

NANDU 21



SAPS 46

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SAPS 46

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## THE NINTH INSTITUTION

or

Civilizations' Missing Link

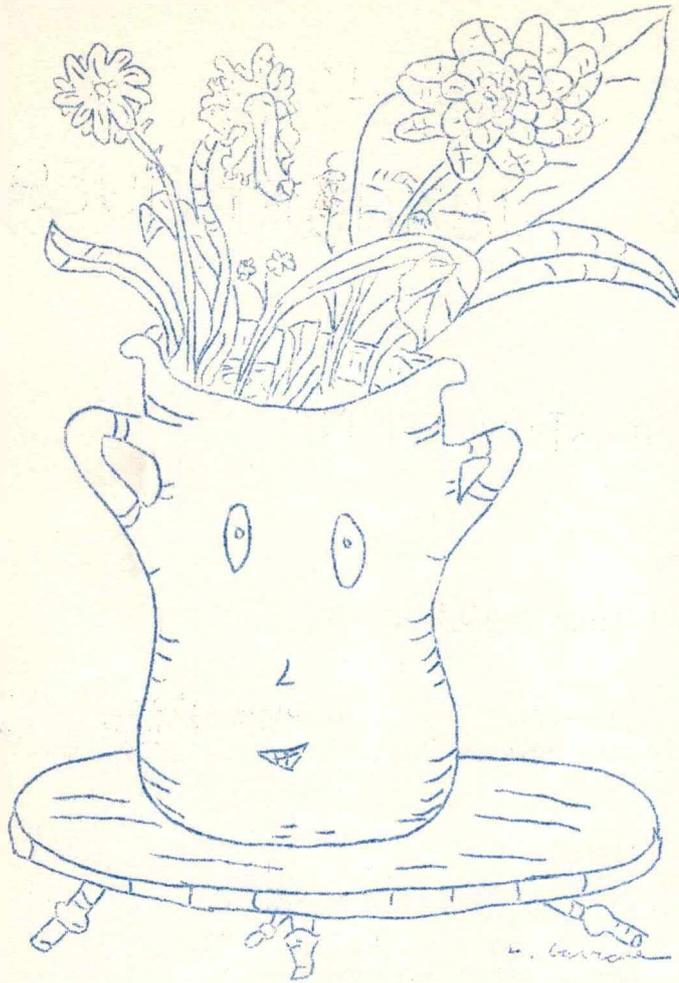
Once again this is a bid for page credits in the Spectator Amateur Press Society, ghreat and grhand group that it is. A last minute bid and I hope desperately that there are some takers.

Once again, this is not mailing comments and it's possible that I may wear out my welcome before I find the time to do mailing comments again. I hope not. I did read the last mailing with great enjoyment and that will have to suffice. In answer to one question -- yes, I am finding, in part, what I am looking for. But only in part. However, I am hoping that the part, will in future, become a segment of the whole. If one cannot get the whole all at once, then one has to be content with a few pieces at a time.

In studying history, I find there is something missing; rather I have a definite feeling that something is missing. I'm not sure what this gap is in so many words but I think perhaps it must be the institution I call "man's humanity to man." The Greeks may have developed this institution to some extent and they certainly had the basics of man's freedom and democratic thought at hand; but they had little technology as compared to the technology today.

Today we supposedly have a high technology in the scientific institution with comparative development in the others but the aesthetic institution seems to be undeveloped when it's laid side by side with technology. And I've seen no evidence of man's humanity to man on a large scale.

The other day I was handed a ditto'd sheet re the world's religions -- a listing of the different religions, numbers, etc. I was horrified. Here, in full force, is decentralization of man's humanity to man -- utter chaos in an institution that should be strongly centralized and unified. It's ridiculous.



I feel more and more uneasy as I study history -- the feeling that something is missing. Where is the civilization that had both a high technology and a higher development of man's humanity to man? Where is the civilization that had the good sense to study man as it studied the world around it? Where is the civilization that denied emotion and escapism and knew logic and objectiveness to the point where it nurtured and developed the science of man along with scientific technology? Where is the civilization that had a human revolution along with an industrial revolution?

I have an uncomfortable feeling that such existed. But where? If on earth, where are the evidences? So far, to my knowledge, man's knowledge of civilizations that existed goes back 8,000 years or so; recently, I think that the time span was moved back yet another few thousand years but it is still not the missing civilization. I wonder if it will ever be found here on earth?

