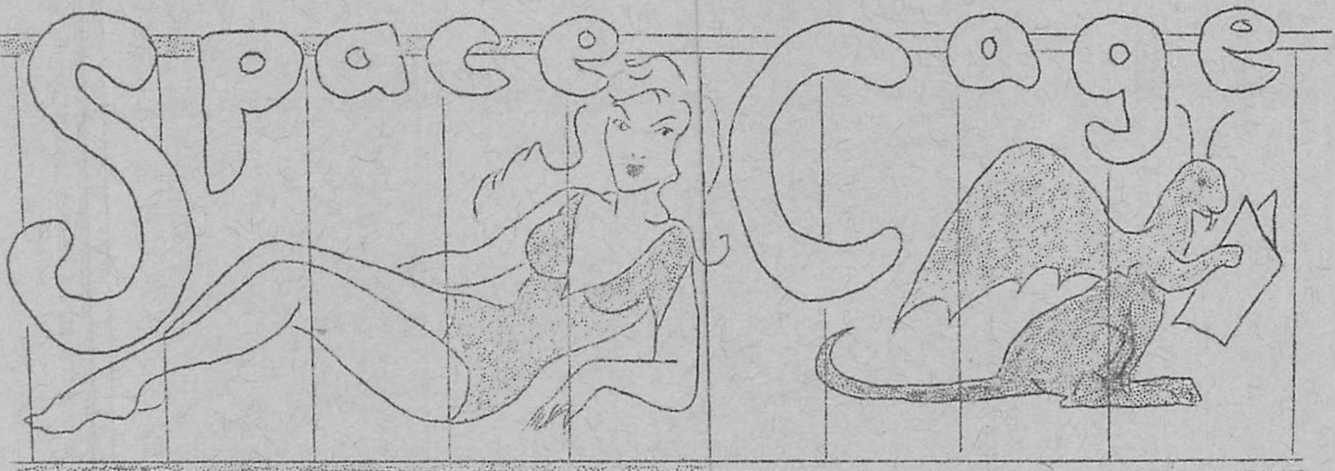


SPACE CAGE

- 3



"Democrat or Republican?"



Issue # 3

MRS. PBOOTH SAYS: (meeting notice).....Mrs. Pboth.....1
 LEEGAL (editorial?).....lat.....2
 CAFE ROUE (½ column).....Jerry Hunter.....3
 CRACKEL'S COPY (book reviews).....Jay Crackel.....4
 WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT THE POST OFFICE
 (article).....Mike Deckinger...6
 CHEZ WHEN(letters).....10
 THE PATTEN OF LITTLE MICE (column).....Sandy Mitchell..11
 LEETHAL (fanzine reviews).....lat.....12
 RETRACTION (retraction).....Joseph K.
 Shepherd.....14

ART CREDITS

Sandy Mitchell: cover Juanita Coulson: pages 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8
 lat: pages 9, 11, 12, 13

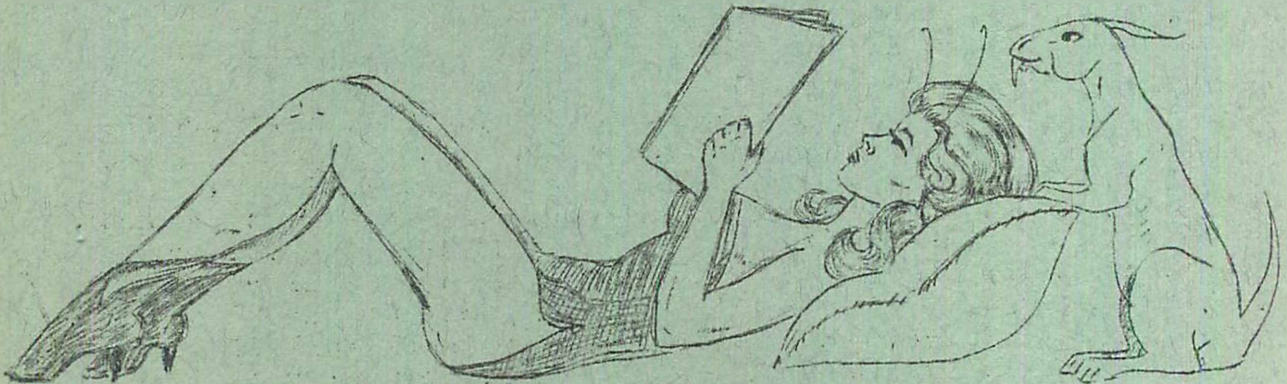
SPACE CAGE is edited by Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Indiana and published by Jim Lavell, 3532 Beasley Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana . Monthly. SC can be obtained by the following methods: trading, contributing material, requesting or commenting on it, or by joining Isfa (This can be done by sending a dollar to me, Lee, for which you will receive not only SC but our alternating meeting notice, SPACE PAGE which is chock full of Jim's goody little humor. All this for a year, providing we last that long...but don't expect to get your money back if we don't.)

