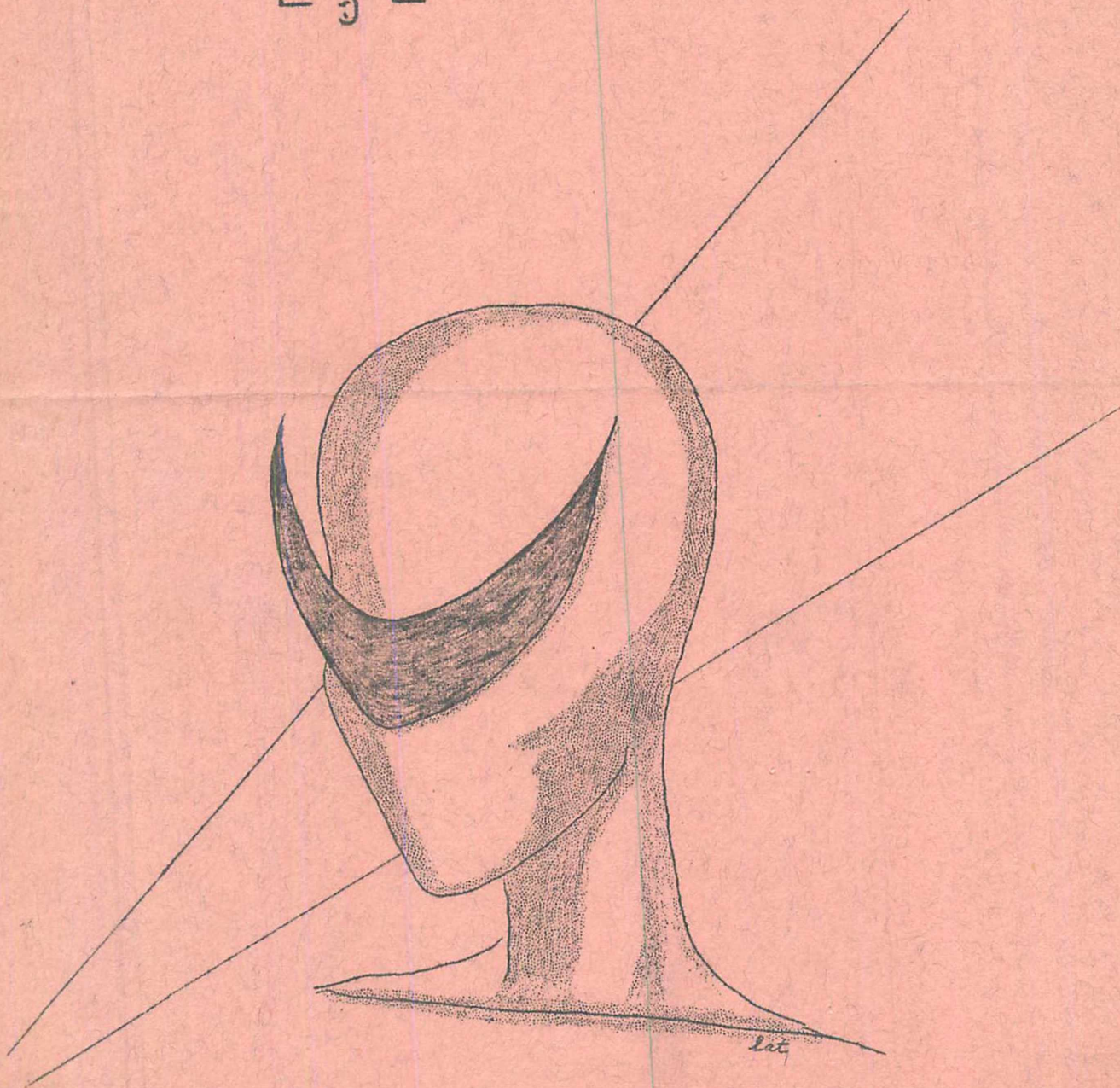


SPACE CAGE

- 5 -



SPACE CAGE

Issue # 5

June, 1960

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ARTWORK

cover: lat bacover: Juanita Coulson (for "A Dragon's Tale")
lat: pages 3, 4, 19, 20 & 21
Juanita Coulson: pages 12, 13 & 16
Blats: pages 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, & 11

