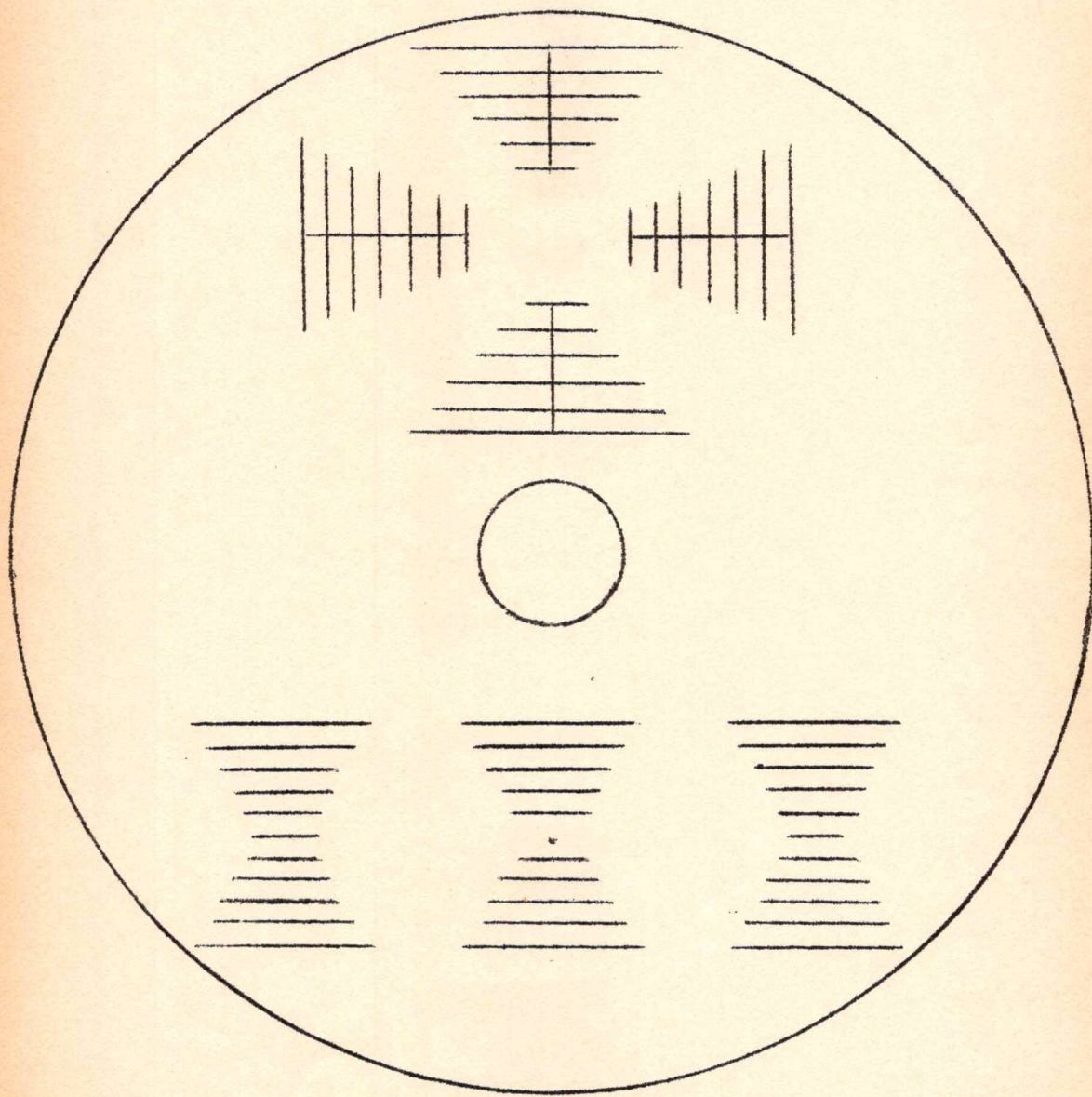
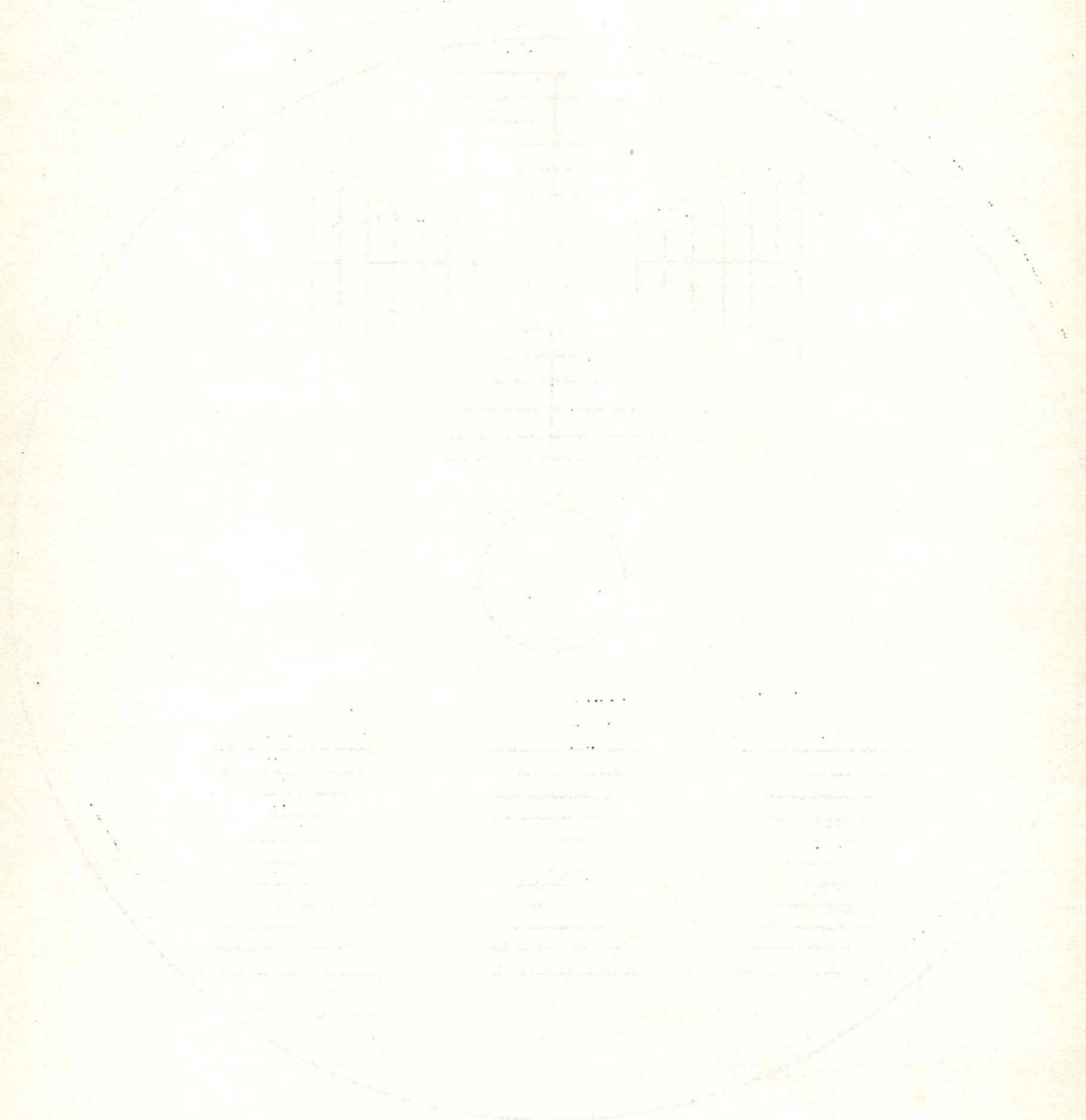


