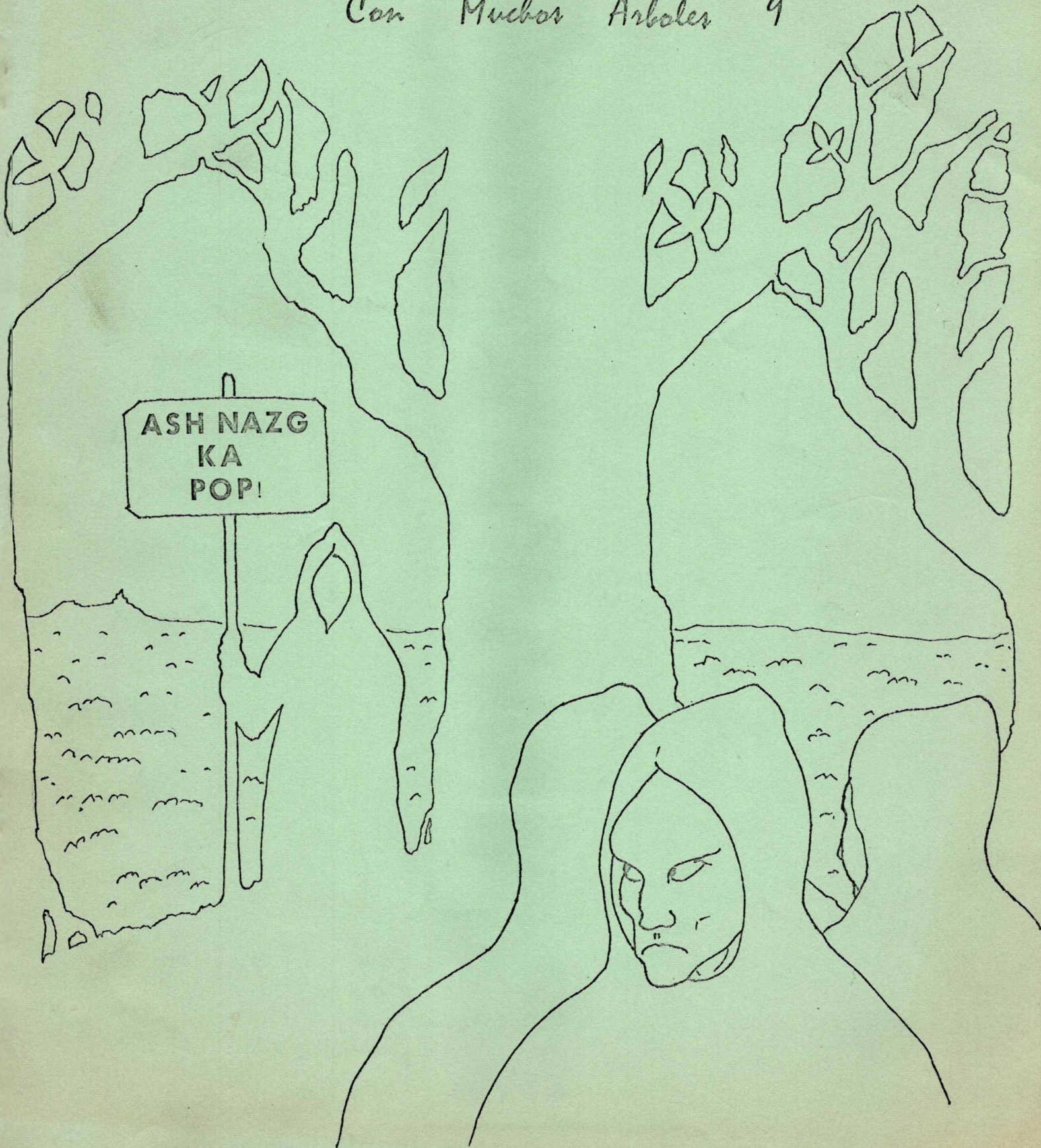


Con Muchos Arboles 9



FANTASY ROTATOR

Nº 215

Frederick Patten, FReditor - 1704-B South Flower Street - Santa Ana, California, 92707.
May 27, 1968. LASFS Rex Rotary. Salamander Press no. 330.

CON MUCHOS ARBOLES

Nº 9

[[This looks as though it's gonna be a thin FR, what with the two previous FRs both being latepubbed and throwing the train of discussion almost completely off the track. I could pad it out with a sheaf of letters and even a cut stencil passed on to me from Snider, but as most of this is completely dated by now -- some apparently being handed on from Eklund's FR -- I'm just going to toss it out, with the exception of Hollander's letter of application. As for the cut stencil, being sacred & all, I'll pass it on to Bruce, and if he wants to worship it, that's his privilege.]]