MRS.PBOOTH SAYS: Even though I am still in the deepest dankest depths of darkest Africa, I wish to urge everyone to attend the next meeting of the INDIANA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, on Saturday, April 23, 7:30 p.m. at 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3, Indianapolis (LI7 8529). Dues 25¢.

LEEGAL EDITORIAL *lat*

Well, now, SC is beginning to look a little more like I want it to...tho to achieve this size we had to use all available material...leaving no backlog whatsoever! Please, people...how about sending in articles, art, etc.?...The "1/2" column by Jerry Hunter is just that...He wrote a two page column and lost the last half. Of course, the fact that he turned in anything at all is a minor miracle.... After all, he'd said he would, which, with Jerry, is virtually a signed and notarized guarantee that he won't... Isfa meeting is due to start in an hour and I still don't have the contents page and bacover cut yet. Groan! And I haven't done a thorough check on typos, either...Looks like I'll have a typical issue...Delray Green and a group of descended on the apt last Saturday and what with Jerry Hunter showing up, also, we had a nice little impromptu party going....This was the first time Jerry and Del had seen each other since they tried to put Ray Beam in a laundromat dryer (and would have succeeded if some people hadn't walked in) two years ago...SPACE CAGE is starting a new policy with this issue...monthly publication, with alternating meeting notices...in other words, what we have been doing, only I hadn't announced it before... Saw "Alas Babylon" on tv...was quite disappointed... I thought the book was better than "On the Beach", but the tv play certainly wasn't!...Does anyone know what to do to keep a typewriter from skipping spaces?...Mine keeps getting worse and worse and worse...

"Say, what kind of a Detention home was this, anyway?"...a non-fan.



Cafe

Roué

1/2 Column

Jerry Hunter

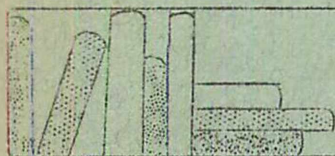
I must admit that I was somewhat reluctant to comply with Lee's request that I do a column for SPACE CAGE, as my own vital work consumes most of my valuable time, but I finally relented, not without misgivings. Lee has promised to compensate for any financial loss which might result if the National Council of Churches invokes the penalty clause in my contract, which stipulates that I must deliver a full-scale model of Bertrand Russell no later than All Fools' Day.

I have recently been much impressed with the interest which has been expressed by several members of ISFA in zoophilia. While there is much to be said for philately, numismatics and adultery as pleasant diversions, I feel, nonetheless, that this particular hobby has aesthetic qualities not to be found in many other harmless amusements. For those interested, I might mention that the Massachusetts Institute of Carnality will send, on receipt of twenty-five cents (coins or stamps), a copy of their very enlightening pamphlet, *On Fondling*. It is, following an old custom, mailed in plain, sealed wrapper, and the MIC offers handsome discounts on quantity orders.

