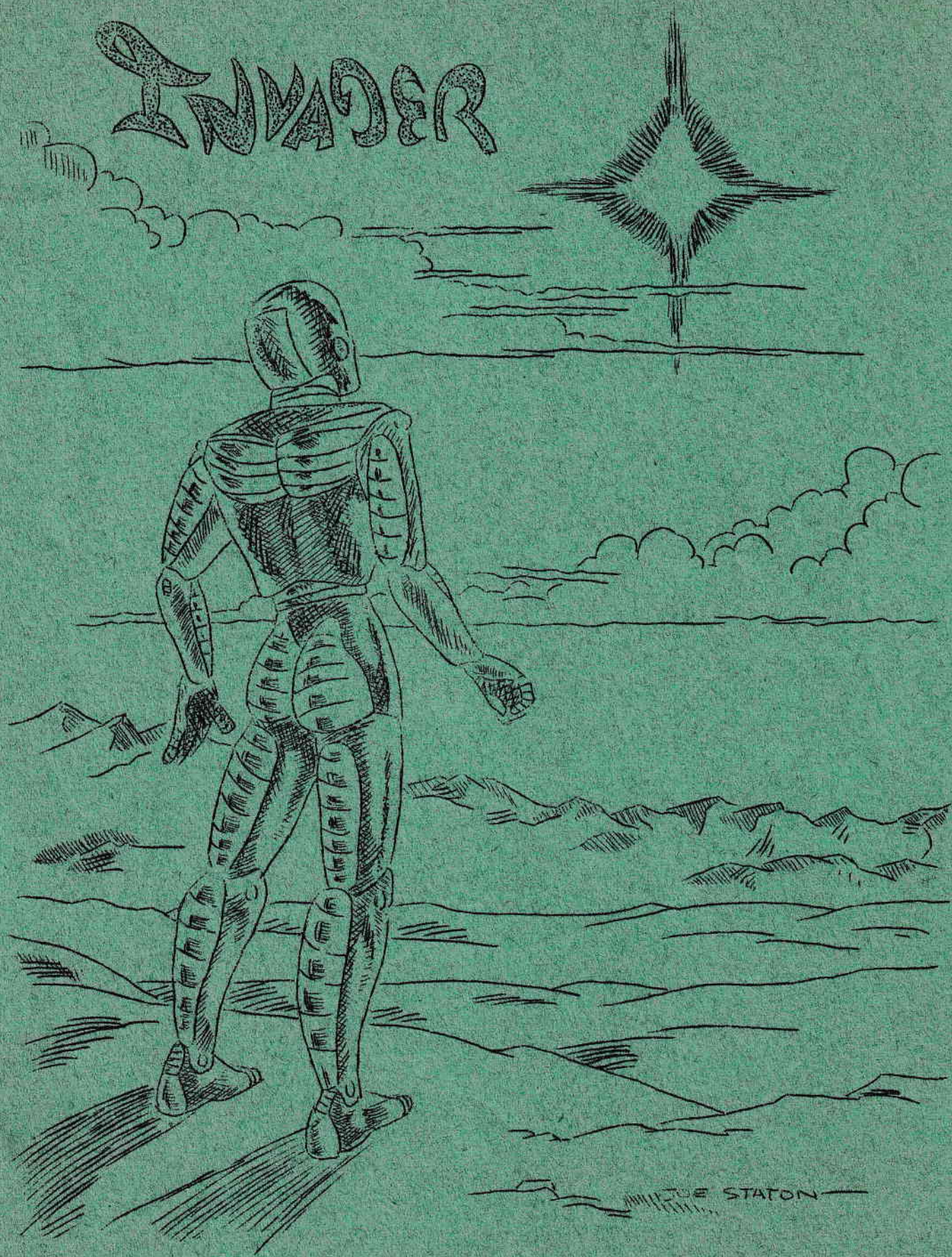


INVADER



JOE STATON

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STATON BREAK

"This of LOKI marks (unless someone beats me to it) the first fanzine appearance of one of the more talented young fiction-writing gans I've seen during my tenure in fandom. Joe Staton is only in the 8th grade (well, by the time this appears he'll have finished that grade), but I think his style is as polished as that of many an old-timer, and I have a feeling that if he sticks in fandom you'll be hearing much from him in the future." ---Dave Hulan

And so it was that in Loki #3, which circulated with the June 1962, mailing of SFPA, that I made my entrance into the pages of Southern fanzines. The bit of fiction was an atomic war short titled "And Now Gomorrhah."