SIENA



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FLUX DE MOTS

This is issue number one of SENA, an amateur magazine edited and published by Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glenmont, Wheaton, Maryland, 20906, for the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance. This is the June, 1965 issue, and is intended for inclusion in the 25th N'APA mailing. Future issues will appear quarterly.

A brief personal history:

Nee 20 March 1933, in Washington, D.C. Read first science-fiction story (Van Vogt's "The Rull") and first s-f magazine (ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, May, 1948) in May, 1948. Liked it, kept on reading - and buying - and reading - and buying - and now have complete or almost complete sets of most s-f and fantasy magazines and books. Entered fandom in early part of 1949 by joining the Washington Science Fiction Society.

Founded s-f clubs at high school and college (Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 1951-1956; final major, Sociology, with a host of minors). Attended first full-scale con in 1956 (New York). Was drafted shortly thereafter, and eventually sent to England. Unfortunately missed London con in 1957 because of illness.

Met and married English girl (Stella Giles), and, after four glorious years in Merrie Olde Englande, returned to the States with a wife and two children (Stephen, now aged 6, and Sharon, now aged 4). Was stationed at Arlington Hall, just outside D.C., and then transferred to the Signal School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

After 6 1/2 years in the Army Signal Corps, I finally escaped and found refuge in civilian life. I am now employed with the Federal Bureau of Prisons of the Dept. of Justice, as a Social Science Analyst. And if you really want to know what a Social Science Analyst does, ask and I'll send you one of the publications for which I have recently prepared the tables and graphs, written the text, and done most of the editing. And then you still won't know what a Social Science Analyst does!

Current s-f activities are Chairmanship of the N3F Games Bureau; editing and publishing THE GAMESMAN, THE GAMESLETTER, YE FAERIE CHESSEMAN, and various and sundry other items for the Games Bureau; editing and publishing the WSFA JOURNAL (the oo of the Washington Science Fiction Association); collecting and cataloging s-f (who has time to read it?); short-story writing (someday I'm going to overcome my inertia and try to sell one); and now this!

Other hobbies - board games, of course; cultural anthropology; archaeology (principally Meso-American); psychology (mainly experimental); music (classical, folk, and off-trail items on record and tapes); philosophy; hiking; ornithology; stamps; ancient history; and anything else I happen to be in the mood for on a particular day.

Enough said - perhaps too much? But I hate to retype stencils, so you're stuck with it!

Any of you fen who are in the D.C. area - either dwelling here or just passing through - be sure and look us up, or give us a call (area code 301, phone 933-5417). And in case you're in on a Friday, WSFA meets on the first, third, and fifth Fridays (7966 West Beach Drive, N.W., Washington, D.C.), and informal games sessions are held at my home on the intervening Fridays. If you're in the area on a Saturday, the Baltimore Science Fiction Society meets on the second and fourth Saturdays (write for details to Jack L. Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Maryland, 21207).

Lest I forget, the cover depicts a design found on a bowl discovered at the mouth of Long Hollow, in La Plata county, Colorado, and now in the collection of Ralph Linton (at least, it was some years ago - it may be in a museum now, for all I know).

As for the name of this publication, SENA - well, take a guess. It's an Indian word.

