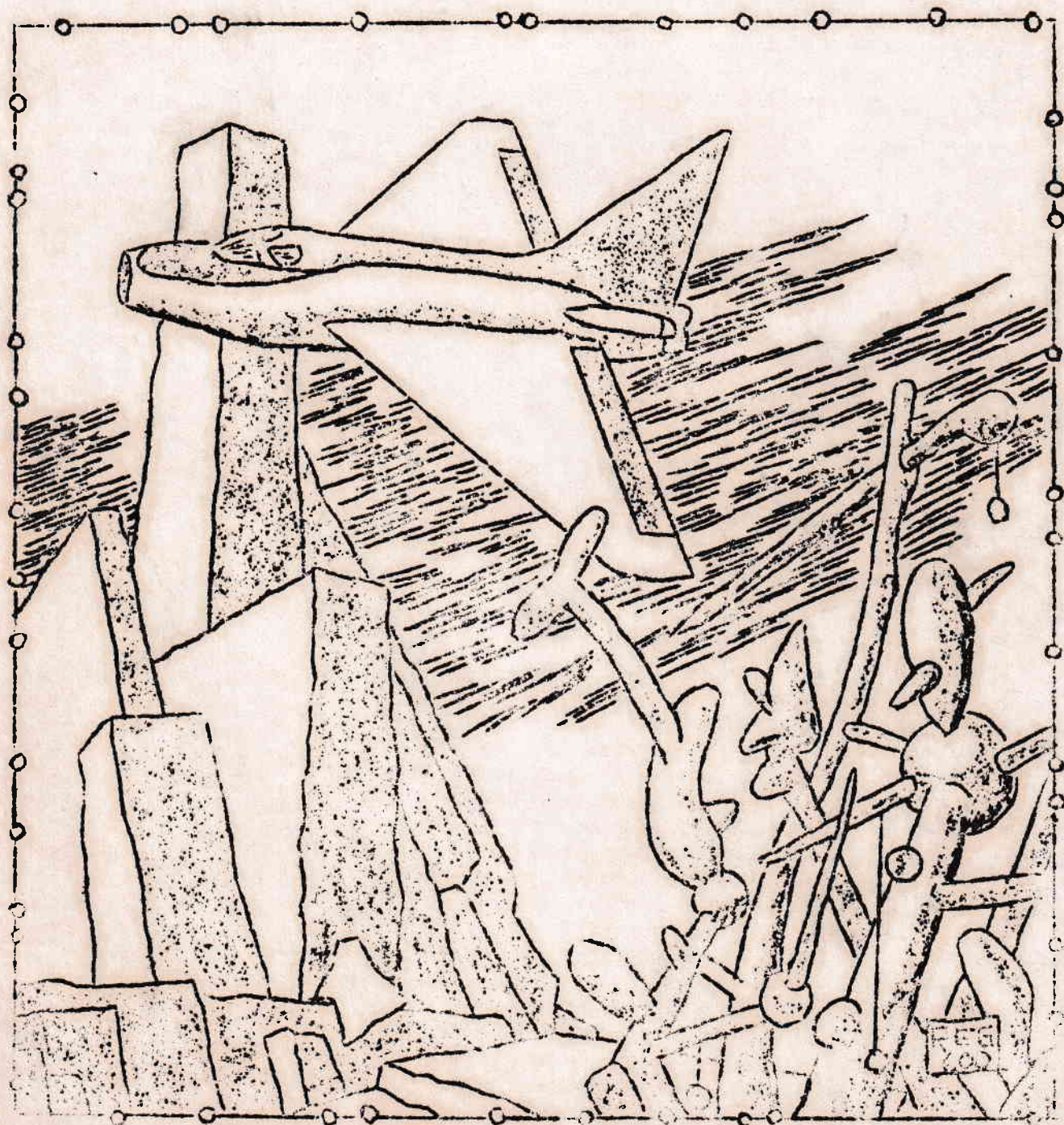
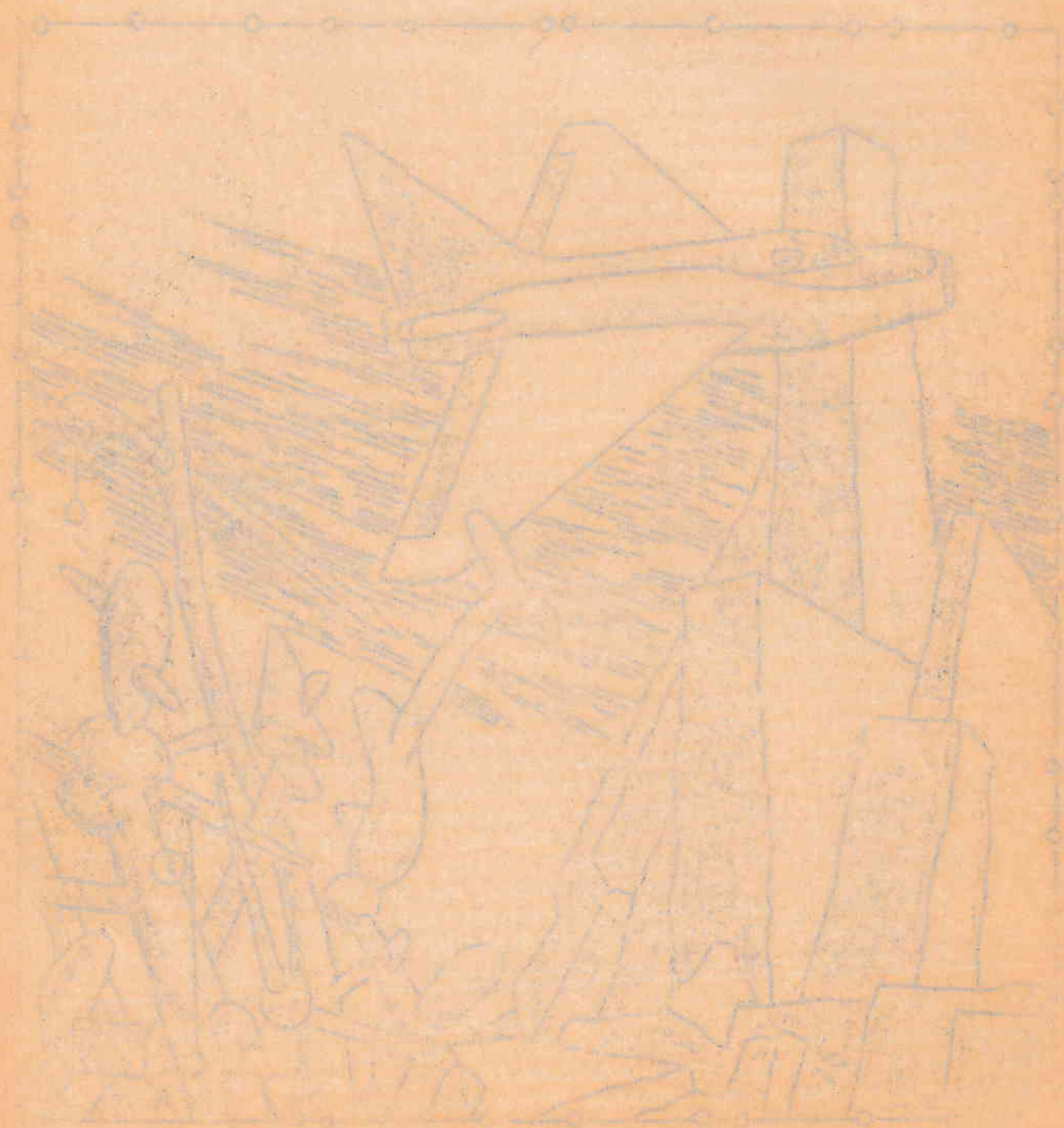


