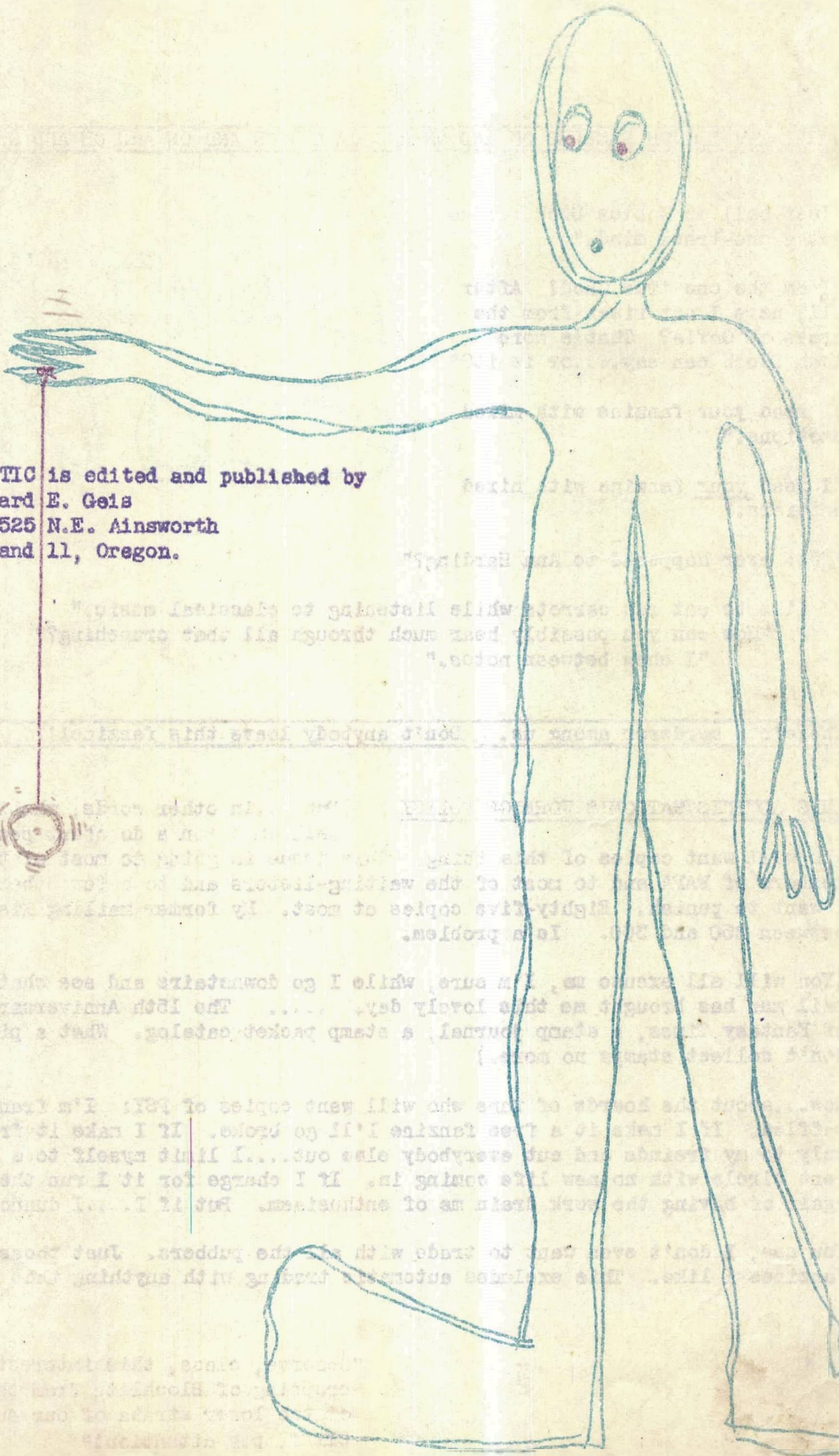




"Land it on manual! I can't wait.
My back teeth are floating!"



PSYCHOTIC is edited and published by
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Portland 11, Oregon.



4000

U O O O

LEATHER
COUCH

Portland, Oregon

where the editor rambles on and on and on....

the audacity to call itself a fanzine. This means that hard and froze will be the thots of those in whose vicinity I do not trade. Well, there's no help for it. This business of deciding who shall get the necessarily limited copies of a fanzine is harrowing. Ah...I love the feeling of playing Ghod.

Be it heraby noted that until further notice, the policy is thus: I shall trade with those editors whose zines I like. The others can have PSY, if they want it, for \$1.00. Non-pubbers who do not receive free copies can obtain this work of genius for \$1.00.

Damn, I had a good interlineation thunk up, then forgot it!

RAM: The rabid individualist is often a frustrated conformist.

RECENT additions to ~~me~~ my library include:

Genetics and the Races of Man by Boyd
The Public Arts by Gilbert Seldes
New Lives For Old by Margaret Mead
Take It Off! by Tryon
The Myth of the State by Cassirer
Return of Angela by Blanche
The Pogo Party endorsed by Walt Kelly
Guides to Straight Thinking by Chase
Sexual Anomalies by Hirschfield
Two Minutes Till Midnight by Elmer Davis
Man and His Gods by Homer W. Smith
The Future Of Architecture by Frank Lloyd Wright
Devil's Web by Stone
Lafcadio's Adventures by Gide
A Study of History by Toynbee (The abridgement, hey, not the 12 vol's.)
Censorship by Blanshard
The Loud Literary Lamas of New York by Woodford

Uh.....no science fiction.

I'd go on and list the new records I've got except I don't want you readers to get the impression that I'm showing off or anything.....

"Applause....for pity's sake, a little applause." --the theatre cat

I SHALL PROBABLY review these books in future issues of PSY...if I feel like it. Toynbee especially is interesting, but until I've read the book of crtical essays on his work I won't attempt to comment on his theories.

"You can't tell me you are levitating that
bottle! You've got an invisible table there
...haven't you?"

DOODLE
SPACE

where the editor rambles on and on and on....

"As for me, give me non-Aristotelianminton*, or give me death!"

TWEETER or NOT TWEETER...hi-fi food for thought. Not too long ago there was a hi-fi show put on in the 10th floor auditorium of dear old Meier & Frank's. It wasn't very big, nor very elaborate, but it was interesting, and an ideal way to pass some company time. I spend several long-reliefs listening to long-play records.

The show-piece of the show was a huge speaker cabinet the size of a steamer trunk with a wide-flared tweeter horn on top. The demonstrator put an organ record on the turn-table, adjusted a minimum of ten knobs, and promptly blasted the huge room into oblivion with floor-shaking sound. Every face in the place reflected the same wish: "Wow! I sure wish I owned that!"

It was impressive. You could close your eyes and feel sure that there was most certainly an organ playing right there.

The difficulties with such an item, however, unless you are very well-to-do, are enormous. Even if I, for instance, could afford the down-payment on such an installation, where could I play it effectively? Where could YOU play it effectively? With volume like that you need a large room and non-existent neighbors. You need a sympathetic wife and no children. You need a house or cabin thirty miles from no-where. A hi-fi set-up like that is practically incompatible with our American civilization which has reduced privacy and individual freedom to a mere shadow of its former self.

Regarding this, let me digress from hi-fi and examine this lack of privacy. I have lived in an apartment house or two, and have looked over a helluva lot of others, without finding any that suited me in the respect of privacy..... just pure quiet. If you live in an apartment you cannot escape the sounds-of-living of those above, below, and beside you. The walls, the ceiling, the doors, all are too thin to keep sound out. This is so damned frustrating it is almost enough to drive a man mad.

For a person who values privacy and freedom it is unendurable. For those sounds that penetrate the walls and ceiling and doors are constant reminders that sounds YOU make are heard by others. This is terribly inhibiting to anyone who has a high degree of empathy. You dare not get up too early in the morning and play a record, or type, because it would probably disturb others. You dare not have friends in for an all-night talk-session because the noise offends others and results in a call by the manager. And so it goes.

Real privacy is, with few exceptions, a luxury in the modern world. One can only hope that the steadily increasing population will make sound-proof apartments a "must" in new construction. Or, perhaps the accent on "socializing" and conformity and "adjusting the person to the group" rules out that hope.

* Neither good nor bad.

where the editor rambles on and on and on....

"By Jove, Holmes, that fellow must have taken poison!"

"Alimentary, my dear Watson."

I have some thots on George Gobel coming up, but before that longish ex-
postulation, leave me get some other niggling things off my mind; WETZEL
and the OE-ship of FAPA.

Now, Wetzel is on the waiting-list of FAPA. This fanzine is not going to
him. I do not approve of him. And if he is a member of FAPA when my num-
ber comes up I shall NOT join that estimable organization. I'll continue
to send PSY to those members who I like, and who like me. This is the only
effective way I have to express my disapproval of him; it is my particular
method of protest. I won't touch him with a ten-foot pole. I recognize
that he is not responsible for his beliefs and actions. Neither is a
shark. And I don't touch sharks with any length pole.

I believe the best way to deal with Wetzel is by ignoring him completely.
This means NOT printing his letters and articles. And it means not answering
his letters. He thrives on attention. Don't give it to him! I'm going to
pretend he doesn't exist. I hope others will too.

I_t...whups... It seems as tho the OE-ship of FAPA is a job that fewer and
fewer members are seeking. The time may come soon when no one will want it
come election time. Where will FAPA be then? The job is a thankless one of
hard work and time-consuming details. This reality is becoming more and more
well-known.

I suggest, therefore, as a non-member in good standing, that the OE be paid
a set wage per mailing to make the job less odious. I suggest \$10.00 as a
fair remuneration. I suggest that dues be increased to say \$5.00 to take care
of the added ~~expense~~ costs. Thus an Editor could be, I think, persuaded to
keep the job for more than one year, thus avoiding mix-ups and confusions and
shifting of ever-increasing piles of surplus stock (which costs a lot in it-
self) from place to place. And, too, I think that once a popular and able
OE is elected, the FAPA could keep him on and benefit from his experience
and talent and ability.

Do you know, I STILL am receiving free IFs from Quinn!

DEFINITION:

Egobco: pleasant stimulation of the sensitive nerve ends of
the id. Also known as mental masturbation if indulged in excess.