SHAMAN'S SONG
Kwakiutl Indians

I. (Introductory, telling how he acquired power from the Killer Whale.)

1. Wa, a ya a ha, I was carried under the sea by the supernatural power, the supernatural power. Wa a ya.
2. Wa, a ya a ha. I was taken under the sea by paddling by the supernatural power, the supernatural power. Wa a ya.
3. Wa, a ya a ha, and I was taken into the house of Hole-in-Middle-of-Sea the supernatural power, the supernatural power. Wa a ya.
4. Wa, a ya a ha, and I put on my neck the life-bringer neck-ring of Hole-in-Middle-of-Sea, the supernatural power. Wa a ya.
5. Wa, a ya a ha, I have had thrown into my stomach the life-bringer of Hole-in-Middle-of-Sea, the supernatural power. Wa a ya.
6. Wa, a ya a ha, the real life-bringer, the healer of the supernatural power.
Wa a ya.
7. Wa a ya a ha, the real long life giver, the healer of this supernatural power.
Wa a ya.

II. (Prayer to the Killer Whale before taking out the sickness.)

1. I beg you Supernatural Power that you take pity and make well this our friend.
2. I implore you, Supernatural Power that you take pity and take out this sickness of this our friend, Supernatural Power.
3. Oh, take pity that I may make alive this our friend, O Supernatural Power, that I may cure this our friend you go through, Supernatural Power.
4. That I may obtain easily this sickness of this our friend, O Great Real Supernatural Power, you Great Life-Bringer, Supernatural Power.

III. (Sung after the sickness has been taken out, while the Shaman is walking around the fire holding the sickness in his right hand.)

1. Wae, wae life-bringer to this supernatural power ha wa hae.
2. Wae, wae he will make him walk again, this supernatural power ha wa hae.
3. Wae, wae, he will take out the sickness, this supernatural power ha wa hae.
4. Wae, wae, I was taken around the world by this supernatural power, the long-life giver, the supernatural power ha wa hae.
5. Wae, wae. I was made to walk around the world by this supernatural power of Hole-in-Middle-of-Sea, the supernatural power ha wa hae.

IV.

1. Try to make him go through (the whole ceremonial), giver of the power of going through, Supernatural One.
2. Try to make him pure all through, giver of purity, Supernatural One.
3. I shall not do harm to you. I shall restore you to life, Supernatural One.
4. Pray, bring life to our friend, you supernatural life-bringer, who has gone through, Supernatural One.

The above song was reprinted, by permission, from "Ethnology of the Kwakiutl", by Franz Boas, which appeared in the 35th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1913-1914.

THE MORNING STAR AND THE CANNIBAL WIFE

A Seneca Myth

(Collected by Jeremiah Curtin, and edited by J. N. B. Hewitt; First published in the 32nd Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1910-1911)

Once far off in the woods there lived by themselves a husband and wife. It was the custom of the husband to hunt, while the woman devoted her time to raising corn and beans.

One day, while the wife was baking a cake in the ashes, a large spark from the fire fell on her hand as she sat in front of the hearth. The pain caused her to rub the spot with her finger. Soon it began to blister, whereupon she wet her finger in her mouth and rubbed the burned spot; in this way she got a taste of her own blood, and strange as it may seem, she took a liking for it and craved more of it. So with a knife she cut out pieces of the burned flesh, which she ate ravenously. The taste for the flesh grew on her so that she put a coal of fire on another spot on her hand, where it burned more flesh; thus she continued to cut out pieces of her own flesh and eat them. She persisted in this unnatural practice until she had eaten all the flesh from her legs and arms.

The husband had a dog, which was very wise and faithful to him. Now this dog eagerly watched what the woman was doing. When about half through eating the flesh off of her limbs, the unnatural wife, turning to the dog, said: "You would better go and tell your friend and master to escape from this place at once. You must go with him, for if you do not hurry away I shall eat you both." Obeying this warning, the dog started and, running as fast as he could into the forest until he came to the place where the husband was hunting, he told him at once that his wife had become an Ongwe Ias (cannibal), and that she would eat them both if they did not flee immediately. The man and the dog started without delay on a keen run. After a while the man, knowing that the dog's legs were short and not strong, decided to put him into a hollow tree. The dog consented to this in order to save the man, as he knew what was in store for both. So the hunter placed the dog in a hollow tree, at the same time bidding him to become punk.

The hunter went on as fast as he could run, continuing until he came to a river with high banks, where an old man lived. He said to the old man: "Grandfather, I am in great trouble. Take me across the river to save me from peril of my life. My wife, who has become a cannibal, is pursuing me in order to devour me." The old man said in reply: "Oh! I know what you are telling me, but she is still a long way behind you. She will not be here for some time to come. But you must bring me a basketful of fish from my fishpond." The hunter at once went to the pond, which was enclosed, where he found a wickerwork dip net, with which he soon filled the basket with fish. As soon as the basket was full he hastened back with it to the old man, who soon said, "Sit down and eat with me." So they ate together the fish, which had been prepared and cooked by the old man in such manner as to give the fugitive hunter more orenda (magic power) to resist the hostile influence of that of his wife.

When they had finished eating the fish, the old man said, "I now want you to bring me a basketful of groundnuts." The hunter went at once to the garden of the old man, and digging up the groundnuts as quickly as possible, brought them to him. After these were prepared and cooked they sat down and ate them. Then the old man said, "I will now take you across the river." Going to the river bank, the old man

lay face downward, resting on his elbows at the edge of the water, and stretching out his neck to the farther bank. He said to the hunter, "Now you may walk over on my neck, but you must be very careful, for I am not as strong as I have been in the past." The hunter walked over on the old man's neck with great care. When he had reached the other bank, the old man bade him good-by with the remark, "Far away in the west you will see a large lodge, which belongs to three aunts of yours, who will help you further; so call on them for aid." On hearing this, the hunter hurried away.

