

LIVADER



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STATON BREAK

With this issue, I hope to bring back legible repro to these pages. Dave Hulan was going to print the thing for me on the LASFS rex, but after I had eight pages already on stencil, he informed me that the rex had a funny registration to keep in mind while stencilling. Of course, I had been typing for regular registration. So Len Bailes, trublu friedd to the down-trodden will do this issue. I will have the next issue off the rex.

I had planned to have a somewhat spectacular cover on this issue, either hand-colored or air-brushed. Since Len's printing is not as predictable as the rex, I'm sort of undecided at the moment. If there is color on this cover, you'll know I went ahead with it, and if not, you can look forward to it for next issue.

As of now, I know of Dave Hulan and Larry Montgomery who are in the running for the position of Official Editor of SFFA. Dave has on past occasions shown that he has the ability to run the apa with great skill, and I have no doubt that he could do so again.

However, I feel that the Editor of an apa based on Southern residence should have an OE who really lives in the South, and is not only "legally" a Southerner. So I'm going to support Larry for the somewhat dubious honor of being the OE of this club.

Please bear in mind that my sole reason for doing this is regional chauvinism and that I hold nothing against our Elder Statesman.

I've recently begun to receive Ted Pauls' fanzine Kipple due to Les Sample urging me to ask for some sample copies. From the few issues that I've seen so far, I get the impression that Pauls is an extremely intelligent person. (Maybe even nearly as bright as Buck Coulson.)

Pauls seems to have only one fault that shows up very much--he seems to be just a bit unwilling to look at the good side of an argument which opposes something he has said. However, I usually agree pretty much with his points, and this doesn't bother me very much. Whatever his state of reception to argument this is one of the most interesting fanzines that I have yet to come across.

You know, people, I've found that the cheapest stencils around are about the best ones to use in this fanzine. I've tried several different kinds since I first joined SFFA. Heyer and A. B. Dick put out fairly good products but they were from 15¢ to 20¢ apiece, which is entirely too much to pay for them. Len Bailes was helpful when I told him how the price had gone up here in town and suggested that I try some Tower stencils from Sears. These only cost something less than 10¢ apiece and they give the best results that I've been able to get yet. They take typing beautifully and they stubbornly refuse to tear in half when you're stencilling art like Heyers are prone to do. This has been an unpaid testimonial.

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FANED'S LAMENT

(Sung to "Blowing in the Wind")

How many sheets can a mimeo spoil
 Before Duplication begins
 And how many times must my fingers turn black
 To make me repent for my sins?

The answer, my fen, is litho or print
 The answer is litho or print.

When will my pad ever ink worth a damn
 I've asked BNF's to confer
 And why do the zines that I run on the thing
 Come out an unreadable blur?

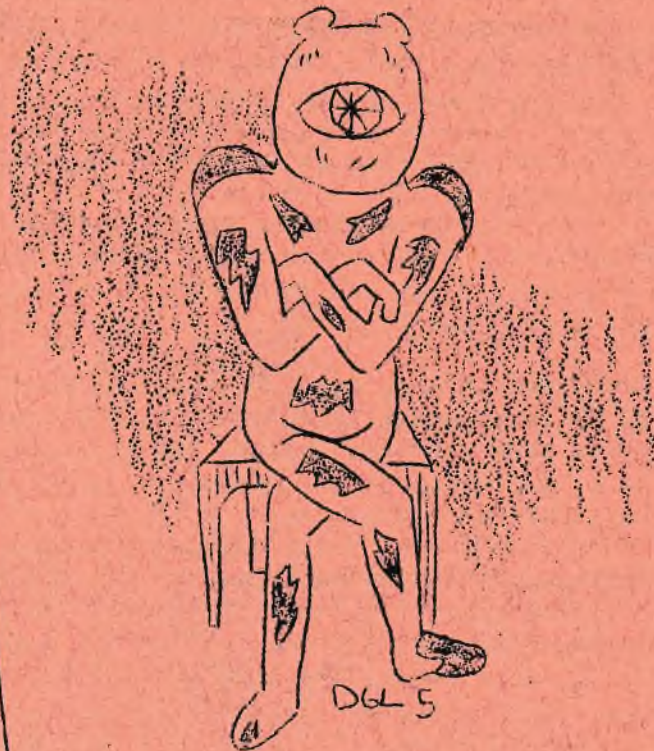
The answer, my fen, is litho or print
 The answer is litho or print.