SPACE CAGE . Monthly. Editor: Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Indiana. Publisher: Jim Lavell, 3532 Beasley Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana. 10¢, 75¢ per year (and I won't guarantee for sure how many issues there will be per year). You can get SPACE CAGE and our alternating meeting notice, SPACE PAGE by joining the Indiana Science Fiction Association. This can be done by sending one dollar to me, Lee, at the above address. SPACE CAGE can also be obtained by writing a letter of comment, trading fanzines and by contributing material.

THE UNGRATEFUL TOOLS

MIKE DECKINGER

Typewriters can be vengeful beasts. In the hands of the unskilled, or unknowing, they can be as dangerous as a stick of dynamite with a glowing spark precariously close to a too-short fuse. It takes a master to conquer and subdue these beasts, and this mastery is acquired through experience and combat, rather than prior knowledge.

I've fought at least three of them, with a few scratches and nearly a dislocated hip being my battle wounds. But then, I've always been lucky, I guess.

The first beast I ever had was a small, bettered Smith-Corona, somewhat similar to the one I have now, which gleefully proceeded to make a mockery of every piece of paper I fed through it. Originally belonging to me when I retired. It was a portable, which isn't the kind a businessman ordinarily uses, though it was advantageous to his kind of business. My first encounter with it was when I attempted to feed a piece of paper through the roller. I leaned over the carriage, and slowly and precisely fitted an end of the paper into the black roller and softly advanced my hand to the knob. Unfortunately, the typer was quicker, and obviously realizing what my intentions were, protested vigorously by somehow guiding my hand to depress a small lever I hadn't seen before, which immediately sent the carriage shunting along its tracks at a speed unparalleled by even Buck Roger's space ship. If I had been wearing my glasses a little looser, and holding my head a little closer, I might not even be here telling you of them.

So that was the first encounter. The beast had recognized me, and tried the same trick if probably tried on all its new masters---only I was too clever for it. The next plan of action was a simple strategy to subdue the master into a false sense of security and then strike. This was accomplished. For a few weeks it behaved quite docily, permitting me to write as many letters and other things a day as I wanted without snagging the ribbon or tearing the paper or anything like that. It almost began to behave friendly towards me, and I even bore faint hopes that perhaps it had learned who its master was.

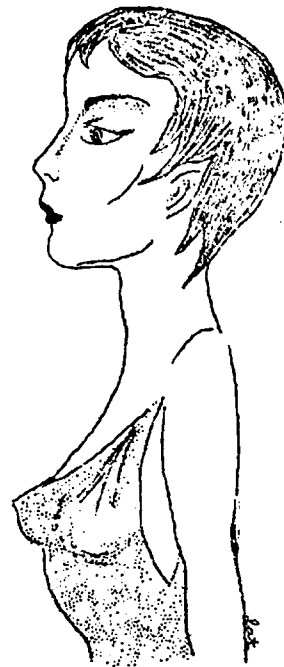
Then one cloudy day (the proper kind of atmosphere) I fitted a sheet of paper in, and as my fingers brushed over a key, the carriage suddenly lashed down the length of the runway on which it rested, somehow snagging the ribbon and ripping it in two. The first thoughts that reached my mind at that moment were rapidly expressed into words and flung out with a physical force at the gleaming beast, but when I realized that these words would have no effect on anything as crafty as the typer, I relented and

surveyed the whole thing carefully. First of all it would need a new ribbon; I'm not one for splicing them together. Then the carriage would have to be tightened, so it would receive no urge to go bounding away again without my supervision. And as an added punishment, I sternly vowed to the unseeing machine that I would paint it green (an act I never did, but it seemed to convey my proper exasperation).

