

SCUMBAG SEWER RATS:  
CRIMINALIZED MALE DRUG ADDICTS AND THE TRICKSTER ARCHETYPE

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ABSTRACT

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THE CRIMINALIZED MALE DRUG ADDICT AND THE TRICKSTER ARCHETYPE

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John E. Smethers

The general public, the mental health profession, the American judicial system, and criminalized male drug addicts themselves are struck with a social paradigmatic attitude toward criminalized male drug addicts that characterizes them as dirty, rotten, scumbag sewer rats.

This attitude, which others have toward them and which they have about themselves causes a self-fulfilling prophecy of aberrant behavior that keeps them isolated from the general public. As long as their dysfunctional behavior is scrutinized and labeled in this way, most addicts will continue to remain in a marginalized sector of society with little motivation to join the ranks of the general public.

To complicate matters, most criminalized male addicts who do recover retain many of the qualities that

have placed them into this category in the first place, and many of those qualities are redemptive if they apply them to the betterment of mankind.

Motivated by spending more than 30 years as a member of this population, I have asked how I might inspire myself and others of my ilk to view themselves not as degenerates, but as worthy and productive people who have been directing the proclivities of the trickster archetype in the wrong direction.

To approach this phenomenon, I have chosen a phenomenological/artistic methodology: phenomenological in that I analyze data gleaned from interviews with drug addicts, and artistic in that I elucidate the lived experiences of criminalized male drug addicts in a series of stories about the fictional figure of Harry Scumbag.

Through these stories, I have elucidated the trickster archetype in drug addicts both in the stories themselves and in the act of story-telling, for in telling these stories, I, too, continue my own trickster ways creating works that are confabulation, partly factual and partly fictional. In the process, the redemptive possibilities in the trickster archetype emerge.

This dissertation is dedicated  
to my daughter  
Lynda Castenada

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1. Introduction	1
Criminalized male drug addicts	3
Male drug addicts and the criminal justice system	12
Personal history	17
Correlation between drug use & incarceration	22
The Trickster archetype and criminalized male addicts	23
Drug use in prison	27
Purpose of the study	28
Chapter 2. Review of the literature	31
The criminalized male drug addicts and the trickster	35
The male drug addicted trickster as puer	50
The male drug addicted trickster in prison	56
Writing by drug addict inmates as tricksters	64
Trickster drug use in trickster institutions	69
The male addicted trickster in group therapy	72
Treating addiction with anger management	76
Statement of the problem	83
Chapter 3. Method	85
Phenomenological component	86
Subjects	88
Data analysis	91
Limitations and delimitations	92
Ethical assurances	93
Results	94
Artistic component	110
Chapter 4. Harry Scumbag and the Tijuana connection	118
Chapter 5. Harry Scumbag and the cattle rustlers	136
Chapter 6. Harry Scumbag and the car theft caper	151
Chapter 7. Harry Scumbag and the lube-bay bandits	168
Chapter 8. Harry Scumbag's prescription for addiction	184
Chapter 9. Discussion and analysis	195
Hermeneutic Review	196

Inspirational aspects	201
References	204

## Chapter 1

### Introduction

Every generation occupies itself with  
interpreting Trickster anew...

--Paul Radin

Toward the end of my addictive lifestyle, I was on probation. Being the manipulative trickster that I was, I got what I thought was a bright idea. At my next appointment with my probation officer, I decided to take my beautiful young daughter in with me. It would surely impress him that I had raised such a nice girl. Wrong! He saw right through my shallow ploy. He looked at me, kind of shaking his head. He then looked at her and asked, "Did you know that your dad was a dirty, scumbag sewer rat?" Jung said:

In the horrors of prisons, lunatic asylums and hospitals, in drab suburban pubs, in brothels and gambling-hells [sic], in the salons of the elegant, the Stock Exchanges, Socialist meetings, churches, revivalist gatherings and ecstatic sects, through love and hate, through the experience of passion in every form in his own body, he would reap richer stores of knowledge than text-books a fool could give him. (Jung, 1953, p. 244 [CW 7, para. 409])

Without the interest in the trickster archetype in the criminalized male drug addict and the ways I have experienced it in my life, I probably wouldn't have been drawn to writing about it in a doctoral dissertation. The

unique perspective of this dissertation is the acknowledgment of just how crazy the world of criminalized male drug addicts is, and how hard these tricksters are to pin down, compartmentalize, label, and understand.

It is worth considering what we can learn about *criminalized* male drug addicts that is different from the usual theoretical and statistical studies done on this population. Can a depth psychological perspective on the trickster archetype in criminalized male drug addicts help us to better understand their lived experience? Will a phenomenological/artistic study of a group of criminalized male drug addicts help us to determine why they don't respond well to treatment, and why their recidivism rate is so high? And what are the ramifications of criminalized male drug addicts being viewed as, and viewing themselves as, dirty, lying, cheating, scumbag sewer rats?

This dissertation will address these issues in an attempt to elucidate insights that are otherwise unknown to those who tend to judge these people negatively.

*Criminalized Male Drug Addicts*

This dissertation will examine the lived experiences of male drug addicts who have become criminals, in varying degrees of misdemeanor and felony. As one who was once a criminalized drug and alcohol addict, I can attest, using their own street jargon, that drug addicts believe that they are, and that they are viewed by others as dirty, rotten, lying, scumbag sewer rats.

To be sure, many criminalized drug addicts think of themselves within these cultural stereotypes. At a deeper level, however, the lived experience of being a drug addict may be something quite different and, indeed, may vary from person to person. Certainly, many drug addicts seem to view themselves as victims, others may simply live in a minute-to-minute expediency as they search for their next bag, and some may even consider themselves to be misguided human beings who are worthy of redemption.

In this dissertation, I began by using a phenomenological methodology, and in the process of analyzing the data found that I had to add an artistic methodology component in order adequately to express the emerging themes of the trickster archetype in my male drug addict participants.

It is common for young men who think of themselves as hip, slick, and cool to start using drugs. Before they experiment with drugs, they usually don't have the motivation to indulge in criminal activity. Of course, poverty, bad parental role models, and a pressing need for cash can trigger criminal indulgence. But even these types of men will eventually succumb to drug use through association if for no other reason that dealing drugs is good money. There are exceptions, but for the most part, it is a misconception that drug dealers don't use their own products.

It is also difficult for many recovered (abstinent) male addicts to change the con artist behavior they developed while they were using--conniving, lying, stealing, womanizing, and not being responsible or accountable for their actions. Just staying away from addictive substances isn't enough, so a majority of abstinent male drug addicts will repeat the same old behaviors and expect different results.

These individuals will start associating with their old road dogs (buddies), hanging out in bars, and going to other hangouts in the 'hood. Many of them, such as speed and coke addicts, are accustomed to fast cash, fast

women, and a fast lifestyle. It's very difficult for them to stay clean and sober. The same goes for the robbing and burglarizing night life of heroin addicts. These varied forms of criminal lifestyles are all they know. Drugs and alcohol offer a comfort zone they've been in for the better part of their lives.

Extrinsic abstinence resulting from a nudge from the judge (AA meetings or treatment), a spouse threatening to leave, or job security is rarely conducive to lasting recovery. Proclaiming themselves as hope-to-die dope fiends generally negates any and all attempts at intrinsic recovery. These confirmed addicts are professionals at feigning recovery--even convincing themselves--for a while.

Why did they start using to begin with? The causes of drug addiction are uncertain, controversial, and many. Some scholars, such as Corbett (1996), believe that addiction is a search for spiritual transformation:

Many symptoms, such as addictions or sexual perversions, which were previously thought to be the result of intrapsychic conflict, and in the theological literature to be "sinful," can now be seen to be attempts to counteract the sense of internal emptiness or chaos. (p. 148)

William James (1958) said "I refer to the consciousness

produced by intoxicants and anaesthetics, especially by alcohol. The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature" (p. 324).

Most psychological and developmental theories and explanations don't provide an adequate account for understanding. Given the influence of Carl Jung on Alcoholics Anonymous and the myriad 12-step programs that came later, this dissertation, therefore, will have a Jungian orientation which intends to examine phenomenologically the lived experiences of addicts themselves. According to the book *Pass it On: The Story of Bill Wilson and How the AA Message Reached the World* (1984), Jung's direct influence on AA originates from a man named Rowland:

Rowland had been so concerned about his own drinking that he went to Switzerland to place himself under the care of Carl Jung, the psychiatrist. He was treated by Jung for about a year, but when he left Jung, he soon got drunk. He returned to Jung for further treatment, but was told that it would be useless. In Jung's opinion, the only thing that could now help free Rowland from his addiction was a spiritual awakening." (p. 114)

Burns (1999) further integrates Jungian Psychology and AA using archetypal psychology in the treatment of alcoholism. He explains that "merging archetypal

psychology with Twelve-Step treatment has improved results at a lower cost (p. 19). Burns explains that

for us the principle door to the image is story. We use art, music, sports, and poetry, but the life story related in a gathering of people with a similar experience provides the most economic access to the image. Sometimes we need to be reminded that the story is the fiction of the moment, the necessary illusion and is not the image, but reveals the image. Unfortunately the tendency is to interpret story, destroying both the story and the image. When a story session becomes boring that is generally what is happening. (p. 19)

Within these pages I will use a more effective mode of elucidation: story--my story. Personal experience is a valid reference tool. Qualitative researchers insist that qualitative methods are more appropriate than quantitative methods and also allow subjective knowledge. Academia is also recognizing that the personal experience of felons is proving to be a valuable teaching asset.

In an article in the *New York Times*, Warren St. John (2003) discusses the role of "ex-convict criminologist professor, Stephen C. Richards, at Northern Kentucky University," saying that the "time these professors spent as prison inmates adds special insight to their research and their teaching" (p. A-13). My prison experience coupled with my background of addiction adds a worthy component to my theoretical orientation. Having

established my personal and Jungian bent, I'll continue to establish the spiritual essence of my study.

Weil (1972) suggests that altering consciousness is innate. Perhaps the internal need to release inhibitions, be devious, act crazy, fight, gamble, chase women, lie, cheat, and steal is also an innate need to alter consciousness. Perhaps some people are destined to live by organizing principles that we are unaware of. Perhaps there is far more than we would like to admit that we simply don't know. Perhaps many of our present theories are wrong.

As one who spent many years with an addictive mindset and lifestyle, and associating with many criminalized drug addicts, I don't believe they are interested in causal explanations. They are preoccupied with lying, cheating, and manipulating to satisfy the urgent expediency of obtaining their next bag.

Drug addicts even lie when it would behoove them to tell the truth. For example, when a parole or probation officer asks them if they've been using, they will instinctively lie even when telling the truth would be more likely to result in avoiding a violation of their parole or in receiving probation instead of a jail

sentence. Their lying will usually get them violated sooner than the dirty test.

Additionally, these drug addicts often choose jail over treatment programs because the slammer is familiar and there they won't be expected to give up a lifestyle they've become accustomed to and comfortable with. Many addicts continue this compulsive behavior even though they know full well that their reckless ways can and usually do lead to jails, institutions, and death.

If we consider the social problems that addicts cause, we cannot help but notice the financial and emotional grief that they inflict upon others. Not only do addicts cost taxpayers an astronomical amount of money, such as for medical care and for funding prisons, they also contribute considerably to the high morbidity and mortality in the culture due to viruses such as hepatitis C and HIV.

Many drug addicts hurt the ones they love the most, usually by ripping off family members to buy drugs. How many families have learned the hard way that enabling addictive behavior by allowing their addicted family member to live with them most always ends with the stolen belongings of the family becoming profit for the fences

(people who buy stolen property).

The Alanon and Narcanon programs are designed to help the families of addicts. According to the big book of Alcoholic's Anonymous (2001), "The entire family is, to some extent, ill" (p. 122). Family members will repeatedly give money to, lie for, and make excuses for their addicted relatives, mistakenly thinking that they're helping them. Regardless of the blinders that family members wear, most of them have a stereotypical image of drug addicts that certainly doesn't fit the image they have of their addicted kin. "Not my son!" Denial is obviously not restricted to drug and alcohol addicts.

However, we will never know how many addicts stopped their dope-fiend ways and lived out the rest of their lives as productive citizens. There are very few people whose lives have not been touched in some way by addicts, and the problems they cause themselves are all too obvious.

Many people in middle-class and upper-class society visualize alcoholics as they are depicted on popular media--derelicts stumbling down the street with brown paper bags in their hands. They see drug addicts as thin,

gaunt creeps with pale skin and scraggly hair, hanging out in alleys with tracks on their arms, lying around with dirty outfits (syringes) surrounding them. Within this stereotype, addicts are thought of as degenerate, slothful, dishonest, hedonistic, and stupid.

But how can addicts be thought of as slothful when they will stop at nothing to get what they want--and they are highly motivated when they want to be? And how can they be thought of as stupid and still have such a creative intelligence? Consider the following typical dope-fiend creativity:

John, a meth addict, is attracted to Mike's wife. One day, Mike's wife asks, "Do you see something you like?" Surprised by her boldness, John admits that he does. She says, "well, you can have it for \$500." After thinking about it for a while, John agrees. She tells him to be at her house around 2 pm Friday.

John shows up at the house at 2 pm sharp, pays the \$500, has his way with Mike's wife, and hurries away.

As usual, Mike comes home from work at 6 pm and upon entering the house asks his wife: "Did John come by the house this afternoon?" With a lump in her throat, she answers, "Why yes, he did." Her heart skips a beat when

Mike asks: "And did he give you \$500?" After mustering up her best poker face, she replies: "Well, yes, in fact he did give me \$500." Mike, with a satisfied look on his face, says "good, I was hoping he did. John came by the office this morning and borrowed \$500 from me. He promised me he would stop by here on his way home to pay me back." This is classic drug-addictive behavior, dishonest but wickedly creative.

So, are drug addicts dirty, rotten, scumbag sewer rats who deserve to be harshly punished, or are they misguided human beings, who, like Hermes with Apollo, are worthy of redemption?

### *Male Drug Addicts and the Criminal Justice System*

Imagine a Neanderthal man named Moger leaving his cave to forage food for his family. Moger is responsible, the kind of person who stands on his own two bare feet and works hard hunting from dawn to dusk so his family can live in caveman comfort.

A few caves down the valley lives a neighbor named Cleb. Cleb is a shifty, lazy, deadbeat--an irresponsible, beady-eyed creep who sleeps a lot, freeloards off the generosity of others, and is known to imbibe certain

mind-altering herbs of the forest.

One day Moger is returning home to his cave, dragging a small saber-toothed tiger by the tail, when he notices a large hunk of venison that he had hung up to dry had disappeared. It doesn't take much for even the slow mind of a caveman like Moger to conclude that his no-good, irresponsible scumbag neighbor, Cleb, has ripped him off again.

Moger picks up his club and stalks straight down the valley to Cleb's rundown, dilapidated cave and finds the full-bellied Cleb smacking and drooling and gnawing on Moger's venison bone. Anger and revenge flood through Moger's prehistoric mind as he clubs the old opium addict over the cranium, knocking him senseless. Moger picks up what is left of his venison bone and strolls on home with a self-satisfied grin on his face. A wrong is made right and thus is the dawn of the criminal justice system.

However, Foucault (1977) explains that the *recorded* history of punishment goes from torture in the public square (p. 14) to the guillotine (p. 13) to the emergence of prisons (p. 231). Now we have community service and the probation and parole systems, and in some parts of the country we have drug courts. Unofficially, according to a

*PBS and WGBH Frontline* Internet article entitled "Opium throughout history" (1998), the use of opium goes back to the ancient cave dwellers of Moger and Cleb who drew pictures of the poppy plant on cave walls. Historically, however, "it goes back to 3400 BCE where it was cultivated in lower Mesopotamia. The Sumerians refer to it as Hul Gil, the 'joy plant.' The Sumerians soon passed along the plant and its euphoric effects to the Assyrians. The art of poppy-culling continued from the Assyrians to the Babylonians who in turn passed their knowledge onto the Egyptians.

In 460 BCE Hippocrates, "the father of medicine," dismisses the magical attributes of opium but acknowledges its usefulness as a narcotic and styptic in treating internal diseases, diseases of women, and epidemics (*PBS and Frontline*, 1998).

"By the 1300s opium disappeared for 200 years from European historical records. It had become a taboo subject for those in circles of learning during the Holy Inquisition, then it resurfaced again in Portugal in the 1500s. In 1680, English apothecary Thomas Sydenham, introduced Sydenham's Laudanum" (*PBS and Frontline*, 1998).

According to Carson-DeWitt (2001), in the United

States, laudanum "was sold widely as a tonic and cure-all, in shops, by mail order, and by traveling medicine shows. Laudanum use and abuse are often mentioned in novels and plays of and about the period" (p. 682). Also, soft drinks during that period were providing a buzz:

In the late 1800s, in the United States, cola drinks came onto the market with other carbonated or phosphated (fizzy) drinks. Coca-cola, one of the first and most popular, contained extracts of both the coca plant (cocaine) and the kola nut (caffeine)-but by the early 1900s, with the realization of cocaine's dangers, this was removed and replaced by additional caffeine. (p. 282)

Carson-DeWitt (2001) explain that "by the late 1880s, opium was a customary medium of exchange at San Quentin Prison in California, and it was routinely available in the big county jails of the United States at the turn of the century" (p. 1122). "It wasn't until 1910," Carson-DeWitt continues, "that drug addiction was popularly associated with petty thieves, dissipated actors, gamblers, prostitutes and other corruptors of society" (p. 1121). Around that time, "mental hygienists at Norfolk State Hospital gave up treating drug addicts and started incarcerating them in the Massachusetts State Farm at Bridgewater, a correctional facility. (p. 1122).

In 1914, things started tightening up concerning

narcotics. Bratter and Forrest (1985) tell us:

The Harrison Act, in brief, permitted physicians to continue to import, manufacture, produce, and dispense narcotic drugs but required that the medication not only be registered but also taxed. The act did not make it a criminal offense to be a heroin addict, nor did the legislation regulate physicians to prescribe narcotics only to addicts. Nevertheless, regulations became increasingly restrictive and prohibited physicians from prescribing narcotics to sustain addiction without a physical cause. (p. 467)

Drug addicts have been on the receiving end of punishment for a long time. More recently, in addition to jails and prisons, 12-step programs, treatment center/rehabs, and psychotherapy have provided possible solutions, but statistically, most of them have been unsuccessful. Laundergan (1982) writes

abstinence ranged between 50-55 percent for the year following treatment with the higher abstinence found for the study population consisting of patients who had completed treatment and excluding those abusing only drugs other than alcohol. This abstinence rate dropped when adjustments were made for nonrespondents and for combined alcohol and drug use. (p. 112)

It seems to me that with drug use only, the abstinence rate drops even farther.

*Personal History*

I am called to investigate the lived experiences of criminalized drug addicts because of my personal experience of more than 30 years as an addict. "Hi, I'm a wino, junky, and a bunch of other shit, and my name is John." This is the way I introduce myself in AA and NA meetings.

On my first day at Pacifica Graduate Institute, students were asked to introduce themselves and give a brief background that would describe who they are. I introduced myself to my fellow students and faculty members by saying, "Hello, my name is John Smethers. When I was 11 years old I went to a party, and didn't get back until I was 45." Several students and a couple faculty members approached me and made comments afterwards, saying such things as "Hey, I was at that party!" After 3 years of study at Pacifica, I can see how that simple statement led to a common theme in writing papers, giving presentations, and eventually the writing of this dissertation.

Writing this dissertation is forcing me to acknowledge certain truths about the nature of my addiction. I am not one of those who would do *everything*

differently if I had my life to live over again. My puerile and trickster lifestyle was fun, which is what my priority in life was. The years I spent experimenting with psychedelic drugs, for example, were some of the most spiritually meaningful, in that I began seeing myself as a worthy human being regardless of the blinders I had on concerning the more opprobrious behavior that I displayed. Ferguson (1980) says

Huxley believed that the long-predicted religious revival in the United States would start with drugs, not evangelists. Huxley said 'that he himself had been electrified by understanding fully, under the influence of mescaline, the radical meaning of the phrase *God is Love*, and after many years in intellectual, left-brain pursuit of reality, I learned from LSD about alternative realities--and suddenly all bibles made sense. (p. 375)

Concerning my opprobrious behavior, my fraudulent sales tactics in the service station business where I bilked people for tens of thousands of dollars, and my self-serving inattentiveness to my daughter's well-being, caused me to regard myself as a downright unworthy human being. All my broken promises, lies, and utter disregard for being a father that my daughter could be proud of, were in direct service to my own selfish needs.

I believe this psychological, emotional, and spiritual dichotomy, however, has given me an insight

into the trickster mind-set of male criminalized drug addicts that most people are lacking. To introduce a new but descriptive word, I will periodically use the term *jointster* when referring to this population--*joint*, referring to prison, *ster*--referring to trickster.

Today, I consider myself a worthy human being who was possibly misguided at a very early age. For example, in the sixth grade my friend Richard and I agreed to contact each other if we ever found out where to get drugs. Richard was older than his years and could have had a profound influence later in my life. This same kid caused me to get expelled from school in the sixth grade for propositioning a female classmate. I had no sexual desires yet, but Richard did; in fact, he told me that he had sex with his sisters. Anyway, I believe that the year we associated together, he probably influenced my thinking in an outlawish direction. Through this dissertation I am convinced that I am still seeking redemption for the things that I *would* change if I was given the chance to live my life over again.

Until recently, my only redemption was incarceration in county jails and prison. Between July 1960 and January 1991 when I was released from parole, there was scarcely

a time when I wasn't on probation or parole, doing time, community service, paying fines, or pending court. I've been arrested approximately 50 times for various misdemeanor and felony offenses--very few of which were unrelated in some way to my drinking and drug use. There weren't many of those arrests that I wasn't convicted of. Among those charges are six DUIs--driving under the influence of alcohol or drugs. I pulled time in county jails and eventually the joint--state prison. In those institutions of lower learning, I found that most of the people I was imprisoned with were, in many ways, like me. Redemption, then, was paying my debt to society. Once my fine was paid or my sentence served, I had redeemed myself, and I was then free to do whatever I wanted. It was a superficial form of redemption, but still redemption in my mind. A more profound redemption would come later.

When I was 18 years old, I was sentenced to 60 days in the county jail for possession of alcohol by a minor and having an open container in a motor vehicle. Shortly after my release, one of my friends asked how I liked it. He was just kidding, but I will never forget his reaction when I smiled and said, "I liked it."

Compared to what I was expecting, I *did* like it. Two of my running partners (fellow drug users) came into the same institution with me a couple weeks later. One of them was even assigned to my dorm--we also worked on the kitchen crew together. The other one was in another dorm with only the day room between us, and we were allowed to visit each other's dorms during day-room hours. We met new drug connections, played practical jokes on each other, and we spent our off time talking about all the things we were going to do and how high we were going to get when we got out. I remember describing it as being like a summer boy's camp. It's nickname was camp snoopy.

From that time forward, doing time was not much of a threat to me. In fact, over the next 20 years, I returned to that same county camp four more times. After that, when I was 43 years of age, I was sentenced to the California Department of Corrections because of a probation violation that I received for a drug sale. Little had changed since the 1960s--with me, my friends, or the people I was incarcerated with.

Prior to the 1960s, convicts were in prison for committing crimes. Not that many were committing crimes, *malesuada fames*, for drugs or because they were under the

influence of drugs. Times have changed.

*Correlation Between Drug Use and Incarceration*

Kipnis (1999) reports studies done by the Prison Activist Resource Center that list the top ten reasons for Californians entering prison today:

1. Possession of a controlled substance
2. Possession of a controlled substance for sale
3. Robbery
4. Sale of a controlled substance
5. Second-degree burglary
6. Assault with a deadly weapon
7. Driving under the influence of a substance
8. First-degree burglary
9. Petty theft with a prior conviction
10. Vehicle theft

Clearly, substance-related charges are at the top of the list (p. 176). According to Kipnis, drug offenders represent 60 % of federal prisoners and over one-third of state and county prisoners (p. 121).

Considering those percentages, let us re-examine the list of the top ten reasons for Californians entering prison. Numbers 1, 2, 4, and 7 are directly drug-related. However, how many of the people incarcerated for robbery and burglary--numbers 3, 5, 8, 9, and 10--were acquiring money to support a habit or to buy recreational drugs? And how many of number 6's assaults were committed while

under the influence of drugs or alcohol? Judging from my experience, that would be hard to determine, as would the correlation existing between number 10, car theft, and drugs.