---Len Bailes

RUN, DRAGON

run, dragon, run
 be quick, hideous beast
 they are coming for you
 with spear and shield
 with sword and flame
 they come to slay you
 they would pierce you
 with lances and leave you
 leave you to die gasping
 meaning in the noon's heat
 it is sad, dragon,
 to die bleeding and hurt-
 whipped and beaten
 with no place left to run
 but sadder by far to die
 alone
 as alone as you are
 run hard, creature, run hard

---Joe Staton



ooo VERSE
 AND
 SUCH ooo

"There is no very great danger
 of a rich man going to jail."

---Clarence Darrow
 in Crime and Criminals

Editor's note: This article originally appeared in Invader #4, but, as you know, the reproduction in that issue left a bit to be desired. I think this is a really good piece and it deserves better than it got. So here it is again. --JtS/

THE RIGHT TO READ

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 this country 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 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, even to the least 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 made by law enforcement officers and middle-aged harpies in various parts of the country. I repeat: there has never been any documented study made 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? Observe the television: Every day scenes are projected into most of the households of the nations in which people are robbed, shot, stabbed, poisoned, strangled, 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 the fact that the censors may be no more pure in 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 determine as it at first might seem. In every society there are people who believe that they have been given The Word, and it is their

solemn duty to see that everyone else accepts it, as well. There are also those people, I believe, who are of a naturally fascistic bent, who take their pleasure in being able to wield power for its own sake. And, finally, it is possible that there are a few misguided individuals of some intelligence who are really sincere in their efforts to establish a better morality through censorship. These are the people who Eric Hoffer has labelled The True Believers; the easily influenced, weak-minded individuals who are forever lost without someone, anyone, to lead them; the people who cannot tolerate existence without a Cause to fight for; people who need the self-assurance and the sense of self-being that they get from being anonymous cogs in the wheel of the mob, being carried along to new planes of vicarious existence on the shoulders of fanaticism and irresponsibility.

Since the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that pornography is not protected by the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press, pressure groups often use the charge of pornography as a ready excuse for banning books that they object to for entirely different reasons, usually religious or political. Occasionally, however, they do not even bother to use the pornography 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 and his Merry Men "followed the straight Communist Party line". Yeah 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 deemed 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 Chatterley's Lover, Memoirs of Hecate County, Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn, Fannie 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 Custom Inspectors are still allowed to seize shipments of books at the arbitrary expense of the individual. Censorship groups, when thwarted by the courts, often use extra-legal means to achieve their ends, such 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 Fannie 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 these books, for any reason.

Even were it admitted that there is a need for censorship, most censors 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 prurient interests of the reader. Along with such books as Office Orgy and Sex Kitten, the censors would also ban The Catcher in the Rye and The Man With The Golden Arm; they would throw Mister Roberts on the same trash heap as Obsessed. The censor 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 army in the world. And so, I am convinced that the only sane policy toward literary censorship is the one put by Bertrand Russell: There should be no censorship at all. # # #

THE WARMONGER OF MARS

By Joe Station

Zelda Thoris rose from the soft pile of furs and creamy fabrics upon which she had been reclining and walked slowly across the room. At the other side, her husband, John Appelcart, the all-powerful Warmonger of Mars, was engaged in a game of Chetan, the Martian equivalent of earthly chess, with one of his trusted lieutenants.

"Ho, John Appelcart, you win again!" cried Mars Markas, the Warmonger's foe in the friendly little game, which he had just allowed his commander to win due to the fact that John Appelcart was known far and wide over the dead seas of the planet Mars for his uncontrollable temper.