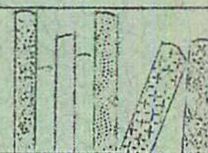
I fear that Lee's idea of naming this fanzine and its various departments after coffee houses will prove impractical as the SPACE CAGE grows in size, since we have only three or four such establishments in the city. In an attempt to alleviate this dire shortage of suitable names, I have suggested that my column be named after the Greenwich Village espresso shop, Cafe Roué. This nomen-

(continued on page 10)





CRACKEL'S COPY



book reviews

J. T. Crackel

Recently, we are pleased to note, ghosts, ghouls, vampires, and a motley assortment of monsters and such, are creeping, crawling, and slithering back into print.

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, apparently, released them from their crypts and charnel vaults with his 1958 collection for Simon & Schuster, STORIES THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO ON TV (\$3.95). The same year, Dell put out a portion of this book under the title of TWELVE STORIES THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO ON TV, and reprinted the balance of the collection as THIRTEEN MORE STORIES, ETC., in 1959.

Despite their (sales-wise) murderously long titles, both these thirty five cent editions must have sold well and made money; because shortly thereafter, on all fronts of paper-back publishing, the graveyards began to yawn (or belch) in "dead" earnest.

First, Avon hurriedly re-issued their out-of-print Lovecraft collection (THE LURKING FEAR AND OTHER STORIES) as CRY HORROR (Avon T284). And, with a new title and an eye-catching new cover, the un-human creatures of Lovecraft's imagination---along with the Elder Gods of his much mis-used and abused Cthulhu Mythos---proved they were still potent enough to capture the attention of a new generation of readers and bring money into the till. Then Avon followed up this successful reprint with an original collection of creepy stories compiled for them by Mr. Groff Conklin, titled---simply and aptly--- BR-R-R (Avon T 289).

Ballantine also made use of Mr. Conklin's talents to put out an original collection of eerie tales under their imprint, calling it THE GRAVEYARD READER (BB257). They followed this with an excellent abridgement of Mr. Basil Davenport's DEALS WITH THE DEVIL (Dodd-Mead, 1958-\$4.00), publishing---under the same title---most of the better titles from the very expensive hard-cover edition (BB326K).

Ballantine's latest contribution to the "Monster Rally" (to borrow from Mr. Addams) is ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS (BB370K). This tray of horror-d'oeuvres was not whipped up from recipes out of Fannie Farmer's Cook-Book, nor will these terrifying tid-bits (we suspect) ever be approved by Duncan Hines.

For despite their somewhat exotic ingredients, they are concocted of strong, and often bloody, meat; and from the subtle nastiness of Bixby's SHARE ALIKE to the dreadful

climax of Williams' THE PIPING DEATH, the book offers nothing for a pastel palate or a dainty stomach.

Whoever---or whatever Zacherley may be, he must have recourse to an exciting collection of rare, out-of print magazines, for three of these stories are from early UNKNOWN, three from the short-lived BEYOND, two from older issues of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, and one from vintage THRILLING WONDER.

Zacherley's chilling canapes have been prepared for him by such master-hands as Matheson, Sturgeon, van Vogt, and others equally expert, if less well known. This sampler of graveyard goodies is heartily recommended.

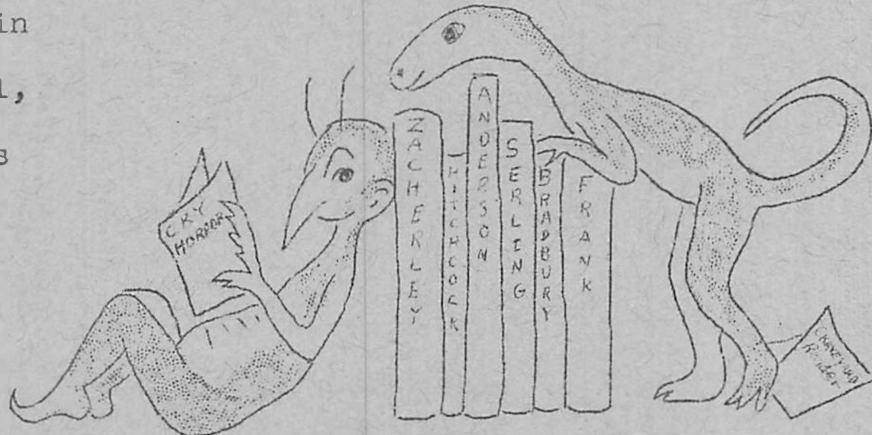
The second offering from Ballantine this month (March) is an original novel by Sarban, THE SOUND OF HIS HORN (BB377K). This is a "world of if" fantasy based on the proposition the Nazis won World War II.