Ghod is nothing but a fandom hammed hobby.

where the editor rambles on and on and end.

This issue of PSY, viewed from the night of Nov. 1, is a shambles of good intentions. The greatest trouble that contributed to this horrible purple business, is the contrary duper I bought third hand. It has the trouble of overwetting the paper. I've ruined a goodly number of reams of paper. As a result of this, and several catastrophes to key master units, this issue is being sent only to about 50 people, and I'd intended sending it to at least 85. Ah...the goodly intentions of mice and men....

Much of my other material is being shelved for the nonce til I get this duper fixed, or failing that, find a solution to the overwetting problem that will allow me to work the thing half-way efficiently.

So, consider this issue an interim one. I'm issuing it, really, only to get material for a hefty letter column. I trust that those who receive the issue will find something in it to comment on.

Material is requested earnestly. By way of greasing the track my way, I might add that I intend to re-establish the Egoboo Limited service I had during the heyday of the "old" PSY. That is, as McCain explained in the last OBLIQUE, I clip comment from letters that aren't printed, and send it to interested parties...contributors.

Next issue, with a little bit o' luck, will see about 100 copies.

Wish me luck!

SINCerely,

ODE TO A LEAKY FANCET SYMBOL

twat....

twat....

twat...

twat..

twat.

twat.....

twat....

twat...

twat...

twat.

twat.....

twat....

twat....

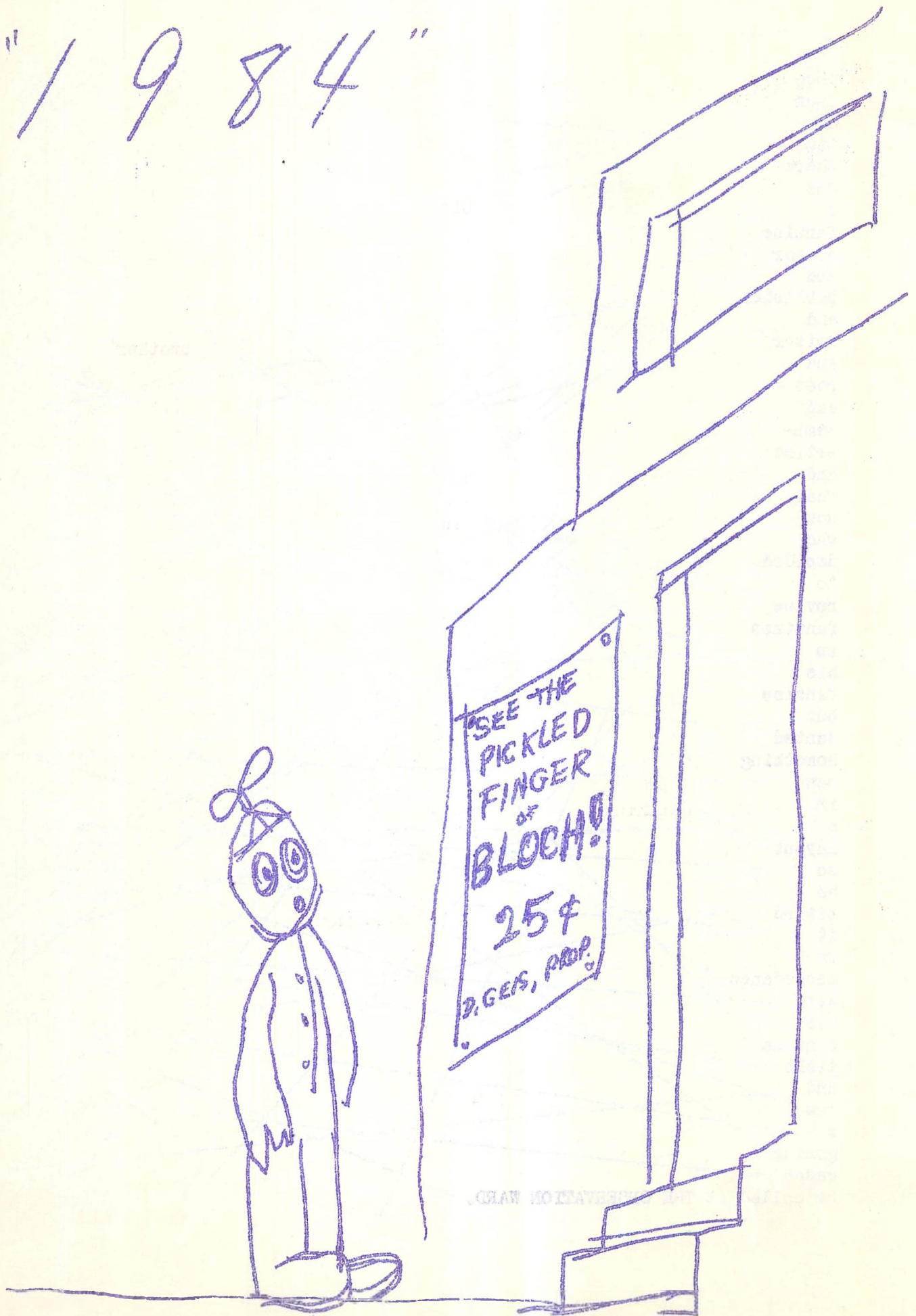
twat...

twat..

twat.

---from SYMBOLIC POTTERY
by Richard E. Geis

"1984"



once
upon
a
time
there
was
a
fanzine
editor
and
publisher
and
writer
and
poet
and
semi-
artist
and
what
not
who
decided
to
review
fanzines
in
his
fanzine
but
wanted
something
new
in
a
layout
so
he
titled
it
in
accordance
with
his
fanzine
title
and
was
a
genius
cause
he called it THE OBSERVATION WARD.

big

brother

is

watching

watching

watching

you

"Earthman, you can do any thing, but keep off my blue suede skin!"



"Every day of every week of every month of every year he keeps asking...asking...asking. But I'll NEVER write for his fanzine!!!"

SATA ILLUSTRATED It may be that Dan Adkins "folded" SATA after #3 in order to clear away a lot of debris (mental) that had been accumulating and make a fresh start on a zine that better suited him. Clearly he was impatient and dissatisfied with the first three issues.

The fourth issue of SATA, with an **ILLUSTRATED** added, shows what he had in mind when he promised a new and different type of fanzine: he has added another heaping helping of his artwork. From what he says in response to letters in his letter column it's clear that he would very much like to publish an all artwork fanzine, but fears to break too much with the usual in fanzine make-up. Also, Dan probably realized that an all artwork issue, while interesting IF the artwork is good, is not much to hold attention for more than a few moments. He probably anticipated getting letters saying: "Yeah, boy, good drawing, but where's the meat and potatoes?"

As it is, the meat and potatoes in this new SATA is in short supply, and will continue to be unless Dan can subordinate his artistic ego to his editorial acumen. To this end he has taken on Bill Pearson as co-editor. Pearson's job is to supply a little food for thought while Adkins supplies the artwork and publishing effort.

Not too bad an arrangement, I suppose, but it all depends on how much "say" Pearson is to have in editorial policy. Not much, probably, since the publisher holds the purse-strings and has the final decision-making power.

The Observation Ward

It is always difficult for a fan who is a good artist, but not much of an editor or writer, to publish a fanzine. This is because artwork is primarily a decoration, a superfluosity almost, to a fanzine. If it is present, and good, artwork adds a lot to a fanzine. But it is not absolutely essential to a top-notch zine. Actually cartooning is more of a help, and I'd say better liked, than "straight" artwork. Witness the success and popularity of Arthur Thomson in the Irish and British zines.

Because of his relative immaturity and ignorance, as well as a probable lack of talent, Adkins does not seem able to write well enough or edit with enough imagination to put out a top-zine by himself. He plays his long suit as hard and as well as he can (an Adkins illio on every page!), but it isn't enough. To ever manage a "really good" zine, he has to import a GOOD editorial writer, and he has done this by making Bill Pearson co-editor.

A lot depends on the ability of Pearson along these lines. I'd say from reading his piece on Elvis Presley that he is a very valuable addition to fanzine editing ranks. He has maturity and is plainly not ignorant. IF Dan Adkins will take a back seat and let Pearson run the show, SATA ILLUSTRATED will improve a lot. But if he insists on keeping the mag "his", then it'll continue to be a neo-fan haven.

I frankly don't expect this "co-editorship" to last. Pearson may not like being, for long, "under the thumb" of an editor who is his intellectual inferior. Perhaps someday Bill will break out with a zine of his own.

"...I AM NOT MARRIED. I also am NOTAL sexually!!!" ---Adkins.



"Alright, so I DO wear falsies. But you'll never tell!"

The Observation Ward

STELLAR Larry Stark and Ted White have undertaken an ambitious and interesting task with this first issue of a fanzine devoted to fan-fiction. And by fan-fiction I, and they, mean fiction written by and about fans. Larry edits the zine while Ted acts as publisher.

The stories in this first issue are mostly of a serious nature, a type which Larry names SerConFan Fiction. They are interesting and provocative, but there are some flaws present which, unless attended to, will kill the genre before it properly gets started. I'll discuss these flaws as I come to them in a front-to-back review of the zine.

The cover is unfortunate because of the use of yellow in the title logo and the crudely Symbolic illo. The yellow is hard to make out on the white cover stock, especially as the logo is done with block letters which are tall and thin and slanting forward. The illo is that of a futuristically dressed man holding a thunderbolt on an endless plain a la Dali. In the background a huge lightning bolt splits the sky. On the man's feet are winged boots. As I say, this illo is not just symbolic, it is Symbolic. It is ill-drawn and has the appearance of having been colored by crayon...by an eight year old. Obviously some thought has been given to the layout and composition, but the thought ended there. Strike one on White.

The contents page reflects not a little affectation with such things as a column titled "staff", "STELLAR is a QWERTYUIOPublication..." issued by "QWERTYUIOPress..." Altogether it is a bit too pseudo-Campbellish for my taste. White also imparts the information at the bottom of the page that "We also sell well-known brands of stencils and inks 25% off." Nothing wrong with that, but he should have added: "We also walk dogs." I would have. Such an esoteric fannish item would have taken the onus off the huckstering, and would have added a needed touch to the page. For what White has done here is to get all formal and affected on the contents page of a zine which is ostensibly fannish in the extreme. Strike two on White.

