relieved as in fact it proved to be.

"Quite as important was the discovery that spiritual principles would solve all my problems. I had since been brought into a way of living infinitely more satisfying and, I hope, more useful than the life I lived before. My old manner of life was by no means a sad one, but I would not exchange its best moments for the worst I have now. I would not go back to it even if I could."

Fred's story speaks for itself. We hope it strikes home to thousands like him. He had felt only the first tip of the wringer. Most alcoholics have to be pretty badly mangled before they really commence to solve their problems.

Many doctors and psychiatrists agree with our conclusions. One of these men, staff member of a world-renowned hospital, recently made this statement to some of us: "What you say about the general hopeless-ness of the average alcoholic's plight is, in my opinion, correct. As to two of you men, whose stories I have heard, there is no doubt in my mind that you were 100% hopeless apart from divine help. Had you offered yourselves as patients at this hospital, I would not have taken you if I had been able to avoid it. People like you are heartbreaking. Though not a religious person, I have profound respect for the spiritual approach in such cases as yours. For most cases, there is virtually no other solution."

Once more, the alcoholic at certain times has no effective mental defense against the first drink. Except in a few rare cases, neither he nor any other human being can provide such a defense. His defense must come from a Higher Power.

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Step 2: Spiritual Principles = Solution

Chapter 4

WE AGNOSTICS

In the preceding chapters you have learned something of alcoholism. We hope we have made clear the distinction between the alcoholic and the non-alcoholic. If, when you honestly want to, you find you cannot quit entirely or if when drinking, you have little control over the amount you take, you are probably alcoholic. If that be the case, you may be suffering from an illness which only a spiritual experience will conquer.

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Books: 13-9-3 11:19 AM
Comment: LOGS & prejudices

Books: 06-8-11 5:29 PM
Comment: Not just booze, drugs, sex

Books: 06-8-11 5:30 PM
Comment: Big paycheck

Books: 06-8-11 5:31 PM
Comment: Has this been your experience (Y/N)?

Books: 13-9-3 10:53 AM
Comment: High Bottoms get a big paycheck too

Books: 06-8-11 5:32 PM
Comment: High bottom

Books: 13-9-3 11:13 AM
Comment: Wha-shit

Books: 13-9-3 10:58 AM
Comment: A Loser

Books: 13-9-3 10:53 AM
Comment: High Bottoms & low bottoms

Books: 13-9-3 10:58 AM
Comment: A Loser big time, walking dead man

Books: 06-8-11 5:34 PM
Comment: [Bookee]

Books: 06-8-11 5:35 PM
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Books: 06-8-11 5:35 PM
Comment: Doctors generally don't respect 3s

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Comment: [Bookee]

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Comment: [Bookee]

Books: 06-8-11 5:36 PM
Comment: [Bookee]

Books: 06-8-11 5:37 PM
Comment: [Bookee]'s own conception

Books: 06-8-11 12:59 PM
Comment: [Bookee] don't know it all

Books: 06-8-12 12:59 PM
Comment: Do you understand the distinction (Y/N)?

Books: 13-9-3 10:58 AM
Comment: A Loser

Books: 06-8-12 1:00 PM
Comment: [Bookee] needs power
To one who feels he is an atheist or agnostic, such an experience seems impossible but to continue as he is means disaster, especially if he is an alcoholic of the hopeless variety. To be doomed to an alcoholic death or to live on a spiritual basis are not always easy alternatives to face.

But it isn't so difficult. About half our original fellowship were of exactly that type. At first some of us tried to avoid the issue, hoping against hope we were not true alcoholics. But after a while we had to face the fact that we must find a spiritual basis of life—or else. Perhaps it is going to be that way with you. But cheer up! Something like half of us thought we were atheists or agnostics. Our experience shows that you need not be discouraged.

If a mere code of morals or a better philosophy of life were sufficient to overcome alcoholism, many of us would have recovered long ago. But we found that such codes and philosophies did not save us, no matter how much we tried. We could wish to be moral, we could wish to be philosophically comfortable, in fact, we could will these things with all our might, but the needed power wasn't there. Our human resources were marvellous, but they were not sufficient; they failed utterly.

Devoid of power, that was our dilemma. We had to find a power by which we could live, and it had to be a power greater than ourselves. Obviously but where and how were we to find this power?

Well, that's exactly what this book is about. Its main object is to enable you to find a power greater than yourself which will solve your problem. That means we have written a book which we believe to be spiritual as well as moral. And it means, of course, that we are going to talk about God. Here difficulty arises with agnostics. Many times we talk to a new man and watch his hope rise as we discuss his alcohol-lic problems and explain our fellowship. But his face falls when we speak of spiritual matters, especially when we mention God. For we have re-opened a subject which our man thought he had neatly evaded or entirely ignored.

We know how he feels. We have shared his honest doubt and prejudice. Some of us have been violently anti-religious. To others, the word 'God' brought up a particular idea of Him, with which someone had tried to impress them during childhood. Perhaps we rejected this particular conception because it seemed inadequate. With that rejection we imagined we had abandoned the God idea entirely. We were bothered with the thought that faith and dependence upon a Power beyond ourselves was somewhat weak even towards. We look upon this world of warring individuals, warring theological systems, and inexplicable calamities with deep skepticism. We looked askance at many individuals who claimed to be godly. How could a Supreme Being have anything to do with it all? And who could comprehend a Supreme Being anyhow? Yet, in other

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we found ourselves thinking, when enchanted by a starlit night, “Who, then, made all this?” There was a feeling of love and wonder, but it was fleeting and soon lost.

Yes, we of agnostic temperament have had these thoughts and experiences. Let us make haste to reassure you. We found that as soon as we were able to lay aside prejudice and express even a willingness to believe in a Power greater than ourselves, we com-menced to get results, even though it was impossible for any of us to fully define or comprehend that Power, which is God.

Much to our relief, we discovered we did not need to consider another’s conception of God. Our own conception, however inadequate, was sufficient to make the approach and to effect a contact with Him. As soon as we admitted the possible existence of a “creative intelligence”, a “Spirit of the Universe” underlying the totality of things, we began to be possessed of a new sense of power and direction, provided we took other simple steps. We found that God does not make too hard terms with those who seek Him. To us, the Realm of Spirit is broad, roomy, all inclusive, never exclusive or forbidding to those who earnestly seek it. It is open, we believe, to all men.

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When, therefore, we speak to you of God, we mean your own conception of God. This applies, too, to other spiritual expressions which you may acquire in this book. Do not let any prejudice you may have against spiritual terms deter you from honestly asking yourself what they mean to you. At the start, this was all we needed to commence spiritual growth to effect our first conscious relation with God as we understood Him. Afterward, we found ourselves accepting many things which then seemed entirely out of reach. That was growth, but if we wished to know we had to begin somewhere. So we used our own conception, however limited, it was.

We needed to ask ourselves but one short question, “Do I now believe or am I even willing to believe that there is a Power greater than myself?” As soon as a man can say that he does believe or is willing to believe, we emphatically assure him that he is on his way. It has been repeatedly proven among us that upon this simple cornerstone a wonderfully effective spiritual structure can be built.*

That was great news to us, for we had assumed we could not make use of spiritual principles unless we accepted many things on faith which seemed difficult to believe. When people presented us with spiritual approaches, how frequently did we all say, “I wish I had what that man has. I’m sure it would work if I only believed as he believes.” But I cannot accept as surely true the many articles of faith which are so plain to him.” So it was comforting to learn that we could commence at a simpler level.

Besides a seeming inability to accept much on faith,

* Please be sure to read Appendix II on “Spiritual Experience.”

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we often found ourselves handicapped by obstinacy, sensitiveness, and unreasoning prejudice. Many of us have been so touchy that even casual reference to spiritual things made us bristle with antagonism. This sort of thinking had to be abandoned. Though some
of us resisted, we found no great difficulty in casting aside such feelings. Faced with \textit{alcoholic destruction}, we soon became open-minded on spiritual matters as we had tried to be on other questions. In this respect alcohol was a great persuader. It finally beat us into a state of reasonableness. Sometimes this was a tedious process; we hope no one else will be prejudiced for as long as some of us were.

The Reader may still ask why he should believe in a Power greater than himself. We think there are good reasons. Let us have a look at some of them.

The practical individual of today is a stickler for facts and results. Nevertheless, the twentieth century readily accepts theories of all kinds provided they are firmly grounded. In fact, We have numerous theories, for example, about electricity. Everybody believes them without a murmur of doubt. Why this ready acceptance? Simply because it is impossible to explain what we feel, direct and use without a reason-able assumption as a starting point.

Everybody nowadays believes in scores of assumptions for which there is good evidence but no perfect visual proof. And does not science demonstrate that visual proof is the weakest proof? It is being con-stantly revealed as mankind studies the material world, that outward appearances are not inward reality at all. To illustrate:

The prosaic steel girder is a mass of electrons whirl-

\textit{We Agnostics}

ing around each other at incredible speed. These tiny bodies are governed by precise laws, and these laws hold true throughout the material world. Science tells us so. We have no reason to doubt it. When, however, the perfectly logical assumption is suggested that underneath the material world and life as we see it, there is an All Powerful, Guiding, Creative Intelligence, right there our reverence streams to the surface and we laboriously set out to convince ourselves it isn’t so. We read wordy books and indulge in windy arguments, thinking we believe this universe needs no God to explain it. Were our contentsions true, it would follow that life originated out of nothing means nothing, and proceeds nowhere.

