

The
INVADER

Joe Staton

DRAGONS AND THINGS

AN EDITORIAL OF SORES

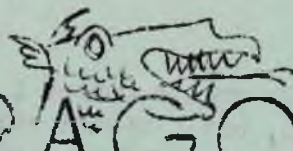
This fanzine you now behold is either the second issue of THE INVADER or the first. I'm going to call it the second issue, even though you people have missed the first issue. I missed it too, and I missed it more than you did, because I typed it and wrote it and all that.

Some of you probably have no idea what I'm talking about, so I'll try to explain the whole grisly mess as clearly as I can. Last summer I became the proud possessor of a fine typewriter. For the first time, I thought seriously of pubbing a fanzine and joining an apa. SFPA was the natural choice, because most of my fan-ac has been in this apa since I joined the ranks of fan. I asked Bill Plott about how I should go about it. He painted me a picture of a rather expensive fanzine to be done in mimeo. Not having the funds at the time to engage in such, I was dissuaded from fanpubbing, but then I thought of having somebody run it off for me on a ditto. Dave Locke was the only fan I knew fairly well who owned a ditto so I contacted him and he promised to do it for me at a fair price on the condition that I vote for him in the NFFF elections which were coming up. I voted for him for Director and even wrote him in for President, and then typed up the masters for a zine called THE ATLANTEAN. The post office ruined them in a particularly ghastly way, and though Dave worked for two hours, they were ruined beyond any hopes and he told me that if I were smart I'd switch to mimeo or if I were even smarter, I'd forget the whole idea. I wasn't smart--I retyped the whole mess and changed the name to THE INVADER in the process, then I sent them off to Dave. Just before they got to him, his ditto committed suicide by leaping from a bridge. Here he was with a lot of masters to be run off and no machine to do it on, so he packed them up and sent them to Arnold Katz. (~~Arnold Katz's death, a subplot and has arisen, but that is not pertinent to this discussion. And is better left private, anyway.~~) Katz' ditto had died a horrible death a while before. He sent to someone named Len Bailes, of whom I had never heard before. This is the last I heard from my fanzine. Presumably this character Bailes has the masters and he may print them someday (if they have not already ruined.) and IF he does I shall send all you members of the SFPA a copy. I had explained all this to Jim Harkness and he, being one of the Ghod Ones, said he would run it off on his mimeo for the next issue and give me free ink and paper at cost. I couldn't pass this up, and I felt sure he would get it done on time and all that, so I told him ok. I bought a stylus and some cheap stencils to try to teach myself to cut artwork. Jim was to send me the stencils to do the zine on. I sent him one of my trial jobs to more or less see if I was doing it as I should. I wasn't. The day I got the stencils from him, he called Long Distance to warn me about what I was doing wrong. He was afraid I would gaffate if I had to retype the mess again. I probably would have, too. (Goddammit, I just tore this stencil !!! I may do it yet.) However this issue turns out will determine my fannish fate one way or the other. Or I may take the easy way out and simply shoot myself in the head.

I firmly believe that anyone who is a fan has something wrong with his mind and that anyone who tries to edit a fanzine is totally demented. Nobody has luck like mine--if many people did, the fate of the world would be in danger. I sure hope that Scotch tape will hold a torn stencil. Maybe I should change to hekto.

Jim Harkness wrote me an article on the literary style of Edgar Allan Poe and it should appear in this issue, but he has had a problem with it. A

HEY, PEOPLE, I JUST GOT WORD THAT I AM PUBLISHED IN KLOOK!



OH, JOY

letter from him includes the following information :

"J turned it in to my Eng-Lit' teacher for extra credit—which I need like I need a hole in the head...It was a stupid thing to do, but I wasn't thinking too well that day. She's still got it and doesn't show any signs of giving it back...she's a pretty dumb broad anyway..."

I'm holding a couple mabe three pages open for his article which I hope he will get back and to me. By the way, that crooked line up there at the top of the page is the reuslt of getting the stencil in the typer crooked and not having any correction fluid to fix it with. In case anyone is interested for some odd reason, I'm typing this on the 26 of January. The rest of the zine has been put together already except for the Poe article and some artwork I expect from Jim Hyland.

"The Frog Prince" in this issue is by my sister's buddy, Mike Hunter and I think it may be true, because he does look like a frog. (Oh, he'll be mightily upset when he reads that...)