INVADER



Relovlat



cover by Robert E. Gilbert	station break 3 the invader attacks 4 by the numbers now 5 silence 6	interior art- R. E. Gilbert--8,10 Dave Locke--3,9,10 Jim Hulan--3 Joe Staton--4,12
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STATION BREAK

Here we are with a new issue of INVADER and I don't have to apologize to anybody. Isn't that something?

I'm not sure how this issue will turn out as far as repro goes. You know about my troubles getting the first ish printed and how Jim Harkness volunteered to do my printing from then on, but now it turns out that Jim has fainted or something and won't be able to do any of my repro for me any more. So, I've bought a little mimeo of sorts and will attempt to do my own. From what I've tried with the thing so far, it seems like it will do fairly well--but I'm having the worst trouble trying to figure out how to ink the thing. I guess you'll have to bear with me until I learn the fine points of my mimeo.

Another reason I don't know about this ish is that I have two reams of paper for printing, but they are both bond and it looks like I'm going to have a bit of a problem with show-through.

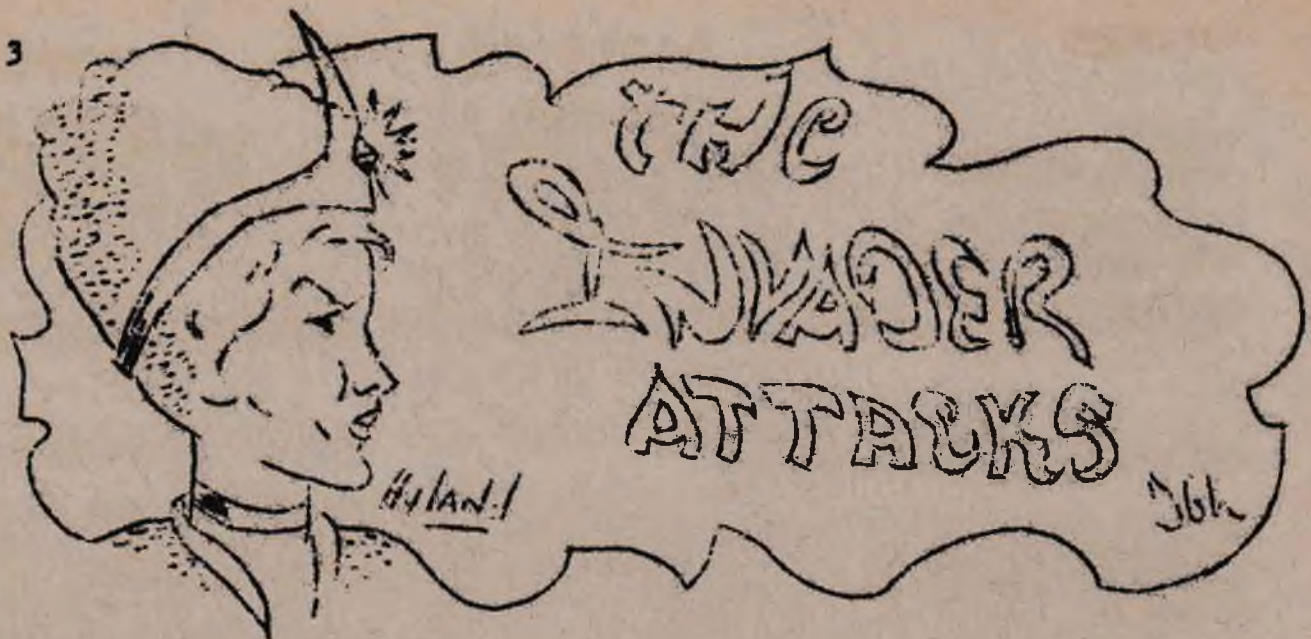
An era has ended in SFPA with Bill Plott dropping the OE position. Bill has been awful late some times with the mailings, but I think we should all be pretty grateful to him for taking over like he did when Dave Hulan had to drop so quickly. With all he had on him it was asking a lot and considering the circumstances, I think he came through with a pretty good performance.

