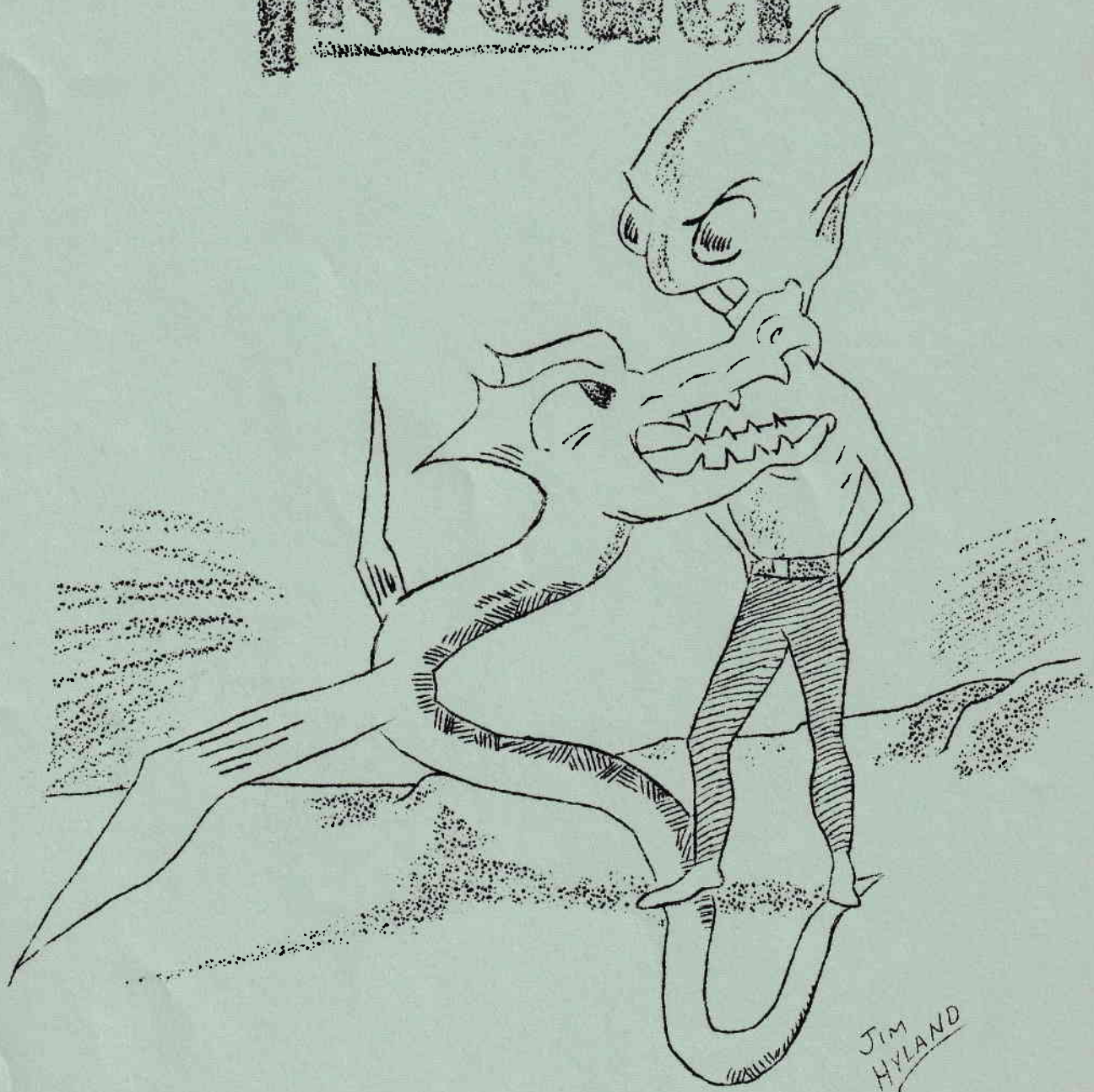


The Invader



JIM
HYLAND

PLATE VIII



Cover by Jim Hyland	staton break 3	interior art
	they could make good movies 4	R. E. Gilbert--
	rocks 5	3, 6, 10, 11
	the southern image 7	Jim Hyland-- 4
	the revenge of godfrey gopher 9	Jim Harkness--8
	the invader attacks 10	Joe Staton-- 9