In the last ish of the OO, Bill Plott called for people who want to run for OE. In answer to that I have a proposal to make to the members. Jim Harkness and I want to be the OE, but neither of us wants to take every mailing, so we've hit on the idea of running togeter and alternating mailings between ourselves. I don't know what the rules would be on something like this, but if it is leagal, I would like the rest of you to give it some thought. There is one distinct advantage to such an arrangement—there would always be an emergency OE if something happened to one of us, and it doesn't seem to likely that we would both be out of action at the same time. Think about it, people.

A note which should have gone in the Mailing comments, but I forget it. In OUTRE, there is a discussion of sorts as wheter or not the tale "The Valley of the Werewolves" benefitted from the cahnging of the point of view to "Doc". I've found something in A HANDBOOK ON STORY WRITING by Colton Williams which should be authoritative enough to settle it. Quote: "Now if the writer does well to ~~chose~~ choose a definite angle of narration or point of view, when should he, having chosen it, leave it for another angle? And why should he leave it for another angle? Adherence to the chosen point of view means a unity of effect and a corresponding strength of impression...On picking up the thread which has been interrupted, the reader may find that he has forgotten the preceding incidents of that thread." I guess that settles that.

Goodnight, people...



FANDOM IS A WAY....

Fandom is a way of fun;
Some fans enjoy the chance to run
around with banners shouting, "See,
Fandom's a way of life for me!"

Some fans pretend that they can see
The glories of eternity---
They're prophets out to view the stars---
And others like to go to bars.

Some fans think other fen are phoney
Who quarrel over hegemony---
Or, perhaps, do not agree
With what is wise--that is, with ME.

---Stan Woolston

ARTICLE BY SIM HARRIS

The time of your story... it is the time of the story...

"There isn't any page four..." --Joe Staton

The time of your story... it is the time of the story...

The time of your story... it is the time of the story...

The time of your story... it is the time of the story...

The GREEN MONSTER

(HE DIDN'T
GET THE POE
THING BACK...)

RIDES
AGAIN!

ARTICLE BY JIM HARKNESS

For those of you who aren't exactly up on the famous names of hot-rodding, the Green Monster is a twenty-two foot ram jet with a canopy and has made a reputation for itself as one of the fastest things on the ground. The owner, with help from various agencies and people, modified it himself--from what I could tell, a damned big job.

We saw this and others recently at the World Championship Auto Show in Memphis, Tennessee. Cars come from all over the US to compete for recognition as tops in their class, along with hydroplanes, ski-boat, motorcycles, and carts. Almost all of these are modified stock models, though a few--like the aforementioned Green Monster and the Maharaja, a car of the future--are strictly for show and competition. The Maharaja was more or less the "trademark" of the show, in that it was the pictured exhibit in most newspapers and advertisements. It has a double-decked hood which slopes to a point, the lower level of which carries the grill and the upper part of which bears the headlights. The whole interior is carpeted with thick black pile, and contains a television, stereo, radio, area for writing and eating, etc., which needless to say gives it a rather crowded appearance; one wonders how the thing is driven. It's a beautiful car, not much larger than a standard Plymouth. The body design is much thicker and heavier, and of course radically different lines go into its body. This one had the 30 or 35 coats of lacquer that was common at the show, giving it an appearance of deep, baked-in gold and white.

The trip started when Dick Izquierdo /not a typo, that's really his name/ called me and informed me that he and three others were driving up to Memphis Saturday to see the show, and there was an extra seat in the car if I wanted it. After a quick check to make sure nothing else (like raking the snow) was scheduled, I told him I'd be happy to go, and was given the time and place of departure. Time dragged the rest of the week, but finally the day arrived.

It was a cool, overcast day, and when I got to the appointed rendezvous my riding companions--Charlie and Buddy Wax, Stanley Brown, and Dick--stated menacingly that they would expect to break abruptly into sunny warmth as soon as we crossed the state line into Tennessee. (I have been somewhat vociferous in my opinions of Mississippi, you see.) As a matter of fact, we did break into sunlight at about the time we crossed into Tennessee, and the rest of them looked at me for a long time with awe in their faces. This was kind of gross, because the driver did it a couple of times too--when he was driving.