Therefore, this mailing of SFPA marks something of an anniversary for me. At first, I considered reprinting ANG to mark the occasion, but as it dealt with the nuclear deaths of John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev, events since then in Dallas and Moscow have rendered it considerably dated, if not in poor taste. But I did want to do something along those lines, so I've reprinted what was probably the second piece of fiction I ever had in a fansine, "Man Walking" from Maelstrom. Because it's a dream fantasy it's rather difficult to age.

I Have been following our first contested Official Election with interest, primarily because the way the whole thing got so tangled up and confused, if it wasn't carefully observed, something might have gotten by me and I'd have been completely off the track again.

In this "War of the One*Shots" that has been going on, most of the charges and accusations from each side have been relatively harmless. However, I think some of the remarks pointed in my direction in Larry Montgomery's second Wait a Minute deserves some sort of answer.

In this little flyer Larry said that he resented a remark I made to him in a postcard message. However, he did not print the postcard, and made it appear that I had resorted to the gutter methods of name-calling in the debate over the meaning of SFPA's Constitution. Just for the record I've never called Larry's professor an "Ethiopian lawyer". As I remember, I made the statement that relying on the opinions of his teacher and of David Mitchell was analogous to calling upon a three year-old child and an Ethiopian lawyer in a dispute with Thomas Jefferson over the meaning of some slight quibble in the United States' Constitution. I felt the meaning of that was quite clear, even for Larry, but it seems it wasn't. All I meant was that neither Mitchell nor the professor were to be counted as competent to interpret the Constitution because they were unfamiliar with the precedents and such. I don't think Mitchell is competent to pass on anything, but in the case of the professor, it was the same as though he had suddenly been transported to a country wherein he knew nothing of the laws and was

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Therefore not qualified to interpret that country's laws. It's that simple. If anyone thought I was casting aspersions on the man personally, I'm sorry.

Larry also claimed I had no business putting out an official paper on the matter without getting another opinion on it. Well, I'm not so fortunate that I can get lawyers to give me opinions free, but just to set things straight, I did not issue the OE flyer until I had been advised by a fan with considerably more experience than either I or Larry in apas to do so. I'm not trying to evade responsibility for my action, merely pointing out that I did not fail to consult "someone with a little more knowledge of such matters."

But that's all beside the point now. Montgomery's quibble has been resoundingly rejected by the membership of SFPA. A ten to two win by Dave Hulan doesn't leave much doubt as to who the majority agreed with.

Elsewhere in this mailing, you'll find a copy of "The Amazing SFPA-Fen" the first publication of SFPA Comics. It's a topical satire says Len, but I wouldn't know about such things. Actually, I think it's a pretty good lampoon of most everything in sight. If you people seem to like it, Len and I will try to come up with some more along the same lines.

At first SFPA Comics was intended to be finished by the time the rest of Invader was and I was to send the both of them off to Dave Hulan at the same time, so he'd run the mimeo'd Inv. on the rex and the Comics on his newly-acquired ditto. Then he'd bind the comics pages into the zine.

However, the batch of ditto masters that I bought here in town to use were so old or something, that they wouldn't make a good solid line or color area, so I carried them back to the store for my money back, and rushed of an order to Sears for a bunch of Tower masters. The mineo'd stuff was sent off before the masters got here so good ol'd Dave could be doing it.

I recently traded an old pulp magazine to Buck Coulson for some paperbacks and such, and in more than one of them I came across stories that I'd been looking for a long time. In one, Interplanetary Stories, edited by Orson Welles, I found Heinlein's "Green Hills of Earth". I've been hearing about this story everysince I started reading sf. Every body would say, "Gee, Hervy, I think your story reminds me of GHoE," or "Say, Sebastian, have you been swiping ideas from GHoE?"

I had worked myself up into a fit of expectation looking for a copy like I did with the Mars books before they were paperbacked. But where ERB'S things were a disappointment, Heinlein turned out to be just as good as everybody had said. It's now one of my favorite tales. I think it's nearly as good as his "Man Who Sold The Moon."