There is a twelve page introduction written by Kingsley Amis; and the actual story is logically and plausibly told in a little over a hundred pages. This, of course, makes for a slim volume; but though the pages are few, they are overflowing with blood, guts, sex and sadism. And, as Mr. Amis points out in his introduction, there are all sorts of interesting Freudian by-ways to be explored in this fast-moving, compactly written novella.

While entertaining, it may also faintly disgust the "normal" reader; but true "psychos" intent on working their way onto an analysts couch will find enough vicarious thrills in it to put them in their own padded cells six months ahead of schedule.

Avon, too, has an original novel on the stands, in Poul Anderson's THE GOLDEN SLAVE. Those who enjoyed Mr. Anderson's THE BROKEN SWORD (Ableard-Schuman, 1954) will surely want to pick up this one as, apparently, it is not to be made available in hard cover.

It tells, in fascinating and fantastic detail, of a young barbarian who falls into slavery; climbs out of bondage to become the companion of kings; and winds up his
(continued on page 10)



WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT THE POSTOFFICE

Mike Deckinger

Yes, what would fandom do without the benefit of our conscientious, dependable, reliable Post Office which has always made great efforts to deliver the mail with the greatest haste and care? The Postal handling has become a legend in fannish circles; why if it weren't for the Post office the whole fannish way of life would be different; it would be altered in immeasurable ways, ways that would only become evident and meaningful to us if we ever had to experience this change.

Contrary to popular and widespread belief, the Post Office has done good to fandom, particularly in spreading and circulating fan material. I refer of course to fanzines. If it weren't for the Post Office, we would be totally unable to send zines to others. Just think, no copies would be confiscated because of "indecent" material appearing within, no apa members would receive abbreviated apa mailings, containing two or three zines at the most. There would be a lot of things that would have to be figured out.

But just for the moment, let's assume that the Post Office is no more, that the persecutions it inflicted on fandom are done away with. Such a concept may not prove shocking to some, incidentally. It's surprising, but a large majority of people in this country (fans and non-fans alike) believe that the Postal Service was created for two functions: (1) to read dirty books like "Lady Chatterly's Lover, (2) and to raise the postal rates, in order to persuade more not to use the mails. It is not astonishing that such thoughts exist, each have bases in facts. There's just a possibility that if Summerfield and his crew spent less time searching for dirty books, and more time trying to improve the service, the added postal rates would be unnecessary, since more people would use the Post Office. But never let it be said that a Government branch will do things the right way or the smart way. Generally the Post

Office will operate the way Sir Arthur Summerfield decrees, and that is as far from right as black is from white.

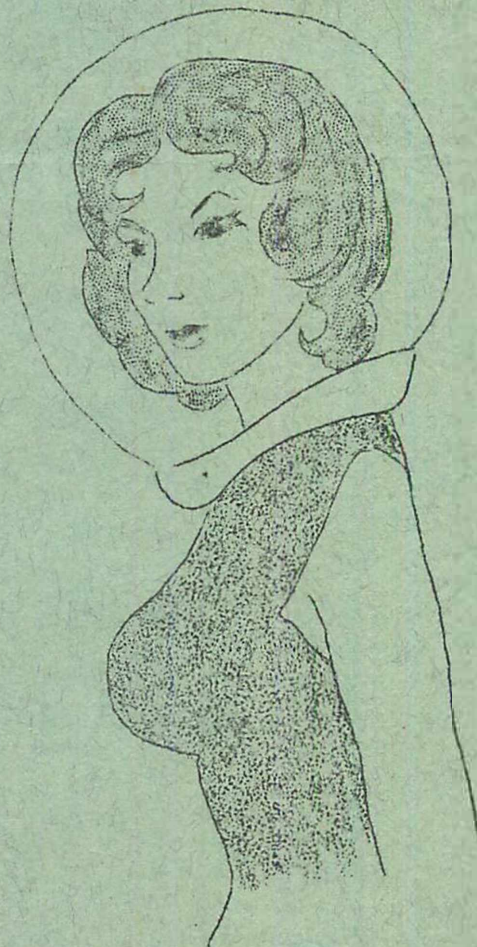
Ok, you're a fan, and you want to engage in a whole lot of fanac, and Summerfield and all the other postal employees have taken a slow boat to China. Now, what's to be done? You have letters to mail, zines to mail and comment on, subs to send in. In a sense, you are stuck.