Instead of regarding ourselves as intelligent agents, spearheads of God’s ever advancing Creation, we agnostics and atheists chose to believe that our human intelligence was the last word; the Alpha and the Omega the beginning and end of all. Rather vain of us, wasn’t it?

We, who have traveled this dubious path, beg you to lay aside prejudice, even against organized religion. We have learned that whatever the human frailties of various faiths may be, those faiths have given purpose and direction to millions. People of faith have a logical idea of what life is all about. Actually, we used to have no reasonable conception whatever. We used to amuse ourselves by cynically dissecting spiritual beliefs and practices when we might have observed that many spiritually-minded persons of all races, colors, and creeds were demonstrating a degree of stability, happiness and usefulness which we should have thought ourselves.
Instead, we looked at the human defects of these people, and sometimes used their shortcomings as a basis of wholesale condemnation. We talked of intolerance while we were intolerant ourselves. We missed the reality and the beauty of the forest because we were diverted by the ugliness of some of its trees. We never gave the spiritual side of life a fair hearing.

In our personal stories you will find a wide variation in the way each teller approaches and conceives of the Power which is greater than himself. Whether we agree with a particular approach or conception seems to make little difference. Experience has taught us that these are matters about which, for our purpose, we need not be worried. They are questions for each individual to settle for himself.

On one proposition, however, these men and women are strikingly agreed. Every one of them has gained access to and believes in a Power greater than himself. This Power has in each case accomplished the miraculous—the humanly impossible! As a celebrated American statesman put it, “Let’s look at the record.”

Here are thousands of men and women, worldly in deed. They flatly declare that since they have come to believe in a Power greater than themselves, to take a certain attitude toward that Power and to do certain simple things, there has been a revolutionary change in their way of living and thinking. In the face of collapse and despair, in the face of the total failure of their human resources, they found that a new power, peace, happiness, and sense of direction flowed into them. This happened both after they wholeheartedly met a few simple requirements. Once con-
true that the best mathematical minds had proved man could never fly. Had not people said God had reserved this privilege to the
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birds? Only thirty years later the conquest of the air was almost an old story and airplane travel was in full swing.
But in most fields our generation has witnessed complete liberation of our thinking. Show any longshore-man a Sunday supplement describing a proposal to explore the moon by means of a rocket and he will say, “I bet they do it—may be not so long either.” Is not our age characterized by the ease with which we discard old ideas for new, by the complete readiness with which we throw away the theory or gadget which does not work for something new which does?

We had to ask ourselves why we shouldn’t apply to our human problems this same readiness to change our point of view. We were having trouble with personal relationships; we couldn’t control our emotional natures; we were a prey to misery and depression. We couldn’t make a living. We had a feeling of uselessness. We were full of fear; we were unhappy. We couldn’t seem to be of real help to other people. It was not a basic solution of these devilments more important than whether we should see newsreels of lunar flight? Of course it was.

When we saw others solve their problems by a simple reliance upon the Spirit of the Universe, we had to stop doubting the power of God. Our ideas did not work. But the God idea did.

The Wright brothers’ almost childish faith that they could build a machine which would fly was the mainspring of their accomplishment. Without that, nothing could have happened. We agnostics and atheists were sticking to the idea that self-sufficiency would solve our problems. When others showed us that “God-suf-

iciency” worked with them, we began to feel like those who had insisted the Wrights would never fly.

Logic is great stuff. We liked it. We still like it. It is not by chance we were given the power to reason in order to examine the evidence of our senses and to draw conclusions. That is one of man’s magnificent tributes. We agnostically inclined would not feel satisfied with a proposal which does not lend itself to a reasonable approach and interpretation. Hence we are at pains to tell why we think our present faith is reasonable, why we think it more sane and logical to believe than not to believe, why we say our former thinking was soft and mushy when we threw up our hands in doubt and said, “We don’t know.”

When we became alcoholic, crushed by a self-imposed crisis, we could not postpone or evade; we had to face fearlessly the proposition that either God is everything or else He is nothing. God either is or He isn’t. What was our choice to be?

Arrived at this point, we were squarely confronted with the question of faith. We couldn’t escape the issue. Some of us had already walked far over the Bridge of Reason toward the desired shore of faith. The outlines and the promise of the New Land had brought lustre to

comment: Best little minds
Bookers 06-8-12 2:57 PM

comment: It’s easy to believe once I see...
Bookers 06-8-12 2:57 PM

comment: 1969
Bookers 06-8-12 2:58 PM

comment: [Bookee] has tons of beliefs...
Bookers 06-8-12 2:59 PM

comment: Wipe
Bookers 06-8-12 3:00 PM

comment: [Bookee]
Bookers 06-8-12 3:06 PM

comment: Has been your experience?
Bookers 06-8-12 3:06 PM

comment: Has been your experience?
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comment: Has been your experience?
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Bookers 06-8-12 3:07 PM

comment: Good description of a dry
Bookers 06-8-12 3:04 PM

comment: [Bookee]
Bookers 06-8-12 3:04 PM

comment: [Bookee]
Bookers 06-8-12 3:04 PM

comment: Power
Bookers 06-8-12 3:05 PM

comment: I need my little point
Bookers 06-8-12 3:05 PM

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comment: [Bookee]
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Bookers 06-8-12 3:06 PM

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comment: [Bookee]
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comment: P2P
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comment: Do you agree (Y/N)?
Bookers 06-8-12 3:08 PM

comment: Do you agree (Y/N)?
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comment: Do you agree (Y/N)?
Bookers 06-8-12 3:08 PM

comment: God given
Bookers 06-8-12 3:10 PM

comment: Past
Bookers 06-8-12 3:10 PM

comment: [Bookee] When I know I do...
Bookers 06-8-12 3:11 PM

comment: [Bookee] did it
Bookers 06-8-12 3:11 PM

comment: No fun...
Bookers 06-8-12 3:12 PM

comment: [Bookee] When I know I do...
Bookers 06-8-12 3:13 PM

comment: [Bookee] When I know I do...
Bookers 06-8-12 3:13 PM

comment: [Bookee] When I know I do...
Bookers 06-8-12 3:13 PM
we not believe in our own reasoning? Did we not have confidence in our ability to think? Was that but a sort of faith? Yes, we had been faithful, abjectly faithful to the God of Reason. So, in one way or another, we discovered that faith had been in-volved all the time.

We found, too, that we had been worshippers. What a state of mental goose-flesh that used to bring on! Had we not variously worshipped people, sentiment, things, money, and ourselves? And then, with a better motive, had we not worshipfully beheld the sunset, the sea, or a flower? Who of us had not loved something or somebody? How much did these feelings these loves these worship have to do with pure reason? Little or nothing! We saw at last. Were not these things the issues out of which our lives were constructed? Did not these feelings, after all, determine the course of our existence? It was impossible to say we had no capacity for faith or love or worship. In one form or another we had been living by faith and little else.

Imagine life without faith! Were nothing left but mere reason, it wouldn’t be life! But we believed in life—of course we did. We could not prove life in the sense that you can prove a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, yet, there it was. Could we still say the whole thing was nothing but a mass of electrons created out of nothing, meaning nothing, whirling on to a destiny of nothingness? Of course we couldn’t. The electrons themselves seemed more intelligence than that. At least, so the Chemist said.

Hence, we saw that reason isn’t everything! Neither is reason, as most of us use it, entirely dependable.

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though it emanate from our best minds. What about people who proved that man could never fly? Yet we had been seeing another kind of flight, a spiritual liberation from this world, people who rose above their problems. They said God made these things possible, and we only smiled. We had seen spiritual release but liked to call ourselves it wasn’t true.

Actually we were foolish ourselves, for deep down in every man, woman, and child is the fundamental idea of God. It may be obscured by calamity by empty, by worship of other things, but in some form or other it is there. For faith in a Power greater than ourselves and miraculous demonstrations of that power in human lives, are facts as old as man himself.

We finally saw that faith in some kind of God was a part of our make-up, just as much as the feeling we have for a friend. Sometimes we had to search fearlessly but He was there.
He was as much a fact as we were. We found the Great Reality deep down within us. In the last analysis, it is only there that He may be found. It was so with us.

We can only clear the ground a bit. If our testimony helps sweep away prejudice—enables you to think honestly, encourages you to search diligently within yourself, then, if you wish, you can join us on the Broad Highway. With this attitude you cannot fail. The consciousness of your belief is sure to come to you.

In this book you will read the experience of a man who thought he was an atheist. His story is so-interesting that some of it should be told now. His change of heart was dramatic, convincing and moving.

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Our friend was a minister's son. He attended church school, where he became rebellious at what he thought an overdose of religious education. For years thereafter he was dogged by trouble and frustration. Business failure, insanity, fatal illness, suicide—these calamities in his immediate family embittered and depressed him. Post-war disillusionment, ever more serious alcoholism, impending mental and physical collapse brought him to the point of self-destruction.