With nothing better to do, Hollander applies to get in the bucket -- 1

Dear Cult,

As you may know by now, I am applying to the Cult. I don't know quite why I am doing this, except that now that APA L and STOBCLER have folded, I don't have an apa to write for, and the Cult offers one of the quickest ways into an active apa-publishing role. [[Or you could join N'APA and help save it from Alma Hill. Hey, let's all join N'APA and take it away from Alma Hill and Art Hayes!]]

A lot of people ask me why I don't join TAPS instead, since I am peace-loving and all that sort of rot. I ~~blatantly then~~ told them that I figured that I could get into more fights that way. And while I am a pacifist as far as war and fighting are concerned, I enjoy a good argument and discussion as much as the next person. [[What if the next person is ... Hmm. Like Koko, I'll leave the list to you.]] Also the Cult has people in it I would like to talk w/in the apa, and I haven't even seen a TAPS mailing. (Come to think of it, I haven't seen a Cult FR recently, but that's my fault.)

So here I am; send me something so I can shove it down your throat.

Fred Hollander

[[The following excerpt from Sid Cochran's Postal Diplomacy zine is reprinted at our OA's request.]]

INDIAN TREATY RATIFIED!

Leesburg, May 14, 1501: The Congress of the Confederacy heard in joint session today the speech of Chief Commissioner Davis, urging ratification of the Treaty of Lawton, and within hours the treaty was ratified by the vote of 147-2. Asked for the reason for his negative vote, Senator John Boredstiff of Jersey, a State only recently added to the Confederacy, declared that Confederates should not degrade the noble savages of Oklahoma by making citizens of them and subjecting them to taxes; rather, they should be left free to carry on with their usual pastimes of hunting and killing white men and stealing their horses, cattle and servants in the summer and of being fed through the winter by the whites. "Only in this wise," said the Senator, "can we adequately recognize the immanent humanity of the red man. Relations with the Reds must remain under the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in their own best interest."

Hulan expounds on the history of military takeovers -- 1

1005 Mt. Olive Dr., #10
Duarte, Calif, 91010
May 15, 1968

Dear Cult,

I see by Snider's FR that maybe I'm back on the AWL, although since I haven't gotten Tapscott's maybe I slipped back again. But in case I have to write, I'm writing.

Not that I have time to write a great deal, because I have many other things to do and I want to get LOKI 12 published in time for the SFPA deadline. So far I have four stencils cut, and I have tonight, Friday night, most of the days Saturday and Sunday, and Monday night to get it done. Including running off and collating, Oh, well, Total Fanac. I haven't published a LOKI in long enough, and Dave Locke wrote a long article especially for this issue. I wouldn't want to disappoint a good buddy by not publishing his stuff.

Cultists will get their copies of LOKI shortly after the SFPA mailing goes out. Some of you might even be so good as to write letters of comment or something, maybe. Pardon, make that some of you might be so unutterably vile as to write something nasty, right?

I've been out of the Cult a while; give me time to get back into the swing of it...

An occasional comment:

HEAP: Military takeovers of governments go back much farther than the Roman age. They go back about as far as governments, as far as we can tell. They are more usually done by professional armies, but my guess is that this is more because professional armies tend to develop more of a feeling of "differentness" - an in-group spirit, if you will - than conscript armies. And once a group ceases to think of itself as a part of society, and becomes part of what Toynbee called the "internal proletariat", it will attempt to take over the government if it thinks it has enough strength. But it's not confined to professional armies; the conscript armies of the French Revolution were the group who put Napoleon on the throne.

Heinlein was very particular in pointing out, in Starship Troopers, that soldiers on active duty were not eligible to vote. Only veterans. The American Legion is not a very good analogy; it is largely composed of veterans of conscript armies, and the motivations are so different that there is no real grounds for assuming an analogy. Not that I agree entirely with Heinlein, but your arguments aren't valid.

FITCH: You might mention that there are two separate San Gabriel Valley ingroups, with virtually no overlap - at least, I'd say that the grouping of the Grennells, Tina, you, and me has at least as much of an existence as any San Fernando Valley in-group. It's true that the Coxes are friendly with everyone in the SFV, but that doesn't make it an ingroup when on the one hand Lon and Katherine and on the other Al and I (when I was still out there) were on quite unfriendly terms.

I presume the ex-LA fan you mention was Lichtman? If it wasn't it would certainly fit...

Und das ist ja genug.

Stay evil,

Dave

Patten: I'm cutting this from lines 10 to 70 as you asked for last Cycle. Hope that you haven't adjusted the machine since then and that the margins are wide enough and all. Good luck!

Omnes: I hereby cosign the petition to reinstate *Eney* (or vote in favour of it, in case the cosigner's list is full.)