###



ANOTHER LOOK AT

by Selma B. Kolmes

"THE RIGHT TO READ"

Editor's Note: I don't usually print letters of comment that I receive on Inva-
der, but this one had some points to it which I thought would be of interest as a
follow-up to Les Samples' article on censorship last issue. ---JtS

May 9, 1965

Dear Joe,

Many thanks for your subtle and snide reminder that I had promised you some copy for your publication. There are many reasons for the delay, not the least of which is that as the weeks went by and the more I thought of what I wanted to say, and I was thinking about it, the more confused about the whole issue I became.

I have now come to the conclusion that one cannot set up objective levels to determine what constitutes pornography. What may be art to one may be salacious to someone else. I can well imagine some sick soul drooling over some of the illustrations in Gray's Anatomy. That immediately leads to the tremendous problem of who shall be the judges. It would be very dangerous, I think, to leave it to the local communities. First, there are different levels of sophistication and of standards. Second, publishers would have to fight thousands of court cases for each book banned in the various communities which would put money into the courts and not in the publication of books and other artistic creations. If we are to have, on the other hand, a national censor board that, of course, leads to even greater centralization. Also, there is still the danger of political orientation in such a censorship board. So, I am now at that point of thinking that the actual control of pornography is more dangerous than the publication of material in questionable taste.

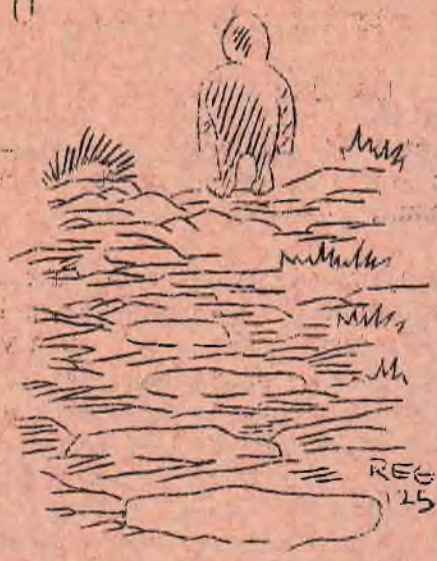
If one is not an anarchist, one is always faced with the problem of maintaining a balance between freedom and control. If we were all angels, we would need no laws. But since none of

us are angels, we all need some form of control--even the law-enforcers, and that is the central problem in any democratic society. Hence our system of checks and balances. In this issue, I see the key question as: Is society strengthened or weakened by a law forbidding pornography? While the writers of much of the serious books that fall into the class of pornography extol acts and sentiments that are probably inimical to the growth of society in its present direction, to pass a law that would prohibit the sale of such books would, I feel, be as farcical as was Prohibition. I can see books being bootlegged in plain, white wrappers. In my estimation, morality cannot be legislated. Therefore, the only solution seems to be to educate our people to appreciate what is great and eschew that which is scatological.

However, all this is not the stand I took in my conversation with you. If I recall, I said that the danger was that too much of this kind of reading could become an end in itself. Obviously, such a state of af-

Continued on
page 6





MAN WALKING

BY JOE STATON

Merton was walking, or at least he thought he walking. He was afraid. As he cast anxious glances about him, perspiration stood heavy on his brow. Dwarfing him on either side were gigantic trees, Redwood or sequoia, he thought, although he knew none of that ilk had ever grown so high. For hundreds of thousands of feet these trees had no limbs or foliage; then they branched out and the dense foliage formed a tight roof obscuring the sky. The foliage of the vegetable giants itself bore witness to their oddity; the leaves were each perfectly nine-sided and equal-veined. Rarely, an open spot presented itself in the foliate canopy, and Merton could see through the narrow split so far above his head a pale yellow sky. Perhaps it wasn't sky, he thought, perhaps--but he could rationalize what else it could be. Of course it was sky, but yellow? Here his reasoning faculties deserted him as the proverbial rodent deserts the equally proverbial sinking ship. An atmospheric disturbance, of course. This ehlped him somewhat until he realized that atmospheric disturbance could mean anything from alpha to omega and half-way back again.

Oh, the sky is high
 And the forest is deep
 For 'tis there that
 The nymphs are asleep.