In his editorial, "Starkly Speaking," Larry makes a plea for material of a SerConFan Fiction type, though he allows as how he'll also accept chunks of humorous fan fiction. And humorous fan fiction is just about all he'll get, I think, which is worth printing. The English and Irish fans have made a specialty of humorous fan fiction, and probably will respond with some excellent material. But I wonder if there will be any SerConFan Fiction submitted which will be good enough to print. There are not too many fans who are qualified to write it if they wanted to...and I doubt that many will want to. There is Boggs, Grennell, Tucker, Bloch, Mrs. Bradley, and a few others....you can count them on the hands of one finger. The next issue will probably see Larry using more of his own material.

I question the workability of the White publishing, Stark editing arrangement. "Where," I ask myself, "is the egoboo for White?" He will be doing the typing, the mimeoing, the assembling, mailing, and absorbing the cost of the whole thing...and for what? His name on the masthead? Being "merely a publisher" is okay if you also merely reap some profits. But this STELLAR zine looks like a total loss to White: no profits and little or no egoboo! Bad judgement on his part, I'm afraid. Strike threes on White.

The Observation Ward

And now to the discussion of SerConFan Fiction and its faults as presented in this issue by Larry Stark. Essentially I think the idea of serious fan fiction is a good one; the type has a place in the sun of fandom, and should be able to carve a distinctive and permanent place in the contents pages of the better fanzines. But it is not likely to be very popular or common. This is because it is much more difficult to write successfully; it demands as much talent and discipline as any other type of serious fiction, and the people who are best able to write it are more than likely going to write for a paying market if they write serious fiction at all. Why waste time and talent writing serious fan fiction if that same time and talent can be used to produce serious fiction that will earn money?

There is, too, the tendency in our society to avoid the serious and disturbing, the topic or the treatment which makes people uncomfortable and causes doubts that all is perhaps not well with the world. This is apparent in all the national mass media of communication and is reflected in fandom just as surely as in the questions on a "Face The Nation" or documentaries on the radio or TV which conveniently neglect to probe deeply into basic causes of heart disease, cancer, juvenile delinquency, etc. A good piece of serious fan fiction will cause the reader, a fan himself, to live with the story and force him to take a stand on the issues and people involved in the story because it is REAL to him and presents abstractions to him on an intensely personal level which he cannot ignore. In short, the good serious fan fiction story will make a person think.

"The Biltmore Insurgents", by Larry Stark, is a good example of this; it is the story, in fiction, of a series of incidents that concerned Peter Vorzimer and his circle at the San Francisco convention a few years ago. I imagine every fan who has been around for a while is familiar with what happened.

The story is well written: it skillfully handles motivation and character and event; the scenes are very real and compelling. The scene where Jake is forced to drink a glass of hair- tonic, forced to grovel and beg, is particularly well done. BUT...the total powerful effect of the writing is undermined all through the story by the use of the names of real fans. It doesn't matter that the real fans have okayed the use of their names for characters in the story; it doesn't matter that the reader knows that the real names are not indicative of anything in relation to the story; what does matter is that there is a constant distraction at work...the reader has to constantly remember not to notice the names as belonging to real people. And yet, with this distraction always in mind, it affects the reading to such an extent that the reader is even more conscious of the names. It is like being told not to stare at a rich uncle's big nose when he comes to visit; when he arrives you can look at nothing else, and as in the classic joke, may well address him as "Mr. Nose."

And the question that rises foremost in my mind is WHY do Stark insist on using real fans' names in his fiction? If the names have no legitimate connection with the characters portrayed, and if the reader has to be instructed to make no such connection, then what is the reason for their use?

The Observation Ward

The names of real fans are used in "The Death of Science Fiction", a round-robin serial which is interesting in a negative sort of way. In the usual manner, round-robin serials are started at chapter one. This one was started by George Spencer but was found wanting by Larry Stark who felt the action unmotivated and unoriginal. But he liked the writing. So it was decided that White would write another chapter one which would lead up to the Spencer chapter and furnish the missing motivation and necessary background. Thus the Spencer chapter became #2. Larry then continued the story as best he could with chapter three.

Chapter one as written by White shows good writing. The story line is indicated and historical background filled in: the stage is set nicely for chapter two. There is no humor in this story. It is presented as straight SerConFan Fiction. This first chapter is well-written may I say again. I was particularly impressed by the extrapolation of current historical trends as well as a believable sequence of events concerning FAPA and the "New Order."

Chapter three by Stark is also well-written. It goes beneath the surface and explores human character with sureness and knowledge. Larry does his best with the incredible situation left him by Spencer's chapter two.

But Spencer's effort reads like a burlesque of all spy stories ever written for pulp magazines. It is purple-prose through and through. It is over-written and florid and sophomoric. How Larry could have admired the writing is beyond me. It is corny and melodramatic. I have but to quote the first paragraph to prove my point.

"The dark figure stood enveloped in inky shadows at the entrance of an alley. He crouched there, yet stood erect. He struck a match and lit his cold pipe, illuminating the cold, unsmiling face. The match went out and the face receded into the well of darkness. He waited patiently..."

Badly written cliché piled on cliché. Briefly the story Spencer has forced on the serial is this: A New Order has come into power in the United States. It is very reactionary and tyrannical. It is censoring all publications and specially science fiction magazines. Stf is forced out of business. The leading editors are shot or jailed. FAPA is ordered disbanded, and fans are shadowed, then killed off one by one. Of course all mail is opened. It is police-state action with all the trimmings. And fans and fandom are singled out for the deluxe persecution.

As the chapter begins, an agent is waiting in an alley. Then a fan stealthily creeps up the street, intent on attending a forbidden meeting of fans. "Ahead, the waiting one heard the soft footsteps. His hand went down to his pocket and stroked the cold metal of a deadly weapon." The fan gets to the room and distributes his fanzines. They had been mimeed behind locked doors. Meanwhile, back in the alley, the agent motions to his cohorts and they close in..."While the meeting proceeded in hushed whispers..." Then the agents shoot open the locked door and a fan kicks out the light, and there is shooting and cries of pain and confusion. Just like in all the stories.

The Observation Ward

I can only conclude that Larry uses them to give an added sense of realism to his stories. An added sense which is not needed. This crutch is self-defeating; Larry's stories are damn good by themselves. It may be, though that a fear of their being not good enough to stand alone haunted him and caused the use of this device. Of course the trouble with using a prop of this kind is that if the stories are successful you are still don't know if the success is due to the good writing or to the crutch.

By far the best item in the mag is "But I Don't Want Literature!" by Lee Hoffman. This is a marvelous bit of satire that pokes fun at western magazines, science fiction magazines and their "maturity" kick, fans, snobs, do-gooders, and magazine titles. It is satire within satire within satire. Nothing is sacred when this Hoffshaw is on the prowl. And to top it off, there is a definite and clearly defined message in the background: individual freedom should be defended by the individual.

I suppose it was White's idea to jump from page 13 to page 18 for the conclusion of the story. In a professional magazine I can accept such things. In a fanzine they are inexcusable. Strike four on him.

In "The Fanatics" Stark once again uses real names for the characters. My criticisms of "The Biltmore Insurgents" apply here for the same reasons. When I first read this story in manuscript form perhaps a year ago I was unable to determine to what extent the story was fiction, and what extent based on true happenings; I simply could not know if such a meeting in the basement of White's house actually happened. It is mentioned in this story that White has a large collection of science fiction. I know that this is actually true. And certainly Stark and he have had conversations in the basement den. So when they start talking about Hitchcock in the story, HOW am I, or any fan not a personal friend of them all, to know which character traits, biographical data, and opinions are fictional and which true? This merging of fact and fiction is tricky and dangerous.

"...And Tired," by Sue Rosen, is a nice little vignette with good characterization. The naturalistic dialogue is perhaps a bit overdone in the case of the postman, though this may be only in contrast to the partly narrative response by the author in the first-person telling of the story.

"The Vertical Pronoun" is a pretty good title for a fanzine review column. Larry does a good job of reviewing, though I felt he didn't give reasons for his judgements often enough. Saying that a Deek column is "...COMPLETELY out of left-field." is probably meaningful to Larry, but it doesn't impart much to me.

The Observation Ward

One fan gets away and runs for it. Agents pursue him. "Bullets began to spatter the wood around him. He ran." "They were closing in!" And he expires finally with this: "There was a brief burst of machinegun fire. He loosened his grasp and fell senseless to the concrete walk. His blood flowed and mingled with the broken glass and scattering mimeed pages."

Throughout this chapter is the theme that fans are being persecuted. They are the object of widespread, thorough, merciless, and intensive murder. But they are martyrs and go on publishing the forbidden fanzines and meeting in lantern-lit barren rooms which are reached by creaking wooden stairs.

I submit that this picture of persecution is more than a little bit paranoid. This middle chapter warps the entire story. It is implausible and incredible. I say again that it reflects definite paranoid thinking. For remember that this was written in dead seriousness. It is presented as serious fiction. Yet there is this pathological warp, this sick twist which cannot pass for satire or lampoon.

I find it disturbing. Not so much because one little-known fan named Spencer is deeply neurotic and shows it, but because both Larry Stark and Ted White, by accepting the story as a basis for a serial and writing chapters which go along with the thesis of persecution, apparently share the same views!

Glumblackery Twipplefidy

into the glumblackery went a young hufflp. without help nor horror he sank digitally determined into the stasled depths. "pentra & pentra," he dried, and mindled another simol corror plat. "bloch...och...och..." echoed the distant twipplefidy neps.

"I shall have it!" and without help nor horror impelled within, he temporalled one-two-three-four-five-six-seven gurlgles in. laughing instant came and went. "bloch...och...och..." echoed it. gathering styrr and pottled readler smote him, teadler, and rechodit.

across the dismal dark and across the snattled light on and on and on he went. krent. knowing deep and knowing plong resentfully on and on. angrily tendered and smotily rendered, the twipplefidy narly tamed. but still the hufflp nottled his vrow...without a yngvi to his name.

The wall of willis loomed ahead and mightily grooned the hufflp next. "two-thirty," whispered the watch and greened a mighty green. he unlumbered the trusty wroter the better to attack and defend, extra stobbles notched and done. but no one could conquer yet the green.

