



the invader



THE INVADER #1
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Joe Staton.)

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~~Joe Staton, 469 Ennis Street,~~
~~Indian, Tennessee and published~~
~~by Dave Locke, Box 335, Indian~~
~~Lake, New York~~
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LAMENT FOR A

Mideldigrix

By JANICE STATON

far beyond the skies lives the mideldigrix
furry and purple is he
none other such as he is existing
many were here long ago
now all are gone, gone are

mideldigrix fur was their end
many a lady wears a mideldigrix stole
She on the lady for skinning a mideldigrix
Fair mideldigrix, you have met your end
in your lustrous purple hide

beware, lose mideldigrix, for your fur
hide in deep jungles, hide in high mountains
but your fur shall not elude the fur hunters
go out of this world and you shall be free
goodbye, kind and hunted mideldigrix



Book Review

By JOE STATON



Used to be that I'd hear fen talking about ERB books and could only grovel in my abyssmal ignorance, but now that Burroughs is being reprinted in pocket books by Ace And Ballantine (mainly because the copyrights have run out on the books) I am no longer totally in the dark when Burroughs is being discussed. I've now read at least one of each important series and usually more. The title up there says "Book Review", but that isn't exactly honest or correct, because I intend to just ramble along in this article or column or whatever it is, about any ERB that happens to strike my mind(?) at the moment I'M typing a sentence, so don't anybody get upset if, all of a sudden I switch from one book to another.

First, I'll try the Barsoom series—mainly because I think it is the worst of Burroughs' wratings and I'd much rather tear a writer apart than pat him on the back any day.

The hero of the Mars/Barsoom sreies is, as everybody knows by now, one John Carter gentleman from Virginia. This Carter is, it seems, never born and dies all the time just for kicks. Other than that he is just like Tarzan or Tanar or David Innes or Carson Napier, other of Burroughs's creations. Carter, as are all Burroughs heroes, is Big, Strong, And Handsome. He never shows capability for complex thought and his only philosophy seems to be: "If you kill me, I'll kill you while you're doing it!" He's always trying to killed rescuing one of the innumerable heroines, but since Burroughs likes happiness, he inevitably pulls through, especially since the Martian women have medicines that make a slightly-chopped earthman like new in nothing flat.

An assistant hero is Ters Tarkas, one of the Martians, who is, of course, just like John Carter—except he is twelve feet tall and has green hide. I mentioned earlier the host of heroines; they all fit the same mold as any other Burroughs' heroines: they are Beautiful, Pure as the Driven Snow, and Loaded with Sex Appeal while each is incapable of anything and must always be protected by John Carter. Carter should have started a girl-protecting agency.

In these Mars books there are too many loose ends left dangling to suit me. How did Carter get to Mars in the first place? How could Carter mate with Dejah Thoris--her being oviparous and him viviparous? Why all those "surprise" coincidences?

On second thought, the answer to the last question is pretty obvious. The coincidences are easily explained: when John had killed no one for a couple of pages, Burroughs had to bring in something to keep the reader occupied--like finding someone it's absolutely impossible to find or having the oxygen station attendant mysteriously killed for no reason at all.

In these novels, Burroughs seemed not to have cared if a story was believable or if the action had motivation or not; they seemed to be based on the line: "Hey, fellas, here's somebody who's not a hero, let's kill him!!!" These books are so ~~FUNNY~~ FUNNY (I guffed...) bloody they're funny. Take all the fight-out of the first book in the series, PRINCESS OF MARS, and you have left the "Foreword".

These books are remarkable for their total lack of intelligent plotting and believable dialogue. I thought McCulley's ZOORO stories were the apex in stilted dialogue, but then I happened to read the Barsoom set. No one converses on Mars, friends, they all deliver speeches of bombastic eloquence at the drop of a sword. Better dialogue you can find in a rather poor comic book..