One night, when confined in a hospital, he was approached by an alcoholic who had known a spiritual experience. Our friend's gorge rose as he bitterly cried out: "If there is a God, He certainly hasn't done anything for me!" But later, alone in his room, he asked himself this question: "Is it possible that all the religious people I have known are wrong?"

While pondering the answer he felt as though he lived in hell. Then, like a thunderbolt, a great thought came: It crowded out all else:

"Who are you to say there is no God?"

This man recounts that he stumbled out of bed to his knees. In a few seconds he was overwhelmed by a conversation of the Presence of God. It poured over and through him with the certainty and majesty of a great tide at flood. The barriers he had built through the years were swept away. He stood in the Presence of Infinite Power and Love. He had stepped from the bridge to the shore. For the first time, he lived in conscious companionship with his Creator.

Thus was our friend's cornerstone fixed in place. No later vicissitudes have shaken it. His alcoholic problem was taken away. That very night, years ago, it has

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appeared! Save for a few moments of temptation, he thought of drink has never returned and at such times a great revulsion has risen up in him. Seemingly he could not drink even if he would. God had restored his sanity.

What is this but a miracle of healing? Yet its elements are simple. Circumstances made him willing to believe. He humbly offered himself to his Maker—then he knew.

Even so has God restored us all to our right minds. To this man, the revelation was sudden. Some of us grow into it more slowly. But He has come to all who have honestly sought Him.

When we drew near to Him, He disclosed Himself to us:
Chapter 5

HOW IT WORKS

Rarely have we seen a person fail who has thoroughly followed our path. Those who do not recover are people who [cannot] or will not completely give themselves to this simple program, usually men and women who are constitutionally incapable of being honest with themselves. There are such unfortunate They are not at fault; they seem to have been born that way. They are naturally incapable of grasping and developing a manner of living which demands vigorous honesty. Their chances are less than average. There are those, too, who suffer from grave emotional and mental disorders but many of them do recover if they have the capacity to be honest.

Our stories disclose in a general way what we used to be like, what happened and what we are like now. If you have decided you want what we have and are willing to go to any length to get it—then you are ready to take certain steps.

At some of these we balked. We thought we could find an easier, softer way. But we could not With all the earnestness at our command, we beg of you to be fearless and thorough from the very start. Some of us have tried to hold on to our old ideas and the result was nil until we let go absolutely.

Remember that we deal with living running baz-

HOW IT WORKS

[IMG]

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. We came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. We were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.

9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.

10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.

11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.

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12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs. Many of us exclaimed, "What an order! I can’t go through with it." Do not be discouraged. No one among us has been able to maintain anything like perfect adherence to these principles. We are not saints. The point is, that we are willing to grow along spiritual lines. The principles we have set down are guides to progress. We claim spiritual progress rather than spiritual perfection.

Our description of the alcoholic, the chapter to the agnostic and our personal adventures before and after make clear three pertinent ideas:

(a) That we were alcoholic and could not manage our own lives.
(b) That probably no human power could have relieved our alcoholism.
(c) That God could and would if He were sought.

Being convinced, we were at Step Three, which is that we decided to turn our will and our lives over to God as we understood Him. Just what do we mean by that and just what do we do?

The first requirement is that we be convinced that any life run on self will can hardly be a success. On that basis, we are almost always in collision with some thing or somebody, even though our motives are good. Most people try to live by self-propulsion. Each person is like an actor who wants to run the whole show, is forever trying to arrange the lights, the ballet, the scenery and the rest of the players in his own way.

**HOW IT WORKS**

his [arrangements] would only stay put, if only people would do as he wished, the show would be great! Everybody, including himself, would be pleased. Life would be wonderful.

In trying to make these arrangements our actor may sometimes be quite virtuous. He may be kind, considerate, patient, generous, even modest and self-sacrificing. On the other hand, he may be mean, egotistical, selfish and dishonest. But, as with most humans, he is more likely to have varied traits.
What usually happens? The show doesn’t come off very well. He begins to think life doesn’t treat him right; he decides to treat himself more. He becomes, on the next occasion, still more demanding or gracious, as the case may be. Still the play does not suit him. Admitting he may be somewhat at fault he is sure that other people are more to blame. He becomes angry, indignant, self-pitying: What is his basic trouble? Is he not really a self-seeker even when trying to be kind? Is he not a victim of the delusion that he can wrest satisfaction and happiness out of this world if he only manages well? Is it not evident to all the rest of the players that these are the things he wants? And do not his actions make each of them wish to retaliate, matching all they can get out of the show? Is he not, even in his best moments, a producer of confusion rather than harmony?

Our actor is self-centered—ego-centric as people like to call it nowadays. He is like the retired businessman who loll in the Florida sunshine in the winter complaining of the sad state of the nation, the minister who sings over the sins of the twentieth century; politicians and reformers who are sure all would be utopia if the rest of the world would only behave; the outlaw who thinks society has wronged him; and the alcoholic who has lost all and is locked up. Whatever our protestations are not most of us concerned with ourselves, our resentments, or our self-pity?

Selfishness—self-centeredness: That, we think, is the root of our troubles. Driven by a hundred forms of fear, self-delusion, self-seeking, and self-pity, we step on the toes of our fellows and they retaliate. Sometimes they hurt us seemingly without provocation, but we invariably find that at some time in the past, we have made decisions based on self which later placed us in a position to hurt.

So our troubles, we think, are basically of our own making. They arise out of ourselves and the alcoholic is an extreme example of self-will run riot; though he usually doesn’t think so. Above everything, we alco-holics must rid of this selfishness. We must, or it kills us! God makes that possible. And there often seems no way of entirely getting rid of self without His aid. Many of us had moral and philosophical con-victions galore; but we could not live up to them even though we would have liked to. Neither could we reduce our self-centeredness much by wishing or trying on our own power. We had to have God’s help.

This is the how and why of it. First of all, we had to quit playing God. It didn’t work! Next, we decided that hereafter in this drama of life God was going to be our Director. He is the Principal; we are His agents. He is the Father and we are His children. Most good ideas are simple. And this concept was the keystone of the new and triumphant arch through which we passed to freedom.

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When we sincerely took such a position, all sorts of remarkable things followed. We had a new Employer (powerful). He provided what we needed, I kept close to Him and performed His work well. Established on such a footing, we became less and less...
interested in ourselves, our little plans and designs. More and more we became interested in seeing what we could contribute to life. As we felt the new power flowing as we enjoyed peace of mind, as we discovered we could face life successfully, as we became con-scious of His presence, we began to lose our fear of today or tomorrow, or the hereafter. We were reborn.

We were now at Step Three. Many of us said to our Maker as we understood Him: “God, I offer myself to Thee—to build with me and to do with me. Thou wilt Relieve me of the bondage of self that I may better do Thy will. Take away my difficulties, that victory over them may bear witness to those of Thy Power. Thy Love, and Thy Way of life, May I do as Thy will always.” We thought well before taking this step, making sure we were ready, that we could at last abandon ourselves utterly to Him.

We found it very desirable to take this spiritual step with an understanding person such as our wife, best friend, or spiritual adviser. But it is better to meet God alone than with one who might misunderstand. The wording was, of course, quite optional, so long as we expressed the idea of voicing it without reservation. This was only the beginning, though if honestly and humbly made, an effect sometimes a very great one, was felt at once.

Next we launched out on a course of vigorous action, the first step of which is personal housecleaning.

which many of us had never attempted. Though our decision was a vital and crucial step, it could have little permanent effect unless it was followed by a strenuous effort to face and to get rid of the things in ourselves which had been blocking us. Our liquor was but a symptom. So we had to get down to causes and conditions.

Therefore, we started upon a personal inventory. This was Step Four. A business which takes no regular inventory usually goes broke. Taking a commercial inventory is a fact-finding and a fact-facing process. It is an effort to discover the truth about the stock-in-trade. One object is to disclose damaged or unsalable goods to get rid of the prompt and without regret. If the owner of the business is to be successful, he can not fool himself about values.

We did exactly the same thing with our lives. We took stock honestly. First, we searched out the flaws in our make-up which caused our failure. Being con-vinced that self-manifested in various ways was what had defeated us, we considered its common manifestations. Resentment is the “number one” offender. It destroys more alcoholics than anything else. From its stem all forms of spiritual disease, for we have been not only mentally and physically ill, we have been spiritually sick. When the spiritual malady is overcome we straighten out mentally and physically. In dealing with resentments we set them on paper. We listed people, institutions, or principles, with whom we were angry. We asked ourselves why we were angry. In most cases it was found that our self-esteem, our pocketbook, our ambitions, our personal relationships

HOW IT WORKS
We were usually as definite as this example:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>COL 1</strong></th>
<th><strong>COL 2</strong></th>
<th><strong>COL 3</strong></th>
<th><strong>COL 4</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I’m resentful at:</td>
<td>The Cause:</td>
<td>Affects my:</td>
<td>What part I played:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Brown</td>
<td>His attention to my wife.</td>
<td>Sex relations.</td>
<td>(fear)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Told my wife of my mistress.</td>
<td>Self-esteem</td>
<td>(fear)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Brown may get my job at the office.</td>
<td>Security</td>
<td>(fear)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>She’s a nut—she snubbed me.</td>
<td>Self-esteem</td>
<td>(fear)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Committed herself to drinking. He’s my friend.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>She’s a gossip.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Jones</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My employer</td>
<td>Unreasonable-Unjust-Overbearing-Threatens to fire me for drinking and padding my expense account.</td>
<td>Self-esteem</td>
<td>(fear)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Misunderstands and nags. Likes Brown. Wants house put in her name.</td>
<td>Pride-Personal sex relations-Security</td>
<td>(fear)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We went back through our lives. Nothing counted but thoroughness and honesty. When we were finished we considered it carefully. The first thing approach was: world and its people were often quite wrong. To conclude that others were wrong as far as most of us ever got. The usual outcome was that people continued to wrong us and we stayed sore. Sometimes it was remorse and then we were sore at ourselves. But the more we fought and tried to have our own way, the worse matters got. As in war, the victor only seemed to win. Our moments of triumph were short-lived.

