

SENTINEL #2

June SFPA

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This address is permanent. I moved from the old Troy address in December, but I've lived in so many places since then that a CoA couldn't keep up with me.

Well,

I got married on April 10th. Married life is alright, if you like that sort of thing. I've got a job at Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory, a complete security clearance, and I handle all sorts of mail. I get so sick of mail I hate to participate in fandom much....

I had a Sentinel ready for the last mailing, but the deadline rolled around before I found a publisher. I hope to have something in this mailing; maybe my wife.

So how've you been? Well, I hope. If not, I'll strain the world thru a sieve and make everything fine for you. I occasionally do things like that.

Married life hasn't changed me much, yet. I still go unshaven on weekends, distrust churches, and tell people to go to hell. But I have made a few minor adjustments. I stopped smoking (too expensive) so much. I stopped drinking so much (too expensive). I've even stopped eating (too expensive). But my wife is easy to get along with, and every time I open my mouth she tells me I don't know what the hell I'm talking about. We get

along good that way, probably because we're both floppant, whathell people. But then, that's only our opinion.

On to the mailing comments, and from there we can go anywhere we want.

UTGARD No reason to believe Ted White dishonest or unreliable?
Hulan Isn't he the one who accepted my check for twenty-five dollars? As I remember it, he was to publish my zine and sell me some stencils, but he didn't do either. He didn't return the sençils. He didn't answer any of my letters. He never paid back the money he 'borrowed' from the FAPA treasury the time he was short on cash and needed food, either. Dishonest and unreliable?

Hairless gorilla? Now, listen.... I don't shave between Friday and Monday mornings...

MANNDATE Oh yeah, no doubt. Most fandoms probably are oblivious
Mann to the existence of each other. Take 'Second-Hand Fandom', forinstance, which I am a member of. If you were in second-hand fandom you would rush home every night just to look through the want-ads in all the papers your wife can afford to pick up, and you'd make little check-marks in front of every item for sale that, somehow, you might conceivably make use of. When you're finished marking up the paper you go back and review the things you've checked. Then you make more check-marks in front of the more interesting of these items. After that, one final time, you review the paper again and make more checkmarks in front of a few of those interesting items which already have been checked twice. When you're through you throw the paper away, because only once in a great while will you ever really attempt to buy anything.

I have membership cards available if anyone wants in. (The N3F wants to set up a Bureau for this sort of activity, but I told them no.)

THE SOUTHERNER I'll be damned. Another egoboo poll, pregnant
Joe to explode and shower us all with great drops of personal satisfaction. Blah. Why does one mailing every year have to be spoiled with such a thingum as this here? Well now, I suppose that's my fault again.

KABUMPO In your MCs you left my zine out. Well, that was all
Pelz right, but if I left yours out of mine that would be something else. Unfortunately, I don't know what.

It's nice to know that God is a slob. Of course, this is only your opinion, but to believe in a slobby God is better than not believing in anything at all, I suppose. But then, that's only my opinion.

You draw sadistic pictures. They grab me right here, you know? You

LOKI I liked the short story by Dave Locke. Shows a lot of
Hulan talent, you know? It doesn't show much talent for writing short stories, but the talent which it does display makes it interesting if you really think about it. I suppose. Don't let anyone tell you it was a lousy story, as I'm sure many will. I've read better, of course, but...

DY You've got a better memory than I have, if you can remember
Katz what we talked about at the Discon. I can't remember what
I talked about with anybody, if in fact I did somehow happen
to talk about anything worth remembering.

You talk about a 'year ago'
as if it were ten or twenty years ago. Your fanish contributions
have improved greatly in the period of a year, but you've a ways to
go before any polish begins to show in your work. The better part
of your material still reads neish, so wait a few years before you
begin to reminis.

Jim Williams? As soon as he's finished with that
dirty book he's reading I'll see if I can't get him started on some-
thing else. Probably only another dirty book.

WARLOCK I still think Warlock would be a good title for one of
Monty my zines... Want to make a trade...?

I dunno about this
artwork of yours. This cover...

Hope you have a larger issue next
time, as you promise. Hope I have a larger issue, too, for that
matter...

INVADER Beautiful cover. I ~~can't/tell/anything/with/this~~ don't
Staton know what I can say about your zine itself, tho. It
wasn't too meaty this time. In fact, in this respect,
it resembles something that I might publish...

ZZ Why does a nice fellow like you have a title like Zajc
Bailes Zaculo? It just makes you hard to believe. You should
stick with Soggy Dracula.

Such&Such I live in fear that people will like me. So far I
Luttrell haven't encountered any reason for that fear, but...