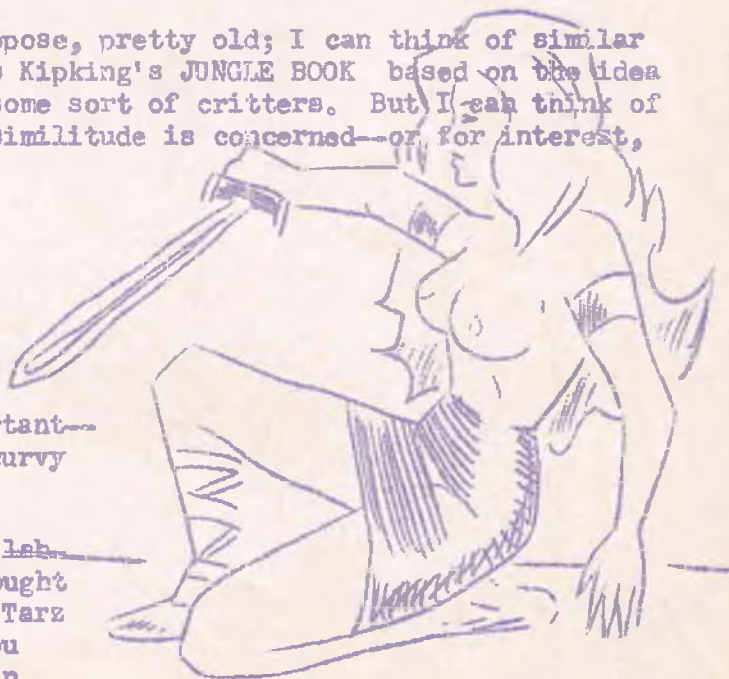
One gripe I have about the art on the covers of the paperbacks--they have absolutely no relations to the stories they are supposed to be about. The cover for THE GODS OF MARS shows a rocket ship and nowhere in the book is there any reference to a rocket ship--and in 1912, when it was copyrighted, they didn't even have rocket ships.

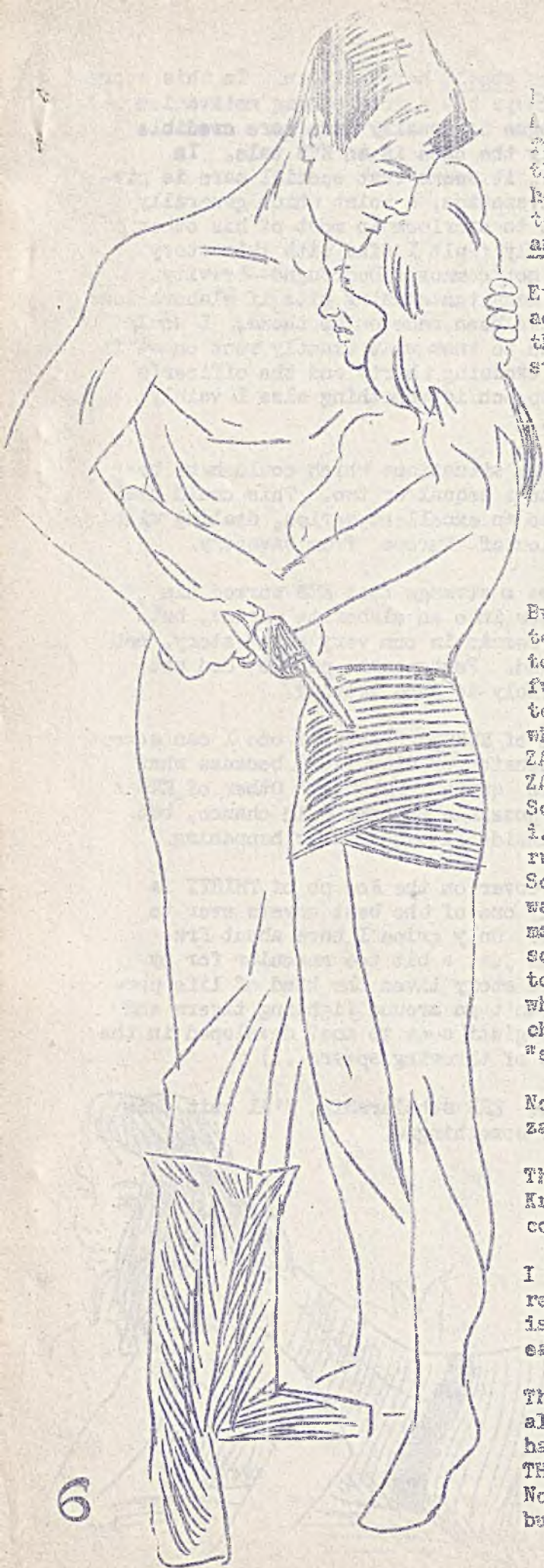
Now, the Tarzan books are an entirely different matter. The books concerning John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, are intelligently written with semi-believable plotting--especially the first books in the series.