---from "symbolic pottery"
by Richard E. Geis

The Observation Ward

UMBRA #15 John Hitchcock, too, seems to be re-examining his fanzine and finding it wanting. In his editorial this issue he describes an almost schizoid situation: on the one hand there he is, and on the other hand there is UMBRA. John feels that he (his personality) hasn't been in evidence in his own magazine, that the damned thing almost has a will of its own and does not truly reflect his views and self. He is out to change the situation or know the reason why.

Good enough. But changing the policy to that of "fanriness" (I use quotes around the word because John isn't sure the word covers the way he feels) will not do it.

I believe the basic cause of his feeling of dissatisfaction is that UMBRA has not been a pace-setter, a world-beater, or a really top-notch zine, and the continued month after month publication of an also-ran is not good for the ego. John recognizes this mediocrity and wants to change it. But I don't think he is aware of the real reason for the lack of success of UMBRA, and consequently his dislike of the zine as it stands. It was immediately apparent to me what was wrong; like the spectator watching a chess match, I see the obvious move immediately while the player may never see it.

John says in his editorial that issue after issue UMBRA featured the same sercon articles, the same contributors, and the same stuffy fanzine reviews. He wants to change that. BUT in this issue he has another batch of what he wants to omit! He has "Science, Stf, and the Sense of Wonder," by Andy Young, as sercon as you can get. He has Jan Jansen and Larry Stark as major contributors....all old stand-bys who have appeared again and again in UMBRA. And he has his own fanzine reviews. Now, he is the one who described those reviews as "stuffy;" I have always considered them interesting reading. From the very start I have thought Hitchcock a good reviewer.

John wanted humor in his zine, so he called on Larry Stark, and Larry responded with a "review" of science fiction movies titled "Son of Univac." I thought it pretty good. I didn't burst out laughing, but it sustained interest and was effective, if blunt, satire.

My point is that even if John did change all his contributors and did change to a humor-"articles-must-reflect-personality"-policy, he still wouldn't be satisfied because that type of policy change is not the answer to his problem. He still, even after his agonizing reappraisal of himself and UMBRA, isn't putting enough of himself into the zine.

He enjoys OIPA, and perhaps the reason he likes it so well is because his OIPA-zine is all Hitchcock. I think he'd enjoy general-fandom more if he made UMBRA into a zine which he dominated by sheer quantity. As it is his personality is being overshadowed by those of his major contributors! Hitchcock is reduced to an also-ran in his own zine!

He doesn't, apparently, have the type of personality that can impress itself upon the reader as distinctive and different. I imagine he isn't neurotic or non-conformist enough...if at all. But having a shooting-star

The Observation Ward

personality isn't mandatory for a top zine, although it is an asset...all other things being equal.

John is a nice guy. He writes interestingly and intelligently. But he is not a spectacular character full of fire and ice. He is not compulsively outspoken and he does not have a chip on his shoulder nor an axe to grind. This is bad? He is simply out-gunned in his zine by other personalities who are either equally as nice and able to write intelligently, or by occasional Big Bertha personalities who take the spotlight away.

MORE HITCHCOCK IN UMBRA is the solution. Fifty percent would not be too much.

Nothing else piled on the desk seems to inspire much comment one way or the other. I can best sum up my feelings regarding them by one line comments. Thus:

ALICE continues to substitute careless cartooning for good material.

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE in two issues has established a sort of competent mediocrity.

CONFAB is back and welcomed for its effortless conviviality.

NOW AND THEN has always been delightful and is probably the most unacclaimed quality fanzine around.

BRILLIG has an aura of carelessness similar to ECLIPSE but without the saving quality of interesting editorials. However, Bourne is maturing and if he publishes long enough, BRILLIG will probably improve gradually.

ORION qualifies in my mind as the second most under-rated and unacclaimed fanzine being published.

TWIG, a new one, first impressed with its nice mimeography, then depressed with its ho-hum material and very grey editorial personality. Time will tell on this one.

ALPHA is a good zine, but I somehow never have anything to say about it. The Atom cartoons are nice as usual.

INSIDE has had a succession of wonderful covers of late, and controversial material of interest. But Smith has a tendency, from my editorial viewpoint, to become altogether too formal and over-serious.

OBSCURE is spotty, but still seems to me the best overall fanzine being published in fandom for fans. The letter section is the best feature. Cliff has talent and personality but lacks enough discipline to best show it off.

WENDIGO is interesting and thought-provoking as usual. Many times I've been impelled to read books mentioned and quoted from by Dutch.

A DIALOGUE WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR THE COMMENTARY OF
DREW PEARSON ON THE RADIO

"Now, Dickie, I want to have you meet a nice man who will help you a lot. This is Doctor Carter."

"HELLO Dickie how are you?"

"I'd feel better if you guys would leave me alone! I got a schedule you know? I can't just take off an hour whenever I want to. I got pages to type, columns to write, reviews to compose, layouts to lay, interlineations to intelligently...intelligently...interline. You got no idea what problems I got."

"Now Dickie I want you to lie down on that couch over there and tell me all about how your mother caught you in the bathroom when you were five years old with the neighbor's little girl."

"Screw the neighbor's little girl! I gotta get going on the lead editorials...."

"I see....hmmmm. And when you did that did the little girl cry or did she want more?"

"Wha...? Do you realize I'm ten pages behind just because you old boneheads want to have fun with words? I gotta comment on zines that've been in the pile for months!"

"You have to try to cooperate with us Dickie. Your mother says you've been behaving abnormally for the past three years and we are only trying to cure you."

"I don't wanna be cured! Why don't you cure yourself of that tie? Or that chain-smoking? Or your penchant for loud ties. Geez! Whoever heard of a green and yellow tie with a blue suit?"

"You are not adapting correctly. Your socialization is definitely sub-par with reference to the optimum. Why, you don't even have a TV set!"

"Gimme back my typewriter!"

"And you read too much! How can you expect to have friends if you read?"

"I got friends all over the country!"

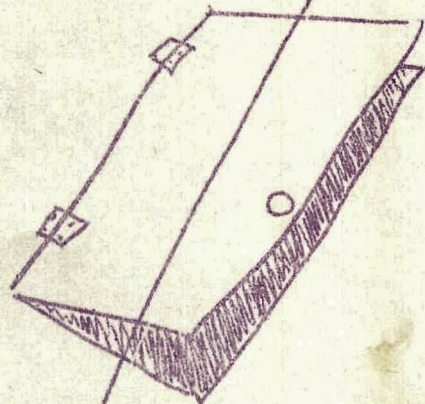
"But you admit you've never seen them. You've never spoken to them. Are you SURE you have friends? Aren't you imagining them? Now, if you don't start to conform to what society expects of you I'll have to sign this paper I have here. You'll just have to start smoking, buy a TV, buy a new car, join a church like law abiding citizens do, stop this silly fanzine thing you play with, and above all, Dickie, do as your mother wants you to do....STOP THINKING!!"

"I won't!"

"Don't be stubborn. A young man of your age, 29, should be mature enough to see that he must fit into the giant machine of society? I'll have to sign you into the Egghead Correction Hospital."

"MX GHOD! CLOSE THE DOOR!" *

DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS THE



* COURTESY JIM HARMON

FAPA WARD!

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11-11-41

GEMZINE 4:12 Well, Gert, here I am in my own forum. I want to thank you for letting me use your magazine last time as a hollering point. I can take up as much space as I like in ol' PSY, tho, and won't feel slightly guilty about calling you names in your own mag. Is different if I call you nasty things in MY mag. Snarl.... All in the spirit of good dirty fun.

I think, in the exposition of the "churchly rackets" you evolved, that you over-rate hypnosis considerably. I don't have much more than a vague knowledge of the subject, but I have the feeling that hypnosis is not quite as easy to use as you would perhaps like to believe. I doubt that you could hypnotize many people without their knowing it when you tried it on their entrance of your "Happiness" office. And I suspect that it is illegal to hypnotize people without their knowledge and consent. As to the business of playing God to them and fixing up their lives by making them face up to their neuroses and doing the "right" thing to overcome them...well, I doubt again if it would be that easy. If it were the Psychoanalysts would be curing many many more people than they are.

You are right about the people who say "I could write a terrific novel if I only could force myself to write" or "I could write a terrific story only I got too much to do." The reasons given aren't valid, however. They aren't valid because they are excuses, not reasons. The real reasons are rooted in the subconscious more often than not, and perhaps the most common real reason is that the amateur "might be" writer is afraid to risk his ego by actually writing something in competition with the existing pros, of stacking his ability and talent up against the proven ability and talent of those who have sold.

You mentioned that you cherish the secret notion (secret no longer, by the way) that if you could only settle down to an uninterrupted period of solid writing you would surely sell your work. But you know damn well that the time will never come when you'll find the time available. And if by chance fate should provide the time in some way, then by gar you'd find a way of using it in another fashion...perhaps by putting out an extra-large issue of GEMZINE. With FAPA you feel competent and more than adequate so you have no problems of ego-risk there. You must surely realize that if you really wanted to write for money badly enough, you could find the time.

So if the real reasons for not writing for money are subconscious, hypnosis would not erase them. You might very well be able to find the true nature of the reasons, but hypnosis cannot be used as a cure-all; disagreeable traits or aspects of personality do not curl up and die as a result of the command of the hypnotist that they do just that. You cannot give a person courage or determination in opposition to a neurosis merely by administering a post-hypnotic suggestion to that effect. You could do immeasurable harm by adding to the conflict in the mind of the subject.

There is no easy way that I know of to cure or alleviate neurosis and psychosis. Understanding and insight are required of the patient. Mental health cannot be given. It must be a two way proposition with the patient doing more work than the doctor.

Eh? You went to see "The Seven Capital Sins" knowing full well that the Legion of Decency had condemned it? How DARE you put yourself above their judgement of what is good and bad for you? How can you possibly defend such an act? I mean, there is such a thing as right and wrong in the matter, and you either believe in censorship or you don't. If you believe in censorship, Gert, then you should surely be willing to abide by it! But here you are agreeing that censorship is okay and fine for other people, but you personally prefer not to let it affect your freedom. You, you egoistical thing you, have the nerve to believe that you know what is best for yourself. Don't you realize how much time and money goes into the Legion of Decency effort to protect your mind from such immoral and un-American ideas? Yet there you went and saw the picture anyway. Shocking! Why couldn't you take their word for it that the movie was not fit for the pure minds of Catholic people? My God, Gertie, what if the movie hadn't been cut and you'd seen that seventh Sin? What a chance you took! I shudder at the ideas to which you might have been exposed. As it is only heaven knows what insidious propaganda has been slipped into your brain without your knowing. And I'll even bet you felt resentful that the seventh sin had been cut. Here you went to a movie to see if it was really as bad as you'd heard or been led to believe, and then you find it has been censored.