After the woman had sent the dog away she ate all the flesh from her bones; then with small sticks she pushed all the marrow out of her bones and devoured that, too. Finally she filled the hollows in her bones with small pebbles, which rattled as she moved around. From time to time she sang and danced, causing the pebbles in her bones to rattle; whereupon she would exclaim: "Oh, that sounds fine!" Having become ravenous, she fell to devouring everything in the lodge - meat, bread, corn, beans, skins; in fact, everything that could be eaten. When she had eaten everything in the lodge, she started in pursuit of her husband. She soon discovered his tracks and followed them. Once in a while on the way she would stop and dance, listening with delight to the rattle of the small pebbles in her bones. Afterward she would take up the trail again.

Shortly after the hunter had fled from the lodge of the old man his wife came running along. Coming up to the bank of the river, she screamed: "Old man, take me across this river. I am pursuing my husband to seize him and eat him. Come! Be quick!" The old ferryman, not being accustomed to hear words like these, slowly turned toward the woman, saying: "I can not take you across. There is no walk for you, who are chasing your husband to eat him." But the woman begged and begged him to comply with her request. At last the old man replied: "It is well. Go bring me a basketful of fish and also dig me a basketful of groundnuts." Going out, the woman caught a basketful of fish in the old man's pond; then from his garden she dug a basketful of groundnuts and brought them to the old man. When he had prepared and cooked them, she would not eat them, for she now craved nothing but human flesh.

After eating by himself, the old man went to the bank of the river and, getting into position, stretched his neck across the water like a turtle, making a very narrow, high, arching span. Then he told her to walk across. But the woman became angry and said: "How do you suppose I am going to cross on that kind of walk?" The old man replied: "Oh! you can do just as you like about it. I am old now and can not make my neck flat. If I did, it would break down. As it is, you must walk very carefully." No matter how the woman raged she had to go on that narrow path; so she picked her steps carefully, scolding as she went along. The river, which was very angry and deep, was full of terrible creatures. When the woman reached the middle of the river, she made the old man so angry by her scolding that he suddenly jerked his neck, making her fall into the water; whereupon she was devoured instantly, with the exception of her stomach, in which was her life, which floated downstream, passing the lodge of the three aunts of the hunter, her husband. Seeing it on the surface, the three aunts, having caught it, chopped it up fine, thus killing the woman.

In the meanwhile the husband came to the lodge of his three aunts, who told him to keep on his way and that they would watch and do what they could to aid him. So he kept on until he came to a wood, in which he saw a young woman gathering sticks for fuel. She asked him: "Where are you going?" He replied: "I am going on until I find pleasant people to live with." The young woman answered: "You would better remain here with me as my husband. We can live very happily if you can manage my grandmother, who is a little old woman, but very troublesome." As the young woman was pleasant and good-looking, the hunter decided to remain with her. When they arrived at the lodge of the young woman the little old woman, her grandmother, was outside. She was about one-half the height of an ordinary person, but very stout. She exclaimed: "Oh! you

have brought a husband, have you?" Continuing, she added: "You would better bring him into the lodge to let him rest. You should also give him something to eat." The young woman replied: "It is well; you ask him to come into the lodge." So the grandmother told them to enter the lodge; following her inside, they sat down. Thereupon the grandmother, getting a club from the farther end of the room, began beating her granddaughter, saying: "Oh! you like too well to have a husband." She struck her many blows, which the granddaughter endured without making any defense. When bedtime came the old woman said to her granddaughter: "Your husband must sleep with me tonight." There was nothing to be done but to comply with her demand. So the husband went to the old woman's bed. The latter covered herself and the man with a skin, fastening it down on all sides in such manner that it was air-tight, so the man could scarcely breathe. Then the old woman made an attempt to smother the husband; she would have done so had he not had a small false face ((fetish)) hidden away in his bosom. At once he told this aid to absorb all the odor into itself, and thereupon it did so. When morning came, contrary to the expectation of the grandmother, the husband was alive and well. The old woman now for a time left him in peace, and he enjoyed the company of his wife.

Several days later the old woman said to the man: "We must go to an island today to hunt." They found that the island was low and that in the middle of it there was a very deep lake. Having made a landing, they drew their canoe up on the island. The old woman said to the man: "Take your position here on the right," indicating with her finger a spot away from the canoe, "and I will drive the game toward you." The man had gone about halfway toward the place when, hearing a sound in the direction of the canoe, he turned back, only to see the old woman in the canoe paddling away as fast as she could. He called to her to return, but it was of no use.

The man remained on the island all day long; there was no escape for him. He noticed the marks of water high up on the trees, which were very tall. He knew well what these marks meant. When night came the water began to rise, and thereupon the hunter climbed the highest tree he could find on the island. The water kept rising, and he continued to climb as it rose. With the first streak of dawn in the east the hunter saw that all the shorter trees were covered with water, while around him on all sides were great numbers of monsters waiting to devour him. He sat at the top of the tallest tree on the island.

While looking around for some avenue of escape he saw the Morning Star shining brightly in the east. Remembering that the Morning Star had promised him in a dream in the days of his youth to help him in the time of trouble or peril, he prayed that the Morning Star would hasten the coming of the day, for he believed that with the advent of daylight the waters would subside and he would be saved. He cried in the anguish of his mind: "Oh, Morning Star! hasten the Orb of Day. Oh, Morning Star! hurry on the daylight. You promised when I was young that you would help me if I ever should be in great peril." Now, the Morning Star lived in a beautiful lodge, with a small boy as a servant. Hearing the voice of the hunter appealing to him for aid, he called out to the servant, "Who is that shouting on the island?" The small boy replied, "Oh! that is the husband of the little old woman's granddaughter. He says that you promised him in a dream when he was young that you would help in the time of trouble." The Morning Star answered, "Oh, yes! I did promise him to do so. Let the Orb of Day come at once." Immediately daylight came, and the water on the island subsided.