The basic idea for Tarzan is, I suppose, pretty old; I can think of similar tales in mythology and then there's Kipling's JUNGLE BOOK based on the idea of a human child being reared by some sort of critters. But I can think of no comparable tales as far as verisimilitude is concerned--or, for interest, either.

(gee, people, I just realized I've done an incredibly stupid-for other people, not for me-thing. I've gone and typed right over that picture of Dejah Thoris... and I had to type over her sword or something unimportant--no, I have to go and type all her curvy head... sheesh.)

You know, for the longest time, I labored under the false impression wrought by the Tarzan novels and I thought Tarzan went around mumbling, "Me Tarzan, you Jane," had a son named Boy, lived in a tree house, and had a monkey who went by the name of Cheeta. The intelligent English lord of the books came as a great shock to me. I can never convey adequately to a reader the effect that the item that Tarzan rode a horse and lived on an estate had on me.





...I'm, it really upset me to find out my
hero was a "civilized" as anybody else.
And even that was not nearly so bad as
finding out the truth about Boy. Korak,
the killer, now that upset me. I mean,
how can anybody think for one moment of
tousel-headed Johnny Sheffield killing
anything?

Even taking into the account my traumatic
adjustment to all this new knowledge, I thought
the Tarzan books to be some the finest adventure
stories I had come across.

I was just now wondering about how ERB treats
the blacks in the Tarzan series, and why the
NAACP or some other such group doesn't try to
have them censored. I mean, all of you have
read about how the negroes are having words
like "blackies" and the like out of Stephen
Forster's immortal songs and Forster never real-
treated the negro as an inferior being, yet
Burroughs seemed to continually go out of his way
to show that whites and even apes were much bet-
ter than a black. For example, Greystoke's faith-
ful Waziri are shown as having not the intelligence
to action independent of a white. If anyone doubts
what I just said, just take another look at TAR-
ZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION or JUNGLE TALES OF TAR-
ZAN to be convinced that ERB was of the conservative
Southern temperament as regarded race relations,
i.e., that a black is a stupid thing and must be
ruled by whites for his own good. Conservative
Southern or maybe it was imperialist England he
was under the influence of. Compare ERB'S re-
marks about negroes to those of Rudyard Kipling
sometime. I don't think ERB's intention was
to condemn the black, but rather he merely wrote
what he, for some reason, believed. Greystoke
champions negroes, but he also champions other
"sub-human" groups.

Now, let's hope Bobby Kennedy doesn't read a Tar-
zan book...

The Ace covers by Frazetta are top-notch, but
Krenkel and whoever (Powers?) does the Ballantine
covers are terrible artists.

I like the Pellucidar books, even though they
resemble the Mars series a bit. I think maybe this
is because I like the horrible monsters in the
earth's core better than the ones on Mars.