It is plain that life, which includes deep resentment, leads only to futility and unhappiness. To the precise extent that we permit these do we squander the hours that might have been worth while. But with the alcoholic, whose hope is the maintenance and
... growth of a spiritual experience; this business of resentments is infinitely grave. We found that it is fatal. For when harboring such feelings we shut ourselves off from the sunlight of the spirit. The insanity of alcohol returns and we drink again. And with us, to drink is to die.

If we were to live, we had to be free of anger. The rouch and the brainstorm were not for us. They may be the dubious luxury of normal men, but for alcoholics these things are poison.

We turned back to the list for it held the key to the future. We were prepared to look at it from an entirely different angle. We began to see that the world and its people really dominated us. In that state, the wrong-doing of others fancied or real had power to actually kill. How could we escape? We saw that these resentments must be mastered but how? We could not wish them away any more than alcohol.

This was our course: We realized that the people who wronged us were perhaps spiritually sick.

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Though we did not like their symptoms and the way these disturbed us, they, like ourselves, were sick too.

We asked God to help us lead them the same tolerance, pity, and patience that we would cheerfully grant a sick friend. When a person offended we said to ourselves, “This is a sick man.” How can I be helpful to him? God save me from being angry. Why will be done?

We avoid retaliation or argument. We wouldn’t treat kid people that way. If we do, we destroy our chance of being helpful. We cannot be helpful to all people, but at least God will show us how to take a kindly and tolerant view of each and every one.

Referring to our list again. Putting out of our minds the wrongs others had done, we resolutely looked for our own mistakes. Where had we been selfish, dishonest, self-seeking and frightened? Though a situation had not been entirely our fault, we tried to disregard the other person involved entirely. Where were we to blame? The inventory was ours, not the other man’s. When we saw our faults we listed them. We placed them before us in black and white. We admitted our wrongs honestly and were willing to set these matters straight.

Notice that the word “fear” is bracketed alongside the difficulties with Mr. Brown, Mrs. Jones, the employer, and the wife. This short word somehow touches every aspect of our lives. It was an evil and corroding thread that the fabric of our existence was shot through with it. It set in motion trains of circumstances which brought us misfortune. We felt we didn’t deserve it. But did not we, ourselves, set the ball rolling? Sometimes

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we think fear ought to be classed with stealing. It seems to cause more trouble.

We reviewed our fears thoroughly. We put them on paper, even though we had no resentment in connection with them. We asked ourselves why we had them. Wasn’t it
because self-reliance failed us? Self-reliance was good as far as it went, but it didn’t go far enough. Some of us once had great self-confidence, but it didn’t fully solve the fear problem, or any other. When it made us cocky, it was worse.

Perhaps there is a better way— we think so. For we are now on a different basis, the basis of trusting and relying upon God. We trust infinite God rather than our finite selves. We are in the world to play the role He assigns, just to the extent that we do as we think He would have us and humbly rely on Him, does He enable us to match calamity with serenity.

We never apologize to anyone for depending upon our Creator. We can laugh at those who think spirituality the way of weakness. Paradoxically, it is the way of strength. The verdict of the ages is that faith means courage. All men of faith have courage. They trust their God. We never apologize for God. Instead we let Him demonstrate through us, what He can do. We ask Him to remove our fear and direct our attention to what He would have us be. At once we commence to outgrow fear.

Now about sex. Many of us needed an overhauling there. But above all, we tried to be sensible on this question. It’s so easy to get way off the track. Here we find human opinions running to extremes— absurd extremes, perhaps. One set of voices cry that sex is a lust of our lower nature, a base necessity of procreation.

Then we have the voices who cry for sex and more sex, who bewail the institution of marriage, who think that most of the troubles of the race are traceable to sex causes. They think we do not have enough of it, or that it isn’t the right kind. They see its significance everywhere. One school would allow man no flavor for his fare, and the other would have us all on straight pepper diet. We want to stay out of this controversy. We do not want to be the arbiter of anyone’s sexual conduct. We all have sex problems; We’d hardly be human if we didn’t. What can we do about them?

We reviewed our own conduct over the years past. Where had we been selfish, dishonest, or inconsiderate? Whom had we hurt? Did we unjustly arouse jealousy, suspicion, or bitterness? Where were we at fault, what should we have done instead? We got this all down on paper and looked at it.

In this way we tried to shape a sane and bound ideal for our future sex life. We subjected each relation to this test— was it selfish or not? We asked God to hold our ideals and help us to live up to them. We remember always that our sex powers were God-given and therefore good; neither to be used lightly, nor selfishly, nor to be despised or loathed.

Whatever our ideal turns out to be, we must be willing to grow toward it. We must be willing to make amends where we have done harm, provided that we do not bring about still more harm in so doing. In other words, we treat sex as we would any other problem. In meditation, we ask God what we should do about each specific matter. The right answer will come. If we want it!

God alone can judge our sex situation. Counsel with ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS
persons is often desirable but we let God be the final judge. We realize that some people are as fanatical about sex as others are loose. We avoid hysterical thinking or advice.

Suppose we fall short of the chosen ideal and stumble? Does this mean we are going to get drunk? Some people tell us so. But this is only a half-truth. It depends on us and on our motives. If we are sorry for what we have done and have the honest desire to let God take us to better things, we believe we will be forgiven and will have learned our lesson. If we are not sorry and our conduct continues to harm others, we are quite sure to drink. We are not theorizing. These are facts out of our experience.

To sum up about sex: We earnestly pray for the right ideal for guidance in each questionable situation for sanity and for the strength to do the right thing. If sex is very troublesome we throw ourselves the harder into helping others. We think of their needs and work for them. This takes us out of our selves. It quiets the imperious urge when to yield would mean heartache.

If we have been thorough about our personal in-ventory, we have written down a lot. We have listed and analyzed our resentments. We have begun to comprehend their utility and their futility. We have commenced to see their terrible destructiveness. We have begun to learn tolerance, patience, and good will toward all men, even our enemies. We have seen how we can help them.

In this book you read again and again that faith did HOW IT WORKS

for us what we could not do for ourselves. We hope you are convinced now that God can remove whatever self-will has blocked you off from Him. If you have already made a decision and an inventory of your grosser handicaps, you have made a good beginning. That being so you have swalloed and digested some big chunks of truth about yourself
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Having made our personal inventory, what shall we do about it? We have been trying to get a new attitude, a new relationship with our Creator, and to discover the obstacles in our path. We have ad-mitted certain defects; we have put our finger on the weak points in our personal inventory. Now these are about to be fast out! This requires action on our part, which, when completed, will mean that we have ad-mitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our defects. This brings us to the Fifth Step in the program of recovery mentioned in the preceding chapter.

This is perhaps difficult—especially discussing our defects with another person. We think we have done well enough in admitting these things to ourselves. There is doubt about that. In actual practice, we usually find a solitary self-appraisal insufficient. Many of us thought it necessary to go much further. We will be more reconciled to discussing ourselves with another person when we see good reasons why we should do so. The best reason first. If we skip this vital step, we may not overcome drinking. Time after time newcomers have tried to keep to themselves certain facts about their lives. Trying to avoid this humbling experience they have turned to easier methods. Almost invariably they got drunk. Having persevered with the rest of the program, they wondered why they fell. We think the reason is that they never completed their housecleaning. They took inventory all right, but hung on to some of the worst items in stock. They only thought they had lost their egoism and fear; they only thought they had humbled themselves. But they had not learned enough of humility, fearlessness and honesty in the sense we find it necessary, until they told someone else all their life story.

More than most people, the alcoholic leads a double life. He is very much the actor. To the outer world he presents his stage character. This is the one he likes his fellows to see. He wants to enjoy a certain reputation, but knows in his heart he doesn’t deserve it.

The inconsistency is made worse by the things he does on his sprees. Coming to his senses, he is revolted at certain episodes he vaguely remembers. These memories are a nightmare. He trembles to think some one might have observed him. As fast as he can, he pushes these memories far inside himself. He hopes they will never see the light of day. He is under constant fear and tension—that makes for more drinking.