ANGMAR #25 (f/r 213.50668) {*PeLz*}

PeLz: The '*Harness*' artwork did indeed pass inspection here. I'm only sorry he decided to leave us and we won't get to see any more thereof.

I'm in favour of Cultzine lists for your FR. As long as you mention it, I don't think I've seen lists for the 14th or 15th Cycles as well as for the last. Did you do one for the 13th? I wasn't Active for much of the 14th and could easily have missed it.

Count me in favour of a Seance at the Baycon.

OBIOQUY AND LOW DERISION #1 (f/r 213.0520) {*Stevens*}

Stevens: I suppose you could say some of this was rather forced, but your comments more than made up for that. By the way, after you went to the trouble of breaking down the material into categories, why didn't you give us the benefits of *those* researches?

While I agree with you about the lasting quality of human belligerency, I hesitate to style battles fought with clubs and stone axes as wars.

My feeling is that if fans from different language areas got together more regularly and got to know each other, that more effort *would* be made on inter-language fanzines. And if the Convention were really pushed as a World (instead of Anglo-American) affair, this could happen.

Making a living writing fiction requires something more than the ability to construct comprehensible English. Just look at most of fannish writing; the stuff is comprehensible enough, but I doubt most of us could really earn a living at it.

On the desert island books: I am also reminded of the answer attributed to Bernard Shaw; that what he would take was blank notebooks.

Your remarks on drug evangelism, which could be easily extended to anything else you disagree with, seem to boil down to: that you Know what is Right, that the lawmakers Know what is Right, and that any dissension from this massed Rightness is of necessity evil. For my part, I prefer free speech and the right to discuss and reccomend; I am quite prepared to listen to the reccomendations of others and make my own choices, nor do I think anyone making a free choice has any right to blame others for the consequences.

SUUM CUIQUE #3 (FR 213) {*Snider*}: What was #1 of this series? the bologna attachment?

Snider: The current Barbarian invasion sounds something like a repeat of the

influx of "beatniks" of some ten years ago. Fandom survived them. Some were converted to trufannish ways, the rest left.

Patten: Can't understand how anyone hates sending stuff out. By the time the hard part is done, even collating and stapling seems easy; and getting rid of the stuff is a positive joy. (If the project is at all large, I have developed a hate-complex.)

Count me in for the Baycon; various unpredictables permitting.

Fitch & Eklund: I still get broke up about the screenless mimeo; it is a shame nonetheless. The best parts seemed to come through the worst. At least they *were* readable.

"SIDING" (f/r 214 1/13) {*Scithers*}

Scithers: The joint membership might have been more easily understood had it been mentioned in a letter of application instead of appearing, without explanation, halfway up the waitlist in your ROTATOR.

Sorry you won't be making the Baycon. It does seem a shame and all that.

Cochran: It seems likes many in the Cult have had some exposure to Diplomacy. (I'm playing Russia in my first mail game; losing of course.) You may find, if you stay with us, that the Cult has many resemblances to Diplomacy; no one ever wins, of course. I have occasionally thought that the ultimate in something-or-other would be an inter-Cult Diplomacy game.

SUUM CUIQUE #4 (f/r 214.91790) {*Snider*}

Snider: I, for one, woudn't particularly care to cut short a trip to Mexico just to put out a ROTATOR. Hope you had a good time.

The joint membership thing has existed at various times in the Cult's history and has been accepted, even though the Culstitution doesn't say anything about its status.

Damned if I thought your FR was all that bad! Of course, with your latepub *and Tapscott's*, ROTATORS seem to be in short supply. It's sort of too bad that you two pubbed consecutively. Also, it looks as if I'm going to be out of town a lot next month and I don't know when I'll get a chance to comment on either FR #214 or FR #215.

From RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (by way of Jim Ashe's CINDER) I see that someone has put out a Selectric typewriter "golf ball" with the Elvish characters. The news comes from MITSFS, but no info as to whether they are selling it or not. Also missing is whether it is designed for a 10-pitch or a 12-pitch typer; Jim thinks that with the ornateness of the Tengwar, 10-pitch is more likely. The real hooker in all this is the price ---- \$215, which sort of takes it out of the reach of most fans.

Well, just caught the Emmy awards. For statistical purposes, *Star Trek* got three nominations and *The Avengers* two but neither show picked up an award. Perhaps the most interesting awards were Bill Cosby for Best Actor in a dramatic series and the collection of awards to Rowan & Martin's *Laugh In*.

Wuck wickedly on Wednesdays --- grh iii

Crayne feels that paranoia is an occupational disease of cops -- 1

Dear Cult:

Scotty seems to have done well with FR 214. Not only is it well produced, technically, but he has done a good job of getting (at least temporarily) one up on Bruce. In addition to Bruce's special copy (which I am sure he will tell you about) I also suspect strongly that the oversize front and back covers were at least partially motivated by a desire to make binding a little more difficult.