Let me state here that this was a fun trip, but it was terrible on the nerves. The first indication of bad things to come started just outside of Greenwood. Here there is a fork in the highway, one branch leading to Memphis and the other to God knows where, probably some swamp of something. We sped happily down the road toward this fork, blithely unaware that Dick did not know which way to go. When we were about twenty yards from the division, Dick said, "Hey, fellas, anybody know which way to go?" All the time heading straight for the middle of the fork, we screamed four different sets of directions, the gist of which was something like, "STOP!" We didn't, but somehow we missed the ditch and bumped down the shoulder--but we were on the right road.

The next mishap occurred after about ten miles. We were passing through a small town-by-the-inside-of-the-road when someone--it might have been me--glanced up from the back-seat peker game. Whoever it was sort of choked, bounced up and down on the seat, and finally managed to get out, "Bears?!" Everybody whirled about, including the driver and stared. Slowly rededing in the distance was a wooden trailer, on top of which, having to and ffo, sat two medium-sized black bears. Dick hit the brakes, turned around in a drainage ditch, and we returned. Apparently it was some kind of travelling show because they had snakes too.

After that, we decide to cut out the fookishness or we'd never get to Memphis, so we took all the way to the cutoff for the Interstate highway before things started to go wild again. Even then we didn't really break up until someone rolled down a window. Dick to be outdone, someone else did the same thing. Then we flew down the highway at twenty miles an hour with all the windows down in thirty degree weather. For some reason, it seemed pretty funny at the time, though I can't imagine why. We passed some character in a '48 Chevy who took one look at us, pulled over to the side, and turned his lights on. We thought that was pretty funny, too.

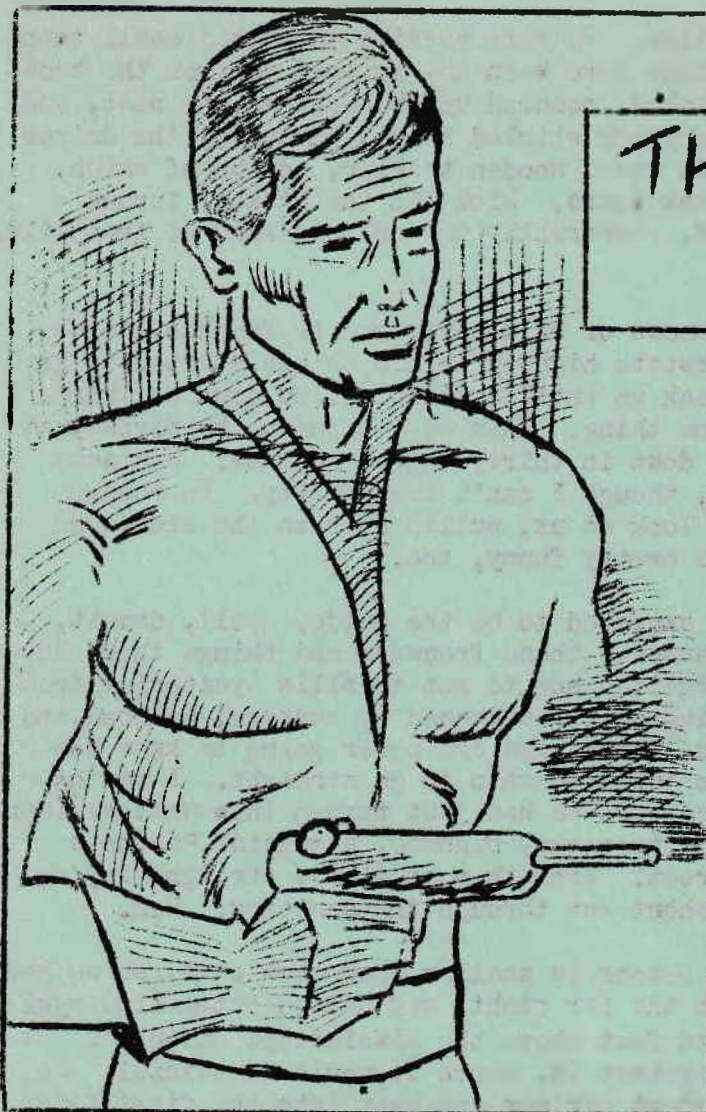
Now I used to to live in Memphis, so I was expected to be the guide. Well, dammit, that was four years ago, and they didn't have all those freeways and things then. However, I wasn't about to let on that I'd forgotten how to get to Ellis Auditorium from Whitehaven, so when we go to a likely-looking exit I summoned my courage, pointed, and we found left the highway. Let me tell you, those guys are never going to know how lost I was, but I kept telling them when to turn and when to go straight. I was beginning to get some strange looks, mainly because we had just turned into what we later found out was Calvary Cemetery, when we came to a cussy highway, alongside Pancho's Restaurant, a Mexican food place--Lamar Street! From then on it was straight in, and Dick still hasn't learned how I knew that short cut through the cemetery. Heh.