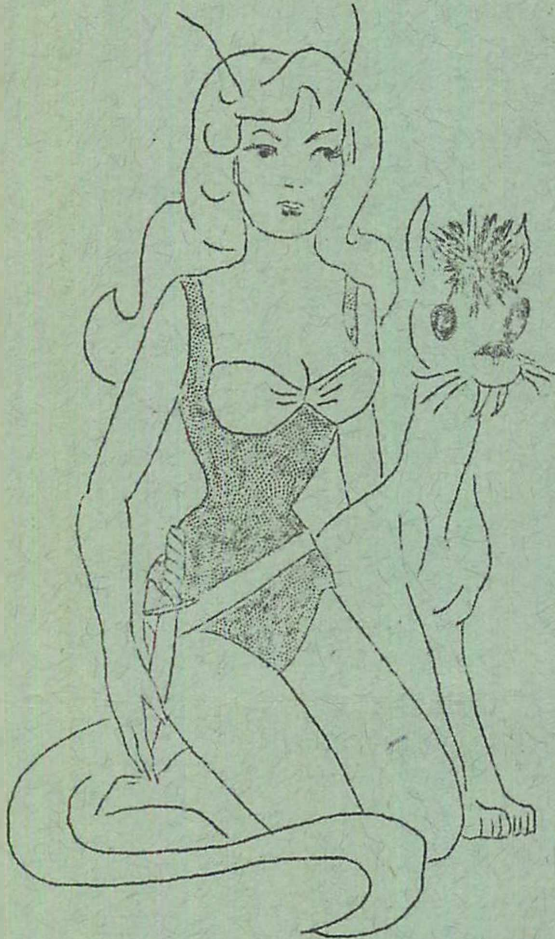
The first thing to do is to centrally locate yourself. That is, make sure you live not more than fifty miles away from some other fan. Oh, I admit that fans do not make up a large percent of the population of the U.S., but there are at least more than three fans in every state in the Union, usually far more. Now, suppose you live in an Eastern Coast town, and want to dispatch a letter to the West Coast. From then on a Fannish Postal System is set up. Every fan who has access to an auto can serve in it.

Route lines should be set up, that most nearly connect one fan's residence with another. For instance, the connection point for a fan living in New York would be in Pennsylvania. Fan material dispatched in New York City would be delivered by car to Philadelphia, or, if closer places were on the route, then to these places.

The above was intended as simply a short sample. I think it should be emphasized that a fannish postal system would not just apply on the East Coast, but would cover the whole U.S. Canadian fans, too, could take part in this, by relaying matter to Maine, and then down the country. Every fan participating in this would have a certain time schedule, with periods marked off when he could work and when he'd be free. A list like this would have to be circulated all over, so that a fan could tell at a glance where would be the safest bet to deliver a letter he wanted dispatched. Then the person to whom the letter is delivered, would also be required to know whom he should pass it on to, etc., etc. This is why such a list would be invaluable.