When the waters were dried from the land the hunter slipped down from the tree, and going to the landing place he buried himself in the sand, leaving only his nostrils and one eye exposed. Early in the forenoon the old woman came again to the island. Drawing up the canoe on the beach, she said to herself: "The flesh of my granddaughter's husband has been eaten up by this time, but I suppose his bones are left. Being

very young, they must have good marrow in them, so I think I will have some of this marrow." So saying, she started to search the island for the bones. The man was watching her, and when she had gone far enough away he sprang up out of the sand, and boarding the canoe pushed off and paddled away. When he had gone some distance from the island the old woman saw him, whereupon she cried out in agony of despair, "Oh, grandson, come back! I will never play another trick on you. I will love you." The hunter replied in derision, "Oh, no! I will not return. You shall play no more tricks on me," and continued to paddle away.

When night came the water on the island began to rise. Then the old woman climbed the tall pine tree to escape the monsters waiting to devour her. Between midnight and sunrise the water, still rising, was nearing the treetop where the old woman was, when she called out to the Morning Star, "You promised me when I was young that you would help me when I should be in distress." The Morning Star asked the boy, "Is that man down there on the island yet?" The lad replied, "Oh, no! He got off yesterday. This is the little old woman herself. She says you promised her in a dream to help her." The Morning Star replied, "Oh, no! I never had any conversation with her. I never made any promise to her." With these words the Morning Star fell asleep again and slept on, letting the Orb of Day come at its own time. The water on the island kept rising and rising until it had reached the top of the pine tree, when the inhabitants of the lake ate up the little old woman.

The man was at home with his young wife and they lived ever after in peace and happiness.

THE CREATION OF MAN
(Modern Folk Explanation)
A Seneca Legend

God at first created the sun and the moon. One day while walking about on the earth, becoming lonely, he said, "I will make a human being to keep me company." He held his way until he came to an uprooted hemlock, which had raised a great pile of earth with its upturned roots. Now, the roots of the hemlock are very numerous and slender and are covered with tufted rootlets for, as the tree grows on thin, pale, sandy soil, it needs many feeders to provide the necessary sustenance. God made a human being from the earth piled up among the roots of this tree. There were so many small fibers in this earth that the human being was seemingly hairy, and the soil was so poor and light-colored that he had a pale, sickly complexion. God breathed on him and he stood up and walked. Then God looked at him from behind the roots of the tree, but being not pleased with his creation, he resolved that he would try again.

God soon came to a walnut tree lying uprooted, which had pulled up with its roots a mound of black earth. From this earth God made another human being. As he looked at him, he saw that, being black, he had too much color. So God was not satisfied with this piece of work, either.

Going on further, he came at last to an uprooted sugar maple. There the earth had a fine deep color; so out of this God made the third human being, whose body was smooth and firm and of a full rich tint. And God, pleased with his looks, said, "He will do; he looks like me." This last human being was an Indian; thus the Indian was the first native human being.

The two stories presented above were reprinted, with permission, from "Seneca Fiction, Legends, and Myths", collected by Jeremiah Curtin and J. N. B. Hewitt, and edited by J. N. B. Hewitt; they were first published in the 32nd Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., dated 1910-11. These are the first in a projected series of Indian myths, legends, and tales, to be published in SENA.

EN PASSANT
(N'APA Mailing #24)

ALLIANCE AMATEUR #24 (Patten) - After reading the Bylaws and then the comments in the various APA-'zines, I can see there are quite a few N'APA mores not yet formalized into law. Oh, well - I guess I'll just have to learn as I go along - so bear with me.

MEOW #5 (Katz) - To supplement your arguments re the "New Wave":

A person who buys and reads science-fiction - or even writes for professional science-fiction magazines - is not a "fan" unless he interacts with other fans - by corresponding, meeting with other s-f readers, writing or drawing for fanmags, or the like. The other fen with whom the fan interacts will undoubtedly have a wide range of interests - of which s-f is only one. As friendships develop, and other common interests besides s-f are discovered, discussions between fen are certainly not going to be confined only to s-f, but will range far-and-wide - each fan talking and writing about his own experiences - and about the fields of knowledge with which he is most familiar and most knowledgeable.

A mature fan is one who can treat s-f for exactly what it is (unless he is in the field to make a living - is this still possible?) - a pastime - a means-to-an-end, rather than an end in itself. The end sought by the mature fan is generally intellectual stimulation and/or friendship with other fen having common interests transcending s-f. And, of course, if it's not taken too seriously, fandom can be fun!

GUANO #20 (Hayes) - Enjoyed your SCIENCE excerpts and mailing comments. What else can I say? (Hmmm - that last sentence could be taken two ways - what I meant was that I can see nothing on which to comment in the excerpts, and, not having seen the 'zines on which the mailing comments in this mailing are being written, I hesitate to dive into the arguments in the m.c.'s at this point. Also, I hate comments on comments, comments on comments on comments, comments on comments on comments on comments, etc.)

PET-RICH #1 (Jackson and Benyo) - My eyes boggled so much at trying to read this one I finally had to give it up. But then I see you two are no longer in N'APA, anyway.

THE WONDERER #1 (Jackson) - A lot easier on the eyes than PET-RICH. Good-bye!

THE RIB(BLER'S) RAM #3 (Benyo) - So long!

THE WANDERER #1 Cover (Jackson) - I liked. Farewell!

INFERNAL AVENUES #3 (Boston) - Enjoyed this one a lot. Good mailing comments, particularly those on SPINA, RASTY, NATTERJACK, and FOOFARAW. Go to it!

FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR #1.365 (Tackett) - Yes, I too conduct all my business by check (or credit card) - even haircuts! About the only places I find where cash is needed are at the post office (when is Uncle Sam going to modernize?) and on the bus (of course, there are always tokens - -).

GEMZINE #4/43 (Carr) - Yes, I saw "The Way Out Men" - and, I agree, the most (or, should I have said, "only") effective sequence was the population explosion experiment with the mice. This reminded me of a weekly TV program on the BBC some years ago (perhaps it is still there?) - LIFELINE. On this program, various "borderline" aspects of science were studied, from hypnotism to someone who claimed to go into a

trance during which time he (or was it she?) was in communication with a non-terrestrial being, who spoke to the experimenter through his person (a rather strange show, that one!) The experimenter was a psychiatrist, and some of the more interesting programs dealt with such topics as the effect of prolonged alcoholism on cats, the nature of the hypnotic illusion, the speeding-up of time through hypnosis, and the like. If anyone is interested, perhaps I'll ramble on in more detail about these programs in a future issue of SENA. In fact, I may do a series of articles on British TV programs - or maybe a more general series on Britain.

EILAT FOR EARLY RISERS (Kohn) - 'Atta boy, Phil - give 'em 'ell! Sorry I can't comment at the moment in detail on EILAT (Translate, please!), but I'm going to have to give it a second, and, possibly, third reading before I can get my thoughts sufficiently organized to do it justice.

TROGLODYTE #4 (Luttrell) - No, dialogue coupled with art, "comic style", would not be a greater art-form than just plain writing. I like Hannes Bok's art, but I like his word-pictures better. If you couple too much art-work with a story, the imagination of the reader is cheated - providing the writing is good in the first place - out of a chance to romp a bit. (Hmmm - perhaps that is the secret behind the comics - the writing is so bad there have to be plenty of pictures along with it for the reader to know what is going on - or, perhaps the reader doesn't have enough imagination to get anything out of a word-picture - or, maybe he is just too lazy to make the effort involved in reading something without pictures!) Give me drawings of the main characters - but spare me drawings of other-world landscapes, scenes of horror, and the like in the middle of the story. Just describe the scene ably in words, and leave the rest to the fertile imagination of the reader.

ROMANN #4 (Mann) - Strange, but I seem to be having the same problem - most of the 'zines I have read so far in this APA are primarily composed of mailing comments - and, as I said earlier, I hate to comment on comments, and comment on comments on comments, and . . . Of course this first issue of SENA is principally mailing comments, due principally of lack of time to whip up enough other material. Next mailing I shall add a bit more flesh to the skeleton - I promise!

RACHE #17 (Pelz) - I like the idea of those Library of Fandom Cards. How many have you pubbed before RACHE #17? Any chance of getting hold of them? And what's a "Pachinko machine"? By now you should have received - and, I hope, filled - my order from your "fanzine sale". Also, my dues for SAPS waitlisting - and my \$1.00 for "The Game of Fandom" (a plug for you!). Re getting rid of some of the N3F "dead-wood" - why not raise the dues a bit? This would not only get rid of a few do-nothings but would also raise the current ridiculously-low dues to a more reasonable level. Right now, the dues are so low they encourage "do-nothings". Perhaps if the dues hurt their pocket-books a bit, they might be more inclined to be more active - thus getting more out of their N3F membership, and more of a return on their money. Strange concept that - making a person pay more to enjoy himself more. Of course, I am sure the increased income derived from higher dues could also be put to good use by the club!

FANTASY NEO #1 (Barr) - Not bad for a first issue - probably better than mine will turn out!

TOO SHOT (Murray: FRINGE #1/2 & Weber: SURREY) - I hate two separate 'zines under a single cover and with a name different than either of the component 'zines! Messes

up my fanzine catalogue and my filing system. Grrrrrrrrrr . . . Yes, Wally, I was a teen-age science-fiction fan (but not a teen-age vampire or a teen-age werewolf, unfortunately) - having started reading s-f at age 15. I won't write down how it affected me, though - they advised me when I left the asylum not to dwell too much on those days or I'd be back in again. As for how it affected my friends - well, none of them are around anymore. But, anyway, what did you have in mind?

And where's my March TIGHTBEAM, my April TNFF and N3F roster, and my May TIGHT-BEAM? Or has the entire N3F gafiated?

FORTTRAN #1 (Porter) - One of the studies I have made in the course of my work as a Social Science Analyst with the Bureau of Prisons is the study of the various and sundry State laws relating to the sex offender. So let me add a bit to your mailing comments re GEMZINE 4/42 (and, in the process, break my rule about no comments on comments!).

Remember, there are principally two "classes" of "rape" under most State laws - "forcible" rape, where the female (or male) does not consent and force or threat is involved, and "statutory" rape, where the "victim" does consent - there is no force or threat involved - but the victim is below the "age of consent" - i.e., is, under the laws of the State in which the act took place, considered a "juvenile" - and thus is considered too young to know the significance of the act to which she consented. The upper age-limit of a juvenile varies from State-to-State, ranging from 16 to 21.

If the victim is too young - say, 12 years or under - mentally defective, drunk, or otherwise not in full possession of their senses, the partner is generally prosecuted as a "forcible" rapist.

And, of course, the penalties vary - 1 or 2 years in some States, the death penalty in others. And then there's the State which gives a 99-year sentence, and then suspends all but 30 days of the sentence . . .

More on the subject of the sexual offender law hodge-podge in future issues, if you all are sufficiently interested - and consider this a fit subject for discussion in this medium.