I hope I can follow Bill as OE and do a fairly acceptable job. There are other people in the spa more qualified to handle the position than me, but it looks like I'm the only one with enough free time to devote to it--and even recently, my free time has been cutting down during the summer. I'll have all sorts of time though when school starts again.

During July I spent some time at Murray State College in Kentucky at an Art Workshop. The character in charge of the whole thing was named Harry Furches. He was pretty good as a teacher, but he was more of a nut than you'd expect. Always walked around chomping on a big cigar. He'd look at one of my paintings and mutter, "Oh, hell, you don't want that in that picture," and he'd make me rub out a road or something and start again on some part of the thing. Or he'd pile up a bunch of chairs and an easel and say it was a still life and to draw it. Wild. Most of the kids there were pretty good people (especially one named Alfred, who had the curliest hair I ever saw), but there was one kook who always demanded "And who are you to criticize my work?" when the teachers said anything about his pictures. ~~###~~

THE INVADER # 4 is edited by Joe Staton at 469 Ennis Street, Milan, Tennessee for distribution in the 13th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. Also available to certain Outsiders (for 15¢, a contrib or something.)

This is an Insulated Dragon Publication.



The rest of the zine has been dumbed and the margins justified and such like, but these MC's are going to be cut on stencil. Seems to me that mailing comments should be a little less formal than other parts of the thing.

WORDFARM—

Not too thick, but what you had here was quite enjoyable—makes me drool and faunch for more of the same. Wish you had more of those whimsical cartoons. I really get kick out of them.

ISCARIOT—As to page count, I think we did pretty well in the twelfth mailing; 150 pages isn't too bad. I just hope that we can keep them in this level. Your letter col just keeps getting more and more confused, with the LOC'ers in caps. I think we should get Buck Coulson for start—this whole mess. Why wasn't IT it's usual size? Couldn't you get enough material to fit your new policy?

ZAGS ZAGELC—Didn't think much of your cover. It looks like we have about three arguments going in SFFA now—ERB, religion, and this N'APA vs. SFFA business. As to ERB, you have my opinion from INV #1, except, that since I wrote that I've read The Moon Men (and a bunch of others) and I'm inclined to agree with you that it is the best of ERB's innumerable tales. Religion, well, I'll leave that to Al and the Daves, since they seem to enjoy that sort of thing. Now, I don't like the way the thing is going about whose spa is the best. It might get to be a nasty little fight if many of the members take it seriously. It doesn't matter to me one way or the other. As for me making any sort of comparison, I've only seen the N'APA zines put out by you and Kats (which were terrible) and the one put out by Richard Mann (which was beautiful). I don't think I could make any sort of meaningful remarks on that dearth of information, but I don't like the way some on both sides have been making malicious remarks.

SPORADIC—Bill Flott has now reached a new high in doing things wrong by running page #2 upside down. I like "The Richard Boone Show" too—especially the episode called, I think, "The Snake Woman" or some such, with Boone as a hill billy musician.

HUCK FINN MEETS THE PURP ERA—Now that's really something—a multilateral apazine. Beautiful artwork and repro in both Subk and The Pulp Era. I sure hope you continue to run Era through SFFA. I'm looking forward to your Barr Artfolio. By the way, do you have the art photo.

graphed onto metal plated or do you trace it onto paper masters. I find it hard to believe that you could do so well tracing it. Goshnow, sir.

HARLOCK—Well, this one keeps on improving. So Terry Ange can draw as well as write, huh? Why don't you get her to join SFFA? Or marry her or something? Or, better yet, tie her up in a package and send her to me. All's bit of fan fiction was funny. I just wish you would try to learn to spell Antartica right. Only thing I didn't care for was Putnam's "The Victors". Didn't think much of either the sentiments or the verse. Interesting illo on page 18. Why don't you run any more England art?

EGOBGO RESULTS—Now, that's the kind of egoboo results I like. But next year I'm going make everybody vote—if they don't, I'll pour ketchup all over their mailing before I send it out to them. Heheheh. I wonder why Plott didn't think of such an obvious solution.

POI-TUNE—Well, even if you did run out of stencils and not comment on my startling publication, I liked your usual insane output. You wanted to know why fans join SFFA? As for me, it's more or less that I feel that I "belong" in it. Bill Plott brought me into fandom about two years and a half ago with his zine **MAJESTRO**; my first fiction and art were in Dave Hulan's **LOKI**. I've just been placing most of my stuff in SFFA zines for so long it's gotten to feel natural to do it that way. And I correspond more or less regularly with most of the members, and the zines we pub are something of an extension of our carry. Where was your **Horrerschops** this time?