The Venus and Land That Time Forgot books are
also nice, but I think the best Burroughs tale I
have yet to read is BEYOND THIRTY, retitled
THE LOST CONTINENT in the Ace paperback reprint/
Now, the story isn't especially outstanding
but it just grabbed me as being the sort of thing

that Burroughs should have written. In this story the action always has a good strong motivation and the dialogue is usually much more credible than is usually the case in an ERB tale. In BEYOND THIRTY, it seems that special care is given to characterization, a point which generally ERB was prone to overlook in most of his other novels. The only fault I find with this story is a failing not common to Burroughs--brevity. There are so many tantalizing hints of elaborations that could have been made on the theme. I would like very much to know what exactly went on at the hearing over crossing thirty and the officer's impassioned speech is something else I vainly wish to read.

There were many situations which could have been worked up into a sequel or two. This could have been made into an excellent series, dealing with the reclamation of Europe from savagery.

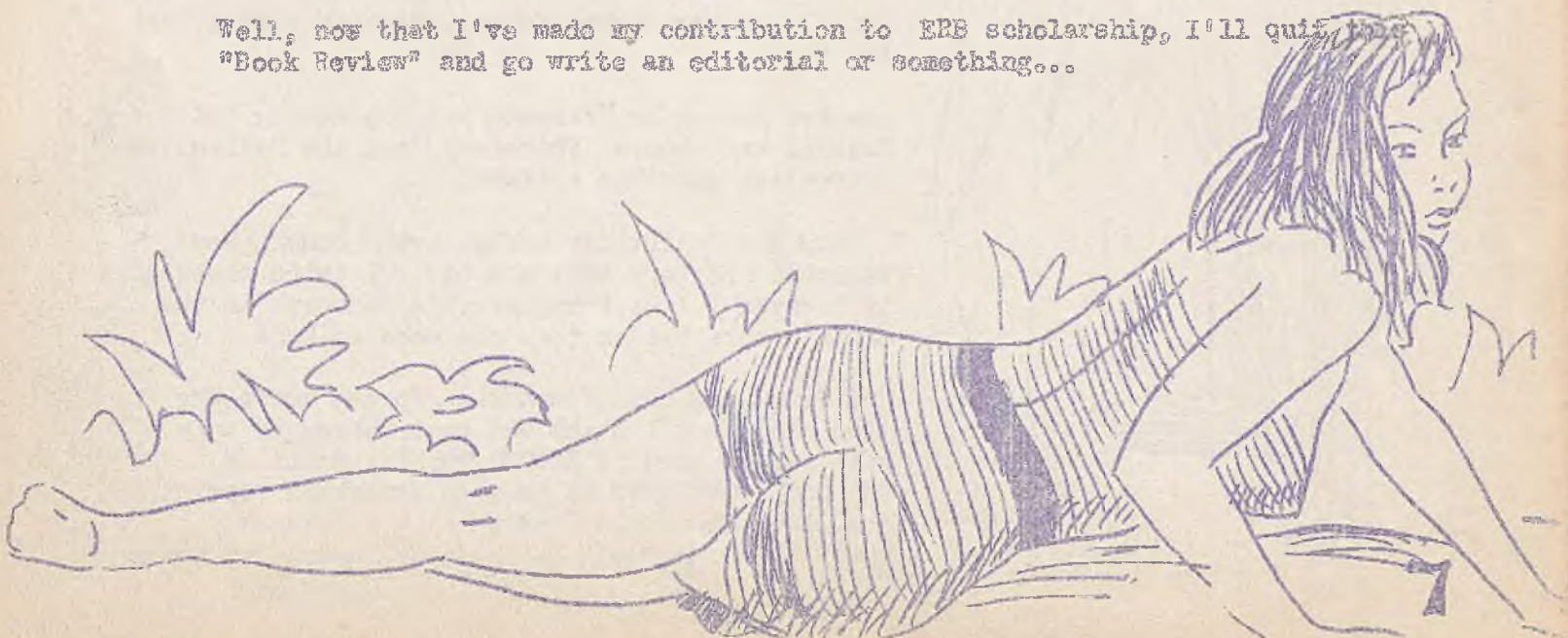
It strikes me as strange that ERB worked his worst character into an elaborate series, but let the best remain in one very short story, not even hardbacked. Perhaps the public did not respond favorably to good writing.