Jim Sanders: Although Bruce and I see each other quite often, it is very rare that we have need to set up anything between us about the Cult. In this instance the subject did not come up. Call it coincidence. Or maybe we both knew Lee well enough to have an idea of what he would have appreciated.

Fred Lerner: The year in which I finally graduated from Berkeley (nine years in the making) was also the year of the Free Speech Movement. Having been through it once, I also have followed the dissention at Columbia and other campi with great interest. Rather than discuss the points which you bring up, however, I think that I will address myself to the item which Scotty raised in his interjection.

I think that being a cop produces in one an often but not always justified feeling of paranoia. The cop who is dragging a student out of a building because that student refused to walk, is not overly inclined to be gentle. He is probably thinking that he is getting a dirty deal. Here he joined up to catch killers and such and instead he is stuck breaking his back hauling some punk kid who thinks he is smart because he has gone to college. (A big city cop starts as a rookie at about \$680 / mo if he has a high school diploma and is over 21.) The students, in turn, do not take kindly to the cops. One photographer took a picture of a student's mouth in close proximity to a cop's foot. It was never really determined if the cop was kicking the student in the mouth or if the student was biting the cop in the ankle. Both claims were made by the appropriate parties.

I almost got arrested, although I was not participating in the demonstrations. When the cops were hauling the students out of Sproul Hall, some of us discovered that a hole in the fence behind the building made a perfect place to crawl into the bushes and watch the action. After a while some motorcycle fuzz from Oakland spotted us and told us to move on. We cleared out, but even as we were doing so, others were discovering the same trick. Later I read that a number of students had been arrested on that spot "after ignoring numerous warnings from the police to clear out." Now I know that this was not true. The cops thought that it was the same group over and over, but in reality it was a different group each time. The cops are probably used to dealing with the sort of people who would jump them, given half a chance. They do not understand normally law-abiding citizens who are demonstrating for their cause. I am sure that many of the present complaints grow out of such misunderstandings.

Earl: If I had more time right now I would expand on the theme that it is not actual conditions which upset people, but rather their relative positions compared to others they see. A strong case can be made that there is no poverty in America. Compare our poor to those of other countries. But we do have a great number of relative poor.

- Chuck Crayne (I)

The Cult wasn't designed, Dian, it grew like unto a fungus -- 1

Dear Fred and Cult;

May 24, 1968

The Cult must have been designed by a masochist with a rotten sense of humor. All we need is for a few more people to commit latepub and we'll be back to the glorioussituation

we had when Jack Harness neglected to publish at all and no one knew who had to write whom or when. That's what I like about the Cult - the wonderful sense of insecurity it gives me. (Having created three portmanteau words in the above, I have about decided my thumbs are coming unscrewed.)

After seven years I have finally gotten into a convention committee. I am not sure this is progress. As a matter of fact, I am getting to be pretty sure it isn't. Take our beloved convention chairman for example. Behind the calm gentle facade of Chuck Grayne there lurks a heart of solid merciless steel. The convention publications have to be justified. (Well, what he says is "They'd look much better if they were justified", and he hones his dagger delicately.) Not only do they have to be justified, they have to be typed and justified on his typer. His typer is an IBM executive. Now, this, as you probably all know, is a proportional space typewriter. That means if you are typing and hit an "i" which is one space wide, instead of an "m" which is five spaces wide, you can't cheerfully erase and retype in the center of a word. The IBM executive has a 2-space bar and a three-space bar. It does not have a one-space bar. The back space key works in one-space increments. The only thing that is keeping me going is sheer determination not to let a piece of machinery get the best of me. When you are trying to justify on the Executive, you have to hit the three-space bar, which is on the left hand side, instead of the two-space bar which is on the right so you'll be able to delete any spaces if you need to. Are you following me? Anyway, I am accustomed, not being too good a typist, to spacing with my right hand and hitting the shift key with my left. Now I have gotten so manually confused from using the Executive that I hit the space bar on a regular typewriter sort of alternately, and wind up with no hand free to use on the shift key. Besides which, when I hit the space bar with my left hand I sort of overbalance my hand and hit the "a" in strange and unusual places. Oh yes, I am learning to be reasonably accurate on the Executive, but I think I am forgetting to type on anything else.

Scotty Tapscott, I salute you, you are one-up. Only a Cultist could have thought of such a simple yet dastardly ploy. Besides, I am much more appreciative of your FR than Snider's fractional - at least it isn't going to be sitting in my freezer. [[You still have yours, too, then?]]

