

INVADER



INVADER

This issue is dedicated
to Len Bailes,
who likes me to write
my own material

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C O V E R

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A R T W O R K

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Arthur Thompson--
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Dave Hulan)--12

STATON BREAK

Hello, there, people. Since our beloved OE, Uncle Dave Hulan had so benevolently moved the deadline for the zines up a couple of weeks, I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to get time to dummy this issue and justify the margins and all like I'd been doing lately. However, the slick layout with the dummied margins is SOP around here and I have determined to stick with them.

Department of I Live on a Moebius Ring.

Not too much in a really trufannish way has hap - pened to me lately, so I think I'll try to fill up this editorial section by telling you about the things that 've been falling my way in the mundane world of late.

Like a while back when I was going to paint the picture of our graduating Captian of Cheerleaders, Julianne Simmons. As you faithful readers of this sterling publica- tion know, there are few things to which I would rather ap- ply my artistic abilities than the drawing of pretty girls, and Julianne Simmons is a more than ordinarily attractive little blonde.

But there are problems. Julianne's father is one of the top men at the Army Ammunition Plant a few miles from town and the families of the important pwople there live in a special residential area of the military reservation in terribly impressive houses.

And there is the trouble. Now, when I loaded the old drawing board and the tubes of paint and everything in the back of the auto and headed out there, I had no problem finding where she lived. None at all.

However, to maintain the general impressiveness of the place, the houses have no driveways leading in from the

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[From a preliminary study for a painting of Julianne Simmons.]

streets. No, sir, that would be entirely too simple. To get to the houses, you must get on another street and follow it until you come to the drives which are in the rear. There are little signs in the front of each yard telling you who lives where but in the rear, where you need them, there are none.

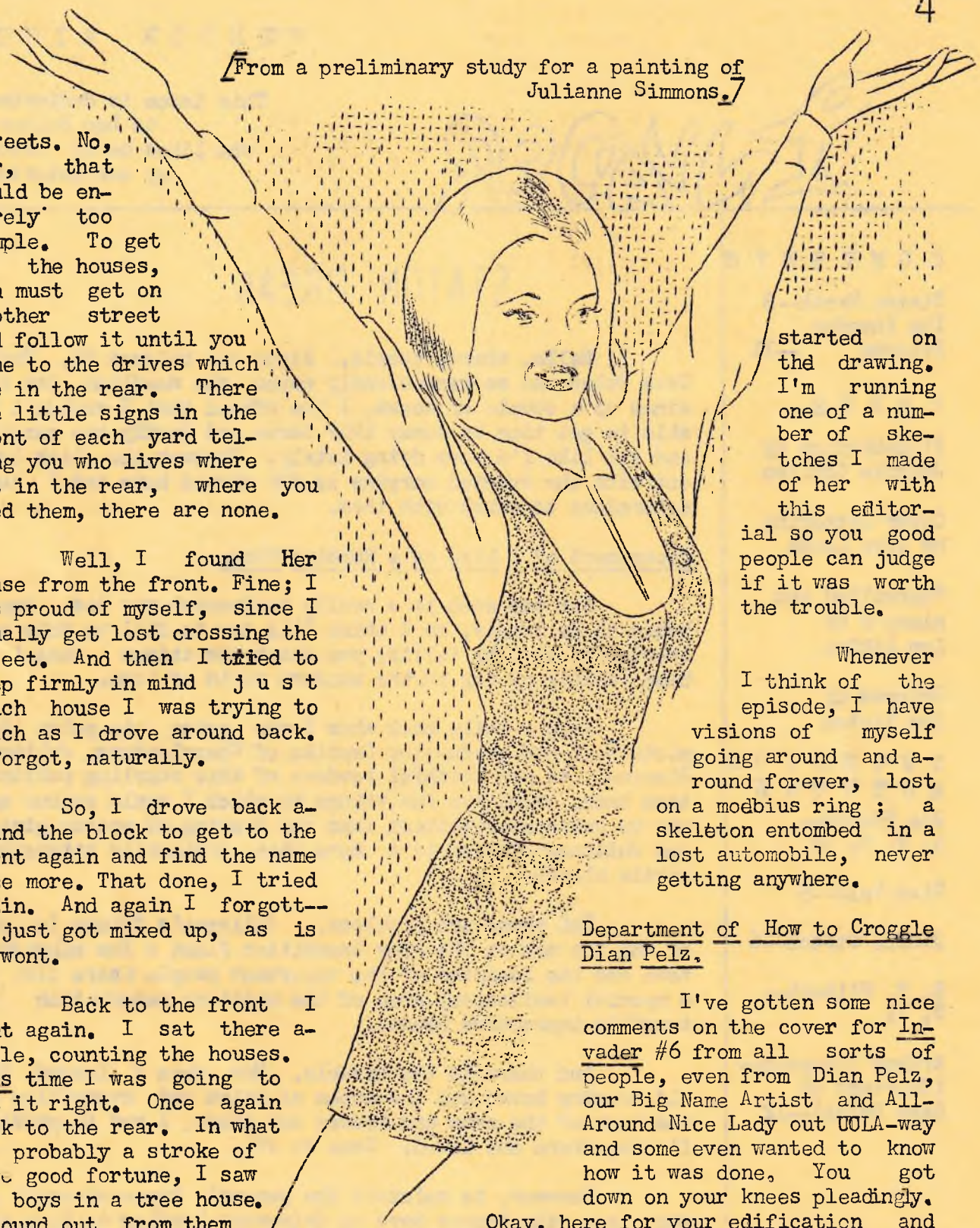
Well, I found Her house from the front. Fine; I was proud of myself, since I usually get lost crossing the street. And then I tried to keep firmly in mind just which house I was trying to reach as I drove around back. I forgot, naturally.