I was all prepared to take it down to the store for a complete over-hauling, when a neighbor of mine asked if she could borrow the type r for a short while. I explained how it wasn't in good working condition, but she assured me that she would be able to fix it. Well, I happened to be in a nasty mood at that time, so I loaned it to her, and sat back and gloated, clasping my hands together like an evil old man waiting for some relative to die so he can collect his fortune. I never found out what happened to the typer after that, and frankly I don't care. It was an impolite beast, and anything it got, it deserved. As to the person I lent it to, well, from what I heard, it retaliated in a most vulgar and uneven fashion. Shortly afterward she happened to be leaning over the typer, staring at the keys and the ribbon, and it must be noted she is rather mammalian. As she bent closer, she absent mindedly rested her hand flat on the whole keyboard, with the result that all the keys swiftly leaped up and... But no, the description is too horrible. Picture it yourself, if you'd like.

The second one to meet my acquaintance was an old, venerable Royal, table model, and heavy, which I rented from a store while I was waiting for another Smith-Corona (I'm incorrigible) to come in. This Royal looked like the grandfather of all typers, with its tarnished body and small pica type. After nearly breaking my back lugging it upstairs and plopping it down on my desk, I set about discovering and activating the many dials and studs ornamenting it. Probably my biggest surprise was finding I was the recipient of a machine possessing a genuine magic margin, which automatically moved the margins to the desired position at the flip of a switch, not the way I had been formerly doing it ponderously by hand. I even used this to type a few stencils, which it did a fine job on, and I grew quite fond of the small type and the many gadgets. It lasted for about three weeks when somehow through the work of the Deros, no doubt, the keys jammed, and all my efforts to release them were as futile as trying to win an argument with G.M. Carr.

I was still still waiting for another model, which was delayed in shipment from the factory, so this was returned to the place where I got it. And for a whole day I



was forced to content myself by answering letters by hand, in my own atrocious handwriting style which is even unmatched by Egyptian hieroglyphics. Then, a nearby cousin heard of my plight let it be known that he had an old old typewriter I had used previously, and had no use for now, and was willing to give the whole thing to me, if I cared to take it off his hands. My reply was naturally a deep heartfelt assent, and so one chilly morning I drove over to his house, accepted the typer, bundled it in my car and drove back to Millburn.

And here I had my worst experience with hem. This was during the winter, about a week after a particularly fierce snowstorm, which had all but melted, but which was leaving a wake of dangerous ice coated surfaces, such as my driveway. There's a short walk extended from my driveway to the steps at my house, and there's even a short way if you shortcut across the lawn. But it had been impressed into me since childhood that I must not walk on the lawn, and the fact that most of the grass was covered with an icy white layer did not disturb me. I chose the walk. I'll have to admit it didn't look very icy. No, it certainly did not look icy at all. It looked just like a calm, contented walk would look. Experimentally, while I was carrying this heavy, newly acquired prize, I placed one foot on the walk. No, it seemed safe enough, and cautiously I placed my other foot down and tested my balance. Nope, all pretty well so far. Slowly I advanced. Suddenly I realized I was no longer in a vertical position, but in a horizontal position, and a very uncomfortable one at that. The reason for the uncomfortability was partly due to the fact that I had taken a slip on the freshly iced sidewalk, and partly due to the fact that I had cushioned the

fall with the only object available; the typewriter. Which object, my body or the old typewriter, received more damage is an arguable point; I think in the long run we were both pretty even.

Naturally nothing could be done with this, and my day would have been a total loss, if I had not learned that while I was out the man had called that the typer was in, and could I please come and pick it up.