Clarges Al, you missed the point. When the difference of opinion
is in the definition then the discussion usually ends in
a stalemate, yes. But this is a different case. For ex: You are
a Conservative and I am a Liberal. Each of us is trying to prove
that our own viewpoint is better. But, let's say that I'm trying
to define the word 'conservative' as far as the term can be applied
to your beliefs. Who do you think would be better qualified to de-
fine your viewpoint - you, or me? You would, of course, which is
why Hulan lost a lot of ground when he stepped outside of his own
territory and tried to define my position as well as his own.

You say
that religion explains the universe but that it does so at the ex-
pense of logic. How can anything be explained unless it's explained
in a logical manner? There is such a thing as an illogical explana-
tion, but nothing can be explained in an illogical way. An illog-
ical explanation would leave a thing unexplained, you might say....

Alright, go ahead. "Construct a perfectly consistent universe".
After all, if God did it why can't you? Do it in the basement in
your spare time.

Sorry, Lon, no LoCs. My fanning days are over, ex-
cept for this zine. I don't even correspond anymore, or draw, or
write, or tell dirty jokes. Sentinel is my only vice. I guess.

Like, time has trundled along since I last talked to you people. Fanwise, I don't consider myself a fan anymore - for the reason that I don't write, draw, publish, or belong to any fan organizations with the exception of this one. And, not that I ever did, but I don't do much for SFPA.

Nevertheless, to sort of try and make amends in some fashion, I'd like to publish something a little bigger and better for the next mailing. I'm still no longer interested in stencilling fan-type art, fantastically talented tho I am in that direction and in most any direction that includes left-turns, but I'd like to line up a few more pages for the nextish. So if you've got something or can write something that you'd like to see in print in the next mailing, send it along before the first week of August is over. I'll have an issue for sure, and I can will be publishing it.

Thank you for your consideration, and now....

The Army must be a marvelous institution. I can't express how much faith I place in the thoroughness and competency of their organization and policy. They're just so fantastic that I couldn't believe them until they happened to me.

I had to go for my physical.

I think the main disaster was that they scheduled more people for the physical than they could possibly handle. That's only my opinion, but at any rate it all started when they began skipping whole groups of men for some of the tests. They must have figured they didn't have time to give all the men all of the tests. However, they did have time to pass everybody on the tests which the men didn't take. Me for instance - first they had me skip the urine test so that I could move on to something else. But they wrote on my paper that my urine was 102% in fine shape. Well, that was alright. It was even alright that they skipped me on other tests - except that I balked when they wrote down that I had healthy teeth. I told an army fellow that I thought they should be examined again, and he said "You don't think you have healthy teeth?" I said "Well....", took my teeth out of my mouth, held them in the palm of my hand, and gazed somewhat resignedly at him. I also found that I lost three whole inches when they measured my height. The most amazing thing which I discovered, however, is that I have no blood in my left arm; or at least they couldn't find any by jabbing a needle into it several times. My right arm, although it has blood, requires three jabs of a needle to locate it. I felt fine throughout all this, because bloodtests and needles are old-hat to me, but the fellow next in line looked decidedly pale and passed out when they didn't find Blood in his arm on the first try.

Although I moved several times and notified my draft board in person of each such move, I discovered that down where I took the physical they had the very first address that I had arrived at when I moved to the tri-city area. They tried to give me a hard time over that, but I would up giving them a hard time instead and I enjoyed every second of it. But then, that wasn't nice of me. I'm really not even a nice person, when you come right down to it, but, then, that's my fault again.

So, the physical appeared to be somewhat of a farce, but I must still hold respect for the army if only because the military is the backbone of a country's strength, or whatever.

DREAM TREKS

by Jim Williams

The stars can climb high
as hopes and dreams
But years mount up
and tear at the fabric
Of life as it rises and falls
in the Universe

The flames of war expand
and men bear with it
But it consumes them
and their worlds
And the stars fall with the
hopes and dreams

To rise from the dirt
and fight your way
To the limits of the Entirety
is fine
But fight everything along the way
and you end where you began

Pull your own weight and
climb high
Better yourself with the honesty
of ambition
And hesitate at the top
lest you fall down

Slow down your consciousness
And let the dreams run fast
and faster
Build a ship, drift it far from
Home, and make a home
on strange soil in strange climate
And make a go of it.
Find life that will fight you,
side with you, or just co-exist with you
But push, spread out, extend, conquer
make it your own
Dream of labor, sweat, and the hard
hard struggle of it all.
Don't slow down until it's yours.
You need a world of your own, so
wake up
and go find it.
Leave your own conquered world
behind.