So, I drove back around the block to get to the front again and find the name once more. That done, I tried again. And again I forgot-- or just got mixed up, as is my wont.

Back to the front I want again. I sat there awhile, counting the houses. This time I was going to get it right. Once again back to the rear. In what was probably a stroke of rare good fortune, I saw two boys in a tree house. I found out from them just where I was supposed to turn in.

So I finally found Julianne's domicile and at last got

JTS



started on the drawing. I'm running one of a number of sketches I made of her with this editorial so you good people can judge if it was worth the trouble.

Whenever I think of the episode, I have visions of myself going around and around forever, lost on a modbus ring; a skeleton entombed in a lost automobile, never getting anywhere.

Department of How to Croggle
Dian Pelz.

I've gotten some nice comments on the cover for In-vader #6 from all sorts of people, even from Dian Pelz, our Big Name Artist and All-Around Nice Lady out UCLA-way and some even wanted to know how it was done. You got down on your knees pleadingly.

Okay, here for your edification and delight, I'm going to explain just how a dedicated fan goes about achieving croggling two-color art on his fanzine covers.

First thing you need is an air-brush, or something to substitute

for an airbrush. Anything that will spray colored ink will do nicely. For my purposes, I use a little atomizer that's supposed to go with the pastel fixatif. After all, people, airbrushes are expensive.

And you need some colored ink. I used Higgins' Brick Red for the cover on #6. I'd have preferred a more vivid red, but that was all that I could find here in town. It's always a good idea to figure out how the color will look on the paper you're going to use.

And it's another good idea to keep the press run realistic-- generally below fifty copies for this sort of thing. Beyond that, I imagine the modicum of concentration required for the work would be hard to maintain.

After you've mimeo'd the black part of the cover, you cut a stencil-- or paper mask, as I prefer to call the thing--to fit the pre-run copies. The way I do this is to run several extra copies of the cover and then take a pair of scissors and cut out the areas on a couple of extras where I want the color to go. This way, I'm most of the time fairly sure of decent registration.

Then you get off somewhere with a lot of old newspapers or some such spread around and hung against the walls, so you won't ruin everything in sight. You put the stencil--or mask--over the cover and spray the ink from about 18" to two feet away. Any closer and you lose the nice stippled effect of sprayed ink, and any farther back, you take the chance that you may not get a strong enough color.

It's vitally important that you make sure that you have the paper mask exactly in line with the cover. If you don't, the registration will come out a fraction of an inch off and the cover won't be nearly so impressive.

For the Juanita Coulson cover on this issue that you now grasp in



your sweaty little palms, I used two colors--blue and scarlet. On the yellow paper, these closely approximate a triad color scheme.

With this (on most of the copies of the cover) I used a regularly cut and sprayed paper mask for the areas in scarlet. For the blue, I used no mask, but rather sprayed in a gentle circular motion, starting at the bottom right hand corner. I think this resulted in a generally attractive stippled effect throughout the entire background, and where the blue mixed with the scarlet, the dots of color give what I think is a very arresting impression.

Department of What Will They Think Of Next?