THE SOUTHERNER—
No, I was wrong, Bill did not reach the apex of snafu with his upside down page. Theifit forgot to put my name on the roster and spelled my zine wrong. Oh, for shame, Bill, for shame. Go off in the corner and cry.

Here I am with at least half a stencil left and absolutely nothing to say. That's what I get for listening to Locke and not dumping my MC's. **###**

"I have never killed anyone, but I have read some obituaries with satisfaction."

—Clarence Darrow



an article by Bill Plott

J. T. Oliver, an active fan back in the early and mid-fifties, once remarked that he used initials rather than a first name because he didn't particularly care for either of his given names. Consequently, he said that if he ever got married and had kids he would probably give them numbers instead of names, so they could select a name they liked after they got older.

I rather doubt if that would work though. In fact, it has been done before, although slightly modified from J. T.'s proclamation, and it didn't work out. A few months ago, there was an article released by the wire services about a man in New England who died without a first name. We'll call him Jones since I don't recall his real name.

Mr. Jones' father decided to let his son select his own name; well, Jones never got around to it somehow, and when he died at the ripe old age of 89, his tombstone bore the heading "Mr. Jones" along with the dates of birth and death. That was all. I don't think J. T. would want his executive offspring to end up in that fashion.

This problem of numbers is going to be a problem, though. When the USPO came out with its ZIP code a few months back, I was overwhelmed by Orwellian visions. Nevertheless, I started employing my ZIP code number immediately and have been using it ever since it began. It was supposed to speed up handling and delivery by as much as 24 hours but a steady study of the postmarks on the influx of mail at Plott Manor has indicated absolutely no change in the time it takes an epistle to get from one place to another.

Perhaps I am too hasty in my judgment--in a few months or weeks the Post Office Employees may have become better acquainted with the new system and the expected improvements will appear. But until that happens, that extra typing is getting to be a pain in the

posterior.

Numbers. Have you ever considered the extent to which names have been replaced by numbers during the last few decades? When your boss takes that healthy cut out of your pay check for social security you are immediately transformed from a name to a number in the government files.

The familiar names and five-digit telephone numbers have been replaced by annoying seven-digit numbers plus area codes to further confuse us. And if one happens to be a male there is always a serial number or selective service number to come with in connection with one's military obligation.

If you'll pardon the personal reference, I'll give you a few examples of other numbers I am stuck with. The Book-Of-The-Month Club and the Literary Guild of America have provided me with lengthy strings of numerals to identify me. I wonder what would happen if I signed my next check "190274226" or "111112710" rather than "William J. Plott"?

College manages to effectively complicate matters further. The University of Alabama has seen fit to bestow the rank of 56846 along side of my name. In addition I am issued a student activity card which also has a number, and, of course, it isn't the same as my student number--that would be too simple.

An article in Newsweek concerning ZIP code implied in true S-F fashion that someday babies would be given serial numbers in addition to their parental-approved titles. That would be a step toward simplification of all this number business if the kid could use that same number for social security, the military, the book clubs, college records and all the other implements of regimentation.

(Continued on page 7)

⑥ SILENCE"

BY RICHARD MANN

Harvey Felton had always been a little odd. His parents never understood him, and he made no friends. In fact, he had not little to do with people as he possibly could. He never said much, and he seemed to regard schools as some sort

of instruments for his torture and general bedevilment. When he came home, he always went directly to his room, and was very, very quiet.

Now, all of this stemmed from Harvey's hatred of sounds--any sounds at all. But his special hate was for the sounds of man: the roar of speeding cars and trucks on the streets, the harassingly constant stream of noisy helicopters and aircraft in the air, and there was the background murmur of civilization that never ceases--not even in the otherwise deadly stillness of deep night. There was always a lonely car in the night, or some factory in the distance that would always produce a throbbing and highly irritating noise. There was simply no relief.

On top of all this, Harvey's father was a spaceport official, and had to live on the grounds of the New York Spaceport. The deep, booming thunder of a rocket take-off plunged Harvey into a heart-felt misery and hatred of all those who caused this terrible breach of his beloved quiet. Whenever he mentioned his feelings to his parents, they would laugh and say that they didn't like it either.

So Harvey made plans, slowly and carefully. One day without warning anyone, he left home. He was sixteen years old, and had enough of his allowance money saved to start himself off in some other, more quiet place.

He got on a bus, and rode it until it reached central Kansas. He got off in a small town, and looked around until he found a small and out of the way farm for sale. He bought it, and went to work trying to make it support him.

The farm was better than the spaceport, to be sure, but it wasn't perfect. In one month, Harvey began to notice that his blessed silent retreat was not really so silent after all. All through the day, birds would sit in the trees around his home and sing chirpy little songs to an unappreciative Harvey. This and the noises of the literally millions of insects at night ruined Harvey's plan. This was almost as bad as the spaceport--the sounds were just more insidious and gentle about upsetting him.

So Harvey thought, and thought, and many years passed, along with many frustrations. When he had reached the age of forty-seven, Harvey had a truly good idea. To carry it into action, he would need much money, so he set about getting as much as he could as fast as he could. It had taken him twenty-one years of agony to get his idea, and he wanted to put it into execution before another twenty years went by and left him a senile old man whose dreams had never been fulfilled.