Psychologists are inclined to agree with us. We have spent thousands of dollars for examinations. We know but few instances where we have given these doctors a fair break.
We have seldom told them the whole truth nor have we followed their advice. Unwilling to be honest with these sympathetic men, we were honest with no one else. Small wonder many in the medical profession have a low opinion of alcoholics and their chance for recovery.

We must be entirely honest with somebody if we expect to live long or happily in this world. Rightly and naturally we think well before we choose the person or persons with whom to take this intimate and confidential step.

Those of us belonging to a religious denomination which requires confession must, of course, want to go to the properly appointed authority whose duty it is to receive it. Though we have no religious connection, we may still do well to talk with someone ordained by an established religion. We often find such a person quick to see and understand our problem. Of course, we sometimes encounter people who do not understand alcoholics.

If we cannot or would rather not do this, we search our acquaintance for a close-mouthed understanding friend. Perhaps our doctor or psychologist will be the person. It may be one of our own family, but we can-not disclose anything to our wife or our parents which will hurt them and make them unhappy. We have no right to save our own skin at another person’s expense. Such parts of our story we tell to someone who will understand, yet be unaffected. The rule is we must be hard on ourselves but always considerate of others.

Notwithstanding the great necessity for discussing ourselves with someone, it may be one is so situated that there is no suitable person available. If that is so, this step may be postponed only, however, if we hold ourselves in complete readiness to go through with it at the first opportunity. We say this because we are very anxious that we talk to the right person. It is important that he be able to keep a confidence that he fully understands and approves what we are driving at.

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that he will not try to change our plan. But we must not use this as a mere excuse to postpone.

When we decide who is to hear our story, we waste no time. We have a written inventory and are prepared for a long talk. We explain to our partner what we are about to do and why we have to do it. He should realize that we are engaged upon a life-and-death errand. Most people approached in this way will be glad to help they will be honored by our confidence.

We pocket our pride and go to it, illuminating every twist of character, every dark cranny of the past. Once we have taken this step, withholding nothing, we are delighted. We can look the world in the eye. We can be alone at perfect peace and ease. Our fears fall from us. We begin to feel the nearness of our Creator. We may have had certain spiritual beliefs, but now we begin to have a spiritual experience. The feeling that the drink problem has...
Disappeared will often come strongly. We feel we are on the Broad Highway, walking hand in hand with the Spirit of the Universe.

Returning home, we find a place where we can be quiet for an hour, carefully reviewing what we have done. We thank God from the bottom of our heart, that we know Him better. Taking this book down from our shelf, we turn to the page which contains the twelve steps. Carefully reading the first five proposals, we ask if we have omitted anything for we are building an arch through which we shall walk a free man at last. Is our work solid so far? Are the stones properly in place? Have we skimmed on the cement put into the foundation? Have we tried to make mortar without sand?

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If we can answer to our satisfaction, we then look at Step Six. We have emphasized willingness as being indispensable. Are we now ready to let God remove from us all the things which we have admitted are objectionable? Can He now take them all—every one? If we still fling to something, we will not let go. We ask God to help us be willing.

When ready, we say something like this: “My Creator, I am now willing that you should have all of me, good and bad. I pray that you now remove from me every single defect of character which stands in the way of my usefulness to you and my fellows. Grant me strength as I go out from here, to do your bidding. Amen.” We have then completed Step Seven.

Now we need more action, without which we find that “Faith without works is dead.” Let’s look at Steps Eight and Nine. We have a list of all persons we have harmed, and to whom we are willing to make amends. We made it when we took inventory. We subjected ourselves to a drastic self-appraisal. Now we go out to our fellows and repair the damage done in the past. We attempt to sweep away the debris which has accumulated out of our effort to live on self-will, and run the show ourselves. If we haven’t the will to do this, we ask until it comes. Remember it was agreed at the beginning we would go to any lengths for victory over alcohol.

Probably there are still some misgivings. As we look over the list of business acquaintances and friends we have hurt, we may feel diffident about going to some of them on a spiritual basis. Let us be reassured to some people we need not and probably should not emphasize the spiritual feature on our first approach.

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We might prejudice them. At the moment, we are trying to put our lives in order. But this is not an end in itself. Our real purpose is to fit ourselves to be of maximum service to God and the people about us. It is seldom wise to approach an individual who still smarts from our injustice to him and announce that we have gone religious. In the prize ring, this would be called leading with the chin Why lay ourselves open to being branded fanatics or religious bores? We may kill a future opportunity to carry a beneficial message. But our man is sure to be impressed with a sincere desire to set things right. He is going to be more interested in a demonstration of good will than in our talk of spiritual discoveries.
We don't use this as an *excuse* for *shying away* from the *subject of God*. When it will serve any *good pur-pos*e we are willing to *announce* our *convictions with *act* and common *sense*. *The question of how to approach* the man we *hated* will *arise*. It may be he has *done us more harm* than we have *done him* and, though we may have acquired a better *attitude* toward him, we are still not *too keen* about admitting our *faults*. *Nevertheless*, with a person we *dislike* we *take the hit in our teeth*. It is *harder* to go to an *enemy* than to a *friend*, but we *find it more beneficial* to us. *We go to him in a helpful and forgiving spirit*, confessing our former *ill feeling* and expressing our *regret*.

*Under no condition* do we *criticize* such a person or *argue*. *Simply* we *tell him* that we will *never get over drinking* until we have done our *utmost* to *straighten out the past*. *We are there to sweep off our side of the street*, realizing that *nothing worth while* can be accomplished *until we do so*. *Never* *trying to tell him what he should do*, His *faults* are not *dis-cussed*. *We stick to our own*. If our manner is *calm*, *frank* and *open*, we will be *gratified* with the result.

In nine cases out of ten, *the unexpected happens*. Sometimes the man we are calling upon *admits his own fault* so *louds of years* standing *melt away in an hour*. Rarely do we fail to make *satisfactory progress*. Our former *enemies* sometimes *praise* what we are doing and *wish us well*. Occasionally, they will offer *assistance*. *It should not matter*, however, if someone does *throw us out of his office*. *We have made our demonstration*, done our part. *It's water over the dam*.

Most *alcoholics* *owe money*. *We do not dodge our creditors*. *Telling them* what we are *trying to do*, we *make no bones about our drinking*; they *usually know* it anyway, whether we *think so* or not. *Nor are we afraid of disclosing our *alcoholism* on the theory it may cause financial harm*. *Approached in this way*, the *most ruthless creditor* will sometimes *surprise us*. *Arranging the best deal* we can, *we let these people know* we are *sorry*. *Our drinking has made us slow* to *pay*. *We must lose our *fear of creditors* no matter how *far* we have to go for we are liable to *drink* if we are *afraid* to face them.

Perhaps we have committed a *criminal offense* which might land us in jail if it were *known to the au-thorities*. *We may be* *short in our accounts* and unable to *make good*. *We have already admitted this in con-fi-dence to another person*, but *we are sure we would be imprisoned* if it were *known*. *Maybe it's only a petty offense*, such as *pa*dding the *expense account*. Most of us have done that *sort of thing*.

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Maybe we are *divorced* and have remarried but haven't kept up the *alimony* to number one. She is *indignant* about it, and has a *warrant out* for our *arrest*. That's a *common form* of trouble too.

Although these *repairs* take *innumerable forms*, there are *some general principles* which we find *guiding*. *Reminding ourselves* that we have decided to go to *any lengths* to find a *spiritual experience*, we ask that we be given *strength* and *direction* to do the right
thing no matter what the personal consequences might be. We may lose our position or reputation or face jail but we are willing. We have to be! We must not shrink at anything. Usually, however, other people are involved. Therefore, we are not to be the hasty and foolish martyrs who would needlessly sacrifice others to save himself from the alcoholic pit. A man we know had remarried. Because of resentment and drinking he had not paid alimony to his first wife. She was furious. She went to court and got an order for his arrest. He had commenced our way of life, had secured a position, and was getting his head above water. It would have been impressive if he had walked up to the judge and said, “Here I am”.

We thought he ought to be willing to do that if necessary but if he were in jail he could provide nothing for his family. We suggested he write his first wife admitting his faults and asking forgiveness. He did, and also sent a small amount of money. He told her what he would try to do in the future. He said he was perfectly willing to go to jail if she insisted. Of course she did not, and the whole situation has long since been adjusted.

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Before taking drastic action which might implicate other people we secure their consent. If we have obtained permission we consult others and ask God to help and the drastic step is indicated we must not shrink.

This brings to mind a story about one of our friends. While drinking, he accepted a sum of money from a bitterly-hated business rival, giving him no receipt, and promised never to tell. He subsequently needed having received the money and used the incident as a basis for discrediting the man. He thus used his own wrong-doing as a means of destroying the reputation of another. In fact, his rival was ruined.

He felt that he had done a wrong he could not possibly make right. If he opened that old affair he was afraid it would destroy the reputation of his partner disgrace his family and take away his means of livelihood. What right had he to involve those dependent upon him? How could he possibly make a public statement exonerating his rival?

After consulting with his wife and partner he came to the conclusion that it was better to take those risks than to stand before his Creator guilty of such ruinous slander. He saw that he had to place the outcome in God’s hands or he would soon start drinking again and all would be lost anyhow. He attended church for the first time in many years. After the sermon, he quietly got up and made an explanation. His action met wide-spread approval, and today he is one of the most trusted citizens of his town. This all happened years ago.