There was a bit of trouble parking, Dick's Meteor is smaller than most cars, so we had a full three inches on each side. I was on the far right, and hopped out to find myself at the edge of an embankment about a hundred feet above the Mississippi River. I thought about killing myself, but decided against it, since it would be painful. We walked around to the entrance, paid the damdest prices and went into the first floor. Right away we forgot about the cars, because on a stage at the rear was a ten-piece band that tops anything I've ever heard before. The name of it was "The Blazers", and they are undoubtedly the best non-big time band in the South, topping even the "Counts" who have had several national hits. I heartily recommend them to anyone planning a dance within driving distance of Memphis.

However, after the Blazers took a break, we did look at the cars, boats, cycles, and other exhibits. I was a bit disappointed that there weren't more motors in evidence, but I can only remember one auto with the hood up--a rebuilt '56 Thunderbird. The hydroplanes and other inboards had their power sources unveiled, but the owners refused to allow anyone except girls to go near enough to examine them. Think the the car that most impressed me was in the most unlikely category in the show--chevy driven daily in ordinary traffic. I won't guarantee that it was in absolutely perfect condition, but if there was a blemish anywhere on it, it was microscopic or hidden by the dust in the air. It was hard to believe that factories made cars in such good shape.

Around three o'clock we left, as Buddy had promised a girl he knew from college that we'd stop by her house. We passed it once, and Buddy saw her running out trying to stop us. Several things happened on the way home, but I'd rather not mention them in print. /I'm running out of room too, jns/ Some how, there's an anticlimactic element about ending a trip. And do you know, the same goes for a trip report. How about that?

THERE WAS MORE TO THIS BUT IRAN OUT OF
ROOM...



THE INVADER ATTACKS

I was going to be in this mailing I'm commenting on now, but there were, unfortunately, complications and I didn't quite make it. I'll tell you what they were in The Editorial when I write it.

So, I might as well go on and comment on the zines that were in the 10th mailing...

OUTRE: Well, there wasn't just a lot here to comment on, but I think you were right when you said it wouldn't be fair to run anyone's material in a hek-to'd zine. Of course, you did run that thing by Bailes and a few illose but as they were't worth any reproduction, they don't really count.

Bailes' filk song was not only stupid and badly done, it grossly unfair to

Burroughs. I'll admit that ERB did use mainly cliches in his writing, but all writers, more or less, do this, and Burroughs' genius lay not in his themes but in his treatment of them. I also take exception to the insinuation that any of the ERB books are boring; they are/may be predictable, but they are not boring. The artwork was really terrible, though your mc's were fairly interesting.

TO SAVE A MEMBERSHIP: I'm sure glad Dave Hulan is back in action. I thought seriously of leaving fandom when Bill Plott wrote and told me that he was gafiating for good a few months back. There isn't a lot here in this thing, but I think you did a good job on it considering the circumstances, Dave. And of course, I like the way you told Kent about how very good I was at fiction and such. The crossword puzzle was all right and I managed to fill in most of the spaces. Hope to see LOKI back with us again soon.

CLIFFHANGERS AND OTHERS: I don't like this thing. I just can't seem to get interested in any of the serials you've got in it. Nice cover, though. Gibson is definitely a good cartoonist.

SPORADIC: Your art stencilling seems to be getting a little better. This time, I could even make out just what it was REG drew for you. Usually, you know, it's hard to do that with your art. I think mebbe some body stencilled it for you. It's a good cover--much better than the hokum Gilbert usually draws. You must have printed this on the Jotun press, because I can actually read every single page of it without a bit of eyestrain on my part. The inside illas still need to be cut a

Little more deeply. Found your notes on the dexedrene interesting; wonder when you will try out marijuana.

