

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB IS AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE WOODEN SOCK DARNER IF YOU HAVE ANY WOODEN SOCKS TO DARN + LUMPS OF HEKTO JELLY TO STUFF PINCUSHIONS WILL SAVE YOUR NEEDLES AND PINS FROM RUST + INSTEAD OF DISCARDING WORN SOCKS CLAMP THEM INTO AN OLD MOP HOLDER AND YOU'VE A FINE NEW MIMEO-INKER SWAB + THE WORD "ONE" APPEARS ON A THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL FULLY SIXTEEN TIMES; SEE FOR YOURSELF + ICE-CUBE TRAYS CAN BE MADE PRACTICALLY STICK-PROOF BY COATING THEM WITH MIMEOINK + TO CLEAN INSIDE OF GLASS DRINKING STRAWS, RUN OLD PIPECLEANERS THRU THEM + YOUR CHILDREN WON'T LOSE THEIR SHOELACES IF YOU MAKE THEM GO BAREFOOT + EMPTY BUTTER CARTONS ARE FINE FOR STORING EXTRA OBLITERINE IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR +

SPACEWARD

January, 1960

TO WARD OFF JACK FROST'S ICY CHILL PUT SEVERAL OLD ISSUES OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING UNDER THE MATTRESS OR A NEW MADAMOISELLE ON TOP OF IT + REMEMBER THAT WHEN THE WEATHER IS BAD YOU ARE COMPARATIVELY SAFE FROM FANVISITS + TRY SUBSTITUTING COOKED LIMA BEANS FOR THE USUAL KIDNEY BEANS IN YOUR CHILI CON CARNE: YOU'LL NEVER BE ASKED TO SERVE LUNCH TO THE FANCLUB AGAIN + A TINY ROOM SHOULD NOT BE CROWDED WITH LARGE-SCALE PIECES OF FURNITURE; JUST HANG THE CATALOG ON A NAIL + KEEP HOUSEHOLD SPONGES FRESH BY OCCASIONALLY SOAKING THEM IN COLD SALT WATER; IT MAY CURE THEM OF BORROWING + IF YOUR FLUORESCENT LIGHT GETS DARK AT ONE END, REVERSE THE TUBE SO THAT IT GETS DARK AT BOTH ENDS + THE LARGEST DENOMINATION BILL IN CIRCULATION IS THE ONE FOR \$10,000 NOT COUNTING BURNETT R TOSKEY'S AT HIS LOCAL OFFICE-SUPPLY STORE + STARCHED CLOTHES + IRON BETTER IF ALLOWED TO DRY BEFORE BEING SPRINKLED WITH CASEIN GLUE + USE Hi, Dee? DENTAL FLOSS FOR ATTACHING BUTTONS TO MEN'S WORK CLOTHES; IT IS MUCH STRONGER, AS WELL AS HANDY FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T BRUSH AFTER EVERY MEAL + PUT GARMENTS ON HANGERS WRONG SIDE OUT, IT KEEPS 'EM CLEANER LONGER, AND NOTHING IS MORE REVOLTING THAN A DIRTY HANGER + IF YOU HAVE TO STORE LINEN YOU MUST BE SUFFERING FROM A COMPULSION + WRAP YOUR LINEN IN BLUE PAPER TO AVOID YELLOWING AND IN YELLOW PAPER TO AVOID BLUEING + USE AMMONIA IN THE WATER WHEN WASHING GREASY JARS AND BOTTLES, USE H_2SO_4 IN THE WATER WHEN WASHING FANS + REMOVE FLOOR SCRATCHES BY RUBBING WITH FINE STEEL WOOL DIPPED IN FLOOR WAX, THEN APPLY IODINE AND A BAND-AID + FOR A FROZEN LOCK HEAT THE KEY BEFORE INSERTING; FOR A FROZEN LOOK GO FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER GIRL + TO REMOVE VEGETABLE STAINS FROM YOUR FINGERS RUB THEM WITH A SLICE OF RAW POTATO AND THEN DIP THEM IN HEKTO INK + WAN-LOOKING BAKING POWDER BISCUITS TURN A GOLDEN BROWN BY ADDING A TEASPOONFUL OF SUGAR TO THE DRY INGREDIENTS, OR USE ARSENATE OF LEAD FOR A NOVEL TASTE THRILL + SELF POLISHING WAX SHOULD NEVER BE USED ON WORN WOOD FLOORS, USE WAVES OR WAFS INSTEAD + ADD A TEASPOON OF HOT WATER TO PEANUT BUTTER JUST BEFORE YOU SPREAD IT, IT WILL GO ON THE MIMEO STENCIL WITH NO TROUBLE AT ALL + SURPRISE THE PERSON WHO IS BORED WITH SANDWICHES BY GIVING HIM CHOPPED HARD-COOKED EGGS, LEMON JUICE, AND A BIT OF GRATED ONION: AFTER THAT MESS HE'LL BE GLAD TO GET SANDWICHES + THIS HAS BEEN A FANNISH SELECTION OF HOUSEHOLD HINTS BY A MOTHERLY TYPE

Fugitive

"Stop it!" cried Wrai Ballard, blushing furiously.

Toskey reluctantly turned off the movie projector. "But Wrai," he protested, "it's just getting to the interesting part. After all, one of your duties as E.O.T.O.S. is to review these pictures Wally took of new female SAPS members displaying their qualifications."

"Obviously they have outstanding qualifications," Wrai replied. "But how did you ever manage to persuade ~~them~~ to let Wally photograph them?"

"Actually, they don't know about the movies. You see, we camouflaged the camera as a portable mimeo, and Wally operated it by remote control from the other room. The girls thought they were just displaying their qualifications to me -- and of course they had been told my mind is too high-type to even notice."

"Toskey, you are a PHienD!" Wrai exclaimed admiringly.

"Oh, am I not, tho," agreed Tosk complacently. "You've no idea what interesting things happen to me since I established the legend that innocent young femmefen can associate with me on a basis of Platonic friendship."

"Their disillusionment must come as a great shock," Wrai commented thoughtfully.

"Wrai, old chap, don't be naieve," Tosk answered. "I don't disillusion them -- I let THEM disillusion me! You can't imagine what lengths girls will go to in disillusioning a guy, if they think it is their idea rather than his."

"Oh, I can imagine it all right; I have a very vivid imagination. What burns me up, tho, is how I let you start this SAPS tradition instead of inventing it myself while I was OE."

"It takes a superior intellect," said Tosk complacently, buffing his fingernails on his lapel.

"Yeah? Well, superior intellect, then howcum you're not running for another term as OE? Are you going to let Miriam take over the reins of dictatorship and abolish this delightful and fascinating tradition in its infancy? It hardly seems the fannish thing to do."

"Don't you read the Spectator? Aside from Djinn, who will become a member during my present term of office, you have to go all the way down to the #10 spot to find another female. I can let Miriam serve a term as OE, then get myself

re-elected, and by that time there should be a whole new batch of femfens on the waiting list."

"Tosk, I've underestimated your cunning," said Wrai in admiration. "That is a truly ignatzian scheme. And of course in the meantime we can always interpret the tradition to require male SAPS to present their qualifications to a female OE."

Toskey yawned. "Really, Wrai, you're far behind the tide of events. I spread THAT idea around long ago. Why do you think we had such a rush of male fen to the waiting-list recently?"

"But listen, Tosk," said Wrai with a worried frown, "Don't you think Terry will object to that?"

"Why should she?"

"Why should she? Tosk! Terry is Miriam's husband!"

Toskey faunched backward. "What! You mean they aren't 15-1/2 year old twin sisters?"

"Miroscoe!" exclaimed Wrai, "Don't you read the mailings?"

"Just to look for pornography," confessed Toskey. "How would I find time to write all my own zines if I wasted it reading what other SAPS publish?"

"This is awful!" cried Wrai. "Terry will be coming after you anytime now with a shotgun or worse. We'll have to get you out of here -- I don't want any stray rounds hitting my hi-fi setup."

"I can probably outrun him," said Tosk. "After all, I've had plenty of practice from letting those girls chase me around the room."

"Yeah, but can you outrun a bullet? Let's see, tho...I could probably rig up some sort of propulsion gimmick so you could exceed light-speed, and the relativistic mass-increase would then make you comparatively immune to bullets..."

"No use," said Tosk, "I don't believe in that crazy Al Einstein stuff."

"Well, then we'll have to hide you. But it must be carefully done, because it's not easy to deceive a fine fannish mind like Terry's." Suddenly Wrai's countenance brightened. "I have it! Listen, get Buz on the phone, and tell him--"

* * *

Fellow-SAPS:

2 I won't ask you to take my word for the authenticity of the foregoing. After all, you have, in your iconoclastic way, sneered at Shaver, doubted Kenneth Arnold, scoffed at Scientology, and even raised an eyebrow at John W Campbell Jr., and Psionics. I merely ask you, then, to consider the pertinent facts and judge for yourself whether or not my tale is true.

ITEM: The OE of SAPS, Burnett R Toskey, PhD, abruptly moves from his former address and even states (Flabbergasting #12, page 35) that mail will not be forwarded.

ITEM: Terry, it can be safely assumed, did not succeed in shooting Tosk -- as is evidenced by the fact that you are getting this SAPS mailing on time and without the change in OE's that would ensue if he had.

ITEM: Most significant of all, just as the OE disappears, Baz and El out of a clear sky announce the arrival of a new member of their household (Retro #14, page 13), which is peculiarly described as a "practicing parakeet" and admittedly having the habit of attempting to cut stencils.

And here is where the fugitive Tosk made his one fatal blunder (fatal, at least, if Terry learns of it), which gives away his whole complex scheme. Obviously he had to adopt some sort of disguise, but alas, he could not shake off his years of mathematical training. And so he adopted a disguise which is mathematically equivalent to his own name!

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y	Z				

BURNETT TOSKEY, PHD
 $2+1+8+4+5+0+0 + 0+5+9+1+5+5 + 6+8+4 = 63 = 6+3 = 9$

PARAKEET
 $6+1+8+1+1+5+5+0 = 27 = 2+7 = 9$

This is proof!

You MUST believe!

What ever happened to Con Pederson?

Uembletroon
for a Certain SAP

Clod,
You wrote no mailing comment on my zine last bundle,
And yet I know you scanned it closely, end to end,
Brand-new eyetracks testify to the methodical manner in
which you absorbed the erudite content of the writing
I'd worked slavishly to hand you;
Debate, ingrate! mere silence on your part plainly
labels you an utter
Idiot!

What ever happened to Lloyd Alpaugh Jr?

THE GRIPE OF RAPP

Mailing
49

JUST UNDER 12 hours' reading time, it took me for the October bundle, or an average of about one minute per page. I always give a straight-thru reading to the bundle as soon after I receive it as I can, for the sheer enjoyment and entertainment (hi, Papa?) that it always contains. Of course I'm formulating comments mentally as I read, and spotting items which I'll want to use as grist for the creative mills next time I am working on a story or verse about the antics of fandom -- but in this first reading I'm much too eager to see YOUR zine to pause for note-scribbling on the way.

When I've finished my reading, and mused awhile on the incredible amount of fine stuff that has turned up in the envelope, I switch lithely into my IBM facet and, dragging out my dog-eared calculations from past mailings, add the new page-count to the list and with much pausing to ponder just where the decimal point goes in slipstick-provided products and quotients, proceed to derive the equations for the bundle-size trend-line. Then I erase the old, pencilled trendline on my graph and pencil in the new one, then ponder it, trying to decide if it looks as if it fits the inked-in actual bundle-size data better than the previous one did; and what should I take as the length of the average fluctuation-cycle this time? These momentous decisions taken care of, I then hem and haw and try to evade the situation, but 'tis no use...

Time to start the mailing comments.

Spectator Y'no, Tosk ol' OE, you need to get a couple of lettering guides with all that dough you're earning. Your typing is nice and neat, your mimeoing is impeccable, and of course the multilith headings are lovely -- and then, with mathematical-minded disregard for esthetics, you add something like that deadline-date notice and screw up the whole page. + I'd rather see a breakdown of page-credits than a "date received" column in the contents-listing. Anyone else have opinions on this? + Next SPEC, why don't you use an asterisk or something to mark the people on the roster and w/l who are members of FAPA; it'd be nice to know who are the double-agents in our midst. (More on SAPS vs. FAPA later, no doubt when I get to S---.) + If sale of waiting-list bundles can add \$12.00 to the treasury in a single quarter, 'tis plain that this is a sideline to be encouraged. After all, SAPS, isn't it easier to send a long 5 extra copies of your zine, than to be assessed for a deficit?

FAPA Echo No doubt confusing to many readers. This was a zine I tossed together in an effort to keep from being dropped for lack of activity from FAPA in 1954, but never got around to mailing to Burbee, who was the OE at the time. While home on leave just prior to the Detention, I dug up the wrapped and addressed package

of zines and gave 'it' (unopened) to Tosk at Detroit. And I'm glad, GLAD, I tell you, for if I hadn't done so, we wouldn't've broken 700 pages, would we?

The Bible Collector

My guess is that EOTOS stands for "Eminent Old Timer Of SAPS"

+ I think SAPS v-p's should be ranked by seniority. You, Cos, would be First V-P, Wrai would be Second V-P, etc. When anyone dropped out, all junior V-P's would move up one notch to fill the vacancy. Why, it would be just like Madison Avenue! + Too bad I didn't find this out sooner, but I just learned via a newspaper filler item, that 1884 was the year in which the mimeo was invented -- which made 1959, vanished ere you read this, our Diamond Jubilee of The Mimeo Year! Tsk, we could probably have gotten the P.O. Dept to devote a commemorative stamp to amateur journalism, if we'd known! (I wonder WHO invented the mimeo? Pelz, this question is in your department, isn't it?) + I trust that while Tosk was in Helena, Cos, you took him on a tour of the red-light district? + I see that SPEC still isn't using your Volume-numbers, Cos. If you want them to keep track of OE's, why not add the numbers to the job-title, rather than the publication? OE-XI, or whatever?

Here There Be Saps

WE NEED SHORTER TITLES FOR SAPSzines! + Yeah, I notice

its members are beginning to omit the "i" in writing N'APA: they should have called it a Society instead of an Association, then either the name would be utterly appropriate to an N3F organization, or else it would be a constant inspiration to the members to convince outsiders that it isn't descriptive (as we, for 10 these many years, have defended OUR organization's abbreviated title!) Judging from the mc sections of N'APAZines (2d and 3d Mlg) that I've seen, it is getting along at least as well as SAPS did at a comparable age. (In number of zines in the mailings, that is; won't presume to judge the quality of its bundles without seeing one. I note that, as yet, they seem to be discussing mostly topics borrowed from recent SAPS discussion, but no doubt they will evolve their own inner-circle arguments and cliches ere long.) + As long as we're proposing rule changes, how about this one: Require 6 pages of mailing comment per 6-month period? This would be of only academic interest to 9/10 of the members, who far exceed that amount anyhow, but it would be a stimulant to near-deadwooders, and would improve the quality of such zines as SAPSTYPE (until its final issue) etc. And think of the fine fannish row we could have with FAPA about whether it was or wasn't a fuggheaded rule! If we ever do have MinActers, I'd rather see a minimum 6 pp. of cruddy mc's than of cruddy fanfiction and such. + Your suggestion re the title of PAPA (which no doubt inspired my remarks about N'APA above) is fabulous. WISH I'd Said That! (And the unconventional capitalization of that is because I can see that I'm going to express the same sentiment several times more in the course of this column, thus I've arranged for it to be shortened into a handy fannish accolade: WHIST! + "I predict that Mailing #49 will be about 465 pages." -- welcome to the Discredited Prophets' Guild, Bob! + You are a Trusap: you and I seem to be the only ones who saw the mailing-deadline flaw in Nangee's World Calendar (tho I see someone else mentioned it as an advantage -- ech! + Yeah, I've considered being published professionally -- but the

pro editors haven't. If you're referring specifically to verse, tho, I've managed to see print in YANK (during WW II) and the Stars & Stripes (1957-58). + Stencil cement is no doubt better than scotchtape; I've never happened to use the stuff, is all. Scotchtape will hold if you clean the ink off the stencil before applying it. + SAPS was a smaller group in its early days, which is one factor in explaining the smaller bundles of that era. I don't recall the exact figures, but, for example, around the Mlg 20 days I believe the membership limit was 30. Somebody give me a tabulation of actual membership for each mailing, and I'll use it as a modifying factor in my predictions. Cos? Eney? + I mimeo'd one of Eney's zines at Ft Sam years back, and in virtuous observance of the no-distribution-before-the-mailing rule, even managed to refrain from reading any more of it than I had to in order to locate the page-numbers as it came off the mimeo. Wonder if my SAPSish ethics are as pure now?

Pot Pourri Fine mountainclimbing article, and "Night Shift" was even better: I was expecting just ordinary fanfiction, so your subtle closing lines caught me entirely by surprise, making me (as you no doubt intended) turn back to reread the opening paragraphs to find out what I'd missed. Ghood work! + It would take a zine the size of a SAPS bundle to adequately discuss the questions you ask about Indians. A year or so back I read a pb, "Indian Fighting Army" which dealt very well with the subject. I'll see if I can locate a copy next time I'm in town and send it to you. + Oh come now, the detection of falsies, while possibly a legitimate subject for mathematical investigation, is preferably handled by empirical methods. It's a fascinating pastime, once you get the feel of the job. + Remark on clever and educated girls: WHIST! In fact, I have, in very similar language, on a number of occasions. + Mein Gott, don't let Klaus use Heute and Tomorrow as a title! The linguistic purists of SAPS will succumb to mass apoplexy (come to think of it, that is one way to advance the waiting-listers!) Heute Und Morgen is the correct form, isn't it?