In five years' time, he had enough money. Even then he had to spend every penny he had, and even some that he didn't have, to buy everything he needed. He bought huge amounts of concentrated food tablets, and such equipment. The major cost, though, was the chartering of an old, creaky spaceliner to take him to his destination. His plan was simple: to go to the asteroids and set up a home on one of the great barren banks of rock he could find. His concentrated food tablets would have to last him until he got his hydroponics system set up, and

his atmosphere gear operational. Of course, Harvey had it set up so that there was no machinery to produce the sounds that had haunted him through every instant of his life. He would do everything by hand, slowly and painstakingly, but silently. He would have plenty to do, keeping his hydroponics outfit growing, and tending to the hundreds of other little chores that presented themselves. It was really a quite clever plan. And to give poor Harvey credit he deserves, it should have worked. Oh yes, it should have. But Harvey had forgotten only one thing. After one heavenly month, he began to notice some very small, but persistent sounds. His heartbeat, his breathing--they were very soft and low sounds, but they were sounds nevertheless, and they became too much for poor Harvey. It wasn't only the light sounds that bothered him, but the fact that his perfect, painstaking, wonderful plan had been foiled by his own traitorous heartbeat--something that would always be with him, something he could never avoid. This was the crowning blow; this was simply too much for Harvey. He could take it no longer.

Now Harvey has his eternal silence. Not long ago, his body was found by the regular supply ship personnel. Harvey had taken a very large dose of poison. He always did like to do things quietly and neatly. In respect to his last wishes, Harvey was given a space-suit by mail--and now he drifts noiselessly in the void between the stars--the majestic, ever-shining, absolutely silent stars. ###

"I've no doubt that I'm a bad influence on you. I'm even a bad influence on myself." ---Dave Locke

"I wouldn't ask Al Williamson to draw me a bath." ---Dave Locke

"If a forgine doesn't insult at least two fans per issue then it's not worth being called a forgine." ---Dave Locke

of my Orwellian fears as regards to numbers numbering. What if numbers were all that new-born infants were given? What if no names were used at all? Human identity and individuality would soon die out along with creativity. People would be just like the houses in suburbia today--all just alike.

Can you imagine Young Love in such a world? "9745138, I love you. Will you marry me?" "Yes, 3479012, yes!" and think of all of the marvelous names that would be obsolete and known only to those who perused ancient tomes buried amid the miles of microfiche in the libraries. Names like Kevin, Colia, and Brian connote the sophisticated Briton; Pierre, Marie, and Francois would disappear from the French language; oh, the list is endless.

And the effect on Hollywood. A shanoly young gal named 975276 becomes a starlet and changes her name to 382636 to match certain aspects that I'm sure I scarcely need mention.

Sports stars would find their records being constantly confused by all of the numbers. Radio and tv stations would drop call letters and would adopt the numbering corresponding to their spot on "your radio dial."

Now do you see why 1984--no play on words intended--loomed foremost in my mind with the advent of the ZIP code?

I want a number just like the number that computed dear old dad . . . Your number is up, Blackie Dugan . . . Does she or doesn't she; only her computer knows for sure. . . Mo llan. acis-tros-centro-acis-siete-uno-uno-dos . . . When the bear comes over the Univat, do-dle-de-dah-dah-tum . . . And then my analyst smiles at me and says, "You have been reading too much of that crazy Buck Rogers stuff, Mr. Plett. But we'll adjust you to your new environment. Now go on with the story of your unhappy childhood. . . ." ###

THE RIGHT TO READ IS
THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

by les sample

"Although I do not agree with what you say, I will defend to the death your right to say it." ---Voltaire

The most intolerant and most obnoxious of persons in the United States today are the self-righteous bulwarks of propriety who have chosen to defend the morals and decency of America through the ignoble use of the sword of censorship, flailing mercilessly at all forms of literature that they suspect of bearing the slightest taint of corruption. Corruption is defined in this instance as being anything which promotes or deals with any subject that the censors do not like—especially sex.

Sex is the personal devil of nearly all censors, and they are determined to rid the world's bookstores and newsstands, as well as all of the libraries, both public and private, of all material that gives space to this unholy demon. The reason usually given by the ardent crusaders is that pornography (and in their eyes any book or magazine which deals with sex, to the slightest extent, is frequently labelled as such) is a contributing factor to lawlessness; that reading about sex, or looking at photographs or drawings of nude or semi-

nude women, corrupts the Youth of Our Country, and leads to an increase in juvenile delinquency and sex crimes. These allegations are completely unsubstantiated, despite any emotional outbursts to the contrary by law-enforcement officers and middle-aged harpies in various parts of the country. I repeat: there has never been any documented study that has shown any causal relationship between the reading of pornography, and either the growth of juvenile delinquency or the commission of sex crimes.

As a matter of fact, there is a growing school of thought among psychologists and psychiatrists to the effect that pornography might actually have a beneficial effect upon society as a whole; that persons who might otherwise become juvenile