Hmmmm - I just realized Andy Porter is no longer with us - all this space on a 'zine no longer in the APA, and only a couple lines for some of the regulars! For shame, Don - for shame!

BYZANTIUM #2 (Patrick & Kusske) - Re your short story, Dave - it read like one of my first efforts - half of it theory spouted by the characters involved - a bit of philosophy - and a "gimmick" theme which never really developed. I haven't read any of your other stories, but if they're like this one, I'd say John Kusske was right - cease and desist for awhile, and let the ideas and your writing style metamorphose.

Speaking of writing, would you N'APA'ns be interested in a series dealing with the metamorphosis of a writer (if you can call me that), containing a couple of my early stories, with criticisms, and tracing style development, etc, up to the present day? Or, perhaps, the metamorphosis of a story - the first writing of the story in one issue, the first rewrite the next, on to the most recent version? If you're not interested in this sort of thing, please so state - or you're liable to get it sometime when I'm desperate for material - and then you'll have only yourselves to blame!

SPINA #5 (Thorne) - Thanks for the review of N'APA during 1964 - I see I missed some interesting events. Re typewriters - these stencils are being typed on a borrowed Smith-Corona - but I still think Smith-Corona is the worst machine I've ever used (that's it - blame the typos on the typewriter!). I like Royal's the best - type on one every day at the office. But then, I've never had the opportunity to use an Olympia.

WRITER'S EXCHANGE #2 (Hill) - A valuable 'zine. Keep 'em coming, please. Oh, yes - good news - THE GAMESMAN #2 has finally been run off! I haven't seen them yet, as of this writing, but the mimeographer informs me the cover came out nicely. However, the interior illos were very poor. Sorry about that - and for the poor cover on YE FAERIE CHESSEMAN - but neither the Bureau's "official" artist, Mr. Luehrmann, nor I had ever drawn on stencils before, and we lacked the requisite skill and technique - as well as the proper equipment. So, now we are buying the proper equipment - then we learn and, we hope, gradually improve. Then, and only then, will you see interior illos in the 'zines that I edit - unless, of course, someone wishes to send us some art-work already on stencil (legal-size, 9-hole Gestetner, please)!

FOOFARAW #15 (Patten) - Concerning your comments re Hugo awards - I emphatically agree!

OH NO! (Kling) - So, you've been playing around with war games, have you? Are you familiar with the Wargamers? They used to publish a 'zine called THE WAR GAMES DIGEST, and, at last word, published a 'zine called THE WARGAMER'S NEWSLETTER. They fight battles on table-tops with tiny soldiers and the like - "It's like Chess with 500 pieces", to quote Donald F. Featherstone, of 69 Hill Lane, Southampton, England, the publisher of the NEWSLETTER. If you're still interested in the subject, drop me a line and I'll give you more info.

"Very old" FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION's? June and August, 1954, and August, 1959? Friend, you are making me feel quite ancient!

So, you bought "The Brothers Karamazov" - but have you read it yet? I still rate it as by far the best novel I have ever read. And speaking of Russian literature - for a bit of humor, try "Dead Souls", by Gogol (I have it on tape, from the BBC, if any of you out there are interested); another well worth reading, for an insight into nihilism, is Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons".

The Diplomacy rulebook is \$1.00; it is the maps that are 4 cents. If you ever get a Diplomacy 'zine going, please send me a sample copy, for the Games Bureau archives.

THEOREM #2 (Scott) - Bob Madle's address: Robert A. Madle, 4406 Bestor Drive, Rockville, Maryland. I'm afraid I don't know the zip code.

For some of Sibelius' best music, try his violin concerto - perhaps not as stirring as his second symphony, but very nice to listen to - as is all of his music, when you come right down to it! Of course, if you really want to be stirred, try Saint Saens' Symphony #3 (especially the third movement) in stereo at top volume. After final exams were over at college, I always opened up everything, placed a speaker in the window, and blasted away in a triumphal paean of glorious sound. No, it didn't bother anyone - I always seemed to have an exam on the last day of exams.

And then there was the time we put the Black Howler Monkeys and various other sounds from "Sounds of a South American Rain Forest" on at 3 a.m. and piped it out over the campus. It shook up the campus a bit - and got us invited to the party next door, where we livened up things a bit with jungle sounds, Maori war chants, and Mato Grosso Indian music.

Ah, Wagner! They give two cycles of the Ring a year in England - but the tickets are always sold out by the time they go on sale! They give the ticket-holders from the previous year first crack - and every one of them repeats. I guess the only time a ticket is available is when a prior attendee dies - but, even then, I'd wager the privilege is inherited by someone in the family! Anyway, I had to be content with taping the cycle from the BBC broadcasts; four years of frustration!

I'm sure I met you at the Disclave, with Lon Atkins - but I can't seem to connect the name with a face.

NATTERJACK #5 (Bailes) - What ever happened to the N3F "mimeo squad"? Or, for that matter, to the "Follow-Up Bureau"? I do at least wish you had written to let me know no help was available. It was a bit awkward waiting - and waiting - and waiting for a reply, wondering if, perhaps, after all, help might actually be on the way.

JE LA LASTA MINUTO #2 (Baker) - Ah, Chess games in APA's - now there's a nice thought! Any takers? If so, I open 1. P-Q4 on board I with all opponents. Now, your replies with Black, and your opening moves on board II, please. I really don't have much time for postal Chess-play, but as I'll be submitting a 'zine each mailing, anyway, I might as well make a Chess-move each mailing, as well! At least, there'll be plenty of time to think between moves . . .

Horrors! I see you're out of N'APA, Ed. A Gamesman lost! Oh, woe . . .