Mho+djee Lovely cover and dittography. What, if anything, is the significance of the title? I presume that it is pronounced as a gurgled obscenity? + And lest I forget: WELCOME TO SAPS, ART HAYES! + Once a C.O. of mine who was a model-railroad fan talked me into publishing an OO for the rr-enthusiasts' local club. But, just like a fanclub, no one ever got around to writing anything to go into the OO, so the deal never materialized. Too bad, tho: I was anticipating having all sorts of fannish fun with the innocent rrfen, most of whom were real serious and constructive types. + In pre-Army days (the Army is stuffy about using correct return addresses) I sometimes "keyed" my return address when subscribing to a magazine or entering a contest (by, for example, using a different middle initial), just to see who was peddling my address to the sell-by-mail chaps. You'd be surprised, sometimes -- for instance, subscribing to Harper's got me all sorts of cruddy advertising circulars; tho, I might add, a number of interesting bookpublishers' catalogs also. + I thot chromosome-count was so invariable within a species as to be one of the criteria for defining "species"? + "Chicken or the Egg?" was surprisingly well-written fanfiction. Excellent first-appearance SAPSzine, Art; I'll be looking forward to reading more of your stuff. ((Miroscoe, 3 pp. and only .I-thru the mlg!))

Bronc Tremendous cover; is it blueprinted, or what? + The "wish-rumor" that Amelia Earheart might be alive on some remote island was intermittently circulated from the time of her disappearance until the end of the war, by which time the primitive islands of the Pacific had been pretty well divested of their "unknown-ness" by the various armies that occupied them. Dissapointingly but objectively, it appears that whatever caused her plane to go down occurred quite suddenly (as I recall, she had been maintaining radio contact until very shortly before she failed to arrive at one of her checkpoints on schedule) and, as anyone who has traveled on the Pacific will confirm, the chances are a million to one against there being any land in sight if you have to make a sudden descent over that ocean. + Seems to me that I've seen glass lenses among museum displays of ancient Egyptian or Babylonian artifacts -- in the British Museum, I believe. Since the ancient Greeks, for instance, proposed using concave mirrors as sun-focussing heat-weapons to set fire to their enemies, it doesn't seem mind-wrenching to assume that even quite primitive peoples were aware of the optical principles involved in building magnifying devices. By the way, the early microscopes (which were, in fact merely a single-lens magnifying glass with an attached mounting to hold the object being observed; the modern form of compound microscope came later) often used a thin metal plate with a tiny hole in which a drop of water was placed to serve as the lens, magnification of 100X or 200X can be achieved with this crude setup, tho its chief drawback is that you can make only brief observations before your lens evaporates. van Leuyenhoeck (no doubt misspelled), often credited with inventing the microscope, actually merely developed the ability to grind better lenses than anyone else of his era could. His single-lens magnifiers must have run to around 500X or so, inasmuch as he succeeded in spotting bacteria with them. From my experience with the 600X microscope I liberated in Germany during WW II, I can confirm that unstained bacilli are just on the verge of visibility even at that magnification.

CAPTIVES OV THE THIEVE-STAR: (Too much work to letterguide that long a title for that short a zine!) Pleasant reading, glad to have little items like this to vary the sequence of thick SAPSazines in a bundle.

Maine-iac Beautiful mimeografy, Edco. + I think you've fingered the weakness of some of the recent faanfction, in advising writers to concentrate on a few SAPS instead of trying to drag in the entire roster. I've been trying for several months to figure out why I thought they weren't as good as they could be, and methinks this is the answer.

Pot Pourri (#9). I'm amazed that you found time (not to mention energy) to get this much written while still in the midst of your hectic travels. Your descriptions of the various SAPS show a keen perception and mostly correspond with my own impressions. But mighod, I'm wondering if I should be insulted when you compare me to Sgt Bilko -- or flattered? As it happens, I've never seen the TV show concerned, so I'll assume, provisionally, that I'm being complimented. I'm sorry, too, that I didn't get a chance to get better acquainted with you at Detroit; our orbits at the con just never seemed to parallel each other. Owell, wait'll they hold a World Con in Belfast! Sterling SAPSazine, John.

A Fanz for J. B. Esq. (Gotta have shorter-titled SAPSazines!)
like items in a list of fanzine titles. + Is Holst's "The Planets"
really so good, or is it repeated every few days because the LASFS
members all write in requesting it?

Maine-iac (#19) Well, Ed, one reason we sort of took the
Moon shot in stride is that it was built up to
by easy stages, rather than coming as a complete surprise, the way
pre-50's stf usually recounted it. If you'll recall, the first
Sputnik did get more or less the reaction that Redd's story visual-
ized. At least Redd is better at predicting technology than he is
at predicting winners of Michigan-Minnesota football games! + Cook-
ing: some years ago I published a recepie for Tamale Pie which
I'd lifted from the San Antonio newspaper. Mainly in the hope that
some courageous SAP would make it and let me know if it was worth
trying. But, alas, no one did. Guess we didn't have any adventur-
ous bachelor cooks in SAPS at that time. + A lot of the "101 Facts
of Use to SAPS" material was included in FancyII, Ed. In fact,
that is about all I did by way of earning credit as a helper on
its titlepage. + FAPA vs. SAPS: Yes, a couple of FAPates took
mild offense via letter with my cracks about their Wetzel problem.
But at the time I wrote those comments, late last spring, every-
one in FAPA seemed to be in an agony of apprehension over the fact
that GW was inexorably climbing up the w-l, and there seemed no
way to stop him. As for boosting SAPS and sniping at FAPA in gen-
eral, perhaps I also offend some FAPates by that, but if they're
that touchy about mildly humorous banter, we'll have to start cal-
ling FAPA "N3f junior" or something. Hell, remember that it was I
who proposed merging FAPA and SAPS about ten years ago -- and got
a unanimous rassberry from both organizations! After all, some-
times I even convince myself that SAPSish chauvinism might serve
a useful purpose -- with all the biapans we have, some member hes-
itating whether to use a choice article in SAPS or FAPA, might be
influenced in favor of SAPS by one of my tirades. Sure, you're
nice people, Faps, but crifanac is a cuttendrill business, and since
you can't lick SAPS' pride in our organization, you might as well
join us! + And, well, there is a sort of personal bias too: dur-
ing my term as FAPA President, and while I was in Korea, Russ Wood-
man was killed in action over there. So in my next message for the
OO I included a few sentences about the tragedy of anyone with a
mind imaginative enuf to be a fan having come to such an untimely
end -- and promptly got jumped on by several of the more respected
FAPAns for (1) wasting space in the OO to talk about someone who
wasn't even a member of FAPA, and (2) fuggheadedly assuming that
just because anyone was a fan, other fen should be concerned about
what happened to him. Well, I gradually developed the feeling af-
ter that, that the FAPA "spirit" and I just didn't blesh, which e-
ventually led to my loss of interest and dropping-out of it.

Outsiders On comparative intelligence of animals, don't
neglect BEAVERS: after all, a year or so ago
the Air Force even set up a research project to study beaver's
mental processes, supposedly to help in their training of space
pilots. I gleefully clipped the newspaper article on this and
sent it to some fellow-Roscoite (whom, I can't recall off-
hand). Has anyone heard anything further about this AF
project? + Yeah, the hell with sacrificing yourself to
try to save the machinery. A few days ago I made a grab
for a 200-lb tow chain that was sliding off a truck, and

only the fact that even as my reflexes were acting my conscious mind was saying "don't!" kept me from losing a finger or two between the chain and the edge of the truck bed. As 'tis, I got a pretty nasty gash in one finger, which at least gave me an excuse for not doing any more manual labor for a couple of days. (I wasn't worried about the chain being damaged, but that it might crack the concrete warehouse floor when it hit, which on later reflection seemed a far-fetched apprehension anyway.) + I make a long underline (like all across the page for interlin-eations) by locking the shift key and then using both forefinger alternately on the "6" key. Picked this up from an old First Sergeant who used to type two-finger style faster than I could with all ten fingers. + While you're trying to chisel unpublished manuscripts out of Karen, see if she still has the "Alligator Aggie, Girl ((something or other, can't recall what))" that I sent her several years ago and which she never used.

Pencil Point I dunno, it still seems to me if you're going to plagiarize, you might as well plagiarize entire articles, rather than these mostly meaningless fragments. Of course, for the first time, this issue, I notice signs of method in your madness, or vice versa.

Safari The Jazz Festival article was interesting, in spite of the fact that I know little and care less about the subject -- which I guess proves that it was well written. I second you 102% on the "Open Letter", but, since this is the first I've heard of Taurasi's proposal, surely it's almost too insignificant a movement to waste a page of demolition on? Or are we going back to the days of having a stiff-publicizing con in NYC while the fan convention is held elsewhere? + The Golding article is fabulous: one of the few times a book-review has ever made me determined to seek out the item mentioned. + Censorchip: an editorial in the El Paso Times the other day urged all citizens to look over their local news-stands and complain to the proprietor about anything displayed there which they considered indecent. (Hey, just realized this is my golden opportunity to get some of those movie mags and pseudotrueconfession pulps off the stands!) + Never got a spider-bite, but while I was on maneuvers in Germany a bee lit on a sandwich I was eating and neither of us realized it until I'd bitten him off and started to chew on him. I thot at first it was a splinter of glass, until I opened my mouth and he buzzed indignantly away. The medics got the stinger out with a pair of tweezers, but I never heard the last of it as long as I was in that outfit. + Your picture of Toskey is a much better looking one than the cover of FLABBERGASTING used. But if either of them is THE Tosk, who is the guy who impersonated him at the Detention?

SpyRay of SAPS Tsk, Rich, why don't you drop by the Patent Office sometime and find out what the commercial dittoink makers use? + The SPACEWARP Special Section this time ties in well with your "Speculating in Futures" remarks. By the way, I can't recall if you worked at the same Japanese-located hospital as Maj Meier or not... have you met him, by any chance? + Well, you see, the use of light fishline is because, on the average, the fish are about the mental equals of the fishermen, but the fishermen are physically much stronger than the average fish. So the only fair thing to do is to use light line to even the disparity in physical strength. It wouldn't be sporting, else.

Your story of the lion and the priest reminds me of the one where this dedicated musician is so convinced that the charm of music is universal that he ventures into the jungle armed only with his violin. As the hungry lions and tigers charge him he calmly lifts the instrument and serenades them with Brahms and Beethoven, and sure enough they slow, stop, and sit listening in enchantment. But then a hungry hyena leaps into the circle of beasts and gobbles up the musician. "Why did you do that?" protests one of the lions. "We've never heard anything so charming in all our lives, and then you come along and spoil it." The hyena cups his paw behind his ear and asks, "Hey, what say?" + Speaking of punchlines, a fascinating intellectual exercise is reading these humor pages in the "mens' magazines" and trying to reconstruct the original obscene stories from which most of the anecdotes are derived. Here is a practical use for a dirty mind! I'd dearly love to quote examples, but I don't think Tosk would allow it. + Coffee commercials: Folgers' Coffee recently had a series of radio spots featuring Captain Folger, who had just returned from the jungles with the inspired mission of presenting each Folgers' Coffee lover with hiser own coffee tree. He makes dramatic speeches to cheering throngs (like Ben Singer's Gnitzy), and is dissuaded from carrying out his plan by such means as a battery of lawyers who point out that the owner of such a rare coffee tree would undoubtedly have to pay the Government a luxury tax. It was a real zorch series. + Fine faanfction; I gleed over it. WHIST!

Collector Hell, Howard, your only mistake was not doing like I did, and taking refuge in the Army as soon as it became apparent that Detroit actually was going to get stuck with putting on a Worldcon! + I was sitting next to Martin Alger as George Young teetered precariously on a ladder, putting the top row of pictures on the backdrop. Observed Alger: "This is the moment George has lived for, when he can be the focus of attention for the entire convention hall. You better take a picture of him, before he decides to fall off the ladder to make sure everyone notices him." (I got a fine Kodachrome shot of George grinning from his laddertop). + Later in the Con, I was talking to Alger at his huckster table when we noticed that Garry Davis, World Citizen, had set up World Government headquarters a few counters away. "Wonder what he's selling?" Martin mused. "Oh," I replied, "You can take your passport over there and he'll tear it up for you, free of charge." + Is it true that, as FANAC reports, you are going to let the young Detroit fen form their own organization and start the whole ghastly cycle all over again? But suppose they elect Eugene Seger president?

Bump Don Durward is a Ghoud SAP; he uses short titles on his zines. WELCOME TO SAPS, DON DURWARD! + Hah, you were very sensible not to seek out the Detroit fen in their native haunts; they'd probably have all piled into the station wagon with you for the trip to London, Ont., which is the home of Sam McCoy, a sort of junior edition of Les Croutch. + Helicopters. Last year the Army used a dozen of them to transport our battalion from Kitzingen to Frankfurt for the first leg of our trip back to the States. We were sort of dubious about the prospect, and it didn't help at all when the Catholic chaplain showed up at the airstrip, sprinkled the whirlybirds with holy water, and prayed for our safety. Don't care much for riding in them: too much noise and vibration. + When you say Toskey is cracking down on lax members, I presume you mean he is trying to make them ex-lax members? + A fine first issue, Don.

S --- Very effective cover. + But Miriam, I don't want two Gestetners! Gestetners are vulgar ostentation. All I want is my li'l old Heyer's hand-feed, and a pan of quivery hekto jelly. + "Forever and Fandom" excellent; vembletroon ditto. + Do I understand you to say that the members of the Cult are frequently revolting? Yes, fen do affect one that way at times, don't they? + Favorite issues of one's zines: Mine is the Dec '54 SW, "The Zine With The Built-In Digital Computer" I glee whenever I think of all the fanhours that have been wasted by SW readers sliding the little cardboard strips up and down to find out what message they carried. Gee, I must be a sadist. + No, no, the plural of Busby is Omnibusby -- that's them all over! + Irregularizing: George O. Smith's "Venus Equilateral" series mentioned that the relay station which beamed messages from Earth to Venus Equilateral was located on Woodward Ave. at Twelve Mile Road in Detroit. So in the golden years of the MSFS, whenever we Michifen happened to be traveling down Woodward with an out-of-town fan, we'd always wave out the window at 12-Mile and scream, "Look! That's the site of the Venus Equilateral Relay Station!" + Learning to read: All of my sister's kids know how to read (and to write, at least to the extent of being able to print their names in recognizable letters) before they start kindergarten. And it's not because she harasses them to learn, either. It's simply that in her family (as in the one that she and I grew up in) books are regarded as something to be valued, and reading regarded as a pleasant pastime rather than a chore. My sister taught her oldest child to love books, and since then each succeeding one has absorbed the attitude from the older children (she has six, at last count). Incidentally, the kids are having a certain amount of trouble in school: the teachers report that they are far enuf ahead of their classmates to be bored. Heh, I'm willing to believe that at least one of these youthful nephews of mine is a character to be reckoned with. When I was home on leave I was showing pictures I took in London, and this 10-year-old keeps coming up with all sorts of obscure historical data on the buildings and statues and whatnot I'd photographed. Turned out he'd heard I had visited London on leave, and forthwith boned up on that city in his encyclopedia so as to be equipped to converse with me next time I got home. What can you do with a tad like that? + Cliches in reverse: A Negro friend of mine once told me that most Negroes are revolted by the ghastly pale color of a white woman. And, you know, I can see where, from their viewpoint, that would be true! + "Fans United for Cosmic Knowledge" credited to me? Ghoodroscoe, no! I deny everything...tho come to think of it, that SFCon party was one of the few conevents where my memory is blurred, but they tell me that all sorts of interesting things were said in the course of the evening. Somehow, I didn't get into any such session at Detroit; the nearest being the Fanzine Panel (after someone helpfully brought in pitchers of beer from the Bheer Party going on in another room). But at that one I wasn't talking much, I was mostly listening to Ellison and Harmon and Santesson.

Sapling

Yeah, I find the New Yorker highly uninteresting these days, too. It looks as if they just throw in enough text to separate the advertisements -- which are, I infer, the main reason why so many non-New Yorkers (particularly females) buy it. Esquire is tending toward the same fate, in my opinion. Hey, as a speech teacher, tell me, how do you teach a quiet-voiced character to sound off? I've known any number of guys who would be fine NCO's if they could only develope a "command

voice" that would convince listeners they were listening to Someone In Authority. (I managed to do this myself, tho it took a number of years: I can take a deep breath and roar like the traditional leather-lunged sergeant when I've a mind to, but I can't seem to tell anyone else how it is done). Birt in fiction: Recently read the notorious "By Love Possessed" and was amazed to discover that it is a superb and sensitive novel -- in spite of the publisher's jacket-blurb which played up one brief love-scene as if it were the only notable point of the entire book. I recommend it highly. + Yeah, I wonder if FAPA would have the strength of character to let Wetzel in, let him put his zines into the bundles, and never mention him in their mailing reviews? Being merely human, I'm sure that at least one of them would get so angry over what Wetzel said about his zine that he'd tee off on him in the next mailing. Trouble is, if they let him into FAPA, they'd be suspecting each others' zines of being written by him, since apparently he has a penchant for using other fans' names whenever the mood suits him. + Yeah, I requested that RUR not be sent me any longer, either. I couldn't see risking that someone might jump to the conclusion that because I was getting the thing, I agreed with it. + Tho I'd certainly no intention of doing so when I began, it looks like the size of the 49th Mlg, plus the unusually long article I've already stencilled for part of this zine, will bring me up to your quota of 50 pages for the 50th Mlg. Hope you are the same!

JGSJ Lovely artwork; the interior illios were of professional quality, and the cover is almost as good as a Stein hektoillio (and probably cost only about 100 times as much to reproduce.) + I don't quite know what to say about your fiction: it is certainly better than the average run of fanfiction, and in fact, I've seen worse stuff printed in Planet, the Z-D mags, etc., in past years. The plots are excellent, but something is lacking in the way you write them. I think it might be that all-too-common fault of beginning writers, you tell the reader what is going on, instead of letting your characters show him. (I can't do any better than you in trying to write a serious stf tale, so please don't take this as sneering comment).

Nandu The only fault I can find with this zine is that it doesn't include many pages of your own commentary. This is always disappointing, for many a SAP makes remarks in his zines specifically for the purpose of drawing a reply from the fabulous Nangee. + "The Sacred Writings of Roscoe" were, I believe, composed onstencil, at least this is the excuse I'm pleading when/if anyone jumps me for the somewhat limping meter in spots. + Fabulous cover, Nangee. I glee.

SPACEWARP: Found one mathematical goof in the triangle article: in the text referring to fig. 2b, the altitude of the triangle should be $2\sqrt{3}$ rather than $2\sqrt{5}$ as stated.