STATON BREAK

3

In the second issue of THE INVADER, I was so disappointed with my publishing, that I vented fury on almost anybody I could think of. And the bad part of this is that the people I mainly attacked were the ones who had tried the most to help me. This is known as "stabbing your friends in the back", or "biting the hand that feeds you". Whatever you call it, it is not pretty or just or even sensible. So, in this issue of this fool fanzine, I want to start off by apologizing to the ones I insulted.



Primary among these was Dave Locke. I can see now that the way I phrased the editorial in the last INVADER, it appears that Dave "bought" my vote in the N3F elections. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In the first letter I wrote Dave about pubbing a zine for me, I said quite a bit about my disillusionment with the N3F. In fact, I said that I was going to quit the club. When Dave wrote back, he said, "Just because you are leaving the club, don't throw that ballot away. I can use all the votes I can get." He didn't have the slightest intention of "buying" my vote or making any deals in regard to N3F politics. He just wanted me to know that he would appreciate my vote, and he said the same thing to dozens of other members. And mainly Dave is an honest sort of fellow and would never even think of buying votes. I think I hurt him more by my insinuation than I insulted him.

And now to Arnold Katz and Len Bailes. I said I was feuding with Arnold and said some derogatory things about Len. Len, it turns out, is a fine fellow, and the reason he couldn't get my zine out quicker was that he was moving. And the feud between Arnie and me was a gross misunderstanding on my part. These three tried to help me and I hurt them--I am ashamed of myself.

(Continued on page 8)

THE INVADER # 3 is edited by Joe Staton at 469 Ennis Street, Milan, Tennessee for distribution in the 12th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. Also available to certain Outsiders. Published by Jim Harkness. This is an Insulated Dragon Publication,

THEY COULD MAKE GOOD MOVIES

by
Stan Woolston

Without a change of settings, many "popular" authors would be lost: even when some authors have more than one plot they are often so similar that the thing still has the appearance of sameness. The Hollywood movies seem to have just a few plots, as a rule--the Monster Plot, for example, has the old themes of the Frankenstein Monster (either a made' man or, more recently, an insect or animal 'changed' via science and turned into a scourge), the "thing" such as Wolfman or Jekyll and Hyde being just a little bit different. And there are the "chase" stories or the "lost city" stories--with Verne or Burroughs sometimes doing the story fairly well. In the sf area there seems to be a stereotype as far as Hollywood goes--and so into the other types of stories--westerns (very stylized as a rule), the suspense and detective, and "family" situation story. To give films the "appeal of the millions" the story seems to need homogenizing into something unoriginal--but, frankly, I think much of this is not needed. The style of having writers by the fistful and rewriters or editors or directors to shape it is designed to make a character all things to all people, more often than not. So, in a way, what makes good movies (say for tv) would be to have one director-writer who could edit the finished product and perhaps, have a tight script with actors who could take instruction and practice their lines, so that the waste in filming and so forth wouldn't be needed. There are a few good amateur-made films that cost remarkably little, and if a good cameraman (who could shift scenes properly to give that semblance of liveliness that films have as an asset) were in the crew along with good make-up and special effect man, it might be possible to prepare some fine, economical films.

Hollywood seems to have a problem in stories: they must be filmable from outside the person. It's hard to be other than objective, but some of the best films (I mean most memorable to me) have good characterizations and even the settings have flavor in the best films. Monsters are the materialistic representation of fear; a beating heart is a gimmicky way to try to build up a psychological suspense (as in the Poe story), and other attempts to get into the mind or viscera of the characters have been made. The more writers, directors, and others interfere with a single outlook for a film, the harder it is for anything except a material outlook to be possible in a film--at least effectively. With read words, where one author (if we ignore a few editorial changes) is all who has a thing to do with the story, even an imperfect author can do more insight into character and mood than any movie producer can get across.