Since there are three time zones in the U.S.: Western, Central, and Eastern, the relative changes would have to be noted. I think a complete fanzine or booklet





should be issued containing all this information. For what may be 3:00 in one state, is not necessarily three o'clock in the next. Complications could easily arise from this, and would have to be combatted. But as more and more people get used to the system, I think the problems would not be so great. It's entirely a matter of becoming acquainted with the system anyway. Once that is done, the earlier difficulties should dwindle noticeably.

This plan should be set in motion as soon as possible, in order to be certain that fandom shall always be prepared for such an emergency, and also as a possible protest against all the increased rates of the Postal System. Taxation without representation! Phooey!

It should not take long before the plan is organized. Perhaps we could even get cer-

groups to participate as route stations, such as LASFS, the New York fans, etc. Naturally all items delivered to any of the route stations are strictly private, and are to be opened only by the addressee. If necessary, penalties could be imposed on those who deem it necessary to peek into others' belongings, but this seems quite unlikely. I'm sure that the fannish honor is higher than the Post Office's honor. Not that it really matters.

In certain areas of the country where the land is not too densely populated, such as the midwest and west, it may prove necessary to modify this system into a speedier one. In my opinion, the one best suited is the one that was used many years before a Post Office was established. What I'm referring to is the Pony Express. This Pony Express system would only apply on states like Wyoming, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, Arizona, and Colorado, where the weather can be quite unpleasant, and where fans as a rule do not like to make their homes. Three route stations could be set up in each state, and mail would be passed on to each. There would be a fresh change of horses as well as food and water for each rider at the stations. As soon as one dismounted a new rider would take his place to deliver fan mail. This

whole procedure should not take more than 24 hours with proper equipment. Riders would constantly be on a rotation basis too, so that not one would be stuck with all the work. For instance, picture a rider who delivers mail via Pony Express from Omaha, Nebraska to Salt Lake City, Utah. Then he waits in Salt Lake till material to be delivered back to Omaha reaches him, and he goes back on the same route. This would work in clockwork order, and once a man completed his cycle, he is free for a few weeks at least, while other fans ahead of him go. There can be at least three dozen routes set up.

A set of rates would be needed, of course. If this got into full swing, with speedy delivery as the only goal, no doubt it could be operated for just the cost of transportation; in some cases there would not even be a cost. I'm sure many fans would be very glad to accommodate for no charge at all, in helping transport fan-mail, and upholding fandom. And even if the necessity for prices did arise, I'm sure they'd be far lower than the 4¢ (and soon, 5¢) we pay for first class matter. It would be advantageous for all fans to fully participate in this fannish endeavor.

Look at it this way, it will provide exercise; it will provide ego-boo; and what's more, it will show how fandom uses initiative in solving basic problems. It should set quite an example for others to follow. And while the mail may or may not be speedier, it will be more reliable. Special care will be given to airmailings, too, so there need be no worry there.

And thus we have the plan worked out, at the least the basics. Now it is only a matter of establishing it, putting the Fannish Mail System into full swing.

We'll show them.

We'll show them all.

 "The cover wouldn't attract much attention unless you wonder if something went wrong with the printing press." Jay Crackel



KAP

LETTERS! CHEZ WHEN LETTERS?

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.

About ON THE BEACH; another error is that there would have to be some bodies. I don't care how thorough the radiation would be, I still believe that there must be plenty of people who won't calmly let the radiation drift over, particularly when the sub is in California. Also, got a card from Tucker the other day pointing out that the final scene in the film showing Melbourne devoid of life was taken in the early morning (a similar gimmick was used in THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL) but the cameras got there after the street cleaners did, and there are wide washes across the streets. Kramer should have cut out this part. /--I didn't notice that little item. However, it appeared to me that some of the streets scenes in San Francisco were stills; I could swear I saw someone sitting in one of the cars...or is this one of your missing bodies?--lat--/

* * * * *

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Seems I remember you from an old SS when Bixby reviewed some fmz you put out in '52---wasn't it something like Indiana Fantasy and he was friendly-like criticizing the mimeowork. Yes?