Uons et Importance: One of the thoughts that always strikes me when I see a museum display of, for example, ancient Greek jewelry, or Babylonian seal-cylinders, is that the craftsmen who produced these things were probably not thinking at all of the fact that the beauty of their handiwork would be admired by someone 2,000 or 3,000 years in their future. No, they were probably more worried about whether they could afford a new robe and sandals for the next festival day, or

why their wives were so irritable this morning, or whether a sip of wine would really help their hangover, or something equally trivial. And to them, those were the important things in life, while the particular job they happened to be working on was merely a means of earning a livelihood. And for every anonymous craftsman that we at least pay the tribute of admiring his work in a museum display case, think of the hundreds and thousands of his fellow-citizens who haven't even left that much of a trace to be remembered by. The innkeeper, the baker, the olive-grower, the village headman -- I suppose each, during his lifetime, viewed the world as revolving around him, as each of us does today, and really couldn't conceive of it going along much as usual after his own departure from the scene. Move over, Omar. + Applause and bravos for your description of your father, which in essence fits my father, too. He had a 4th-grade education (after that he had to quit school and start earning a living) but he taught himself enough arithmetic to be able to keep better books in his business than I could after two semesters of accounting in high school. (This, upon reflection, might not be as great a compliment as I thot when I wrote it down.) He would get up at 4:30 a.m., get to work by six, work until 5:00 p.m., come home and hoe the garden or cut the lawn until it got too dark to see. He could take a hatchet and a handsaw and turn a pile of scrap lumber into a building that would stand for 50 years. He spent his life working a 10-hour-day, six-day-week, running his own business, when he could have made twice as much with half the work by working for someone else. He taught his children honesty, and obedience, and respect for knowledge, and mainly, taught us to appreciate all the opportunities which we were given that he had never had. When WW II came along, he was in his 60's, but he never made the slightest complaint when we all went off into service (the last time in his life we ever got him out of his working clothes and into a Sunday suit was when my sister and I were both home on leave at the same time, and took him into town to have his picture taken with the two of us in uniform.) After his death we found a cigar box full of coins he'd saved: all the unusual, old, or foreign coins that came his way in the course of 50 years of storekeeping. This was his only concession to the yearning to see more of the world than the narrow bounds of his job and family permitted. If I can ever be half the man he was, I'll be more than satisfied. + I liked basketball, but unfortunately, they wouldn't let me wear my glasses while playing it, and thus I was greatly handicapped: I couldn't see the basket! + Yeah, Speech is a worthwhile subject: a semester of public speaking, plus the related matter of being roped in on the intramural debate team, helped me out one hell of a lot in high school, personality-wise. It didn't cure my inferiority complex, but it helped me to overcome its worst manifestations. + Yeah, Tosk, haven't you ever looked at a math problem and known right away that there was something wrong with the answer? And then checked into it and found out your hunch was right? That is your subconscious at work, old bhoy. + Lovely zine, Ray.

Flabbergasting

Miroscoe, Tosk, who took the photo of you, L.Garcone? + Membership cards for SAPS: of course we have no need for ordinary-type membership cards, but I think we oughta crossbreed the idea with Durward's mention of QSL cards, and the various members' chatter about "SAPS I have met" and establish a

Snort-Shorter SAPScard. They would be 3x2.5" (3x5 cards cut in half, that is). Each member would design his own and run off 50 or so. The OE would also furnish each member with one showing the Mailing with which he joined SAPS (this could be a blank to be filled in by the member, to keep the card in the printed-matter category.) Now, whenever two SAPS met, they would trade personal cards, which the recipient would tape to his SAPS card -- if the members met subsequently, they'd merely write the date and place on their card which was already on the other member's Snort-Shorter string. A member who dropped out and then rejoined would have to start his collection of cards all over again. The more I think of this scheme, the more it seems the fannish thing to do. + Isn't it a bit caddish to go around saying you were never in love with Ann Landers, after leading her on all this time, Tosk? If that is the case, why did you tell her you loved her in the first place? + My cover in Mlg 48 listed fanzines which I recalled reading in the era of SW's earlier existence, sort of implying that one among all these mostly-forgotten titles was once again coming to life. Incidentally, I did Jim Harmon an injustice by rendering his ASTEROID X as DIMENSION X, no doubt by confusing it with the radio-program title. + In view of your estimate of 320 pages for Mlg 49, you're a fine one to sneer at me for being 30% off in my Mlg 48 prediction. + Maturity: Have you ever read Sturgeon's aSF story by that title? It comes as near as anything to defining what maturity is, I guess. And of course, like all Sturgeon's stuff, is fabulous writing. Voldesfan = Volatile Destructive Fan, antithesis of Serious Constructive Fan. + You say Dee sent you a letter full of Spanish words that aren't even in the dictionary? Tsk, Tosk, don't you recognize pornography when you see it, even in Spanish?

Mraoc As an old-time SAP, I remember what the letters of your obscene gurgle stand for. Wonder if anyone else does? didididit didit + I glee'd over your chatter herein, and particularly enjoyed "Jovial Joe McFann" which is a classic eminently worthy of reprinting. When, now, do we get some more instalments of the Ballard Chronicles? I can hardly wait!

Flabbercon A mighty fine con report, ole Tosk. Incidentally, I was mostly disappointed with the photos I took at the con. Several came out entirely blank, and most of the rest are underexposed -- not too much so for projection, but they are too dark to make prints from. I think this is perhaps caused by weak batteries in my flash unit, causing the bulb not to ignite until the shutter was partly closed, tho on the other hand it could be that enough of New Mexico's wind-borne dust got into the camera during the summer to make the shutter itself slow in operating. Sure wish I'd gotten a pic of that lurid sportshirt of yours, tho, Tosk. Looking forward to seeing you again at future cons.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP ((We need shorter-titled SAPSazines!))
COME TO SAPS, AL LEWIS! + Yes I remember the Tom Swift books fondly, too, tho I only read a couple of them, and can't recall the titles. I was also fascinated by Jules Verne, the various air-war pulps, Doc Savage, The Shadow, and the old Popular Science magazine back before it started to imitate Popular Mechanics. All this, of course, long before I discovered that such a thing as science-fiction existed. + At some future con I will get myself a mimeo and a hecto and climb

onstage during the fanzine publishers' panel (surely, after the Detention, no con would think of NOT having a fanzine publishers' panel on their program?) and demonstrate how to produce mimeo-hekto work. Nobody seems to understand my explanations of the simple process, sob! + You had a very excellent zine here, Al, I enjoyed reading every bit of it. Hope to see you represented with frequent and larger zines in coming mailings.

Ignatz O.K, if you don't wanna quit while you're ahead on beginner's luck, I'll match predictions with you.
50: 548 pp.; 51: 365 pp.; 52: 330 pp.; 53: 396 pp.; 54: 460 pp.; 55: 455 pp. Looks like we both agree that the bundle sizes will be dropping to more managable levels in the coming year, anyhow. Incidentally, no one seems to have appreciated my subtle subtitle "Old Crow Consumption Division" -- far from calling you an old crow (tsk, you aren't old at all), it was a double-barrelled pun referring to my being forced to "eat crow" and being driven to drink by the fact that mere female guesswork can be lucky enuf to hit closer than my scientific predictions. + Enjoyed your whole zine tremendously, Nanshare, and sure hope you DO get a large Iggy into the January bundle.

The Speleobem Well, I'm glad to see you got THAT out of your system, bhoy! All in all, it is a remarkable issue indeed, mainly because besides merely being t*h*i*c*k it is eminently readable, all 102 pages of it. + But since you claim you have 102 pages, and Tosk only credits you with 102 (I'm too lazy to count and see how many you actually DO have)-- THEN TOSK HAS COMMITTED THE MATHEMATICAL ERROR of not counting that Ali Baba turban in the mailing size! Since it is printed on both sides, it should at least be considered the equivalent of 2 pages for mailing-size-figuring purposes. Tosk? + Well, if Tosk is really trying to root out all pornography in the bundles as you suggest (p.13), he should wake up to these SAPSzine titles that are really anagrams of obscene words. In the interests of occupying BRT's spare time for the next few months, I won't mention specific instances. + Research to determine whether a firey-tempered redhead is a real redhead can be fascinating work, you know? Especially since by the time you determine the answer to that, it hardly matters anyhow, since further avenues of investigation now demand your attention. + Yeah, I breezed thru two college writing courses (one fiction, the other nonfiction) by using fannish stuff on the bewildered instructor. Like, when we had to write a technical report, I did one on the comparative advantages and disadvantages of mimeo and hekto -- and of course, for the fiction-writing course, got A+'s for crud that was unanimously panned by the fen when I used it in fanzines. And one of those intermittent patent-law articles in aSF was my main source reference for an essay in American Government that impressed the instructor considerably. (I later slipped in his esteem when I had to give a verbal report on comparative grading systems, and in my humorist facet turned up with charts, graphs and statistics with which I ably defended Max Shulman's idea that the lower-ranking members of a class should ambush the brains with shotguns, because for every student who makes an "A", somebody's got to get an "F". The instructor, who apparently had been grading according to a distribution curve, thought I was making a personal attack on his policies, and for the remainder of the semester our relationship was decidedly formal.) + Undoubtedly the most surprising statement in the 49th Mlg is your revelation that the

Vembletroon is not just the product of a fertile fannish imagination, but a mundane literary form. Incidentally, I'll be glad when Rich gets around to incorporating the rules of its composition in his Fancy: I always have to work them out anew whenever I feel the urge to write a Vembletroon, by looking up a previous one and counting syllables -- and a couple of times I came perilously near failing to notice the subtle rhyme-scheme. But this means SAPS are the preservitors of a precious cultural heritage, or, to put it more impressively, a Precious Cultural Heritage! Meh, I can see it now, a faculty advisor telling some serious and bespectacled English Lit. PhD candidate "Gadzooks, Smedley, your thesis on archaic survivals in English poetry will certainly never pass the board unless you extend your research to the extraordinary revival of the Vembletroon in the -- err -- SAPS." + What, me lecture (p.21) on the technicalities of poetry? Well, the main point is never to use a rhyming word unless you're sure you know how it is pronounced. I still wince over a ballad in which I rhymed "predelection" with "science-fiction"! Otherwise, it's easy, all you have to do is think up an opening line, and go on from there. Like:

LEXICOGRAPHY LESSON

Ellery Carlos Higginbotham,
A former fan, now long forgotten,
Rates a Fancyclopedia mention,
(Tho it was ommitted without intention).

For Ellery once by the bug was bitten
To produce the finest fanzine written,
Full of fiction defying the proz' taboos,
And serious verse, and fannish news,

And the finest artwork of fannish pencil
Ever lovingly traced on a mimeo stencil,
And an editorial full of fire,
That would wither its target with righteous ire.

Ellery trumpeted in advance
(And loudly, too) his complex plans:
Selling subscriptions, confessing straight
He needed the funds to operate.

For months and months he worked unseen,
And at last produced his superzine:
--Four pages of purple hekto sad,
Explaining the troubles he had had,

Like work and school and chores despised,
And help that had not materialized,
And he wrote that his schedule was a dead letter,
But wait, next issue would be better.

But what earns him a place at History's side
Is his closing note of quiet pride,
For he wrote (you can see it if you check)
"You've no doubt seen better fanzines. ECH"

And his readers viewed the woeful sight
And in chorus answered, "'ECH!' is right!"
Ever since, every neofan's publication
Has earned the selfsame exclamation.

So tho he's gafia and forgotten,
A salute to E. C. Higginbotham,
The chap who provided our fannish scene
With the ONLY word for a newfan's zine!

Speaking of World Calendars (p.39) I read in the newspaper the other day that the missile-range people are planning to establish something like that: a sort of Space Calendar in which the International Date Line will be eliminated and it will be the same day at every missile-tracking station as it is at Greenwich. Of course this isn't at all what Nan had in mind, and also, like the metric system, it will probably never be used except by a few specialists. + Oh, here's that comment about it being a Good Idea to have the deadlines fall on Sunday -- but I see you are looking at it from the viewpoint of the OE rather than the poor suffering member. Owell... + Much appreciated your versifying (p.42); I might add that as long as you are writing verse in SAPS I can't sit back in complacency. + Your point about the whimsicality of the Army in regard to the geographical distribution of its members reminds me of a quatrain I did in honor of the time Rich Eney and I both ended up at Ft Sam:

Inscrutable, Inflexible,
The power that directs us:
The Rebels get assigned up-North,
The Yankees go to Texas.

(If you could classify a Virginia gentleman like Eney as a Yank). + Well (p.44) you asked for a Quotecover this time! + Speaking of obscenity, Toskey should ask Buz sometime for the mnemonic phrase electronics workers use for remembering the resistor-capacitor color code (which is, for the benefit of non-technicians in the audience: 0-Black; 1-Brown; 2-Red; 3-Orange; 4-Yellow; 5-Green; 6-Blue; 7-Violet; 8-Gray; 9-White. Try making up your own memory-aid for that, you have about a .000001 chance of coming up with a sentence that will stick in the memory like the one the filthy-minded scientists use. + Well, one thing the SAPS-FAPA roster comparison (p.55) proves, is that people who get into SAPS find that apafandom is enjoyable enuf so they're willing to undertake more of it, no? + Cheers for you, Bruce, you (p.59) finally used my word "grudle" which I've subtly been trying for a couple of mailings to sneak into the fan language. Considering that I haven't been able to define it satisfactorily even to myself, this is a Sign Of Real Progress. + Your idea of charging a fee to get on the waiting list (p.76) sounds pretty sensible, except for the adverse comment it would be sure to provoke among nonSAPS. We'd probably be denounced in the editorial columns of every genzine and FAPazine in fandom. + Onward, ever onward, to that should-be-a-SAPSzine-in-its-own-right, "Porque": Listen, Dee, why aren't you on the waiting-list? The only acceptable excuse is that you figure it's not worth the trouble since you plan to bypass it by entrapping some unattached male SAP into marrying you, thus making you eligible for a dual membership--but even so, you ought to enroll yourself as #21 so as to lull

his hyperactive suspicions prior to the time you finally trap him. Since you obviously possess that rare attribute, a Trusap mentality (oooh, whatta insult that is!) it is unthinkable that you should run the risk of having Bruce move away from Tampa, thus depriving you of the opportunity to read his mailings and comment on them. + By the way, surely you are aware that, what with the ability of most SAPS to skren (which in this case is equivalent to Superman's X-ray vision,) your frantic clutching of the towel on the SPELEOBEM cover is quite superfluous? + Tsk, why should the theory of the phonograph baffle you? The words and music and stuff are all packed into those little grooves on the record, and when the needle comes scraping along it stirs them up, just like a broom stirring up dust. And all the rest of the machine is nothing more than a sort of vacuum-cleaner arrangement to pipe the cloud of sound-particles off the surface of the record and blow it into your face. Simple! + Cranberries: few weeks ago the mess hall served fresh cranberry sauce (like, with the skins in it, too) instead of the usual canned jelly-like type. 9/10 of it remained on peoples' plates uneaten. Apparently few GI's had ever encountered this sort of thing before, and decided they didn't like it. + Hah, the descriptions of women I put in my verse is the most innocuous of understatement compared to the real facts, ma'am. If it made women happy to be so exasperating and unreasonable, I wouldn't complain so much, but they make themselves just as miserable as they do us mere males, and I'm damned if I can figure out why. + Sure, National Geographic should be kept out of the clutches of innocent youngsters: I suspect that it was that magazine as much as anything else, read at an impressionable age, that gave me the urge to see the world: and look what THAT did to me! + Speaking of waistlines, you should have been at the SFCon in '54 to see the gal EdCo and LeeJay were in love with: Vampira, 34-17-36. Wow! (Wonder what ever happened to her?)

Goon But Not Forgotten A delectable interlude in this serious constructive bundle, Harness ole Jack. Hope you ungafiate and favor us with more of the inimitable same in coming mailings.

Retro Federal aid is like the doctor telling you (the patient) "You need a transfusion, so we're going to take a pint out of your left arm, and then we'll pump half-a-pint into your right arm." And if you refuse, why then he'll let you get along without the transfusion, and merely take half-a-pint from you to give to the other patients. So what is the optimum action for you to take under the circumstances? + Your remarks on ESP to Leman prompt me to suggest that since the prerequisite to bringing ESP under study seems to be a detector of mental force, someone should try rigging up an ultra-sensitive meter-movement (salvaged from a light-beam galvanometer, for instance) and then go hunting for people who can get the needle to move by merely concentrating on it. Once you've got this, the way is open to start varying the conditions of the setup so as to get clues to the nature of the phenomenon. + Tests: Along with 150 or so other guys with my MOS, I took a test couple months ago to see if I'd get \$30 a month extra "proficiency pay". One guy in the group passed, and it wasn't me. (Cutoff score as announced by DA was 109; I scored 104). What I would mainly like to know is, where is the Army hiding all these SMART radarmen? (Some of us were concerned enuf about this to request an officer at Bn Hq to try to learn just how the cutoff score is determined, whether on an Army-wide average of the results, or as an arbitrary figure; I doubt he'll be able to get us an answer, tho: the Pentagon guards its mysteries well. +

I report with alarm that the Lucky Lager I'm consuming as I write this seems to possess intelligence, else I'm at a loss to explain the repeatedly-observed fact: I punch one hole in the can, and it just lies there, a quarter-inch or so beneath the top, peering at me. Yet, as soon as I punch the second hole (even taking particular care not to jar the can in the process) it begins foaming upward! At first I thot this was mere coincidence between the rate at which I punch holes and the foam-accumulation rate of the beer, so to outsmart it I punched one hole, then gave it a full minute to start foaming -- which it didn't, until I finally made the second opening in its lid! Mighod, intelligent beer could rule the world! + Boy, I'm glad Tosk and others (see letter section) explained that rotating cube: I'd hate to think of having to follow your (undoubtedly correct) explanation! I think we both found the real difficulty to lie not so much in the math, as in trying to tell someone else what we were driving at. + Which reminds me of an argument which was threshed out in FAPA about ten years ago as a theoretical problem: by now it has moved into the realm of practical possibility: Is it possible to fire a ballistic missile so it will fly halfway around the Earth and strike at the antipodes? I recall that the proof (or disproof, I won't spoil it by telling you which conclusion Randall Garrett and Milt Rothman came to) took several pages of integrals.+Sick jokes: "Anyway, Beria, you're the one man in the USSR no one would dare to oppose." "But Adolph, what kind of a place is this for a honeymoon?" "What do you think of Remarque's idea, Frank, that wars be settled by pitting the heads of the opposing nations against each other in an arena, armed with baseball bats?" "Of course I'm proud that Laika has an opportunity to serve the State, but please take good care of her, comrade." + Fabulous zine, as usual, Buz.