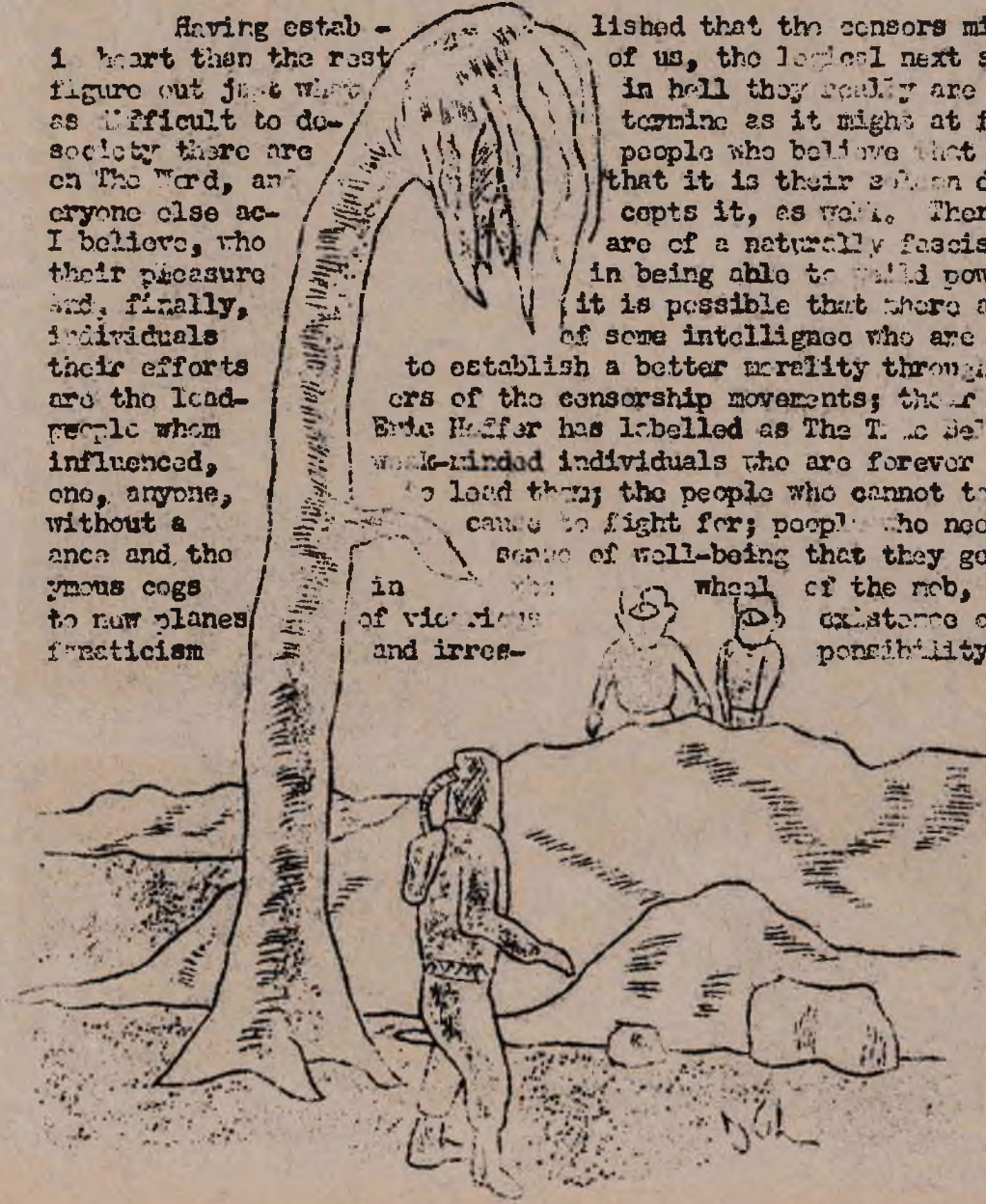
delinquents or sex offenders find a harmless outlet for their anti-social tendencies and hostile emotions by reading such literature.



There is another reason to believe that the motives of the censors are not so noble as they would have us to think. One of the primary reasons that censors give for their actions is that they are trying to protect the young and the immature from exposure to morally objectionable influences. Oh, yeah? Oh, serve the television: Every day, scenes are projected into most of the households of the nation in which people are robbed, shot, stabbed, strangled, poisoned, and beaten. If little Johnny watches attentively, he may even pick up a few pointers on how to commit the perfect crime. Not only do parents not seem to find such things as these morally objectionable, but they absolutely glee at the prospect of plunking the kids down in front of the TV set for the evening; it keeps them out of mischief, and it does away with the necessity of calling in a babysitter. I have never heard of a censor who protested the existence of this perpetual carnage on moral grounds--as mediocre entertainment, yes, but not as a possible bad influence on youth. The same thing is true of newspapers -- they daily feature photographs and stories, complete with all the grisly details, of the latest rapes, murders, and so forth. The censor, oddly enough, does not protest the appearance of these things.

Having established that the censors might be no more pure of heart than the rest of us, the logical next step is to try to figure out just what in hell they really are up to. This is not as difficult to do as it might at first seem. In every society there are on The Word, and anyone else act I believe, who their pleasure and, finally, individuals their efforts are the lead-people whom influenced, one, anyone, without a stance and the ymous cogs to new planes fanaticism

lished that the censors might be no more pure of us, the logical next step is to try to in hell they really are up to. This is not termining as it might at first seem. In every people who believe that they have been given that it is their solemn duty to see that concepts it, as well. There are also people, are of a naturally fascistic bent, who take in being able to wield power for its own sake, it is possible that there are a few misguided of some intelligence who are really sincere in to establish a better morality through censorship. These ers of the censorship movements; their followers are the Eric Hoffer has labelled as The True Believers; the easily weak-minded individuals who are forever lost without someone to lead them; the people who cannot tolerate existence came to fight for; people who need the self-assurance of well-being that they get from being anonymous in the wheel of the mob, being carried along of vicious existence on the shoulders of and irrec-possibility.



Since the U. S. Supreme Court has ruled that pornography is not protected by the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press, press and groups often use the charge of pornography as a ready excuse for burning books. That they object to the

entirely different reasons, usually religious or political. Occasionally, however, they do not even bother to use the "monography" dodge, but openly advocate the banning of books for other reasons.