Now, why did he think of that?
 He had never heard it before, and he

knew very well that he could not compose verse of even that simple meter. Just what was a nymph, anyway? One of those immature insect things? This repelled him. He would look for a better meaning. Was anynph that thing half goat and half man? No, that was Pan, the satyr with his pipes. A nymph, he repeated in his mind. Then it came to him. A nymph was one of those woodland spirits. Looked just like fairy girls, they did. Sure, that's what they were. Psyche was one of them; her name meant soul. That was a very pretty name, Psyche: Psyche, the Soul. Almost Chinese in its symbolism. What was it, though, really? Lattin, Phoenician, Greek? Yes certainly that was it. Greek. Psyche existed in Greek mythology, he thought. What was it she had done? He knew that legend. She had been forbidden to look upon Eros, but she had done so, and they were united forever. That seemed a bit muddled, but so did all his thinking now. What did Eros mean? Probably Greek too. Eros, let's see, now, that would be Cupid to the Romans. That fat kid on the Valentines? No, Eros, was a regular he-man sort of fellow. But, the meaning, what was it? Eros, eros, erotic? That's it, Eros meant desire. Desire united with the soul, what did that make? Love? Sex? Freudian attraction? He didn't know. He tried to think what Psyche looked like. He remembered seeing a picture of her somewhere. Yes, he had seen a reproduction of some painting in a book of mythology. Psyche had

been represented as a girl of about fifteen, maybe sixteen, with small golden wings. She had been nude to the waist, then she was covered with what appeared to be either half of a tunic or a sheet. She had looked very innocent and was looking at herself in a brook or spring or something, in naive delight. What was he doing thinking of nymphs and gods and mythology? He tried to focus his mind on the locale in which he found himself. The gargantuan trees were still standing on either side of him. The yellow sky still shone through the slits in the leaf canopy. He was still walking apparently. He wondered what he meant that he was walking apparently. He had to be walking. Apperception told him so. However, apperception told him that he saw a yellow sky. He didn't believe that. He looked at his feet. Yes, they were still moving. He noticed the road for the first time. It was mud. The mud oozed between his bare toes. The purple mud felt good, oozing over his feet. Just one minute, there: what did he mean, purple mud? Mud wasn't purple. Black, yes, brown, yes, orange or red sometimes, even, but never purple. He knew what color mud was. It was never purple. Skies were never yellow, either. But he saw that each one was. This mud even felt odd. Most mud felt at least somewhat gritty. This mud felt like velvet being rubbed on a bald head. His bald head.

Wait! He wasn't bald. Why did he think that? He was crazy. Stark, raving looney. That was the only explanation he could think of. At this very moment, he was probably strapped to the bed to keep him from killing the interns. They were most likely discussing whether to use insulin shock or a lobotomy. Personally, he preferred a lobotomy. It seemed more dramatic. They would open up his skull and take out a smidgin of his brains and he would be okay. Or would he? He bent down and took some of the mud between his thumb and forefinger. Not quite a solid, yet clearly

not a liquid; it seemed to be some sort of a cross between butterscotch pudding and motor oil. It slipped between his fingers and back to the road. His fingers were not at all wet despite the fluidity of the mud. His eyes glanced at either side of the road. To the right or left was the road for about three feet, then began about four feet of grass which continued until arrested by the towering trees, which went for... how many feet? Yards? Miles? Leagues? The grass was a glorious chlorophyll green.

Thank goodness! He couldn't have stood perhaps polka-dot grass. He went to the grass and clutched great bundles in his hands. The grass held him to sanity, one might almost say. But just as he touched the grass, it died and shriveled away. Merton recoiled in terror. I hope they hurry with that lobotomy, he thought. He was still walking. For how long had he been walking? All sense of time failed him. It might have been an hour, or it just as easily could have been a week. There had been only the trees, the road, the grass, and the yellow sky above the trees. Suddenly, a brook was across the road. He had to cross it, and the best method of accomplishing this purpose seemed to him to leap over it. Going back a bit and taking a running start, he propelled



himself into the air. As he flew over the brook, he saw small silvery fish swimming in its glistening water.

Upon alighting on the opposite bank, Merton rolled over. He stood up and straightened his uniform. (Why was he wearing a uniform? He seemed to remember that he had a job as an illustrator.) In the little brook, he saw a long, slithering reptile, which somewhat resembled a copperhead snake. As he watched the creature, it crawled out of the brook and headed for him. Merton turned and ran, but the reptile wiggled on after him. He slipped and fell face down in the purple mud. The coppery reptilian was very close to him. Seeing that he could not escape it Merton yelled. Suddenly, from the forest came a lithe young figure. The newcomer gestured at the creature, and it disappeared. As his rescuer helped him to his feet, Merton



realized who it was. The wealth of flowing blond hair, the small golden wings, the petit rose-tipped breasts -- she is an hallucination, he thought, she cannot be real. She leapt easily into the air above Merton, her tunic swirling in the wind to reveal finely carved legs. With a flurry of wings, she caught Merton up and flew straight for the leaf canopy. Crashing through it, Merton saw the yellow sky in all its glory. The radiant light reflected on the fine skin of Psyche. Around, around, in an ever-widening spiral, they flew.