Fendenizen I think you would like Thomas Wolfe, if you manage not to be discouraged by the fact that he wrote so much: he's gotta be read like a Toskeyzine, just skim along until you run into the parts of the wordage that say something. (No slam, Tosk, you're just chattering, whereas the torrent of words from Wolfe was cut and edited and rewrit and all before it got into type). "Winesburg, Ohio" (and do you think I can get the author's name out of my memory-banks where I know it's hiding?)(is it Sherwood Anderson?) is very similar to Wolfe's style. "By Love Possessed" was, to me, similar to Wolfe in that I boggle at novels in which people go thru vast complex mental analyses of each other as they converse -- no one has mental processes fast enuf to do that consciously...I think. "Mighod, perhaps I am!" if you recognize the allusion. + You mean, GMC isn't the reason for Seattle's high suicide rate? Another illusion shattered! + You quite rightly disagreed with my statement about "censorship of obscene material denying to the child necessary data for intelligent decisions" -- now that you point it out, the word "child" was a slip of the typer and should have been "individual" or something of the sort. But in any event, it's ridiculous to screen data available to the adult on the basis of what is or isn't necessary data for a child, which is about what the present moral-censorship setup does. + Remainder of your fantastically-interesting issue hugely enjoyed, but prompts no further comment.

A highlight of the bundle
Is always when
I get to read
FENDENIZEN.

HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP

I'm missing ten issues from my SW file, and I'll buy any of them you're willing to sell me, at 50¢ apiece:

Issue	*Date	Bundle
43	Jan 51	SAPS-14
44	Oct 51	SAPS-17
45	Jan 52	SAPS-19
47	Dec 52	SAPS-22
49	Mar 53	SAPS-23
51	Sep 53	SAPS-25
52	Nov 53	FAPA-66
55	Jun 54	SAPS-28
58	Mar 55	SAPS-31
60	Sep 55	SAPS-33

*Dates may be a month off, depending on what months the mailings were due in those years.

FURTHERMORE: Nangee and I are working on a Morgan Botts anthology (to be precise, she's working on it, I'm encouraging her). Here is a list of the known stories:

The Man Who Murdered Fandom	BEMBOOK	Jul 47
Whiffingham's Revenge	BEMBOOK	Jul 47
Anniversary	SPACEWARP	Sep 47
The Barber Enigma	"	Oct 47
How to Write STF	"	Nov 47
Case of the Schizophrenic Promag	"	Dec 47
Please, You -- Quiet!	TNFF	Dec 47
Vindication	SPACEWARP	Feb 48
Once in a Long, Long While	"	Apr 48
The Lost Chord	"	Jul 48
Time and the Torcon	MACABRE	Jul 48
Botts By His Bootstraps		
*...But Zeno, Don't We?		
*Lunatic Fringe	STFANATIC	Sum 48
Probability .28	MUTANT	Sep 48
Mastermind	TLEWARP	Spr 49
Crisis	"	Sum 49
Deadly Peril	WANIGAS	Fall 49
Machiavelli	SPACEWARP	Sep 49
Solubility		
Alcoholics Unanimous	"	Sep 54
Zap!	"	Dec 54
Judgment	"	Jun 55
*The Ultimate APA	"	?
Security	"	Jul 59

First person to provide me with the manuscript (or copy of the zine in which published) of any tale marked with asterisks, or of any Bottstories not listed above, gets a free copy of the Botts Reader when we get it published.

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Creep Golly, Wally, this was just enough to make us sad that you did not have a complete set of mc's -- I hope that Tosk and Buz have chained you to a typer by now and set your ransom at no less than a dozen-page Creep for Mlg 50.

PRA Tastefully attired in mind-croggling purplebrown ink, too -- or am I just imagining the purple, and the color is instead an impure rich brown? + This was an inspired job, Rich (I won't venture to guess what sort of a mentality would inspire it) and it was not until my second reading of it that I began to suspect your fiendish gag, and found the one slip you made: you put the staples in from the wrong side of the zine! Lovely job, ole junior birdman. I hope you find time between training films and stints of KP to keep up your activity in the future!

Jim Tree I like that sign on your cover, "SAPS is for people who wouldn't fake it in FAPA" + Oh, don't be so conscience-stricken about leading sheep to the slaughter if they'll swallow what you feed them. I'm fond of making mildly humorous remarks like, at breakfast, "The cook was so hung over this morning he put Grape-Nuts into the boiler instead of coffee grounds." And if anyone fails to show instantly that they don't realize I'm being sarcastic, I'll go on to elaborate the story in great detail. But, then, GI's aren't near as credulous as fans. + "My Birthday Party" was a joyous account, and "Introduction to a Fantasy" was truly frabjous. Why didn't we draft you into SAPS years ago? + Migosh, no, Bjo! Not a cookbook for bachelors -- why, if we could cook, what excuse would we have for persuading luscious females to invite us into their kitchenette apartments for a demonstration of their culinary skill? (It often turns out that the results of the culinary skill is considerably less luscious than the dish handling the skillet, but after all, that's one of the things us bachelors want to find out about a girl before allowing her to get us too deeply entangled in her snares.) + G&S parody is Fine Stuff! + All your mailing comments were utterly readable and enjoyable and should have gone on for pages and pages more, tho I'm glad you had room for the sketchbook pages too, which were possibly the first fannish sketchbook pages I enjoyed looking at. Keep up the good SAPSwork, Bjo!

And so the bundle ends, not with a bang, but a

Whimper Bog Did you think I'd never get to your zine, Blotto Otto Pfeifer, dammit, Pfeifer? Well, frankly, neither did I. + Hah, your 640 page prediction wasn't much better than I could do with a lot of complicated mathematics, you know. What you should do is leave the space for the number blank in your predictions, then helpfully offer to carry the mailing down to the P.O. for Tosk, and once out of his sight, open 'em, see what his pagecount in SPECTATOR is, and quicklike stamp that into the space you've left in your zine. It's the ONLY accurate way to predict. + Enjoyed your mailing commentary.

Well, folks, that finally does it, except perhaps that I should make this a complete coverage by commenting on the envelope the mlg came in. It was nearly-enough-to-busted that I left the clasp clasped and removed the zines thru the bottom end. But it is a real fannish envelope. Had a 50¢ stamp with a picture of GMCarr on it, a 10¢ stamp with a picture of Tosk's new house, and a 4¢ stamp with a picture of Pelz. Wonder where BRT finds all those fannish stamps?

Don't know when was the "golden age of SAPS" everyone mentions, but here, at least, is our Golden Mailing -- u in it?

PROGRESS

Tom Edison (it is to laugh!)
Invented the rotary mimeograph,
And but for that, I muse at random
Would we, today, have actifandom?

O mighty Thomas Alva Ed.,
What crimes rest on your bloomin' head!

Tom Edison didn't give a damnera,
He also invented the movie camera
And I wonder if (then) he understood
He was making possible Hollywood?

O genius Thomas Edison,
Just look at what you've gone and done!

Tom Edison, thinking it was right,
Invented the incandescent light
Now available to you and I
For reading Rogue and Playboy by.

O absent-minded T.A.E.,
This was a boon to humanity?

Edison and his helpful staff
Invented a lo-fi phonograph,
But ended up safely underground
Long before stereophonic sound.

O Edison, was this your goal:
A billion discs of rock-and-roll?

Yes, Thomas invented a lot of stuff
But I think this has gone on long enough
To ask (do not deem this petty, son):
Would we be better off sans Edison?

Never mind, Tom, don't rage and curse;
But for you, things might be even worse!

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD IN THE PROZ

(From WANIGAS #3, SAPS Mlg 9)

EVERYONE knows the standard version of "Little Red Riding Hood" -- but suppose the proz printed the tale, and made a few minor changes here and there to maintain editorial policy. Here are the synopses of the results.....

ASTOUNDING S-F: Little RRH is wandering through the ruins of Manhattan on the way to Grandmother's. The red hood of course isn't cloth at all, but a neutronic shield worn by Blow-up survivors to protect themselves from the residual radioactivity on the old city-sites. Along comes this Wolf character and offers to show LRRH where to find a genuine, undamaged, pre-war aluminum kettle. She is overjoyed, she sez, because Granny is getting old and butterfingereed and drops the crude pottery and breaks it. While the girl digs in the ruins at the spot the Wolf points out, he dashes behind a heap of rubble where his atomic-powered space-cruiser is hidden, and takes off for Grandmother's log cabin. Upon arriving there he finds that the old dame has the joint well boobytrapped with electronic alarms and such. But he is undaunted, for in the ensuing battle it develops that the Wolf's culture possesses a high degree of technology too. Eventually he whips up an emergency spacewarping gadget which bypasses the defenses, and sneaks up on the unsuspecting Grandmother, who is fiddling with the televisior controls hidden in her kitchen cupboard. But as the Wolf is about to liquidate her with a portable blaster, six woodchoppers step out of the fireplace, which is a disguised matter-transmitter, and cut him down with para-rays. "Heh," cackles Granny, waving her bodyguard back into the transmitter, "You Centaurians think just because our cities are ruined, we Earthmen have lost our scientific knowledge. But you're wrong -- we of the Science Council are merely waiting to be sure Mankind has learned to live in peace, before we bring into the open the knowledge we have preserved through the Blowup." She shifts her corncob pipe from one side to the other of her toothless mouth, reaches for a crude bronze knife and adds, "As one scientist to another, I hate to do this, Wolf, but to maintain our secrecy we of the Science Council have to act just like the rest of the world." So she cuts his throat, skins him, and pegs the pelt to the door. Little Red Riding Hood comes in carrying an electron microscope she's salvaged from the ruins. "I see you took care of that damn Centaurian spy," she observes. "I wonder how long it will take those imperialistic idiots to discover that the atomic radiations made all us humans telepathic?"

WEIRD TALES: All is normal to the point where LRRH arrives at Granny's house and asks, "Did that wolf show up?" "Yep," sez her Grandmother. "Where is he?" cries LRRH. "I et him," sez Granny. "Why, you greedy, selfish old bag!" yelps LRRH. "Just for that I'll eat you!" replies Granny. "Oh no you won't" sez the girl, "because I'm not your

granddaughter at all -- I'm the wolf!" "You mean that was Little Red Riding Hood I ate?" asks Granny. "Yep," sez the wolf, "and now I'm going to kill you!" "Don't make me laugh," sez Granny, "werewolf or airdale, it makes no diff -- you ain't going to kill ME." "Why not?" asks the wolf. "Because," sez Granny, "you may be a wolf -- but I'm a ZOMBIE !"

AMAZING: The entire story is in standard form, but in an author's note which follows, Amazing's readers are informed that he had to write in fiction because no one would believe the truth. Do you realize that 15 out of 16 children in the U.S. are devoured by w@lves? Every policeman is aware of this, but no one dares to admit it publicly. Readers having information which will help to prove this claim are asked to communicate with the editor or the author immediately. A forthcoming issue will present full documentary evidence, plus more sensational exposes of the dark evil forces ruling the world. Don't miss it!

PLANET: Redh Rhyding-Hoot, lithe, nubile and voluptuous priestess of the Venusian Drylands, is on a journey to the hidden citadel where her Grandmother rules as Empress of Venus. In the swamps she encounters a friendly, polite character, and does not suspect that he actually a Wulph, a vampiric swampdwelling entity which feeds on life-force. Pretending to show her an outcropping of Ultra-Uranium ore, the Wulph loses her in the labyrinth of swamps. The cities of the Drylands desperately need Ultra-Uranium to power the pumps which keep the seas from overwhelming their cities. As Redh Rhyding-Hoot is about to be swallowed in a quicksand pit, she is saved by a cynical but chivalrous Earthman whose rocket has crashlanded in the swamps. This virile and brawny character falls madly in love with Redh Rhyding-Hoot, but gives no indication of it except to squeeze her a bit harder than necessary when grabbing her to rescue her from the carnivorous plants, reptiles, and other swamp flora and fauna with which she is always tangling. Together they battle their way thru the perilous swamp toward the hidden citadel. Meanwhile the Wulph has entered the citadel by impersonating Redh Rhyding-Hoot, and with the help of a traitorous High Priest and his followers, is about to overthrow the Empress. Just as the girl and the Earthman emerge from the swamp, the revolt breaks out. Forgetting the girl, the Earthman grabs himself a sword and wades into the fracas, where, by sheer musclepower and luck, he kills a dozen or so of the Wulph's warriors, although he has never handled a sword before in his life. The girl, while this is going on, enters the citadel in disguise and reaches the throne-room just as the Wulph bumps off Grandmother. Redh Rhyding-Hoot kills the Wulph. The Earthman enters, thinks the disguised girl is the Wulph, and stabs her. Immediately he perceives his mistake and takes the dying girl in his arms. "It is better this way," Redh Rhyding-Hoot whispers through the blood that is filling her lungs, "When the Empress died, I became Empress of all Venus, and by ancient law the ruler of Venus must remain a virgin." In the next issue, the Vizigraph is full of complaints that the author forgot to explain whether the Drylands cities got the Ultra-Uranium or not. Ray Nelson and Edwin Sigler also spot the error in biology.

FANTASTIC NOVELS: Doesn't print the story. It's not by Merritt.

--END--

Letters, Letters, WE GET AN OCCASIONAL LETTER

Dear Art,

In spite of the SAPish slant, I enjoyed reading Spacewarp, and hope to see more issues. The reprint (Hansel & Gretel in the Proz) was good, and, I trust, typical of that exacting quality which you promise for future issues. I've never seen an old SW but have read little reprinted paragraphs from them here and there in more recent fmz.

Hm. Your femme won't even allow a moustache, while mine insists on the works, beard and all. Ah, but we're willing slaves, I must say. Besides, I find that Karen Anderson likes my beard also...to heck with the unbelievers.

I see a cryptic note in your mlg comments that refers to (perhaps) flying saucers. Knowing what I do about the fallibility of photographic materials, I'll believe in flying saucers when I see one and get a good spectrum of it, on film. Direct photographs of funny-looking things -- or rather, funny-looking things on photographs -- can arise easily enough by accident, not to mention the ease with which "saucers" can be faked. I don't think a spectrum can be easily faked, though. But if you are referring to the UFO movie which went the rounds of the theaters a couple years back, the moving white lights there turned out to be seagulls at a great enough distance to be unresolved. The movies have been duplicated by photographing seagulls at distances of a few miles.

On a related subject: lots of photographs of "the human aura", especially on 8mm movie film or other small-size negatives, are due to adjacency effects.

As a native and lifelong resident of the North, I say Down With winter weather. I never can get warm in winter, and my nose stops working about the beginning of September and doesn't start up again until the temp. hits 80 or so. Snow is mildly amusing stuff, but I'd be just as happy playing in powdered gypsum or something, even if it doesn't have the ability to stick together.

I am agin bomb tests all the time, and I'm probably not what you'd call a socialist, or a such either.

Saturn's rings are dynamically unstable; particles at the inner edge tend to move in, particles at the outer edge move out and are lost. Probably the thing that maintains the ring system is condensation of more ices from the interplanetary medium on the ring particles, thus adding material to compensate for the losses. We are too close to the sun (too hot) to retain such ice, therefore we can't maintain a ring. And surveys for close natural satellites have given negative results; there certainly isn't anything up there as big as a fanzine, say (in average area). Any ring we ever had must have been lost billions of years ago.

The color photos of astronomical objects in LIFE are well reproduced -- I've seen film copies of the originals and the colors are the same -- but you must interpret the colors in order to understand what you see. The colors on the

pix are not what you would see if your eye were sensitive enough to see color at such low intensities. The three layers of emulsion had very different reciprocity-failure curves, and hence different effective characteristic curves. They were balanced to cross at average exposure, but the slopes were vastly different. Thus, the faint part of everything looks blue in the pix, except for the highly-reddened North American Nebula, and the bright parts all look abnormally red. The color contrast is probably exaggerated everywhere, too. The pictures might be useful for diagnostic purposes, however.

I would say that Russian is as flexible as English, on the whole; there are things you can say in either that cannot be translated into the other, but on the average I think they are about equally expressive. German is certainly better suited to scientific writing than either Russian or English, but may be weaker for fiction writing, and is definitely less colorful in conversation. German offers more possibilities for interchanging parts of speech than English (such as using a noun for a verb, which you gave as an example of English versatility); Russian offers more shades of meaning through word order shifts than English does, because English is so feebly inflected that you have to use word order to indicate which modifies what, and so on. This limits the permutations of words in a given sentence, because some combinations are meaningless, confusing, or ambiguous. Most other languages avoid this by the use of case endings. I don't think you can really claim that English grammar has many virtues; rather, it's the vocabulary, which is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world as far as stems and roots are concerned, that is the strength of English. This is especially true for writing poetry; there are plenty of things to rhyme with most words, and they don't have to be the same inflection of the same part of speech to do it. In short, you are all wrong: the examples you gave are examples of English's inferiorities, not its strengths, and many of your statements on comparative grammar are just not true. What other languages do you know well?

Even your statement of human evolution is incorrect, or oversimplified; unless you interpret "major forking" in a suitably loose sense. We're more nearly the monkeys' cousins or nephews than uncles; and you ignore the various groups of primates -- we are more closely related to the Simiidae than to the others.

The reason your predictions of mailing-sizes are so lousy is that you are using an inadequate model. Nanshare is very likely using a better system by merely estimating the amount of comment-worthy material, comparing it with the material and sizes of recent mailings, and extrapolating on the basis of a linear relation between interest and mailing size. You place too much faith on mere page numbers, which are not the physically-significant thing in this business.

I liked Jack & the Beaniestalk.

Likewise poems at its end (p.16).