ISCARIOT: Though you did cut out most of the zine, it was still a good one. The cover was the best in the mailing. (What else, it being by ATom.) I wonder, though, if you didn't make Dave Locke mad, because there is no zine by him in this mailing. It does seem, just a bit odd to say the least that you tear him apart for two whole pages and then you say that you like his zine. I hope you decide on your policy and have a zine of the usual size back in the next time.

By, the way, one of the reasons I've joined this apa is to be sure I get IT somewhere close to when I should. The way Dick has been forgetting to send me my copies (even when I had material in it) got to be annoying.

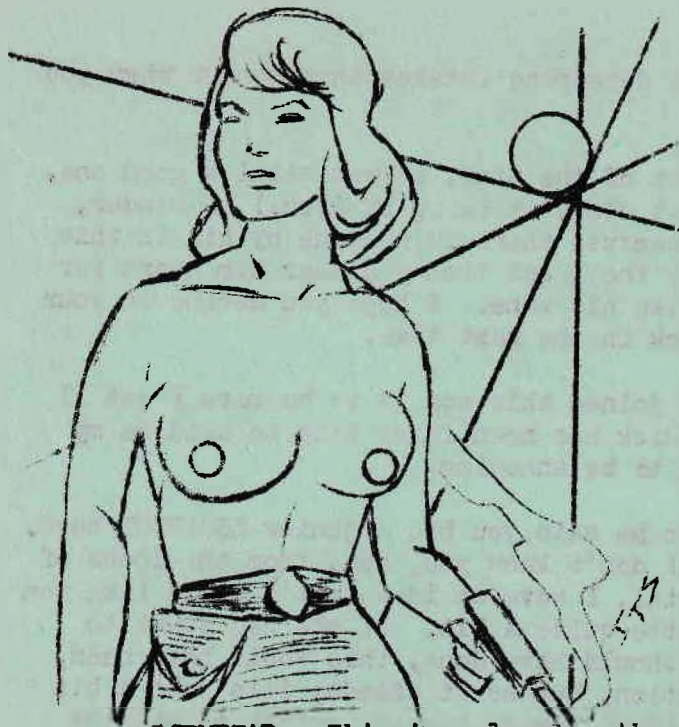
WARLOCK: I think Kent was right when he said you had a junior ISCARIOT here. It's not a bad zine at any rate, however. I don't know you, but, from the looks of WARLOCK and the way you write in the Editorial, I have an idea that I would like you if I did. I like Terry Ange's little vignette quite a bit. If she had stuck to one verb tense throughout the story as she should have done, this would have been, without a doubt, an excellent piece of fiction, but as it stands, it's just a bit awkward to start out in the past tense and then, for no reason, switch to present historical tense. As editor, you should have caught this, Larry. That's what you are for. Hyland has done really nice illos for you hasn't he? Keep him drawing for you—he's good." Fandom at the Philcon" was poorly done and uninteresting. You can find better material than this to put in your zine. I nearly forgot—the cover is well done, just needs a little more contrast.

STRANGER THAN FACT: Jim, now that I get these things of yours in an envelope the PO boys will quite tearing them open. I know they have all the right in the world to open third-class mail to check on it, but it's been happening to all the STF's lately. I wonder if my pretty-girl covers have made them think you were sending out pornography. You did a good job stencilling my artwork this time. I hope my stencilling comes out as well in this thing here.

I just had a thought (yes, I did.) My typer has almost the same thought don't have some of the keys you do, typeface as yours and Dave Hulans, so somebody may be saying that THE INVADER is a STF, jr. or a LOKI, jr. If I've cut on these stencils like I should have, it'll look much like yours and Dave's. However, the odds are I've done the whole thing wrong, but that's not a mailing comment, is it? It's hard to justify these margins while I'm composing on-stencil, but that isn't an mc either.

The material in this issue





almost all good or nearly good. "Grave-side Service" is the only thing in the whole zine which was not much count. It seems awfully pointless to me. "The House in the Zoo" was well done and seemed to be trying to say something. Lee Sapiro's article did something which I had long thought impossible in a fannish article--it was actually intelligent without being pedantic or assinine. The lettercol had just a trace of neoism--not in your remarks but in the letters themselves. I think it's a good idea you've decided to drift away form the type of fen most represented in this lettercol, not counting Sapiro and me of course.

best

I think you have the ~~zine~~ in the 10th mailing. You've certainly changed from the pompous firstish of STRANGER.