"Yes, Mars Markas, I have won; you are a fine fellow and I think a lot of you, but you are no Chetan player," said John Appelcart, not without just a slight air of superciliousness. Mars Markas, however, took no offense, because in his mind he smirked at how he had pampered the Warmonger's ego.

The Small, delicate hands of Zelda Thoris rested upon the Warmonger's shoulder lightly. He turned his face to that of Zelda Thoris.

"What is it, my princess?"

"Am I losing my looks, John Appelcart?"

"No, of course not. What makes you think that, Zelda Thoris?"

"No horrible monster has attempted to kidnap me all week and I am beginning to become bored with life at the castle."

Before John Appelcart could answer, the inner doors of his sanctum were thrown open and in rushed a young beautiful girl.

"John Appelcart! John Appelcart!" she beseeched. With a swirl of his long, silken cape, he rose from the Chetan board and stood before the girl.

"Speak", he commanded.

"Oh, Warmonger, a horrible old monster is stomping around in front of the city and we are much afraid of it. We wish you to slay it and save us from an unspeakably horrible death."

"Are you sure that this monster is hostile? You Martians are always jumping to conclusions and thinking any animal you see is hostile."

"It ate twelve of your bravest warriors in one gulp. Oh please, oh please, John Appelcart, slay it for us!"

"That is still not sufficient proof that the monster is hostile to us but I think I shall hack the thing to small, tiny pieces anyway, because I've not been in a fight to the death all day and I do not wish to get out of practice." He turned to the beautiful Zelda Thoris. "You can play Chetan with Mars Markas while I'm off slaying this monster."

With that, the Warmonger strapped on his heavy leather belt from which were suspended his weapons -- a keen broadsword, his deadly radium pistol, his dagger, a grappling hook, and his trusty mace--and strode from the room with the girl. Zelda Thoris settled

down to a quiet game of Chetan with Mars Markas.

John Appelcart was led to the gates of the city, his capital city of Oxygen, where a most fearsome apparition greeted his startled eyes. Twelve feet high at the shoulder and covered with bristled orange hair, the creature was possessed of but one dark green eye in the center of its forehead. Its mouth was a gaping, inflamed orifice in the center of its malformed head. The beast tropped upon the ground with its eight feet, each of which was armed with four steel-like claws capable of tearing a man to shreds. There could be no doubt now, this was the loathsome zukk. John Appelcart hitched his leather belt a little tighter and stood resolutely for a moment staring at the thing through the gates.

"Are you afraid, John Appelcart?" the girl asked.

"Throughout all history," he replied, "no soldier has gone into battle without some trace of fear, no warrior has drawn his sword completely unafraid -- but to answer your question, no, I, John Appelcart, am not afraid of that

"Yes, to anyone but John Appelcart," he replied confidently, and he walked out to meet the creature and destroy it. He advanced with caution, though totally unafraid of the monster. He held his broadsword lightly in his hand, ready for action. He knew he would have had less trouble if he would use the force of his radium pistol, but true to his sporting nature, he wanted the zukk to have at least half a chance. The zukk sighted him and lunged headlong snarling and snapping. The Warmonger stood his ground before the onslaught of the zukk, but suddenly at the last minute, he shifted to one side of the animal and sprang easily to its back; his fingers closed on a handful of ~~the~~ orange fur which covered the entire body of the zukk, and he held on. The beast tried to dislodge him, but the cunning of no mere monster was equal to that of the Warmonger of Mars. John Appelcart's sword gleamed in the sunlight and then struck home. Its heart punctured, the zukk nosed forward abruptly into the dust and died. The body of the zukk heaved convulsively and then lay still. The Warmonger rolled away from the still-warm mound of flesh and stood up, brushing the dust of combat from his silken cape.

A throng of admiring and worshipful citizens poured from the gates of the city and bore him to their shoulders.

"Oh, John Appelcart," they shouted, "once again you have saved the city of Oxygen from disaster!"