The plot line of BEYOND THIRTY is one I can accept with no "suspension of disbelief" because what is portrayed is quite probable. Other of ERB's stuff may be possible on some wild chance, but this has an inside line to really happening.

The Frazetta cover on the Ace pb of THIRTY is quite probably one of the best covers ever to grace a book. Only gripe I have about Fra-

etta is that he usually draws his heroines just a bit too muscular for my tastes, but then I guess if the girl in the story lived the kind of life portrayed, she'd have to be muscular, like he can't go around fighting tigers and such with weak biceps can you? (Though her gluti seem to most developed in the title-page ille... Maybe she runs instead of throwing spears...)

Well, now that I've made my contribution to ERB scholarship, I'll quit the "Book Review" and go write an editorial or something...



editorial

Joe Station

Well, I guess about every fansine has to have an editorial of some sort or another—especially an apazine—so I'll rant or something like that here for a page or so.

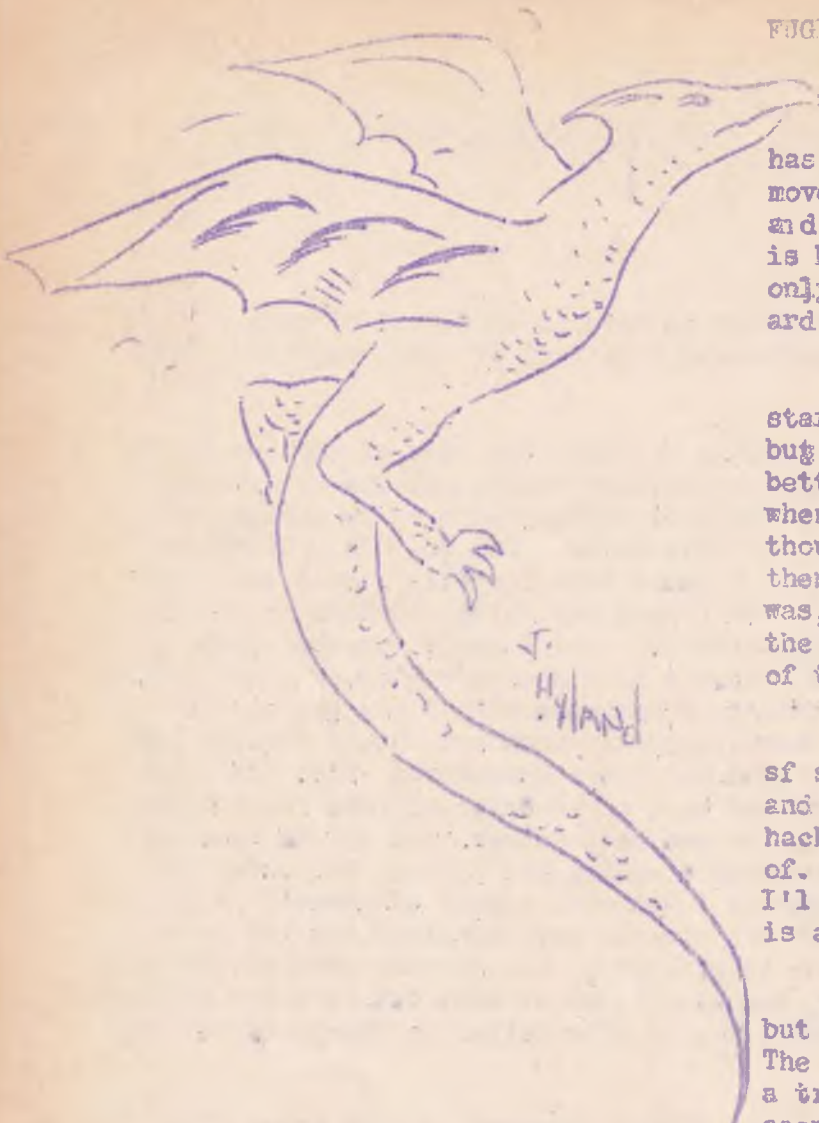
This is my first attempt at a fansine to reach the eyes of anybody in the great big wide world of fandom. I tried once before but due to my stupidity coupled with the incompetency of the Post Office rendered my masters beyond the salvaging powers of good ol' Dave Locke. Und so, THE ATLANTIC died a horrible death by miscarriage. I guess that I really should call this second try THE ATLANTIC also, but after I send the things to Dave to be run off I threw the cover away that I used for it. And I don't remember just what it was so I can't redo it—and I draw a nice spaceman picture which is the cover for this thing, but can you imagine a spaceman with a ray gun on the front of something supposed to be about legendary fantasy? So, I thought the spaceman would make a dandy invader from Out There Somewhere. Thus the title was changed to THE INVADER—it's not too much of an original name for science-fiction apazine, I reckon, and I hope no one has another zine of the same name running around somewhere and accuses me of stealing his title. The model for the cover was a little spaceman figurine I got with a pair of shoes(I think) some years ago. Things of that sort are nice to get topshots and the like which might look cornball drawn from imagination. The picture down at the bottom of this page is by Bill Spicer, who used to be an sfan but left for cfandom. The poem up front is by my Kid Sister, who is also Editor in Charge of Getting in the Editor's way.