You are hopeless, Gertie, simply hopeless. Your only saving grace is that you do not feel that others should have the freedom you want for yourself. Maybe if you work at it hard enough you can be appointed to the film review board in Seattle. You were born for that job.

I don't know if it is quite right for me to comment on your comments on FAPA mags or not. I figure I might in a way be trespassing on the other fellow's right to answer you first, since your comment is directed to him. I will heroically refrain for the moment. Perhaps you could clarify your position in the matter. Do you mind if I stick an oar in when I feel the urge to row?

FAPAns butt in where angels fear to tread

Then, too, I'm not a legitimate FAPAn yet.

However, there is one more province in GEIZINE where I can legitimately argue with you. That is my letter which you so nicely printed in toto, and your comments on it, in "Epistles and Egoboo."

Alright, already. I withdraw my contention that you patronize people and

are holier-than-thou with them. I withdraw it to a far corner of the field. I scanned GEMZINE for specific and concrete instances of these attitudes and couldn't find any good examples. But you slip just once, Gertrude, and I'll pounce with sharpened claws and ~~loud~~ loud howls of glee.

I STILL say that if enough people wrote in the name of McCarthy for President, enough to carry states with sufficient votes, he would in fact be President. Your contention that the Electoral College would not vote him into office is a somewhat unrealistic quibble; they wouldn't dare oppose the will of the people. Such a write-in vote is highly unlikely, however, and I think the whole question is hypothetical. If McCarthy had enough support to make a write-in election possible, he certainly would be nominated by either the Republicans or a third party.

Really, are you even half-serious with this "...it is nice to see someone who is capable of appreciating my skill with the loaded adjective, the slanted adverb.... I admit it's tricky. It is not easy to juggle innocent little words around until they pick up a cargo of emotional innuendo...." Do I detect a belief on your part that my objecting to "loaded" words in your arguments is proof or indication that they are not loaded unless I load them with what you call "emotional innuendo" from my own mind? I wish I knew how much of this is irony and how much the truth.

Then you go on to say "I guess that's why it makes the egghead element so furious when I succeed in slipping in a load of counter-propaganda. They seem to think they have a monopoly on the idea... Could be that's why they are able to recognize it when they see it -- Huh? Of course, not that YOU are an egghead! Perish forbid! But people who live in glass houses shouldn't holler "Fascist!" -- now, should they? They make such a target for reply...."

Tsk, Gertrude. I didn't say you were a Fascist. I said that you sounded like those people who were inherent fascists. I should have said latent fascists, since that is closer and more accurately what I meant as well as being semantically more sensible. But, if the shoe fits....

I suppose that by egghead you mean intellectual. My understanding of the word is that it means someone who is more than normally intelligent and whose interests run to abstractions and fields of interest, such as literature, Art, etc., which do not usually interest most people. According to that definition I am an intellectual. However, I do not subscribe to what might be called "Intellectualism", which is the doctrine that all knowledge comes from pure reason. I believe that there are many instincts at work in Man which we are only now beginning to discover.

But I believe that when you use the word intellectual you mean someone who is a dreamer, impractical, and Left-wing, if not actually Communistic.

The FAPA Ward -4-

Well, now here is a fairly good example of your patronizing propensities:

"Don't you know it isn't nice to be 'intolerant' nowadays? All good little boys are supposed to be very, very tolerant of each other's race, religion, and creed, etc. etc."

Written partly in jest, perhaps, but still the flavor lingers on. The flavor of a teacher reprimanding a small boy who misbehaved in class. I am neither small nor a boy. I am large and a man. Nor am I particularly ignorant.

But...have YOU ever been patronized, Gert? Are you fond of the role? Do you like being talked down to? Take all the time you need to answer. I understand how it is with old people whose minds start to deteriorate. Be sure to get your thoughts straight before you type. I know I always make allowances for senility, and I'm sure most other FAPAs do too. Poor thing, you can't be expected to think as clearly as young people.

touche!

It is not the "law of the pack" (whatever that is) which is the basis of race prejudice. WHY some people believe one race superior to another cannot be explained so conveniently and easily as "instinct." Of course attributing prejudice to instinct is a handy way of dismissing the problem and washing your hands of any responsibility concerning it.

I believe prejudice is caused primarily by a purely emotional projection of personal feelings of inferiority and inadequacy made possible by ignorance and immaturity. The forces which are responsible for large scale ignorance and immaturity, feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, can be altered and controlled.

You say that it is a great shame that weaker cultures are being overwhelmed and submerged by industrialization and "Americanization." And it is true that many aspects of these cultures (like the Japanese, as you mentioned) are beautiful and worthy of preservation. But the society of which Japan is a part has no internal strength. As a result it has gone under in the face of an overwhelming Western society. And an overwhelming Communist society as seen in China.

It is not possible to throw the world into a deep-freeze or to petrify it as it stands today....much as lovers of the status-quo would like. Change is always with us, and in this day of swift communication and travel, and immense knowledge, change is accelerated to an incredible degree compared to the rate of say 500 years ago. I suspect that one of our days equals the change that occurred in a ten year span of the past.

It is understandable, I think, that large masses of people in this country should seek some kind of security by looking to the government as the only power in their lives which is impressive enough to accomplish it, in this world of constant change and flux. Values change completely in a generation, and an anchor is perhaps absolutely necessary for them.

The FAPA Ward -5- Pool

I saw MOBY DICK last week here in Portland. I was a guest of someone, so didn't have to fork over the \$1.50 per. That was on Monday night, yet even so I was surprised to see so few people in the theatre at the last showing.

I had been of the opinion that Gregory Peck was not the best actor for the job of Ahab, and after seeing the job he did, I haven't changed my opinion on the whole, but it must be said that there were moments when Peck succeeded in projecting the tortured soul of Ahab in a frighteningly real way. But these moments were few and far between. Most of the time I got the impression that he was distinctly uncomfortable with the New England accent and thees and thous which were required of him. None of the crew stuck out to my mind with any exceptional performance. The most effective scenes in the earlier part of the movie were of the whaling men's women as they watched their men sail away...for three years...or forever. Orson Welles did a magnificent job as the preacher, tho he was wasted on that little ten minute spot. Now, if he had been given the role of Ahab.... Ah, I can just see him on the whale, plunging his harpoon into the great white beast again and again and again, shouting his curses in that wonderful voice. As it was Peck was unconvincing.

I am impelled to ask you what you are going to do in the future if our economy continues to spiral upward in inflation and all the first run movies shift their prices to \$1.25 and \$1.50? Only attend second-run neighborhood houses? The only trouble with that is that quite often the neighborhood popcorn palaces don't book the "art" films and outstanding foreign films.

I do like the way you have been correcting the "fuzzy" thinking that is so prevalent in some (or should I say most?) FAPA magazines. It is good to see someone who knows his onions come along and tell a guy he has been peeling rutabagas by mistake. Continue this by all means. Matters of opinion are one thing, but matters of fact are another. Many people merge the two.

I liked the cartoon on page fun(six) very much. Only...well, the caption reads: "What do you mean you've got the solution to the waiting-list problem?" and shows a Yobber with a lewollower in his hand-paw-tentacle-pseudopod. Now...is it his intention to knock off some of the surplus waiting-listers, or eliminate undesirable FAPA members? As a waiting-lister this is of vital concern to me.

There are a lot of Volkswagons here in Portland, and there was an article in the Northwest Magazine about them recently. Apparently there are quite a few people who are not enamored of the lush and plush and chrome and color which Detroit has been mass-producing and mass-selling those last few years. This development is a Good Sign, I think, that everybody cannot be advertised into wanting what Detroit is convinced the American housewife wants. The designs and colors indicate to me at least that when the car-makers take their preference polls and such to guide them in designing cars that will please the public, they put more weight on the desires and opinions of the little woman, realizing that she is the one who increasingly has more and more to

say about what kind of car the family shall buy.

A freind of mine, whose dream is to own the most ornate and ostentatious car on the market, has tried out a Volkswagon, and says that it hasn't enough play in the steering mechanism; that it is too sensitive to a slight movement of the steering wheel. I don't know whether this is so or whether it is his personal prejudice speaking with regard to a small insignificant car without ego-boosting qualities for the owner. He also mentioned that the French put out a very good car the equal of the Volkswagon, but that it didn't catch on here in America. The Citroen I think it is. As to that, I should think the reason is obvious. The American people have stereotyped the Germans as an industrious people who are excellent scientists and technicians while the stereotype of the French is that of a people who sit in side-walk cafes drinking all day and chase other men's wives all night. Americans, I am sure, simply don't feel that the French are capable of making a decent car.

There certainly is a market, and a big one, for a small inexpensive and economical car. But the nearest the American car-makers have come to filling it seems to be that incredibly ugly blob of color that Nash puts out. It's laughable to see one of those little doughnuts, designed to look like its big brothers, scoot about the streets.

END OF FAPA Ward.

"WE MUST NATIONALIZE THE ALIMENTARY CANAL!!"

"KEEP THE EPIGLOTS OPEN!!"

PARADOGRAPHY IS THE OPIATE OF THE CENSORS

ROTARY
PUBLIC
SIGN
HERE →

E PLURIBUS

~~BLOCH~~
GEIS



QUOTE and
COMMENT



"YUCCA FLAT OR DIE"

DO NOT
WRITE
IN THIS
SQUARE



"HOO!!"

Don't suddenly move!

DOCTOR, MY URINE HAS BEEN BRIGHT RED RECENTLY.
IS THIS SIGNIFICANT?

ONLY \$1.00 PER COPY

A FULL FREQUENCY RAGE RECORDING

From PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY by Voltaire: AUTHORITY

Wretched human beings, whether you wear green robes, turbans, black robes or surplices, cloaks and clerical bands, never seek to use authority where it is only a question of reason, unless you wish to be scoffed at throughout the centuries as the most impertinent of men, AND TO SUFFER PUBLIC HATRED AS THE MOST UNJUST.