And yet, I've a feeling there should be a way around this. Maybe a couple of robot cameras, a director who has written a story with a few characters and backgrounds that can be fluently used, and actors who really feel the parts would do much for little cost. Just as on the stage there is a concentrated acting sting, such a method would do away with as many personalities as possible. If a cameraman could work with the director to plan scenes in advance, it would mean

(Continued on page 6)



rocks

Franklin B. Raines

Boys like rocks. I liked Rocks, Papa didn't like rocks because most grown people don't. One day I found a shining one with funny colors that flowed like tiny rivers over the craggy surface. I ran running up to Papa and said "Look, isn't this something?" Taking it from my hand, he threw it into the field and said, "Follow it, boy, and get to the plow! That's the trouble with you—a head full of rocks." He made this plain with the back of his hand. That's the way Papa was; that's the way Mama was, too, and I wondered if that wasn't the way the whole world was.

Still I liked rocks, as boxes in my room testified. I liked books, too, especially ones about rocks. One day a neighbor who was visiting us asked me, "Son, what do you want to be when you grow up?" "A rock man," I said. Papa frowned. Brother snickered. Mama fanned herself and said in a low voice, "That boy is always saying crazy things." The home-made ice cream that I had anticipated, as a boy does, melted in my bowl. Papa liked ice cream. Brother liked ice cream. Mama liked ice cream, but mine tasted like bitter-weeds. Everybody said how good it was, and I wondered why they couldn't taste the bitter-weeds.

Summer is slow, as it creeps with the heat waves that rise from the light brown clods. A mule, a boy and a dream plod back and forth, making monotonous trenches in the soil. As I looked at the old mule and hated her haunches, I couldn't help thinking that we brothers under the skin, as well as under the sun. There was a difference, though, because I had a dream. I liked rocks. At our house there were three seasons: Fall, winter, and boy and mule. In school, I heard of people who had four seasons, and wasn't a mule in any of them.

Papa said that I ate a lot and clothes cost money. Mama said that I dreamed a lot, but dreamers could drive mules as well as those who were bright. At night when darkness closed in and the flies had gone with the sun, the four of us would sit on the porch: a man, a woman, a boy, and a dreamer. Once I mentioned a word called college. Papa frowned. Brother snickered. Mama fanned herself a little faster.

Papa liked God. Mama liked God. They were Godly people, because they said so. Papa said that if God had wanted people to be other things, He would have made them that way. A man is born to a place on this earth and shouldn't try to change it, because this is a sin. Papa liked sin. He must because he talked about it so often. I wonder why he didn't like me, because he said I was full of it. He said, "Sin and rocks, rocks and sin, the path to sulphur and brimstone." That's what Papa said.

I liked school. My grades were good. A teacher had told me there was a school where you studied mostly rocks. There were no plows there. There were no mules there. I wanted to tell Papa and Mama about this, but I knew that Papa would frown, Brother would snicker, and Mama would fan a little faster.

During the winter I got a job. High school was behind. During the summer I watched the mule. Her gait was slower and the flies had lost respect for her switching tail. We were getting older, that mule and I. Mama said that I

didn't have a feel for the soil and that was a sin. Then she would add, "But what can a'body expect from a boy with a head full of rocks. Maybe the Lord will forgive."

Finally I went to that place where everybody liked rocks. My teachers were proud because they said that I had a feel for rocks. The Professors said that I would be a geologist, and a good one. I sent home a clipping with my picture which spoke about a bright young man with a big future. I knew that when it got home, Papa would frown, Brother would snicker, and Mama would fan herself a little faster. . .

I like it here in this new place. I like my doctor. He likes rocks, too, but I don't think that he knows it's a sin. I look out my window and see the grass turning green. I wonder where my old mule is? She and I will soon have to started. Why, we can take that green grass and make little trenches all over, and it will turn brown and dry up like it's supposed to. Then maybe my doctor will let me hunt rocks. He likes rocks. I like them too.