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I have news for you: there has been commercial apparatus for taking color-separation photographs for many years, probably more than either of our ages. Technicolor is a color-separation process using a beamsplitter, filters, and

three emulsions. It's long been used by both the Technicolor people and by avid photo fans because it inherently is capable of producing truer color reproduction than does the emulsion-sandwich of Kodachrome, Anscochrome, etc. Build your own and be a latecomer, not a pioneer. Land's discovery is just that you can get fairly good color reproduction with a two-color process, which nobody before him had been able to do, partly because of the lack of sufficiently large monochromatic filters for the projection or viewing. Land is now going into the three-color process to find out just how good it can be made; considering the advance he's made in 2-color color photography, I expect he will make startling progress in 3-color pix, such as avoiding the blue shadows and red highlights I complained of in connection with the astronomical pix in LITE.

As 1/20E of FAPA I must point out that we have done exactly what you were saying "why don't they" about. The bylaw is passed, I understand unofficially, by perhaps the largest vote in our history; Wetzel will be out come the tallying of the egoboo poll two months or so from now. The concern for doing the job in proper legal fashion is not that we delight in red tape -- we don't -- but so as to give W****1 no cause to complain that he was thrown out illerally; he can cause plenty of trouble by raising a stink even when he's dead wrong, as in the Grennell episode; we hate to contemplate the consequences if he had the tiniest bit of argument in his favor. If you doubt what damage he can do, I suggest that you invite him to join SAPS.

I applaud your comments on female topology. Let's reduce this to an exact and (naturally) an empirical science!

Hoyle's cosmology is dying fast. The latest determination of the curvature of space gives it as very probably negative; this excludes the steady-state universe.

Heh, indeed, Dr. Huer, they must be reading old stfzines in the Pentagon these days. When I hear about some of these projects that are so ridiculous on the face of them, I wonder whether there is anything people won't do for money.

I'm 100% with you on the subject of cities. My father goes even farther: he wishes that "the whole damn country east of the Rocky Mountains would slide off into the sea."

Good King Sauerkraut is Pogoish, not fannish -- at least if you count by origin.

Phoo, you have to have transistors to get things like WFL? I used to get it from northern Ohio on my crystal set, loud as anything. That, and WBZ (Boston). Danner would take this as a fine example of progress in reverse, no doubt.

Now I come to the interesting problem part, which I will solve ~~on a piece of~~ with no notes, no pencil, no hands tied behind my back, and nothing up my sleeve. No, come to think of it, I'd better use a pencil and make notes, and keep a book on analytical geometry up my sleeve.

Let's consider the cube to be arranged with its vertices at $(1,0,0)$, $(0,1,0)$, ..., $(0,0,-1)$. The curve we desire is the intersection of the x-y plane with an edge of the cube, as it rotates about the x-axis. This is just the distance of the points along the

edge from the x-axis itself; thus all we need is the equations of an edge of the cube. Oh, damn, I see what I've got is an octahedron instead of a cube. All right then, let there be vertices at $(1,0,0)$ and $(-1,0,0)$ and...hm, I guess it will be easier to have the cube in standard position with vertices at $(1,1,1)$, $(1,1,-1)$, ..., $(-1,-1,-1)$. Now we want the distance between points along an edge and the principal diagonal as a function of the distance along that diagonal. The faces are $x=1$, $x=-1$, ..., $z=-1$; the edges are their intersections. The principal diagonal passes through the origin and $(1,1,1)$. The distance from the point $(1,1,z)$ to the diagonal is the length of the line from the point, perpendicular to the diagonal. The equations of the diagonal are $x=y=z$; its direction numbers are $1,1,1$. Therefore the direction numbers of the perpendicular from the point $(1,1,z)$ to this diagonal...foeey, that's not the edge we're interested in. The edge we want is given by, say, $(1,-1,z)$. So the perpendicular has direction numbers p,q,r such that $p+q+r=0$, and is of the form

$$\frac{x-1}{p} = \frac{y+1}{q} = \frac{z-a}{r}, \text{ where } a \text{ is the } z\text{-coordinate of the point on the edge of the cube. But } r = -p-q;$$

Thus the diagonal has the form

$$x-1 = \frac{y+1}{q'} = \frac{z-a}{-1-q'} = \frac{a-z}{1+q'} \quad (\text{where } q' = \frac{q}{p}.)$$

We have yet to impose the condition that this line, whose direction in space is perpendicular to the diagonal, and which passes through the given edge point $(1,-1,a)$, must also intersect the diagonal. This will determine q' as a function of a . The point it will intersect on the diagonal will be the point (k,k,k) , say. Then

$$k-1 = \frac{k+1}{q'} = \frac{a-k}{1+q'}. \text{ or } q'(k-1) = k+1$$

$$\text{and } (1+q')(k+1) = q'(a-k).$$

Multiplying out and collecting terms:

$$q'k - q' - k - 1 = 0 \quad \text{and} \quad 2q'k + q'(1-a) + k + 1 = 0.$$

Subtracting twice the first from the second,

$$q'(3-a) + 3k + 3 = 0, \text{ or } q' = \frac{3k+3}{a-3}. \text{ Plugging back into the}$$

first, we have

$$\frac{3k^2 + 3k}{a-3} - \frac{3k+3}{a-3} - k - 1 = 0,$$

$$\text{or } 3k^2 - 3 + (3-a)k + 3 - a = 0$$

$$\text{whose solution is } k = \frac{a-3 \pm \sqrt{9-6a+a^2+12a}}{6}$$

$$\text{or } k = \frac{a-3 \pm (a+3)}{6}; \quad k = a/3 \text{ or } -1.$$

We are interested in the general case of $k = a/3$ rather than in the singular point -1 .

Now $q' = (a+3)/(a-3)$. The end points of the diagonal are $(1,-1,a)$ and $(a/3, a/3, a/3)$. Its length is therefore

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$$\sqrt{\left(1 - \frac{a}{3}\right)^2 + \left(\frac{a}{3} + 1\right)^2 + \left(a - \frac{a}{3}\right)^2}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
 &= \sqrt{1 + \frac{a^2}{9} - \frac{2a}{3} + 1 + \frac{a^2}{9} + \frac{2a}{3} + \frac{4a^2}{9}} \\
 &= \sqrt{2 + \frac{6a^2}{9}} = \frac{\sqrt{18 + 6a^2}}{3}
 \end{aligned}$$

We now have the equations of the desired curve in parametric form; if we wish to express it as $f(t)$, we have

$$f(t) = \sqrt{\frac{2}{3}(3+a^2)}, \quad t = k\sqrt{3} = a/\sqrt{3}.$$

Here t is the distance of a point along the axis of rotation (the diagonal) from the center of the cube, and $f(t)$ is the distance from the axis to the surface described by the edge of the cube as it rotates. Replacing a by its equivalent, $t\sqrt{3}$, we have

$$f(t) = \sqrt{\frac{2}{3}(3+3t^2)} = \sqrt{2(1+t^2)}$$

This, bhy ghod, is the answer. It agrees with what must obviously be true for $t = 0$; by symmetry, the point on the side is then in the middle of the side, and is at the opposite corner of a unit square from the origin; hence the height is the square root of 2. It bends up at the ends, which it must, intuitively, do.

Except for drawing a few figures, which were actually no help at all, and making ~~an~~/arithmetic blunder corrected above, the entire work is shown here. Your complicated expression must surely be wrong, I fear; my answer, I am pretty sure, is correct.

Meanwhile, back at the fmz:

I liked "Spring Song". I wonder how many people will know what tune it goes to? For that matter, how many people have ever heard of ol' Abdul?

The Beer Song, and Security were also good, though not so hilarious.

And here, indeed, I have lit at the end of the fanzine. Take your little math problem and run off, boy; I got Cosmic Thinking to do!

P.S. It is worth noting that $y = \sqrt{2(1+x^2)}$ is the hyperbola $y^2 = 2 + 2x^2$, or $x^2 - \frac{y^2}{2} + 1 = 0$, or $-\frac{x^2}{1} + \frac{y^2}{2} = 1$. The asymptotes are $x^2 - y^2/2 = 0$ or $x = \pm y/\sqrt{2}$; The limits are at $a = \pm 1 \Rightarrow t = \pm 1/\sqrt{3}$. Thus the maximum value of the function is $\sqrt{2(1+\frac{1}{3})} = \sqrt{2(4/3)} = 2\sqrt{2/3}$.

ANDY YOUNG
11 Buena Vista Park
Cambridge 40, Mass.

29

Yes, but what does this have to do with STF?

45J TOLD ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS or

Would Poe have writ THE RAVEN if he'd known?

Once upon a midnight dreary as I nodded, really weary,
Over many a quaint and curious fanzine of forgotten feuds,
While I nodded, nearly sleeping, suddenly there came a peeping
As of someone softly weeping, weeping at my chamber door.
"Tis some goddam drunk," I muttered, "weeping at my chamber door,
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I recall it, it was in the early Fall yet,
And the next spring's ish of Planet lay, long read, upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow
From the folks a lousy quarter, to buy one Astounding more;
Even fifteen cents for Future, though I liked Astounding more;
Days like this are such a bore.

And the rusty, dusty fluttering of all the pulpish pages
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic notions never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating
"Palmer's climbing, Campbell's slipping, Wollheim's gone and hit
the floor,
And as for ol' Ziff-Davis, just a retch and nothing more."
Only that and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer
"Ghu," said I, "or Roscoe, truly your forgiveness I implore,
But the fact is as I feared, there is nothing left but Weird
Unless Boucher and McComas drop an issue at my door,
Or perhaps there's (ugh!) still Avon, tho one always hopes for more,
FFM or something more."

Deep into the Westerns peering long I stood there, groaning,
sneering,
Doubting, cursing curses such as only stfen cursed before,
But the lineup was unbroken and the love-pulps gave no token
And the only word there spoken was the lurid title "GORE!"
'Twas a fact-crime pulp, disdainfully I cast it to the floor;
Non-stf promags make me sore.

Back into my chamber rushing, all my soul within me gushing,
Soon I heard again a tweeting somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is now the postman at the lattice,
Let me see what's in the mailbox and this mystery explore,
Let me pay the postage-due fee and this mystery explore!"
Dealers' lists and nothing more.

...so the hell with it, sez I; there's nothing else
to do today so I might as well write a poem for the
next SAPS mailing.

(FROM TIMEWARP #6, SAPS Mlg 12, Summer 1950)

COMMUNIST INDOCTRINATION

— ITS SIGNIFICANCE
TO AMERICANS

by *Major Wm. E. Mayer*

Medical Corps, United States Army

PREFACE by Arthur H Rapp:

In May of 1959 I chanced to hear a rebroadcast of the speech contained in this booklet, over Radio Station KOA, Denver, Colorado. What Major Mayer had to say impressed me sufficiently to make me sit down and write the station for a transcript of the program.

This I received in the form of a printed booklet published by The National Education Program, Searcy, Arkansas. It is from that booklet that this text is transcribed.

Major Mayer's address was originally made to Freedom Forum XVIII, Searcy, Ark., on 15 April 1957.

I suggest that you turn to page 28, where biographical information on Major Mayer is presented, prior to reading the text of his remarks.

Dr.. Benson, Ladies and Gentleman: On this the last unpenalized day of paying the subsidy you are paying to support the United States Government I am acutely aware of the privilege of talking to you. I was trying to figure out a few moments ago how much it is costing each of you to keep me in business and I figure there's hardly anyone in the room who is paying less than a dollar a day for the defense establishment, which is considerable. You have a right, we think therefore, to know something about where your money is going and what problems we're having using it properly; and I personally also think you have not only the right but the obligation to know even more about the reason Dr. Benson mentioned for our existence: the nature of international Communism. We exist for almost no other reason.

Unlike most armies on earth, we are not also an internal security organization. And we are genuinely, and feel it more acutely these days than ever, the servants of the sovereigns of this country.

We are having problems in the military service which I would like to tell you about because these are problems insoluble within the framework of the Defense Department. They are problems for the whole social organization. They are reflections, as are most of our attitudes and trends and techniques in the armed forces, of attitudes and trends and techniques in industry, primarily, from whom we borrow very freely; and of some currents which exist throughout the whole society.

I'm going to tell about Communist indoctrination, for the very simple reason that only in the last few years have we really had a chance to learn anything about it that wasn't just horror stories, or the sometimes objective but statistically insignificant stories of individuals who'd been held in Communist captivity.

Communist indoctrination and their methods present to us the Communist primary weapon, the weapon which they've used to accomplish this fabulous thing that was mentioned here a few minutes ago in expanding to such an incredible degree just in the last few years.

Our primary weapon in this country, despite the fact that everything you read and see and hear is about guided missiles and push-buttons and gadgets, is still the human being. And the quality of the human beings which make up our defense establishment is something which has to be scrutinized from time to time and really continuously, and the attempts to make them into finer instruments for the preservation of our freedoms against foreign intrusion is an effort that can never be let down. We've reason to believe, I think, that this weapon needs some work.

Now what I'm about to say will be drawn primarily from data which was collected officially by the United States and its military and some civilian agencies. The facts I will give are facts. The opinions and conclusions I shall draw are mine and not necessarily those of any agency of the United States; particularly the Department of Army or the Department of Defense.

I couldn't agree more that Americans are in danger of something connected with lethargy. We've been manifesting a good bit of lethargy about civil defense, for one thing. For about twenty years we've been manifesting a good bit of it about Communism. Now this is partly by design of the Communists. Their program

for tyranny is clothed in such complicated and often boring and repitious and abstruse economic and political theory that a great many people who could understand Communism simply abandon the attempt because it gets so complicated that it's almost not worth the effort; and you get lost and we're content to call it names and realize and agree among ourselves that it's bad; and yet we're terribly unrealistic about it; it's awfully hard to convince people that there is, well, much of the Fifth Column that Mr. Benson mentioned.

It's hard to realize that these people are any more serious than Hitler was when he wrote that book and said that he was going to do exactly what he went ahead and did. And the Communists have been doing this for 35 years; writing and stating in their official documents that sooner or later and one way or another -- and they think now that they can do it internally without having to shoot -- one way or the other they're going to destroy us.

And so it's time that we slipped out of this lethargy a little and tried to understand Communism, its mechanics and its intentions, in a much more specific way. We haven't ever before overcome any kind of an adversary by calling it names and then trying not to think about it and hoping it will go away.

In 1950 the first random samples cross-section of healthy young adult Americans in our history got an opportunity to live in a Communist state. They lived there for almost three years. We viewed these men as sources of a tremendous amount of information about Communism, and so they were. More important, however, they proved to be a tremendous source of information about Americans. And so I'll try to intertwine these two things and describe to you what happened to them and how they reacted to it.

It shook us, those of us who did the study to find that our preconceived ideas were wrong -- about how invulnerable we Americans are to anything as pointless and kind of stupid and unrealistic as many Communist ideas seem to be.

There were 7,000 American soldiers -- they were mostly Army troops -- who were captured in Korea -- and they provided us almost with a controlled study of a sort of a microcosm of the Communist state. These men were, as I said in the beginning and I wish to re-emphasize, a fair cross-section of young American males; the same ones that worked in your shops, the same ones that you in education are turning out; they were not garrison soldiers; they were not maladjusted civilians who sought refuge in the armed forces; at least half of them were drafted in honor of the occasion. And these men were also not uneducated. Compared to the troops who fought in World War II, they were slightly better trained on the whole, militarily, and of a slightly higher over-all public educational level.

They fell into enemy hands not because they were incompetent soldiers -- which is sometimes true of prisoners. They fell into those hands because they were suddenly surrounded by such hordes of Chinese that there was no other alternative possible. Many of our troops were captured in groups of several hundred.

Now these men behaved in a way that was so profoundly different from our expectations about the behavior of American soldiers under prolonged stress that we began searching to see if we could find reasons -- reasons outside the rather narrow framework

of the Armed Forces -- for their behavior -- not misbehavior. And as a result of our search we found that the men who fought in Korea were strikingly different group of human beings from those who fought in World War II, in spite of the fact that they were selected by the same procedure.

During the war we expected that those men who were unfortunate enough to become prisoners of an enemy would behave as Americans had, in all our recorded history, behaved when someone attempted forcibly to deprive them of their individual and collective freedom.

We knew that in the past Americans subjected to this have always reacted by forming, first of all, tight little units -- called the "Buddy System" in the service -- units of two or three or four individuals. And this Buddy System operates, before organizations develop, to preserve life of the individual. From these tight little groups develop the characteristic kinds of social organization we're used to seeing, the staff-type organization: collections of groups of human beings who more or less voluntarily bend themselves together under what they consider to be competent leadership, impose certain checks on this leadership, and then support it for the purpose of gaining strength. This never happened in Korea.

Secondly we know that Americans when confined have an almost overwhelming impulse to get away. And the Japanese and Germans both wrote at length about the most uncooperative, noisiest, recalcitrant, stubbornest, most irreverent prisoners that they had ever tried to hold; namely, the Americans, who invariably had a kind of diabolical sense of humor along with their attempts to get away. This apparently never happened in Korea.

And we've seen other things among prisoners. We've seen the development of a system of justice, based upon the presumption that laws and not men must govern. And what could be remembered of the laws in the code of military justice and other codes the men were familiar with have always taken precedence among groups of prisoners and been established as the laws under which men live. This never happened in Korea.

And then something new was added. Before the men came home to us their letters started coming home to us, letters written by PFC John Smith, U.S. Army, 8½ years of formal education, lower-middle class social and economic background, small urban community; and a letter written not as he learned it in composition classes in 9th grade but in the language of the materialist dialectician exhorting mother to band together with other progressive and informed citizens and stop the senseless slaughter of innocent civilians for the profit of the imperialist Wall Street warmongers.

Now, coming from Private John Smith, this seemed a little odd and especially when more and more of these came.

Then we saw articles written by similar soldiers appearing in those well-known documents such as the Daily Worker and Masses and Mainstream and the Shanghai Daily News, Pravda, The People's World, also written by Americans and also written in the typical Communist dialectics, and always there was something about the imperialist Wall Street warmongers "who sent us here."

Then we started seeing cartoons (by American prisoners of war) printed in Crocodile and other Communist publications; and even in the non-Communist (supposedly) propaganda material which is disseminated in such huge quantities all over the earth today by the Communists: cartoons defaming American characters or American institutions.

Well, taking all these things into account, the letter and the newspaper articles and the cartoons and the fact that nobody seemed to be getting out of these camps and escaping back to our lines, and nobody ever managed to steal enough radio equipment from the Chinese to communicate with us -- which incidentally they have always done in the past -- all these things combined led us to believe something strange indeed had been done to this group of young men. After all they couldn't in ten years be so profoundly different, could they, from the men who fought in World War II?