The name of the poor critter in that poem is pronounced like this: MID-el-di-grix. The Eicofitew was afraid somebody might just call her creation something besides what it is and that would have given her fits or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Has any body besides me been watching the ol' teevy set as of late? There are a lot of new shows which are pretty good. One of the best is called THE



BILL
SPICER



FUGITIVE and stars David Jansenn (who used to be Richard Diamond) as a man who is on the run for a murder he is innocent of, though he was convicted of the crime. This series has agreeable indications of being an attempt to move LES MISERABLES to a twentieth century setting and circumstance. Strengthening this impression is Barry Morse as the dedicated Lt. Girard, whose only aim in life, it seems, is to recapture Richard Kemble (Jansenn) who escaped from him.

Another ~~new~~ dandy show is TEMPLE HOUSTON starring, well I forget just who it does star, but Jack Elam is a regular character and he's better than the star, anyway. I was distraught when THE DAKOTAS went off the air because I thought Elam might not be back in a series, but then he showed up as Taggart on HOUSTON and I was, yea verily, happy. Elam is quite probably the worst-looking man on television, but he's one of the best actors.

I like to watch the OUTER LIMITS, a new sf show, but it isn't a very good hour of them and such. The plot lines are usually pretty hackneyed or just hack, by writers I never heard of. But, like I say, I like to watch it and I'll probably continue to do so even though it is a silly show.

ARREST AND TRIAL has some excellent episodes, but it also has some exceptionally tedious ones. The first episode shown (Anthony Franciosa as a truck driver) was one of the best tv plays I've seen, but after that the 90 minutes seemed to stretch out into much longer periods of time.

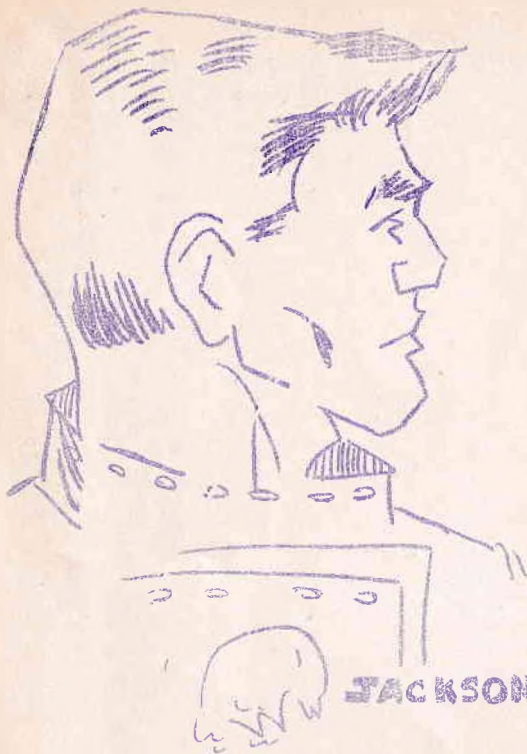
Sometimes, I watch A&T and sometimes I don't, because it just isn't consistent with itself.