NIEKAS #11 (Meskys) - Nice cover, nice size; contents generally good; 77 pages of interesting and thoroughly enjoyable material. Any spare copies of Parts 1 and 2 of "The Glossary of Middle Earth" available? If so, please send them. Thanks in advance.

If it's so good, why don't I comment on it in more detail? Well - you sent me a copy for WSFA some time ago, which I read from cover-to-cover. I've read so many things since then, I remember very little about the 'zine specifically - but I do remember my over-all impression, which was "hurrah! - a 'zine that's fun to read!" So, when a second copy arrived in the mailing, I just couldn't read 77 pages over again - especially as my memory of the 'zine was that there was nothing really "meaty" in it, that I could sink my intellectual fangs into - but, rather, there was a 'zine I could read from cover-to-cover, and enjoy it all the way. About how many other amateur publications could one make such a statement?

To the rest of the members of N'APA, who had no material in the mailing I received:

To Lon Atkins - nice to have met you at the Disclave. Let's have a proper game of Chess sometime, under better playing conditions than we had at the Disclave. If you should get up in the D.C. area again in the not-too-distant future, drop by and we'll have that "proper game". And that applies to you other N'APA members too - provided you call first - 301-933-5417.

To Jim Bogart - Another Games Bureau member. Well, by this time you should finally have the tardy G:B. distribution! Any comments?

To K. Martin Carlson - One of these days I'll get around to sending in my ad!

To Tom Dupree - No correspondence with you, yet, so all I can say is "hello".

To Tom Gilbert - Ditto.

To Owen Hannifen - Ditto.

To Phil Harrell - VENTURA II heap nice job; any copies VENTURA I around?

To Mark Irwin - Sorry I haven't answered your letter yet re the Games Bureau. I was going to answer it when I sent you the big Bureau mailing . . .

To Dr. Askold Ladonko - I've conducted a few experiments with telepathy, too - remind me to write about them some day . . .

Fred Lerner - Well, how'd you like the Disclave? We never did get that game of Diplomacy played, did we?

Duncan McFarland - Another N'APA'n met at the Disclave! Nice job you and Creath did on THISTLE AND THORN #2. Jog Creath a bit about sending me a copy of #1, please.

Felice Rolfe - As one of the collaborators on NIEKAS #11, you need no special comment. NIEKAS #11 is comment enough!

Phil Salin - Whatever happened to our game of Jetan? You haven't moved since last June! Or have you gafiated from the Games Bureau?

Judi Sephton - Sorry about the "Miss" on the Games Bureau material I sent you - but I do wish all women would indicate "Miss" or "Mrs" somewhere in their correspondence!

It's kind of rough not knowing how to address an envelope, or what salutation to use in a letter.

Henry Stine - Another N'APA'n I don't know. So, hello to you, too.

Stan Woolston - Where's my April TNFF, and the new N3F address list?

Fred Gottschalk - As you can see, Fred, my materials finally arrived!

Greg Shaw - Welcome to the Games Bureau!

Samuel D. Russell, Dwain Kaiser, Barry D. Gold, and anyone else added to the waiting list since March whom I don't happen to know - greetings, one-and-all!

As I have a bit of room left on this last page, I might as well do a bit of rambling. My apologies to you-all for not doing a better job on this 'zine, but I had only a week after the mailing arrived to read your 'zines, and prepare the mailing comments and the rest of the material. Next time I'll try to add a bit more s-f material; perhaps I'll even be able to find the time to read a s-f book or two so I can comment on it!

Attached to this 'zine is issue number 2 of THE GAMESMAN, which is included in the hopes that some of you might find it interesting - perhaps even interesting enough to subscribe to it! And, perhaps some of you might like to write a bit of material we could use - or - - -

The cover artist wishes to remain anonymous - so, so be it. But our thanks to the artist, anyway - and to the other persons who have contributed money, time and/or effort, written the articles, and sent in letters-of-comment.

The publisher of THE GAMESMAN #2 was Charles Derry, who volunteered his services when Creath Thorne was unable to run off the 'zine due to a mix-up in stencil-size. Future issues of THE GAMESMAN and of all other Bureau publications will be published by this writer.

Subscription rates for THE GAMESMAN, beginning with the third issue, still remain the same - 25 cents per copy, \$1.00 for 5 issues. However, having had a bit more experience in editing and publishing an amateur magazine, I refuse to commit myself to a schedule of any sort. Future issues will be published whenever there is enough worthwhile material on hand; we refuse to publish an issue just for the sake of meeting an arbitrary schedule.

We apologize once, again for the poor reproduction of the illustrations in the article on papier-mache. Neither the artist nor I knew anything about drawing on stencils at the time; nor did we have the proper equipment. However, as you can see by the cover for SENA, we now have the proper equipment, at least.

Further plug - YE FAERIE CHESSEMAN, the Games Bureau's "Fairy" Chess 'zine, is also going to go "sub", starting with issue number 2. The cost and trouble involved in copyrighting YE FAERIE CHESSEMAN make it necessary to put out large issues at wide intervals, rather than small intervals at fairly-frequent intervals. And our finances are such that these 'zines must be almost self-supporting, if they are to continue. Sub rates for YFC are the same as for THE GAMESMAN - 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00.

For information on the third sub-zine, THE KIBITZER, you will have to contact Nate Bucklin - P.O. Box 4, Dockton, Washington, 98018.

Still a bit more room left - so, a horrible little riddle - answer next issue (after which you'll throw me out of N'APA):

There were two trains headed for each other on the same track; the driver of one was Norwegian, the other driver was drunk. They were too close to each other and moving at too high a rate of speed to stop in time to avoid a collision - and there was no way they could be switched off onto another track. Yet, there was no collision! Why?