Then they came home. We took about a thousand of them and for comparative purposes had several hundred troops who had also been prisoners of other nationalities, particularly Turks, and some Columbians, and we studied them all in Japan, before they got home.

We noticed some very odd things about these American men. First of all we noticed that they wouldn't talk to each other. They would talk about each other like no Americans we had ever seen before. They would talk about each other with a strange absence of affect, no feeling, no emotion; they simply would talk about each other, anything. But not to each other.

And then when they were checked out medically and we knew they were OK we would say, "You can go downtown on a pass if you like, and see the sights and sounds and smells of Tokyo" -- which is quite a city to see -- and some did, about one out of five went on a pass, after three years of being locked up. And those that did go on a pass went on pass by themselves, which soldiers never do.

Then we noticed what happened when the Red Cross came by with a wonderful proposition, that you could call home, call anybody you wanted, your friends or your girl or your mother or your wife if you had one -- anybody, any place in the United States; talk as long as you wanted and the Red Cross would pick up the tab -- it normally, you know, costs \$5 a minute from Japan and these people hadn't been paid. We found curiously enough that more than half of the returning prisoners said there wasn't anybody they thought they wanted to talk to. And that seemed odd.

Well, we jumped to the conclusion, and it was an easy one, based upon our apathetic approach to Communism, that these men had been subjected to a strange and wonderful and mysterious and irresistible procedure called "brain-washing." This was something we'd been hearing about from Hong Kong. It was a procedure apparently in use in China for coercing human beings; it was a procedure which involved all the classical forms of inhumanity to man from the mass execution to the highly-organized Communist public lynching which is endorsed by the whole village. In its application in China, it included such things as the disruption of families, special schools for re-education, reduced diets for certain areas, the redistribution of land, and then all of a sud-

den undoing of this redistribution with the establishment of the collective farm; it was the Chinese version of the Soviet system.

We know that it was pretty much irresistible, or at least it seemed that way; after all, Cardinal Mindszenty seemed to acquiesce to Soviet secret police methods and he must have been a convinced man before they got hold of him. An AP correspondent some of us know named Oatis, who was certainly a convinced human being, was pretty well handled by the Soviet method. A number of American missionaries were coerced successfully in China; they came home after having made confessions of being agents of the United States, which they most assuredly were not; spies for the United States, which they were not; enemies of the people, imperialist agents; and they would come home and they would admit to us when they got home that, "No, they never touched me. Oh, I got beaten up once by some stupid jailer, but this wasn't policy." "No, I didn't confess because they put burning bamboo splinters under my fingernails." "No, I'm not ready to recant my confession." And these were odd things.

It's enough to make one believe that they had survived some system for the coercion of human beings that goes something beyond any of our previous understanding. Well, this is the weapon that I believe accounts in larger part for Communist success than any of the mechanical devices that they have.

You know, no tyrant in history using machine guns or primitive variations of machine guns, or slave camps or forced labor, has ever succeeded for very long in controlling very large numbers of people. And as you've already heard from 10% up to 40% in just a few years. Looking at it a different way, only forty years ago there was no Communist state on earth. And today about four out of every ten living human beings live in a Communist dictatorship. Why? They can't kill that many people. And certainly you cannot believe that they're selling a product that is so irresistible that people just simply flock to get it.

Now, both of these things are true in part. The product looks awfully good to a coolie who was kicked around all his life, whereas now he eats a little better and he can talk a little better. But it isn't that good. And the slave camps and the executions are very effective, but they are not that effective. And much of their success can be attributed to this particular weapon which is called brain-washing.

Now it doesn't conform to any of our preconceived ideas, really, and it didn't in North Korea as the Chinese applied it. Many of the things we expected were possibly true some years ago but we would be making a terrible mistake and we would very seriously underestimate the most dangerous enemy we've ever faced to think he hasn't adapted and become flexible.

The average soldier in a front-line bunker in Korea fully expected that if he were ever captured by this diabolical oriental enemy who, according to what he'd learned in this country, doesn't care about human life, starves people to death, and so on -- he fully expected that he would be slapped and spat upon and then possibly executed.

But, contrary to popular belief among the soldiers, when they were captured nobody had burning bamboo splinters put under

their fingernails; in fact the Chinese didn't even seem to be interested in what military information they had and never did interrogate them along those lines. They didn't use any special drugs to coerce our men, and we sort of thought they might. We know they have a good deal to do with the international narcotics traffic, illicit; this is part of the over-all Communist conspiracy today and a fairly important one; it supplies a tremendous number of dollars which find their way into Red China.

But they didn't use narcotics, nor did they use marijuana, nor did they use tranquilizing drugs or any other special kinds of medicines which change men's minds -- in order to get their American prisoners to acquiesce. They didn't use any magic, magic like Pavlov's conditioned reflex, or hypnosis, or stimulus deprivation, or any other particularly new or magical device of any sort in coercing Americans.

They didn't use the technique that was in use in some American universities back in the thirties when they were recruiting for the Young Communist League. I remember in Chicago, their recruiting at the university there; their recruiting took the form of a sort of whispering campaign to the effect that there was free love practices at the Young Communist League meetings; and of course they got flocks of curious recruits that way, but they got practically no Communists. And they gave this method up.

They didn't use any variation of this in handling 7,000 American soldiers, who were really the first the Communists ever had a chance to work with, too.

No, what we found in use on them was a system of indoctrination, of education really, which was of the very highest order of excellence from the standpoint of the method used and the standpoint of the stewardship shown in the application of this education. It was very much like -- and I have to keep going back to what Dr. Benson said -- but it, most of it, is so appropriate -- very much like what God said to Moses: they taught them as they woke up and they taught them as they went to bed and they taught them on the way, every day, seven days a week. And with a great deal of evident sincerity.

It was a procedure, however, which differed from most of our preconceived ideas about the nature of education in that they made an attempt to employ systematically and deliberately a number of perfectly sound and familiar and tested principles of psychology and psychiatry, the same ones we use in the treatment of patients. They used these backwards by our standards, not in any attempt to make people any better adjusted, more productive, giving adults; but certainly neither in an attempt to deprive them of their reason or their power of choice or their ability to be responsible.

They did use these principles in an attempt to devalue certain very fundamental values which we hold to be self-evident and important in our kind of social and economic system. And they used them to interfere with the basic human relationships without which we would have no commercial credit, without which we would have no free enterprise, no healthy competition; and they did this with a remarkable degree of success.

Now this weapon, this indoctrination system, was on the surface a very simple thing. Tracing it back we could see that its roots lay in Czarist, pre-Communist secret police methods, adapted and changed by the Communists for their own use, by the Soviets; further expanded by the Chinese and expanded for use not on criminals and certainly not on individuals, but for use on groups. And these methods we find are almost identical to those which are in use every day in every industrial shop, every platoon of the Chinese army, every school classroom, and every neighborhood in Communist China.

And so this has provided us with a way to understand Communism quite devoid of its conclusion aspects: to understand it on the basis of the daily life experiences of the human being who lives in this severest and most competent of all the tyrannies which have ever been imposed on human beings.

I have here a document which I would like to read to you, which gives some understanding of the way the education was applied, simply because it illustrates the Communist attitude toward the student; the student in this case being the American soldier. What I'm going to read you is a composite of two or three documents we intercepted which were written by Communists entirely for Communist eyes. These reports were evaluations of the nature of the average American soldier, the average American in other words. They were written in an attempt to be objective, not just propagandistic, and they were written by people who evidently had some social science background, as a number of the new Soviet humans do.

In form this was mainly taken from a message written by the Chief of Intelligence of the Chinese Peoples Volunteer Army in North Korea to the Chief of Intelligence of the Chinese Peoples Republic in Peiping. It said this:

"Based upon our observations of American soldiers and their officers captured in this War for the Liberation of Korea from Capitalist-Imperialist Aggression, the following facts are evident:

"The American soldier has weak loyalty to his family, his community, his country, his religion and to his fellow-soldier. His concepts of right and wrong are hazy and ill-formed. Opportunism is easy for him. By himself he feels frightened and insecure. He underestimates his own worth, his own strength, and his ability to survive. He is ignorant of social values, social tensions and conflicts. There is little knowledge or understanding even among U.S. university graduates of American political history and philosophy, the federal state and community organizations, states and civil rights, freedoms, safeguards, checks and balances and how these things allegedly operate within his own system.

"He is insular and provincial with little or no idea of the problems and the aims of what he contemptuously describes as foreigners and their countries. He has an unrealistic concept of America's internal and inherent rather than earned or proven superiority and absolute military invincibility. This is the most vulnerable weakness. He fails to appreciate the meaning

of and the necessity for military or any form of organization or discipline. Most often he clearly feels that his military service is a kind of hateful and unavoidable servitude to be tolerated as briefly as possible and then escaped from as rapidly as possible with as little investment as possible.

"He is what he himself calls sometimes a peacetime soldier and both of these latter types look upon military service either as a soft and a safe job or hardship and sacrifice which are unfair and unreasonable to them personally.

"Based upon these facts about the imperialist United States aggressors the re-education and reindoc-trination program for American prisoners proceeds as planned."

Then they proceeded to educate their Americans. They had quite a problem since they capture almost all their prisoners within weeks. And so, what they did with them was to take them off in small groups and instead of pulling out their toe-nails and pouring water in their noses and torturing them in all the exotic ways the people had thought about, they would get them together in small little groups and give them the first lesson in the indoctrination, one that was prescribed from Peiping and was given in the same words all over Korea by a large number of young Chinese instructors.

These instructors were there in a ratio of one to about every twenty or thirty prisoners. They were graduates of American educational institutions, university level. Mostly they were familiar with our idiom and with our attitudes and with our primary values. They knew all about batting averages and Cadillacs and big buildings, and they were still Communists.

And one of these instructors who wore no uniform and carried no weapon would get together about twelve of his new American students and he would give this speech, which I quote almost verbatim; he would say:

"Gentlemen, we welcome you to the ranks of the people. We are happy to have liberated you from the imperialist warmongers who sent you here. We know that you didn't want to come here, you didn't start the war, you really don't know why you're here--

which was true

--And therefore we have nothing against you and we want to offer you a proposition. The proposition is this."

--It was a deal; in fact it was almost as irresistible as the deals you hear over the radio and in the want ads and all the other material -- the 'Get-it-now, don't-deny-yourself-a-thing' philosophy being fostered on the American public today. The deal was very simple. You hardly had to do a thing and they gave you everything. All they wanted from you was your physical cooperation; don't fight the problem; sit back; be like

other people, relax, see how it goes. Just don't fight.
Now in return for this they offered, first, No work:

"there are no slave camps here; no capitalist propaganda that they feed you in the United States. We have no coal mines for you, no road gangs, no overseers."

Secondly, they said, "We will give you the best food and clothing and shelter and medical care that we possibly can. Now it won't be good; we're a poor country. It will be the best we've got."

And third, "We'll give you the thing we know you Americans really like most of all: a chance to learn the truth. We're going to tell you what we think is the truth, about your country and about ours; what is going on in the world; about your system and ours; about how the people are rising up today. And you've heard one side of the story before because it's the capitalist-imperialists who publish your papers and run your radio stations and publish your comic books and your textbooks, and after all, what other side of the story have you therefore ever been allowed to hear? And so all we ask of you is a little American fair play. Listen to both sides. And after you've heard our side, make up your own mind what the truth is. And when the imperialist Wall Street warmongers have decided they've used enough of the excess tanks made by General Motors and the excess petroleum produced in Texas and the profits are large enough and the people have been exploited enough and they let this senseless slaughter end, we want you to go home to your own good homes and fine families and simply tell them the truth as you yourself decide the truth to be."

Well, you've got to admit this beats burning bamboo splinters under your fingernails. It didn't turn any American soldier into a Communist but it set the tone and the atmosphere for the years that were to follow in this kind of strange new type captivity. For about six months there was no further indoctrination at all, and yet even during this period -- and I can't believe that it was due to only one speech -- during this period we saw an almost total absence of spontaneous organization among the men. We saw in short what the prisoners called a "dog-eat-dog" period, a period of every man for himself, of a living-out of a fantastic philosophy which has never before been comprehensible to Americans, which can be expressed in terms such as "My survival is going to be my private affair, buddy, and yours is your private affair." "You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone."

And it was during this period that out of every ten Americans captured, four died: the largest death rate of any group of Americans in any kind of captivity or in any war in any country in any prison since the American Revolution. Four out of ten.

Then the Communists started their education. The education was standard Communist material. It was success stories of American capitalists, with a fairly objective evaluation for a couple of months of the American economic system, the profit-making system. But then to offset the first two months of reasonably objective description of how our system operates there followed four to six months of discussions about how this system depends for its profits upon the exploitation of the surplus value of labor, and how the people must be thrown sops so that they'll stand for this. And of course everybody knows examples, like the libraries Mr. Carnegie built so we wouldn't get mad about how Mr. Carnegie got his money; and the foundations that the Fords finance, and the Rockefellers.

And in the course of this -- it was a twelve-phase education program, the curriculum was printed at a school I'm sure you've heard of, Dr. Benson: the Jefferson School of Social Sciences. It's the East Coast equivalent of the California Labor School. It can be found under "J" on the Attorney General's list. It's in New York City and it printed a 12-page curriculum which was given to each and every student (American GI) so that he'd know what his 24 months of education were going to include. Actually before he was through he had received more hours of formal structured education than in his total previous education in the United States.

They tended to emphasize chiefly the very real, perfectly true social injustices which have been committed in the name of free enterprise in our country, and in Britain also. They talked, for instance, about child labor. They talked about "company scrip" in the Pennsylvania coal mines, and of economic bondage. They talked about slavery. They talked about the westward expansion of the railroads, and what happens to the settler who wouldn't get out of the way -- which of course anyone who watches TV knows -- they talked about murderous plant police which, they said, every big business hires "to shoot down innocent labor union organizers." They could show you copies of the Chicago Tribune not too many years ago that did describe some pretty bloody shootings down around Gary and Indiana Harbor.

They talked about the Oklahoma farmers who had to take off when the dust moved into Oklahoma and mentioned that some of those farmers worked a whole day for as little as a dollar in the Imperial Valley. That's a dollar for a family of five, you understand. And they had books by John Steinbeck and others to prove that.

They leaned very heavily on Steinbeck and Dos Passos and Hemingway; and on Charles Dickens, surprisingly. If you look back, Charles had a good deal to say about things like child labor, and so they used him in the camp library in every camp.

They also talked about current things and in many ways did a very realistic job. They talked about the UN Charter and after teaching it in their words and with their interpretation, without telling any out-and-out lies they proved to the satisfaction of a great many of these youngsters that the UN Charter really was something and that we were violating it right and left: there was the Seventh Fleet a-

round Formosa, there was our intervention in Korea, there was our prohibition of China in the UN.

You know, we don't do too much talking to our 18-year-olds about these subjects; and I suppose partly on the presumption that they're really not interested and wouldn't listen to us anyway. I grant you that the Chinese had an advantage: they had them all there in the camps. It's just remarkable the degree of participation that they managed to encourage among these kids, talking about things of this nature.

Because adolescents are concerned with values! They want to know about things of this kind! They want to find right and principle -- if you give them a chance! And the Chinese gave them every chance.

Every morning there was a lecture. It started about seven, you attended it outdoors, standing up, and it lasted four or five or six hours, which is standard in many Communist teaching environments.

Following the lecture the students were all divided into guided discussion groups, the seminar method. Now in such groups of 12 or 15 at the very most, you were not required to agree with the few simple points that had been presented and reiterated again and again in the morning's lecture: you were merely required to put them into your own words and comment upon them any way that you wanted. You did have to take part in the discussion. The penalty for not doing so was that your discussion group wasn't allowed to have supper until you did; which meant that the pressures of course became internal. They came from other Americans, not from the Chinese.

Now this was the basic outline of the education. Actually there were a great many extracurricular activities, the same kind we have right here at this college. For example, there were athletic programs, because youngsters need athletics. But the Communists don't permit athletics to become a subsidized sport except in the international Olympics. It isn't a semi-professional endeavor to get the alumni to contribute more to your school or anything like that; nor is it something restricted to those who have somehow undemocratically been endowed by nature with certain abilities that the rest of us don't have. In fact, they made a great point of that.

They said "If you want to pitch for the baseball team, you don't pitch because some accident of nature endowed you with a good pitching arm and a sharp pitching eye; no, that wouldn't be fair. You can pitch for the baseball team if you wish as long as you demonstrate in your attitude and your learning and your school work, and mostly your attitude, that you are a progressive and worthwhile and deserving member of the People's Democracy.

"And just to prove it, there is a little rally that you take part in before the baseball games: no short-dressed girls twirling batons, nothing like that; a bunch of boys marching around, carrying banners and shouting slogans in unison, which is very moving; and singing rousing songs with a moral like 'solidarity forever' the 'Communist International' -- and then you play baseball."

And so, even a baseball game becomes a lesson. As did the art classes where you couldn't draw pictures of girls, because 'that's not art.' But you could draw pictures of the workers doing something -- throwing off the shackles of DuPont. Or you could draw a picture of Harry Truman with bloody, dripping claws gathering up us exploited tools of the imperialist warmongers and sacrificing us on the altar of profits in Korea, with General Motors and Standard Oil applauding in the background: this was considered art. You could draw it all you wanted. You got paid for it, in the only currency that matters in captivity, like cigarettes, or sugar, or a little currency with which to buy those things. And it was this kind of art we started seeing all over the world in Communist propaganda documents.

They had Little Theatre groups in the 12 different camps in which they were educating their American guests. The Little Theatre groups invariably as their first production put on the Communist version of the non-communist Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" because it's such a good lesson in imperialist exploitation.

They just never let them alone, never. They had camp newspapers for those who wanted to write and it was from those newspapers that we saw the articles reprinted that I mentioned earlier. One of them in particular that I'll never forget was written by a kid who had less than an 8th-grade education, and his article read, word for word:

"I wish to express my profound and heartfelt gratitude to the members of the Chinese People's Volunteer Army for teaching me to read and write English, because in the capitalist-imperialist community of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, from which I come, only the sons of wealthy capitalists are ever permitted to read and write English"

--signed "Private So-and-So," with his serial number.