You have been spoken to a hundred times of the insolent absurdity with which you condemned Galileo, and I speak to you for the hundred and first, and I hope you will keep the anniversary of that event for ever. Would that there might be graved on the door of your Holy Office: "Here seven cardinals, assisted by minor brethren, had the finest thinker of Italy thrown into prison at the age of seventy; made him fast on bread and water because he instructed the human race, and because they were ignorant."

In the same place there was pronounced a sentence in favor of Aristotle's categories, and the penalty of the galleys was learnedly and equitably decreed for anyone who should be sufficiently daring as to hold an opinion different from those of the Stagyrte, whose books were formerly burned by two councils.

Still later a faculty---which was possessed of no great faculties---issued a decree condemning innate ideas, and later a decree favoring innate ideas, without the said faculty being informed by its beadles what an idea is.

In the neighboring schools judicial proceedings were instituted against the circulation of the blood.

An action has been started against inoculation, and parties have been subpoenaed.

At the Customs of Thought twenty-one folio volumes were seized, in which it was treacherously and wickedly stated that triangles always have three angles; that a father is always older than his son; that Rhea Silvia lost her virginity before giving birth to her child, and that flour is not an oak leaf.

On another occasion the action: *Utrum chimera bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones*, came up for judgement; and it was decided in the affirmative.

The result was that everyone thought himself far superior to Archimedes, Euclid, Cicero, and Pliny, and strutted about the University quarter.

((No comment on this one except that I am reminded of the Scopes trial. No room on this page now to start another from Voltaire. But turn over and read what the old gent had to say about Books.))

You despise books, you whose whole life is devoted to the vanities of ambition and the search for pleasure, or plunged in idleness; but you should realize that the whole of the known world, with the exception of the savage races, is governed by books alone. The whole of Africa, including Ethiopia and Negritia, obeys the Koran after having submitted to the Christian gospels. China is ruled by the moral book of Confucius; a greater part of India by the Vedas. Persia was governed for centuries by the books of one of the Zoroasters.

If you have a law suit, your goods, your honor, your very life depend on the interpretation of a book you never read.

Robert the Devil, the Four Sons of Amon, the Imaginations of Mr. Oufle, are books too. But it is with books as with men: the few play great parts, while the rest are lost in the crowd.

Who leads mankind in civilized countries? Those who know how to read and write. You do not know either Hippocrates, Boerhaave or Sydenham, but you put your body in the hands of those who have read them. You abandon your soul to those who are paid to read the Bible, although there are not fifty among them who have read it through with care.

To such an extent do books govern the world, that those who rule to-day in the city of the Scipios and the Catos have willed that their books of law should be theirs alone. In these books is their power. They have made it a crime of lese-majeste for their subjects to look into them without express permission. In other countries it has been forbidden to think in writing without letters patent.

There are nations among whom thought is regarded purely as an object of commerce. The operations of the human mind are valued there only at two sous the sheet. Whether the bookseller wishes a license for Rabelais or the Church Fathers, the magistrate grants the license without regard to the book's contents.

In another country, the liberty of explaining oneself by books is one of the most sacred prerogatives. Print all that you like, under pain of boring, or of being punished if you take too great an advantage of your natural right.

Before the admirable invention of printing, books were rarer and more expensive than precious stones. There were almost no books among the barbarian nations until Charlemagne, and from him to the French king Charles V, surnamed "the wise" ---and from this Charles right down to Francois I ---there was an extreme dearth.

The Arabs alone had books from the eighth century of our era to the thirteenth. China was filled with them when we did not know how to read or write.

Copyists were actively employed in the Roman Empire from the time of the Scipios down to the barbarians' invasions. The Greeks were great transcribers of books in the days of Amyntas, Philip, and Alexander;

and they continued this practice extensively in Alexandria. The craft is rather unrewarding. The merchants always paid authors and copyists very badly. It took two years of assiduous labor for a copyist to transcribe the Bible fairly on vellum. What time and what trouble was spent in copying correctly, in Greek and Latin, the works of Origen, of Clement of Alexandria, and of all those other authors who are called "fathers."

The poems of Homer were so little known for so long a time that Pisistratus was the first who arranged, and had them transcribed in Athens, about five hundred years before the Christian era.

Today there are not perhaps a dozen copies of the Vedas or of the Zend-Avesta in the whole of the East.

You would not have found a single book in the whole of Russia in 1700, with the exception of some Missals and a few Bibles in the hand of brandy-drunk priests.

Today people complain of a surfeit of books. But it is not for readers to complain. The remedy is easy; nothing forces anyone to read. Nor have the authors any more reason to complain. Those who make up the crowd must not cry that they are being crushed. Despite the enormous quantity of books, how few people read! And if one read profitably, one would realize how much stupid stuff the vulgar herd is content to swallow every day.

What multiplies books, despite the law of not multiplying beings unnecessarily, is that books produce books. A new history of France or Spain is fabricated from several previously printed volumes, without anything new having been added. All dictionaries are made from dictionaries; almost all new geography books are repetitions of geography books. The Summa of St. Thomas has produced two thousand fat volumes of theology, and the same family of little worms that have fed upon the mother continue to feed upon the children.

((Reading this made me sit back and pause for a moment. I realized that I have now in my four bookcases probably more books than existed in entire countries a few hundred years ago. I realize that I am now probably better educated, know more about the world, myself and my fellow man, than anyone, Voltaire included, at that time. I look at my hi-fi set, my record collection, and I realize that I am literally living like a king (even better than a king) of that time. And all this on what most people in this country of ours would say was "not really enough money to live on decently."

Enjoy it while you can, fellows, it may not last much longer.

The next quote will be from a book by Jack Woodford which I bought many years ago and which I have read at least four times. In the issues upcoming I shall probably quote the entire book piece by piece.))

"Considering the bizarre cooking methods of the average housewife, and her quaint habit of throwing food sustenance down the drain or into the garbage can, she would better train her husband, poor dog, to open his mouth when she steps upon his foot, and then throw the garbage into him, rather than the dehydrated, de-vitamized fibrous residue of meats and vegetables she finally reserves for the table."

---Gordon Sayre

Probably the greatest single hazard to his health that the American faces is advertizing.

With the advent of "The Hucksters," this hazard has reached psychological aspects that will sooner or later have to be dealt with in some forthright way.

"The Hucksters," over the radio, are particularly dangerous, not because of their plausibility---which is nil---but because of their highly suggestive impetus.

All advertising men have learned that the Hitler technique---the Bigger the Lie the more likely it is to be accepted---is the technique that works best in advertising.

Also, good advertising men are profound students of psychology. They know, for instance, that the average radio listener does not consciously hear a commercial when it is repeated over and over again, year in and year out. The conscious mind rules the drool out of awareness like a mother-in-law's voice or the crap of a politician.

This, however, does not mean that the nonsense doesn't enter the mind. Quite the contrary, unfortunately. It enters the mind far more deeply and securely if it is not consciously "heard."

For instance, if you were hypnotized and given a "post-hypnotic" suggestion that you lacked pep and "Needed the Pause that Refreshes," accompanied by a habit forming drug in a soft drink that will run up the heart dangerously, and which is HIGHLY FATTENING (about a hundred calories to the bottle and packed with dangerous carbohydrates, particularly dangerous when there is polio around) you would, upon coming out of hypnosis, be inclined to go and buy that soft drink and thus overstimulate your heart when you wish to do more than you should do and draw from yourself more energy when your heart should be resting.

Under hypnosis, and given given a suggestion of the sort, when the reasoning faculties of your conscious mind were down, the post-hypnotic suggestion thus given might last for a matter of hours, or days; possibly even weeks.

When you are put under hypnosis the same thing happens to the action

of your mind that happens when you do not consciously hear a thing. It goes into the subconscious, unaccompanied by reason.

That is how the Birds of Prey condition people to unsanitary dogmas that lead to insanity.

If you sit listening to the radio, or turn it on and leave it on for hours, while you do something else, and you train your mind not to hear the commercials, you are nevertheless hearing them with a part of your mind and to a degree you are receiving a post-hypnotic suggestion. It is not as powerful a post-hypnotic suggestion as you would receive from a skilled hypnotist, but when the process is repeated over and over again the cumulative effect may be even more powerful than a single hypnotic seance with a trained hypnotist.

If, for instance, you turn on the radio to some soothing music station as you drop off to sleep, and commercials go directly to your subconscious mind in a sleeping or dozing state, this is almost perfect hypnotism. The post-hypnotic suggestion is then given under almost hypnotic conditions.

With TV advertising coming in, to be both visual and auditory, the results in death and wasting diseases upon this country of American Advertising will probably wipe us out altogether, because TV, like radio, will advertise only the meretricious which couldn't otherwise be sold, instead of advertising some such salubrious thing as a five cent diaphragm which this country needs far more than good cigars, the Catholic Church dissenting with me as usual.

Please do not misunderstand me, I don't care a whoop what happens. I am old and I will die and I hope go to hell where most of my friends will be and what happens after that is of no interest to me. What happens now is what interests me. Readers buy me because of my honesty---Heaven knows it isn't because of my lovely literary style as the Eastern Literary Lamas have not seldom pointed out. Along with Westbrook Pegler: "If I have any bigotry in my juices it is a rancid abhorrence of people who cold-bloodedly set out to do unprovoked good to other people."

Doctors are secretly amused and contemptuous at the great hullabaloo over the perils of alcohol. What really kills hundreds of thousands of people prematurely every year in this country is addiction to the various popular soft drinks, loaded with too much stimulus for the heart, and packed with fattening materials. I have asked doctors to make a rough estimate as to how many persons are annually killed prematurely by one popular soft drink in particular, through overstimulation of the heart, and through its contradiction of all their dieting with its fattening qualities. No doctor I have ever asked this question made an estimate under an hundred thousand per year. Any doctor will tell you that "soft drinks are far more deadly than hard ones," for the simple reason that any oaf can glut himself endlessly on soft drinks and still stay on his feet, while few could overdrink hard likker without landing on somebody else's feet.

And then there is the matter of the hundreds of forms of hay, alfalfa, wood shavings and toasted wrapping paper soaked in molasses sold as breakfast foods.