King and Mauer (2002), suggest that this trend is nationwide: "the number of inmates incarcerated for drug offenses at all levels--state and federal prisons and local jails--has skyrocketed by more than 1,000% from 40,000 in 1980 to 453,000 by 1999" (overview).

I have described the connection between chemically dependent males and their criminalization, but what makes these people tricksters? Weren't the prison populations prior to the 60s also tricksters? Probably, but the astronomical number of them now makes a study like this valuable because we can identify them now as embodying an archetype (a rather interesting one), instead of just being dirty, rotten, scumbag sewer rats.

#### *The Trickster Archetype and Criminalized Male Addicts*

Jung believes that the *trickster* "is both subhuman and superhuman, a bestial and divine being, whose chief and most alarming characteristic is his unconsciousness" (Jung, 1933/1959, p. 263 [CW 9/1, para. 472]). To say the

least, the behavior of addicts, especially after they have become criminalized, can be quite unconscious--  
*malesuada fames*, hunger that urges people to crime.

"Because of it [the trickster's unconsciousness] he is deserted by his (evidently human) companions, which seems to indicate that he has fallen below their level of consciousness" (Jung, 1933/1959, p. 263 [CW 9/1, para 472]).

This quote by Jung calls to mind a situation among male drug users when an addict's road dogs desert him. An addict will often steal another addict's dope, and then help him look for it. Of course this scandalous behavior will cause the other addict to seek revenge or at least to abandon the relationship.

Jung (1933/1959) said, describing the trickster, "He is so unconscious of himself that his body is not a unity, and his two hands fight each other" (Jung, 1933/1959, p. 263 [CW 9/1, para 472]). Criminalized male drug addicts often exemplify the old saying about the left hand not knowing what the right hand is doing. Psychologically analogous to this idea is how most addicts expect to spend time in jails periodically-- "that's just the way it is," they say. They consider

doing time in jail as dues paid to live the lifestyle they live. Yet, they will turn around and say that they're never going back, that they're going to clean up, settle down and get married, and "stop all this bullshit." Sometimes they do, but most of the time they don't.

Another example is how on one hand the addict continually flirts with death, but on the other hand he has a high motivation to live, and the lifestyle he lives is what he considers living. *Not really living* is being stuck working a nine-to-five job, married to the same woman forever, and that stupid little house with the white picket fence. But the male drug addict is always "going to clean up, settle down and get married, and stop all this bullshit." Most of us know which side wins. They continue to use, and they go to jail or prison, and they continue to use. Wills and Carona (2000) give a real-life example:

By now, both parents had lost hope. Nancy was forty-one. She'd been using drugs, on and off, for twenty-seven years. She seemed hopeless, doomed to die from a habit she couldn't break--though all along a single refrain ran through her mind: "I can quit any time I want." (p. 40)

Without the interest in the trickster archetype in

the criminalized male drug addict and the ways I have experienced it in my life, I probably wouldn't have been drawn to writing about it in a doctoral dissertation.

Consider the following story from Hyde (1998) about coyote:

There is a great deal of folklore about coyotes in the American West. One story has it that in the old days sheep farmers tried to get rid of wolves and coyotes by putting out animal carcasses laced with strychnine. The wolves, they say, were killed in great numbers, but the coyotes wised up and avoided these traps. Another story has it that when trappers set metal leg traps they will catch muskrat and mink and fox and skunk, but coyote only rarely. Coyotes develop their own relationship to the trap; as one naturalist has written, "it is difficult to escape the conclusion that coyotes . . . have a sense of humor. How else to explain, for instance, the well-known propensity of experienced coyotes to dig up traps, turn them over, and urinate or defecate on them?" (pp. 20, 21)

Coyote is a recognized trickster in many cultures and has been for a long time. The above antics of coyote can be compared to the antics in the following story by Walker (1999) where he tells stories about human tricksters--bootleggers during the prohibition era:

A unique saloon was the Dugout. It was located in a cellar between Red Mountain and Johannesburg astride the county line. Half was in San Bernardino County and half in Kern County. Whenever the owner received a tip that a raid was coming from one county, he would move the liquor stock across the room into the other county. This worked real well until someone got their wires crossed and both counties raided

simultaneously. (p. 103)

This is a good example of what Hyde (1998) describes, that a "trickster can also get snared in his own devices" (p. 19).

Walker (1999) tells another story that took place in the Muroc area around Lancaster:

A typical Muroc still was like the one near Rich section house. The road ran up toward the cattle pen where the cows stayed for the night. A prohi [called revenuers elsewhere] coming up the road at night would just see a dead-end road at the cattle pens. In the daytime, the wife, Mrs. Norma Rich, a cowgirl by nature, took the cows out grazing, covering the moonshiner's night truck tracks. Husband Max Rich kept guard on the little hill with a ladder up to a platform in a joshua tree. He could see for miles. (p. 112)

The prohibition era also had its criminalized male drug (alcohol is a drug) addicts, for bootleggers ended up in jails and prisons too.

The creative intelligence of tricksters, whether animal or human, are satisfying some type of hunger. With coyote, hare, and raven, it's food. With drug addicts, of course, it's drugs. And the hunger for drugs doesn't stop when addicts are incarcerated.

### *Drug Use in Prison*

Among addicts, it is fairly common knowledge that

drugs are more readily available in prison than on the streets. How do they manage to get drugs inside the walls? That's easy--bribe or con the guards into it. Many prison employees are more than willing to make extra money by smuggling in drugs and selling them to prisoners, and there is plenty of money to be made.

Families also participate in this subterfuge. Many inmates receive money which has been placed on their books--brought in by friends and family. Pruno (home made wine) is a household word among jointsters, even brewed up by inmates in many county penal camps. Prison inmates in California are allowed a package sent to them quarterly which will contain anything from a tin can to a church organ. Besides all the money that's placed on their books periodically, their wives can bring in money during conjugal weekends, which are allowed every 3 months. Through this family smuggling, together with convict-guard relations, drugs are easily smuggled in. Serious drug addictions are common in the joint.

#### *Purpose of the Study*

Despite the best efforts of our culture to eradicate drug addiction through a combination of rehabilitation

programs and imprisonment, male drug addiction remains one of the most prevalent and tragic realities of our modern culture.

The following statistics come from the website of Narconon of Southern California (no date):

More than 15 million Americans are dependent on alcohol. 500,000 are between the age of nine and 12. Today it is estimated that 22 to 25 million people have tried cocaine at least once. Conservative estimates indicate that there are over two million cocaine addicts in the United States today. The 1999 National Household Survey on drug abuse (NHSDA) estimated that there were 149,000 new heroin users in 1998 and that nearly 80 percent were under the age of 26. Marijuana is the most used illegal drug in the United States--nearly 69 million Americans over the age of 12 have tried marijuana at least once. During 1999 4.3% (9.4 million people) of the U.S. population reported trying methamphetamine at least once in their lifetime, and the highest rate of meth use was among the 18-25 age group with 5.2% of them reporting lifetime meth use during 1999.

Because my investigation is restricted to men, the above statistics should be considered with what Carson-DeWitt (2001) claim: that "apart from the use of tobacco and psychoactive drugs, men show a consistently higher rate of drug use than do women, especially with reference to alcohol, and to marijuana and other illicit drugs" (p. 1319).

This dissertation asserts that a depth psychological, phenomenological study of male drug

addicts from the point of view of the trickster archetype may help us to understand these problems in a new light, and perhaps provide insights that might teach us how better to deal with drug addicts.

## Chapter 2

## Review of the Literature

In the beginning of this literature review, I address spiritual aspects of criminalized male drug addicts; then I move to their psychological and sociological profiles and highlight their personification of the trickster archetype. I also focus upon texts concerning group therapy and 12-step programs, and then I continue with an anger management perspective. Finally, I include stories characteristic of contemporary tricksters.

On the first page of the introduction of *Confessions of an English opium-eater*, Thomas De Quincey (1994) states:

The *Confessions* are not about the sordid everyday reality of addiction. The reader will learn of the author's flight at the age of sixteen from Manchester Grammar School, his subsequent wanderings on foot through Wales, and his experiences in London including his friendship with the fifteen-year-old child prostitute--Ann. (p. 1)

Hypothetically, these *Confessions* could be about an ignominious 17th-century trickster who smokes opium and chases women, but they could also be about a suffering man on a spiritual quest for wholeness.

O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! That, to

the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that 'tempt the spirit to rebel', bringest an assuaging balm; -- eloquent opium! (p. 153)

In *The Thirst for Wholeness: Attachment, Addiction, and the Spiritual Path*, Christina Grof (1993) is one who attributes addiction to a spiritual quest:

As far back into my childhood as I can remember, I was searching for something I could not name. Whatever I was looking for would help me to feel all right, at home, as though I belonged. If I could find it, I would no longer be lonely. I would be happy, fulfilled, and at peace with myself, my life, and the world. I would feel free, unfettered, expansive, and joyful. (p. 9)

Whereas Grof was searching for wholeness through alcoholism, perhaps criminalized male drug addicts, with all of their trickster ways, are also on a spiritual search for wholeness.

In *The Natural Mind: A New Way of Looking at Drugs and the Higher Consciousness*, Andrew Weil (1972) suggests that "the ubiquity of drug use is so striking that it must represent a basic human appetite" (p. 17). The appetite Weil writes about isn't the appetite for drugs. Instead, he says, "it is my belief that the desire to alter consciousness periodically is an innate, normal drive analogous to hunger or the sexual drive. Not that I do not say 'desire to alter consciousness by means of

chemical agents'" (p. 19). There are many ways to alter consciousness, and contemporary tricksters seek them out.

In a paper entitled "Archetypal Foundations of Addiction and Recovery," Naifeh (1995) is concerned with the nature of addiction and its source in human psychic structure:

The pain of addictive phenomenon is quite consistent with the age-old and sometimes overarching human compulsion in the face of adversity to answer inner needs in whatever form they take--not simply appetitive sexual or food needs, but also needs for another person, for religious zeal, for a spiritual goal, and so on. (p. 135)

Editors Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz (1984) share, in *American Indian Myths and Legends*, that "for longer than anyone knows, Indians throughout the Americas have smoked tobacco and other plants for pleasure and praying. The smoke was the Great Spirit's breath taking the prayers up to the Ones Above" (p. 62). According to Barnhart (1995), etymologically, spirit (*espirit*)--from Old French, meant breath of life; from Latin (*spiritus*), it meant soul, courage, vigor, breath, related to *spirare*, to breathe.

Depth psychology draws heavily on mythological figures such as one of the original tricksters--Hermes. To draw further from classical mythology, and at the same

time integrate addiction, Jan Bauer (1982) examines, in *Alcoholism and Women: The Background and the Psychology*, "women--in terms of archetypal patterns represented by the Greek gods Apollo (structure and order), Dionysos (freedom and intoxication), and Aesklepios (the wounded healer)" (back cover). The patterns of those Greek gods can be found in everybody, including criminalized male drug addicts. For example, Apollo had a great many love affairs, with both nymphs and mortal women. However, his love for Cassandra failed to get him into her bed, even after he taught her the art of divination. Like a typically vengeful addict, Apollo took revenge by ensuring that none of her predictions would ever be believed.

Dionysos is the god of the vine, of wine, and of mystic ecstasy, and he isn't lacking the debauchery of Apollo. Burkert (1985) says, "there are two very specific stimulants that belong to Dionysos, which cannot have been missing even in the secret celebrations: alcohol and sexual excitement, the drinking of wine and phallos symbolism" (p. 292).

Asclepius was the god of medicine. "One of the notable features of the Asclepian myth," says Edinger

(1994), "is that curing someone who was meant to die would lead to the healer's own death in place of the one cured. In fact that became Asclepius' fate" (p. 136). We have a saying around Narcotics Anonymous: Sometimes some of us have to die in order for others to live. In other words, some of us recover and some of us die.

The relevance I see in these books is spiritual. Though I often refer to scumbag sewer rats, I also want to give expression to a dichotomy by bringing alive a spiritual element concerning the phenomenon of craving inherent in criminalized male drug addicts.

*The Criminalized Male Drug Addict and the Trickster Archetype*

Probably the most cited book on the American Indian trickster is *The Trickster* by Paul Radin (1972). Trickster was wandering around aimlessly and heard a voice that said "He who eats me will defecate." Hmmm, thought trickster, and after walking a little farther, he heard the voice again: "He who eats me will defecate." So he walked in the direction from which he heard the voice, and again he heard: "He who eats me will defecate."

"Well, I wonder who is speaking, I know very well that if I eat it, I will not defecate." He finally

discovered that a bulb on a bush was the one speaking. So he seized it, put it in his mouth, chewed it, and then swallowed it. Cocksure trickster continued wandering until he had to defecate. He defecated more than he ever had before, so much that he had to climb a tree to get away from it. Finally he stopped defecating, and when he did, he slipped from the tree and splashed down into the dung heap (p. 26).

In a modern myth, John, a drug addict, got fired from his job. A week later a little voice says, "He who robs the 7-11 store will go to jail." John passes the store every day and realizes that the little voice is coming from the direction of the store. Hmmm, thought John, as he walked passed the store for the last time. "What does that little voice know, I know very well that if I rob that store, I will not get caught." John got caught.

As any recovered addict knows, the best way to get a drug addict to do something is to tell him *not* to do it.

In *Witness to the Fire: Creativity and the Veil of Addiction*, Linda Leonard (1990) specifically addresses the trickster archetype and spirituality during her addiction:

Before I reached the turning point in my life, I had a series of relapses. In every single relapse there is a cunning and powerful archetypal figure working against me instead of with the creative forces of my psyche: the Trickster. Every addict knows this figure well. The Trickster is the highly seductive energy at play in the beginning of addiction. As the disease progresses he pops up whenever denial, hiding, and self-deception take place. In addition the seductive Trickster frequently allies himself with the other underworld characters--the Moneylender with his high, the Gambler with his urge for risk and excitement, the Romantic with his longing, the cynical Underground Man, the rebellious Outlaw, the critical Judge. But, as with the energy of all these figures in the psyche, the Trickster's energy can be turned toward creativity. The Trickster can be allied with the "god" as well as with the "devil." (p. 95)

In the CORK Bibliography on the Internet (CORK, 2003), Granfield states that "two dimensions of natural recovery that have important implications for treatment providers are: (1) the common strategies used by the subjects, (2) the concept of 'recovery capital' in terms of personal attributes and social environments that contribute to recovery."

Spontaneous remission from drug addiction is something that is not acknowledged much in the literature. To elaborate on trickster creativity, involving a spontaneous remission, I will use a creative exercise I once used myself.

It occurred to me while I was in prison that if I

was going to remain clean and sober when I hit the streets, I was going to have to change my thinking. Every waking hour I was either thinking about the bar I used to work in, the people I used with, or the women I slept with. I remembered a video I saw that stated "if lasting change is going to take place, one has to monitor one's thoughts."

So I decided to shoo those thoughts away--literally, and replace them with different thoughts. With my hand in a swooshing motion by my ear, I shoo'd the thoughts away. Walking around the big yard shooing thoughts away in that manner, I could tell by the looks I was getting that I was being viewed through jaundiced eyes. "A nut case, I'm sure," they must have thought. I didn't care.

At first it took me a long time to remember to do it, so I only did it two or three times a day. As time passed I started doing it more, and more, until I was doing it a lot. That's when I started getting so many of *the looks*. After awhile I discovered that I wasn't doing it as often. Day by day I did it less and less. And then Guess what? After about 5 or 6 months I exorcized those thoughts by replacing them with thoughts of what I really wanted to do when I got out.

I visualized myself in NA meetings (still thinking about women, though), and I visualized myself in classrooms at Barstow College. I also visualized taking care of my aged and ailing mother. I did all of those things. So, where does my inner trickster come in?

Well, I wonder if my story would be thought of as a spontaneous remission by the editors of the CORK bibliography? Probably not if I had told them the truth. It happened while I was a resident in a substance-abuse education program in prison, so it couldn't have really been spontaneous remission.

The trickster archetype is often portrayed as a negative force in the collective unconscious, but that is not always the case. Trickster energy can also be a positive force, even with jointsters.

The positive energy of the trickster is well developed by Lewis Hyde (1998) in *Trickster Makes this World*: Trickster "helped shape this world so as to make it a hospitable place for human life" (p. 8).

For example, in an article entitled "Prescription for Addiction," in *The Chief of Police* magazine, Smethers (1992) explains that, "today I sit in front of my computer and write about things, but several years ago

the only things I wrote were forged prescriptions" (p. 71).

After 8 1/2 years and being busted five times for this highly illegal activity (only being convicted once on a petty misdemeanor in a plea bargain), I stopped writing prescriptions for my addiction and went on the methadone program. However, I didn't stop writing prescriptions.

Armed with the wherewithal to write and fill prescriptions, I continued to write and fill prescriptions for myself, friends, and family when we were sick and could not readily get medical care. Donnato1 works wonders for irritable bowl syndrome and other stomach disorders, and a *Physicians Desk Reference* (PDR) provides all the information required to take the drug safely.

Carl Jung (1933/1959), in *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, says:

There is something of the trickster in the character of the shaman and medicine-man, for he, too, often plays malicious jokes on people, only to fall victim in his turn of the vengeance of those whom he has injured. (Jung, 1933/1959, p. 263 [CW 9/1, para. 457])

Drug addicts are also medicine men--they are

continually self-medicating. These trickster addicts also fall victim to vengeance because of their nefarious behavior. Drug addicts, in true trickster form, often sell other drug addicts placebos instead of drugs, and that will often prompt well-deserved revenge. Addicts don't take lightly to being duped into ingesting or injecting something that doesn't get them high.

Hyde (1998) says, in *Trickster Makes this World*, "if trickster's freedom of motion regarding dirt means that he can acquire water or fire (acquire new energy, new tricks, new technologies, new mental insights, new ways of walking), then his narratives can be road maps for fundamental change" (p. 189).

For example, prison is a breeding ground of much of the slang used in society by young people. New changes and trends often start there. For example, in 1989, it was common on prison yards to see African American men with their trousers down below their butts, with their underwear glaringly visible. Today we often see that on the streets. Jointsters can, indeed, be agents for change just as traditional tricksters are.

Kerenyi (1990) says, in *Hermes: Guide of Souls*, "that it is not without good reason that Hermes was

supposed to be the inventor of language" (p. 88). Male drug-addicted tricksters can even be trend-setters. In jails and on prison yards, cliches' are continually being born. Much of the jargon heard on the streets today originated in prisons. For example, an inmate asks another inmate for a loan. His answer is "can't bro, I'm to the curb." It wasn't long before "I'm to the curb" was being said on the streets instead of "Can't bro, I'm broke." Perhaps the expression "I'm broke" was also coined in the joint.

Hyde (1998) has devoted a chapter to Frederick Douglass as trickster, and part of the reason is that Douglass "was born into a world where two distinct moral systems conflicted, and found himself forced to mediate between them" (p. 227). One of those systems was American slavery, and Douglass is to this day a black folk hero for his resistance to this institution.

If a criminalized drug addict were to write an autobiography, he would likely write it in such a way that would benefit him the most. If, 10 years later, the social or political ethos had changed in the culture, it wouldn't be past him to write another autobiography more suitable to the times and his pocketbook.

Interestingly, Douglass wrote three autobiographies--one in 1845, one in 1855, and one in 1881. Typical of a trickster--all three autobiographies are somewhat contradictory in facts and events. For example, in his 1845 autobiography, *Narrative of the life of Frederick Douglass*, he says, "my mother was named Harriet Bailey. She was the daughter of Isaac and Betsey Baily, both colored, and quite dark. My mother was of a darker complexion than either my grandmother or grandfather (1994, p. 15). In his 1855 autobiography, *My Bondage and My Freedom*, Douglass says, "In regard to the *time* of my birth, I cannot be as definite as I have been respecting the *place*. Nor, indeed, can I impart much knowledge concerning my parents (1994, p. 140).

Today, the number of black men in prison is astronomical compared to that of white men. In *From Trickster to Badman: The Black Folk Hero in Slavery and Freedom*, Roberts (1990) reminds us that "blacks and whites, in the late 19th century, were supposedly subject to the same forms of punishment, but few whites were sentenced to the two most common forms of punishment: the chain gang and the convict lease system" (p. 178). Black folk heroes such as Dolomite and Stagger Lee (poems

originating in prisons), are as alive and well today on the prison yard (and on the streets), as they were during the 1890s when "Railroad Bill was just one of many badman heroes to capture the black folk imagination" (p. 173).

Roberts (1990) also addresses Frederick Douglass with this quote from Douglass' 1855 autobiography:

I have been so pinched with hunger that I have fought with the dog for the smallest crumbs that fell from the kitchen table. Many times have I followed, with eager step, the waiting girl when she went out to shake the table cloth, to get the crumbs and small bones flung out for the cats. (p. 30)

Voracious hunger is, indeed, in the trickster's repertoire, whether it is hunger for food, drugs, gambling, alcohol, or sex. As to the previous references to Frederick Douglass, it is Roberts' (1990) contention that

from the point of view of enslaved Africans, the need to promote trickster-like behaviors as a reflection of their values was greatly influenced by their view of such actions both as essential to their material and physical well-being and as retaliatory actions against the masters. (p. 48)

This relationship to masters could be viewed as synonymous with the criminalized male addict's relationships to correctional, police, and parole and probation officers.

Prometheus is often thought of as the first

trickster for stealing fire from Zeus for human benefit. However, Hermes also stole fire, and he eventually became the classical trickster figure, not because of his theft of fire, but of cattle. Norman O. Brown (1990), in *Hermes the Thief*, explains the evolution of the myth. In that evolution Hermes tells his mother "that he intends to put his own interests first, and follow the career with the most profit in it; that a life of affluence and luxury would be better than living in a dreary cave" (p. 76). That is typical dope-fiend thinking.

Brown (1990) also says that Hermes the cattle thief, adopted as their patron god by thieves in general, became *Hermes the Thief* (p. 3). This is interesting because this book doesn't pigeonhole Hermes as a criminal the way we identify thieves as criminals today. By today's standards, "Hermes the thief is a criminal," (p. 71), and today we lock up criminals. However, most scholars agree that every generation occupies itself with re-interpreting the Trickster. At Cnossus in Crete, the procedure for borrowing money was simply to take it. This form of primitive exchange seems to have survived in the ritual of Hermes the Giver of Joy at Samos, at which there was general license to steal. Originally,

"stealing" meant stealthy or magical action" (p. 41), much different than what it means today.

In *Omaha Tribal Myths and Trickster Tales*, Welsh (1981) reminds us that

many efforts have been made to explain the nature and the role of the Trickster, not only in Indian culture but within non-Indian cultures too. Why was the court jester alone given the right to ridicule the court and court figures? Why today can a comedian stand at a microphone with the President of the United States present and say things just short of cruel, barely short of the truth, and be immune from the punishment that would be meted out to a sincere petitioner who would say the same words? (p. 18)

Indeed, why would the family members of criminalized drug addicts continually put up with lying, stealing, and manipulation? Because, for a while, they succeed at the good-natured feigning of innocence and placing the blame elsewhere. Love for their trickster son or brother also plays a part in it, but love does not explain why they tolerate it for so long. It's borderline stupidity on the part of the family, and they will often have a difficult time denying their own stupidity: "How can I be so stupid!"