Well, since he obliged us so by identifying himself naturally we waited with a certain degree of enthusiasm for him to come home so we could talk to him about this! He freely admitted that he'd written the article and that he couldn't see that there was any point in not doing it because -- and this is something we began to hear over and over and over -- everybody else was doing it. Which made it all right. Also, he said, it was such an obvious lie that nobody would believe it.

And that young fellow, of course, never did see Mein Kampf and Hitler's description of the lie technique and how if you're going to tell one you'd better tell a really big one. If you tell a big one nobody will believe you could lie about anything that important. It's the little lies that you and I tell that get us into trouble. And that's what they were encouraging: ridiculous things, like only capitalists read and write in Pittsburgh. But the 900-some-million people in the Communist world today don't know it's a lie.

And the second third of the earth that is the object of Communist attention today in Indonesia, in Pakistan, in India and the Middle East, those people who are getting tons of this kind of material every day -- it sells real cheaply on the newsstands -- they don't know it's a lie either. And even

we can participate in our own destruction by helping them propagandize.

Well, this was the formal structure of the education, but the thing that made it work so well for the over-all objective was the gimmicks that were connected with it: the informing, the self-criticism, the control of the soldiers' mail. Informing is a way of life in the People's Democracy. If you're to understand anything about Communism you must understand this: Informing as it is done in the Communist state can only be done when you reject our basic premise that the individual is an entity, that he has dignity and worth; that he is entitled to certain things like privacy. Once you abandon this concept of the individual and visualize man, as does the Marxist, as a fragment of a class in that greatest of all realities, the struggle between the classes, then of course informing becomes not a miserable, mean, nasty, renunciation of individual loyalty: it becomes an exercise in social responsibility which is exactly the way it was encouraged and exactly the way it grew even among Americans. And this is the thing that disturbs us most, that it can be done; that it can be done even to us indicates not that we have gone to pot somehow. It does indicate that some of our values are being validated because they are being so intently attacked.

It does indicate that some of these values need some further strengthening.

Now we found that men were encouraged to inform against each other about little things. Not military things: stealing a turnip; not using a latrine properly. They were encouraged to inform because they were given material rewards promptly: Communists paid on the barrelhead! They were encouraged to inform because they were given status and approval, publicly. They were held up as examples of "worthwhile members of the People's Democracy who are really interested in your welfare" -- the Chinese would say to the other students.

The man informed upon, on the other hand, was never punished. In the past, the man who was informed upon in a POW camp usually wound up dead, but then, so did the informer. And that usually controls the informer system very nicely. In our culture we consider informing to be about as low a human activity as one can engage in. But here we saw it grow and grow because the man informed upon was simply taken aside by one of these young Chinese, who would put his arm about his shoulder and would take him on what they called the "walking conference."

He would say to him, "Now, George, we know you've done this, don't deny it, you're not on trial here. That isn't our way. We're disturbed that you've done this thing which is anti-social and destructive to your fellow members of the People; not to us Chinese, the other students. We want you to confess that it's wrong." Confession is terribly important in the Communist state. "Confess that it's wrong and analyze your confession and analyze why it's wrong, why it's destructive. Assert your determination not to do it again in the future. And preferably write this down and sign it. And if you do, that's all we want."

And sure enough, that was all the Chinese seemed to want. The average soldier thought, "Gee, this is silly; it's like grade school. It can't be harmful; I'm not giving away military secrets, and I can't get very mad at whoever informed upon me because I didn't get hurt." This simply revealed the fact that this value about the relationships, the basic relationships between individuals, was hazy in the minds of a great many youngsters. Because the Chinese weren't interested at all in what you told them and they couldn't care less about antisocial activities. What they were interested in was what happened between you and the man who informed, after he informed. Even though it doesn't hurt you at all.

Well, it was summed up very well in the words of a soldier who would come home and say: "You know, after a few months in the camp you got the feeling that they knew everything you were doing. In fact there were so many informers around that you just didn't know who you could trust. And so you didn't quite trust anybody."

Let us digress for a moment and look at the nature of a revolution. The Hungarian revolution warmed our hearts and was undoubtedly a terrifying thing to the Soviet world. But this was no revolution: it was a revolt. It was very largely a disorganized revolt. It was a group of human beings who could just be pushed no further and who, at terrible risk, started fighting back.

A revolution is not like that. A revolution includes these elements, but to be anything with any dream of success it has organization and planning and staffing and logistical support. None of these did the Hungarian revolt have in any significant degree.

And so when an organized military machine is drawn up against these people, no matter how heroic, they die.

What the Communists are doing with their informing and their self-criticism and their devaluation of the basic relationship between individuals is: they're preventing the counter-revolution. Because every revolution has got to begin with a conspiracy between you and me, between two men. And if you can divide, on this individual level, if you can drive a wedge between each of the first two men, you've got no revolution. You may have revolts. This is why we think this weapon is so fantastically good for doing what the dictator wants to do -- control human beings.

They drove wedges even among your healthy, spontaneously grouping, basically loyal, American soldiers. The self-criticism helps this and that's why it is done not only by the Chinese Army and in their prison camps but it's done in the Kremlin; it's done in the cells of the party here in the United States. It's a collectivized group religious confessional sort of, and here our soldiers were gotten together again in groups of ten or twelve and required simply to confess for other soldiers -- not for the Chinese -- their bad attitudes; you know: the foreman's nightmare, the thing you can't quite put your finger on, the thing you can't legislate against; the sergeant's problem: your bad attitudes, your selfishness, your impulsiveness, your willingness to use other human beings.

Soldiers were encouraged to do this (self criticism) and did it because first of all it was the only group to which they

were permitted to belong, and youngsters need to belong -- oldsters too. And secondly, because it was so harmless. After all, you weren't talking to the Chinese, you were talking to ten other Americans, and as they would all say, "Well, we were all friends, you know, and everybody kind of giggled when they gave these self-criticisms; it seemed so stupid," but it kept the Chinese off your back.

And again the Chinese couldn't have cared less about what you talked about really; it was the function of talking, because very rapidly this was no longer a joke; very rapidly other soldiers began to stop smiling and started listening. Very rapidly the soldier who was talking got the feeling that somehow, he couldn't say just how, he'd gone too far, he'd exposed himself too much. He came home and said, "You know, Doctor, I felt like these people knew more about me than I know about myself. They could even tell what I was thinking about." Which is something that good dyed-in-the-wool Communists have mentioned to us before, too. "They can even tell what you're thinking about."

Of course they can't really; but if you have this feeling it doesn't matter whether they can or not. And so, when ten men would walk out of a self-criticism group they'd walk in ten separate directions, divided, like those sticks in the Old Testament that you can break so easily when they're apart, and that are so strong if they're together.

And finally they isolated men from one another and really introduced them into the most superbly constructed solitary confinement cell that man has ever constructed, not out of steel and concrete but out of feelings and attitudes, a psychological and emotional solitary confinement cell, the feeling of being alone in a crowd of people. They constructed this partly by simply preventing them from having their faith in their families and their homes, their communities, reaffirmed by the kind of mail that every soldier wants to get. Every soldier overseas, whether he's a PFC or a Lt. General, needs a very standard form of expression basically: it should say something about "We love you and we wait for you and we pray for you to help you; and we don't want you worrying about things here at home, about which you can do nothing; just come home safely as soon as you can."

No matter how sophisticated a way in which it is put, or no matter how simply, this is what the soldier wants to know. This kind of communication gives men strength, because men fight not for very large abstraction: they fight for things that are meaningful in their own terms. And so, the Chinese knowing this, simply never let a soldier get that kind of a letter. If it was warm and loving and reassuring, you just didn't see it. But what soldiers call "Dear John" letters you got. Divorce subpoenas you got. Notices from collection agencies, complaining letters from your mother; or the notice of somebody ill in your family: this letter you got -- living in a mud hut in Lorea, where you could do nothing.

Well, the result at first was resentment on the part of the soldier, and then later a process of denial where he tried simply not to think about it. And to many of these youngsters, such relationships became unreal; they just didn't exist in a

way that gave them strength and support. It began to make us wonder just a little (as we studied these cases) about how much dynamics had gone on in the families of those people to prevent such a breakdown from taking place when they just didn't get mail.

Well, this was brain-washing. Frankly it did everything the Communists wanted it to do. It didn't turn anybody into a Communist because it wasn't designed to turn anybody into a Communist. A small percentage of the people in the Communist world are Communists. The great majority are acquiescours. The great majority are simply cowed and somehow pushed along by this system which doesn't look like something you can fight; it's not very dangerous-appearing; it just controls you. You don't have to be a coward to give in to it. The majority of Americans in the Korean prison camps in a sense did give in to it.

Now the majority of Americans, more than half in these camps, never did anything they could really be criticized for. But just doing nothing has never been the way that America in 168 years got the work done which produced this fabulous society. When we get to the point where we just do nothing and enjoy it, maybe we've become an old country and not a new one, and maybe we are well on the way down the western slope. This is a valid question for us to debate: whether our own success can destroy us?

If we can get so comfortable and so secure and so materialistic in our outlook, in our objectives, that we don't recognize a threat when it exists, and we don't keep vital the only kinds of principles which work against this kind of a threat, and if we go along with the abdication of our own sovereignty as individuals to the sovereignty of a few -- well, we're trying to do something about this in the Service. We're trying to do something on the basis of a remarkable military document called the Code of Conduct.

This is a document unlike any other in recent military history, considered so important that it was announced not by the Services but by the President of the United States himself, who tried to clear up the misunderstanding that inevitably arose about it by saying "This is not a formula for being a prisoner of war," because you see, we just don't think that's part of our mission, to train soldiers to be prisoners of war.

The President said, "This is a statement of first principles which every male and female in our society should know." Principles that are so obvious that maybe we're just taking them for granted. I think a great many parents and teachers somehow believe that children get such principles by osmosis or simply by being exposed to them in some vague way that doesn't require any direct, conscious attention.

Look at them; the first principle is: If you're ever captured, resist; try to resist, no matter how minor your resistance; fight your enemy. Don't cooperate with him. Now this is pretty important militarily. It's important -- well, I think if you will recall the trouble we had on Kojedo, where Communist prisoners revolted and at one time seized a U.S. General -- you can see just what a problem resisting pris-

oners can be. We used over 15,000 fully armed troops to guard the Chinese we'd already beaten: 15,000 soldiers who should have been on the front line shooting at Chinese.

In contrast to this the Chinese managed to hold at least one camp that we know of, holding as many as 600 Americans with as few as six armed guards. Six -- no barbed wire fence, no electric fence, no machine gun towers, no searchlights, no guard dogs; just six Chinese. And of course the instructors, the disarmed non-military instructors.

Where were the other 594 Chinese who should have been guarding those Americans? Why, they were down on the 38th Parallel shooting Americans. So militarily this is important. But it's more important yet in another way, a way we didn't expect; we didn't prepare people for it, we didn't think perseverance was really a matter of life or death; we all know it's a great old value. But we saw what happens when men fail to resist, in Korea, in terms of a new disease that we'd never before seen among young adults. Oh, we see it among abandoned infants that we find in alleys and ashcans, who won't respond to medical treatment and yet shouldn't die but do.

We see it sometimes among patients who have a stroke and who can remember everybody that's died they know of: died from a stroke and so they think they're going to die and they literally do. And there's no reason.

But we've never seen twenty-year-old white American adults do this. They did in Korea. There was a disease there called "give-up-itis." It was a disease of what we psychiatrists make ourselves so unpopular by calling "mother's boys;" the passive, the dependent, the inadequate: the kid who cried himself to sleep at night; the kid who would look at the food that looked bad and smelled bad and wouldn't eat it -- he'd throw it on the ground and maybe stomp on it. The kid who would take no initiative, who would not respond to leadership, who would look around hopelessly, pull his blanket over his head, tell the rest of the soldiers to leave him alone. And if they did, in 48 hours he was dead.

This was a significant factor in the death of at least half of the 3000 Americans who died in captivity. RESIST, we tell the soldiers: "Your life depends upon it." But it's an exercise for more than one man. No individual hero in a movie-type television epic resists by walking up and clobbering the nearest Chinese guard. We resist in groups. Our strength is in groups. And it's on the basis of faith between men.

So also is the next point which says "try to escape." This country exists because of an impulse to freedom. And violations of this freedom have always in the past stimulated the most violent reaction on the part of Americans. And yet out of the 7000 men captured, the 4000 of those who survived were over three years in captivity, or about three years in Korea. At no time did a single American ever succeed in an engineered escape from an established POW camp. Ever!

And why not? Well, it's a hard country to escape in. And the Chinese had a good system. Well, why didn't they escape before the Chinese system? Because escape too is not like something Gregory Peck does in an MGM-type epic; it's an exercise of a large group of human beings. It's a military operation

against an enemy. It might take a hundred men six months to get one person out of a camp. Americans have been traditionally, fabulously good at escaping, under impossible conditions. They escaped in Japan sometimes when they were in groups of ten, and the word was out that if one man got out of that group and the others didn't, the Japs would kill the other nine. Men still escaped, and they escaped with the help and the support of the other nine.

And yet in Korea we saw a man get up and say, "We've got to have an escape committee." And another man would get up and say, "No, you do something like that, and you're liable to make the Chinese mad -- now just wait and see how things go." And it's true, you are liable to make the Chinese mad. You're liable to make him mad when you stick your head out of a foxhole and take a shot at him, too.

So try to escape, we say to the soldiers in the new code. And then we get completely off the military line and we make a moral point, and we insult the churches and the Sunday Schools and the American families by making this point; we insult you. Yet I think it's a point that has to be made. It's made in this Code of Conduct, as are each of these points, because in a significant proportion of the young American prisoners of war whom we had a chance to study, it was not a meaningful value.

All we say here is the very obvious thing: "If you're captured by an enemy, don't take any favors from him; don't make any deals with him." Of course fifty years ago they would have said "Don't make a deal with the devil" and it would have been perfectly clear. Or we could refer him to Faust or to many of the other speculations of man about compromise with his principles. And it seems that in talking about compromise and getting along with people today and being nonaggressive and everything being quiet and nobody raising his voice if possible, that we've gotten compromise on a minor level mixed up with compromise on the level of principle.

Time and time again parents say to me, "Well, what you say is right, you know, and it's just exactly what ought to be said in our PTA meeting. I've been thinking so for six months."

And I say, "Why don't you get up and say so?"

"Oh," they say, "I'm not the kind that ever gets up in a group and talks."

Or it's like the parents, one of whom is a Baptist and one of whom is a Presbyterian, and they decide not to make their kid go to either one but let him pick for himself. They don't want to commit themselves to him because it's not democratic. Well, maybe it's not, but in effect all you have communicated in this kind of a system is that neither one of you cared enough that you would try to convince him that this is what you thought was right.

We make deals all over the place. In a St. Louis paper the other day I saw an ad just like this: "Why deny yourself; would you change jobs for nine cents an hour? Would you move out of the city for nine cents an hour? Then why not buy our Pontiac, because for only nine cents an hour you can. We've got a wonderful deal for you." And it is only nine cents an hour -- sixty bucks a month!

And then in the Code of Conduct we say to the soldier: "If you're ever captured, don't do anything to hurt your fellow American soldier." Don't do anything to hurt your fellow Americans. Don't say anything, don't do anything. Love your neighbor.

To a great many people this just isn't meaningful. Because love is not a passive thing and that isn't what's meant in the commandment "Love Thy Neighbor..." Love is an act. And the reason this is in the Code of Conduct is because of a most remarkable phenomenon that showed up again and again. One example will demonstrate it, I think.

There was a man named Gallagher. He was tried and convicted in a military court about a year and a half ago, on two charges of first degree murder in a POW camp. Gallagher was a monster. He was in a hut in North Korea and there were some men in the hut whom he considered socially unacceptable: they had very bad dysentery, they were smelling up the place, and so forth -- and so he threw them out. It was thirty degrees below zero outside that hut. And they died. Right away.

So we tried him and convicted him of murder. Now we know that nothing like saying "Don't hurt your fellow Americans" is going to reach Gallagher at all, or the few people who are like Gallagher. But they're really not our problem at all; I don't think they ever will be. They couldn't possibly be.

We've got a worse problem than that. The Gallagher-type problem you can see and you can deal with; you can fight it. The worst problem is the one that this point was designed for. It was the other forty men in the hut. It was the witnesses we collected for that trial, who on their interrogations would go through something like this:

We'd say, "Soldier, did you see Gallagher throw these men out of the hut?" The soldier would say, "Yes sir, I did."

"And what were you doing at the time he threw them out of the hut, soldier?"

"Well, I was huddling together with everybody else to try to keep warm; it was very cold up there and you had to just get heat from other peoples' bodies."

"Well, what were you doing to try to keep Gallagher from throwing these men out in the freezing cold?"

"Well, nothing, sir."

"And why not, soldier?" we'd ask.

And invariably or almost invariably the answer would come back: "Well, sir, I just didn't feel it was any of my business to interfere." And so men died.

When we get to the point where loving your neighbor is a totally inactive thing, where love is no longer taking the responsibility for other peoples' welfare, where we can become passive witnesses -- and granted in daily life, not in a POW camp, what we witness is often not quite as dramatic as that -- but no less real -- and when we become passive witnesses to those who destroy us, then we're in very serious trouble.

So don't do anything to hurt your fellow-soldier, we say.

Well, the final point I want to mention in this Code and almost the final in this speech is really a one-sentence indictment of leadership. I'm not talking about two-star general leadership, I'm talking about shop foreman leadership and leadership in peoples' families and in Boy Scout troops and in

school classrooms, and among kids who come up to the Principal and want their names taken off the honor roll because the other kids make fun of them if they're on the honor roll.

I'm talking about being different and being aggressive, not in a destructive way, but in the way that is healthy American competition. And this sentence merely says: "Soldiers, if you're ever captured by an enemy and you're the senior man, take command. And if you're not the senior man, support and back up those who are."

We thought, you know, if a man ever worked in an A&P store he'd know this, because they have an assistant manager and a manager. We thought if he'd ever been on a football team he'd know this. But fewer young Americans are playing on football teams. More and more are watching them.