This is perhaps the best argument against censorship: Once it is allowed to become an unchallenged, fully accepted practice, where will it stop? In Indiana, for example, a certain member of the Indiana State Textbook Commission has been trying for ten years to have all material dealing with the legend of Robin Hood removed from that state's libraries. Reason: Robin Hood and his



Henry had followed the straight Communist Party line. Yes--and the Wizard of Oz was a fascist. Speaking of The Wizard of Oz, that book was banned from school libraries in Miami, Florida, several years ago because--and this is a real crogger--it was considered to be "too unrealistic!" In the state of Georgia, a book designed to be read to children from the ages of three to five years was banned because during the course of the story a white rabbit married a black one. The censors proclaimed that the book might provoke their children to look favorably upon miscegenation.

Despite new victories in the courts in the last few years for the anti-censorship faction (Examples: Lolita, Lady Chatterly's Lover, Memoirs of Hecate County, Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn, Bunnie Hill, to name just a few) have been declared non-pornographic, and all are now published in this country) the battle against censorship is far from won. Postal and Customs Inspectors are still allowed to seize shipments of books at the arbitrary caprice of the individual. Censorship groups, when thwarted by the courts, often use such extra-legal means to achieve their ends as threats of economic boycotts, police harassment, and occasional threats of actual physical violence. There is evidence that such extra-legal censorship methods are being used here in Columbia. A thorough investigation on my part has led to the discovery that neither Tropic of Cancer nor Tropic of Capricorn can be purchased in this city at any price. The 95¢ pb edition of Bunnie Hill is available under the counter at one place, but only if you are willing to pay \$3.75. The people in Columbia just will not stock those books for any reason.

Even if it were admitted that there is a need for censorship, most censors



by
Harry
Montgomery

WHEN HUNTERS MEET

11
Dusk had set
and a black veil of
darkness lay over the
city. It was a clear
night on the waterfront
and a cold January wind
blew in from the bay.
The street was several
hundred yards from the
dock and was bordered
mostly by warehouses.

A gnawing hun-
ger finally drove the
large brown rat from
the warmth of his nest.
With his body in the
protecting darkness of

the alley, he looked cautiously around the corner. The street was deserted. The cafe at the far end of the narrow street was closed for the night. A small neon sign on its window, coupled with a street light, was the only illumination. The rodent's hunger was a desperate one and his sharp black eyes had a haunted look.

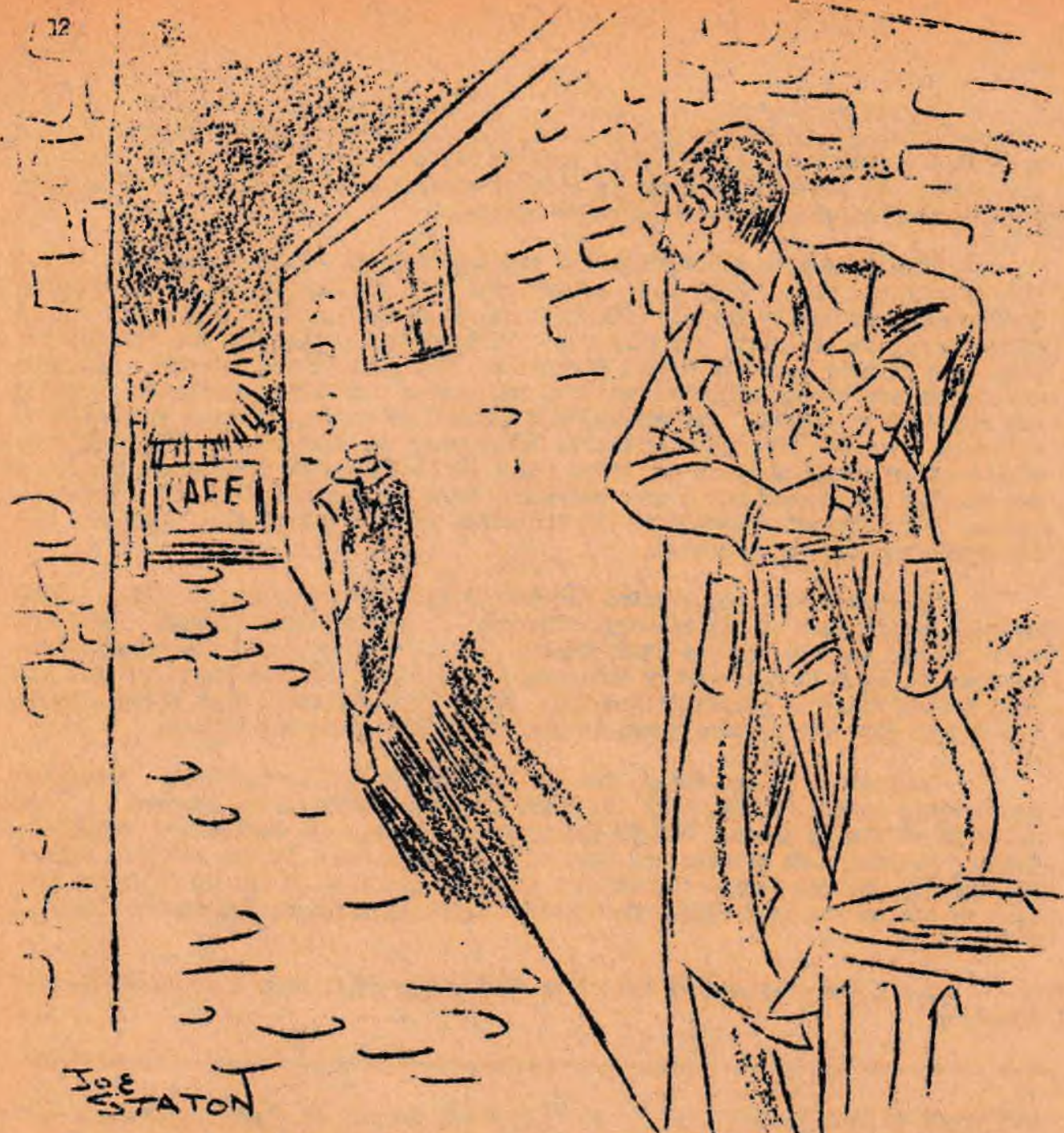
He was preparing to cross the street and search the garbage cans behind the cafe, when his sense of smell warned him of the unapproaching human. His eight-inch body melted back into the dark shadows of the alley. Keen ears heard the swiftly moving footsteps.