The chances are that we have domestic troubles. Perhaps we are mixed up with women in a fashion we wouldn’t care to have advertised. We doubt if, in this respect, alcoholics are fundamentally much worse than other people. But drinking does complicate sex relations in the home. After a few years with an alcoholic, a wife gets worn out resentful and uncommunicative. How could she be anything else? The husband begins to feel lonely, sorry for himself. He commences to look around in the night clubs or their equivalent, for something besides...
Perhaps he is having a secret and exciting affair with the girl who understands. In fairness, we must say that she may understand, but what are we going to do about a thing like that? A man so involved often feels very remorseful at times, especially if he is married to a loyal and courageous girl who has literally gone through hell for him.

Whatever the situation, we usually have to stop some thing about it. If we are sure our wife does not know, should we tell her? Not always, we think. If she knows in a general way, we have been wild, should we tell her in detail? Undoubtedly we should admit our fault. She may insist on knowing all the particulars. She will want to know who the woman is and where she is. We feel we ought to say to her that we have no right to involve another person. We are sorry for what we have done and, God willing, it shall not be repeated.

More than that we cannot do. We have no right to go further. Though there may be justifiable exceptions, and though we wish to lay down no rule of any sort, we have often found this the best course to take.

Our design for living is not a one-way street. It is as good for the husband as for the wife.
responsible. So we clean house with the family, asking each morning in meditation that our Creator show us the way of patience, tolerance, kindness and love.

The spiritual life is not a theory. We have to live it. Unless one’s family expresses a desire to live upon spiritual principles, we think we ought not to urge them. We should not talk incessantly about spiritual matters. They will change in time. Our behavior will convince them more than our words. We must remember that ten or twenty years of drunkenness would make a skeptic out of anyone.

There may be some wrongs we can never fully right. We don’t worry about them if we can honestly say to ourselves that we would right them if we could. Some people cannot be seen—we send them an honest letter. And there may be a valid reason for postponement in some cases. But we don’t delay if it can be avoided. We should be sensible, tactful, considerate and humble, without being servile or scraping. As God’s people we stand on our feet; we don’t crawl before anyone.

If we are painstaking about this phase of our development, we will be amazed before we are halfway through. We are going to know a new freedom and a new happiness. We will not regret the past nor wish to shut the door on it. We will comprehend the word serenity and we will know peace. No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experience can benefit others. That feeling of helplessness and self-pity will disappear. We will lose interest in selfish things and gain interest in our fellows. Self-seeking will slip away. Our whole attitude and outlook upon life will change. Fear of people and of economic insecurity will leave us. We will intuitively know how to handle situations which used to baffle us. We will suddenly realize that God is doing for us what we could not do for ourselves.

Are these extravagant promises? We think not. They are being fulfilled among us—sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. They will always materialize if we work for them.

This thought brings us to Step Ten, which suggests we continue to take personal inventory and continue to set right any new mistakes as we go along. We vigorously commenced this way of living as we cleaned up the past. We have entered the world of the Spirit. Our next function is to grow in understanding and effectiveness. This is not an overnight matter. It should continue for our lifetime. Continue to watch for selfishness, dishonesty, resentment and fear. When these crop up, we ask God at once to remove them. We discuss them with someone immediately and make amends quickly if we have harmed anyone. Then we resolutely turn our thoughts to someone we can help. Love and tolerance of others is our code.

And we have ceased fighting anything or anyone—even alcohol. For by this time sanity will have re-turned. We will seldom be interested in liquor. If tempted, we recoil from it as from a hot flame. We

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react calmly and normally, and we will find that this has happened automatically. We will see that our new attitude toward liquor has been given us without any thought or effort on

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Our part: It just comes That is to say the miracle of it. We are not fighting it, neither are we avoiding temptation. We feel as though we had been placed in a position of neutrality—safe and protected. We have not even sworn off. Instead, the problem has been removed. It does not exist for us. We are neither rocky nor are we afraid. That is our experience. That is how we react so long as we keep in this spiritual condition.

It is easy to let up on the spiritual program of action and rest on our laurels. We are headed for trouble if we do, for alcohol is a subtle foe. We are not cured of alcoholism. What we really have is a daily reprieve contingent on the maintenance of our spiritual condition. Every day is a day when we must carry the vision of God’s will into all of our activities. “How can I best serve Thee—Thy will (not mine) be done.” These are thoughts which must go with us constantly. We can exercise our willpower along this line all we wish. It is the proper use of the will.

Much has already been said about receiving strength, inspiration, and direction from Him who has all knowledge and power. If we have followed directions, we have begun to sense the flow of His Spirit into us. To some extent we have become God-conscious. We have begun to develop this vital sixth sense. But we must go further and that means more action.

Step Eleven suggests prayer and meditation. We shouldn’t be shy on this matter of prayer. Better men

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than we are using it constantly. It works, if we have the proper attitude and work at it. It would be easy to be vague about this matter. Yet, we believe we can make some definite and valuable suggestions.

When we retire at night, we constructively review our day. Were we resentful, selfish, dishonest or afraid? Do we owe an apology? Have we kept some thing to ourselves which should be discussed with another person at once? Were we kind and loving toward all? What could we have done better? Were we thinking of ourselves most of the time? Or were we thinking of what we could do for others, of what could we pack into the stream of life? But we must be careful not to drift into worry, remorse or morbid reflection for that would diminish our usefulness to others. After making our review we ask God’s forgiveness and inquire what corrective measures should be taken.

On awakening, let us think about the twenty-four hours ahead. We consider our plans for the day. Before we begin, we ask God to direct our thinking, especially asking that it be divorced from self-pity, dishonesty or self-seeking motives. Under these conditions we can employ our mental faculties with assurance, for after all God gave us brains to use. Our thought-life will be placed on a much higher plane when our thinking is cleared of wrong motives.

In thinking about our day we may face a decision. We may not be able to determine which course to take. Here we ask God for inspiration, an intuitive thought or a decision. We relax and take it easy. We don’t struggle. We are often surprised how the right answers come after we have tried this for a while.
What used to be the [funch] or the [occasional inspiration] gradually becomes a working part of the mind. Being still inexperienced and having just made [con-scious contact with God, it is not probable that we are going to be inspired at all times. We might pay for this presumption in all sorts of absurd actions and ideas. Nevertheless, we find that our thinking will, as time passes, be more and more on the plane of [in-spiration]. We come to rely upon it.

We usually conclude the period of meditation with a prayer that we be shown all through the day what our next step is to be, that we be given whatever we need to take care of such problems. We ask especially for freedom from self-will and are careful to make no request for ourselves only. We may ask for ourselves; however, if others will be helped. We are careful never to pray for our own selfish ends. Many of us have wasted a lot of time doing that and it doesn't work. You can easily see why.

If circumstances warrant we ask our wives or friends to join us in morning meditation. If we belong to a religious denomination which requires a definite morning devotion, we attend to that also. If not members of religious bodies, we sometimes select and memorize a few set prayers which emphasize the principles we have been discussing. There are many helpful books also. Suggestions about these may be obtained from one's priest, minister or rabbi. Be quick to see where religious people are right. Make use of what they offer.

As we go through the day we pause when irritated or doubtful and ask for the right thought or action. We constantly remind ourselves we are no longer

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running the show, humbly saying to ourselves, many times each day, "Thy will be done." We are then in much less danger of excitement, fear, anger, worry, self-pity, or foolish decisions. We become much more efficient. We do not tire so easily for we are not burning up energy foolishly as we did when we were trying to arrange life to suit ourselves. It works! It really does.

We alcoholics are [indisciplined]. So we let God discipline us in the [simple way] we have just outlined.

But this is not all. There is [action] and [more action]! "Faith without works is dead." The next chapter is entirely devoted to Step Twelve.

I've recovered if I've practiced 12 steps everyday. I'm not perfect but I do my best everyday. There is much more work ahead this is just the beginning. Remember not to get cocky or complacent.
Chapter 7

WORKING WITH OTHERS

Practical experience shows that nothing will so much ensure immunity from drinking as intensive work with other alcoholics. It works when other activities fail. This is our twelfth suggestion: Carry this message to other alcoholics. You can help when no one else can. You can secure their confidence when others fail. Remember they are very ill.

Life will take on new meaning to watch people recover to see them help others to watch loneliness vanish to see a fellowship grow up about you to have a host of friends—this is an experience you must not miss. We know you will not want to miss it! Frequent contact with newcomers and with each other is the bright spot of our lives. Perhaps you are not acquainted with any drinkers who want to recover. You can easily find some by asking a few doctors, ministers, priests or hospitals. They will be only too glad to assist you. Don't start out as an evangelist or reformer. Unfortunately a lot of prejudice exists. You will be handicapped if you arouse it. Ministers and doctors are competent and can learn much from them if you wish, but it happens that because of your own drinking experience you can be uniquely useful to other alcoholics. So cooperate never criticize. To be helpful is our only aim.

When you discover a prospect for Alcoholics Anonymous, find out all you can about him. If he does not want to stop drinking, don't waste time trying to persuade him. You may spoil a later opportunity. This advice is given for his family also. They should be patient, realizing they are dealing with a sick person.