From the Memphis Press Scimitar for 19 July '65: "Goofy Gadgets in New Movie" (by the Associated Press). "Ursula Andress in her new movie is the proud possessor of a double-breasted sexshooter--a blazing bra that fires off bullets when she presses an underarm trigger.

"It is one of a parcel of goofy gadgets to kill that technicians have dreamed up for 'The Tenth Victim' being filmed in Rome.

"Ursula and Marcello Mastroianni are agents of a government in the year 2000 that tries to replace war

with private homicide...."

I just thought you might want to know...

Department of Godzilla Doesn't Scare Me.

A bit player is trapped behind one of the props. Struggling desperately to remain alive, he plays the flame of an acetylene torch against the outstretched claws of the fierce Martian creature. But am I moved to fear--or even to empathy with the character's hopeless position? I'm afraid not.

So-called "Horror" or "Terror" films are something like a dime a dozen these days. Generally, they consist of some hoke-up monster trying to eat the heroine as the hero attempts to overcome it by the last reel. Strictly commercial, playing to the sub-teen "Famous Monsters" set, these assembly-lined productions leave me cold, or rather, completely unmoved.

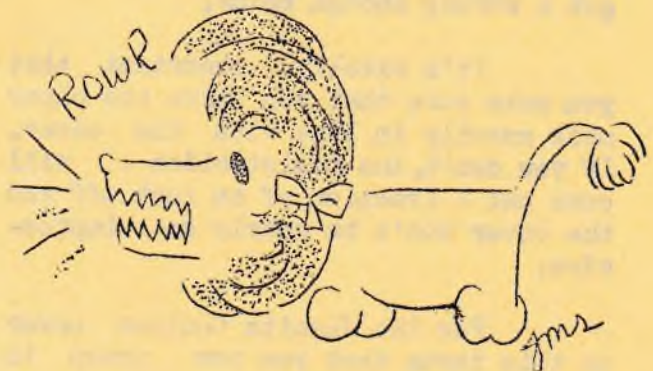
However, I have watched films that have sent such tremors through me that I could properly call the sensation fear. Unfortunately, of these films, none were of the genre I've just mentioned. In fact, the two motion pictures that I remember most in this connection could not be more mundane.

The movie that most made me want to climb the walls was a Humphrey Bogart film entitled "Chain Lightning". An unpretentious little entry dealing with the testing of jet planes after the Second World war, this contains what I consider a truly terrifying scene: Humphrey Bogart is a test pilot, but he has told his dedicated friend that he will not fly a new jet with a radically experimental escape mechanism because he feels the mechanism will not work. His friend goes ahead with the test; the escape capsule malfunctions and the friend dies in a crash. And now comes the scene that sent shivers down my back. Up to the time of the crash, the pilot's

voice has been recorded. Bogart's girl friend makes him listen to the recording. The pilot tells us calmly that the capsule did not have enough pressure to blow free of the jet; he is trapped, half-in and half-out of the craft. He cannot control the diving plane--all he can do is wait for the inevitable impact with the ground. He does not lose his nerve, but instead to the last moment he continues to report on the malfunction of the craft. He realizes what was done wrong -- a little thing, but enough to kill him. He tells the mechanics how to correct it, and almost his last words are: "We know what's wrong now--we can fix it! This thing isn't a failure!" And then the tape goes silent. Bogart's knuckles are white from clenching his chair --and so are mine.

The other motion picture which frightened me was "Abandon Ship!" with Tyrone Power. The whole tone of the film contributes to one overwhelming feeling of being trapped; trapped so terribly, so totally that there can be no possible way of escape. In short, the story-line concerns an officer of an ocean-liner who is thrown into command of a lifeboat overcrowded with survivors of his sunken ship. He realizes that if any are to survive, the weakest must be sacrificed for the strong--who can row the boat to Africa, long miles away. It is a terrible responsibility with which he is faced, as, one by one, he leaves the weak to die in the icy water--and when he is injured by a crazed passenger, he pitches himself into the water to die.

TM This then, is what frightens me. I feel no qualms as a fearsome beast



slithers out of the water (Stirred up, of course, by H-Bomb tests) and smashes London or New York City to bits. I am more than likely to laugh when a skeleton starts ambling down the hall. Why, then, do two mundane films strike me so forcibly?

I think somewhere in my emotional makeup is a bit of claustrophobia--or to be more accurate, a claustrophobia of circumstances rather than of places. In the two instances I've just mentioned, there arises the aspect of a situation from which there is no escape--and yet must be faced--the. The trapped pilot cannot get free of the doomed aircraft, but he knows that it is his duty to keep his wits and to tell the others how to correct the malfunction. The officer is caught by the decision of whether it is better to take the chance that all the passengers die or that some be given up in order for the hardy to remain.