He smiled benignly upon his subjects as they carried him triumphantly to the door of his residence. They set him down easily and watched him as he walked into his home, thankful that they had such a champion as John Appelcart to protect them from the terrors of their planet.

"Zelda Thoris!" he called, wishing to relate to her the story of his exploits of the morning. His Princess did not answer and the only sound he heard from his rooms was a low moan. He ran quickly to the room from which the moan originated, and there he found Mars



horrible creature, even though to face it would mean certain death."

"For anyone but John Appelcart," the girl said admiringly.



Markas spread-eagled on the floor with a huge gash on his forehead. He raised the head of the fallen warrior.

"Mars Markas, what has happened here?" he asked anxiously.

"Zelda Thoris has been abducted by a band of Fishmen wearing clever plastic disguises. I defended her with all my might, but there were too many of them and I was overcome by sheer force of numbers."

"In what direction did they go when they left, Mars Markas?"

"North." The fighting man of Mars gasped, and John Appelcart dropped his head abruptly, rushing off to rescue his beloved Princess from the hands of the insidious Fishmen. He hurriedly saddled his morat and set off in pursuit. A morat is a sleek, well-muscled animal with eight legs which serves as the major means of transportation on Mars.

The trail of the Fishmen was quite obvious to the perceptive faculties of John Appelcart and he followed it with no difficulty. Soon, however, he saw that the trail was leading him into the more treacherous mountains and away from the open plains. This caused no slackening of his speed as he guided the morat over the trail.

As he entered a small pass in the forbidding mountains, the realization

swept over John Appelcart that someone was watching his every move. He saw no one, but his instincts told this to him quite clearly. He wheeled the morat about only to find that his way was barred by a great many Fishmen. Turning about once more, he saw another horde of the hideous beings at the other end of the pass. He cursed himself for his stupidity in being lured into such an obvious trap, but he did not give up hope that he might fight his way out of this and still rescue his beloved Zelda Thoris. And so, with a wild war whoop, he spurred his morat forward into the masses of Fishmen in front of him.

"Zap! Zap! Zap!" he fired his radium pistol into the throng of blood-thirsty Fishmen killing a great many. He continued to fire until his pistol was exhausted of radium charges. When they realized that he was out of ammunition, the Fishmen rushed upon John Appelcart intent upon ending his illustrious existence. He threw his pistol in their faces and, leaping from his morat, whipped out his trusty broadsword. Like the very personification of the Grim Reaper himself, John Appelcart smote right and left with his unerring blade; the steel once gleaming was now covered with the sticky blood of the inhuman band. Once more he drew the sword high for a death blow, but a blast from a radium pistol tore the blade from the hilt. The Warmonger did not pause in his defense of himself to thank the kind Fate which had not made the blast two feet lower. The horde pressed in upon him forcing him back against the granite wall of the pass. He faced them with his mace in one hand and his grappling hook in the other. The huge numbers of the Fishmen would have in itself have forced another man to go down, but not John Appelcart -- as long as he could breathe, he could fight, and as long as he could fight he would live.

His grappling hook rose and fell five times and as many Fishmen died. Crippled by their huge losses, the Fishmen finally retreated from the field of battle. John Appelcart gave a small sigh of relief, then began to search through the bodies which lined the floor of the pass for his radium

pistol, which he soon found and reloaded. Among the dead, he found one Fishman still alive. He wondered at the strength of the creature that it had not died from one of the sledge-hammer blows he had dealt it and he raised his pistol to end the job, but suddenly he realized that the Fishman would be of more value alive than blown to bits.

Speaking in the intricate language of the Fishmen, John Appelcart questioned his prisoner as to the whereabouts of his beloved Zelda Thoris. The wounded creature revealed that the incomparable Princess of Oxygen had been taken on ahead by four of the band before the other 738 had attacked John Appelcart.