The prophecy concerning the destruction of the earth by fire is an interesting one. To me, this suggests the concept of atomic destruction. If a civilization existed with such high technological development, and I've no doubt but what it did, then complete atomic destruction could explain the non-existence of any artifacts or remains to denote such a civilization. How many thousands of years would it take for a planet to recover from such destruction? We have to assume it was surface destruction since according to evidence the planet earth does exist.

But this still would not be the missing civilization, for with a perfected institution of man's humanity to man such destruction would not have occurred. To have such an institution (I call it the ninth institution) the race having developed it would have to be completely sane and a sane race of man would not destroy itself, nor even have the need of weapons.

I suppose the destruction could have occurred in another way -- possibly a scientific experiment that went out of control; but the odds against this, with total destruction as a result, are too high. The other possibility, that of one individual, an insane mutant, who pushed the wrong button deliberately, is also too implausible, too illogical

within the framework of such a civilization.

I would also rule out destruction through natural catastrophe, because natural catastrophe which would completely destroy all traces of a civilization would have to have a manmade incentive. Following this line of reasoning, I would also have to rule out such legends as Atlantis as being the missing link. The remains of Atlantis are no doubt to be found somewhere.

This leaves one other possibility -- that of a civilization half sane, half insane. And the sane half quite simply took off for parts unknown, leaving the other half to its self-destruction.

So, if the remains of the missing civilization are not to be found in earth (and one would have to go clear to the earth's core to prove this) then where and when did the missing link exist?

There has been nothing new invented since the birth of Christ. This holds deep implications also and does not speak well for the generations of man in the past 2000 years. And what about the cons before the birth of Christ? Where lies the knowledge that surely existed at some time in the past? Where has it disappeared to?

I do not disclaim man today. He is at least on the road to sanity even though he may have just stepped onto that road. He has developed eight institutions to some extent and this is not to be underrated. Underneath, there is the faint stirring of revolution, the faint glimmering beginning of sanity, a shadow of cons past spreading its wings in the form of a ninth institution.

It is a moot point whether or not this shadow from the past, this throwback to a missing civilization, will develop and spread rapidly enough to cure this particular segment in time. The point in case is the actual existence of this shadow. To mix metaphors or what have you, this shadow is a forerunner of the past and thus as I continue to study history I find myself with the feeling that something is missing; with an uneasy feeling



that I am studying only a minute part of the whole and I find it quite difficult to keep my mind on 8,000 years when said mind insists upon reaching back and out into the unknown.

I am waiting for the day when present inhumanity meets humanity, either through development of itself, through the excellent lessons of history, or even possibly through contact with an alien culture with not so alien origins.

And after this flight of fancy, I have to leave the study of intangibles for the study of a tangible such as the Renaissance?! Gads!

The very best to each of you and bear with me. One of these days I'll come up with Nangee-type mailing comments again. Till that time, I am trying very hard to maintain my page credits so that when I can write mailing comments I won't suddenly find myself outside of this delightful group of people. Skoal! .....nangee

## A CASE FOR PSI - NANGEE

Resume of  
The Journal of Parapsychology  
Vol. 21, No. 2, June, 1957  
Pp. 147-153

1. Parapsychology, which is the scientific study of extrasensory perception (para-psychology), is a fairly new research field whose revolutionary findings are challenging the concepts of conventional science.
2. Recurrent regularity and system (lawful order) is important in any field of scientific inquiry but is especially so in this field where the radical bearing of results is having such repercussion among the orthodox.
3. The findings of parapsychology are developing into a well-organized network of lawful relations and may be compared favorably with some of the more conventional problem-areas of psychology such as hypnosis, psychoanalysis, and psychopathology.
4. In appraising parapsychology as a beginning science the aspect of order, if examined, provides an index to the scientific progress in this field. Points of consistency are as follows:
  - a. Method of approach: follows that of all sciences, first with the case-study method (study of spontaneous happenings), followed by experimental confirmation -- to find in the laboratory evidence of what was first observed in spontaneous nature gives the findings a broader and more realistic basis.