So I did, though being more careful naturally, and that is the typer that I am using even now. Thus far it has not exhibited any deviate tendencies, but I'm prepared just the same, and watching to see if it tries anything, now that I'm on my guard and 2345678"#%*(1/2@?_&'()*1/4@1/2*()'& %\$"#



LETTERS

Chez

When

LETTERS

TED JOHNSTONE, 1503 Rollin St., So. Pasadena, California

On your review of GIMBLE: I'm not trying to prove anything, and I don't care whether I do prove it or not. I just thot it might be nice to send it out to see what people thot about Coventry. Besides, Stanbery wants a wider audience.

Best thing in SC is the art. Yours, JWC's are quite similar, at least to these untutored eyes. Peggy Cook's looks like Jack Harness's style. I like muchly.

Lettercol: Dick Schultz complains about seeing Lichtman & Deckinger in every fnz lettercol; he's right. Lichtman, Deckinger and Schultz seem to be in all the lettercols I see. Prolific hacks.

Dammit, whenever I start feeling like an old-timer because I've been around five years and see lots of new fen springing up from the grass that covers the old dead ones, up pops a fine little zine like this, pubbed by someone who's been around and active longer than I've been around at all, /--Now wait a minute, I'm not that old!--lat--/ and whom I'd only heard vague mention of before. Hope to see more of you in future.

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

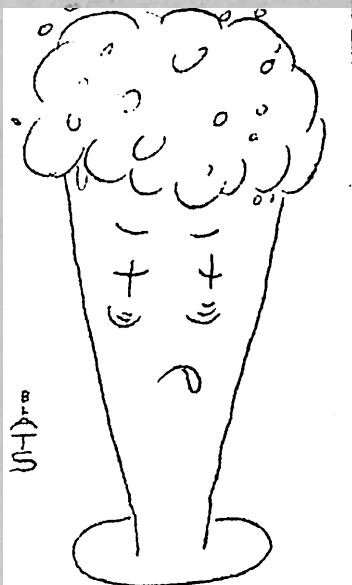
Lee/Lee Anne: I offer those alternatives because I'm not sure how you prefer to be called. You were merely "Lee Tremper" years ago, as I remember, because till Harlan Ellison told me, with astonishment and glee, I didn't even know you were another female Lee. (It not only rimes but it scans.) /--My parents always called me Lee Anne. Most of my friends call me Lee...it's easier, I guess. It makes no difference to me. At least half of the time when I was formerly active I signed myself Lee Anne, in order to avoid getting letters addressed to "Mr. Lee Tremper!" It doesn't help much. My sub to NEW ORLDS, which I won at the Detention, comes addressed to "Lee Tremper, esq."--lat--/

Space Cage #4 was quite amusing, a pleasant little fanzine. Unfortunately your mimeo must have been thirsty for ink when you (or your publisher) ran off many of these pages. Can't the ISFA afford ink? The format isn't bad, although it irritates my few Scottish corpuscles to see those over-wide margins, and it annoys my rudimentary esthetic sense to tote the slapdab use of colored paper. I remember publishing a fanzine back in 1948, when most fanzines were mimeod black on white, and being a lmost unanimously criticized because I used three or four colors of mimeo paper plus at least one shade of ink besides black. But that was long before the era of assorted cases of Masterweave paper, and now Josephs-coat fanzines are common, and nobody today seems to realized that most of them are wretchedly ugly. My multicolored fanzine, I hasten to add, was not pretty either, but at least

(a) I used brightly-colored, smooth finish paper, not drab, rough Masterweave stuff, and (b) I followed a definite plan in using the colored paper, changing the color when one article left off and another began. /--Jim and I had a lot of trouble with the repro on #4. We seemed to have overinked the drum and little black blotches of ink kept appearing from nowhere onto our paper. Since we couldn't trace down the source we had to cut down on the inking until it cleared up. Then we lost a lot of paper because of the blots and because we got one page in upside down and had to do it over. So we ran out of paper. Our original intention was to have an orange cover with lime interior. But we had to throw in the azure when the lime gave out. Incidentally, we use Twill-tone paper, simply because it gives us the best repro with a minimum of show-through.--lat--/