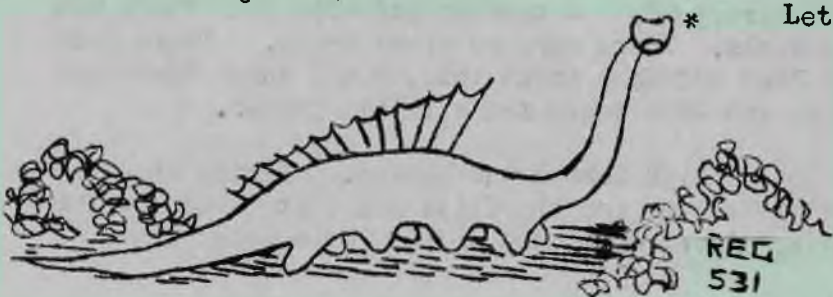
* * * * *
* THEY COULD MAKE GOOD MOVIES *
* (Continued from page 4) *
* * * * *

A BROKEN MOON
A madman shot the moon
And broke it
It fell to earth and
Lay on a street where
Curious fools
Stared at the pieces.
A throbbing soul
Held up a chunk
And screamed at the world--
"Will no one cry
For a broken moon?"
"No one," they said to him,
"For a moon is ^a big thing--
Let it weep for itself."

Less expensive time than shooting miles *
of film for minutes of finished "story" *
as is so common today. Movies are so *
often shot piecemeal with actors know- *
ing a scene but little more; this does *
save a bit of scene-shifting (when the *
same set is needed in more than one *
scene) but not much, as so much time is *
wasted. Zest is washed away so often *
by head-achy hours before a camera with *
too-bright lights, too-uncomfortable *
make-up, and so forth. With new tv- *
type equipment, it is possible to take *
the pics with lights not much more than *
normal for seeing--and this would be a *
great improvement. So I'd suggest some *
tv or movie studio hire an inventor to *
modify everything to get results with *
ease, spend for special equipment, and *
then work for a fully integrated pro- *
gram of film-making. *
* * * * *

However, I'm not more able to *
do a movie than I am to do a prozine, so *
this is all just speculation. *
* * * * *

--Joe Staton



THE SOUTHERN IMAGE

Blaine Bennett

Being a Southerner (or Suthunuh, sth) can be a mighty frustrating experience sometimes.

What I mean is, if you're going to live up to the popular conception of what constitutes a Southerner in the minds of those whose only contact with same has come via television and the movies, you've got a job on your li'l ol' hands.

Take talking, for instance. Or "tawkin'", rather. According to Hollywood or the boob tube, a person from the South just naturally has to sound as if he is suffering from an advanced case of basketball adenoids, or else has a perpetual curl in his tongue--possibly a result of too much of that "good ol' mountain dew" which, as all non-Southerners know, is compounded of more or less equal amounts of tiger sweat and carbolic acid. (Actually, the best of it is about 90% smoother to the taste than most legalized likker--but's another story.)

The plain, unvarnished truth is that nobody, but nobody, laughs as loudly as Southerners at actors trying to portray the stereotype Southerner. To point a trembling finger at one example, in The Long Hot Summer, Hollywood's blatant tribute to the basketball-adenoid set, the story itself was turned into an unintentional tour-de-farce by the oh-so-serious efforts of the cast to demonstrate how well they could "tawk" with Southern accents. The actual language used was something of a caricature of old-fashioned Negro dialect, but the acotrs were apparently unaware of this. During the seemingly eonic course of the picture, one often wondered how much farther they could go before they'd have to sneeze, thereby losing the wads of cotton they must've stuffed up their noses to give their voices a nasal twaanngg to go with the abominable grammar. It is no slur at Joanne Woodward's Southern-origin talent that she went along with the gag; money is always an overwhelming inducement, as is top star billing. (And don't blame the movie's short-comings on Faulkner; you can write 'dialect-caricature, but how do you write the nasal twaanngg?)