If there is any indication that he wants to stop, have a good talk with the person most interested in him—usually his wife. Get an idea of his behavior, his problems, his background, the seriousness of his condition and his religious leanings. You need this information to put yourself in his place to see how you would like him to approach you if the tables were turned.

Sometimes it is wise to wait till he goes on a binge. The family may object to this, but unless he is in a dangerous physical condition, it is better to risk it. Don't deal with him when he is very drunk unless he is ugly and the family needs your help. Wait for the end of the spree or at least for a lucid interval. Then let his family or a friend ask him if he wants to quit. For good and if he would go to any extreme to do so. If he says yes then his attention should be drawn to you as a person who has recovered. You should be described
to him as one of a fellowship who, as part of their own recovery, try to help others and who will be glad to talk to him if he cares to see you.

If he does not want to see you, never force yourself upon him. Neither should the family hystically plead with him to do anything, nor should they tell him much about you. They should wait for the end of his next drinking bout. You might place this book where he can see it in the interval. Here no specific rule can be given. The family must decide these things. But urge them not to be over-anxious, for that might spoil matters.

Usually the family should not try to tell your story. When possible, avoid meeting a man through his family. Approach through a doctor or an institution is a better bet. If your man needs hospitalization, he should have it, but not forcibly unless he is violent. Let the doctor, if he will, tell him he has something in the way of a solution.

When your man is better, the doctor might suggest a visit from you. Though you have talked with the family, leave them out of the first discussion. Under these conditions your prospect will see he is under no pressure. He will feel he can deal with you without being nagged by his family. Call on him while he is still jitters. He may be more receptive when re-pressed.

See your man alone, if possible. At first engage in general conversation. After a while, turn the talk to some phase of drinking. Tell him enough about your drinking habits, symptoms and experiences to encourage him to speak of himself. If he wishes to talk, let him do so. You will thus get a better idea of how you ought to proceed. If he is not communicative, give him a sketch of your drinking career up to the time you quit. But say nothing, for the moment, of how that was accomplished. If he is in a serious mood dwell on the troubles liquor has caused you, being careful not to moralize or lecture. If his mood is light, tell him humorous stories of your escapades. Get him to tell some of his.

When he sees you know all about the drinking game, commence to describe yourself as an alcoholic.

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ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

I tell him how baffled you were, how you finally learned that you were sick. Give him an account of the struggles you made to stop. Show him the mental twist which leads to the first drink of a spree. We suggest you do this as we have done it in the chapter on alcoholism. If he is alcoholic, he will understand you at once. He will match your mental inconsistencies with some of his own.

If you are satisfied that he is a real alcoholic begin to dwell on the hopeless feature of the malady. Show him from your own experience how the queer mental condition surrounding that first drink prevents normal functioning of the will power. Don't, at this stage, refer to this book unless he has seen it and wishes to discuss it. And be careful not to brand him as an alcoholic. Let him draw his own conclusion. If he sticks to the idea that he can still control his drinking, tell him that possibly he can—if he is not too alcoholic. But insist that if he is severely afflicted, there may be little chance he can recover by himself.
Continue to speak of alcoholism as an illness, a fatal malady. Talk about the conditions of body and mind which accompany it. Keep his attention focussed on your personal experience. Explain that many are doomed who never realize their predicament. Doctors are rightly loath to tell alcoholic patients the whole story unless it will serve some good purpose. But you may talk to him about the hopelessness of alcoholism because you offer a solution. You will soon have your friend admitting he has many, if not all, of the traits of the alcoholic. If his own doctor is willing to tell him that he is alcoholic, so much the better. Even though your protégé may not have en-

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tirely admitted his condition, he has become very curious to know how you got well. Let him ask you that question, if he will. Tell him exactly what happened to you. Stress the spiritual feature freely. If the man be agnostic or atheist, make it emphatic that he does not have to agree with your conception of God. He can choose any conception he likes, provided it makes sense to him. The main thing is that he be willing to believe in a Power greater than himself and that he live by spiritual principles.

When dealing with such a person, you had better use everyday language to describe spiritual principles. There is no use arousing any prejudice he may have against certain theological terms and conceptions about which he may already be confused. Don’t raise such issues, no matter what your own convictions are.

Your prospect may belong to a religious denomina-tion. His religious education and training may be far superior to yours. In that case he is going to wonder how you can add anything to what he already knows. But he will be curious to learn why his own conviction have not worked and why yours seem to work so well. He may be an example of the truth that faith alone is insufficient. To be vital, faith must be accompanied by self sacrifice and inselsh, constructive action. Let him see that you are not there to instruct him in religion. Admit that he probably knows more about it than you do, but call to his attention the fact that however deep his faith and knowledge, he could not have applied it or he would not drink. Perhaps your story will help him see where he has failed to practice the very precepts he knows so well. We represent no particular faith or denomination. We are dealing only with general principles common to most denomina-tions.

Outline the program of action, explaining how you made a self-appraisal, how you straightened out your past and why you are now endeavoring to be helpful to him. It is important for him to realize that your attempt to pass this on to him plays a vital part in your own recovery. Actually, he may be helping you more than you are helping him. Make it plain he is under no obligation to you, that you hope only that he will try to help other alcoholics when he escapes his own difficulties. Suggest how important it is that he place
the welfare of other people ahead of his own. Make it clear that he is not under pressure, that he needn’t see you again if he doesn’t want to. You should not be offended if he wants to call it off, for he has helped you more than you have helped him. If your talk has been-sané, sure-and full of human understanding, you have perhaps made a friend. Maybe you have disturbed him about the question of alcoholism. This is all to the good. The more hope less he feels, the better. He will be more likely to follow your suggestions.

Your candidate may give reasons why he need not follow all of the program. He may rebel at the thought of a drastic housecleaning which requires discussion with other people. Do not contradict such views. Tell him you once felt as he does, but you doubt whether you would have made much progress had you not taken action. On your first visit tell him about the Fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous. If he shows interest, lend him your copy of this book.

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Unless your friend wants to talk further about himself, do not wear out your welcome. Give him a chance to think it over. If you do stay, let him steer the conversation in any direction he likes. Sometimes a new man is anxious to proceed at once, and you may be tempted to let him do so. This is sometimes a mistake. If he has trouble later, he is likely to say you rushed him. You will be most successful with an alcoholic if you do not exhibit any passion for crusade or reform. Never talk down to an alcoholic from any moral or spiritual hilltop; simply lay out the kit of spiritual tools for his inspection. Show him how they worked with you. Offer him friendship and fellowship. Tell him that if he wants to get well you will do anything he feels.

If he is not interested in your solution, if he expects you to act only as a banker for his financial difficulties or a nurse for his speech, you may have to drop him until he changes his mind. This he may do after he gets hurt some more.

If he is sincerely interested and wants to see you again, ask him to read this book in the interval. After doing that, he must decide for himself whether he wants to go on. He should not be pushed or prodded by you, his wife, or his friends. If he is to find God, the desire must come from within.

If he thinks he can do the job in some other way or prefers some other spiritual approach, encourage him to follow his own conscience. We have no monopoly on God; we merely have an approach that worked with us. But point out that we alcoholics have much in common and that you would like, in any case, to be friendly. Let it go at that.

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Do not be discouraged if your prospect does not respond at once. Search out another alcoholic and try again. You are sure to find someone desperate enough to accept with eagerness what you offer. We find it a waste of time to keep chasing a man who cannot or will not work with you. If you leave such a person alone, he may soon become convinced that he cannot recover by himself. To spend too much time on any one situation is to deny some other alcoholic an opportunity to live and be happy. One of our Fellowship failed
entirely with his first half dozen prospects. He often says that if he had continued to work on them, he might have deprived many others, who have since recovered, of their chance.

Suppose now you are making your second visit to a man. He has read this volume and says he is prepared to go through with the Twelve Steps of the program of recovery. Having had the experience yourself, you can give him much practical advice. Let him know you are available if he wishes to make a decision and tell his story, but do not insist upon it if he prefers to consult someone else.

He may be broke and homeless. If he is, you might try to help him about getting a job or give him a little financial assistance. But you should not deprive your family or creditors of money they should have. Perhaps he will want to take the man into your home for a few days. But be sure you use discretion. Be certain he will be welcomed by your family and that he is not trying to impose upon you for money, connections, or shelter. Permit that and you only harm him. You will be making it possible for him to be insincere.

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You may be aiding in his destruction rather than his recovery.

Never avoid these responsibilities, but be sure you are doing the right thing if you assume them. Helping others is the foundation stone of your recovery. A kindly act once in a while isn’t enough. You have to act the Good Samaritan every day, if need be. It may mean the loss of many nights’ sleep, great interference with your pleasures, interruptions to your business. It may mean sharing your money and your home with your family, the souls of your many friends and relatives. If you have a number of trips to police courts, sanitariums, hospitals, jails, and asylums, your telephone may jangle at any time of the day or night. Your wife may sometimes say she is neglected. A drunk may smash the furniture in your home or burn a mattress. You may have to fight with him if he is violent. Sometimes you will have to call a doctor and administer sedatives under his direction. Another time you may have to send for the police or an ambulance. Occasionally you will have to meet such conditions.