Hearing this news The Warmonger forged on ahead. He went afoot, as his morat had been hacked to pieces by the Fishmen in the heat of battle. He was unhampered in his pursuit for more than two miles, but as he rounded a bend in the narrow trail, he was face-to-face with one of the most deadly creatures to be found upon the face of the planet Mars--the unutterably horrible axolotl! The beast was somewhat like an immense gorilla, twelve feet tall, with the exception that it had four arms and on its forehead were three eyes. Had John Appelcart seen the axolotl in time, he could have easily avoided it, but so intent on the trail of the Fishmen who had stolen Zelda Thoris was he that the threat of the beast had escaped his notice. The axolotl carried a heavy club and now it raised this with the obvious intention of bashing John Appelcart's brains out. The Warmonger barely managed to avoid a wicked slash by leaping to one side. Before the slow-witted creature could recover from the motion John Appelcart sprang to a perch on the top of the thing's head. The club was brought down with great force where the Warmonger would have been, but an instant before the blow had landed, he had jumped to the ground; and so, the axolotl smashed its own head in with terrible force. The immense horror tottered for an instant and then like a dynamited cliff, it fell forward and lay still.

Not stopping to congratulate

himself on his quick thinking, the Warmonger set off once again in pursuit of the four Fishmen who held his beloved Zelda Thoris prisoner. The Martian night was descending on him but he could not hesitate in the hunt; he must press on.

Soon, he saw the dancing light of a campfire. Slowly and cautiously he snaked his way forward until he had a good view of the fire and sure enough, he saw in its light, the four scaly creatures and the Princess of Oxygen. The Warmonger was tired after his long day of battling horrible monsters, and he did not feel like a duel to the finish right then, so, from the concealment of a tree, he drew his radium pistol and calmly shot all four of the Fishmen in the back. As the creatures crumpled to the ground, he slipped from behind the tree and approached his beloved Princess.

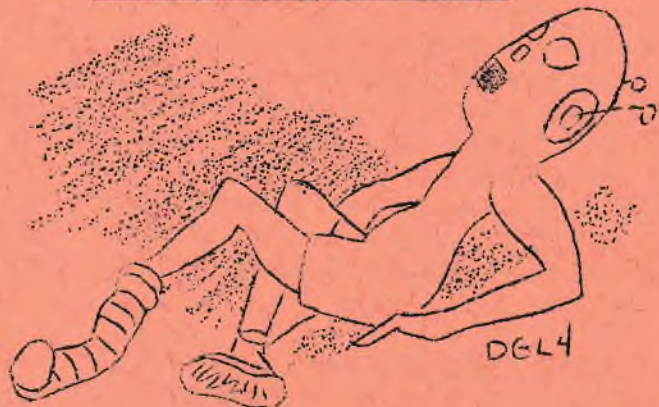
"Ho, beautiful Zelda Thoris, it is I, John Appelcart, who have fought my way across a savage world for you--and now I shall take you home!"

Over come by the tension and every thing, the Incomparable Princess of Oxygen fainted and collapsed into the waiting arms of the Warmonger.

John Appelcart threw her over his shoulder in a fireman's carry and started home. He had no worries that the way back to Oxygen would be safe since he had killed all the menaces.

. . . And besides, it was the end of the story.

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THE INVADER ATTACKS
 (Mailing comments on the 14th SFPA)
 Joe Station

I was sort of disappointed at the penny size of this mailing. Not that I expected another 339 page thing, but 200 at least. Oh well.

KABUMPO---Cute cover that you have there, Dian. I'll bet that thing took quite a bit of work. I take it, though, that you have a Thing about elephants. // On the whole, I think this is the most attractive fanzine that I've ever seen. // About the bustlines of the Barsoomian females, there was a Leiber story once wherein the girl's breasts were actually instruments for ESPing. Maybe it's something like that on Mars.



CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ (Postmailed and not really a part of the mailing, I think.) I'm sorry that I had to drop you, Gary, but you must admit that your place had become rather unproductive. // On the subject of this Fandom Moeny, I've been taking a half-unit thing in school in Economics and I've really been croggled at the instances of inflation in the world's currencies, and I have something of an idea that this stuff would wind up in the same state as the German Marks. Mainly worthless. // All the dogs I ever heard went, "Rurf, rurf!"