Now, the way I figure it, I'm probably afraid that sometime I'll be dropped into the middle of some such mess as these, and, identifying with the protagonist, I'm not exactly sure that I'd be able to face the demands. Maybe there's some other, perhaps much deeper reason here, but that's about all I can come up with.

What scares the rest of you fine peëple?

Department of I've Got Something To Sell.

Hello out there, you good Jack Vance fans. I've recently picked up a copy of the Toby Press edition of the tale, The Space Pirate by Jack Vance from 1953, and I'm looking for somebody whose collecting instincts are avid for Vance's stuff. It's a pitiful story, really, but Buck Coulson says the press run for this particular edition was probably relatively short so maybe somebody wants it. It originally appeared as The Five Gold Bands. Anybody want to trade something for it?

Department of Through Darkest Murray With Brush and Firecracker.

For two weeks in July, I attended a thing called the High School Honors Art Workshop at Murray State College in Murray, Kentucky. (Original name for a school, don't you think?)



It looked for a while like I wasn't going to get to go, because of overcrowding and the fact that I had attended last year, but at the last minute--like three days before it started to be exact--Richard Jackson, the man in charge of the workshop phoned and said that there had been a cancellation and that I could make it after all.

Well, to say that there was a frantic rush to find everything that I'd need to take would be an understatement. Anyway, we finally got me packed and off.

Last year, the workshop was run by a character by the name of Harry Furches, who didn't much care what happened, and was always wandering in saying something like, "Does anybody have some dyamite? I've got two cars I want to blow all to hell." I told you about him last year in In-vader, so you get the idea anyway. Nice guy, but kooky.

Mr. Jackson wasn't at all dis-organized. All the time, he'd tell everybody, "Art is nothing if it isn't organization." And he meant it. I got the impression that he was going to get something worthwhile out of everybody there or he was going to kill us and himself in the attempt.

Now, I like black. Big, solid areas of it. Unfortunately, big, solid areas of black didn't set well with Mr. Jackson. I was doing a painting of a house that sat on the highway not too far from the school, and I had a nice deep black shadow the end of it. Well, Mr. Jackson came up, took one look at my painting and said, "That black is terrible." Not only did he say that, but he took my tube of black away from me and I wasn't allowed to use black paint the rest of the workshop. I reworked the shadow with a sort of bluish grey or some such color and he came back and said, "That's wonderful; I'm absolutely amazed." (I think he either liked something or he

hated it. I don't remember anything to which he was indifferent.)

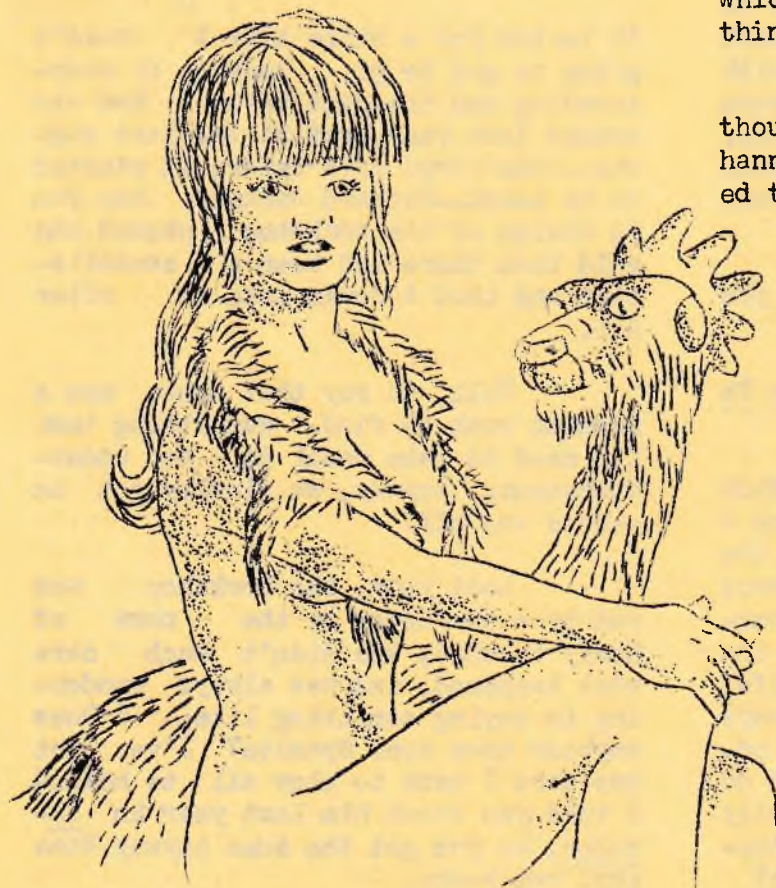
And then there was Miss Tichenor, one of the student teachers. (Mr. Jackson had several student teachers to help him since there were so many kids in the workshop.) Miss Tichenor was a bright, cheery girl, who continually told me stories about how she cut the end off her finger and had to take tetanus shots while doing a woodcut. Of course, she only told these thrilling tales to me when I was cutting away on a block of walnut for all I was worth...