As the rodent watched in the darkness, the figure came abreast of the alley and was silhouetted for a moment against the brighter illumination of the street. Suddenly the figure turned and stepped swiftly into the alley. So quick was the movement that the man almost stepped on the small animal in the shadows. The rat shrank back against the wall of the brick warehouse, silently baring his fangs in fear. The figure either didn't see the small rodent or didn't care. His attention seemed to be attracted to the approaching footsteps of a second person whose steps came more slowly.

Seeing that he wasn't in any immediate danger from the human crouched against the wall in front of him, the rat's body relaxed slightly. The rodent had witnessed such acts before. The figure before him would wait until the one approaching was abreast of the alley's entrance—and then would attack from behind.

The waiting figure was dressed extensively and had a thin face. The man looked young, but the dark eyes held a glint that can come only from age. The heavy overcoat only partially defied the cold, and he shivered as he waited for the footsteps to come nearer. A strong right hand slowly drew an ornate dagger from its jewelled sheath.

It seemed like an eternity between the sound of the heels striking the sidewalk. A grim smile played upon his lips, as the footsteps came ever closer. To live he must kill again. It didn't matter to whom the approaching feet belonged; the sacrifice could wait no longer. He had almost waited too long. Self-preservation was stronger than any morals he might have once possessed—he would kill again to pay homage to the dark god that had given him immortality.



The slow-moving footsteps had now reached the alley and figure began to move by the entrance. Moving with almost incredible silence, he approached the smaller man from behind—and raised his dagger for the death blow. The blow was never struck. With near fantastic swiftness the smaller figure turned and looked at his would-be assassin. The immortal stopped and stared unbelieving.

The face that stared coldly back at him was one that was not unfamiliar. The white face and red eyes were out of place in the gray overcoat and hat. He had no doubt about who stood before him.

The man had seen the man in the alley long before he came to the entrance. And for all the immortal's station had been his superior in knowledge. For an instant that second of eternity, they stared as though to see if the

In his regular identity as a wealthy doctor, he was questioned his use of blood plasma. The blood plasma had kept him alive but never satisfied. It had been over a year since he had given vent to his passion and had stolen out into the night. He had to be especially careful these days. If anyone ever suspected his true nature, there could be no escape.

Time seemed to stand still for the two figures. The immortal stood poised with the dagger held high, motionless. The smaller figure of the vampire stood frozen as he had turned. The hunter, in searching for prey, had found each other. To the still watching rat, the instant in which the two "war" stared into each other's eyes was only a heartbeat. The smaller and younger vampire took advantage of the other's momentary indecision and struck—with the cunning and speed of an animal. The rat watched the two struggling figures with only a detached interest. The gnawing in his belly was still unapposed. The two struggled further into the alley and there was a swift flurry of movement. Suddenly the smaller one forced his larger assailant back against the wall of the warehouse. With fingers clutched at the immortal's throat, the vampire applied all the strength that he possessed.

Minutes later, the vampire got to his feet and staggered slowly away from the still form of his victory. The man who had achieved eternal reprieve from disease and old age was still human. He could be killed. The vampire looked down on his fallen adversary with awe. He wondered at this human who had almost bested him—had almost killed him. Suddenly the vampire felt uneasy. Looking around him with growing fear, he turned and fled down the street.

Behind him in the alley, the rat had started to leave, when something added wings to his flight. All the years that the immortal had cheated now piled up on him in death. Within thirty seconds after the slayer had departed, nothing remained but clothes and dust of his fallen foe. In the alley across the street, the rat forgot the strange thing he had seen as the scent of food came to him on the cold wind. He scurried into the darkness toward the rear of the cafe.

. . . And overhead in the clear winter sky there came a sound of distant thunder.

THE RIGHT TO READ IS THE RIGHT TO LIFE * Les Sample * Continued from page 1

who are in the business today are incapable of judging the difference between a worthwhile book and one whose sole reason for existence is to arouse the puritanic interests of the reader. Along with such books as Call of the Wild and Sax Kittie, the censors would also ban The Catcher in the Rye and The Day With the Gun. They would throw Mister Roberts and For Whom the Bell Tolls on the trash heap as Obsessed. The noble censor is no respecter of persons: He persecutes professional pornographer and Pulitzer Prize winner with equal vehemence. His ignorance is a weapon more to be feared than a thousand guns; he and his comrades are a greater threat to freedom than any in the world.

I am convinced that the only sanepolity toward literary censorship is to let the free fight for the good and by the good. There should be no censorship at all.