Eaten without sugar or cream these would be excellent for dieting purposes, because none of them have any more nutrition in them than so much sawdust. But, since their taste is invariably that of sawdust, or the feces of consumptive fairies, nobody can eat them without loading them down with sugar and sometimes cream.

These abominations are advertised indefatigably over the radio in hypnotic fashion until they contribute to the early death of thousands per year who, if they ate simple foods, would live long lives.

Then there are the candy bars, advertised to do everything from add pep, zest and vigor to contributing intellectual elephantiasis on the part of the suckers who munch them.

Peanuts are practically poison to people inclined to put on weight; yet they are advertised over the radio as though the company advertising them had manufactured them.

Plump little bastards are sent off to school with peanut butter sandwiches that make them fatheaded in school as well as fat bottomed, because Mom has directly or indirectly been hypnotically suggested into the thought that no brat who failed to eat peanut butter ever got to be President of the United States, or a Pink Pansy in the U.S. State Department.

People so overvitaminized that they creak are hypnotized into stuffing themselves with an overload of vitamins.

Practically everything advertised is inimical to the health and welfare of the purchaser for the obvious reason that if it has to be lied into circulation it's no good.

The total ridiculousness of all advertising became totally viewable to all during the war when everybody had to quit fooling and get down to brass tacks. Cars didn't break down in the middle of roads because they used Shell Oil products instead of Standard Oil products.

Oranges became oranges again, whether or not they were "Sunkist," and born without sin by artificial insemination. And so on throughout the whole list of advertised products. Advertising is just a cost overload hung on to things. There isn't a word of truth in it, there never was, and there never will be, because in its very essence it is something that sells some highly overpriced thing that wouldn't be bought out of real necessity or because of its essential worth.

The mook who for various reasons is inclined to put on overplus has simply got to school himself to throw out of his mind not merely the conscious attentiveness to advertising, but the post-hypnotic effect of subconscious attentiveness to it.

Anything that "pep you up" unaturally, is practically certain to have in it---if that is the least harmful of its content---a whole lot of sugar that you do not need. All the mysteries behind most of these pepper-uppers lies only in the simple fact that if you go and take a teaspoonful of sugar when you feel tired you'll feel less tired for awhile.

But why in the name of Christ shouldn't you feel tired when you are tired. To hear the advertising charlatans tell it you'd think it was positively immoral to feel tired when you should feel tired.

For Christ's sake if you get tired that is nature tipping you off that your bodily cells want a chance to do a patch job.

Then remember this. You can diet until you feel as though you were on the verge of starvation, but if you go out for "The Pause that Refreshes," in the form of a soft drink when you feel tired---that is, if you do it often---no attempt to diet of any kind is going to help you. You would get about the same fattening material from a slab of pie that you would get from a soft drink. If you yollop down half a dozen soft drinks a day it is at least the equivalent of eating an entire lemon meringue pie with Barbasol two inches thick atop it in addition to your regular meals for the day.

If you grab a candy bar and stuff it down, you will be getting approximately the same fattening material you would get if you ate half a dozen doughnuts.

If you surround a package of peanuts---providing you have the fortitude to claw the cellophane loose to get at them---you might as well add a whole fourth meal from soup to dessert to your daily munchings.

There isn't anything "Pepful" advertised anywhere by anybody that will give you any more pep than would a common ordinary cube of sugar. If you must go in for that sort of thing simply keep some sugar cubes by you and every time you feel that you are not entirely functioning as an intellectual giant or an Olympian athlete, feed yourself a lump of sugar as if you were a horse. And then whinny with delight to think how much dough you have saved while still getting the same, and more, pep out of the transaction that you would get out of some glucosy mess of a candy bar fantastically named and gaudily wrapped. I repeat that the single greatest hazard to our national health and mentality is American advertising, which leads most of the country into ghastly nibbling habits and hopeless imbibing habits. Remember that according to our national mores advertising, like religion, is sacred. Things that can, and do, kill people by the thousands are constantly advertised without let or hindrance. It is strictly caveat emptor, even down to the kids (who, at the present time in Los Angeles, with a raging polio epidemic are still stuffing themselves with soft drinks and candy bars). Caveat emptor (let the buyer beware) has always been a fundamental law, has never been successfully changed by statutory law.

When it comes to things you are hawked at to stick in your mouth, at least stop and think. The average person gets into the haphazard frame of mind which causes him to conclude to himself that it must be all right if

it's advertised because the government wouldn't let it be advertised if it were not.

Aspirin is advertised constantly, under the nose of all the government agencies supposed to protect the public, and if there is anything more deadly in our national life than aspirin indiscriminately used I would like to be informed what it is.

Aspirin is aspirin, period. It is always acetylsalicylic acid. If your doctor knows you are the kind of hypochondriac who won't be satisfied unless you pay three to five bucks for it, he'll write you out a prescription for acetyl plus spiraea salicy acetate, "to be used as directed as antipyretic and analgesic."

Whereupon the druggist will take down from his shelf the best aspirin in the world, which has no trade mark at all on it, and give you a dozen pills out of a bottle that cost him thirteen cents PER HUNDRED PILLS. If you told the druggist you wanted standard aspirin he'd sell you the whole bottle of an hundred pills for about two bits. Yet the curious fellows down in Washington who are supposed to guard us against our own idiocies because we pay them to, let the most flagrant swindles in the country go on in the name of aspirin by permitting various concerns to sell it for as low as eighteen cents for twenty tablets up to thirty-eight cents for twenty. Think of that! It is perhaps the most piquant example of what advertising stands for.

...And currently another group of these oafs in Washington we expensively hire to fill their offices full of fags, commies and relatives at the public expense are griping at a radio program called "Stop the Music", because it dumps ten to thirty thousand dollars worth of junk into the lap of bewildered morons around the country free for nothing.

The fraudulent aspirin advertising campaign annually costs the country about a billion in dough and a jillion in anaemia and other by-products of overused aspirin, but our Washington clowns aren't worried about that--- they're worried to death, instead, for fear some poor devil who badly needs it will be able to get an opiate sleeping pill worth a tenth of a cent without paying some doctor five bucks for a prescription. This on the theory that millions of people either accidentally or purposefully kill themselves with sleeping pills.

In the first place anyone who wishes to kill himself before the fancy new bombs get him certainly has a perfect right to do it painlessly and neatly, instead of going up on a building and jumping off on your head, or running his car through your house; and in the second place for every person killed accidentally or on purpose by sleeping pills about a thousand are killed by automobiles.

If the government really cared a hoot about keeping you from getting accidentally or on purpose killed before they get a chance to order you out to be killed on purpose, they could get 99.9 percent better results by passing a law to make all but municipal automobile engines out out at over 35 miles per hour.

The lowest form of life in this country exists in the government offices in Washington, D.C. And it is certainly amusing that this vicious tribe has the effrontery to gripe at Hollywood. I have, in this connection, before me here, an Associated Press story from Washington. "A Senate appropriations sub-committee has heard an estimate that there are 5,000 homosexuals in Washington---three fourths of them working for the government. Senators said today this estimate was given to the committee officially by the District of Columbia police department. It did not include homosexuals in high places. With these added the total might go to ten thousand."

The famous English writer, Thomas de Quincey ate a pound of opium a day; enough to kill 1,100 people, by gradually training in on it. He got along all right even so. If he'd eaten a pound of sugar every day instead, as a lot of you do, with soft drinks, and candy-bars, plus Mom's cooking, he'd have been a whole lot worse off---as any doctor will tell you.

((There are many things in this book; indeed, in this chapter, with which I disagree in the sense that Woodford, I suspect, exaggerates a bit and also tends to mix opinion with facts. What he says about food and nutrition is true, I think. But his views on homosexuals are colored by an intense personal dislike. This is evident all through the book. His views on advertising are certainly not unique, and certainly he documents them fairly well. I am speaking here from a familiarity with the entire book, of course, and what may not be evident to you, the reader, from a reading of this one chapter would probably be confirmed by a reading of the whole.

His remarks on hypnosis (and I chose this chapter to quote partly because because of the interest Carr has shown in it) would indicate that he is pretty sure of what he is saying, indicating research and facts behind him.

Woodford's "Birds of Prey" is a beautifully inspired derogatory phrase worthy of a genius. In other parts of the book he tries to validate the phrase...brings in a good deal of psychology and quotes from eminent psychologists, etc....and I think that he does a pretty good job of it. But religion is not a subject that can be debated with objectivity. However, Woodford is not against religion as such; he is against organized religion and more particularly the dogmas and tactics religious men use in order to stay "in power" and maintain the status quo of their power over various parts and aspects of our society.

His point re aspirin is devastating, I think. And if you are disturbed by his viewpoint and statements (considering that he hasn't been yet sued by anyone) it might be well to check his facts before rejecting all he says because of his prejudice against government workers and homosexuals. Nor should his statements be rejected out of hand because of his motivations. It is what he says that is important, not why he says it.

I would be interested in comments on this long quote...especially with regard to what is known about that 167 year old man who visited our country recently.))

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Editorial note: I think it was in GENLINE that a mention was made of Dr. Hoxsey and his cancer treatments. But it was just a mention, and referred to something in a previous FAPA mailing.

I was reading my copy of the September PREVENTION magazine recently and came across something re Hoxsey which should prove interesting to most PSY readers. It is as follows:

Hoxsey Answers the F.D.A.

The recent press release by the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration presented a biased viewpoint. For PREVENTION readers, we print Dr. Hoxsey's reply to Commissioner Larrick

The following is a letter Harry M. Hoxsey addressed to George P. Larrick, Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. Hoxsey has been assured by two influential senators of obtaining a Senatorial Committee hearing, in which he states that Larrick will be required to explain and substantiate his press release, warning the public against the Hoxsey Cancer treatment.

"Dear Mr. Larrick:

"Since your unwarranted attack upon me of April 5th, I have intended writing you this letter. I delayed until now in order to have the full advantage of the outcome of a trial that was docketed here in the Texas District Court. As you know, Mr. Larrick, this trial was just another attempt to close my clinic and to quash my cancer treatment. To remind you, the Texas Medical Board of Examiners were attempting to deprive all my doctors of their licenses, including those who do cancer research work for the non-profit Hoxsey Cancer Research Laboratory.