And Mr. Burnett R. Sasseen. Mr. Sasseen was sort of my favorite. He was the guy who took care of the people who were interested in graphics, and true to my fannish heart, I decided to learn something about the workings of a silk screen. Any of you people (Dian?) ever try a silk screen blackout? It's completely different from cutting films for the screen; you paint the screen with blackout--a mess which resembles rubber jelly or something.

Blockout smells terrible, or I thought so at least. However, Dean Johannes, another student teacher, seemed to be a blackout-sniffer. Some people get their kicks sniffing glue--Mr. Johannes got his sniffing silk screen blackout. (I wonder if the vice squad should have been notified of that?)

The print came out fairly well for a first effort, but Mr. Sasseen and I had blue ink all over the place and all over ourselves, by the time we were finished.

Miss Evans, a pretty girl from Alaska, was another of the student teachers. She said all she knew how to do was rub noses. I was going to bring her home as a souvenir, but I had to give up that idea, because she wouldn't fit in the suitcase.



REG
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Mrs. Pedersen handled the batik people, so I didn't see much of her (Incidentally, for you uncultured sorts out there, batik is a way of dying cloth. It's very time-consuming and requires boiling wax in one part of the process. You all know what would have happened to me, don't you, if I had tried that. So I stayed out of the way of that part of the workshop.) She lived in a town not too far from Milan, and we found that we had something in common--she knew the doctor who took out my appendix.

Hmm, I find that I've neglected to mention the other kids in the workshop with me. My roommate was a nice enough guy by the name of Wesley McCarty. Wesley was sort of unstable, but we got along okay. And there was Glenn Leach who spent his time telling elephant jokes, and sacrilegious jokes that sounded like Dave Locke. Like for example: What's green and walks on water? Answer: Jesus Frog. And: When you get to Heaven, how will you tell God from the angels? Answer: He has a big "G" on the front of his sweatshirt.

And there were Wayne Alexander and Ranny Barnes who decided one midnight to set off some fire crackers in in the dormitory hallway. They were not popular with the Director of the dorm.

One guy I remember real well was David Zabenko. Dave had a scholarship to Pratt in New York, which is considered to be one of the top art schools in the whole country. Never have I seen anyone more courteous and considerate than Zabenko. But he wasn't offensive or cute about it. Just a big decent guy who could draw better than I thought possible.

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And there were the girls. One was sort of on the loose side, and she aroused the enmity of some of the others by being sarcastic, too. So one night another girl put a cockroach in her bed. They say she went straight for the ceiling.



Marilyn Hicks was something of a character. (In case you're interested, she was the guilty party in the cockroach affair.) Had a fannish approach to things, even if she hadn't heard the word Zap before. Of course, she did try to make me swallow my Crackerjax whistle.

She redeemed herself, though, when she saved Leache's life. You see, we were being shown a film on a very rickety old projector, and, all of a sudden, the reel flew loose from the machine and came bounding forward. Leach was right in front of it, and as everybody screamed, he knew this was it--he was to die a horrible death with a motion picture reel imbedded in his brain. But then, at the last possible second, Marilyn sprang forward and caught the reel microinches from his skull, thereby saving his highly valuable life.

Mr. Sasseen got it rigged so that Zabenko and I were allowed to attend one of the college life drawing classes daily like regular students. We had to get up at 6:30 to make the class by 7:30, and it was beginning to get the best of us, but the class was a wonder unto itself. Especially the instructor, a Mr. Walsh. Mr. Walsh was sort of unusual in my experience. Several times, he took Zabenko and me into another room and said Eveal Things about Norman Rockwell. And I think he stayed up late at night thinking up epigrammatic things to say. Like: "No artist looks at another artist's work



to enjoy it. He looks at it to see what he can steal from it," and "Every artist is looking for immortality. The ones who claim they aren't are liars," and, "Norman Rockwell thinks he's a great artist. That's good, since he wouldn't be able to go on painting if he didn't, But he's just popular, not great."