Television is worse, if possible. Aside from The Beverly Hillbillies, whose slapstickish exempts it from this type of criticism, few if any television shows have portrayed a "Southerner" who didn't sound ridiculous every time he or she opened his or her mouth. In this medium, and for reasons as yet undetermined women are far more offensive than men. Possibly this is due to the timbre or more strident quality of the female voices. At any rate, if Southern women actually talked in the high-pitched, nerve-shattering tone employed by their actress-counterparts on television, their men would be driven rapidly deaf, if not North ward in a desperate flight for sanity. The human ear and nervous system can take just so much.

The matter of s-e-x is almost as exasperating as voice and language in the television-Hollywood shaping of what they consider the ideal Southern character. (Oh ho" hollers the reader, "now we get the drift." Maybe so.)

Let's face it; the Southerner, like anybody else who eats and drinks (and sometimes makes Mary), has to earn a living, but how in the name of Havelock Ellis is he going to find the time or energy if he spends most of his waking hours rolling in the hay with nature-girls, who in real life, would be in school or at

(Continued bottom next page)

Also a little apologize to Bob Golbert, whose art I called "hokum". I was mad at everything and his art was handy to criticize. I really like his drawing a lot. With this issue, which I am trying to get onto the right track, I hope to avoid making any unjust remarks about anybody in fandom.

If anybody has the least bit of faith in me after the lastish of INVADER, Jim Harkness and I are still running for Oe together. Al Andrews has agreed to take care of the money for us, so nobody need hold any fears that we will abscond with the general coffers. If we are elected, the way we will run the Co-Oe thing will be this: You will send your zines to me the first time, and then to Jim, and then back to me again for the third time, and Jim will take then the last time Dues would be payable to Al, who would turn in a report of the finances to which ever of us was to turn out the mailing at the time. Back mailings would be available from me, and I would pass the payment for them on to Al.

Some of you may have noticed that a shading plate has been employed on some of the illustrations in this issue of INVADER. This is due to the generosity of Buck Coulson. I wrote him to ask how much he would charge me for one to shade my zine. Juanita happened to have a duplicate which the Speed-o-print people had given her (I think that's who gave it to her, anyway) and she didn't feel right about selling it, so Buck gave ti to me free.



Now a special plug for a special zine: Bill Spicer, 418-H West Stocker Street, Glendale, California, 91202, is producing the first all-litho amateur comic I have yet come across in fandom and it's a real beauty. FANTASY ILLUSTRATED, @50¢ per of 4 ish sub @ \$2.00.

(Continued from page 7)

THE SOUTHERN IMAGE

home helping care for the other littl'uns. Hollywood, television, Faulkner, and Erskine Caldwell to the contrary, Southerners per se are neither over-sexed super-virile, nor any less aware of social morality than other regional groups. Nor is the female any more attractive to the male than, say the northern doll is to the northern Adonis. If what we see on the tv and movie screens (or read in books) had any basis in fact, there'd be more Southerners than there are heathen Chinees. The reproductive process follows the same rules in the South that it follows in the North, West, or what-have-you. In short, the Southerner, unlike the lowly amoeba, has not yet discovered the secret of multiplication by division.

Perhaps being of Southern origin tends to make one bellyacke too loudly too often, but, as a perceptive book-reviewer once remarked, as he tore gleefully into a South-based novel: "Someday, somewhere, somebody is going to learn that the real . . . story of the South is infinitely stronger than fiction."

It is, too.

THE REVENGE OF GODFREY GOPHER

by
Clinton Brake

"Well, heh, heh, I finally got ol' Rex Rattle out of my hair— eh, my fur, that is," said Godfrey Gopher with a broad grin covering most of his brown face.

"How on earth did you do that?" asked Gaylord Gopher. Both of them were gophers. (With names like that what did you expect--hippopotomi, maybe?)