/--Wouldn't you know it! I have published five other titles in fmz since I became an active fan around ten years ago: MERLIN, PHOBOS, ISFANEWS, SLI and FEMZINE, most of which had pretty darn good reproduction (you could see my typos very clearly). So what am I remembered by? That first cruddy little fanzine I was drafted into editing (Ray Beam handed it over to me when he moved---Why he couldn't have taken it with him and called it ARIZONA FANTASY, I don't know!) when I was a complete neo.--lat--/

CHEZ ROUÉ (continued from page 3)

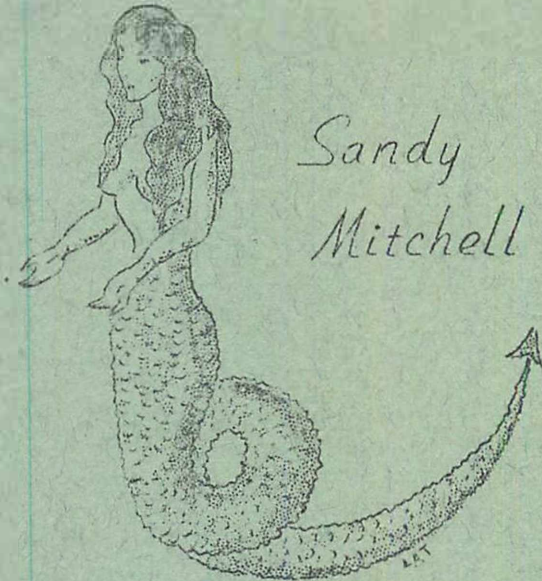
clature will undoubtedly seem very appropriate to all but my closest friends, who know me for what I really am---a kindly, humble and celibate ascetic.

CRACKEL'S COPY (continued from page 5)

career (in the novel) with god-hood just in the offing.

Bantam, specializing in unabridged paper-backs, has made available Pat Frank's ALAS, BABYLON (F2054); Bradbury's A MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY (A2069; and, in THE TWILIGHT ZONE, presents an original collection of 5 stories by Rod Serling, producer of the TV show of the same name (A2046). All are worth acquiring.

THE
PATTER OF
LITTLE MICE



Sandy
Mitchell

Ah sweet memory of Spring. According to my St. Joseph calendar, which I faithfully read, spring is here to stay. This is the time of year when every young man's fancy turns to thoughts girls, girls, and more girls. And of course, there is love.

Last week my guy's fancy turned to something else, and after being left at my door, I very nearly didn't get to the sf meeting. But taking my emotions in check, I donned my cape and swept graciously, but angrily into the meeting. Alas, who can be pulled under the woes of life when surrounded by the beauty of Spring. As I gaze from my window, I am awed by the tiny green buds on the trees, while the birds chirp merrily. This morning for example, I awoke to their usual unharmonious twittering. Not being fully awake, and also being a person who despises being spoken to until I've had a least one aspirin, a vitamin pill and three cups of coffee, I threw my pillow at the window, then watched as it, seemingly bewitched, soared out the window. So to top my morning, I was forced to crawl out of bed, and in my paja mas go retrieve my pillow. At least mice are quiet...

I suppose that all is not in vain. At least let us hope so. Of course, spring fever is taking its toll. My office companions have been staring out the windows and bemoaning the fact that we poor fools have to work. Just wait. When the grass grows tall and flowers need to be repotted, and everyone is getting repotted at parties, the story will change.

There will be bar-b-ques and picnics. Swimming and tennis. There will also be flies and ants. Leeches and sunburns.

We'll look forward to summer for vacations and rest, travel and good books. Gardens and flowers. Talking over the back yard fence with the neighbors.

But there is no rest on vacations, and your good book has a lousy ending---gardens fall flat, and the weeds out-

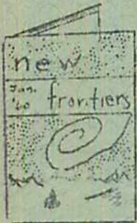
(Continued on page 13)

LEETHAN

FANZINE REVIEWS

lat

NEW FRONTIERS, Jan., 1960 (Norm Metcalf, Terra House, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, Calif.: quarterly, 30¢, 4 for \$1, 40 pages.)