We seldom allow an alcoholic to live in our homes for long at a time. It is not good for him, and it some-times creates serious complications in a family.

Though an alcoholic does not respond, there is no reason why you should neglect his family. You should continue to be friendly to them. The family should be offered your way of life. Should they accept and practice spiritual principles, there is a much better chance that the head of the family will recover. And even though he continues to drink, the family will find life more bearable.

For the type of alcoholic who is able and willing to get well, little charity in the ordinary sense of the word, is needed or wanted. The men who cry for money and shelter before conquering alcohol are on the wrong track. Yet we do go to great extremes to provide each other with these very things, when such action is warranted. This may seem inconsistent, but we think it is not.
It is not the matter of giving that is in question, but when and how to give. That often makes the difference between failure and success. The minute we put our work on a plane, the alcoholic commences to rely upon our assistance rather than upon God. He flatters for this or that claiming he cannot master alcohol until his material needs are cared for. Non-sense. Some of us have taken very hard knocks to learn this truth: Job or no job—wife or no wife—we simply do not stop drinking so long as we place dependence upon other people ahead of dependence on God.

Burn the idea into the consciousness of every man that he can get well regardless of anyone. The only condition is that he trust in God and clean house.

Now, the Domestic problem. There may be divorce, separation, or just strained relations. When your prospect has made such separation as he can to his family, and has thoroughly explained to them the new principles by which he is living, he should proceed to put those principles into action at home. That is, if he is lucky enough to have a home. Though his family be at fault in many respects, he should not be concerned about that. He should concentrate on his own spiritual demonstration Argument and fault-finding are to be avoided like the plague. In many homes this is a difficult thing to do, but it must be done if any results are to be expected. If persisted in for a few months, the effect on a man’s family is sure to be great. The most incompatible people discover they have a basis upon which they can meet. Little by little the family may see their own defects and admit them. These can then be discussed in an atmosphere of helpfulness and friendliness.

After they have seen tangible results, the family will perhaps want to go along. These things will come to pass naturally and in good time provided, however, the alcoholic continues to demonstrate that he can be sober, considerate, and helpful regardless of what anyone says or does. Of course, we all fall much below this standard many times. But we must try to repair the damage immediately lest we pay the penalty by a spree.

If there be divorce or separation, there should be no undue haste for the couple to get together. The man should be sure of his recovery. The wife should fully understand his new way of life. If their old relationship is to be resumed, it must be on a better basis, since the former did not work. This means a new attitude and spirit all around. Sometimes it is to the best interests of all concerned that a couple remain apart. Obviously, no rule can be laid down. Let the alcoholic continue his program day by day. When the time for living together has come, it will be apparent to both parties.

Let no alcoholic say he cannot recover unless he has his family back. This just isn’t so. In some cases the wife will never come back for one reason or another. Remind the prospect that his recovery is not depen-
It is dependent upon his relationship with God. We have seen men get well whose families have not returned at all. We have seen others slip when the family came back too soon.

Both you and the new man must walk day by day in the path of spiritual progress. If you persist, remarkable things will happen. When we look back, we realize that the things which came to us when we put ourselves in God's hands were better than anything we could have planned. Follow the dictates of a Higher Power and you will presently live in a new and wonderful world, no matter what your present circumstances!

When working with a man and his family, you should take care not to participate in their quarrels. You may spoil your chance of being helpful if you do. But urge upon a man's family that he has been a very sick person and should be treated accordingly. You should warn against arousing resentment or jealousy. You should point out that his defects of character are not going to disappear over night. Show them that he has entered upon a period of growth. Ask them to remember, when they are impatient, the blessed fact of his sobriety.

If you have been successful in solving your own domestic problems, tell the newcomer's family how that was accomplished. In this way you can set them on the right track without becoming critical of them. The story of how you and your wife settled your difficulties is worth any amount of criticism.

Assuming we are spiritually fit, we can do all sorts of things. Alcoholics are not supposed to do. People have said we must not go where liquor is served. We must not have it in our homes; we must shun friends who drink. We must avoid moving pictures which show drinking scenes; we must not go into bars; our friends must hide their bottles if we go to their houses; we mustn't think or be reminded about alcohol at all. Our experience shows that this is not necessarily so.

We meet these conditions every day. An alcoholic who cannot meet them, still has an alcoholic mind; there is something the matter with his spiritual status. His only chance for sobriety would be some place like the Greenland Ice Cap, and even there an Eskimo might turn up with a bottle of scotch and ruin everything. Ask any woman who has sent her husband to distant places on the theory he would escape the alcohol problem.

In our belief, any scheme of combating alcoholism which proposes to shield the sick man from temptation is doomed to failure. If the alcoholic tries to shield himself he may succeed for a time, but he usually winds up with a bigger explosion than ever. We have tried these methods. These attempts to do the im-possible have always failed. So our rule is not to avoid a place where there is drinking, if we have a legitimate reason for being there. That includes bars, nightclubs, dances, vacations, weddings, even plain ordinary whoopee parties. To a person who has had experience with an alcoholic, this may seem like tempting Providence, but it isn't.
You will note that we made an important qualification. Therefore, ask yourself on each occasion, Have I any good social, business, or personal reason for going to this place? Or am I expecting to steal a little vicarious pleasure from the atmosphere of such places? If you answer these questions satisfactorily, you need have no apprehension. Go or stay away, whichever seems best. But be sure you are on solid spiritual ground before you start and that your motive in going is thoroughly good. Do not think of what you will get out of the occasion. Think of what you can bring to it. But if you are shaky, you had better work with another alcoholic instead.

Why sit with a long face in places where there is drinking, sighing about the good old days? If it is a happy occasion, try to increase the pleasure of those there; if a business occasion, go and attend to your business enthusiastically. If you are with a person who wants to eat in a bar, by all means go along. Let your friends know they are not to change their habits on your account. At a proper time and place explain to all your friends why alcohol disagrees with you. If you do this thoroughly, few people will ask you to drink. While you were drinking, you were withdrawing from life little by little. Now you are getting back into the social life of this world. Don’t start to withdraw again just because your friends drink liquor.

Your job now is to be at the place where you may be of maximum helpfulness to others, so never hesitate to go anywhere if you can be helpful. You should not hesitate to visit the most sordid spot on earth on such an errand. Keep on the firing line of life with these motives and God will keep you unharmed.

Many of us keep liquor in our homes. We often need it to carry green recruits through a severe hang-over. Some of us still serve it to our friends provided they are not alcoholic. But some of us think we should not serve liquor to anyone. We never argue this ques-

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tion. We feel that each family, in the light of their own circumstances, ought to decide for themselves.

We are careful never to show intolerance or hatred of drinking as an institution. Experience shows that such an attitude is not helpful to anyone. Every new alcoholic looks for a spirit among us and is immensely relieved when he finds we are not witch-burners. A spirit of intolerance might repel alcoholics whose lives could have been saved, had it not been for such stupidity. We would not even do the cause of temperate drinking any good, for not one drinker in a thousand likes to be told anything about alcohol by one who hates it.

Some day we hope that Alcoholics Anonymous will help the public to a better realization of the gravity of the alcoholic problem, but we shall be of little use if our attitude is one of bitterness or hostility. Drinkers will not stand for it.

After all, our problems were of our own making. Bottles were only a symbol. Besides, we have stopped fighting anybody or anything. We have to...
SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

The terms "spiritual experience" and "spiritual awakening" are used many times in this book, which, upon careful reading, shows that the personality changes sufficient to bring about recovery from alcoholism has manifested itself among us in many different forms.

Yet it is true that our first printing gave many readers the impression that these personality changes, or religious experiences, must be in the nature of sudden and spectacular upheavals. Happily for everyone, this conclusion is erroneous.

In the first few chapters a number of sudden revolutionary changes are described. Though it was not our intention to create such an impression, many alcoholics have nevertheless concluded that in order to recover they must acquire an immediate and overwhelming "God-consciousness" followed at once by a vast change in feeling and outlook.

Among our rapidly growing membership of thousands of alcoholics, such transformations, though frequent, are by no means the rule. Most of our experiences are what the psychologist William James calls the "educational variety" because they develop slowly over a period of time. Quite often friends of the newcomer are aware of the difference long before he is himself. He finally realizes that he has undergone a profound alteration in his reaction to life, that such a change could hardly have been brought about by himself alone. What often takes place in a few months could seldom have been accomplished by years of self-discipline. With few exceptions our members find that they have tapped an unsuspected inner...

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which they presently identify with their own conception of a Power greater than themselves.

Most of us think this awareness of a Power greater than ourselves is the essence of spiritual experience. Our more religious members call it "God-consciousness."

Most emphatically we wish to say that any alcoholic capable of honestly facing his problems in the light of our experience can recover, provided he does not close his mind to all spiritual concepts. He can only be defeated by an attitude of intolerance or belligerent denial.

We find that no one need have difficulty with the spirituality of the program. Willingness, honesty and open mindedness are the essentials of recovery. But these are indispensable.

“There is a principle which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all arguments and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance—that principle is contempt prior to investigation.”

—Herbert Spencer