"I waited, as I have said, to reply to your extremely cruel and unfair attack upon me, because I was confident of getting pathologically cured cases of internal cancer on the stand and getting their testimony read in the court records. (You and the AMA already admit that I have cured external cases). I am pleased to tell you that I was entirely successful in getting testimony of cases of pathologically cured internal cancer patients in the record, proving that I have cured internal cancer.

"I call your attention to the leading witness, a Dr. H. K. Hill, licensed M.D. from the State of Oklahoma, who took the stand and testified that he was diagnosed by M.D.'s as having internal cancer and that they failed to cure him and that he came to the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic and was cured, not only by his own diagnosis, but by other M.D.'s diagnosis.

"When Dr. Hill began his testimony an amazing thing transpired in the courtroom. The Texas State Medical Board suddenly moved to withdraw the majority of their charges; those in which they claimed that we do not cure cancer, and those charging us of claims of superior treatment of cancer, that is superior to surgery, X-ray and various forms of radiation treatment. The Texas State Board undoubtedly did not want to face the long row of cured patients I had waiting outside,

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sworn in to testify as did Dr. Hill. Many of these patients had no treatment other than the Hoxsey treatment, and were cured; some of them had had X-ray, surgery and radiation and were dying and came to the Hoxsey clinic and were cured.

"Mr. Larrick, I try to be a good citizen, and to live peacefully with my fellow man under the constitution of the United States; and I have always tried to hold the highest respect for any and all government officials. I want to believe that these men are always trying to help me as well as all citizens of our great and free country. Now, I am completely bewildered how you, an important official of my government, the Commissioner of Food and Drug Administration, could deliberately attempt to crush me in a nation-wide publicity campaign designed to "smear" me and my cancer treatment. How could you, a supposed unbiased government commissioner, go before 165 million Americans over radio, television and through other news media and falsely picture me and my treatment. What I am saying in effect, Mr. Larrick, is that you deliberately LIED to the American people about me.

"This is the kind of behavior that I understand stems from behind the Iron Curtain: i.e. government officials using their office to "liquidate" an individual.

"Therefore, I claim here and now that this kind of action levelled at me (or anyone else in the United States of America) should be properly looked into, deeply probed and investigated, not only by Congress and the Senate Committees, but by the Criminal Division of the Attorney General's office.

"To substantiate, in part only (I have other and more cogent proof) that you lied when you issued your statement to the effect that there was not one case of internal cancer cured by the Hoxsey Treatment, I am sending you a copy of Dr. Hill's testimony, given in the Texas District Court, before Judge Charles Long, Jr., May 2nd, 1956.

"I feel that under the developed circumstances, you should yourself, and a committee of your choosing, come to the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic in Dallas and conduct an investigation. Moreover, I demand that you immediately issue, in a like manner as you issued your press release against me and my cure, a complete retraction of your diatribe against me and the treatment.

"Also, I draw your attention to the front page of the St. Louis Globe Democrat of April 5th, 1956. Attributed to your administration, of which you are solely responsible because of your press release against me, was a bolder, flagrant and extremely damaging statement. To wit, that I was convicted and sentenced to four (4) years in Federal Prison. This, Mr. Larrick, is the meanest and most heinous lie of all. Yet, you sit tight in your ivory tower and make no move to retract it. Again I say, the only retraction I will recognize or countenance in any way, is one given equal distribution and importance as the long and thorough "smear" you levelled against me, April 5th.

"You stated that you have sent investigators to my clinic. You meant, didn't you, that you sent several policemen or flatfoots to do some snooping? We are talking, Mr. Larrick, of trained scientific

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investigators. If you indicated that you have sent such men, you know that I know that you know this is a really big lie.

"As a government official of my own government and as the Commissioner of Food and Drug Administration, I expect you to read carefully the case histories I am sending you. If you read these and study them with a fair and unbiased mind, I am sure that you will come in person to Dallas and attempt to learn the truth about the Hoxsey Cancer treatment. You should know, Mr. Larrick, that one of the attorneys for the Texas State Board Examiners stated to the court: "We don't deny that they cure cancer out there at the clinic." For the record, the name of this attorney is Julian C. Myer.

"I am sending copies of this letter to the President of the United States, press media, and various government officials. I feel that the time has come for a showdown as to the efficacy of the Hoxsey Cancer treatment. I am always ready to cooperate. I challenge you to show the same fair cooperation.

"Signed:

Hoxsey Cancer Clinic
"by: Harry M. Hoxsey, N.D."

((At the present time I know nothing of the character of the treatments given at the Hoxsey Clinic. I would appreciate very much someone filling me (and the readers) in on this if anyone has any special knowledge.

I don't recall reading in the Oregonian anything about Hoxsey or the "smear" by Larrick. I don't recall hearing anything on the radio, either. But I'm interested in it now and would appreciate any information.

It would appear that if Hoxsey is telling the truth in this letter he has an excellent case against the government if he doesn't receive the retraction he desires. He just might be able to sue the government for zillions. On the other hand if he is not telling the truth the government should now be able to dispose of him in short order.))

From PREVENTION magazine: MR. EIGHTY-SIX (an editorial by J. I. Rodale)

The other day I was reading of a man 86 years old who had just died. In the same obituary column I saw the names of quite a few others who had died at ages way over 80, and a curious thought struck me. Offhand, when you see mention of these oldsters in the obituaries, you would say, "Wonderful! Look, we are living so long!" but would you be justified in saying "we." The man of 86 who dies today is not a "we" nor are we "he." We of today who are only 40 or 50, or even 60, represent an entirely different kind of person than our Mr. Eighty-six.

Why? First, let us consider the year 1870 when Mr. Eighty-six was born. In those days babies died like flies in birth and shortly there-

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after. Then came the contagious diseases of youth that killed them off most unmercifully---diphtheria, tuberculosis and the other killers. Older people who got pneumonia were soon in the obituary columns. There was no penicillin to ward off the grim reaper who mowed them down by the hundreds of thousands, so that our Mr. Eighty-six must have been one of the naturally strong ones to have come out of it alive. He was tough stock. He had to be.

Today practically everyone who gets born, makes the grade---the weak and the strong. Some barely make it, but they are pulled through with the help of the antibiotics, and other artificial means. They are pulled through, yes, but they go through life in a semi-negative condition. Today there are hundreds of thousands of babies coming into the world with congenital or inherited weaknesses of various kinds. For example, 25,000 babies are born each year with heart disease.

Hundreds of thousands of people who would have died if born in 1870 with the same inborn difficulties, today live on to help the mortality statistics. But they do not have the endurance value of Mr. Eighty-six. Most of them will not live even to 75. I have a bulging file of medical references, showing dozens of congenital or inborn diseases that are such problems today.

Among these are deformed facial bones and skeletons, malformations of the skin, deformations of the chest wall, defective heart valves, congenital cataract, weak lungs and kidneys, cleft palates, hare lips, mongolism and so forth.

Another significant fact is that when Mr. Eighty-six was young and when his bones and organs were forming, he was drinking unpasteurized milk. Of course it may have killed others because of the infections it carried, but not our Mr. Eighty-six. As you know, pasteurization renders the calcium in the milk less available to the human body. Mr. Eighty-six got more out of his milk than a pasteurized kid of today.

We must remember also that in 1870 the use of chemical fertilizers in raising food was unknown. It is a fact that chemical fertilizers reduce the vitamin and mineral content of foods. Mr. Eighty-six's food was raised with old-fashioned manure, and very little poison sprays to reduce disease on food plants and insects. The factories, in his youth, didn't do one-tenth the amount of chemical processing of foods and the amount of sugar consumed was less than half what it is today.

To a growing young boy, whose bones and organs are forming, this is most important. Mr. Eighty-six was given a very good start. But how does he compare to a boy in these modern days, who is eating foods weakened in growing and processing, and who eats too much ice-cream and white bleached bread, who drinks coca colas, etc., etc., etc.? We will have to wait eighty-six years from his birth and find out.

There are many of these eighty-sixers in our midst, as you can see

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by referring to your daily obituary pages. But they are not of us. They are not "we." Their foundations are better. Many of us rest on a weaker base. We live on, but we don't have half the energy Mr. Eighty-six had when he was our age. And for every male of 86, don't forget there is a female counterpart of 92.

Now, what does Mr. Eighty-six or Mrs. Ninety-two do to our modern death statistics? By not dying younger they are making it appear as if modern people are living a little longer. Had Mr. Eighty-six died at the age of 70, he would have increased the death rate of the year 1940, but by his staving off his death until 1956, and by many other oldsters doing the same thing, the effect of their deaths is to dilute the death statistics. But this cannot go on much longer, for soon we will run out of all of our eighty-sixers, and the world will then consist only of persons who were born and brought up in the chemical age. What will be the effect then? This will be about thirty years from now. We will have to wait in order to find out.

Actually this may be only a small factor in the total rate---but a significant one, nonetheless. However, there are a dozen other factors that are similarly distorting the death averages. The trouble is that they are averages, and the trouble is that the medical profession is too busy curing disease to have the time to poke around much in the death figures.

By the way---I'll let you in on a little secret about Mr. Eighty-six. He probably is not health-conscious at all, and breaks many of the health rules. But he is tough stock and gets away with it. Yet, who knows? If Eighty-six had really been health-conscious, he might have lived to be 102.

In the New York Times of June 14, 1956, there is an obituary of a Dr. George T. Rodman, who died at the age of 91, and the item says that "he was a physician who remained on duty for 22 days without rest during the 1918 influenza epidemic." It goes on to say further that he paid his way through the New York University Medical School by working as a Morse telegraph operator for the Erie Railroad and the Associated Press in New York. "...During his 70 year career in medicine he used 30 horses and 16 automobiles."

Does this sound like someone who was born, let us say, in 1920, and as a boy was brought up on coal-tar vitamin enriched cereals saturated with white sugar, and drinking coca cola, eating ice cream, white bread, candy, etc.?

No! It sounds, firstly, like one who was endowed with some kind of vitality at birth that enabled him to pass scot-free through the rigors of 19th-century childhood. It shows a man with a store of unlimited physical endurance, an exceptional man for his time, not a 20th-century man.

((And I reflect that of 13 deaths thus far among the deer hunters in Oregon this season, 11 of them have been from heart siezures. I reflect on the tremendous increase of cancer and other "diseases of civilization," and I wonder WHY the medical profession spends so much time curing disease and so little preventing it.))

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