"Where are you taking me?" Merton asked uneasily.

"To Olympus," answered Psyche.

Merton was awestruck, then fear-

ful. He squirmed in her grasp and her hold on his slipped. The forest rushed up to meet him.

Suddenly, he was no longer in the air. He was walking again. Where was he? He glanced about. Above him was a low ceiling not more than a foot above his head. To the touch, it felt cold. The walls and floor of this area were of the same material. The ceiling merged imperceptibly with the walls, and the walls with the floor. Concrete? No, concrete is always just a bit porous. This substance was not at all porous. He thumped it and received a bruised knuckle for his trouble. He ran his hands over it; it was horrifyingly smooth. The wall and floor fitted perfectly together. Try as he would, he could not make his thumbnail go between them. His feet padded the floor. There was a turn in the corridor which he followed. The corridor stretched out endlessly before him it seemed. Still, he walked, on and on, one foot in front of the other. He wondered where he was. Wherever it was, it was as mixed up as a Chinese puzzle. The corridor branched off into a "Y". Should he take the right or the left branch? The sheep on my right and the goats on my left. He would take the right corridor. It was just like the one he had passed from. Kind of like the labyrinth, he thought. What was a labyrinth? Oh, yes, that was where the Minotaur had lived. And the Minotaur? It was an odd creature, half man and half bull. Kind of like a Congressman. Let's see now, it only ate virgins, thought. A Congressman? He hoped not. Some fellow named Theseus had chopped its head to splinters with a broadsword. Commendable. Or was it? The corridor branched off again. Merton followed the right branch, still. Was it that Theseus guy who had stolen the golden fleece? No, that was some one else. He couldn't think who. The corridor was running upward. Merton continued walking until the grade grew more perpendicular; then he began to crawl up it. Finally, the corridor ended in a perfectly vertical funnel which was smaller than the corridor. Merton wedged himself into it and be-

gan to inch himself upward. Far above him, he could see a tiny pinpoint of light. Closer and closer he came to it. Suddenly, he became stuck. Struggle as hard as he could, he could not move. He was terrified. He screamed. No help came.

He screamed again and again.

To some men, hell is flame. To others, it is a black Freudian forest.

###

(Man Walking is reprinted from Maelstrom #3, by permission of Bill Plott, editor.)



"Why was I chosen
MOST OUTSTANDING
FAN? ... because I
am WONDERFUL, you
poor neo you."

"Oh, but censors do protest the violence on tv on moral grounds. Dr. Fredric Wertham of comic book infamy has launched a full-scale crusade against the evils of tv. He isn't getting very far, mostly because the parents watch tv too, and enjoy it. Since parents didn't read comics themselves they were quite willing to see them censored. There have even been a number of requests for government policing of tv to reduce the violence."

---Buck Coulson

"If you really want to know how to Seduce Girls, ask Hulan. He's told me a thousand times that he used to be a ladies' man. And if he tells me just once more, I'm going to Tell His Wife."

---Dave Locke

"Another Look at the Right to Read"

Continued from page 5. Fairs is unhealthy. The argument for censorship is that the reading of pornographic books leads to anti-social acts. There has been absolutely no proof to that argument. The counter-argument is that the characters who get into mischief the most seldom much of any sort of reading. Perhaps what should have been the slogan for Library Week just past was "Read A Book -- No Matter What Kind--But Read!"

What I have been trying to say in all this barrage of words is that I don't see any categorical article on the subject coming from me now since I am still trying to muddle through to some clear thinking of what stand need be taken. Right now, I think it would be best for youngsters to show some discernment in choosing what they read but at the same time, I think adults should allow the youngsters freedom of choice in their reading.

I'm sorry I delayed so long in getting my thoughts on paper for you. As you can see, they aren't very clear. However, I am still an admirer of your efforts and would like to see subsequent copies of Invader.

---Selma Kolmes



"Ah, but a true 'sensitive' knows he will win BEST FAN ARTIST!"