WARLOCK---I still think Lamar Hollingsworth is a pen name.

LOKI---I don't think Ed Cox is exactly correct in his summation Diet Smith, as a Health-Wierdo-Who-Made-Good. Smith has always had ulcers (even back when B. OC Plenty was in China) and he has had to eat baby food and such to keep from irritating them. The only bona fide Health Wierdo I remember was George Ozone, who got the Deep Six from Mumbles' girl friend with a poisoned dart. We cannot let smears on the name of Diet Smith go unchallenged. // What are the little numbers up at the the corners of the pages for? // Thankee for the True Revelations of Wife-Swapping in Wicked California. We know all about you evial people Out There.

UTCARD---Re that cover for STF: The big trouble with my doing artwork for fanzines is that it may be long ages before the piece is printed after I send it in and in that time, my drawing style may change completely. Because I'm far from mature, it's just natural that my drawing style is something short of fixed. I think that the changes are generally for the best, but when somebody prints an illo that's a year old, somebody else is certain to compare it with something more recent and say it's not the best I can do. // The whole idea of war atrocities is relative. When the Germans first bombed Rotterdam near the beginning of the War, the Western world was uniformly shocked. Attacking civilians was considered the height of barbarism. But by the time of the Allied raids on Berlin, "area bombing" was apparently acceptable. Whether it was right or wrong I don't know.

SENTINEL---Well, you got it reproed so it could be read this time. Sort of blurry, but considerably better than I did for you. // About Williams' fiction, I sort of get the imoression that he wanted to write a drity story, but to place it in a fanzine, he needed some sort of gimmick, so he used the old one of the machines that turns your mind on you. Neither the rape nor the stf angle were very original. However, I did like the Filler-Diller. Very funny. // Viscious should be spelled vicious, unless you're trying to spell viscoua, which I sort of doubt.

ZAJE ZACULO---Rock 'n' roll isn't muscã by any stretch of the imagination.

OUTRE---If you can't picture narrow-minded English teachers, you should attend my school sometime. Last year, my teacher was merely incompetent, but this time, I have a U. S. certified bigot, who is convinced the U. S. is presently being run by Communists. When we were watching the Inauguration on a portable teevee somebody had in the room, she told us with a perfectly straight face that Hubert Humphrey was a Communist. She's also one of those characters who insists on us reading "classics". Sheesh.

STARLING---Most of the writtern material here is pretty good, but your layout was entirely too jumbled up and made it sort of hard to read. And the art was in insufficient quantity and was poorly stencilled. Asdie from those purely physical points, I think this is a pretty good zine.//Roger Allan Cox did a very good job with the Vastari story. This Vastari opus is sort of ambitious; I sometimes wonder is he'll actually go all the way through with it.

SUCH AND SUCH---I dunno about Harvey. It seemed to me that if he hated sound so much he have just punctured his eardrums with a needle or something. Guess hewas Dense.

DAMN YANKEE---Somebody recently told me that when you weren't mad, you were terribly dull. This ish of DY seems to prove it.//Don't worry, though, we still love you, Arnie bhaby.

MANNDATE---Very good Diãn cover.//I nearly forgot you in my comments and I had to corflu out a line I had already started up there just to get you in. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?//Why don't you steal one of the bombers at the base and get me and then we'll blast Los Angeles into submission until they surrender Dian to us (and Katya Hulan, too.)? # # #

"Some comic readers are fans, others are moderate readers, and only a few are indifferent or hostile to comics. A fan is not just an excessive reader of comics; comic reading becomes an obsession with him. Maladjusted, neurotic, and psychotic children are likely to be excessive readers of comics."

---Martin H. Neumeyer, JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN MODERN SOCIETY

INVADER #6

From---

Joe Staton
469 Ennis Street
Milan, Tennessee
38358

TO---

Third Class Mail
May be opened for inspection
Return requested

No commercial value