"You know how ol' Rex Rattle was the meanest darn snake anywhere near Dusty Wells. He's been after us gophers for so long and he's been after me in particular for, oh, I don't know how long."

"Uh-yup, ever since you bounced that boulder off his scaley head."

"Right. Well, the other day, I had inspiration sudden like--I had the most wonderful idea. I could rig my gopher hole so that I could fix ol' Rex."

"How did you do that?"

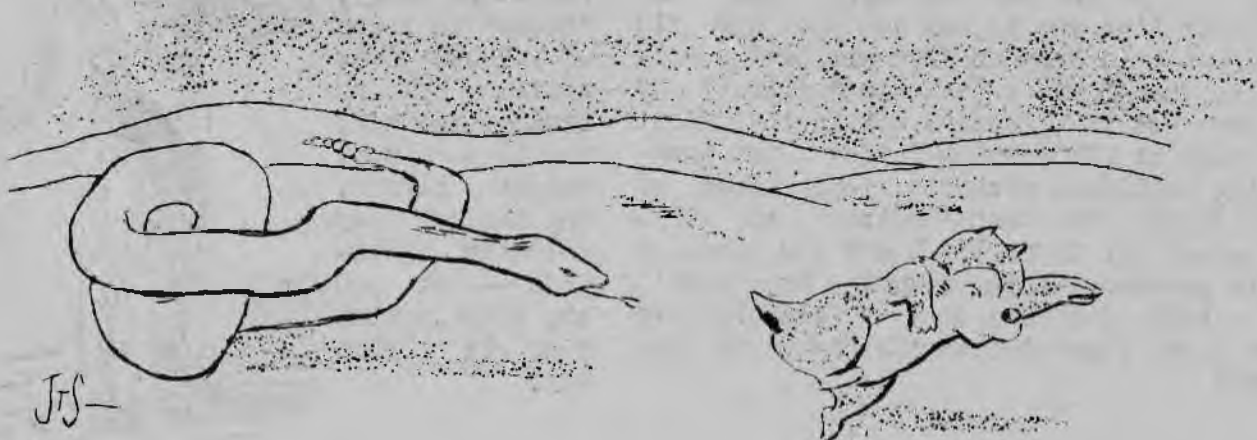
"Hold on, Gaylord, I'm corin' to that. After I had the hole dug just like I needed it to be, I set out after 'rattle tail'. I found him asleep under a big rock. I went up to him and shook my bushy little tail in his face and when he got tickled, he woke up and started to chasin' me all over the place. I led him to my hole and dived in real quick. Ol' Rex wasn't too smart about the whole business, 'cause he came in right behind me at full speed, I kept on running around and around and then I ran out the back door when I knew he was too far gone to help. And then I heard the most awful screech come out of my hole."

Godfrey Gopher leaned back on a rock and waited for Gaylord to ask him to go on.

"Tell me what happened next," Gaylord implored anxiously.

"Well, I'd dug my hole into all sorts of turns and corners and such, so now ol' Rex is tied in the prettiest square knot you ever saw."

And so it was that Godfrey Gopher brought peace to Dusty Wells...



THE INVADER ATTACKS

Nice, healthy number of pages in the 11th mailing. Some fairly worthwhile material, too.

DOL-DRUM...It's very difficult for me to read anything you write without doubling up with laughter. Maybe you aren't really so funny but you just strike me that way. Though I seldom agree with anything you say, I think you are the most entertaining writer in the apa--and I can always be sure when you are annoyed with anything or anyone, like Al Andrews this time. You are certainly right when you say that it is impossible to know how to react to what you say--I never know if you are dead serious or if you are just carrying on for little or no reason.

WARLOCK...Neat, attractive layout and format this time. The cover was fair to middling, but Gilbert can do a lot better than he did here. Once again I liked Terry Ange's writing and once again you didn't edit her switch of verb tense. Pay a little more attention to the grammar of the pieces you print. "By the Light of the Moon" was either trite or overly compressed, I'm not sure which, but in either case, I didn't like it at all. You should have a longer editorial. Art by REG and Jim Hyland again good, but that by you and others wasn't so hot.