SCIMITAR: This is, clearly, the worst zine in the mailing. The repro was fairly decent for a dittograph, but you don't seem to know what you are doing in an apa. The artwork is atrocious to put it kindly. You seem to be one the Katz satellites and Katz is not much of an editor. Maybe some of the rest in SFPA will be able to exert a good influence on you to the point where your zine will be a little better than awful. ~~Jim Harkness started out as a Katz satellite, when he came under the influence of others he became a top-notch fannish.~~

Hmm, it seems that I've run out of any zines to review. We should have more than this many. I guess if everyone on the roster hit every mailing we would have, but that doesn't seem to be happening does it?

"I dropped working on the school paper. I got sick of the gook they wanted me to write. "Congratulations to the girls' tiddilywink team on their victory..."

--Jim Harkness

"BLAST YOU, Joe! Boom boom, zip zap, zap zip, and frrrrrip!"

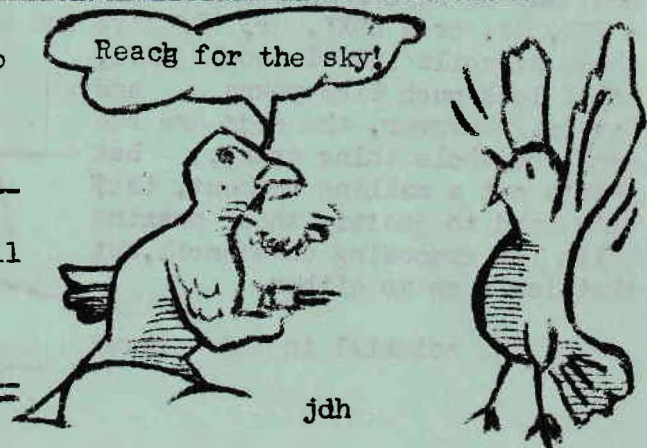
--Al Andrews

"That's all I need--entire apa mailings to review..."

--Buck Coulson

"As you go on, you'll get more prolix until you can't say, 'Hello,' in less than 2,000 words."

--Damon Knight



"Where am I? What am I?" Such were the thoughts which raced swiftly through my tiny brain as I became more aware of the situation in which I found myself.

I am a prince, you know, and quite a handsome fellow at that—or, at least I was a handsome prince, before I went into that gypsy's fortune-telling tent. There was a peculiar sort of character sitting there telling fortunes. He was a skinny, pale-looking man, and the flowing black gown he wore did nothing to give him a more pleasing aspect. I felt a trace of malaise as I entered the tent, but I dismissed this feeling and sat down before him. His evil eyes locked on me and I could see that they boded no good for me.

"You're a handsome prince, aren't you?" he asked me. I told him I was. He obviously didn't like handsome princes particularly, for the next thing I knew he was bellowing some odd words, and suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, I found myself hunched on the floor of the tent. I started to move—and I hopped.

I must have blacked out then, for the next thing of which I was aware was groggily awakening in a totally changed environment than that from which I had so suddenly been cast. Surrounding me were parts of what was apparently a neat small town, with clean little frame houses standing in rows. I saw this only hazily, as night had fallen and I was in darkness. I started out toward one of the houses hoping to find aid, but again, the only motion I could make was that of hopping. The horrible truth came upon me then—the most awful fate which could befall a handsome prince had come to rest upon me—I had been changed into a frog. I soon found that, being unaccustomed to my new means of locomotion, I tired easily. As I sprawled upon the pavement exhausted, the old tales flooded into my brain, and I knew the only way I could be released from this curse was to be kissed by a fantastically beautiful girl.

Still trying to get my breath, I could only lie where I had fallen and gasp for wind. As I lay there, bemoaning my dire predicament, I became aware of the approach of a soft, tender voice. I soon saw that the owner of the voice was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen; her sparkling blonde hair fell in short waves around her finely formed face and dancing blue eyes took in the world around her. Singing softly, she sank to the grass near me. This was the girl who could free me! I dragged myself from the pavement to the side of the road.

When I had made it to the girl, I drew myself up to my greatest height and said to her, "Beautiful girl, please kiss me and release me from this curse." - Only it came out "CROAK!"

"Ooooh," she said, "a nasty old frog," and rolled me into the grass with an expression of disgust.

Oh, well, I make rather a handsome frog.