The Cult is going downhill. No one has made a motion to alter the Cultstitution in at least four FR periods. At this rate we may wind up the rut of logic and reason that seems to affect SAPS and FAPA so frequently. Let's impeach the OA. Why? Because he's there? Remember, the "Cult is a small uninformed group." Are we really living up to our image? "The Cult - the secret masters of fandom" - what have we masterminded lately? Don't just sit there, Cult, agitate. Blow up public outhouses, accuse Park-Davis of catering to the hippie crowd, draw moustaches on psychedelic posters, take a hippie home to lynch, picket Leonard Bernstein, bring our boys home from Nebraska. Do something, don't just mumble.

Somebody's,

Dian Pelz

Milt Stevens plays safe -- 1

May 24, 1968

Dear Fred;

I'm not really sure whether I have to write to this FR, since I only published three weeks ago. However, an FR period seems to have disappeared somewhere in the interim and I'll write just to be on the safe side.

Comments on FR 213

Al Snider; Fanzines are produced for the sake of activity more than anything else. Humans are generally happy when they can stay active and avoid tangible disaster. Egoboo is nice, but there are many fans who keep publishing without getting much of it.

Fandom is primarily a literary interest group which centers on imaginative fiction but also takes in a much wider area. Participation in some literary activity is the highest form of interest. If a person has no interest in literary activity whatsoever, he's pretty much out of the club. Exceptions may be made for go-go girls and good looking girls in general.

Fred Patten; In answer to your question, I intend on going to the Baycon.

Don Fitch; "...he attended LASFS meetings only because he enjoyed the sense of superiority which the observation of so many psychological cripples afforded him." One might presume that this fellow (whoever he is) was a trifle on the sick side.

So much for mailing comments. I might mention that I met Jimmie Wright at the Little Men's meeting on May 17. The cause of his gaffiation doesn't seem to have been anything horrendous. He seems rather on the shy side, but that isn't really too surprising.

Yours truly,

Milton F. Stevens

Peggy wants to get in on one-upping Bruce -- 1

Dear Fred;

Here is a short note to inform the Gult of a very facts.

A. Drugs is a bad scene. Anyone fooling with it isn't his own master. I believe in pure mind. It repetites the good parts, calls off bad scenes, and its your own thing.

B. I am putting out a F/R Bruce Pelz & Dian aren't getting any until I get a Roster for them. They wouldn't know what everyone is laughing about. It is mimeo on George Heaps mimeo, page Bruce, you're real cheap. After F/R was only one page.

C. I am also sending K-a mattereal out soon)

C. I will be returning to California soon. No more Hill, its S.F. this time. That's for Baycon & visit

E. I am really & truely moving to Florida in a few [[?]] Address to be send on time.

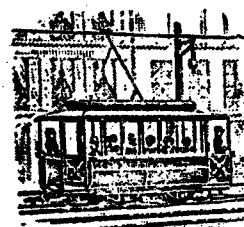
A Warning to Rosters Messers. You mess me and you're have an incorrent address listing because I would not be able to send address to you in time.

Best

Peggy - 0



by



"Look out! Here it comes again!!"

The contents of the sea-going bucket — a couple dozen people in long, cowed robes — hastily dived for the bottom of their strange vessel as it lazily swung around the giant whirlpool towards an overhanging cliff. High above, long tentacles unwound, and reached out towards the bobbing, oaken bucket.

"Well, not exactly," said a voice from the very bottom of the pile. "You should say, 'Here we go again', because we're in motion and Scylla is just waiting."

"What do you mean, 'just'," growled another man, in robes of black and a beard and disposition to match. "That damn thing's reaching for us."

"Just whose bright idea was it to steer for Charybdis instead of Scylla, anyway?" demanded a young man with curly beard, long hair, and a blue-grey cloak, just crawling — dripping wet — over the side and into the bucket. "With two naval people aboard we ought to do better than this."

Another man -- in navy blue robes with one broad and one narrow gold stripe — blinked owlshly at grey-cloak. "Oh, you're back. Only, Sid's a sailing ship man and I don't know anything about outboard motors either," he said, gesturing at the pair of big, silent machines mounted on the rim of the bucket.

"But — but the standard way, we were sure to get a dozen of us snatched up," objected the pilot, a blond-bearded man. "And with the extra power and all, it logically follows that —"

"Let me see now," said another man — tall, bespectacled, dark haired. "I think Scylla's tossing back more'n it's grabbing, this time around." He pointed upwards, as a blue-eyed streak arched across the sky from the monster, dropped into the sea near a distant houseboat. A red-bearded streak arched closer; blond-beard and two others tossed him a rope as he splatted into the water a few yards from the bucket.

A tentacle swooped down over the tossing bucket. A young lady in filmy, vari-colored robes snatched off a high-heeled shoe, started swatting at the questing tentacle. "Do something, somebody!!" she wailed. "Isn't there something in the OA's responsibilities —"

"I said I would lead thee beside the still waters, and these — urp — are anything but," said a voice from the bottom of the pile in the bottom of the bucket.