"Dogon, Ashanti, Yoruba, and Fon are peoples in West Africa where trickster has had a loutish and lustful career full of boasts and lies, whether he is in the form

of a god or an animal" (p. 1), writes Pelton (1980) in *The Trickster in West Africa: A Study of Mythic Irony and Sacred Delight*. In the stories of the Ashanti tribe, Ananse (like the criminalized male drug addict of today, for that matter) "moves to the fringes of life at the expense of all obligatory ties--familial, economic, and 'natural'" (p. 59). Though statistics reflect lower socioeconomic groups as being more susceptible to drug use, that is not always the case. Maralys Wills and Mike Carona (2000) provide a good example in their passionate plea and book entitled *Save my Son*:

When the whole community knows you have a successful family--your daughter is mayor of a city, your son is chief of orthopedics in the area's largest hospital, and another son is a trial lawyer in the East, and you and your husband are both professionals--you tend not to mention that you also have a son who is in state prison. (p. xiii)

In *In Favor or Deceit*, Basso (1987) eloquently notes that

writers are impressed by the contradictions in Trickster's moral character, by what Boas called the "troublesome psychological discrepancy" between the apparently incongruous attributes of the "culture hero" (who makes the world safe and secure for human life) and the "selfish buffoon" (who ludicrously attempts the inappropriate). (p. 4)

Here is a myth as it was told to Basso (1987) by

tribal members:

There was a maiden, a maiden.  
 "I'm going to bathe," she told her mother.  
 A maiden.  
 It was late at night, it was very dark.  
 She appeared there, at the bathing place.  
 Someone touched her there.  
 But she didn't realize it,  
 She didn't realize it.  
 No.  
 He had come quickly to her  
 and *pupupu!* He flew away.  
 She had been made love to when he did that,  
 she had been made love to very quickly,  
 But she didn't see who had been there,  
 no. (p. 12)

Sexual exploits such as this are common themes in trickster tales, especially in the Winnebago Indian traditions. For example, in *Mythical Trickster Figures*, editors Hynes and Doty (1997) report that the trickster's penis is extremely long, "detached from his body, and often carried coiled in a box in his pack. Such detachment allows the penis great mobility and autonomy. The trickster sends it swimming across a lake to lodge in the chief's daughter" (p. 43).

Those of us who are familiar with criminalized drug addicts know what womanizing horndogs most of them are, and the lengths they will go to for their sexual appetites. As Bunker (2000) says in his chapter "Whores, Hearst, and Hollywood's Angel":

As we walked down the hallway, I smelled Flip's perfume. It was intense after the various odors of jail: sweat, piss, and disinfectant. She sure knows how to walk, long strides with her ass moving from side to side. She looked like a stripper strutting her stuff with her clothes on. (p. 59, 60)

In *Mythical Trickster Figures*, editors Hynes and Doty (1997) offer narratives on the trickster figure in different cultures and settings, and each author explores different ways in which trickster figures challenge, reinforce, and play with fundamental social structures (back cover). One of the authors, Laura Makarius, quotes Luomala concerning the Polynesian trickster figure, Maui:

He is the one who challenges the established order, and the changes he introduces have the look of tricks played upon the authorities. He is represented as the adolescent hero who, trampling down all prohibitions, attacks old and powerful deities in order to snatch from them certain spiritual and material goods, in order to confuse them, to destroy them. (1997, p. 78)

Throughout this book there are similar parallels to the puer/senex archetype, and when considering the criminalized population, "the trickster is cast as an 'out' person, and his activities are often outlawish, outlandish, outrageous, out-of-bounds, and out-of-order" (p. 34), which is ammunition for those who see jointsters as dirty, lying, cheating, scumbag sewer rats.

*The Male Drug Addicted Trickster as Puer*

In *The Addictive Personality*, Nakken (1988) describes the addict, but he is also describing the puerile trickster when he asserts that

adolescents usually live for the moment. Practicing addicts are also living for the moment, using emotional logic. Emotionally, addicts act like adolescents and are often described as adolescent in behavior and attitude. After all, a lot of issues that they struggle with are the same issues that face adolescents. The difference is that addicts stay trapped in an adolescent stage as long as their disease is in progress. (p. 16)

Marie-Louise von Franz (2000) agrees in *The Problem of the Puer Aeternus*: "the man who is identified with the archetype of the *puer aeternus* remains too long in adolescent psychology; that is, all those characteristics that are normal in a youth of seventeen or eighteen are continued into later life" (p. 7).

Referencing Saint Exupery, author of *The Little Prince*, von Franz describes the puer, indicating that he has a tendency to take opium. In the following sentence, she states that "the whole psychology of the drug taker is connected with the idea of flirting with death, getting away from reality and its hardships" (2000, p. 88). A couple of sentences later she says that alcohol sometimes goes along with this problem.

Von Franz briefly alludes to the puer and a prison sentence when discussing the shadow: "That is how the shadow, in practical life, hits the *puer aeternus*: he either crashes to his death in an airplane, or dies in a mountain accident, or in a car crash or he lands in prison" (2000, p. 128). We can, of course, add drug overdoses to the list.

Without ever actually mentioning the *senex*, von Franz does, however, make the connection between the two:

The strange thing is that it is mainly the *pueri aeterni* who are the torturers and establish tyrannical and murderous police systems. So the *puer* and the police-state have a secret connection with each other; the one constellates the other. (2000, p. 164)

There is often a fine line between the nature of the criminalized and the nature of law-enforcement officers. They too are often described as similar in behavior and attitude. They too, as well as the chemically dependent tricksters they arrest, are often puer and chemically dependent and criminally active: tricksters arresting tricksters.

Hillman (1970) says "that the *senex* is a *complicatio* of the puer, infolded into puer structure, so that puer events are complicated by a *senex* background" (p. 146).

Explaining that the *senex* has a double nature, Hillman continues by saying that "one characteristic is never safe from inversion into its opposite" (p. 148).

While not elaborating extensively on the *senex*, I now highlight this dual archetype, who is found within or in collusion with the trickster archetype, by drawing analogies between law-enforcement officers and the criminalized. Therefore, we have the dual *puer/senex* archetype working in tricksters who arrest and jail other tricksters. Like coyote, police tricksters get caught in their own traps.

Back in the early 1960s, my dad owned and operated a security patrol, and I went with him to put little red tags between the door and the door jam to show to merchants that we had checked the security of their business. One night on patrol, my dad's police radio was active: a burglary in progress at Hartwick's Market. We patrolled two of the businesses across the street from the market, so we sat in the parking lot and watched the action as the Barstow Police did their thing. We watched as the police brought the handcuffed burglars out of the market and placed them into their police cars where they were expedited to jail. We didn't find out until the next

day, however, that the Barstow Police had arrested four of their own--four Barstow Police officers. A joke was going around for years after that: "If you find anybody prowling around your place at night, just get their badge number."

Contreras (2000), a former Los Angeles vice cop, spoke at a meeting I attended in Claremont, CA, stating that:

Cops act very much like street gangs--each have uniforms, each have their own codes they talk in, each have belief systems about right and wrong--both being very rigid, each tends to be uneducated. Many street cops are high school graduates or GEDs, and each are closed societies--viewing people that are not a part of it as outsiders.

In *Puer Papers*, Hillman (1979) considers the puer eccentric:

We find in puer dominated lives and affectation of the crazy, that odd-ball quality in clothes and gait, that signal disconcert for normalcy--a funny hat, a torn sleeve, a car unlike all others, talismans to keep the wall and weave of regular life off center, surrealistically open for chance. (p. 158)

Spread throughout puer literature, we find many common threads with the trickster archetype. They can be looked at as brothers. Brother puer can be thought of as the as-yet-uncriminalized addict. Looked at through these lenses, we'll find the puer in all criminalized males;

however, we won't necessarily find the trickster in many uncriminalized addicts. In a general sense, you might say the puer addict graduates to trickster status once he's been criminalized.

In "Puer Aeternus: The Narcissistic Relation to the Self" Jeffrey Satinover (1980) explains that:

interest in the puer has grown in proportion to a striking increase in the incidence of this kind of personality: a personality characterized on the one hand by a poor adjustment to quotidian demands, a failure to set stable goals and to make lasting achievements in accord with these goals, and a proclivity for intense but short-lived romantic attachments, yet, on the other hand, it is also characterized by noble idealism, a fertile imagination, spiritual insight and frequently, too, by remarkable talent. (p. 75)

It isn't difficult to see how such eccentric individuals often evolve into criminalized addicted trickster figures. Nor is it difficult to see how their positive attributes can create figures of much more notable worth.

In *Now or Neverland: Peter Pan and the Myth of Eternal Youth*, Yeoman (1998) tells us that "neverland presents an endless round of adventure and freedom, yet whereas in many ways a land of 'light and liberation,' it is not without an admixture of evil, violence and cruelty" (p. 108). Yeoman's contention isn't without parallel to the ambivalence of life on the prison yard.

The agreeable side of the yard wouldn't be characterized as "light and liberating," but it can certainly be a haven for criminalized drug addicts, and it is certainly not without an admixture of evil, violence, and cruelty.

In *The Peter Pan Syndrome: Men who have Never Grown Up*, Kiley (1983) draws a synonymous picture with the trickster figure of the criminalized male:

Peter Pan Syndrome victims are jolly, happy-go-lucky rogues. They have a penchant for uproarious laughter and a pint or two of whatever ale is available, and they are forever seeking to regale themselves with a bevy of lovely wenches. They are capable of unconscionable foul deeds and can sing and dance as they are stealing your life's treasures. If they feel that you have wronged them, they can call upon instant rage to run you aground or skewer your heart with a promise and a lie. They'll cross into your territorial waters and take insult from your displeasure. Cross them a second time and they'll make your soul walk the plank. Then, after pillaging your trust and concern, they will sail off into the sunset pretending to have neither worry nor care. (pp. 32, 33)

This description could be one of a criminalized male drug addict. Or, more than likely, he is a criminalized addict who hasn't gotten caught . . . yet.

This crossover is similar to the addict who lands in prison, yet never crosses over into being a genuine criminalized trickster--a jointster. He will be released from prison, successfully terminate his parole, and

eventually get a pardon, and possibly end up with a PhD in depth psychology from Pacifica Graduate Institute. The puer, therefore, is usually still in the fun mode. We can say he crosses over into trickster mode when his addictive lifestyle has become more established.

Taking up on the puer theme is John Lee's *Flying Boy* trilogy (1989, 1991), and (1997) where he expounds on the mother complex of the puer. Other approaches include Bly's (1996) *The Sibling Society*, an Internet article by O'Malley (1995), Slater's (2002) work in *Psychology at the Threshold*, Stockman and Graves' (1994) *Grown-up children who won't grow up*, and Abrams' (1990) *Reclaiming the Inner Child*.

#### *The Male Drug Addicted Trickster in Prison*

We must rid ourselves of the illusion, emphasizes Foucault (1995), in *Discipline and Punish*, that penalty is a means of reducing crime (p. 24). Foucault also explores the role of prisons in society and shows that prisons today, as always, actually perpetuate crime rather than serving as a deterrent to crime--prison being a virtual trickster factory.

Smethers (1995) describes his prison experience in

an article entitled "Prison--The Day Care Center"

published in *Pleiades* magazine:

I heard the correctional officer's keys jingling before he unlocked the dorm door. I walked down the sidewalk toward the yard and heard all the voices. When I approached the yard, I saw a huge day-care center before me. "Wow, this looks neat!" I thought. The sun was shining, and there was a cool breeze. There were Mansons and Dahmers everywhere. Some were playing soccer, some basketball, and some were throwing frisbees. They were working out on the weight pile, playing cards on picnic tables, and many were just walking around the yard. The tennis and handball courts were also occupied. Others were cheering their favorite team in the bleachers while watching the softball game. (p. 1)

In this article, I assert that there is not much incentive in most prison systems for inmates to become responsible and accountable upon their release into society:

Our clothes and linen were cleaned for us every week. All we had to do was drop it off and pick it up. Our meals were provided for us: all we had to do was show up and eat. Drugs were plentiful on the yard, and pruno (home-made wine) was easily made. Every three months we could have money and material things (a package) sent to us from the streets. If we were married, we could spend the weekend in a bungalow with our wives to relieve ourselves sexually. In the maximum security prisons containing cells, we could even enjoy watching our own color television. (Smethers, 1995, p. 1)

As mentioned in the introduction to this dissertation, not only do drug addicts cost taxpayers an astronomical amount of money, to fund such things as

medical care and the funding of prisons, but they also contribute considerably to the high morbidity and mortality in the culture due to viruses such as hepatitis C and HIV.

In *States of Confinement: Policing, Detention, and Prisons* Joy James (2002) states:

Unlike the HIV epidemic, a majority of women and men incarcerated in California (and many other states) are infected with hepatitis C. Also, unlike the HIV epidemic, which, thanks to the activism of the last decade was put on everyone's radar screen, most people inside have been consciously kept uninformed about the disease and its potential impact on their lives (and the lives of people around them). (p. 160)

In California, official estimates of hepatitis C infection are 43% for men and 55% for women in prison (p. 168). This epidemic is the result, for the most part, of intravenous drug use and sexual promiscuity.

Written by Daniel Glaser (1964), with a foreword by Robert F. Kennedy, *The Effectiveness of a Prison and Parole System* denigrates the criminalized population. Not that denigration isn't sometimes indicated, but Glaser's mind-set is as follows: "It should be stressed that criminals are not necessarily less mature than noncriminals in biological development, or even in attributes of social development, such as facility in

social interaction with their peers" (p. 38). This is in direct opposition to my puer/trickster hypothesis and the supporting material. Much of the literature on convicts written prior to the 1970s is derogatory.

*The Society of Captives: A Study of a Maximum Security Prison* by Gresham M. Sykes (1974) is even more dated than Glaser's work; however, "this book is concerned with a so-called maximum security prison, that is, a custodial institution reserved for adult male criminals who are thought to require extremely close supervision and control" (p. xiii).

The above quote refers to what would now be classified as a level-4-security prison facility. Levels 1 and 2 are dorm living. In levels 3 and 4, convicts live in cells. Popular media, like motion pictures and television generally depict the prison environment of maximum security, level-4-prison yards, which gives prison a stereotypical appearance to the average citizen.

When considering prisons in general, there are several aspects worth mentioning: there are noteworthy differences between county jails and farms, state prisons and fire camps, and federal penitentiaries--and that is in California alone. The diversity doesn't end there, for

there are differences between prisons in different parts of the country, such as in the Deep South, the Midwest, and the East Coast, not to mention the unique characteristics of the prisons and jails in each state.

The relevance of Sykes' (1958) work, written before the influx of drug addicts into prison systems, distinguishes the difference between various prison populations. Inmates leaning more to the puer side are usually found in minimum-security prisons or county jails. Inmates leaning more to the trickster side are usually found in maximum-security prisons--some of who are career criminals or psychopaths who don't have a background in substance abuse or addiction.

Prior to the 1960s, most convicts, psychopaths, and gangsters were not addicts. Their nefarious personalities have often been depicted in popular media as hardened, violent, racist, devoid of compassion, destructive, and untrustworthy.

Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March played escaped convicts in a classic nail-biter entitled *The Desperate Hours* (Wyler & Hayes, 1955) where they held a terrified family hostage. Robert De Niro has since portrayed similar stereotypical figures in films such as *Goodfellas*

(Winkler, Scorses & Nicholas, 1990), and *Cape Fear* (DeFina, Scorses & Strick, 1991). Whereas their roles are fictional, there are those in real life who are found on the front pages of daily newspapers, in magazines, biographies, case studies, newscasts, and documentaries about serial killers, pedophiles, rapists, cannibals, sadists, and many other people who have committed atrocities.

These people have always and will continue to be housed in prisons. Those are the ones, however, who are characteristic of the stereotypical convict prior to the drug abuse explosion. Unfortunately, the popular media has made culture heroes out of killers and other hard-core criminals, such as Jesse James, John Dillinger, and Robert Stroud.

In the motion picture *Birdman of Alcatraz* (Frankenheimer & Gaddis, 1962) Stroud is depicted as a mild-mannered, easy-going victim who had an overly affectionate love for his mother. Robert Stroud was far from what the cinema presented on the big screen. Jolene Babyak (1994), the author of *Bird man: The many faces of Robert Stroud*, emphasizes the real bird man:

on "November 1, 1911, Stroud struck Henry in the

back with a knife. As Henry ran, Stroud got off a few more thrusts. A physician reported that Henry received seven stab wounds in his back, shoulder, upper arm and buttocks, one of which penetrated the pleural cavity" (p. 62). Stroud later admitted that "he had intended to kill Henry and regretted being unsuccessful" (p. 62). It was Bird Man's intention to kill two other prisoners too. Stroud was also a homosexual who "proudly called himself a 'pederast,' a man who prefers sex with boys" (p. 62). The MMPI confirmed a previous diagnosis of a "profoundly and significantly disturbed" personality, a "psychopathic deviate" who was impulsive and paranoid--the perfect profile of a sociopath. (p. 252)

With stereotypes such as this still lingering in the contemporary psyche, it is easy to understand why we have such a negative view of prisoners.

In the title of his book, Charles Murray (1997) asks, *Does Prison Work?*

The broad proposition that 'prison works' is not in question. Of course prison can work, if it is used with sufficient ruthlessness. Can prison deter crime? Of course it can. If everyone who shoplifted were caught and immediately carted off to gaol [sic] for a year, shoplifting would become exceedingly rare. Deterrence fails only because the odds of being caught and imprisoned aren't high enough, or because the sentence is not harsh enough. Whether prison can deter crime is not in question. (p. 14)

This quote tends to confuse the question/title of the book. For example, the opening statement "the broad proposition that 'prison works' is not in question" is ambiguous because the following sentence states "of

course prison *can* work." The word *can* being the point of ambiguity. At the end of the chapter I just quoted from, Murray asks the question, "what do we want prison to accomplish?" which clears up some of the ambiguity.

Considering the archetypal nature of the trickster, it is highly unlikely that punishment of any kind will rehabilitate him. However, his energy could be redirected to more productive ends. Though I can't say how, why, and what would influence this kind of shift for others, I believe I have showed how, why, and what influenced this kind of shift for me when I thought I was inventing what I later learned was thought-stopping.

In the following quote from *Making It Right*, Challeen (1986) makes suggestions that make sense. Unfortunately, no one seems to be listening:

The concepts that hopefully emerge from this book are that our criminal justice system is founded upon a theory that is fundamentally flawed and therefore all that logically follows is doomed for failure; that there are at least three distinct types of criminals who appear before our courts every day and each must be treated totally different; and that the criminal justice system unintentionally makes some criminals worse. And finally, we must create a criminal justice system that promotes individual responsibility rather than useless dependency. (p. viii)

One of the two types of criminals that Challeen

(1986) describes are called *slicks* (p. 27), who are basically sophisticated tricksters. Another type he calls *slobs* (p. 32), who are best described as deadbeats without any motivation except maybe to cop another bag of dope and jump in the sack with whoever will accommodate him.

In an undergraduate textbook for administration of justice programs, *The Psychology of Criminal Behavior* by Andrews and Bonta (1998), the authors ask:

Are there individuals with the personality characteristics of psychopathy whose behavior does not bring them into conflict with the law? Cathy Widom (1977) reasoned that it is possible that perhaps the criminal psychopaths represent only the unsuccessful psychopaths (the ones that get caught). Perhaps, there are many psychopaths who, although engaging in questionable behavior, are not clients of the criminal justice system. One can be a psychopath and not a criminal. (p. 307)

These are the "*slicks*" (p. 27) that Challeen (1986) refers to in *Making It Right*.

#### *Writing by Drug Addict Inmates as Tricksters*

The *Soul Knows no Bars*, edited by Leder (2000), is a compilation of reflections and dialogue between inmates incarcerated in Baltimore, Maryland. Here the inmates ruminate about their lives and imprisonment. They discuss

their thinking and the similarities between the inside and outside concerning lifestyle, coping mechanisms, recidivism, drug use, and their childhoods. One of the inmates, Tray, reflecting on his childhood in a dialogue group, shared:

But sometimes memories can become real depressing. Me and John'll be talking and I'll tell him the first time I ever wanted to sell drugs. I was going into the seventh grade and I'd gotten fashion conscious. A dude gave me a job holding narcotics. I can remember sitting back there in the alley holding the stash for fifty dollars a night so I could save up for a slick wardrobe to start junior high. (p. 89)

In a book edited by Franklin (1998) entitled *Prison Writing in 20<sup>th</sup> Century America*, Malcolm X wrote:

With some money sent by Ella, I was finally able to buy stuff for better highs from guards in the prison. I got reefers, Nembutal, and benzedrine. Smuggling to prisoners was the guards' sideline; every prison's inmates know that's how guards make most of their living. (p. 150)

In this work we find a range of literature written by many other 20th-century American prisoners. The works have been chosen for what they reveal both about prison, specifically the modern American prison, and about human beings in the most difficult of circumstances.

In *Doing Time: 25 Years of Prison Writing*, editor Chevigny (1999) says:

New inmates must learn how to recognize and respond to prison games if they are to navigate a course among treacherous allies or protectors and outright predators. This means adopting, or simulating, an appropriate role. In one way or another, all prisoners become players. For some, "doing time" and playing games are one. (p. 129)

The criminalized drug addict trickster has been characterized as a confidence man for a long time, and he can willfully adapt his persona to his environment.

Chevigny also informs us that "the war on drugs is a miserable failure because it has not stopped drug use in this country. It's a great success [for prisons] because it's the best economic boom we've ever seen (p. xvi).

Chevigny continues: "The prison-building boom, the growing privatization of prisons, and private industry's use of prison labor have so transformed the nation's economy that it seems harder than ever to reverse the trend (p. xvii). Therefore, the astronomical numbers of jointsters being released into society from our prisons, create an ever-present social problem.

Suzan Still (2002) writes about the prison-building boom and prison labor from a different perspective in "Prison as Shadow" taken from *Psychology at the Threshold*, edited by Slattery and Corbett:

Unless we *free* citizens speak out and persist in

seeing justice done, we will find the institutionalization of slavery becoming so embedded in the economic structure of this nation, that it will seem impossible to maintain the economy without it. It will become ineradicable. (p. 332)

The above quote is referring to big business--that of the prison industrial complex. Still (2002) writes:

prison industries showed a 40-billion dollar profit last year, yet inmates at our prisons are paid between 6 and 65 cents an hour. They have no benefits, no union, and no vacations. Their work hours are not necessarily limited to 8 per day, nor are they compensated for overtime or hazardous duty. (p. 331)

Donziger (1996), in *The Real War on Crime*, says that "more than 1.5 million Americans are behind bars (p. 33), and "five million Americans are under correctional supervision," and "over 11 million people are admitted to locked facilities" (p. 34). And most staggering of all is that there are "fifty million criminal records" (p. 36). According to Kipnis (1999), drug offenders represent 60% of federal prisoners and over one-third of state and county prisoners (p. 121).

*Undoing Time: American Prisoners in their Own Words*, edited by Evans (2001), is another anthology written by inmates. It has given prisoners the rare chance to communicate who they are and what went wrong. Here is an excerpt from the forward by Jimmy Santiago Baca:

When I started reading *Undoing Time*, a con named Vincent came to mind. I'd helped him parole out: got him a job, his book published, paid for his literary readings, an apartment, and a car. Six months later, he relapsed into heroin and cocaine and went on a robbing spree. (2001, p. ix)

Vincent could be the poster boy for the criminalized male drug addict as trickster. Given that this was all the author wrote concerning this con, we can only speculate about why he relapsed.

Edward Bunker (2000), actor, screenwriter, and author of *Education of a Felon*, has epitomized the life of a jointster in his autobiography. Consistent with much of the literature concerning drug addicts, Bunker says the same about criminals: "If anything is true in a young criminal's mind, it is the need for immediate satisfaction. Truly the place is here and the time is now. Delayed gratification is contrary to his nature" (p. 92).

William S. Burroughs (1977) was one of those tricksters who came from an upper-class background, studied at Harvard, became a heroin addict, then wrote a memoir entitled *Junky*. Later, after writing more than ten books, he also became an actor and director. Like Edward Bunker, he probably would have had little professional

success had he not been addicted to heroin for so many years. This bisexual heroin addict didn't stop being a trickster when he stopped using heroin, he just directed his trickster energy to a more productive lifestyle.

William S. Burroughs accidentally shot and killed his wife in front of their 4-year-old son, William S. Burroughs Jr. For 10 years after that, Burroughs Jr. only saw his father a few times, and they didn't spend much time together after that either. However, the lives of these father and son tricksters ran a similar course up to a point.

In 1970, William S. Burroughs Jr. wrote *Speed* --the first of three books depicting his life as an amphetamine addict in New York's lower east side. At 34 years old, Burroughs Jr. died of liver failure due to alcoholism. But, tricksterism didn't kill Burroughs Jr.--alcoholism did. Drug addiction didn't cause the success of Burroughs Sr.--tricksterism did.