This photo offset zine has quite a line-up. Articles by Poul Anderson, Bob Olson, Jr., and Stanton A. Coblenz; a cover by Morris Scott Dollens and a lengthy section of reviews, both of books and of fanzines. A really professional job.

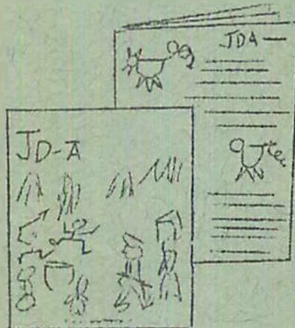
If you have never sent for a fanzine before, this is a good, in fact, excellent, one to start with! (Even if I couldn't understand the Anderson article.)

YANDRO, # 86, March '60 (Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, monthly, 15¢, 12/\$1.50, 24 pages.)



This issue contains Redd Boggs on "Methuselah's Children", George Scithers Feghootizing, a filk song by Les Gerber and a letter column mainly discussing "Transient". There are quite a few other items including many beautifully reproduced illustrations. A pretty good issue.

JD-A # 52 and 53 (Lynn Hickman---I don't have Lynn's current address---he sent it to me, and I promptly lost the card, 12/\$1, monthly, 22 and 12 pages.)



The majority of issue 52 is letters, while # 53 contains more letters plus reviews. In both is Lynn's "Argassing" column. This zine is multilithed in two colors. The illustrations are gorgeous!

JD-A has been appearing for ten years now, in one guise or another. It was good when it started, or at least, when I started getting it---and it was one of the first fanzines I ever got. It hasn't let down any.

HOCUS # 13 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.: irregular, 15¢, 56 pages.)



This is "more or less of an Annish". Deckinger has some problems with his mimeoing, but the issue is still readable. Several interesting articles are included, some of them re-prints. Notable are: Bob Silverberg on "The Perils of Completism", Marion Zimmer Bradley on "The Care and Feeding of Neofans", John Tucker on "The Dangers of Stereophonic Sound" and Deckinger on "On the Beach". Also noteworthy are some lovely Prosser illos.

FANAC # 54 (Ron Ellick and Terry Carr, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif, bi-weekly, 4/25¢, 9/50¢, 4 pages.)



This issue contains a "Fanquet" report, news on a new round-robin fannish-type serial, fanzine reviews, Califan parties, etc. FANAC has switched to ditto for this issue. I prefer the old mimeo style, myself, but it still remains clear and readable.

PSI-PHI # 5 (Bob Lichtman and Arv Underman, 6137 South Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif: quarterly, 1/2¢ per page, minimum sub 25¢, 40 pages.)



PSI-PHI's First Annish and half dittoed and half mimeoed, with a somewhat confusing explanation of this in the editorial. I quite enjoyed this issue, especially the first installment of Ted Johnstone's convention report, "Where Did You Go? Detroit. What Did You Do There? Well, It Was This Way..." There is also a full page of photos for illustration, and surprisingly, it's not the same set

that showed up in all those other fanzines.

THE PATTERN OF LITTLE MICE (continued from page 11)
grow the flowers, and your neighbor borrows your lawnmower and your yard looks like the city dump. The boy next door throws his baseball through your picture window. Children happily yell---no more school, while your wife pulls her hair. Too many drinks the night before gives you the morning after droop. Your in-laws spend their vacation with you.

This is summer, with its rest and peace? Cheer up friend; it's not long until winter.

A last minute communique from Joseph K. Shoopard, c/o The Indianapolis Star Sunday Magazine, 307 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis 6, Ind. concerning an item in our last meeting notice:

What do you mean: "Joseph K. Shaperd has been unmasked as the Ghost of Christmas Past,"?

It's a gross libel! I'll soo and soo and soo!

I am Scrooge! And I can prove it by anybody. (Although I thoroughly hate gruel and refuse to eat it, even for the script.)

I demand a retraction. And make sure you spell my name correctly this time.

Bah, Humbug!
Joseph K. Shepperd

from:

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DICK SCHULTZ
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