"And I can't get these damn motors restarted," complained a fairly plump, well-tanned young man, crouching beside one of the outboards.

"Scylla's taking it easy, this time," said grey-robe. "When it let go of Jack, he just stood there, in mid-air, glowing a little —"

"Well, it isn't cautious enough for me," snapped the young lady with the shoe. "Fred, you take charge and do something!"

"Well — okay," said the tall, bespectacled man doubtfully. "So — Bill — you try casting a blessing at the creature. Bruce, just in case, cast a curse at it. Now the engines —" He glanced at them. "Ah-ha! Al, you've been trying to start them by turning them sunwise, whereas you should know everything Cultish turns widdershins."

"I'm sorry — I got it mixed up with TAPS," mumbled the plump young man.

"Well, you should have noticed the large arrow telling you which way to —" and the rest of his words were cut off by a roar as first one motor took hold, then the other. With a deft whip of the control handles, the new steersman/engineer whirled the bucket around once — widdershins, of course — making the questing tentacles tie themselves in a braided tangle, and then straightened the now speeding bucket.

"By the Tower," yelled the man in black. "What happened to Charybdis?"

"It's the turn of the tide," said a dark, heavily-built man in very freshly-made, navy-blue robes. "And of course the whirlpool stops then. Steer straight across. By the way —" he went on. "Can anyone explain whether I'm supposed to wear this —" he waved a long, curly, judicial wig "— over or under the hood of my robes?"

"Hmmm — I don't think there is a ruling on that yet," said blondbeard, as the contents of the bucket sorted themselves out.

"The trouble with Al," came another voice, this from a man in green robes and a very short haircut, "was pretty well summed up by Fred — going sunwise in a widdershins-rotating apa."

"Well — that doesn't exactly apply to him and TAPS — sorry, That Other Apa," said a man whose robes had a distinctly oriental cut about them.

"Well, there his trouble is entirely different," said greenrobes. "Al operates on a year of fifteen and a fraction 24 day months, whereas That Other Apa has been assuming there are twelve 30 day months."

Meanwhile, the bucket roared on across the wine-dark sea. The powerful motors roared, the propellers vibrated. The bucket was barely skimming the water now, riding high on the foaming wave that, behind their passage, spread out across the smooth sea to lap against the near-by, rocky shores.

"The railway was going to put in a line, right along the coast," explained the man in the army-green robes, "but the idiot contractor got the idea of using aluminum rails, to avoid corrosion... Of course, salt air eats aluminum like crazy, and we had to put in this ferry."

"Well, it is more appropriate to visit these places on the water instead of by rail, but isn't it a bit more dangerous?" asked the helmsman.

"You knew the job was dangerous when you took it, Fred!" piped a small man in a singsong, ritualistic manner, which didn't seem designed to add anything pertinent to the conversation.

"There are some problems," said greenrobes. "And here comes one now — see those rocks over there?"

The helmsman nodded.

"They're infested with sirens."

"Ah yes, the sirens," said the lady in filmy robes. "Did you know that the sirens are the birds of Rhiannon who sang at Harlech in the Myth of Bran?"

The helmsman shook his head; greenrobes asked, "Is that Bran Mack Morn?"

And, just at that moment, a shift in the wind brought the distant sound of singing -- infinitely longing, so alone -- calling -- calling --. And suddenly the wind changed again, the voices were gone.

"Them?" asked the helmsman.