#### *Trickster Drug Use in Trickster Institutions*

In *The Oxford History of the Prison*, editors Morris and Rothman (1998) discuss the changes in the practice of punishment. They trace the evolution of incarceration

from the English jails of the 1700s to the Big Houses of the current American prison system (back cover). Though it is not the main focus of the work, they also emphasize the links between drugs and the prison population, starting as far back as the 1920s, with widespread morphine addiction, and facilitated by inventive smuggling schemes:

Drugs were often concealed in food--especially fruit--which was hollowed out and filled with illegal substances. In one famous story a jailer stuck a spoon into a large box of ice cream delivered to an inmate only to dig out a large package of morphine. Drugs were also sent in packages and were hidden in belts, in the hems of handkerchiefs, and in the heels [sic] of hollowed-out slippers. They were even placed in small amounts under the postage stamps of letters or in pockets made inside envelopes. (p. 158)

*Drugs in Prison* by Gravett (2000) offers statistics about drug use by young people--potential tricksters.

One in twelve 12 year olds have tried drugs at least once. One in three 14 year olds have tried drugs at least once. Two in five 16 year olds have tried drugs at least once. One in five 16 year olds have used drugs in the past month. (p. 23)

"The strong link between drugs and crime is borne out by research. Half of those arrested reported illegal incomes which were 200-300 percent higher than those arrested for reasons that were not drug-related" (p. 23). Apparently, being a jointster can be lucrative.

In "On Dope Row," Maier (2002) writes in an Internet article in *Insight on the News*:

An exclusive insight in an investigative report reveals that scores of inmates are dying of drug overdoses in America's state penal institutions, while administrators deny that their prisons have a drug problem. Here are the numbers, and why according to prisoners and guards the illegal drug trade is flourishing behind bars. (p. 1)

Whereas drug addicts have been killing themselves for years inside and out of prison, prison officials are obviously either in denial or they don't care. It's understandable if they don't care, for jointsters are continually trying to take advantage of them in any way they can, and the correctional officers get fed up with it; however, what isn't understandable is that they deny there is even a problem.

In *Drug Use and Prisons: An International Perspective*, editors David Shewan and John B. Davies (2000) write:

Prisons today contain large proportions of drug users. *Drug Use and Prisons* provides the first comprehensive account of patterns of drug use and risk behaviours in prisons, and of the different responses to this feature of prison life. Experts from Europe, North and South America, Africa, and Australia, form a variety of professional backgrounds, provide an international perspective to this ongoing problem. (back cover)

The editors continue: "drug consumers have spent more

time in prison than in therapy facilities (p. 59).

Drug addicts are more at home in the comfort zones of the trickster prison environment (depending whether it is maximum or minimum security) than being placed in an environment where they are going to be expected to change literally everything that defines who they are. Low self-esteem and narcissism make strange bedfellows, but that's not really too difficult to understand when considering the character traits of a trickster whose priorities are gluttony and *hedone*, and an inflated male ego that tells him he isn't worth a shit.

#### *The Male Addicted Trickster in Group Therapy*

In the first chapter of *Coyote Speaks: Creative Strategies for Psychotherapists Treating Alcoholics and Addicts*, Rutzky (1998) addresses the trickster archetype in the alcoholic, the addict, and the therapist. Consistent with other texts in this literature review, Rutzky discusses the connection between Carl Jung and the co-founder of AA--Bill Wilson, when Jung introduced the idea concerning the need of a spiritual experience for lasting recovery.

#### *Alcoholics Anonymous: The Story of How Many*

*Thousands of Men and Women have Recovered from Alcoholism* (2001) is a self-help group-therapy approach to recovery from alcoholism. The preamble of Alcoholics Anonymous states that "Alcoholic's Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength, and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism."

The discussion of recovery in this basic text elucidates alcoholic and other character traits found more in the puer than in the trickster archetype. That is not to say that the trickster isn't also found in AA meetings.

*Narcotics Anonymous* (1988) is more specific to addiction overall and therefore is more compatible with the trickster rather than the puer; however, that is not to say that the uncultivated puer won't be found in NA meetings. The NA basic text states that NA follows the same path as AA "with a single exception; our identification as addicts is all-inclusive with respect to any mood-changing, mind-altering substance" (p. xv). NA's contention that alcoholism is too limited a term makes this review of the literature more compatible with NA, because the trickster archetype in the criminalized

population uses drugs primarily and alcohol secondarily. It must be kept in mind, however, that alcohol is also a drug. Tricksters commonly patronize bars, but it's the life around which their drug use centers that is primary. AA came first; therefore, it is difficult to review literature without including both the AA and NA programs.

*Alcoholism and Substance Abuse: Strategies for Clinical Intervention*, by Bratter and Forrest (1985), is an authoritative guide to treatment methods that covers the etiologies of addiction and assesses the medical and biological effects of various drugs. Focusing on treatment, part 3 addresses ten modalities, three of which cover different types of group therapy. "In a comprehensive review of the literature, Killilea (1976) discovers that self-help organizations have been categorized as support systems, intentional communities/communes, subcultural groups which provide a philosophy of life, and organizations for deviants" (p. 466).

It would be interesting to know how the researcher defines *deviant*. *The Dictionary of Psychology* by Corsini (1999) states that deviance is "any behavior that deviates significantly from what is considered normal for

the group with which the individual or subgroup is to be compared. Also known as deviant behavior" (p. 273). The phrase *deviant behavior* usually has a negative connotation.

In *Staying Sober: A Guide for Relapse Prevention*, Gorski and Miller (1986) emphasize that "the most successful treatment combines the Twelve Steps principles of AA with professional counseling and therapy" (p. 53). Relapse is common, especially for the criminalized male who not only participates in the revolving door of the criminal justice system, but also the revolving doors of treatment and recovery programs.

Not everyone agrees with 12-step programs. In his critique, *Alcoholic's Anonymous: Cult or Cure*, Bufe (1998) explores the reasons why many people are opposed to AA, including addicts. Often addicts' character traits are what causes them to resist recovery--character traits all too commonly found in the trickster archetype. The "I want it and I want it now" syndrome, the "I'm not like these people" syndrome, and especially the "I can do it myself" syndrome, to name just a few, are examples of the rationale of those (often tricksters) who oppose 12-step programs.

And then there are program tricksters who get fully recovered in 6 months and start sponsoring people when they haven't even worked the steps themselves--referred to as 2-steppers, characterized by their short-lived sobriety. These tricksters of the "guru" persuasion are also the ones who practice the 13<sup>th</sup> step--pursuing newcomer women. These tricksters will inevitably trick themselves right back into doing what they do best--drinking, using, or both.

The title of Bufe's (1998) book is a question: *Cult or Cure?* Yes, by any definition of cult, AA is one; furthermore, says Bufe: "It could well be that AA does more harm to society--and to far greater numbers of people--than all other religious cults combined" (p. 157). This book is gold to a criminalized male trickster who wants to intellectualize his resistance to recovery--food for the *slick*.

*Treating Addiction With Anger Management*

Both *Facing the Fire* by John Lee (1993), and *Of Course You're Angry* by Rosellini & Worden, (1985) address anger. Lee (1993) emphasizes that the principles he puts forth in his book apply to anyone but alcoholics and drug

addicts. He emphasizes: "I know they cannot safely do the exercises I give here while under the influence of drink or drugs. They are not then safe people to be around" (p. xvi).

Rosellini and Worden (1985) explain that "for positive recovery to take place, this anger needs to be acknowledged, dealt with, and resolved (p. 7). Though their approaches are different, the results, if successful, are the same.

Drug addicts, especially criminalized drug addicts, commonly have anger issues. John Lee's (1993) approach is more consistent with most contemporary thinking; for example: just as psychotherapy for any other mental disorder cannot commence until abstinence is achieved, treatment for an anger disorder cannot commence until abstinence is achieved.

A practicing addict is a con; therefore, he would logically con an anger-management facilitator or therapist into believing he is working the program, when he really isn't. Another scenario is played out in the movie *Anger Management* (Dorfman & Segal, 2003), where Jack Nicholson, the trickster, cons the therapist into getting angry.

Tricksters will often go into any kind of treatment if it will save their jobs, marriages, or freedom. However, if they have a choice between serving 6 months in jail or a year in some bothersome anger-management program that will probably result in a jail sentence anyway, then why not get the time in jail over with and eliminate the anger-management program that wouldn't do any good in the first place? Ironically, this rationale makes sense. Tricksters, like addiction, are cunning, baffling, powerful, and contradictory.

The studies I have drawn from in this review offer ideas, theories, syntheses, and statistical studies, which make them basically theoretical, sociological, and personal. None of them, however, addresses the actual lived experience of the criminalized male drug addict as trickster (except my personal experiences), and in no case has a careful phenomenological study been done to scrutinize this phenomenon.

The unique perspective of this dissertation is the acknowledgment of just how crazy the world of the criminalized male drug addict is, and how hard these tricksters are to pin down, compartmentalize, label, and understand.

In an essay entitled "Attempts to Crash into San Quentin, published in *One Eye Closed the Other Red: The California Bootlegging Years*, Cliff Walker (1999) tells a story:

Fred E. Clements could see the big gray walls of San Quentin projecting out of the November 1929, San Francisco Bay fog. The bus parked in front by the visitors' parking lot. Clements pulled his coat around his neck, climbed down the bus steps and walked over to guards at the main gate. The walls looked even higher up close. Maybe it was just the fog.

"I'm Fred Clements from San Bernardino," he told the guards. "I've been sentenced to San Quentin and I'm here to turn myself in."

"You're here by yourself? Where's your commitment order?" asked the huge guard.

"I guess it's down in San Bernardino, he answered, "but I have to serve one to three years for moonshining and I'm here to start my sentence."

"We can't let anyone in unless it's official. That's the rules."

"I have been sentenced and the Supreme Court of California turned down my appeal. I'm out on \$10,000 bond and need to turn myself in. Just take me in, okay?" pleaded Clements.

"I'll call the warden," said the puzzled guard.

"Warden, I have a man here, a Mr. Clements, who insists on being admitted," the guard said into the phone.

Warden James B. Holohan talked to Clements in the admittance office.

"I have to serve one to three years and I'm here to start my sentence," Clements explained again.

"I'm sorry, we can't let you in without a court commitment. I'll wire the San Bernardino Court and tell them you're here. You can wait outside, go over to the town and wait if you want."

Deputy Sheriff W.L. Shay of San Bernardino wired back with instructions. Deputy Sheriff Tom

Mulligan would be arriving that afternoon or in the morning to incarcerate two more county prisoners and he would take custody of Clements.

When Mulligan found the willing prisoner "hanging around," Clements asked if he could ride back to San Bernardino with him. After they arrived in San Bernardino, Clements turned himself over to Jailer R.A. Bright.

In a couple of days Clements and a deputy made the 470-mile trip back up to San Quentin. This time the guards received him and Warden Holohan welcomed Clements to the "big gray house."

His almost two years of playing with the San Bernardino Sheriff's Department and the courts had ended. (p. 7)

Unlike most prisoners who wanted out, the trickster Clements wanted in.

Like Fred Clements but in a different way, another trickster had been knocking on the doors to the *California Department of Corrections* for many years before they finally let him in. It was me. When I appeared in front of Superior Court Judge LeRoy Simmons in November 1989 on a drug charge, the judge said "Mr. Smethers, I have in front of me three pages of rap sheet." He looked down at it, then looked at me and asked: "Why? Why is it that you haven't been sent to prison?"

I meekly replied "I don't know, your honor."

"Mr. Smethers, I can't believe that I've been sitting here trying to think of a way to keep you from

going to prison. I'm not going to do that. That's what all the other judges have done. I'm afraid you're going to have to go to prison."

He sentenced me to 3 years. He gave me time served for the two 6 month sentences I already served, one of which was the result of a revocation of probation on the original charge on which I was appearing. But I needed some time to take care of personal matters, so I boldly asked for a stay of execution--the judge agreed.

I came back in 2 weeks and told him that I needed an additional 2 weeks, because my mother was sick and I just needed to get her stabilized--the judge reluctantly agreed. I returned in 2 weeks and asked the judge for an additional 2 weeks.

Exasperated, he said "Why, Mr. Smethers?"

"Your honor, I'm sure you've heard about the recent murder of John Doe. He was a good friend of mine, and a long-time friend of the family. I would really appreciate it if I could go to his funeral."

"Mr. Smethers, why do I have the feeling I am being taken down the garden path lane?"

Still, the judge agreed to the additional 2 weeks. However, he was definitely being taken down the garden

path lane, for I had no intention of going to John's funeral, and I had no intention of showing up in court to go serve time in the state penitentiary--they were just going to have to catch me. I didn't leave town, however. I just continued partying until I was finally caught at a friend's house that was on fire and burning down. The fire department wouldn't let me leave until I was questioned.

Back in the court room after being on the lam, Judge Simmons asked me why I didn't turn myself in as I promised. I told him the truth for a change. "I was scared, your honor, I've never been to prison before."

Judge Simmons seemed to believe me, and he didn't even give me any additional time for not turning myself in. However, I had to force myself not to ask if I could get *just 2 more weeks*.

I played with the criminal justice system, in true trickster form, for many years. It was as if I was daring them to send me to prison, but at the same time my good-natured, affable personality and sincere sounding bullshit kept me out until I was 43 years old.

When the time came for me to apply for a pardon, Judge Simmons wrote a recommendation. He had been

monitoring me during the years after my release while I was actively pursuing my education. When the time came for me to apply to Pacifica Graduate Institute's doctoral program in depth psychology, Judge Simmons wrote me another recommendation. This time he wasn't being taken down the garden path lane. The new path led directly to this dissertation, a phenomenological study of the lived experience of criminalized male drug addicts.

This review of the literature starts with the spiritual inclination of contemporary drug-addicted tricksters, moves to their psychological and sociological profiles, and elucidates their personification of the trickster archetype. This review concerning a population of marginalized, criminalized, and pathologized people, also focuses upon texts concerning group therapy in general, but 12-step programs in particular, continues with an anger management perspective, then sums up with stories characteristic of contemporary tricksters.

#### *Statement of the Problem*

Having determined that knowledge of the lived experience of criminalized male drug addicts is negligible and not well understood, brings me to several

important questions:

1. What can we learn about *criminalized* male drug addicts that is different from the conclusions provided by theoretical and statistical studies done on male drug addicts?

2. Are there character traits of criminalized male drug addicts that make them difficult to pin down, compartmentalize, label, and understand?

3. Will a phenomenological study of a group of criminalized male drug addicts help determine why they don't respond well to treatment, and why their recidivism rate is so high?

4. Can a depth psychological perspective of the trickster archetype in criminalized male drug addicts help us to better understand their lived experience?

5. Do criminalized male drug addicts view themselves as, or are they unconsciously giving expression to a common opinion that they are, dirty, lying, cheating, scumbag sewer rats?

## Chapter 3

## Method

Jung emphasizes that

anyone who wants to know the human psyche will learn next to nothing from experimental psychology. He would be better advised to put away his scholar's gown, bid farewell to his study, and wander with human heart through the world. There, in the horrors of prisons, lunatic asylums and hospitals, in drab suburban pubs, in brothels and gambling-hells [sic], in the salons of the elegant, the Stock Exchanges, Socialist meetings, churches, revivalist gatherings and ecstatic sects, through love and hate, through the experience of passion in every form in his own body, he would reap richer stores of knowledge than text-books a foot thick could give him, and he will know how to doctor the sick with real knowledge of the human soul (Jung, 1945, 1953, p. 244 [CW 7, para. 409]).

In this dissertation, *The Criminalized Male Drug Addict and the Trickster Archetype*, I have engaged a hybrid phenomenological/artistic research methodology. Beginning with a phenomenological method employing interviews with five criminalized male drug addicts, I soon realized that I needed more than interview data (experimental psychology and text books a foot thick) to reveal the trickster archetype. I immersed myself in the spirit of heuristic research, as described by Moustakas (1990):

Once the researcher has mastered knowledge of the material that illuminates and explicates, the

researcher is challenged to put the components and core themes into a creative synthesis. This usually takes the form of a narrative depiction utilizing verbatim material and examples, but it may be expressed as a poem, story, drawing, painting, or by some other creative form. (p. 32)

Thus, I went beyond a purely phenomenological methodology. Deriving from the confabulation and exaggeration in the stories that I heard during the interviews and adding other trickster stories I had heard or experienced through the years, I added an artistic component of storytelling--of tall tales in the expression of the results of this dissertation.

#### Phenomenological Component

Through interviews, I attempted to scrutinize the lived experience of criminalized male drug addicts in the context of the trickster archetype. By exposing the flagitious behavior of the criminalized drug addict as trickster behavior, I hoped to elucidate the nature of drug addiction in our culture through a depth psychological lens.

In my quest for knowledge concerning the trickster archetype in criminalized male drug addicts, I chose a phenomenological methodology because I wished to reveal

the quality of the lived experience of the addict himself. Many qualitative researchers criticize or even reject the quantitative approach, arguing that it is in direct conflict with the aims of qualitative research, insisting that qualitative methods are more appropriate by allowing subjective knowledge. Jung (1951/1960) acknowledges the limitations of quantitative methods. He said:

The experimental method of inquiry aims at establishing regular events which can be repeated. Consequently, unique or rare events are ruled out of account. Moreover, the experiment imposes limiting conditions on nature, for its aim is to force her to give answers to questions devised by man. Every answer of nature is therefore more or less influenced by the kind of questions asked, and the result is always a hybrid product. The so-called "scientific view of the world" based on this can hardly be anything more than psychologically biased partial view which misses out all those by no means unimportant aspects that cannot be grasped statistically. (Jung, 1951/1960, p. 422 [CW 8, para. 821])

I felt that a quantitative methodology would be insufficient, offering information only regarding large populations or groups, whereas I wanted to evaluate the lived experience of criminalized male drug addicts. I hoped that a phenomenological study might reveal deep issues and make voices heard--the voices of the trickster archetype in the criminalized male drug addict.

*Subjects*

I selected five recovered drug addicts from the community of Barstow, California. They were drawn from members of Narcotics Anonymous and Alcoholics Anonymous. All of the participants had criminal arrest records.

To protect their identity and for clarity in the text, I gave the five participants pseudonyms: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, and Comet. Each of them is a recovered or recovering addict with either an extensive misdemeanor or felony criminal record.

Dasher is a 59-year-old white man who has served two prison sentences--one in Oklahoma and one in New Mexico. His drug of choice was whatever was circulating at a given time. Dasher is admittedly gluttonous, like his vulturous counterpart--raven. In the words of Erdoes and Ortiz (1984): "Among a number of Athapascan-speaking tribes of the Northwest Coast and Alaskan tribes, Raven is not only a powerful supernatural creator, but also a trickster (p. 344). Dasher has since discontinued his vulturous ways, and has been clean and sober for 18 years.

Dancer is a 34-year-old white man who has been convicted of many misdemeanors but has never been in

state or federal prison. Considering his spellbinding story and his extensive criminal activity, it is absolutely amazing that he never made it to prison. As Hyde (1998) points out, in the old days "sheep farmers tried to get rid of wolves and coyotes by putting out animal carcasses laced with strychnine. The wolves, they say, were killed in great numbers, but the coyotes wised up and avoided these traps" (pp. 20, 21). During his using career he used alcohol, pot, PCP, LSD, and speed, but all that stopped when he found heroin. He spent much of his using career in and out of city and county jails and served several terms of probation. Dancer has been clean and sober for 3 years.

Prancer is 39 years old, and has served several prison sentences--all in California. His shaved head and tattooed body identify him in the drug subculture as a peckerwood.

The term *peckerwood* is used to refer to white youths with loose ties to white power gangs in and out of prison, as well as to actual skinhead gangs. The various peckerwood gangs appear to be concentrated largely in California, where they participate in the methamphetamine trade and have ties to other white supremacist gangs such

as the Nazi Low Riders.

Like coyotes, peckerwoods are nocturnal and often run in small groups. Methamphetamine was his primary drug of choice. Prancer claims that he has been clean and sober for 30 months.

Vixen is a 50-year-old Mexican American who, like Dancer, managed to avoid serving time in prison, but was also in and out of jail and served several terms of probation. Though he sold and used drugs, his true love was alcohol, and his temperament was extremely violent. He has been clean and sober for 18 years.

Comet, another 50-year-old Mexican American, served time in the federal penitentiary. His drugs of choice, like Dasher is, were whatever would get him high--he didn't stick to one for very long, but alcohol was consistent through all of it. He has been clean and sober for 19 years, and has miraculously held on to his wife through many years of addictive behavior and the recovery process.

I designed my interviews around five topics of discussion:

1. How do male drug addicts describe the lived experience of addiction and its consequences?

2. How do male drug addicts finance their addictions?
3. How do the demands of addiction affect the family and personal relationships of male drug addicts?
4. How do male drug addicts view themselves in relationship to their culture?
5. How do male drug addicts cope with the criminal justice system?

I used an informal conversational style to encourage a relaxed and uninhibited dialogue. During the dialogue I observed body language, facial expressions, and other idiosyncracies. Each interview/dialogue lasted between 2 and 4 hours. After each interview I transcribed the tape recordings and descriptions of body language and demeanor which were pertinent.

#### *Data Analysis*

In this analysis, I evaluated the transcribed data from interviews in the context of the trickster archetype. In the first phase, referred to as *epoch* by Marshall and Rossman (1999), I confronted my prejudices, assumptions, and expectations. Though this is done before

interviewing, "the purpose of this self-examination is for the researcher to gain clarity from his own preconceptions, and it is part of the ongoing process rather than a single fixed event" (p. 113); therefore, I was obliged to keep in continual touch with these possible elements of interference, because phenomenological research seeks essentially to *describe* rather than *explain*, and to start from a perspective free from hypotheses, prejudices, assumptions, and preconceptions.

Following the first phase, I moved on to what Marshall and Rossman (1999) call *phenomenological reduction*, in which I identified the essence of the study. Then I clustered the data from each interview around common *themes*--themes that might support one or more of my prejudices, assumptions, and expectations (p. 113).

I drew my conclusions in the final stage, *structural synthesis*, involving the imaginative exploration of all possible meanings and divergent perspectives.

#### *Limitations and Delimitations*

I recognized that my method would be limited by the

relatively small number of subjects. Nevertheless, I knew that what such a design sacrifices in terms of generalization of findings is compensated for by the depth of the findings which such a study reveals.

### *Ethical Assurances*

I complied with the American Psychological Association standards for conducting research with human subjects, and I gained approval from *Pacifica Graduate Institute's Ethics Committee* before proceeding.

An informed consent form was used to establish time commitments, place, confidentiality, opportunities for feedback, permission to tape record, permission to use material in my dissertation or other publications, and an opportunity for my subjects to read the study. This form was approved by the Pacifica Ethics Committee.

Having completed my interviews on audio tape, I listened and re-listened to the tapes, immersing myself in the data during a period of weeks to maintain a sustained focus and concentration. Then I spent 2 additional weeks completely detached from the data. I transcribed the tapes and again immersed myself in the data contained in the transcripts.

*Results*

Out of that immersion I gradually discerned six themes that were shared by each participant and which seemed pertinent to the trickster archetype:

1. Scumbag sewer rats
2. The beginning fun phase
3. Between fun and addiction
4. Disintegrating family relationships
5. Violence
6. Trickster war stories.

*Scumbag sewer rats.* During the interviews, all of the five participants used the word *scum* to describe themselves as drug addicts as viewed by others. This particular theme resonated with me because of my own experience with having been described by a probation officer as a *scumbag sewer rat*--a theme which was then adopted as the title of this dissertation on the trickster archetype in the criminalized male drug addict.

In describing the *scum* nature of others' opinions of drug addicts, Dasher said: "They think we're freaks, and I'm guilty of it, you know. I see the people that are going down the street going like this [flailing his arms]

and I think, 'oh, that poor son of a bitch.' Then I think 'but by the grace of God, there go I.'" Dasher also used the words *pity* and *fear* to describe how average people feel about drug addicts.

Dancer said that they [society] "probably think we're *scum*. You know what I mean? And now I look at these guys and I'll see them walking down the street, I just can't even--it's just dirty, you know. It's just dirty to me now."

After asking Prancer how he thought normies (12-step jargon) would describe us, he replied: "We would be basically labeled as *scum*, not to be trusted, not to leave anything laying around of value, you know." A little later he gave this scenario: "If I went into a, say a church meeting and there was a bunch of people that never even did dope and I went in there and gave them my life story about how drugs messed my life up they'd be looking at me with horror and wouldn't be able to relate to it at all--they'd be instantly scared of me. They wouldn't have compassion like another dope fiend would."

Here's Vixen's response to the same question: "Oh shit, they looked at us as the degenerates of the world, the lowlifes of the world, you know, *scum*, the stuff that

comes from under the rocks. I mean, what did the cops tell you when they busted you? 'You piece of *scumbag* shit.'"