- b. Fall naturally into four types: experiences fall into four general types of phenomena. In spontaneous cases, they group naturally into four categories, and in laboratory controlled cases, the same four types have been definitely isolated; these are:
1. telepathy
  2. clairvoyance
  3. precognition
  4. psychokinesis
- } cognitive type
- c. Transcends physical laws: all four types of psi occurrence transcend physical explanation; spontaneous and laboratory evidence are equally consistent on this -- not one of the four show any regular relation to physical conditions and thus the evidence agrees on the non-physical nature of psi.
- d. Subject to voluntary control: fourth indication of order is one of the main psychological characteristics of psi and that is that all four abilities (whether esp or pk) show the same property of being subject to voluntary control and can be demonstrated under strict laboratory conditions to a significant degree.
- e. Is an unconscious process: fifth aspect of lawfulness is also psychological -- in all the subdivisions of phenomena (spontaneous and controlled) was the same indication that the character of the basic psi function is unconscious -- operation of psi seems to be the most irrecoverably unconscious of all the functions as yet identified by psychological research -- several effects resulting from the unconsciousness of psi, in all four general types, are:
1. displacement -- hitting targets adjacent to one intended
  2. decline -- tendency of subject to decline in scoring rate through a series of calls
  3. psi-missing -- tendency under certain conditions to score below chance average
- f. May be experimentally reproduced by others: as far as the term "repeatable demonstration" can be applied to any psychological experiment, tests show orderly repeatability.
- g. Similar distribution patterns: distribution of psi capacity extends far and wide among general population -- seems to be a capacity of the species, one that has become a function of the organism, in animals as well as in man; statistical analysis of effects show same similarity of psychological patterning and spread of distribution of hits in experiments under different conditions, procedures, and experimenters.
- h. Lends itself to quantitative measurement and experimental control: shows the same qualities as other aspects of mental life.
- i. In looking for the highest order manifested by psi investigation,

one looks beyond conventional material science and sees in the extraphysical aspect of psi a finding of science that does support our cultural heritage of beliefs about man's nature -- in correcting the physicalistic tendencies of man today, parapsychology may well help bring harmony into an area of vital importance and resolve the philosophical and ideological differences of mankind so manifest in our present society.



Fanfiction for minds that are too high-type to even notice.

## INTERLUDE — ART RAPP

"Stop it!" cried John Davis, blushing furiously.

"Ghu!" sulked Karen as she turned off the machine, "John, you're going to have to do something about those exhibitions of yours. How can we ever finish the operational tests on this Spy Ray of SAPS for Rich, if you always chicken out?"

"When I agreed to test his invention," protested John Davis, "I had no idea that SAPS behaved that way. I thought they spent their time writing fanzines for the next mailing."

"They manage to get six pages done between times," Karen told him. "Goodness, you're awfully naive for a SAPS member, aren't you?"

"I joined SAPS because I was interested in science-fiction," John admitted, blushing again.

"I guess you did," Karen commented. "Well, John, I suppose SAPS will play a vital part in your education, then. By the way, as you know it's a tradition that SAPS Takes Care Of Its Own -- and since you obviously need some caretaking, I've set up a blind date for you tonight."

"For me!" exclaimed John in panic.

"Yes. With a femmeSAP, too. Joan is her name. She hasn't been in SAPS very long, but no doubt she'll broaden your outlook tremendously."

"No doubt," agreed John dubiously.

The doorbell rang.

"That must be Joan now," said Karen. "Let her in, John. Meanwhile I'll go out in the kitchen and whip us up a pot of spaghetti and chocolate milk. Mustn't let crifanac cause us to neglect eating, you know. And," she added, "you'll probably be awful hungry, afterward."

"After what ward?" asked John in a panic. "I mean, afterward wherd? I mean, wha whurdwha..."

"You'll find out!" laughed Karen, going out the kitchen door and closing it carefully behind her, leaving John Davis no choice but to answer the insistent ringing of the doorbell.

The girl who bounced into the room when he opened the door was petite, brunette, vivacious, and vastly talkative. John hardly had time to introduce himself before she was telling him about her shopping tour that afternoon, her plans for the coming SAPS mailing, and the story of her life.

"That reminds me," she said. "Wouldn't you like to see where I had my appendix operation?"

John Davis blushed.

"Oh really, that's not necessary," he protested.

"But I want to show you," insisted Joan, starting to unbutton her jacket.

"Stop!" cried John Davis, blushing furiously. "Really, we don't know each other that well yet, do we?"

"Silly boy!" exclaimed Joan, continuing to unbutton, "after reading your lovely poetry in the last mailing, I feel as if I've known you all my life. Besides, you just have to see where they took my appendix out, it's such a fascinating place!"

John Davis gave a despairing groan and covered his face with his hands.

"Look," said Joan, "it was right here."