Are most art instructors like him, Dian?

Well, I guess that about covers my brief experiences as a College Man, but I expect to enroll at Murray next year, as a full-time art major. Perhaps you fine people will be hearing more along these lines then. I'm sure you eagerly await it...

Department of When We Meet Up There.

Not too long ago, for a lack of anything else particular to do, I went out to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church graveyard a little way out from town, to see Mary Elizabeth Barker's grave.

For you faithful readers who don't take the Memphis newspapers, perhaps I should point out that the Mary Elizabeth Barker murder case has been causing a real sensation lately. Like a regular Perry Mason yarn, Miss Barker was found with three bullets in her body, soon after hanging up the telephone to answer the door. The police haven't been able to come up with the killer as yet, and I don't much expect them do soon.

Anyway, she was buried in the family plot back here in Gibson county, and I wanted to see it. Imagine my surprise when I read the epitaph: "Too good for this earth, God called her home."

Hey, Al, is the thirty-eight usually considered an instrument of divine intervention?

Department of It's Time For a Dave Locke Interlino.

"I'm afraid you'll have to forget that Death Ray I was going to steal for you. However, at West Milton, I might be able to get you the plans for a Laser or atomic submarine. Maybe an atomic airplane, even, but they haven't got that quite figured out yet. They have figured out, though and built, a bomb that can destroy the world. However, they're not 102% sure it works, because they don't know where to test it..."

--- Dave Locke

And with that, I leave the editorial ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~editors~~ # # #

THE INVADER ATTACKS - MAILING COMMENTS // by Joe Staton



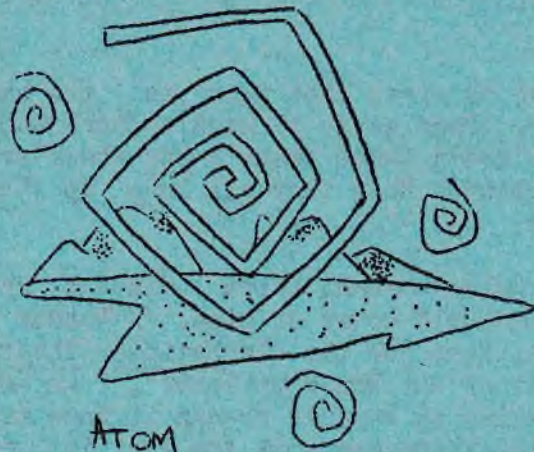
I'm inclined to agree that this is the best SFPA mailing so far. Page count is back up there where it should be, and I don't think there's any sheer crud anywhere in the mailing. Hope they all keep up this quality from now on.

LOKI (Dave Hulan)---Hmm, Katya did a real nice job coloring that old cover of mine. // Wonder if you've ever seen the fine job the old Matinee Theater did with Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher". An educational teevee station in Memphis re-ran it some time back and I was really impressed with the way it was handled. Tom Tyron played the leading role, but I can't seem to remember any of the other players. Incidentally, Matinee Theater also did an excellent "Frankenstein" once.

ISCARIOD (Al Andrews and Billy Pettit) --- I don't know about that cover there. When I first saw it I was impressed, but when I went back and looked at it again, I realized that Burge's rendering was sort of clumsy and the composition wasn't really so too real good. // I agree with you that Oland was the better of the Charlie Chans. Sidney Toler never did impress me overmuch. Have you seen any of the few Charlie Chan comic books that were printed in the 50's? They didn't run for very many issues, but while they were going they featured some very good comics detective tales. // Tom Dupree is being downright assinine in his over-wrought denunciation of the Burroughs books. He makes the same mistake most people do about them --- namely the ERB tales aren't science fiction and don't particularly pretend to be. They aren't even really fantasies; they are romances, that is, stories dealing primarily with heroes, love, and noble deeds. They aren't any more comparable to science fiction than are Beowulf and Morte d' Arthur. Dupree seems pretty sensible usually, but he has a blind spot about Burroughs. // Hope IT continues with us "under new management" and keeps up the quality of this issue.