After agreeing that normal people look at us "with disgust, suspicion, and mistrust," I found myself fishing for the word *scum* from Comet by asking: If you had one word to characterize what the average citizen thought of us as a general group, what would you say? He said, "*Scum.*" It's a word that every addict is familiar with. Then Comet said something similar to my other participants: "I'm sober 19 years and I see that behavior, and the word comes out of my mouth 'a bunch of *scumbag* mother-fuckers.'"

*The beginning fun phase.* In the beginning fun phase, all of my participants discussed what it was like when they started using drugs and alcohol and quite frankly they seemed to relive some of the pleasure of those times in their lives. All of them talked about how innocent their drug use was in the beginning, saying that it was fun and exciting.

Before we (I include myself as a participant) built a repertoire of disgust, suspicious, mistrust, pity, and

fear from society, we were just out to have a good time. Roberts (1990) reminds us that the trickster is a perpetual child who lives in a world of overt rebellion. "He commits acts against taboos and mores in full knowledge of what he is doing. In fact he glories in this knowledge of revolt. He is consciously and sincerely immoral" (p. 185).

A recurrent theme through my interviews was how my participants initially responded to my first question: How do male drug addicts describe the lived experience of addiction and its consequences? All of them started by explaining what it was like when they started using drugs.

All of them described their first years of drug use as fun. They elaborated on this extensively before they began talking about their descent into the abyss of the netherworld of addiction. They were at this time of their lives personifying the puer archetype. And most of them began by talking about their beginning experiences, turning the question from male drug addicts overall, to their own experiences. There was one exception--Dasher, but he still kept within the *fun* theme.

Dasher said, "Well, it's been my experience that

males have a tendency to elaborate extensively on the good times, and not so much on the bad times."

Dancer replied: "I'd describe it as starting out as a lot of fun. It started out as a big party, and it started out right away getting high every day, every chance I got, and that was when I was about 13 years old."

Prancer follows suit: "Well, my addiction started off real innocent, just smoking pot, stealing beers from dad out of his refrigerator and that was, like, in junior high and it wasn't really a problem. It was just, you know, it was fun."

The same goes for Vixen: "Well, they were good experiences. I mean, when I first started off using, you know, it was not a big deal. I mean, we're partying, we're drinking, we're using, we're whatever. Early on it was exciting."

Comet said: "I loved my addiction. I loved the use of drugs. It started off as very pleasant. I enjoyed it." These guys are saying things that Peter Pan might say if he was living in contemporary society.

*Between fun and addiction.* My participants said that

between fun and addiction they started getting into trouble. They would pick up a DUI or a possession charge, or they would get suspended from school or fired from a job. Each one made a statement concurring that none of these problems deterred them from continuing their drug use.

The transition time between fun and disintegrating family relationships varies with each individual. During this transition period we still have fun, but things also start to happen. For example, when I was 20 years old I got my second DUI. I managed to beat it in a jury trial, but I wasn't so lucky with the four succeeding DUIs that I received over the next 20 years.

Comet said that he was asked to leave the armed forces because of his addiction: "I was let out early because of my drinking and using." Prancer said: "And I got fired from that job and then I said, fuck it. This is going to be my new job--getting high." I can't even remember all the jobs I was fired from. Sometimes these things start happening to us at a young age, especially those of us who started when we were 11 or 12 years old. For example, Prancer explained: "Before I got to the ninth grade, I got kicked out of school three times from

three different schools and then they ran out of schools to send me to." Of course bars are where we tricksters are usually 86'd from. Take Lenny Bruce, for example--a typical trickster figure in many ways. He was banned from night clubs nationwide, and eventually banned from Las Vegas. He also died of a drug overdose. As Thunderspud of Dragonfhain (1986) points out:

Trickster tells us the truth about our selves, showing us with truth and wit the sides of our nature that we may be more comfortable not acknowledging; he's the one who points at the Emperor's nakedness, he's Lenny Bruce and Ashleigh Brilliant, Ken Kesey and Uncle Remus, Opus, Geech, Tom Robbins, Abbie Hoffman, Don Becker, Weird Al Yankovich and David Letterman, holding up a skewed mirror of reality for us to look into.

Hyde (1998) says that "the trickster is given something valuable with a condition set on its use, time passes, and before too long trickster's hunger leads him to violate the condition" (p. 28). The criminalized male drug addict's voracious hunger often leads to an overdose. Dancer told me about his: "I woke up one time in the back of somebody's fucking yard and they were squirting me in the face with a water hose. Another time I woke up and somebody was trying to fuckin' shove me into my truck and push my truck out of the yard so I didn't die in their yard, you know."

Perhaps this transition period from fun to addiction is determined by the physiology of pleasure and pain. Pleasurable sensations diminish as they are repeated. The second piece of coconut-cream pie never tastes as good as the first one, and if you keep eating more it can become downright nauseating. On the other hand, pain and suffering become more and more exquisite with repetition--the more pain the more pain. The poet Keats said it this way: "pleasure is oft a visitant, but pain clings cruelly to us."

*Disintegrating family relationships.* The disintegrating family relationships caused by addiction was discussed in varying degrees, but mostly by the hardships they imposed on their families. Consistent among them was how utilities would get turned off, rent money was squandered and the kids would have to go hungry because grocery money was spent for drugs. Divorce and the loss of their kids were usually the result.

Question 3 is: How do the demands of addiction affect the family and personal relationships? Each participant gave a similar story. It is a story that is shared in 12-step programs all over the world every day.

Dasher's initial response was "Well, it's hard to have two lovers." He was talking about his wife as lover, and his addiction as lover. However, he also got involved, physically, with other women: "I would find other women who liked to get high because she [his wife] didn't like to get high. She didn't want any. She wouldn't even try it. She was very narrowminded." Hyde (1998) provides a good example: "Trickster will be less ridden by lust and hunger if his organs of appetite have been whittled away" (p. 31).

Dasher and his wife had four kids before his wife divorced him. He said, "I'd spend my last dime on dope rather than bringing milk home for my kids. I would leave the family--just desert them without anything, just so I could do what I wanted."

Dancer said, "It's sad to say, but my hustle at the time was driving a truck and spending all my money on fucking dope, man, while my kids were at home living on food stamps, you know, and not even getting the full benefits of them either. But sooner or later it comes down to the point: do I buy my daughter some new shoes or do I fucking shoot dope, you know. Of course I shot dope." Later he added: "During the course of the

addiction between the two of us [him and his wife], and because of drug addiction, CPS had my kids."

Prancer stated, "My marriage only lasted 6 months because of drug addiction because I didn't really care about my family. The only thing I cared about was doing dope. And I had--she had a son when I married her, and then we had a son together and I don't know, I seen him off and on until about 4 years old and then I didn't see him again until he was 14." As Roberts (1990) points out: "In numerous tales, animal tricksters not only acquired the material rewards that they sought but they also routinely violated social contracts in the process" (p. 36). Marriages are social contracts.

Vixen said "I've been married three times," but then told how he was married to *the co-dependent one* for 17 years. "She'd bail me out maybe the first 2 years, then after that she said 'oh fuck you! I ain't getting you out no more.'" So the strain on the marriage came on right away." A little later he told me about the four kids from that marriage. Then: "where's the money?" his wife asked. "Well, fuck, I ain't got my money back yet. I bought these drugs and I ain't moved nothing yet, so you're gonna have to wait, you know." Then Vixen said: "And that

wasn't true. Most of the time the money was squandered somewhere else." Vixen also talked about utilities being turned off periodically, and he ended this part by saying "I did nothing to make that marriage work. I did everything to destroy it. Now, with hindsight, I know that had she not been an enabler, that marriage would've been over after the first year."

Comet said, "I caused my wife an enormous amount of pain." This man, like Dasher, was married to a woman who didn't use drugs or alcohol. Comet said that "she's really got good values and she's really raised me as well as she did my kids." Later, he said: "I think my greatest regret is the amounts of money I stole from my family. I stole from my in-laws. I stole a coin collection from my mother-in-law. I stole wedding bands and things that were valuable family heirlooms to get a fix." Talking about his wife, Comet said "today she's experiencing some headaches from my banging her up. She's got backaches from my banging her up. I did that." The pain in his eyes convinced me of his remorse. And he's even sorrier for how he neglected his kids. Comet's abusive behavior was unequivocally violent.

*Violence.* Violence is ubiquitous in the chemically dependent male population and was described vividly by each of the participants. They also talked about how their drunken fathers beat them, which they felt was why their violence emerged in the first place. Their violent behavior was subsequently perpetrated on their families, as well as in the community, which often resulted in their being jailed.

Violence is a common theme among drug addicts in general, and particularly so with jointsters. Vixen said,

I've had my hands busted, you know. I think every bone (pause)--I had this finger hanging out over here. This one--well, you can see. They're still all fucked up. Both my hands are busted, you know, from fights. You know, I'd hit so hard I'd bust them on a person, or bust them on a wall, or bust--you know, on something. I even busted up the bars I was in.

It is not uncommon for us to be thrown out of bars for fighting; however, bars weren't the only places we would get kicked out of and banned from. When talking about a man in a bar, Dasher said, "If I hadn't had so damn much beer, you know, sitting in there, I wouldn't have kicked his ass and sent him on his way."

While talking about the effects of addiction on the family, Dancer said,

Yeah, well, you know what man, for the longest time,

you know, I was doing time for violent crimes for, you know, beating people up and that was all behind drugs. Fortunately, since I've gotten sober I haven't hit anybody in the face with a baseball bat to take all their dope from them.

When I was first introduced to Dancer, I saw that intangible quality--that aura that signals to other perceptive souls that he is a thoroughly dangerous man. He isn't a skinhead and he doesn't have tatoos or any of the other typical drug addict signs--just that undefinable quality that only street-wise familiarity can recognize.

Prancer's shaved head and tattooed body advertizes his background. He told me about a couple of incidents on the yard where he got in trouble for fighting and disrespect, and he said that he also participated in riots while in the joint.

Vixen talked vehemently about his violent past. He said, "I got in a big fight while in basic camp and ripped this guy a new asshole." Commenting on his arrests for violence he said, "Five times I was jailed for assault with a deadly weapon." Later he continues: "I pistol whipped the shit out of a guy because he stole some drugs from me." If I were to quote all of the violence he reported, it would take two or three more

typewritten pages, but here is one more: "I knocked him completely out, kicked him with a steel-toed boot, busted his jaw, drug him under my truck, and I was gonna run over him. The only thing that saved him was my brother choking the fuck out of me."

Comet's only remarks on violence are at the end of the last section when he talked about "banging her up"--domestic violence in his case.

#### *Trickster war stories*

My last theme elucidates the ever-present war stories that drug addicts are capable of spinning. A war story is 12-step terminology that describes the peccant, pugnacious, and hedonistic nature of trickster experiences--all those tales about the dirty, rotten, *scumbag*--typically trickster, which are transparently a mixture of fact and fiction. These are the stories that are made into literature by writers like Jack London and Ambrose Bierce, but which are labeled confabulation when used by doctors and psychologists to describe the behavior of drug addicts. This confabulation, coupled with exaggeration, by drug addicts is also found around the tables of Alcoholics and Narcotics Anonymous

meetings. Their propensity for confabulation and tall tales often continues into recovery and remaining a character trait for the rest of their lives.

In Alcoholics Anonymous, drunkalogues are called war stories. In Narcotics Anonymous, drugalogues are also called war stories. Short violent war stories were told in the last section. Some war stories are interesting, others captivating, and some are downright funny. What follows is a short sampling of some war stories told by my participants, which is illustrative of the trickster archetype.

*Dasher.* Dasher explained that "a lot of guys that I hanged out with were doing some border jumping--getting drugs in Mexico and bringing them back into the states." While Dasher wasn't doing any smuggling himself, he did offer his house to store drugs in. To hide the drugs, he built a bookshelf with concealed wheels, and placed it in front of a closet where the drugs were hidden. Dasher remarked that he got the idea from an old Lon Chaney movie.

*Dancer.* When I think of cattle rustling, I think of cowboy movies; however, Dancer wasn't that kind of cattle rustler. He and his buddies would go into supermarkets and "we'd pick all the high-dollar shit. We would steal all the beef that we could and steal all the filet mignon, and then store it in ice chests in the back of the truck, and later we would go into the bars and sell it for half price."

*Prancer.* "I didn't have an income anymore, so I learned how to steal cars and I got pretty good at it. I got away with it for about 8 or 9 years." When I asked him how he did it, Prancer said "well, you need a pair of pliers, flathead screwdriver, phillips screwdriver, some extra screws, and a five-pound dent puller. Carry that with you all the time." His operation and his success at stealing cars were phenomenal.

*Vixen.* Tricksters are manipulative geniuses. Vixen was told by his lawyer that he was lucky to have gotten the district attorney to agree to 90 days in the county jail for an assault with a deadly weapon. Vixen told his attorney: "You know what? You go back in there and you

get me a fine and get me out of that 90 days. I don't want no time." The attorney said that he couldn't get him off this time. "Well, fuck it then. We'll go to court." The attorney said "wait a minute, wait a minute." The attorney went back into the court room and came out with no time and a thousand dollar fine.

*Comet.* Comet told an interesting story about his fraudulent practices working in service stations. He said "I tried my hand at 50 percenting in gas stations-- cheating people for money, and I was pretty effective at that. It was exciting, adrenaline-producing, and was a high in itself. I was very good at it but it required a certain amount of bullshit. You had to be a good bullshitter if you really wanted to sling some shit. So, I think we were quality salesmen." This now-defunct confidence game was practiced diligently by these tricksters as they methodically extracted money from unsuspecting tourists for services rendered.

#### *Artistic Component*

Once I became so intrigued and fascinated by these part-factual, part-fiction stories from my participants

that I began questioning whether my phenomenological research approach was really accentuating the lived experiences of criminalized male drug addicts and the trickster archetype.

I could effectively continue with this linear phenomenological approach, but I didn't believe it would elucidate enough, in a depth psychological way, what it was that my participants had to offer concerning the trickster archetype in this population of drug addicts.

Therefore, I moved this straight phenomenological research study into a hybrid research methodology incorporating an artistic component where I have elucidated the trickster archetype by focusing on trickster stories of drug addicts.

Moustakas (1990) points out that once the researcher has mastered knowledge of the material that illuminates and explicates, the researcher is challenged to put the components and core themes into a creative synthesis. This usually takes the form of a narrative depiction utilizing verbatim material and examples, but it may be expressed as a poem, story, drawing, painting, or by some other creative form (p. 32).

I have chosen to combine factual and fictional

accounts of trickster escapades, romps, and adventures and express them through the life of a fictional character who I have named Harry Scumbag.

Denney (2001) points out

that one knows art when one sees it. From a depth psychological point of view, that axiom might be expanded to say that one knows art when one experiences it. It is this performative, paradoxical, self-referential quality of art that can render it unexplainable in rational or scientific terms, and require for its understanding an additional, discontinuous, poetic way of thinking. (p. 122)

In a Trickster-Hermes kind of spirit, Picasso said that "art is the lie that enables us to realize the truth" (Peter, 1977, p. 59). Similarly, addiction is the thimblorig that enables us to realize the truth.

The meaning of art is ambiguous. *The International Dictionary of Thoughts* (Bradley, Daniels, Leo, & Jones, 1969) includes the comments of a variety of thinkers on art. Allston says, "never judge a work of art by its defects" (p. 50). Atkinson adds, "Real art is illumination, it adds stature to life" (p. 50). The essence of storytelling can be entertaining as well as informative. Cobb, in the same work, stated that "a good storyteller is a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't" (p. 691). And Eliot contends: "No

story is the same to us after the lapse of time: or rather we who read it are no longer the same interpreters" (p. 691). "But that is another story" (p. 691), remarked Kipling. And Sir Walter Scott must have said these words with me in mind: "I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as it was said to me" (p. 692). And Lowell shares that "stories now, to suit a public taste, must be half epigram, half pleasant vice" (p. 691).

If one considers the power of art to reveal what is hidden and unknown, such as the nuances of addiction in the criminalized male, and if the power of art is nameless through metaphor, image, and literature, then an artistic method is well suited for depth psychology.

I believe that fictive storytelling is more effective than didactic rhetoric to characterize the lived experiences that my participants related to me. As Lavery (1980) points out, dissertations as fictions are not new:

In 1947 Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. was denied a master's degree in anthropology at the University of Chicago because his thesis, "Fluctuations Between Good and Evil in Simple Tales," was rejected by his committee. Yet in 1971, Vonnegut's novel *Cat's Cradle*, his ironic tale of Dr. Felix Hoenikker, "Ice-nine," Bokononism, and the end of the world,

was seen as a "Significant work in anthropology" by the same university, and Vonnegut was granted his long overdue degree.

Vonnegut wasn't alone. Carlos Castaneda published fiction in a doctoral dissertation:

As Richard De Mille has shown, the third book of Carlos Castaneda's account of his apprenticeship to a Yaqui Indian sorcerer, Don Juan Matus, *Journey to Ixtlan* (1972), was accepted as is but with a different title as a doctoral dissertation at UCLA, although the work has come under severe attack by critics who insist that it is not ethnographically accurate and is labeled by, among others, Joyce Carol Oates and Ronald Sukenick, as clearly a work of fiction. Moreover, no one on Castaneda's committee is willing to discuss the circumstances understanding [sic] its acceptance, as Demille discovered, and some have even alluded to "blackmail." Mysteriously, Castaneda has also forbidden University Microfilms from distributing copies of the dissertation except with his prior permission.

What I gleaned from the interview data of male drug addicts was, like Vonnegot's and Castaneda's work, also a paradoxical mixture of fact and fiction--confabulation and exaggeration. Being around drug addicts all my life, I recognized that what they were telling me wasn't all truth.

Rather than presenting my experimental data as fact, I had to take into account that my participants were giving me "data" as stories that could be neither confirmed nor denied. Within this realm of self-

referential paradox, I considered that as dissertation writer I, too, should perhaps become a trickster. To accomplish that, I would tell stories gleaned from the culture of drug addiction, stories of my own personal experience, and that of others.

In terms of dissertation writing, will my accounts be "fact?" I will forever swear that they are. But, as I had to assign fictitious names to my participants to protect their identities, so I must assign a fictitious name to my character in my stories.

In this way, my artistic method of storytelling will enhance my dissertation, making it more depth psychological and thus make it more meaningful. I have selected the name of Harry Scumbag as the main character in my stories.

"Harry Scumbag and the Tijuana Connection" is the story of how Harry Scumbag and his partners in crime passed counterfeit money to build enough investment capital to go into the drug smuggling/drug dealing business.

"Harry Scumbag and the Cattle Rustlers" employs Hermes the cattle thief. Harry and his fellow rustlers steal "cattle," meat from supermarkets, then sell it for

half price to support their drug habits.

"Harry Scumbag and the Car Theft Caper" is about Harry and his friends stealing cars by either busting the locks on parked cars or entering cars that are unlocked, then using a dent-puller and a screwdriver to start the cars.

"Harry Scumbag and the Lube Bay Bandits" is a trickster story in the form of a confidence man in gasoline service stations, selling automotive parts by misrepresentation or fraud to unwitting motorists, while being praised as a savior by the very people he swindled.

"Harry Scumbag's Prescription for Addiction" depicts the con man mode by stories of calling in and writing forged medical prescriptions for pharmaceutical drugs.

A Series of Five Stories  
in the Life of  
Harry Scumbag

## Chapter 4

## HARRY SCUMBAG AND THE TIJUANA CONNECTION

The sheer richness of trickster phenomena can easily lead one to conclude that the trickster is indefinable. In fact, to define (*de-finis*) is to draw borders around phenomena, and tricksters seem amazingly resistant to such capture; they are notorious border breakers. (Hynes & Doty, 1997, p. 33)

When Harry Scumbag walked down main street in his home town of Barstow, California in the early 1970s he was looked upon as the hippie type, with hair down to his shoulders and a scraggly beard. Before that, during the hippie 1960s, however, he was seen as a nice, clean-cut young man with short hair and a neatly trimmed mustache. Regardless of when it was, Scumbag was always 5'3" tall and weighed anywhere from 135 to 160 pounds, depending on what drug he was using at any given time.

Scumbag has always had a friendly, fun-loving personality with a rather warped sense of humor. He might put a thumb tack on someone's chair, then laugh when the unwitting target cries out in pain. Sometimes he seems very bright, while at other times his left hand doesn't seem to know what his right hand is doing. Most people who know him agree that he dances to the beat of a different drummer.

Scumbag was a drug addict for many years, and he has always been quite resourceful when it came to supporting his drug use. He was clever, hedonistic, unscrupulous, and relentless, and consequently a very successful drug addict. He was also imaginative in ways that were beyond belief.

One day, Jimmy the Gypper was passing through Barstow. Gypper was Scumbag's first cousin, and they'd been friends since childhood. After having a few drinks and smoking some pot, Scumbag told Gypper that he needed some money in order to buy some more dope. Scumbag asked Gypper if he had anything going at the time. Of course Gypper had something going--counterfeit money.

"Can ya get me some?"

"Sure, sure," replied Gypper in his animated way, "no problem, no problem. Jus lemme know when ya want em. Each twenty will cost ya seven bucks, home boy, seven bucks."

After Gypper had left Barstow for his home in Los Angeles, Scumbag called Manny, one of his old drug-slugging partners, and explained the opportunity for some fast cash. Manny, a Mexican American who couldn't speak a lick of Spanish, also wore a full beard and long hair,

and was a couple years younger than Scumbag. He was down on his luck at the time. He always looked up to Harry as a mentor, so they entered a partnership. They pooled their resources: Scumbag had about \$300 left over from robbing a Stop-n-Go market, and Manny sold his stereo system and matched Harry's \$300. They were ready to invest in the lucrative counterfeit money racket. They went to Los Angeles and made the transaction with Jimmy the Gypper. They invested \$200 each. That gave them each \$560 in counterfeit twenties.

Manny and Scumbag split up the funny money, went back to Barstow, and set out on separate paths to earn their shares, going to out-of-the-way little desert towns to pass it off. Scumbag drove south and passed all of his twenties between Lucerne Valley and Victorville on highway 18 at little mom and pop markets and small cafes, usually buying a six-pack and a bag of fritos, paying with a phoney twenty and getting back the change. Manny drove east and passed all of his at similar places between Barstow and Needles on historic Highway 66. By the time each of them passed 30 counterfeit twenties, they had \$600 dollars apiece.

Scumbag and Manny reunited once they successfully

turned their shares into investment capital. However, one thing bothered Manny: "Hey Scumbag, why do you have twenty-five dollars less than I do?"

"Did you really expect me to drive all that way in the hot desert sun without drinking any beer?"

"Yeah, I did."

Then with a laugh and a smile Scumbag replied jovially, "Then you're a dumb fucker."

Manny heard through the grapevine that Moe, a cook at Dennys Restaurant, was the one dealing most of the pot that was circulating at the time, so Manny and Scumbag headed for lunch at Dennys. They discovered that Moe was not only dealing the pot, but he was also smuggling it out of Tijuana. By Scumbag and Manny's standards, Moe was funny looking. He had horned rimmed glasses and a bald head. He looked like some kind of business executive, but his aspirations at that time had only gotten him to head cook at Dennys.

Scumbag had built a legend around himself in the drug culture around the high desert over the years. He could spin tall tales, "war stories," that could rival Don Quixote's heroic adventures chasing windmills. Even though Moe was a newcomer to the area, he had heard of

Scumbag's tall tales.

Manny and Scumbag had the money, and Moe had the connection in Tijuana, so they went into the drug-smuggling business. Manny and Scumbag didn't care much for Moe's dry and impersonal disposition, so they didn't really try to be friends with him. This was business. They all agreed that it was unnecessary for all three of them to go down there, so Moe and Scumbag rented a car and made the trip. They also agreed that it was unnecessary for both Moe and Scumbag to be in the car when the stash was smuggled across the border into the United States. Better one person go to jail than two. A week later Scumbag and the stiff-necked Moe were on their way to the dirty city.

Once they crossed the border into Tijuana, and after they drove through the downtown area where the street-corner whores, nightclubs, and crazy taxi drivers hung out, they entered a sleazy, rancid-smelling area with pot-holed pavement and dirt roads. They ended up in an alley next to a dingy-looking tenement building.