So we have to put this terribly obvious statement in the Code because it becomes clear that somehow we are not teaching about the attitude of leadership, the willingness to take responsibility, the willingness to be other than merely popular. Oh, we've got lots of leaders who lead on this basis: personal popularity; which is only a version of the political seduction that we're subjected to. Sort of "I'll be good to you and you be good to me." Such leaders showed up on our side of the 38th Parallel too. The young company commander named Fred and all his men called him Fred; and he loaned them money and he bud-died with them and he drank beer with them and he never tried to assert himself very much; he was just one of the fellows, and they all liked him just fine. Until that fellow Fred had the gall to tell them they were going to have to go up that hill against a machine gun: that's where they could get killed.

Whereupon they all agreed among themselves that Fred was a real good guy, but he was strictly out of line now, and they wouldn't follow him up the hill.

Well, these are our problems. Each of these points in the Code of Conduct reflects a very serious problem in management and in attitudes, attitudes which we know very well we can't really teach to an 18-year-old or a 20-year-old, because it's quite late then to do it. These are attitudes that have to be taught primarily in peoples' family; attitudes about loyalty, about initiative, about perseverance, about having a set of principles that you're willing to defend.

And contrary to what I hear from some educators in the country today, I think also this is the responsibility to communicate on the part of the public educational system. I'm horrified by what Dr. Benson called the objectivity which leads to the point where the teacher also doesn't commit himself to his students, where no principle is taught. Just technique or methods.

Now we know, and many of the soldiers who came back said to us, -- well, first of all, we know that no simple education in American History or in Civics can defend an individual against a good communist dialectician, and experts. We know that simply knowing about how this country developed and the dates the battles were fought, and that the Supreme Court and the Congress and the President have these different functions which check on each other -- this by itself isn't going to defend anybody.

But knowing the whys behind those institutions, a meaningful version of American economic and political history which must be taught primarily in schools, I think, often with the help of private industry if they're interested in helping -- this kind of thing can defend the man because this system is actually based ultimately on these very individualistic character traits, these principles that we put into military terms in the Code of Conduct. Loyalty to other individuals, being personally responsible, as Dr. Benson was saying about the business that's done in America on the telephone.

I think there's hardly one out of twenty people who could buy a refrigerator or a washing machine without this presumption on the part of American business: that he's probably going to pay for it, even though it's going to take him thirty-six months. But an awful lot of kids don't know that. They just don't understand that at all. They think that whole system is just a reflection of a new philosophy which says "Get anything you want, get it right away, deny yourself nothing, discipline yourself not at all. Enjoy our wonderful materialistic comforts and rest secure in the knowledge that our country MUST be better than every other country and MUST be invulnerable because we've got the best things."

We've never been better than anybody else because we had better things. We've been better because we have for the first time in the history of man attempted to take basic Judeo-Christian principles and codify them and run an entire country on these basic principles.

So in the services we're trying to build discipline, we're trying to build it in the only way it can possibly be built, on the basis of a system of values, on the basis of a set of principles, something that individuals believe in, ideas that are meaningful to them, that are inside them -- not imposed by some nasty old sergeant with his fist or some crotchety old colonel -- but a set of value systems that were taught, learned by that individual, and which have become meaningful enough to guide his behavior whether there's a policeman standing there or not. Unless enough people have such principles the policeman sooner or later is going to have to stand there.

Well, I'd like to sum up by quoting a soldier who had some thoughts about this whole subject, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr. who was the commandant of the Marine Corps at the time of the Korean War. He, with a number of civilian educators and other military people, drew up the Code of Conduct, this remarkably obvious, unnecessary document. And I say that sarcastically.

General Shepherd said this:

"In the struggle against Communism war is no longer over when men are forced to give up. The prisoner of war camp is only another kind of battlefield. For they must be taught years before to carry on with the only weapons remaining to them: courage and faith and a sense of personal responsibility."

The problem won't be solved by magic formula or just by a Code of Conduct. The only approach lies in an awakening of the consciousness of the nation and of the individual, you and me, to the need for a sense of conviction and dedication to our

principles and our cause, which exceeds that shown by our very dedicated enemy, toward his own.

I thank you.

Questions and Answers:

QUESTION: Did you notice any difference in the boy who was brought up in the country or the city or with higher education or less education?

MAJOR MAYER: Every conceivable correlation, including those, was attempted on the mechanical marvels of electronics that we use now. No such correlations came out at a significantly statistical level, surprisingly enough. We found there were not significant differences between urban and rural background, that there were good and bad among both groups.

As far as education level goes; where people in many educational levels were held together, there seemed to be a salutary effect of a more prolonged education; and in fact, the Communists paid great tribute to this, first of all by segregating out those who had a post-secondary-school education. They told those of our prisoners who became collaborators to such a degree that they were allowed to take part in policy discussions within the camp, and they in turn told us when they came home, that Communists said that a man who was a college graduate or had a managerial position in a business or had had his own business, or was over 30 to 35, they felt was a hopeless reactionary.

And they felt that unless they could hold them for five or six years they would have no real luck with them: and so they didn't.

QUESTION: Did you carry your thinking to affiliation with the Church?

MAYER: In a general way only. Among people who actively resisted we found men who stated that their resistance was based upon their conviction in strictly religious terms. We found no such men among those who collaborated.

A word of caution: In this we did no statistical correlation because it became impossible to set standards. You simply cannot assign degrees of being a good Lutheran or degrees of being a good Jew. And therefore to do this would be a ridiculous piece of research.

And also we were largely dependent upon the voluntary statements of men to the effect that they had resisted on the basis of their religious convictions. But it was noticeable that among the collaborators, I know of no case of a man who had anything that I could discern as a meaningful religious experience in his life.

Also among those in the resistor group there was no man who espoused a religious philosophy who had gotten it in Korea!

QUESTION: Would you compare the differences or compare some American soldiers to other national groups, such as that of the Turks?

MAYER: I've been answering in less than two minutes because I was hoping this question would come up. You obviously can't answer it in two minutes.

There were 229 Turks captured. They were captured in the first year, the first winter of the war; half just before and half just after Christmas. Almost every Turk captured was sick or wounded: I personally think because it is impossible to capture a Turk who is not sick or wounded.

They were mostly volunteer soldiers. They were not tough old professionals of a Foreign Legion variety. In Turkey they have a long historical tradition of aggressive militarism, as you know. The average Turk has the, to us, very unsophisticated philosophy that unless he spends some time in the service of his country he isn't really a man. So these people volunteered mostly at age 18 or 19 because they had missed World War II.

They went to fight in Korea; they were captured almost all in groups; and they were subjected to exactly the same conditions of captivity as the Americans. There was a slightly lower percentage ratio of instructors; but the instructors used on them were not Chinese; they were Turks, Turks from the Soviet Republics which are ethnologically Turkish. They spoke Turkish, they looked like Turks, they lived with the Turks.

At the end of almost three years of captivity, of the 229 Turks captured -- exactly 229 Turks marched back through Panmunjon. The survival rate was 100 per cent. Now how did they do this?

First of all they did it on the basis of something we do not normally associate with Moslems. They supposedly are willing to die in battle more readily than we are. This is a glorious and honorable way. Also, the people who travel in this part of the world are not struck by a great deal of humanity, a great deal of self-sacrifice, of the kind we like to think is our personal property. And yet these Turks survived very largely on the basis of an exercise of the most devoted kind of love among themselves.

When a Turk was really sick, other Turks bathed him and fed him and washed his clothes and lay beside him to keep him warm and in general just let that Turk know he wouldn't die. He was a Turk and they were going to take care of him.

Well, secondly, they survived on the basis of very hard-headed practical reality. There was a major in command of the Turks, of the several hundred captured. He took command. There was no voting; nobody told him, "Just run along, Buster, because you're just a prisoner like we are" which is what happened to our majors and our sergeants and our colonels. He took command. He assigned "this" detail to dig a latrine in the camp. Some of our camps had no latrines, and then some of our men started dying from dysentery because they were contaminated throughout the whole camp; because, simply, they rejected leadership.

Not these Turks. This group led, this group dug a latrine, this group scrounged for food, this group took care of the more seriously sick and wounded. And the major himself talked to the enemy. Nobody else talked to the enemy, under any circumstances. Of course this is not what the Communists want. And the Major would not cooperate.

So, they segregated the Major as a poisonous individualist. You know, this is the first sin in Communism. Do not have the audacity to set yourself up as a leader. You cannot

have the audacity to set yourself up as a leader. He was segregated and a lieutenant took over. He did not take over three ranks below the major; he just took command, that's all. He had the same staff, he organized the same kinds of details. And he alone talked with the enemy. He was segregated as a poisonous individualist.

A sergeant took over. He was segregated.

The Turks finally got down to where all they had was a couple hundred privates and so they found out who was the senior private, had been a private longest, and he was put in command. And the Chinese would come in and throw up their hands in disgust and they'd say: "Now, look, we're appointing this man as group discussion leader, this man as daily life activities leader, and this man as political leader," and the one Turk who was in command would stand at attention, salute them and say, "Yes sir, we understand perfectly. Of course you might as well tell only me because I'm in command."

And they would segregate him. And the next private would take over. There were no arguments, no voting, no discussion about this. They knew somebody had to lead and the others had to support him. The Communists finally segregated so many Turks that they were all back together again. And they lived, a hundred per cent.

QUESTION: Would you comment on the Hungarian Revolution with regard to the question of leadership and plan and the actual events of the Hungarian Revolution.

MAYER: I think the apparent contradiction arises from the fact that I possibly implied that the system is more irresistible than it is. This is a good system for doing what a tyrant wants. It controls people superbly.

Even in the Hungarian Revolution you cooperated with a man after you saw him shoot at a Soviet soldier. Then you knew you could trust him. Because even in the Hungarian uprising there were still many Hungarians who didn't take part, who wouldn't. This wasn't the total unanimous expression of seven million people.

Well, certainly once it got going it created more and more support until it was almost a unanimous expression, that's true. But the fact is simply that while this procedure is good for doing what the Soviet wants, it doesn't give him license to push beyond a certain point. And they had obviously pushed beyond this in Hungary.

There is no system on earth that will so coerce people that they will take just anything indefinitely.

The most interesting apparent contradiction actually is the fact that the Hungarian Revolution was apparently sparked by young people who presumably had been more thoroughly -- in comparison to their total life experience -- brain-washed than the older people. And yet I think that this too is understandable. Partly because the Soviet system, which is a little more rigid than the Chinese in this respect, attempts completely, rigidly to prescribe what you will belong to and what you will participate in. And of course the strongest urge that the adolescent has is as he's searching for his freedom and his adulthood, to select and to join the things he himself selects. Part of his very healthy normal rebellion against the fetters

of childhood is therefore this business of wanting to have his groups and his emotional relationships.

The Communist system proscribes these. And I think this is its greatest weakness, especially with youngsters. I believe they will have much more trouble of very similar nature.

You just can't even using this system, completely denude a country, not feed them well enough, force them into arbitrary groups, push them beyond human endurance and expect that they'll acquiesce to it.

QUESTION: Would you comment on the English experience in POW camps?

MAYER: We wanted to study the British. We were not perhaps as diplomatic in this as we might have been because certainly the British attitude toward Communism at the outbreak of Korea was somewhat different from our attitude toward Communism. And possibly therefore their political progress in the camps might have been different. In brief, the British said it was none of our business what their people did and they'd study themselves and "thank you very much," so we don't know what they did. More of them survived than our people. But that's all I can tell you.

QUESTION: Is there any followup to the initial study?

MAYER: There is no followup on these people.

We had a pilot study of POW's; we had "Operation Little Switch" where we got about 150 of them, roughly, back. And those of us who studied them wanted to take the whole group of returnees when we got them, put them back into American uniforms, back into Army camps, make them feel like human beings again, give them a chance to settle down and not throw them back on the American community before they themselves wanted to go.

But the pressure from the -- well, like the group of mothers who wanted to go to Korea and pick up their sons there, that we had forcibly to prevent -- the pressure was to get these kids back.

Now it was damaging to them because no former POW feels like a hero. I don't care whether you're a hero or not, you don't feel like a hero. Being confined is a very depressing experience. You begin to have very serious doubts about yourself. Almost universally. And so we took a bunch of guilty-feeling men and paraded them down the streets of Little Rock and Chicago and every other town that they came from, in open convertibles, and showered them with confetti and treated them like heroes; and they just felt terrible. I know several, including one general who seriously considered killing himself because he felt so bad because of his treatment.

Well to make a long story short, they were then allowed to get immediately out of the military service. We pretended they are not casualties. The British are much more realistic. They say if you have been a prisoner three years it will be three years before you even start to behave like a human being again. You've got problems after you've been a prisoner.

We do not say that. And so we let all these people out. We have no jurisdiction over them, there is no followup study of them, we haven't the remotest idea except for about 200 of them that I just talked to as civilians in a very impersonal nonobjective way, -- we know nothing about them.

I do think that one of the research foundations is giving a grant this year to a private agency to try to follow these people up where they are, see them, how they are getting along. This should be done. In addition to knowing that Communist brainwashing is a procedure for coercing and controlling human beings, and a good one, we should also know what the long-term effects are. They have some long-term goals!

QUESTION: Was this technique devised in Russia or China, and what would be the significant differences in the two?

MAYER: Considerable difference exists between the two. The system is not something that a bunch of diabolical thinkers got together and dreamed up just out of whole cloth. It's an evolutionary procedure and it's clear that it has had a great deal of thought given to it. Even in the handling of our prisoners it was clear that here the Chinese were also studying our prisoners. They had camps that for long periods they would do nothing to -- in very dramatic distinction to the other camps; sort of like control groups in an experimental situation. They were still learning. It's still developing.

In brief however the Soviet system is still largely an individualistic system. They have some of these social controls, the self-criticism, the informing, and so on, that were encouraged, and the devaluation of individual interpersonal relationships. These are important basic premises in the Soviet System.

However, for real acquiescence of a non-cooperative person the Soviets have an individual handling -- the Mindszenty treatment, which is very rigidly prescribed, has about a three-months' timetable; there are great limitations and restrictions and demands made upon the interrogators in such situations. They, for example, must never hurt their subject. He must not be permitted to become grossly physically ill; he must not under any circumstances die or become psychotic. He must, without being charged, produce his own confession.

Now the Chinese are much more socially oriented, I think, than the Soviet Russians; and the family is so terribly important in the Chinese social system that in a sense what they started to do even with their state criminals was handle them as if they were family groups. They used many of the Soviet methods, but instead of handling them as an individual enemy of the people they would get eight of them together in a large cell and they would encourage the group activity to develop to the point where the group became a sort of self-policing outfit. The Chinese hold some people individually, but this group procedure developed strictly as a Chinese phenomenon and it was then expanded. It became clear that this was a beautifully coercive educational method. The point has been reached where now, in Shanghai, for example, the individual neighborhood is controlled in very much the same way, with study groups, with a sort of a monitor, a

political instructor who may be the product of one of the incredible number of new social science schools in the Communist world; or maybe a housewife that they've picked to be the head monitor of that little neighborhood group.

So that, this is very largely a Chinese rather than a Soviet system. But its roots are Soviet, in effect pre-Soviet: they're Czarist.

QUESTION: The present feeling in the name of humanity to liberalize shall we say the treatment of the Marines and other members of the services -- will you comment on that and how it might affect this situation?

MAYER: That was a pretty low blow, wasn't it? Percentage-wise more Marines stayed alive than Army soldiers did. Beyond this I simply am not able to go with any degree of objectivity.

I said in the very beginning that what we're doing in the Service today is a reflection of industrial psychology, of management philosophy: we borrow, you know, in great huge chunks from you; about democratic leadership, about not making demands upon people, about giving every worker a voice in what he's working at. We haven't done this always judiciously. And it's not really new in the Armed Forces. Ever since the American Revolution it's been quite clear that American soldiers will not fight unless you tell them why. And they deserve to know why.

But the WHY is much too BIG to teach in boot camp. It has to be taught in school and at home. This is the only way that really makes any sense. And certainly telling them why at the foot of a hill before you charge up against a machine gun nest is just going to get a lot of people killed -- and we saw that happen. So this isn't really democracy at all.

I think that the troubles the Marine Corps are having now -- of course we've been having these for years now in the Army -- there is no company commander who hasn't in his brief career answered congressional inquiries and letters from mothers about dirty words that were used, or a hand that was laid on her son, or the food he's getting. This is why we have developed the most incredible complaint system you ever saw. Any PFC can pull in any senior officer in front of the Inspector General practically any time he wants if he's got any kind of a valid story. We've sort of got something by the tail here; we don't quite know what to do with it.

But I do think the problems the Marines are now having, and the problems we've had for a long time with discipline in the Service, are reflections of an increasing tendency to make fewer and fewer demands upon the growing adult. And really to insult him thereby; to give him less credit than is due; to assume that he won't take these things and work if a high standard of performance is demanded of him.

Now I've been a psychiatrist in the Marine Corps and I've been a psychiatrist in the Army, and I very frankly think that Marine training is the best military training there is: more Marines stay alive. And no Marine ever finishes boot training without the absolute conviction, No. 1, that he has

accomplished something worthwhile: HE IS A MAN. And No. 2, that no matter what happens to him, some other Marine will take care of him. And this is not universal in the Armed Forces. And it will never be universal as long as we succumb to a commercialized kind of approach, as long as we try to sell the services to the country on the basis of its material rewards or its on-the-job training or its retirement benefits or its re-enlistment bonuses or any other materialistic kind of reward. These things are real. But men won't die for these things.

They will die only for other men.

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Major Mayer took his undergraduate work at the University of Washington, Seattle, and Northwestern University, Evanston. After considerable psychiatric practice in service and a period of teaching at the University of California Medical School, Major Mayer, in July 1950, was sent to the Far East as Chief of Psychiatry and Neurology Service of the U.S. Naval Hospital at Yokosuka, Japan, and in six months saw the hospital expand from 80 to 5000 beds.

In 1952, after service with the Marine Corps, he was transferred to the Regular Army Medical Corps and became assistant chief of the Neuropsychiatric Dept. at the 8167th US Army Hospital and Tokyo Army Hospital in Japan. It was during this period that he was assigned to the special project of studying returning prisoners of war.

Major Mayer holds the Bronze Star Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, Presidential Unit Citation for Marine Corps, Navy Unit Commendation, Korean Service Medal, and other decorations. He is a member of the Alpha Omega Alpha Honorary Medical Society, Nu Sigma Medical Fraternity, the American Medical Association, and he is a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association.

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