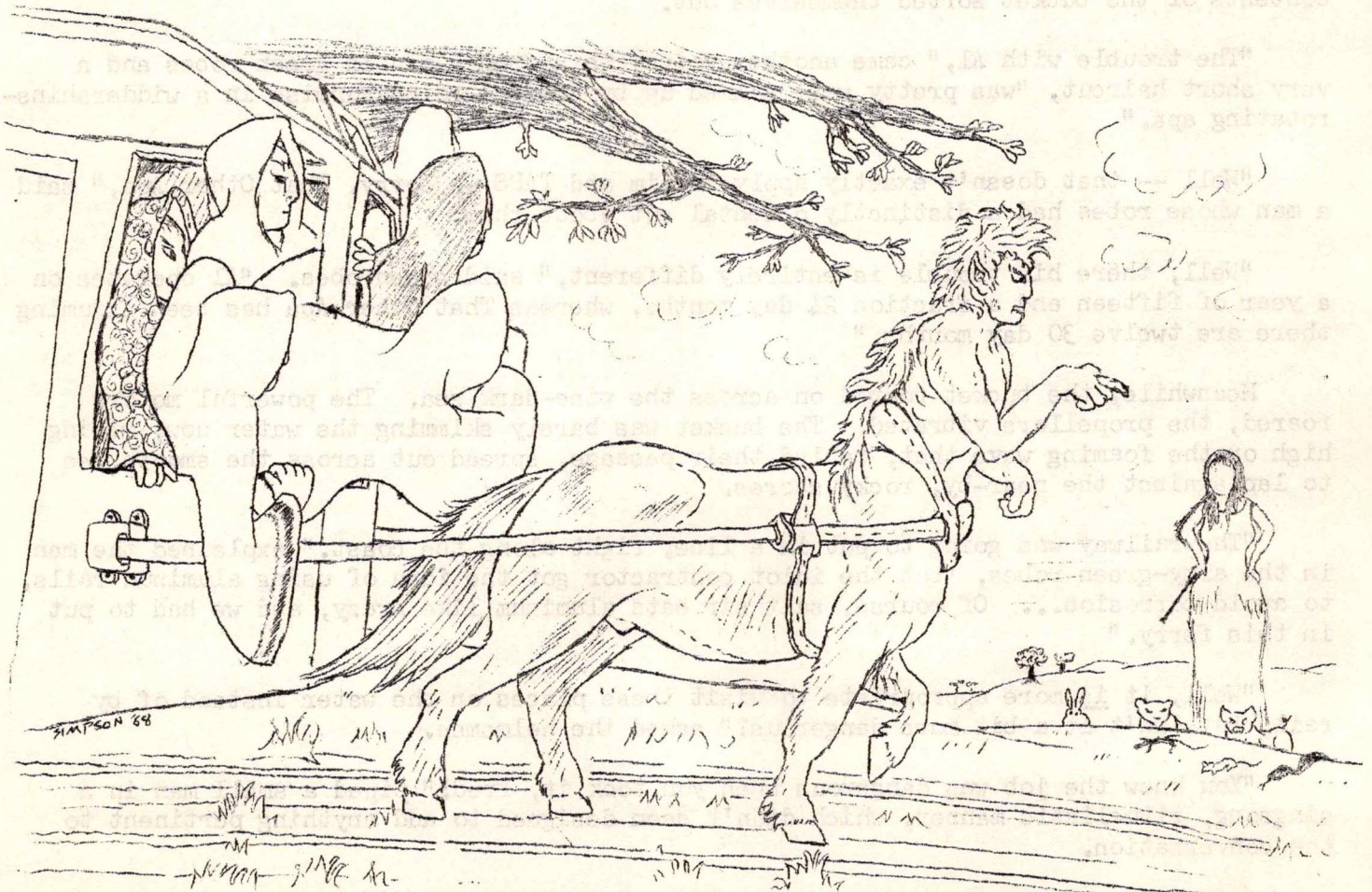
Greenrobes nodded. "Gonna use earplugs?"

The helmsman shook his head. "Got a better idea; Peggy!"

A quiet-looking girl -- with a look of firmness in her expression -- stepped forward.

"You and the ex-OAess steer," said the helmsman. "And if any he-sirens turn up, take over both engines."

"I don't think like that do I," said the quiet-looking girl. "In hygiene class --" but even she fell silent as the longing voices came clearly across the waves again.



An hour later, a still-silent bucketful of passengers drifted to a dock — ancient, weather-worn stone — that jutted out into a little, smooth-watered bay.

As the robed folk disembarked, the girl in the filmy robes said, "It is a good thing there weren't any he-sirens. S*i*g*h."

And the quiet-looking girl murmured, "Hygiene class didn't say anything about them."

The group stood, silent, for a few minutes, until a distant cloppety-clop announced a horse — no, a centaur, pulling a small, red streetcar along the almost invisible, stone-lined grooves that formed the railway line here. The streetcar pulled to a stop on the quay and the centaur unhooked his harness from one end of the car and trotted around to the other while the robed folk climbed aboard. The tall man helped the centaur hook up, hopped on the platform at that end of the car, and yelled, "All aboard!" In a moment more, centaur, streetcar, passengers, and all were moving briskly along the railway line that wound up into the hills.

They passed a few flocks of sheep, that parted reluctantly to let the centaur and streetcar through. A little further, in the gloom of an ancient olive grove that hung dark, green shadows over the tracks — still stone-lined grooves half-buried in the grass — a whoop of satyrs passed them at a trot.

And then, suddenly, they were out in the sunlight again, out from under the ancient, gnarled olive trunks, out from under the shimmer of dark-green-and-silver leaves. The car topped a small rise, slowed to a walk. The centaur announced, "And on your left, the world-famous witch —"

The lady standing on the left — tall, white-gowned, a wand in hand, a small flock of assorted sheep, pigs, lizards, and the like at her feet — glared at centaur, streetcar, and passengers. Before the centaur could finish his announcement, she flicked the wand in his direction.