ISCARIOT...The best zine in the mailing. Gilbert's cover was the best in the mailing and the repro was the finest I've yet to see you do. How did you go this long in SFFA without realizing that I was a "talented" artist? My first art in a fanzine was in the first anniversary of LOKI, which I know you saw--big, full-page pictures, too. Most of my drawing has been confined to SFFA (except for YANDRO). Don't you look at the pictures in the zines? Why doesn't somebody give me a copy of the by-laws so I can find what is the minac in this apa?

ZAJE ZACULO...Found your notes on the thing with your English teacher very interesting. I've had much the same experiences with mine in various grades. You might as well get used to the fact that most of the school teachers--and especially English teachers--in the South are biggotted and irrational. My English teacher is about like yours and Jim Harkness will tell you his is also. I too am considered a corrupting influence by the idiots who run the fifth-rate school I have to attend. I wonder, Len, if fandom might have something to do with our difficulties (actually, I enjoy being an outcaste, but it does have its problems.) I mean, in fandom we learn to be what we are, to respect and indeed to encourage debate on any subject, and to slaughter sacred cows right and left, but the average teacher is grounded in dogma (particularly in the Bible Belt) and thinks anyone who disagrees with him or her must certainly be either a Communist or a jd. I am at least twice as intelligent as my English teacher and it gripes me something fierce that such a person should be allowed to teach teen-agers who don't know enough to be on their guard. There are exceptions to this rule--the story, "Rocks" in this issue of INVADER was written by my biology teacher, who is a very bright person, and has a very tolerant attitude--but on the whole, you'll find it that way.



STRANGER THAN FACT... Why did you use that wonderful REG illo on the bcover and run my fool thing up front? It should have been the other way around. The best stuff should go up front. Of course, the Rhine article is awfully impressive, and I note that it has a bare minimum of typos in it. I personally think that parapsychology is a nut thing and tend to discount any idea that it might have something to be said in its favor, but still the article was enjoyable. "Moon Probes" was well-written, had a nice meter and such. It would be though, with Gardner being a Big Name and All That. I didn't like "Dreamer". There wasn't anything wrong with it, I just didn't like it. I do so wish you would double-space between paragraphs--it makes things look a lot neater. You did a Good Thing with your editorial this time. I dislike being breathed at by people who smell like furnaces--and I don't smoke because I tried it and I don't like it. I also don't drink, but that's because I have an uncle who is a lush and a couple of looks at him are enough to defer anyone from any sort of drinking. Less showthru this time and the zine looks a lot neater.

NEMESIS... Okay, I'm not fighting with you anymore, Arnold, but many more issues of this thing with the violently anti-SFPA carryings-on and I will be at your throat once again. Yes, I think Harkness would make a fine Oe-- and so would I, for that matter, so vote for us. If you happen to put someone with a Steton-ish name into the grossly unfair allegory of SFPA, give him a white suit and a butterfly net so he can take Raae back to the padded cell he obviously escaped from.

SPNOADIC... I like the way Miz Fletcher stencilled my cover. "Altar of Blood" is unfair. The use of the atom bomb was a military necessity and the people were warned to leave the city before it was blasted. And I think it is sickening to carry on about how we bombed Hiroshima "...before they knew what//Hit them" when you stop to think about how our men were murdered at Pearl Harbor without a chance to de-



fend themselves. That was "...before they knew what//Hit them." If Jeff Patton wants to cry for someone, let him cry for the men who died at Pearl Harbor; let him cry for the others who died defending this country before the atom bomb ended the War. "The Grim Reaper has scored a grand slam, // And for what? FOR WHAT?" I'll tell you for what--it was to stop the dying of US soldiers, it was to smash the enemy before he could smash us. We betrayed no one; we fought back--with everything at our disposal, including the atom bomb. There is a difference. It was better to kill them than to have them kill us. Patton not particularly like that, but it is the truth. And just why did you pub such pacifist trash in SPORE?

--JtS