superior officer, our fellow employees, nor do we like Henry Kissinger or Gerald Ford or the Arabs, or Jimmy Carter, or the Pittsburgh Steelers. Most certainly we discover we can’t stand our wives, or our children, our dog or our cat. Also, we can’t stand the weather which is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too humid. We have nothing interesting to do; life is a bore. We are too poor or too rich; inflation and taxes are killing us. So we drink or pop pills, or if we’re younger we may shoot speed (amphetamines), use cocaine (usually with alcohol), or some other downer. Speed exhilarates a person rapidly, especially when injected, and seems to make “troubles” disappear even more quickly than alcohol or barbiturates.

When we drink or pop pills, we also discover well-springs of grandiosity and fantasy we had not possessed. Though we may have virtually lost our jobs and our families, blown our budget to pieces, and reduced our general productivity to near zero, we confidently fantasize that we will get organized next week, or even tomorrow. Tomorrow we’ll stop. We’ll write the great American novel, or make a million dollars, or get our job straightened out and our supervisor off our back—indeed, we’ll have his job! We’ll finish two years of neglected household repairs, and keep our wife out of the divorce court.

I know an alcoholic, a former patient of mine, who decided one winter afternoon to repair the engine of his car, though he knew nothing about engine repair. In a “half-snuckered” state of mind, however, he believed himself capable of anything. He could leap tall buildings with a single bound. Why couldn’t he repair his car? So he went to his garage and began to take various engine parts out of his car. Since it was cold in the garage, he decided to place the parts on newspaper on the living room carpet. He continued this for about an hour and then fell asleep, due to alcoholic fatigue and the unaccustomed exertion.

His wife arrived home to find him sleeping like Little Boy Blue on the living room floor, surrounded by the engine of their car. When he awoke to sober reality, he had to hire a mechanic to put the engine back together. How he put his marriage back together, I don’t quite remember.

That is addictive grandiosity—a reaction to the guilt and loss of self-respect experienced by the drinking alcoholic every day. He attempts, in those grandiose moments, to cover up the dismal reality of it all. He wants to say to the world: “Everything’s cool,” though the world falls to pieces on his head.

The plummeting alcoholic, now totally out of control, becomes both aggressive and withdrawn, though far more withdrawn on the average than aggressive. He may drink at his neighborhood tavern, but generally by himself. When he discovers that few at the bar welcome