Scumbag waited in the car. Out of Scumbag's view, Moe gave his connection \$1,000 for 28 kilos of pot--roughly \$35 a kilo. Then, Moe whistled and Scumbag pulled

up in the car. Scumbag and Moe then transferred the pot from an empty apartment to the trunk of the car. Scumbag never saw Moe's connection. When they got into the car to return to the border, they began to notice the inevitable fear.

Being jailed in Tijuana for drug possession was a frightening thought--not to mention drug smuggling, so Moe drove carefully and they both behaved as normally as possible.

Then the unthinkable happened. A cop was standing on a corner just as they entered the downtown area again, and he was looking straight at them. Right away Scumbag noticed the panic welling up in Moe and he said assertively "Moe, don't even think about stepping on that gas pedal--that will only draw more attention." They argued for awhile. Scumbag won the argument, and Moe slowly edged the car ahead until they were out of sight of the cop.

Scumbag had calmed down by the time they got to where he would get out and walk--just south of the border; however, Moe entered another fearful phase crossing the border.

Scumbag started walking across the border as Moe

started driving. They were unable to keep each other in sight. It only took about 30 minutes for Scumbag to walk to the *Jack in the Box* on the American side of the border. Then, he began sweating bullets waiting. Finally, Moe pulled into the driveway. Scumbag jumped into the car and hit Moe on the shoulder and said, "right on Moeby ole boy, we did it!"

"Yeah, we did it," Moe said solemnly.

Scumbag had arranged for them to go to the home of an old friend who lived in Chula Vista, California--not far from the Mexican border. Like Scumbag, Huck had long hair and a full beard, but he was taller, with tatoos covering his arms. Huck and Scumbag had grown up together, first meeting in the old Barstow Jail when they were 15 years old. They both had been jailed for drinking under age.

When Huck answered the door, he said, "Hey Scumbag, how's it hangin?" I haven't seen you since the time you told me about how you floated down the Colorado River on a raft filled with shrooms."

Scumbag told Huck about the stash they had smuggled over the border. After some small talk, Huck said "pull around to the side of the house and we'll throw it in my

bedroom window." The side of the house was dark and away from the street and much quicker and safer than carrying it from the car to the house. Once they tossed the bricks (kilos) of pot into the window, they parked out front and entered the house. Scumbag and Moe followed Huck into his bedroom, where he grabbed a bookshelf full of books and opened it like a door. No wheels visible, just a smooth opening uncovering a closet. There was another closet in the room, so it didn't look suspicious at all.

Actually, Huck had cut a hole in the wall inside of a closet, and made another closet so the bookshelf would close into the wall, making the bookshelf flush with the wall. They stashed the dope in the hidden closet.

Since Huck's wife didn't know about his drug activities, didn't even know about the hidden closet, he had to move the dope later without her knowing it. She worked the graveyard shift as a waitress, and he had to do his business before she returned home. It was after midnight when Scumbag and Moe left Huck's and checked in at a local motel.

Only a couple miles from where Huck lived there was an old cemetery. The last person buried there was in 1898. It was supposedly haunted. When approaching the old

graveyard at night, there was always a glowing coming from it. Whenever anybody went into the graveyard, however, there was no light or glowing anywhere to be seen. Nobody could figure out the source of the glowing. There never seemed to be any noise there either, not even the sounds of crickets, coyotes, wild dogs or other common noises heard in the vicinity. Whether people stayed away from there for these reasons isn't clear, but the place turned out to be a good one for what Huck used it for.

The next morning Scumbag went to the cemetery and found an old gravesite where the coffin had been raided by coyotes or wild dogs. All the bones were gone, but the old coffin was still in the ground. Scumbag cleaned out the remaining fragments of clothing, preparing the site for a place to keep the stash until they could distribute it. Before leaving for Barstow with Moe, Scumbag showed the site to Huck.

A few days later, while his wife was still at work, Huck moved the stash of dope from the hidden closet into his car. He drove to the cemetery and deposited the dope in the old gravesite, and covered it with dirt. It was actually safer for him to do this during the day so he

didn't have to worry about anyone seeing his headlights. He was able to camouflage the grave with tree branches before he left.

Actually, Scumbag and Moe had not stashed quite all of the dope at Huck's. They had taken a few bricks back to Barstow with them for personal use, and to sell in small quantities for expense money.

Soon, they decided to get down to business. Reuniting with Manny, they made telephone calls to people they knew all around southern California, taking orders for the marijuana. Jimmy the Gypper even became one of their customers. When they had pre-sold all the bricks, they connected with Huck again and went to the graveyard to retrieve the dope. The final step was easy. They delivered the goods and collected their money. Then they returned to Barstow to organize their next move: another trip to Tijuana.

With plenty of money now in hand, they decided to move to the Los Angeles area where they would be more centrally located for their customers. They rented a big fancy apartment, and Scumbag moved his future ex-wife in with them, whose role in the operation, at first, would be as cook and housekeeper.

Lynda was a looker, and Scumbag got an egotistical delight out of watching his partners lust after her. Lynda, however, was only there to please Scumbag. She had a sweet personality and didn't dress or act provocatively, so there were no conflicts concerning her, though Manny and Moe both hit on her when Scumbag wasn't around. To keep peace in the domestic household, Lynda never mentioned this to Scumbag.

Scumbag and Moe made another trip to Tijuana, repeating what they did the first time. They were, indeed, living the good life. They now had \$3,000. In hard cold cash. But they got greedy. They decided to make just one more trip.

They all agreed that having Lynda in the car to cross the border with Moe would cause less suspicion. Since this was going to be their last trip in a car, they wanted to minimize as much as possible the chances of getting caught.

When Moe and Lynda were waiting in the long line of cars to cross back into the states, Lynda started to panic: "Moe, I'm scared to death."

"Lynda, I've done this a lot, just sit there and be calm." About that time Moe started to put a cigarette out

in the ash tray, but he was shaking so bad that he dropped it on the floor.

"Done this a lot, huh? Be calm, huh? Then why in the fuck are you shaking like a nervous schoolboy on his first date?"

"Just get that cigarette before the carpet catches on fire," said Moe as he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Just as Scumbag was showing his I.D. at the border, he saw a bunch of immigration officers running out of the building over to the car in which Moe and Lynda were crossing in. The officer looked at Scumbag and said, "looks like they got another load of dope." Little did the officer know that one of the accomplices of that load of dope was standing right in front of him.

Scumbag needed help. He was standing outside the Jack-in-the-Box on the U.S. side of the border. His accomplices had just been arrested and he had no way to get out of there. He had another ole homeboy living in nearby Escondido, California, a guy named Billy. Scumbag called phone Billy and asked if he would come and get him. He did. After explaining to Billy what had just happened, it was obvious that Scumbag needed some

financial help, and it was obvious to them both that Billy owed Scumbag a favor.

A couple years earlier, Billy was fresh out of the joint without a job or any money, so Scumbag let him move in with him and loaned him enough money to buy a car. About a month later, Billy jumped parole and left town in a hurry without paying Scumbag what he owed.

It happened that currently Billy was in possession of a large amount of heroin, so as payment of his debt he fronted Scumbag a considerable amount of it. They both knew that selling heroin was a profitable business only if those who are selling it aren't using it. Unfortunately, Scumbag and Billy couldn't resist, so they both got high. Scumbag called Manny, and he arrived from Barstow the following day. Billy had offered Scumbag a ride back to Barstow, but Scumbag felt that Manny needed to take some of the responsibility for this most unfortunate setback. Besides, they could shoot dope while Manny was driving. "I'd much rather hang out here and shoot dope than shoot dope in the car and drive 175 miles. It just makes more sense," said Scumbag.

"I can't argue with that."

Scumbag greeted Manny at the door, and then

introduced him to Billy. Manny couldn't help but notice that these guys were stoned out of their minds. "You Scumbag mother fucker, how are we going to take care of business when you're so fucked up you can't even talk right?"

"I can talk right," said Scumbag slowly, scratching his nose, "I just can't, right, uh, talk right very fast." Then Scumbag and Billy started laughing hilariously. A couple hours later--after settling their differences, Scumbag and Billy weren't as stoned, and Manny wanted to know what happened at the border.

"Manny, I just didn't know what the hell to do. I mean, right as Moe and Lynda was crossing in the car, I was being asked for my I.D.. About the time all those cops came running out of the building over to their car, I figured it was time for me to get the hell out of there, so I pulled my I.D. out of the immigration officer's hand and started walking away. He yelled, 'hey you, come back here!' I figured that was it, home boy. I walked back and for some reason I hit him as hard as I could. Knocked him out cold. Then I ran like a striped-assed ape--not away from the border, but toward it. Good thing too, homey, because that's not where they were

gonna look for me. I went back to the border and ran into the immigration building went upstairs and started looking for a place to hide. No way they'd look for me in their own building, you know. I looked out this open window and as luck would have it, there was a truck with a load of hay driving by, so I jumped out the window and landed perfectly. I got a free ride all the way to Escondido. I jumped off at a red light, found a phone booth, and called Billy."

Manny sat there watching as Scumbag carried on, and when he was finished, Manny just shook his head and calmly said, "You're so full of bullshit, Scumbag, no wonder your eyes are brown."

"If I'm lyin, I'm dying. I'm telling the truth, brother. It was awful. I thought I was going to prison for the rest of my life."

Scumbag and Manny left Billy's place with about \$10,000.00 dollars worth of heroin. They had both used heroin periodically over the years, but somehow managed to avoid a habit. Still, they knew many addicts in the high desert--people they had bought heroin from before. Between the smaller quantities of pot that they had delegated to sell, and the heroin front, they were in a

financial position to bail Lynda out of jail and hire her a lawyer. A monumental feat for a couple of dope fiends whose track record was using more than they sold.

What happened to Moe? Well, they just left him in jail. He had served his purpose, so he ended up being a pawn. It all seemed to be justified, considering Moe's dry and boring personality.

Once Scumbag and Manny paid Billy back for the heroin front and collected the rest of what was owed to them locally, the chapter of Scumbag Harry's life spent as a drug-smuggling drug dealer was over, but his life as a full-blown heroin addict was just starting.

There was scarcely a time when Scumbag wasn't serving time, pending court, doing community service, paying fines, or serving a term of parole or probation--all the while telling tall tales. About a year later, he was placed on probation for possession of marijuana. One day while Scumbag was paying a visit to his probation officer, Mr. McEcheron said: "Mr. Scumbag, I happen to know that about a year ago, you was doing some drug smuggling from Mexico and selling it around here."

"I'm not selling anything, sir!" Scumbag said, defending himself.

"I'm not talking about now. I'm curious about something else. What I want to know is, how you can sleep at night knowing full well there were kids buying and using the drugs you brought into the country?"

"Some of the drugs I brought into the country really helped people and probably saved lives," countered Scumbag.

"Come off it, will ya. Don't piss on my back and try to tell me I'm sweating. Drugs ruin lives."

"Not Laetrile, it cures cancer, and you can't get it in the United States."

"What the hell is Laetrile?" the probation officer asked.

"It's an anti-cancer herb for hopeless cases, and it's outlawed in the United States by the FDA. A lot of people with cancer want it because there isn't anything more that the doctors can offer, and there have been hundreds of reports that it helps."

"That still doesn't make it legal and . . ."

Scumbag cut him off. "Listen," he said, "if your mother was dying of cancer and there wasn't anything more that they could do and she heard about Laetrile, are you telling me you wouldn't at least try getting her some?"

Mr. McEcheron hesitated, then said, "you're right. Under those conditions, I believe I would."

"Well, with every load of pot that we brought across the border, we also brought some Laetrile which we sold to an herbal medicine store in San Bernardino. We don't make enough money on Laetrile to compensate for the risk of smuggling, but we do it because we're interested, believe it or not, in helping people."

From that time on, Scumbag's relationship with his probation officer was on a higher plane. In fact, a year later Scumbag successfully terminated probation--early.

## Chapter 5

## HARRY SCUMBAG AND THE CATTLE RUSTLERS

Among other things, Hermes was the god of commerce, invention, and cunning, who also served as messenger, scribe, and herald for the other gods. He was also the protector of thieves and liars. Besides that, Hermes the cattle thief, adopted as their patron god by thieves in general, became Hermes the Thief (Brown, 1990). Drug addicts, personifying the trickster archetype, are viewed today as scumbag sewer rats, but Hermes the Cattle Rustler wasn't.

Whereas the idiom *cattle rustling* was well known in circles that Scumbag traveled in, it's not a phrase that's known by most people, at least not in the context in which Scumbag and his crime partners used it.

Scumbag and his three road dogs, Charlie, Psycho, and Worm, met at Von's supermarket about noon. They agreed that if during the caper they got separated, they would meet later at Scumbag's house. They all lived in Riverside, California, and they would venture to surrounding communities to rustle cattle.

Each of them entered Vons except Worm, he remained in Scumbag's pickup truck with the motor running, not far from the store's entrance. Worm was a weasel-looking little guy--the type who reminded people of a child molester or a sex pervert. That's why his buddies didn't

want him going into the stores--his shady appearance was considered a liability.

These modern-day cattle rustlers entered the store separately so that they wouldn't draw attention. Once in the store, Scumbag accumulated several items before he found his way back to the meat section where he would load his basket with cattle--filet mignon, New York strip steaks, Chateaubriand, and flank steaks.

Scumbag's pain-*steaking* professionalism kept him shopping at a pace that wouldn't be likely to attract attention. He positioned himself in an opportunistic location in the store near the exit, pulled a plastic bag out of his pocket and filled it up with the cattle from the grocery basket, then casually went outside.

Worm was behind the wheel and ready to go. When it was obvious that no one was coming after him, Scumbag went to the bed of his truck and started putting the meat into an ice chest. Then, Scumbag and Worm waited for the next rustler to exit the store.

About 5 minutes later, Charlie came walking out, and Worm was again ready for a quick getaway. Charlie was a lanky six feet tall who had two speeds--slow and slower, so Worm had to be especially ready to get over to pick

him up if someone came after him. Fortunately, Charlie made it, and he placed the meats in the ice chest and hopped into the bed of the truck. By the time Charlie was done, Psycho exited the store--also without incident, so Psycho jumped in the back with Charlie as Worm drove slowly out of the parking lot.

Psycho was the rowdy one of the team, and he talked too much. Already a three-time loser and on parole, one would think he would not want to go back to prison, but doing time was not a deterrent to crime for him. His motto was "don't do the crime if you can't do the time."

The cattle rustlers then made stops at various bars and restaurants where they sold their booty for half price to the patrons who were ready for a bargain. Once they off'd all the meat, the cattle rustlers pooled their money and sent Worm to score. Worm was in the best standing with the heroin dealer at the time. An hour later, they were all at Scumbag's place with the heroin, adding more tracks on their arms and talking about the good ole days.

"Hey Charlie," said Scumbag, "remember when we first started hustling the supermarkets?"

"Yeah man, the cigarette hustle. We can't do it

anymore because cigarettes are kept locked up now."

"Hey, I used to do that over in the Valley back in the 60s," chimed in Psycho, "smokes were around ten bucks a carton and were out in the open where you could just stick 'em into a shoppin basket."

"That's right, and eleven of them would fit in a paper bag perfectly," added Charlie.

"I was like 16 when I started, that was before I could grow a beard and before I had tatoos," continued Scumbag as he rubbed his nose and put out a cigarette.

"Yeah, yeah, and we didn't have to wear long-sleeved shirts back then either," commented Worm as he too scratched his nose. People under the influence of opiates are continually scratching their noses.

Scumbag and Charlie had done the cigarette hustle the same way they did cattle rustling. Charlie would traverse the supermarket, filling up the shopping cart with such things as dog food and charcoal. He'd go to where the smokes were and put eleven cartons in the basket. A little later Scumbag would come in with a paper bag folded up nice and neat and stuffed into his pants. When Charlie saw Scumbag coming toward him, he would abandon the cart, go out and start the car, and have it

right outside the door--motor running and ready to go. Scumbag would extract the cartons of cigarettes from the cart, then push it to the front of the store, abandon the cart, and walk out like he had a bag of groceries. He'd get in the idling car with Charlie, and away they would go.

"Hey, Scumbag, tell Worm and Psycho about when you got caught in the parking lot," prodded Charlie."

"Yeah, okay. At least three or four times a week, me and my old buddy, Meathead, would go to Vons. Meathead would pull in front of the automatic doors and stop, leaving the motor running. He wouldn't move, even if there was a car behind him honking the horn. The liquor department was right by the door. All I had to do was walk in, turn left into the liquor department that didn't have its own cashier, by the way, stuff a pint of tequila down my pants, and walk out the door--all in about a minute. I would get into the car and we'd would go back to Meathead's house and get drunk."

Scumbag warmed to the stories as he went on. "During that same period of time, my uncle Cecil just got out of the joint--he had just pulled 26 years. He was in his mid-50s, but he acted like a dumb-ass teenager. One day

Cecil drove me to the store because Meathead was busy doing something. On the way, I explained to Uncle Cecil what to do, emphasizing that under no circumstances should he move the car away from the front of the store--even if someone is honking their horn."

"Shit, when I came out, that son-of-a-bitch wasn't there. I stopped, looked around, and then finally saw him getting ready to park in the parking lot. As I was walking toward his car I started to panic--and with good reason, a store manager came out of the store yelling at me to stop, so I took off running towards Cecil's car."

"Unfortunately," continued Scumbag, "there was this fucking hero in the parking lot--a hefty, football-player-looking fucker. This guy started after me. Shit, I tried to fake this bruiser out by moving one way, then the other, but it didn't work. The bastard clocked me, and there I was flat on my back in the parking lot."

"An hour later I was in jail. When I went to court, the judge only gave me 10 days in the city jail--I couldn't believe it. I was expecting 60 or 90 days in the county. Anyway guys, on that hot summer day, my tequila-stealing days were over."

The following day at noon Scumbag, Charlie, Worm,

and Psycho needed cash again for another score. They all met in the parking lot of Albertsons supermarket in nearby San Bernardino. Again Scumbag went in first and repeated what he had done the day before. As he came out of the store, Worm was again waiting in the truck with the motor running. Again Scumbag put the steaks into the ice chest, then got into the cab with Worm. About 5 minutes later Psycho came strutting out in his cocksure way, but he only got about 20 yards away from the door when a store manager came out and started yelling at him to stop.

Immediately, Worm shot over and Psycho jumped in the bed of the truck and lay down, and they were out of the parking lot and down the street before the store manager could get back into the store to call the police. They drove about five blocks and pulled behind a small shopping center in an alleyway and stashed the truck.

They walked around to the front of the shopping center and Scumbag and Psycho waited inside of a laundromat. Worm called a cab and left to go pick up his car. They didn't want to put the truck back on the street until nightfall.

Meanwhile Charlie, still in the store, noticed some

commotion going on at the front. Naturally, he was always on the alert for the unexpected--keeping an open eye and ear to the store's environment. It's just part of the hustle. Charlie casually walked away from his shopping cart and ambled out of the store like he was taking a Sunday stroll. Twenty minutes later he walked into the laundromat. They only had to wait an additional 15 minutes for Worm to return.

They got into Worm's car, drove around to the back of the shopping center and got the ice chest out of the truck, and put it in the trunk of Worm's car. Then they went to Scumbag's place to shoot some dope and plan their next move. Unlike speed addicts, they didn't hang out and party. They had business to take care of, and they usually took care of it. They had to. Without drugs they'd get physically sick if they didn't.

Their plan was set. However, Charlie couldn't participate because he had an appointment with his probation officer. He wasn't even able to slam any dope because he knew he would be asked to pee in a jar.

"Fuck that probation officer, Charlie," said Psycho with a belligerent tone of voice. "Let's get down. Call the fucker and tell em your mother died or something, and

that you'll be there tomorrow."

"You ain't got both oars in the water, man, no wonder we call you Psycho. See you guys later," said Charlie as he walked out the door.

Scumbag, Psycho, and Worm set out on the plan. They got into Worm's car again and drove to the neighboring community of Moreno Valley. Parking a block away, they walked to a Chief's Auto Parts store. There were two young guys working the counter. As Scumbag and his partners watched through the windows of the store, they noticed that one of the clerks made a trip to the back room, probably checking on the availability of parts.

That's when Scumbag entered the store and started shopping around. Psycho came in a couple minutes later, but had to wait until the counter man finished with a customer. Then he approached the counter man: "How's it going, partner? Say, I'm looking for a set of points for a 1972 El Camino." About the time the counter man started going through one of those big auto parts books on the counter, Scumbag started grabbing things like high-dollar cams, intake manifolds, and high-performance Edelbrock carburetors.

What the other counter person was doing would

determine how soon Worm would enter the store. They had to keep both counter men busy, so Scumbag could get out of the store with all the merchandise. When the young parts man returned from the backroom, Worm came in and asked him for something he knew they wouldn't have: "Hey buddy, I need a water pump for a 58 Chevy 283. Would you please check to see if by any chance you might have one?"

With the two counter men kept busy doing other things, Scumbag made it out of the store, walked around to the back, and pulled a trash bag out of his pocket and filled it up with the parts. By the time the store employees figured out what happened to them, Scumbag and his fellow hustlers were gone. Scumbag walked out of the store with a couple thousand dollars worth of performance parts. Later, they would sell their booty for half price to mechanics at automotive garages, car dealerships, and service stations.

The three of them met at Worm's car and went to Scumbag's place, where they stashed the parts. Now it was time to sell the meat they had gotten earlier. By the time they did that, it was dark, and time to go pick up the truck if it was still there. It was. They removed the stolen license plates and replaced them with the ones

that belonged on it; then Worm and Psycho left in Worm's car, and Scumbag went home in his truck.

When Scumbag walked into his place, his answering machine light was blinking. It was one of his ex-girlfriends.

"Scumbag, this is Jackie, please give me a call. I really need to talk to you."

He dialed the number and sat down on his chair next to the telephone.

"Hello."

"How ya doing, girl? Are you still the prettiest girl in the world?"

"You're sweet, Scumbag, I don't care what I've been hearin about ya. Hey, my mom is really struggling right now, and I was wondering if you could do me a big favor."

"If I can. What is it?"

"My mom's car broke down. She called her mechanic to come and tell her what it would cost to fix, but she can't afford the parts. She needs a carburetor. If she doesn't get the car running she can't go to work and she'll lose her job."

When Scumbag was leaving Chief's Auto Parts, he had grabbed a carburetor on his way out the door. It wasn't a

high-performance item comparable to what they normally took, but it was there and easy to take.

"Jackie, you're in luck. If you'll bring over a pint of tequila, I'll furnish the pot. I have the very carburetor that fits your mom's car."

"Scumbag, are you propositioning me?"

"No, I just miss hangin out with ya. Come on over and get the carburetor. Your mom needs it, so you can have it."

Jackie came over and knocked on the door. "Thanks, for the carburetor, Scumbag, and for saving my Mom's job. I really appreciate it."

"I didn't steal that carburetor for your mom, you know. On my way out of the store, it was just there asking to be taken."

"You stole it! My God, Scumbag, my mom can't be putting stolen merchandise on her car."

"Would I put your mom in a position to go to jail? C'mon, take the carburetor. I guarantee her mechanic isn't going to be checking for serial numbers."

"Are you sure?" Jackie asked with a distrustful look in her eye.

"I promise. If anything like that happens, I will

let you hit me as hard as you can in the head with a hammer."

"Okay, but I doubt if I would take the chance if she didn't really need it bad."

"Do you remember that rowdy-looking biker dude, Hercules, that I used to boost with?"

"No, not really."

"Well, he was 6'4, 250 pounds, with tatoos all over his body, and he was the bully type. He used to use his size to get what he wanted. Anyway, one day we was out boosting car parts in garages and gas stations and we went into this little garage in Victorville."

"Is this going to be a long one, Scumbag?"

"No, it's a short one, and I have a good reason for telling it."

"Okay, but I can't spend the night."

"I know. Anyway, when this mechanic wouldn't buy anything, Hercules didn't like it. Jackie, this little mechanic was crippled--he had a gimpy leg and big thick glasses. I couldn't believe it. Hercules started to push this poor little guy around, so I said, 'c'mon Herc, let em alone. He doesn't want to buy. Let's go.' Then Hercules said to me: 'Shut up you little scumbag, I'll

take care of this.'"

"That bastard?"