THE
INVADER
ATTACKS
MAILING
COMMENTS

By Joe Staton

KABUMPO---I really did like that cover. Not much that I can think of to say about it, but the combination of dark blue and white with the black accents came out terribly impressive.// The article on torture was interesting, but it only gets me to wondering again what really goes on out there in L.A.

LOKI---Well, it's rather late, but I was glad to finally get this ish of Loki.//Dave Locke's story wasn't too real good. The punchline was so old by now that it came as anti-climatic. // I remember "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" very well, though it's been something like two or three years since it was on teevee here. I recall that at the time, I couldn't figure out just why any of the commercial p r o ducers would attempt such a well-done fantasy. Of course, ours isn't a color set, so maybe I missed some of the atmosphere. But at any rate, it was a very haunting film. Rather like "Portrait of Jennie" in a way.//The remarks about Tom Swift, Jr. and all got me to thinking about some of the juve series I used to read. I never cared much for Tom, Jr.(or Tom, Sr., for that matter), but one I used to really go for was the Rick Brant "Elec-

tronic Adventures". It was all about this kid whose father was an Important Scientist who made moon rockets and things -- and Rick Brant had a side-kick who had just gotten out of the Marines of something. Sometimes I get the feeling that Jonny Quest on teevee is Rick Brant, because the stories are for the most part interchangeable. (I think I detect some snickers out there about my tastes, but if Buck Coulson can mention Jonny Quest, so can I.)

UTGARD---Hey, Dave, do all these election charge and counter-charge flyers that've been going about in the War of the Oneshots count as postmailings?// No, Almuric is all of Howard's stuff that I've ever read, since my stf consumption is limited to what paperbacks that I can find on the local stands. And I haven't Skull Face out in paperback anywhere around here.//I stand corrected on the numerical size of comic and ERB fandom, but I think my main point remains valid: SFFPA is unlike these groups and should be a definite part of sf fandom (while, or course, keeping its distinctive Southern, in-group flavor.)// Well, I rather thought Al's comment to me was funny. After I had done all my apologi-

zing and everything, the whole bit got to looking sort of ludicrous, and all Al did was to point this out. I liked the comment myself.

WARLOCK---Well, the guy on tee-vee was identified as "Larry Montgomery --an Alabama college student", and looked just like the photo of you on the back of Conglom-eration. Maybe there are two of you?// It's good to know that you're not "overly sarcastic or critical". Why, I'll bet you're not even arrogant and vindictive.

CLARGES--- I can sympathize with you over the moronic treatment you got from the PO. I'm beginning to wonder if the Far Right isn't correct about selling the PO. I don't care who bought it, it couldn't possibly be run any more incompetently than it is now.//One of these days I'm going to have to learn something about chess. It seems that every other person in fandom has a big interest in it. Unfortunately, I'm still trying to master Monopoly and Checkers.//Yeah, Len, why don't you explain that spacing? //I don't agree with your definition of atheism, Al. This bit here about God being "a self-conscious being who... is in direct control of all events occurring within the universe..." would leave a number of deists (who are not atheists) out in the cold. It seems to me that a better definition of atheism would be something like: "Having no conception of or belief in, any object, being, or abstract force above or beyond nature, and considered as worthy of reverence or worship." How's that one?

ZAJE ZACULO---(The Unpronounceable Fanzine). I'm fairly sure that I'd consider loyalty to the human race more

important than loyalty to any one country. If I were in any certain that atomic war would destroy the majority of human beings on the globe, then certainly, I would surrender. Of course, if my scientific advisors told me that we had a chance of winning the atom war without wiping out the great

mass of people, I'd order massive retaliation and try to kill off the enemy. I give you my promise, Len, that when I get to be President, I won't destroy the world. Honestly.//T h a t page of index to your pubs seems like a pretty sneaky way to get page credit.