THE AMAZING SFPA-FEN (Len Bailes and yhos) --- I really should mention that the line on Weber's bearie, "Kisses \$1" was stolen from an unpublished parody by Arnold Katz, boy neofan and part-time Jew. We want to give ol' Arn all the credit he deserves, don't we, Len?

MANNDATE (Rik Mann)---Don't know if I'll be able to take you up on your pagecount challenge. However, I have a challenge to level at the membership myself: Lately, everybddy has been running impressive covers on their zines--offset, handcut, and so forth;



ATOM

and my sprayed ones. So I challenge everybody to a War of the Covers. Even Dian Pelz. (Am I not a fool-hardy little rascal?)// And speaking of covers, that's a very cute one you have this time. I guess that's Heal's family?//Wattgyamean, "Shadow comix aren't too bad"? They are an abomination.

ZINFANDEL (Hulans and Trimbles)---Gee, Dave, and your father a preacher, too...

A PORTFOLIO FOR DAVID MITCHELL (Dian Pelz)---Well, Dian, I see that you are not only sadistic girl, but a perverted sadistic girl. Really, I enjoyed the Portfolio and thought some of the illos were terribly funny. (But what would John Kusske say to this?)

MELIKAPHKHAZ (Lon Atkins) --- Upset my Appelcart indeed. You, old buddy, have been hanging around Sam Long too long.//As to your parody of the Southerner, you couldn't have known, but "Static" is a nickname I had in grade school. I hated it then and I hate it now. Liked the parody though.

WARLOCK (Larry Montgomery)--- Beautiful cover there. Probably the best thing I've seen from Gilbert. Looks like you had it offset.//I must admit that I was taken in by the hoax. You see, I have a bad habit---I trust people. However, I assume that continued association with you will soon

break me of this.

GOLEM (Larry Montgomery) --- I liked "The Purple King" by John Childs an awful lot. Some of the imagery Childs uses in the thing reminds me strongly of John Pesta's poems. And that bears a strong resemblance to a compliment. "The Corpse" by Mary Holman is pitiful. Reactions to the others fell somewhere between these two, but in general, the quality was pretty high. Don't see, though, why you didn't just include them in Warlock.

DAMNYANKEE (Big Arnie Katz)--- Hey, Arn, why don't you put the name of the fanzine on the cover? It would make things a lot easier on all concerned. I left a nice empty spot for you to put a name since I didn't know on what zine you'd be using the cover, but you didn't put one. For shame, Arn, for shame, //You're quite right--- rock and roll is music. I was playing around in an area that I should stay out of there. I know but very little about music, I'm afraid, and it would behoove me to avoid getting in arguments about it.

REVENGE (David Hall) --- Is Becker Staus a hoax?//Why not a madonna on a fanzine? After all, Dian is Our Lady of SPPA, you know.//Actually, the way I understand the story on that Voltaire "quote", Voltaire did say something in a letter to someone that was of the same general substance and meaning as the quote, but it wasn't nearly so dashing or heroic. Then when the biographer came across the line in the letter, he polished it up considerably. However, it's the sort of thing Voltaire would have said, so I figure it's okay to attribute it to him.//As I say, I know little about music, but I do know something about the methods of advertising. It doesn't take talent to sell a rock and roll record. What it takes is a sharp manager, some slick public relations and a saturation advertising campaign. Give me these things, and I can make anything a hit in three months on the outside.//You have some pretty weird friends, don't you? Turk sounds like

some people I know.//I don't know the significance of the sea giant and the mermaid. Like Robert E. Gilbert Said one time, "I just draw 'em; I don't explain 'em."//Revenge was one of the better zines in the mailing. If only you'd use black ink...

ZAJE ZACULO (Len Bailes)--- I guess we could have the contest between me and Gilbert, but there's just one thing--Gilbert can type and I can't.

CLARGES (Lon Atkins)--- Well, sir, this is clearly the top zine in the whole mailing. The material is well-balanced, with just enough fannish and non-fannish, and your artwork is excellent. I still cröggle at the amazing stencilling that both you and Al do.//Sam's parody of Kipling is great. Kipling is one of my favorite poets, and I was amazed at how closely Sam imitated his characteristics of writing in this thing. Guess ol' Sam isn't completely worthless after all.

SUCH AND SUCH (Hank Luttrell) ---Tell you what, ol' fellow, you learn to spell my name and I'll learn to spell yours. Fair enough?

STARLING (Hank Luttrell) --- I've commented on this elsewhere, so I'll only say this time that I enjoyed it and liked the two-color cover. My cover challenge applies to you too.