John's rosy ears turned, if possible, even redder. But being a normal green-blooded Sapien boy, he parted his fingers a mite and peeked. "Wouldn't you?"

Joan had taken a map from the pocket of the blouse she wore under her jacket. "Right here," she said, "in the middle of Cleveland."

Just then the mingled thudding of footsteps and tinkling of money falling to the floor announced the arrival of Big Hearted Howard. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

"Joan was just showing me the site of her appendix operation," said John weakly. "It was quite a site."

"She was?" cried BHH indignantly. "Why didn't you call me? Who is covering up?"

"Back to your pulpzines, Howard!" commanded Karen, opening the kitchen door a crack. BHH grumbled, but obediently returned to the other room, leaving the usual trail of crumpled bills and fallen coins from his overburdened pockets.

"What in the world is this?" asked Joan, gazing at the Spy Ray.

"It's Ency's fault," said John. "He calls it the Spy Ray of SAPS."

You stick a SAPSzine in the slot here, and then when you turn the machine on, this television screen, like, shows you what the publisher is doing at that moment."

"My, what a perfectly ignatzian idea!" cried Joan. "Let's try it!"

"No!" protested John Davis desperately. "You have no idea the things SAPS members do between mailings!"

But it was too late. Joan had already plucked a SAPSzine from the stack nearby and thrust it into Enoy's machine, and flicked on the power switch.

John Davis blushed.

"Hmmm," remarked Joan after a pause. "And that's the guy who complained in his last SAPSzine that there was no feminine interest in his life!"

"Turn it off!" pleaded John Davis. "Have you no sense of decency, girl?"

"Of course not," replied Joan. "Would I have joined SAPS, else?"

She took the SAPSzine from the slot of the Spy Ray, and substituted another, the product of an equally famous SAP.

This time John didn't blush. He fainted. Joan observed the Spy Ray for awhile, and then brought him a glass of water. "Here, this will revive you," she said. "After all, you might have expected something like that, after the sort of zines he publishes."

"I never saw anything like it before," protested John weakly.

"Well frankly, neither have I," confessed Joan. "But then, I've led a rather sheltered life. Oh well, it takes all kinds to make a microcosm, I always say."

She reached for the next zine in the stack.

"No. No! Not FLABBERGASTING!" screamed John Davis. But it was too late. The thick SAPSzine vanished into the slot of the Spy Ray...

\* \* \* \* \*

"That's it," panted John Davis with one final spasm of effort. "Whew, I'm done for. All I want now is some sleep."

"You men always say that," answered Joan, flushed and breathless from her own exertions. "But you're like all the rest: in an hour you'll be wanting to go at it again."

"Hadn't we better rejoin Karen and BHH?" asked John presently. "They may be wondering what we're doing in here."

"Poo, they know perfectly well what we've been doing in here," said Joan. "But mind you, if they ask, tell them we were merely doing some

topological research suggested by Toskey's article in the July mailing."

John Davis blushed. "But that would almost be telling an untruth!" he protested. "Maybe we should have invited them to join us -- if all four of us cooperated, we could probably come up with something really unusual."

"Oh don't be so conscientious," Joan told him. "Let them wait until the next mailing to read all the intimate details."

"But it seems immoral, somehow," said John.

"You've got to get rid of those inhibitions, John, or you'll never hit the top of the Pillar Poll. Sure it seems immoral for two SAPS to mimoo a oneshot without inviting the other ten present to write something for it -- but if it wasn't for the seeming immorality of most SAPS-type crifanac, the mailings would be as dull as FAPA."

Just then Karen's voice called from the kitchen, "Food's ready! Last one here is a dirty ole pro!"

"Ghu!" said John Davis, "She was right -- afterward, I am hungry!"

And John and Joan, mimooinksmudged like the trufen they are, rushed for the kitchen, carefully skirting the still-smouldering and possibly radioactive ruins of Eney's ill-fated Spy Ray.

Behind them came the enraged roar of BHH: "Hey, I told you kids to put the lid back on the mimoo cabinet when you finished using it. Who is covering up?"

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT OF FILLING OUT THE PAGE:

Stencils cut by E. Busby.

Artwork by Garcone (stencilled by E. Busby).

Six pages credit to Mangee.

Four pages credit to Art Rapp.

BRING BERRY TO DETROIT! Send a SAP across the map!

DETENTION for the Goon!

Send money to Wm. C. Rickhardt (address on w/1): contributions of \$2 or over will be returned if Goon unable to make trip.

PJF