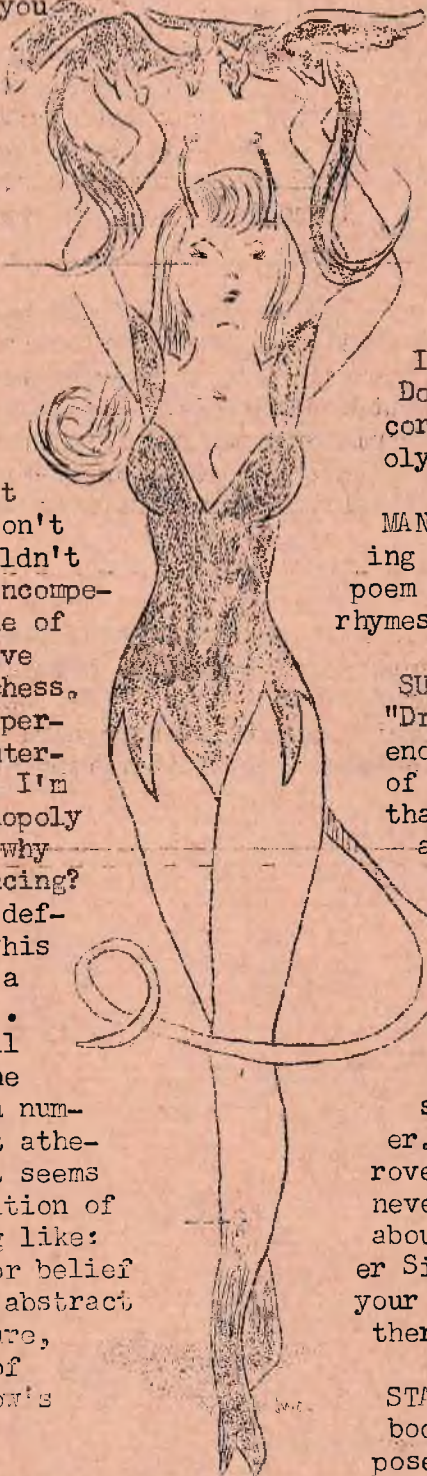
IBZIK---More about chess... Does anybody want to play a correspondence game of Monopoly?

MANNDATE---I've been pronouncing Dian's name like in Poe's poem "Ulalume", whereing Dian rhymes with "dry on".

SUCH AND SUCH---Oh, I thought "Dr. Strangelove" was funny enough. I got a big kick out of "Bat" Guano ("If you damage that machine, you'll have to answer to the Coca Cola company"). It's just that certain subjects make me uneasy. I get the same sort of feeling whenever I see something about the Civil War that I did when I saw those scenes of U S servicemen killing each other. Intellectually, I disapprove of killing anyone, but I never have any emotional block about killing people on The Other Side. When you have to kill your own people, though, that bothers me.

STARLING---Gee, here's somebody who liked Almaric. I suppose it takes all kinds.// I

still don't care much for your layout, but the material is mostly good. David Hall's fiction is amusing. I rather



liked it, even if some of the mechanics of the writing did leave a bit to be desired.//By the handling of the REG illos, I see that your stencilling was okay last time--it was just the art that wasn't much//Considerable improvement with this ish. I hope you keep on doing better with each one.

ENDLESS SHADOW---That's too bad --you would have made such a nice hoax, too.

DAMNYANKEE---Don't try to kid us, Arn. We all know you're actually Scared to Death of girls.//I enjoyed

the article on the New Wave in fandom, but I can't think of anything in particular to say about it.

CLIFFHANGERS---Norwood R by Lamont Cranberry.//Finally, a Cliffhanger that I really liked. The bit in Chapter Three about Murphy, struck me as an hilarious lampoon of the writers who are so carried away with description that they don't even check to see if it's making sense.//Do you mean you aren't a Beatle fan? Heretic.//The typewriter bit him savagely..." I have that problem at times. An electric typer tried to eat me alive once upon a time. # # #

"When you say that if I allow not in God the operations of seeing, hearing, observing, willing and the like...you know not what sort of God mine is, I thence conjecture that you believe there is no greater perfection than such as can be explained by the attributes aforesaid. I do not wonder at it; for I believe that a triangle, if it could speak, would in like manner say that God is eminently triangular, and a circle that the divine nature is eminently circular; and thus would every one ascribe his own attributes to God."

---Benedict Spinoza

"Over patches and areas in the South were few or no slaves, and thousands of men ready to fight for the Union. They were voiced by Andy Johnson of Tennessee, crying in a hoarse tone, 'Secession is hell-born and hell-bound,' also by a crossroads Unionist at a mountaineer gathering, throwing his arms wildly into the air: 'For God's sake, let South Carolina nullify, revolte, secesh, and be damned!'"

---Carl Sandburg

IN V A D E R # 7

From---

Joe Staton

469 Ennis Street

Milan, Tennessee

38358

TO---

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MAY be opened for postal inspection

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