"Jackie, I couldn't believe he said that to me, so I picked up a pipe wrench and hit 'im up side of the head. Anyway, I didn't connect very well, so now I've got this fuckin' monster coming after me. He hit me and I went sailing across the garage landing on an old car seat that was sitting on a bench. Well, in schools of martial arts, they tell us not to use it unless we have to, because our bodies are considered deadly weapons, and we can go to jail. Shit, I was committing a felony anyway, so I came flying off that old car seat and caught him with my foot, but a car was in the way and it didn't knock him down. So I got him to the ground with an y-pa-soi-nagi, then chopped him in the adam's apple. As he was laying there gasping for air and squirming around, I told the mechanic to get out of there, call the police, and not come back till they get here."

"Wow, Scumbag. I'm really impressed. You actually placed that little man before your own needs. That's really gallant."

"I realize I am usually thought of as a despicable junky, but I've told you this because I really don't want

you to worry about your mom getting in trouble for putting stolen property on her car. I just wouldn't put her at that kind of risk."

"Wow, Scumbag. I'm beginning to realize that your personal myth is like that Don Quixote guy in the *Man of La Mancha*."

"Yeah, I've always been one to protect the underdog."

Jackie nudges his shoulder with her forehead. "I wonder why that is."

"Probably because I'm an underdog."

## Chapter 6

## SCUMBAG HARRY AND THE CAR THEFT CAPER

I stick my finger into the basic voltage charge of the universe. From the basement I steal electricity to create light. My involuted mind is flourishing, giant cabbage leaves crackling through the kitchen floor. I fill the bathtub with plastic and make a mannikin in self-defense. She passionately attacks me dripping acetate jewels. Reptiles run through my jism'd fingers. My house is a sex museum. I've given up a normal life to safeguard my treasures. Objects are sacred. Even the most humble car fender is precious to me. (Cohen, 1972, p. 3)

Dealing drugs was as much a part of Harry Scumbag's life as using them, but it was never enough--he put too much of the profits into his arm. He needed to supplement his income to pay the dealer to insure that he would continue to have more to sell. Therefore, he participated in any type of criminal activity that would enable him to meet his financial obligations and still sustain the footloose lifestyle to which he'd become accustomed.

Scumbag came to a time of his life when he was using speed and associating with a much different class of drug addicts than heroin junkies. The heroin addict is often thought of as the epitome of drug addiction by virtue of the addictive properties of the drug, but a speed addict is the epitome of depravity--going to any lengths to

satisfy his hedonistic appetite, which is fueled by more of a psychological than a physical addiction.

Scumbag and Sonny were hanging out at Sonny's place in Hinkley, a little town about 12 miles north of Barstow, where Erin Brockovich exposed Pacific Gas and Electric for poisoning the residents with toxic waste.

Sonny was a tall and lanky biker type with long blond hair and a beard drooping down to the middle of his chest, and he'd rather ride a Harley Davidson than drive a car, even if it were in the middle of the winter. However, since Sonny had become involved with speed, he couldn't afford a bike.

Sitting around Sonny's house out in Hinkley, Scumbag asked, "Did you know that if it wasn't for me, the Erin Brockovich movie wouldn't have been made?"

Sonny just sat there looking at Scumbag.

"I ain't shittin ya, man. I was at some friends house when Erin was there. As she was leaving I asked her if she wanted to get into the Department of Water to go through their records."

"Her boobs got her in there," challenged Sonny.

"Bullshit, that's how Hollywood portrayed it. They couldn't admit in a movie that Erin was in there all

night without permission. That's against the law. See, I told her to be there around six in the evening, and I would get her in the building.

"So you broke in and helped her go through records, I suppose?"

"No, I got the key from someone I know that works there. Then I had one made and gave the key back. I gave Erin the key I had made, and that's all there was to it. You see, that guy would have never let her in there because of her boobs. And he isn't the wimpy type little guy that they made him out to be in the movie."

"Okay, I'll buy that, but what did you get out of it."

"We spent the following night together in a motel."

"You liar," said Sonny. "You're seven feet tall and bullet proof, and now you expect me to believe that you slept with Erin Brockovich."

"I don't care if you believe me or not, but I would like to have some of that money that came out of all that."

"Yeah, me too."

"Speaking of money, I know some people in L.A. who buy stolen cars," said Scumbag.

"Hey man, every day when I leave my girlfriend's house, I can't help but check out this bitchin Toyota four-wheeler, and . . ."

Cutting Sonny off, Scumbag asked, "Wait a minute, Dick Head. Marcella lives next door to a cop, right?"

"So what?" countered Sonny. "We could steal his car too. He has a nice Honda Prelude that should be worth a pretty penny."

"Hmm, I started to call you a fuckin idiot, but that's really not a bad idea. I know that cop. He gave me a ticket once for a chickenshit open container. He was a complete ass hole about it, too. He ran a make on me, checked out my car thoroughly, shined his light in my eyes--he did anything he could trying to find something to bust me on. Fortunately, he couldn't arrest me for anything. Damn good thing, too, because I had an eight ball [an eighth of an ounce] of speed on me."

"Okay then, let's take his car. He has it comin," agreed Sonny.

"Well, let's scope it out for a while and see if we can find a time when nobody's home at either house."

"Yeah, Scumbag, we'll get both of em. That's a good idea. Damn, I'm smart."

There was nobody home at either house on Saturday nights. Scumbag and Sonny made sure after watching the place for a while. During that time, it was the usual routine--a little drug dealing and various hustles that kept them going on a daily basis. Then came the big night.

With Sonny carrying a satchel that contained the needed tools, they walked to where the two cars were parked in their respective driveways, then approached the Toyota 4x4. "Sonny, hand me the satchel."

The satchel contained a pair of pliers, flathead screwdriver, Phillips head screwdriver, some extra screws about two and a half inches long, and a five-pound dent puller, a device used by body shops for taking dents out of cars. Scumbag sat the satchel down and walked around the car.

"Hey, where you going? Let's get this done," nagged the nervous Sonny.

Scumbag looked at him with condemnation and said, "hey stupid, what's the sense in breaking into a car if it's unlocked?"

"Oh yeah, I was gonna suggest that."

Scumbag shook his head and said, "Yeah right," then

stuck the screwdriver in the keyhole and hit it really hard so the screwdriver was embedded in the lock. Then he pushed down and popped the lock mechanism open. He grabbed the dent puller and got into the car, screwed it into the ignition and slid it out. He pulled it out and took the flathead screwdriver and stuck it in there like a key and started it--all in about 2 minutes.

"Sonny, take this Toyota to your place and park it behind the house, and I'll see you there in about 30 minutes."

Scumbag then took the satchel to the cop's Honda Prelude in the driveway next door. The driver door wasn't locked, so all he had to do was repeat the process on the ignition switch without having to break in. He started it and in about 20 minutes he was at Sonny's place in Hinkley parking next to the other stolen car.

They went inside the house, shot some speed, and started talking 90-miles-an-hour. Among other things, they talked about the trip they were going to take the following night. Once they made their plan, Scumbag said, "Hey, did I ever tell you about the time I stole the Chevy Blazer in Victorville?"

"No, but I can tell that you're going to."

"That's right, I am. I don't want you thinking stealing cars is always as easy as it was tonight. Anyway, one day, just after I started a Chevy Blazer, I put it in gear and started driving away. About that time this man came running out of his house, grabbed the outside door handle, and started yelling at me to stop, threatening to kill me if I didn't. I took off, but he hung onto the door handle as I was driving away, saying shit like 'I'll not only kill you, I'll kill your fucking mother and your kids and whoever they're with!"

"No way!" said Sonny. "Was he a nut case or what?"

"Yeah, he was, and I found out later he was one of those mafia guys. Anyway, the asshole hung on for dear life. Sonny, I was dragging him down the street. He held on and wasn't going to let go for nothin, still yelling obscenities at me. I didn't know what the hell to do. Finally, I rolled down the window, and while trying to drive at the same time, I pried his fingers off of the door handle, and I left him laying in the street. Looking in the rear-view mirror, I saw him bounce a couple times before he stopped. I never did see him get up."

"God damn, Scumbag. I think I woulda just let him have the damn car."

"I couldn't do that. I had a heroin habit at the time."

"I didn't know you were strung out on heroin. Who were you runnin with at the time?"

"Psycho, remember him?"

"Yeah, he's fuckin nuts too."

"I know. One time me and him were going down main street. In those days I kept a 44 magnum under the seat of my truck. While sitting at a red light, Psycho saw some guys he had a beef with, and he reached under the seat and grabbed the gun. Before I had a chance to say anything, Psycho started shooting at em."

"Knowing Psycho, that doesn't surprise me a bit."

"I know, he's definitely unpredictable. Anyway, I said 'now you've done it you fucking moron, the cops are right on our ass!' So the chase was on. After a reckless chase through a residential neighborhood, the cops finally got us cornered."

"Oh, man. What a bummer."

"That's not all. Fortunately, the truck wasn't registered in my name. I hadn't changed over the title and registration yet. So I threw open the door, and there the police were with guns drawn."

"As I got out of the truck, the gear shift slipped into reverse as I jumped out, and the truck took off backwards and hit the police car. The open doors on the police car knocked the cops down, so I took off running. I slid underneath a parked car close by."

"Once the cops got their shit together, they took off running in the direction I had gone. Can you believe it, Sonny, I swear, in the dark those cops didn't even see me, and they ran right past the car I was under. I could see them running down the street from under the car. I also saw them split up, probably hoping to catch both of us. I stayed under the car shaking in my boots, and suddenly I realized that I needed to find a rest room--fast."

"No shit!"

"You're right, Sonny, that's exactly what I had to do. No question about it."

"Yeah, that happened to me once when I had food poisoning."

"I rolled out from under the car and started to run in the opposite direction of the cops, but then I stopped next to the squad car--the door on the driver's side was

still open. Then I saw the proverbial lightbulb above my head."

Sonny said "No, you didn't."

"Yeah," Scumbag said, "I did. I went up to the open door, dropped my pants, and guess what I did right on the driver's seat of the police car?"

They laughed hilariously, then Sonny said, "no way, you gotta be bullshittin me."

"I swear to God, Bro, but check this out. Before I left, I closed the door. I was so proud of myself that I couldn't resist hanging around to watch what would happen. I just so happened to find a tree nearby, so I climbed way up there and watched."

"Oh man, you were askin to get busted."

"I know, but I couldn't resist. Anyway, when they came back, they had Psycho in handcuffs and they put him in the other police car that arrived on the scene. After the cops chatted for a while, one of them opened the door and got in. He reached out to close the door, but changed his mind and reached under his seat to see what he had sat on. You shoulda heard him, Sonny. He yelled: "GOD DAMN! SON OF A BITCH!"

Again they laughed from the gut, and Sonny said, "I

can't believe it. I'd give anything to see that."

"Hey, it was great! He jumped out of the car acting like he didn't know what to do with his hands and still cussing a blue streak. He was beside himself, Bro. I have never seen anyone in that much of a rage. How I kept from laughing out loud while up there in that tree, I don't know."

"Hey, I wasn't the only one who thought it was funny." His fellow officers started rolling in laughter when they figured out what all the commotion was about. Watching their fellow pig clean off his hand and then having to get it out of the police car, they started cracking jokes like: 'Hey Mark, don't you carry toilet paper with you?' As the officer in the other squad car was pulling away, he said, 'Hey Mark, you wanna use some of my wife's perfume?' Then another officer said, 'Hey Mark, don't let that scumbag escape or you'll be arrested for defacing government property.'

"Ha!" said Sonny, "little did they know you was in the tree watching the whole thing."

"After they all left, I finally got out of the tree and went home."

"Damn, Scumbag, that was quite a story."

"I ain't done yet."

"What?"

"No," continued Scumbag, "I went home and shaved off my beard and put on some quick tan. The police must have gotten a tip the next day that I might be the one they was after, so they came to my house and started asking questions."

"Oh no. You got busted?"

"Nope, after I shaved my beard, cut my hair, and put on some quick tan, they couldn't identify me."

This banter continued for hours. Speed being a drug that causes people to talk incessantly, addicts sometimes hang around for days putting nothing into their bodies but more speed. Early the following morning, Sonny started nodding off. "Hey, what are you doing? You can't go to sleep," said Scumbag.

"I've been awake a lot longer than you. I need some sleep."

"Okay," said Scumbag. "You'll be sorry if I find the Soul of Man and a Cure for Aging while you're asleep." But the prospect of missing out didn't seem to worry Sonny.

Later that day Scumbag called his car connection in

L.A. and made a deal to sell the stolen cars. That night these two wild-eyed speed freaks somehow made it to San Diego and back successfully, getting \$5,000 each for the stolen cars.

Scumbag and Sonny took their respective shares and went their separate ways. After spending so much time together in one stretch, both of them needed to be in the company of other people. Speed freaks get on each other's nerves after a while. Of course their paths crossed at drug dealers' houses periodically, and sometimes they would get high together.

Scumbag had been dealing crystal meth that he'd bought with his share of the stolen car money, but as usual he was using more than he was selling. He needed to supplement his income again; therefore, it was time to get into his car and take a ride before he ran out of money and dope.

Scumbag's practice of breaking and entering was not limited to vehicles. Burglary is a widespread source of income for drug addicts of all kinds. He did it in much the same way as he did cars, except he used a hammer along with a screwdriver.

Scumbag drove around many rural areas in the high

desert--Lucerne Valley, Victor Valley, Hemet, Palm Springs, Morongo Valley and more. He looked primarily for people on vacation, but people working night shifts would do. He always worked alone on burglary capers.

With the wind working in his favor to muffle breaking-in noises, he found an ideal place after watching it for a week or so. Driving up to the house and sitting in his car for about five minutes gave him time to scan the premises for people peeping out of windows or neighboring house lights going off and on.

He got out and yelled, "is anybody home!" He wanted to arouse dogs or anything else that might have been asleep when he first pulled up. Most of these things he had already checked out previously, but double-checking had paid off in the past. He went to the front door and stuck a big screwdriver in the little crease between the door and the door jamb, then hit it with the hammer. The lock mechanism popped out and then he opened the door with a screwdriver and walked in.

Sometimes he used a crowbar--sticking it in there and busting the whole lock and everything off. What always baffled Scumbag is how many people only lock the bottom lock, leaving the dead bolt unbolted. If the

deadbolt was also locked, however, he had to invest a couple extra minutes of his time to get a bigger crowbar.

A couple days after his last burglary, Scumbag was driving around Apple Valley looking for prospective burglary sites when the red lights of a police car pulled in behind him. He wasn't carrying any stolen property and didn't have any outstanding warrants at the time, so he pulled over.

Unfortunately, Scumbag went to jail because of some fingerprints he left behind at a previous burglary. He didn't even try to fight it, knowing that a jury trial would keep him in the county jail before his inevitable conviction and subsequent sentence to the state prison system.

He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 3 years in the *California Department of Corrections*, which is a much better place to be than the Augean stable of the county jail. The state prison at Jamestown, California had a strong work program, an effective pre-release program, and a Narcotics Anonymous program. Through Narcotics Anonymous, he entered the recovery process one more time.

Like most of his partners in crime, Scumbag was in and out of jails and prisons for most of his life. He

looked at it as the dues he had to pay to live the lifestyle he lived.

Laying on his bunk in his cell, his bunky, Soledad, said, "hey Scum, I've had it with drugs. I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired. What are those meetings that you've been going to? Ya think they might help me?"

"If you are willing to do what it takes," replied Scumbag.

"What does it take?"

"You've gotta want to be clean and sober more than you've ever wanted anything in your entire life. You have to go to 90 meetings in 90 days. You have to get a sponsor. You have to read the Big Book. You have to work the 12 steps. You have to be willing to turn your life over to a power greater than yourself. You also have to . . ."

Soledad cut him off and said, "Hey wait a minute. I sure have to do a lot. I'm not sure I can do all of that."

"Then you don't want to be sober. If you really want it, you'll do it."

"I'll do it Scumbag. I'll do all those things. I'm really sick of this, bro. I've been doing it for too

long, and I don't want to come back to these places anymore. Would you be my sponsor, Scumbag?"

Scumbag became Soledad's sponsor in Narcotics Anonymous while they were in the joint, and when Soledad was released from prison, he was transformed, and never did another drug in his life, not even aspirin.

Too bad Scumbag couldn't practice what he preached.

## Chapter 7

## HARRY SCUMBAG AND THE LUBE-BAY BANDITS

**In America, one likely candidate for the protagonist of a reborn trickster myth is the confidence man. (Hyde, 1998, p. 11)**

Wasn't it nice when you could pull into a service station for gas and a friendly attendant would wash the windshield, check the oil and water, and air up the tires while you sat in the comfort of your warm comfortable car? *Or was it?*

In Harry Scumbag's younger years, he often pumped gas for his livelihood; however, the more dependent he became on drugs and alcohol, the more money he needed. Working at *Barstow Union 76* in the summer of 1964, Scumbag approached a customer on the island in a big black *Pontiac Bonneville*. "Can I help you, sir?"

"Yes, young man. Fill it up with ethyl please."

As Scumbag approached the gas pump, as he had so many times before, a lightbulb went off in his head. With the gas pump in one hand, he took the gas cap off with the other hand and slipped it into his pocket. He started the gas and returned to the customer: "Sir, you don't have a gas cap."

The middle-aged man with a white shirt and tie

exclaimed, "What! Damn, that moron in Needles didn't put it back on, I bet. Do you have gas caps?"

"Yes sir, I'll go see if we have one to fit your car." Scumbag went into the lube bay and pretended to look for one while the customer sat in his car watching the traffic pass by on Main Street. When Scumbag returned to the customer, he said, "sir, all we have is this used one. It fits. I just tried it."

"Okay, I'll take it," the customer said as he scratched his bald head. "Here's my credit card."

"Oh, I'm sorry sir, but I can't put a used product on your credit card. We don't have any new ones that fit your car. If we did, it would cost \$3.95. This used one is only a dollar if you pay cash. Or, if you care to wait, I could probably get a new one at one of these other stations across the street that you can put on your card?" Scumbag was putting on his best nice-guy hat, and the customer noticed.

"Never mind that, young man, I think I can come up with a dollar."

From that moment on, Scumbag hit every tourist that came through the station, and he made from 20 to 30 extra dollars a night.

Scumbag got fired from that job for stealing gas caps. He found another job, however, pumping gas at Mineola Mobil, and it was there that he found that his penny-ante gas cap swindle was peanuts compared to what his new co-workers were doing. During that summer he learned a new trade that would finance drug habits for many years.

On a cold stormy day a motorist in a white Cadillac Seville pulled onto the island of a Mobil station in Newhall, California, to fill his car with gas. The driver smiled affably and rolled down his window when the friendly Harry Scumbag walked up, smiled, and asked, "What can I do for you today, sir?"

"Fill it up with super," said the aging Black man, taking in the familiar smell of gasoline and the musky odor of rain.

Clean shaven, courteous, and looking sharp in his clean white shirt and station trousers, Scumbag eagerly did as the customer asked. Once the gas was started, Scumbag lifted the hood and started checking fluid levels. There weren't hood latches on the inside of the cars in those days.

Scumbag had a grease rag in his hand when he lifted

the customer's hood, because inside it was a small Elmer's Glue bottle filled with the hydraulic fluid extracted from an old shock absorber. It took Scumbag only a couple seconds to squirt some fluid on one of the front shocks while the hood was up.

"Excuse me, sir," Scumbag said amicably with serious concern, "you have oil leaking from your car."

"Oil? Really? Asked the man." He looked over at his gray-haired wife and repeated what Scumbag had told him. "Where is it coming from?" the man asked.

"I can't tell, sir, but it's awfully close to the tire. Just in case it's brake fluid or something, maybe you should pull into the lube bay. It won't cost you anything to put it on the rack and check it. It might save you some trouble on the road."

"Okay, if you don't mind."

What occurred between Scumbag and the unwitting customer was a confidence (con) game being initiated. The result was a big fat wad of money for Scumbag, and for the station owner as well--50 of the profit for each, unless there was an agreed-upon salary, then the commission was usually 10 percent with bonuses. Scumbag was a 50-percenter, confident that he could make much

more than the salaried alternative.

Tourists were Scumbag's marks. They were the ones who were at the mercy of the highway. Local customers were avoided. With experience, Scumbag became astute in recognizing the nuances of travelers.

These types of service stations were known as merchandisers. The motto of the merchandiser was kill em' with kindness, but be heartless in the pursuit of the sale, and Scumbag adopted it as his personal motto.

Once the tourist's car was inside the lube bay and up on the rack, Scumbag asked, "Sir, I'd rather not keep calling you sir, what is your name?"

The jovial old Black man replied, "Sam. Just call me Sam. And what's your name?"

Scumbag lied by replying, "my name is Freddie, glad to meet you." They shook hands and then Scumbag showed them into the lounge and said "just have a seat in here and I'll get right on it, Sam." Once the car was in the air, the wet shock that Scumbag had squirted with fluid was visible.

He opened the door to the lounge and said, "Sam, I found your problem. Come on out here and I'll show you." Old Sam was slow, but Scumbag patiently waited for him to

approach. "Sam, the seal on the front shock absorber has ruptured and is leaking fluid. See here. To save yourself a much higher repair bill later, it would be wise to replace these shocks now. It doesn't matter where you buy them. You can get them at a parts store and have a friend install them for you, or you can buy them at a department store where they're cheaper, but however you decide to do it, you'll be money ahead in the long run to do it as soon as possible--before any further damage is done."

Then Scumbag explained what could happen to their vehicle if they continued to drive with it as it was:

"Sam, see this shiny spot on the frame?"

"Yeah."

"Well, that's where this rubber gramut has been bottoming out against the frame. It shouldn't do that. Your shocks are supposed to keep that from happening. If it continues to happen it affects your entire front suspension, affecting your alignment and damaging ball joints, and putting a strain on the idler arm. Plus it will wear your tires out twice as fast. See here how it's already wearing?"

"Oh yeah, I see. How much does it cost here, and how long will it take, Freddie?" the motorist asked.

Music to Scumbag's ears. "Thirty-three ninety five for the pair plus labor, and I can complete the installation within 15 minutes. "Furthermore, Sam, this merchandise is guaranteed for the life of your car anywhere in the United States or Canada, as long as it's at one of our stations." This professional con job could cost this motorist hundreds of dollars before he left the station.

"Okay, Freddie, put em on." While Sam waited, he listened to the deafening roar of the impact wrench, parts dropping on the floor, and traffic driving by outside--all of which seemed quite normal. When the 15 minutes were almost up, Scumbag walked into the lounge where Sam was watching the rain. "Sam, would you step out here, please?"

Scumbag brought him under the upraised car and pointed to one of the rear shock absorbers. "Looky here, Sam, the leaking has started back here also." Scumbag waited momentarily for Sam to ask him to replace those too, but Sam was old and slower, and Scumbag was in a hurry so he could get back on the island and sell more merchandise. "Scumbag said, "it's only an additional 15, Sam, to install these back ones."

During all of this, Scumbag had sold himself to Sam with an air of honesty and concern, and Sam trustingly replied, "Well, Freddie, you might as well put em on while it's up in the air."

Scumbag installed the rear shocks and let Sam's car down. He made a work order and ran Sam's credit card. During this exchange, Scumbag made small talk, and Sam let him know how much he appreciated his professionalism. Another happy customer left the station, and Scumbag made a cash draw and made a quick trip to the drug dealer.

Scumbag didn't have to wait long for his next customer when he returned. A little Volkswagen pulled up and the motorist asked Scumbag for an oil change and lube job. While he was setting the racks on the hoist, he evaluated the condition of the tires. Then he invited them to wait in the lounge while he serviced their car.

Scumbag noticed that the tires had less than six or eight thirty-seconds of rubber left on them, which made this motorist a prime mark for a tire sale. Flaws and defects can easily be found on most any tire, which can be exaggerated; however, why take the chance that the customer might not buy tires? Therefore, to insure that the motorist would buy, Scumbag took a honker out of his

pocket--a small, stubby screwdriver with one side sharpened like a knife. With it he cut three of the tires--just enough to show cords on the inside of the rubber.

Scumbag walked back into the lounge and said: "Sir, would you please come out here?"

"Sure."

"Sir, I could not sleep tonight if I let you drive out of here without *at least* showing you what I found. Look at this tire. This tire is split here on the sidewall. Have you seen those pieces of rubber laying alongside the highway?"

"Why, yes, I see that all the time."

Before the customer could say anything else, Scumbag said "you have the same thing here on this tire, and over here too. Sir, you really must have a little angel riding on your shoulder to have made it this far without a blowout."