You know, people, I'm able to fill out this first issue of THE INVADER, but I'll be needing some outside contributions from you SFPA'ers if I'm to keep on having it in the apa.

I hope nobody is unable to read this thing because of the numerous typos I'm making all over the place. I really don't do it just to make things hard on the readers, you know. It happens that way.

Since I didn't get all of the zines in the apa for the last mailing, I won't have a mailing comments section in this first issue, but I did get some of them for contributions I had in them or was going to have, so I'll deal with them in the editorial.

I like this last issue of ISCARIOT. I sympathize with Montgomery over having to re-type his stencils, because I'm having to re-do my whole zine also, except once a ditto master is ruined there's no fixing it and you have to get new ones. If I were smart or not destitute of funds, I'd switch to mimeo. I can't see anything special about Bob Williams' piece, but I did enjoy reading it...thought I was the only one who was so particular about his books and I'm not even a collector. "Moon Beams" is pretty silly, don't you think? If the rhyming weren't so obvious, I'd like it an awful lot more than I do. Plott's



review is what you'd expect of him--well written, interesting. I wonder howcum Bill writes real good for other people's zines, but just does his off the top of his head. I don't like my review because, though I detest padantry, whenever I review anything I sound terribly pedantic in print. Isn't that odd? I hope you keep the letter column. Al's comments are wonderful. (Incidentally, Al, I only know "people like them" from schol, where we have some pretty wild kids...) I do not like Mrs. Fletcher's cover, but her explanation is worthwhile reading.

Now, OUTRE isn't so good. Kent does nice book reviews, and I think he'd be much better off if that were the sole content of his zine, because the ineptness of all his outside material is alarming. I didn't think anyone could write so badly as Jim Toren does in "Valley of the Werewolves". Kent writes okay, but his editing is terrible.

STRANGER THAN FACT--Jim has improved Stranger a great deal with this second issue. The pompous pretension of the first ish is to a great extent gone and the material is of a much higher quality. With the exception of "Vanishing American" by Davids, all of the fiction is very good. I liked Dr. Kellar's little bit of macabre in particular. This is the way fanzine fiction should be written. Now, Jim Harkness is the very opposite of Kent McDaniel--he is an excellent editor, but is one of the most cornball writers in fandom. Biggest thing wrong about Stranger is the crudeness of the artwork--mainly mine, which I chopped out in a couple of minutes; next time I'll do some careful work on it like I do for Coulson. I like th3 film and book reviews, though they weren't as good as the fiction.

AMAZING, FANTASTIC, THRILLING, PORNOGRAPHIC, REBEL FANAC STORIES, alias SPORE was usual Plott--scatterbrained, but lovable. I'm glad you cleared me up on whether you looked like Shockley's or Gibson's cartoons of you. I mean, nobody (not even you) could possibly look like Shockley drew you.

Well, that's all the SFPazines I got so I can't rattle on about more, now can I? Next time, though, I'll have a whole mailing to comment on and will have a MC section like a respectable app zine should.

I hope Dave Hulan returns to the living (fannishly speaking, of course.) for the next mailing. I never knew how much I did miss his zine, LOKE, until he moved(?) gaffiated(?) died(?)

That picture over ther3 by good ol' Dave Locke wasn't drawn as such. He doodled it at the end of a letter and said "The LOCKE Ness Monster". I thought it was a nice critter so I enlarged it a bit and there you have a fine fillo. Or at least I think it's a fine fillo.



Hummm, I reckon that takes care of the editorial...