UTGARD (Dave Hulan) --- Well, Good Uncle, that remark in which you said the agnostic was "chicken" was entirely unworthy of you. It was, you know. The way I see it, the agnostic is the honest man. I mean, let's face it, most theists, and even most atheists, are pretty doctrinaire about their beliefs. However, the agnostic says, "Well, I've seen the evidence for both positions and I fail to see that either has proven its point.. Therefore, I reserve judgment until I come upon some conclusive evidence!" Or, as Clarence Darrow, an agnostic, once said, "I, an educated man, merely admit that I do not know what a

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great many ignorant people claim to know." He was certainly no "chicken".//I think Locke is right about having to prove his point anyway. You are the affirmative side and he's the negative. The burden of proff rests with you.//In case you're interested, I'm neither an atheist nor an agnostic, nor even a theist. I'm a deist which is to say that I believe in a God of one sort or another, but that I think organized religion is ridiculous and serves only to obscure the reality of the God. There are other definitions of deist, and the word is applied to slightly different beliefs but it's quite acceptable to use it in this, the classic sense. Want to fight?//Nice zine, even if it is a little disorganized (as you noticed, no doubt?).

ERRATA (Dave Hulan) --- Well, it makes me happy to see I'm not the only one who forgets everything...

KABUMPO (Dian Pelz) --- Short zine, but muchly enjoyed.// No, Dian, leaving the OEShip position won't cut down on my SFPActivity. Being OE was a curse on me. It created hard feelings that I could have done without: it caused me to spend money that I could have used to better purposes; it brought me ridicule that I didn't deserve or want. For a person like Dave or Bruce, being OE of an apa must be a wonderful thing, but for me it was an albatross that I have happily torn from my neck and cast into the sea. Now that I'm relieved of its dead weight, you can probably expect me to do considerably more and better material for SFPA.//Incidentally, when I needed help with the OE'ing bit Al Andrews and Arnie Katz were always in there doing their best to help me, and I'm ever so grateful to them. However both Arn and Al are old buddies so I can understand why they were so good to help, but your husband the pachyderm barely knew me when I called upon him for aid, and yet he helped me out more than he imagines. Bruce is a fine man, the kind you "don't hardly find no more".//It is 98° outside today and the air conditioner is

14 struggling manfully to combat it, but I think it's a losing battle. I'm about to die of heat prostration here before my typer, but I shall muddle heroically onward and finish up the mailing comments like the dedicated fan I am.

SENTINEL (Dave Locke)--- Hey, wait a minute there, Dave, ol' boy. First you ask which would be better qualified to define the word "conservative", and then which would be more nearly qualified to define the viewpoint. The two things are entirely different. The meaning of a word may be determined objectively by recourse to a dictionary, which would give you a very useful definition of conservative! However, a person's viewpoint may be defined only by the person who holds the viewpoint.//After all, Dave, look at all the different people calling themselves conservatives today-- everything from screwballs like Robert Welch to racists like Robert Shelton to responsible, intelligent men like Richard Nixon and Eric Hoffer. Do you think Robert Welch and

and Robert Shelton are qualified to term themselves "conservatives"? I don't. By the dictionary, neither man is a conservative; but when it comes to spelling out what they believe it is up to them personally.//Once you grant the basic premise of any system of theory or theology, it is likely to be logical. Of course, the basic premise may violate all laws of logic in relation to objective reality and be therefore illogical to you and me, but anything can be logical unto itself. Even Dave Locke Sometimes.

THEOREM (Al Scott)--- I was pleased to get this postmailing, but don't see why you didn't wait and just send it through the next mailing.// I guess my memory is slipping or something since I don't remember sending you that cover. In fact, I don't remember any North Carolina fan getting it. Cracking up, I suppose.// Peder-son's illos were excellent, as was the ditto work altogether.// Didn't care overmuch for Charles Wells' bit of faanfiction. Seems to me that it belabors the obvious! # # #

"Nearly every major scientific idea was opposed by some creed. The rear-guard action tended to follow a pattern. First, the theologians declared that the new theory was not science at all, but only a new and especially superstitious heresy; then they tried to compromise between the new theory and received dogma; finally they said the idea had nothing to do with religion at all."

---Ray Ginger, Six Days or Forever?

"It is almost impossible to secure a verdict which runs counter to the settled convictions of the community."

---Joughin and Morgan, The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti

INVADER #8
From---
Joe Staton
469 Ennis Street
Milan, Tennessee
38358

Third Class Mail
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No commercial value

TO---