Thirty minutes later, the motorist was driving out of the station knowing that Freddie was sent from heaven to make sure he and his wife made it safely to Portland.

Just as the Volkswagen was pulling out of the driveway, a brown *Chrysler NewYorker* pulled onto the

island. Scumbag took the order for gas from the middle-aged schoolteacher, and lifted the hood hoping to accomplish what happened with the last customer's car he checked. The customer's car already had new shocks.

"Shit!" thought Scumbag. He closed the hood and immediately grabbed the air hose and pretended to be putting air in the front driver-side tire. As he did this, he looked up at the customer and said, "Ma'am, this tire only had about ten or twelve pounds of air in it."

The plump little lady adjusted her spectacles and replied, "is that bad?"

"Yes ma'am. They should have 32 pounds. It's my guess that you've run over a nail or a piece of glass or something."

"Oh my. I'm going to Seattle. I don't want to have any trouble. Can you check it for me?"

"Yes ma'am. As soon as I top off your gas, I will direct you into the lube bay." Scumbag wanted to collect for the gas first, because he wanted to get the motorist's name. So she signed her credit card, and he got her name.

In his pockets, along with the squirt bottle and honker, Scumbag carried another small screwdriver, but

not the stubby kind. This one was sharpened like a pin to poke small holes in tires.

Once in the lube bay, Scumbag said, "Mrs. Watkins, if you want to remain in your car, I can raise it up to check it. You will be perfectly safe. It should only take a minute or two to find the problem if there is one. It's up to you."

"Okay, I can just sit here and correct papers."

While setting the jacks under her car, Scumbag pinned three or four holes in the front driver-side tire, then honked the other three. He would not pin a tire on the island while the customer was getting gas, because if she didn't come into the lube bay to investigate the alleged problem, then she'd leave and have a flat down the road. Some salesmen did have a conscience.

Scumbag looked up at the obviously easy mark and said, "Mrs. Watkins, you need a new set of tires. This front one is leaking and the other three are damaged so bad that I doubt if you could go another 20 miles without a blowout."

"Oh my. Well dear, what do you suggest I do?"

"Mrs. Watkins, you really need four new tires bad. You don't have any choice if you want to get to Seattle."

This crude approach is only used on cherries. Cherries (50-percenter jargon) are people who are easy to sell. Mrs. Watkins continued to wait in the car, grading papers, until four new tires were installed, then she left happy that her car was in good enough condition to drive to Washington state. Scumbag, however, made another cash draw and went to the drug dealer and back.

Another major criterion for how far the customer was pushed was how unscrupulous or money-hungry the owner of the station was. If the owner didn't care what lengths his salesmen went to for a sale, then the sky was the limit and salesmen, such as Scumbag, continued to drain the customer. However, if the owner wanted to stay in business for a while, then he had to avoid customer complaints, therefore deceitful or fraudulent sales tactics would be limited.

Usually, by the time the customers rolled out of the driveway, they were happy and grateful that the condition of their vehicle was brought to their attention and taken care of so efficiently. To break down on the highway is, to say the least, undesirable; therefore, service stations and their bright and friendly attendants were often thought of as saviors.

Sometimes customers didn't really have to be *sold*. Like the lady in the brown *Chrysler NewYorker*. Just the mention of something wrong persuaded many customers to repair or replace whatever the vehicle needed: "Okay sir, whatever you think the car needs, just put it on or fix it. We have a credit card and we don't want to have any trouble on the road."

Back on the island again, Argus-eyed Scumbag smiles to himself with self-confidence, then approaches a little old lady driving a 1965 Plymouth Valiant. "May I help you, young lady?"

"I'm not very young anymore."

"Maybe not, ma'am, but you are a foxy lady."

"What's that?"

"That means you're beautiful."

"You're very kind, but we both know you're lying."

"I am not! Anyway, can I fill it up for ya?"

"Oh no. Just give me three dollars worth, honey. I'm almost at my daughter's house. I have to get there because my grandson needs a blood transfusion, and I'm the only one available right now with AB negative blood."

"I'm sorry to hear that, ma'am. Okay, three dollars worth coming up."

While Scumbag was washing her window they made more small talk. When he started the gas he noticed that she had new tires. When he lifted the hood, he noticed new lock washers on the top of the shocks, so he started looking for something else to sell her. After checking the oil, he noticed that the fuel pump was wet. He wiped his finger on it, smelled his finger, and then realized that this lady was really about to have car trouble.

"Ma'am, it's a good thing I checked under the hood."

"Why is that, honey?"

"Your fuel pump is leaking. If you get out and stick your head under the hood, you'll smell the gas."

With her sweet little voice, she replied: "Well this is a gas station. Isn't that what it is supposed to smell like here?"

"Sometimes, ma'am, but the odor is really strong under your hood, and your fuel pump is wet."

"Oh dear. . ., oh dear. I don't have the money to fix it."

"Just sit here a minute. If I'm not mistaken, I think I have a used fuel pump that fits this car in the back."

Scumbag pretended to go look for a used pump. He

knew he didn't have one, but he knew he had a new one, but he was going to have to take a twenty dollar draw to pay for it. When he returned to her car, he said, "just pull it over here ma'am. You'll be at your grandson's side before you know it."

"Oh, thank you, honey, thank you so much." She said as a tear run down her face.

"You're quite welcome, ma'am." It'll only take me about 10 minutes, and you'll be on your way."

"How will you get paid? Don't you have to charge for--oh, what is it? Uh, for your work.

"I'm looking at it this way, ma'am. I would really appreciate it if someone was to do this for my mom, so don't worry about it. Maybe you can pass the favor on to someone else when you get the chance."

The fact is, a leaking fuel pump will inevitably quit pumping and the car will stop, but what's worse is that a spark could cause a fire under the hood--a very dangerous and potentially fatal incident could occur.

Being savagely unscrupulous was one end of the spectrum of this business, whereas the other end of the spectrum was legitimacy. Whether the customers needed the parts or not, it is a good thing that mini markets have--

for the most part--replaced the widespread practices of Scumbag and the lube-bay bandits.

However, there is another way to look at it. This is the drug addict-trickster at work. If Scumbag didn't pay attention to the problems of his customers' cars, then he could be the unwitting cause of many accidents. Scumbag's attention to detail did periodically prevent accidents and save lives. Obviously, this doesn't excuse his criminal duping of unwary customers.

## Chapter 8

## HARRY SCUMBAG'S PRESCRIPTION FOR ADDICTION

Because the goal of all man's strivings is power,  
the trickster, who embodies this striving,  
opposes the gods and mocks the shamans.  
(Pelton, 1980, p. 9)

It was a windy March day in Las Vegas when Scumbag entered Westlake Drug Store by the rear entrance where the pharmacy was. He listened to that nauseating elevator music and waited for the pharmacist with the twitching, pencil-thin mustache and bald head to approach him, then Scumbag handed him a prescription.

The pharmacist took it, examined it through rimless spectacles and suspicious eyes, looked at Scumbag and said, "be about 10 minutes, sir."

With an impatient but controlled anticipation for drugs and a feigned cough, Scumbag replied, "okay, I'll just poke around in here until it's ready."

At this point Scumbag's heart was pounding, but he remained composed as he casually looked over the array of vitamins displayed on a shelf; simultaneously, he kept a watchful eye on the pharmacist. The pharmacist couldn't see Scumbag when he moved over to the sunglasses rack, but Scumbag could see him. Then, the pharmacist picked up

the telephone, and Scumbag exclaimed to himself: "Shit!"

Scumbag fled from the pharmacy feeling rage, despair, and hopelessness, and in dire need of some dope; however, staying in the store would be too risky. He got back in the car and said, "Let's go, Jim, the bastard picked up the phone to verify the scrip."

"Damn!" said Jim. "Where do you wanna try now?"

"How about Rexall--the one down on Fremont? We haven't hit her in a while."

"Okay, but let's call one in there, and since that's close to your house, I'll use the phone there," said Jim. Scumbag left Jim at his house and then went to a phone booth.

"Hello," answered Jim on Scumbag's phone.

"Okay, I'm using the phone booth around the corner from the pharmacy. Give me about 2 minutes to station myself in the pharmacy area where I can watch the pharmacist take your call."

Pharmacist: "Rexall Drugs."

Jim: "Hello, this is Dr. Goldstein, I have a prescription for you."

Pharmacist: "O.K....," [pharmacist hesitates while he gets a pad and pen.] "go ahead, Doctor."

Jim: "For William Jensen--Tussionex Suspension for eight ounces--one teaspoon every 8 to 12 hours for cough. No refills."

Pharmacist: "Your DEA number, Doctor?"

Jim: "AG836572." "

Pharmacist: "Your address and phone number, please?"

Jim: "1904 S. Decatur Boulevard--555-1212."

Pharmacist: "Will that be all today, Dr. Goldstein?"

Jim: "Yes, Sir, that'll do it. Thank-you."

Scumbag watched the druggist take the called-in scrip from Jim. Then he waited to see if the druggist was going to call the physician to verify the scrip. While Scumbag waited, Jim drove to the drug store, went inside through a different entrance, and got Scumbag's attention. While Jim kept a vigilant eye on the pharmacist, Scumbag went back to the phone booth and called the pharmacist.

Pharmacist: "Rexall Drugs."

Scumbag: "I was wondering if my doctor called in a prescription for me yet."

Pharmacist: "Your name please."

Scumbag: "Timothy Leary."

Pharmacist: "Yes. It'll be ready in about 10 minutes."

Scumbag: "Okay, thanks."

Scumbag waited for about 10 minutes. When Jim didn't come out, it meant that the pharmacist had not picked up the phone to verify the scrip, so Scumbag went in to pick it up.

Jim left and waited in the car. After about 5 minutes Jim started getting nervous, wondering what was taking so long. What was in Jim's mind as he waited was somewhat frightening: *"God-damn it! I knew we shouldn't have come here. What if he's getting busted? Then I've gotta call his girlfriend again, and if she hasn't got the money to bail him out, I'll have to come up with it. Shit! If the cops pull up and see me sittin here, I'll go to jail, too--then who's going to get me out? My wife and kids will leave, and then what'll I do? God, I hate that fuckin jail. I hate sitting out here, too. I think I'd rather be scared in there, than scared out here wondering if he's getting busted or not. Shit! I really wish he'd hurry up."*

Finally! Scumbag came walking out of the drug store with a cocky smirk on his face, and suddenly Jim felt high, and he hadn't even consumed any of the drugs yet.

About a month later, Scumbag was at home in the

projects watching *All in the Family* when an old van pulled up. Scumbag watched the tall, pot-bellied, ruddy-faced man get out, then he suddenly realized it was an old crime partner who was living in Arizona at the time.

Terry was the one who turned Scumbag on to the hydrocodone cough preparations in the first place when he came home from Viet Nam. The old friends greeted each other with a hug, and Scumbag invited him in. After 5 minutes of small talk, Terry asked, "do you know where we might get an Arizona scrip filled?"

"Why?" Scumbag asked.

"Because I've got a pad of blank scrips," Terry replied with a pompous grin as he waved them in the air.

"Yeah buddy!" Scumbag said excitedly, "let me see that scrip pad." Scumbag then wrote: Tussionex suspension, 8 ounces, Sig--one teaspoon every 8 to 12 hours for cough. Of course Scumbag knew the Latin symbols necessary for authentic-looking prescriptions. He even knew how to write sloppily, and that's a prerequisite for scrip writing.

"Okay, I wrote it," said Scumbag. "You fill it."

Terry said, "Show me the way to the drug store."

Then it was Scumbag's turn to sit in the car and be

nervous. The two old buddies filled a few more scrips that day, but Terry couldn't stay any longer, so he split the remaining scrips with Scumbag before he left.

It wasn't until Scumbag used most of his share of the Arizona scrips that he noticed how poor the printing quality was. This set him to thinking. He figured if out-of-state scrips with such poor quality printing were so easy to fill, then surely he could come up with something equally passable. So, Scumbag drew up a format that resembled a scrip, and took it to one of Las Vegas's quick-printing shops. There was nothing on this format that suggested directly that it was to be a doctor's prescription. There was no name at the top, and the number on the bottom could have meant anything to an unknowing printer.

He then went to a business supply store and purchased a rubber stamp kit. At the top of this form, he stamped in a physician's name and his or her accompanying information. He used these scrips successfully for a couple months, periodically changing the stamp to a different doctor's name.

One day when Scumbag was visiting at a friend's house in North Las Vegas, he was introduced to a man who

could have passed for someone from an old 1940s Peter Lorre movie. He was about 35, skinny, with a crewcut, and a short, almost Hitler-type mustache, and with a face that looked like a mouse. Scumbag reserved judgment of the man and made small talk with his friend and his friend's weird looking friend, Lester--who kind of reminded Scumbag of Igor.

Fortunately, Lester turned out to be a printer by trade. He was employed locally, and had keys to the print shop where he worked. All Igor wanted for his trouble was some of the drugs they got from running the scrips he printed.

"Lester, is there a way to take a scrip that hasn't been filled, eliminate the doctor's writing on it, then reproduce it as a blank scrip?"

"Wa wa well, yeah. I ca ca can do it. I ca ca can do anyth thing when it comes to pri pri printing."

By this time, Scumbag had accumulated quite a variety of unfilled scrips: two from hospitals, two dentists, six doctors, and a couple specialists--a total of 12, the exact number that fit snugly on two printing plates.

A couple of nights later, on Lester's day off, they

went to Anytime Printing on Ogden street in the sleazy back-streets of downtown Las Vegas, and there Scumbag witnessed a fascinating procedure: with a tiny brush, Lester, with his nose wrinkling periodically like a little mouse, painted a white substance over the doctor's writing on the unfilled scrips. This was time-consuming and meticulous work, for he had to leave all the printed lines intact where the doctor's writing had overlapped. With the plates he made from taking pictures of the scrips, he fed them into a printing press, applied ink, and started printing. A couple of hours later there were literally thousands of blank scrips rolling off the press. All that was left to do was cut them down to the right size.

Six months later Scumbag walked out of a pharmacy, and two police officers were waiting for him. His girlfriend somehow managed, again, to bail him out of jail, and then he got himself a public defender.

"The police caught you red-handed, Mr. Scumbag," said the public defender. "I can't hope to get you anything but a plea bargain, and as much trouble as you've been in, it probably won't be a very good one."

"That's a hell of an attitude." Maybe I should tell

the judge that you aren't cuttin the mustard."

Scumbag fired his deputy public defender and asked the judge for a court-appointed attorney. He was granted one.

"Mr. Scumbag, how are we going to get you off?"

"Well, I've been thinking, sir. How would you describe my physical appearance?"

"Oh, I don't know--uh, about 5'4", long brown hair and a full beard."

"Exactly!" said Scumbag. "I have two friends that fit that same description, except one of them is a little taller."

"Bring them to court with you, but don't come up and sit by me. The three of you sit together at the back of the court room. I think I can work this."

The resemblance among the three of them was remarkable. The pharmacist couldn't positively identify Scumbag, so the case was dismissed. He and his friends walked out of the courtroom and went directly to a drug store to fill yet another scrip.

About a year later, a youngster from the projects where Scumbag lived with his girlfriend was talking about wanting to be like Scumbag--getting drugs the smart way.

"Listen, Johnny, pharmaceuticals are better than street drugs, but the price paid in getting them is a lot higher. So if you're interested in the game of cat and mouse with the police and a city of pharmacists, not to mention sweating bullets every time your crime partner goes in after a scrip, then try it; that is if you appreciate periodic stays in jail and constantly striving to obtain enough drugs to keep going all day and still have enough for a wake-up dose the following morning. My advice to you is: score from your friends, and fuck the drug stores. In fact, you'd be much better off if you stopped doing drugs completely."

Despite his criminal activity, Scumbag wasn't the stereotypical dope fiend in the trench coat and sunglasses who hangs around high schools trying to sell drugs to innocent children. Whether using or clean, he was basically a nice guy and had a heart full of compassion and empathy.

One day, while visiting, his mother became ill. "Baby, I just spent 10 minutes vomiting. Oh, I'm so sick. I'm also having an asthma attack, and I forgot my Tedral. Can I lay down on your bed for a while?"

"Sure, mom, go ahead, and I'll see if I can get you

in to see a doctor.”

Scumbag tried calling some doctors, but none could see her right away. He then called the emergency room, but they told him that it would be hours because there had been a terrible accident on the Boulder Highway and the doctors were busy. Scumbag was worried. If his mother couldn't breathe, then she could die. Desperate to help her, he wrote a prescription for Donnato1 for her upset stomach upset, and Tedral for her breathing, then he went to the nearest pharmacy to fill it. When he returned, he gave his mom one the pills, and told her to lie down and be very still until the medication took effect. She did as he asked, and within an hour she was breathing again and stopped vomiting, and was back in the living room watching television with her son.

Trickster makes this world.

## Chapter 9

## Discussion and Analysis

My journey through course work at *Pacifica Graduate Institute* prepared me for this dissertation. During my studies, I slanted most of my class papers toward addiction, and some of that material became incorporated into my dissertation. Beginning with a phenomenological study of criminalized male drug addicts, my work ultimately brought me to the invention of a fictional character by the name of Harry Scumbag. Harry then came to personify a part of me, parts of my participants, and parts of a marginalized sector of society.

Through this dissertation process, I have located an inner trickster figure which was present during my years of addictive behavior and remains even after I have been clean and sober for more than 13 years. That inner trickster figure used to be a mischievous, lying, cheating, scumbag sewer rat. Now, as it does for Harry Scumbag, the trickster still lives in me but serves in positive ways.

As an adjunct instructor at Barstow Community College, I openly communicate my background of drug addiction, hoping to inspire my students with similar

backgrounds to do the same. I shall now bring Harry Scumbag into the class and openly communicate the ways for the trickster archetype to become manifest in those who wish to or have overcome their addictions.

The academic discipline required to complete this dissertation, the delving into interviewing others through the phenomenological research process, and the discovery of a creative or artistic dimension to the work have all inspired me to continue my work with renewed energy and a depth psychological perspective.

#### *Hermeneutic Review*

This combined phenomenological and artistic method of dissertation might offer more than just a new understanding of the lives of criminalized male drug addicts. Indeed, it may offer an alternative depth psychological understanding of a very misunderstood population. It may also unite soul and spirituality, and provide the lay person a unity in education, understanding, and tolerance for drug addicts.

*Phenomenological interviews.* The research component consisting of lengthy interviews with five male drug addicts and analyzing the audiotapes produced results

that were not surprising. These five aspects of the lives of criminalized drug addicts are well known, and in this study the first five themes that emerged were (1) Scumbag sewer rats, which relates to how people, including drug addicts themselves, characterize drug addicts; (2) the beginning fun phase of the addiction process; (3) the time between fun and addiction; (4) disintegrating family relationships because of addiction; and (5) violence. Discussed at length elsewhere, my study has verified these personal and cultural aspects.

*Stories and tall tales.* It was in the story-telling of these male drug addicts that the sixth theme emerged and the trickster archetype began to appear most prominently. Not only the stories themselves, which are full of trickster activity, but the confabulation of the participants, their apparent willingness to blur fact and fiction in order to make a good story so as, in a way, to tell the truth. Thus, within the results of this dissertation, the method moved from a purely phenomenological method to an artistic component of story-telling.

Ideally, this hybrid methodology will take the reader on as much of a discovery as it has the author,

who learned that without the artistic component, the phenomenological research component could not stand alone in elucidating the lived experience of the criminalized male drug addict. This is what I experienced as I was working with the transcripts of the interviews. I was much more interested in and informed by their war stories than by the themes that emerged from the data.

In Scumbag's Tijuana connection, his resourcefulness for making money, though it was illegal, is impressive. Passing counterfeit money and smuggling drugs might pay good money, but it can only lead to self-destruction and harm to others. But there is a compassionate side to Scumbag. Smuggling Laetrile for a cancer patient facing death because of absurd regulations governing medical science cancer treatment reveals a core of goodness within an otherwise despicable character.

Similarly, during the lube-bay banditry, Scumbag provided a carburetor for someone in dire need, offering at least some degree of redemption for his earlier larceny.

Scumbag's cattle-rustling hustle can be thought of as more misdemeanor than felony: Are these hustles really that despicable? I can attest from experience that drug-

addict tricksters such as these have no conscience when it comes to stealing from big business. In fact, they glory in it. They don't see themselves as hurting anybody when all big corporations have to do is claim it as a tax write-off.

Probably the most despicable capers in Scumbag's repertoire are car theft and burglary. Some drug addicts will steal from their own families. Yet, when Scumbag was in prison, he reached out and sincerely helped a fellow inmate by being his Narcotics Anonymous sponsor, even though Scumbag was unable himself to follow his own advice upon his release.

As a lube-bay bandit, Scumbag was again taking from people he didn't know, but he did it with such a convincing confidence. As with Scumbag, it is not uncommon for sewer rats to have charming and likeable personalities. When those travelers left Scumbag, their memory of him wasn't that he was a despicable sewer rat. If anything, it was just the opposite. A trickster might argue that through his diligence, Scumbag managed to save some lives over the years, as he did repair actual deficiencies in automobiles.

The resourcefulness involved in writing and filling

medical prescriptions is remarkable. To penetrate a medical system and manage to outwit the judicial system for more than 8 years by beating case after case is phenomenal. Scumbag used this same resourcefulness for writing and filling a prescription for his sick mother. Furthermore, the lengths he went to for a fellow human being are commendable, especially considering how much trouble he would be in if he got caught. When drug addiction is no longer a problem in Scumbag's life, maybe his resourcefulness and magnanimous objectives will fulfill his life.

Hyde (1998) explains that

in spite of all their disruptive behavior, tricksters are regularly honored as the creators of culture. They are imagined not only to have stolen certain essential goods from heaven and given them to the race but to have gone on and helped shape this world so as to make it a hospitable place for human life. (p. 8)

The paradox is that the pejorative view of the trickster is incomplete because without him the world would not function in the way we have become accustomed to.

Indeed, this dissertation may offer Hyde's point of view of trickster in a population of drug addicts for which it is most difficult to apply such paradoxical truths. Yet, what might be the impact upon law

enforcement and rehabilitation if this depth psychological paradox could be included in the culture?

*Inspirational Aspects*

Ideally, this dissertation will enhance present knowledge and introduce new knowledge regarding the criminalized male drug addict. There is an old saying: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." Many people think that forcing addicts into recovery or 12-step meetings is futile. Often it is, but if I'm talking to an addict who doesn't want to go to meetings, I will prevaricate--telling him that "there are plenty of good-looking women who go to meetings and there are also opportunities for jobs. You can get the law off your back. You can get your wife or girlfriend back. You can save some money. You don't have to go to meetings your whole life. Just hang around long enough to get your shit together." There are a multitude of AA and NA members who went to meetings for extrinsic purposes. Who says you can't trick a trickster?

I hope that no one interprets this dissertation as socially menacing or dangerous. Drug addicts are people who are searching for soul, but the means they use to

find it are menacing to society; Perhaps this dissertation can provide a distinction between my endeavor and the social menace.

Through studying depth psychology and the trickster archetype, I have discovered aspects of myself and the people I used drugs with for many years. My first life as a criminalized male drug addict has inspired me to write about it in my second life as a fledgling depth psychologist.

If our educational, rehabilitational, and judicial systems knew about trickster mechanisms, would they be able to better serve the addicted community? What if they were aware of their own prejudicial inclinations toward viewing addicts as scumbag sewer rats?

My hope is that this dissertation and the insights derived through its conclusions may redeem me in part for the years I spent in flagitious activities to support my habit. To be sure, it will influence my continued work in tending soul in the world, which is aimed toward benefitting both myself and others.

Anyone who wants to know the human psyche will learn next to nothing from experimental psychology. He would be better advised to put away his scholar's gown, bid farewell to his study, and wander with human heart through the world. There, in the horrors

of prisons, lunatic asylums and hospitals, in drab suburban pubs, in brothels and gambling-hells [sic], in the salons of the elegant, the Stock Exchanges, Socialist meetings, churches, revivalist gatherings and ecstatic sects, through love and hate, through the experience of passion in every form in his own body, he would reap richer stores of knowledge than text-books a foot thick could give him, and he will know how to doctor the sick with real knowledge of the human soul. He may be pardoned if his respect for the so-called cornerstones of experimental psychology is no longer excessive. For between what science calls psychology and what the practical needs of daily life demand from psychology there is a great gulf fixed (Jung, 1945, 1953, p. 244 [CW 7, para. 409]).

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