Light flashed. The passengers blinked. Where the centaur had stood, now stood a man — naked, very muscular — with a horse's head.

The bespectacled driver yanked on the brake; the car jerked to a stop. The passengers piled out, some surrounding the transformed centaur, others staring — at a distance — at the angry lady in white.

The lady glared a moment more, then flicked the other end of her wand — and the centaur was abruptly himself again. The lady spoke: "I will not become a way-stop on a tourist trip through the Odyssean Isles. And just to make sure that no more goggling band of — of —"

She lifted her wand again, pointed it. At her feet, the goats, then the pigs, then the other animals pricked up their ears. Suddenly, one goat squealed, turned, and fled, followed by two pigs, and the rest of the flock of animals at a dead run.

The lady in white lowered her wand, looked after the fleeing, panic-stricken animals for a moment. She turned, looked more closely at the startled group of robed folk. Her eyes widened; then she picked up her skirts, whirled, and fled too. In seconds, lady, animals, and all were out of sight over the nearest hill.

"What on earth?" said blond-beard.

"That," said the lady in the filmy robes, "must have been Circe and some of the people she's turned into animals. But why —"

"Why they all ran?" asked the tall, bespectacled driver. "Have you ever stopped to consider just what kind of animals we would turn into?"

the roster

Members:

		214	215	Pub.
1. Chuck Crayne, 1050 North Ridgewood Place, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024	no	yes		Oct 21
2. Fred Lerner, 98-B The Blvd., East Paterson, New Jersey 07407	yes	no		Nov 11
3. George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, New York 14603	yes	yes		Dec 2
4. Gordon Eklund, 335 Stockton St., #308, San Francisco, Calif. 94108	pc	no		Dec 23
5. Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, California 91790	yes	f/r		Jan 13
6. Scotty Tapscott, 1222 Crandall Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106	pub	no		Feb 4
7. Fred Patten, 1704-B South Flower St., Santa Ana, California 92707	no	pub		Feb 25
8. Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024	f/r	no		<u>Jun 17</u>
9. Chuck Hansen, 701 South Grant Street, Denver, Colorado 80209	no	f/r		Jul 8
10. Dian Pelz, 1231 12th Street, Apt. J, Santa Monica, Calif. 90404	no	yes		Jul 29
11. Dick Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22307	---	no		Aug 19
12. Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo Avenue, Covina, California 91722	pc	no		Sep 9
13. George Scithers, CA, Box 895, Lawndale, California 90260	yes	yes		Sep 30

Associate Member:

1. LTJG Milton F. Stevens, USS Coral Sea (CVA-43), FPO San Francisco, California 96601		f/r	yes
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Active Waiting List:

1. Earl Evers, Box 192, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011	yes	no
* 2. Dave Hulan, 1005 Mt. Olive Dr., #10, Duarte, California 91010	no	yes
3. Bill Donaho, Box 1284, Berkeley, California 94701	---	no
4. Arnie Katz, 42-B Oxford Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14226	---	---
5. John Koning, 2008 Sherman, no. 1, Evanston, Illinois 60201	---	---

Inactive Waiting List:

1. Margaret Gemignani, 67 Windemere Road, Rochester, New York 14610		yes
2. Ken Goldsmith, 3874 Willowcrest Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif. 91604		
3. J. G. Newkom, 7338 Cartwright Avenue, Sun Valley, California 91352		
* 4. Alex Bratmon, 1800 East Heim, Apt. 48, Orange, California ?????		
5. Fred Hollander, 112 Braave House, CalTech, Pasadena, California 91109		
6. Jim Sanders, c/o James Seligmann, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.		
7. Sid A. Cochran, Jr., 805 Citizens' Bank Bldg., Tyler, Texas 75701		

Next Publisher: Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024
 Publication deadline, June 17; Letter receipt deadline, June 15.

Must write Pelz: Fred Lerner, Gordon Eklund, Scotty Tapscott, Bruce Pelz, Don Fitch,
 Earl Evers, Bill Donaho, Arnie Katz, John Koning, and Dick Eney.

Must write Hansen: Everybody else on the whole Roster.

* Change of Address. DROPPED: Len Bailes; Dave & Cindy Van Arnam, failure to write.
 ADDED: Fred Hollander, as IWLer #5, acto OA instruction.

I have a horrid feeling that I've goofed this Roster. Bailes was not listed in FR #214 as having to write; however, his last activity that I know of was ZWILNIK! #6, an f/r to FR #213. He didn't write to FR #214 or to #215, and I don't know of any circumstances absolving him of the need to do so. Therefore, I'm dropping him. He is replaced by Chuck Hansen. ## I suspect the members who only pc'd FR #214, and haven't written any-
 re substantial since, should be in trouble, but let it ride...

Fred Patten