Now that I've proved that I'm smarter than most fanzine editors of today, I'd better get back to Space Cage (what means title?). /--When the zine was in the planning stages, Jim and I were sitting around frantically muttering "What'll we call it?" Since neither of us had any good ideas, we gave up and named it after a local coffee house.--lat--/ Crackel's book reviews have some snap and pop but not much. Mostly they read like blurbs from the backs of the paperback editions. Surely he must have some original thoughts on these books--would have, if he'd read the books he's talking about.

Thanks for the review of Retrograde #2 in "the Second Stone" (what means title---something to do with "cast the first stone," obviously, but what is the second stone?) /--I figure I'm still committing plenty of "sins" with my own fanzine, so since I'm unqualified for first, I'll settle for second.--lat--/ Since



"Oh boy, have I got a head today!"

you liked Retrograde, you certainly seem to have good taste and you express yourself well, but have you ever asked yourself what the purpose of this column is? /--The column has several purposes. One reason is that with the lack of pro reviews anymore, I feel that we fans ought to give each other as much publicity as possible. Secondly, it's a way of acknowledging fanzines I have received. And finally, and most important to me is a technical reason. I need a control column in SC to make the pages balance correctly. "The Second Stone" serves that purpose.--lat--/ The little sketches of the fanzines' covers were a nice touch and really skilfully done. Very good indeed.

I liked Deckinger's "It Smells," but Mike may be surprised to learn that "Scent of Mystery" no longer smells. It has opened, or soon will open, in the plush suburban St Louis Park theater here without the Smell-O-Vision feature. Seems that Mike Todd Jr took to heart comments like Mike's that it's a fine film even without the smells and is trying it out here (and maybe

elsewhere) as a straight unscented movie.

Sandy Mitchell's column, "The Patter of Little Mice" (what means title?) /--Mary Rita Schlichte pats birds on the head. Sandy Mitchell pats mice on the head.--lat--/ was amusing. Peggy Cook's "Venus Expedition" had a lovely punchline but very little else except for a new word on me, "astronomists," wha tever they are.

"Chez When" (what means title, as applied to a letter department)

/--Does a title have to mean something. This one was simply named after another coffee house.--lat--/ was reasonably diverting--whatever that means. I liked the editorial remarks, but think they should be placed at the end of the letter, not in the midst thereof. /--Look, I'm absent-minded. If I waited until the end of the letter, I'd never remember what I was going to say in the first place.--lat--/

I don't know who Mrs. Pboth is, but this was quite a pun. I want it on record that I read and enjoyed it because I remember publishing a pun once on another Asimov title, "The Stars Like Dust", and nobody ever got up nerve enough even to mention it let alone say they enjoyed it.

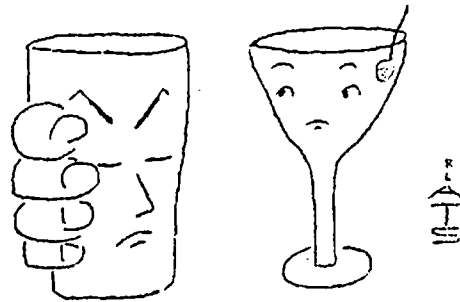
"Leegal"--I guess I understand the title here, except that there may be subtleties I don't catch. Maybe you are a lady lawyer or justice of the peace, which accounts for the selection of title in the first place. If you were a lady lawyer, or even a lawyer who is not a lady, this might account for you perusing a paperback called Dames, Danger, Death and a book called The Mugger/ Otherwise I can't account for it, and if you can't read science fiction all the time, can't you please stick to Good Housekeeping? Not only does your column resemble that of Juanita Coulson, but some of your artwork resembles hers too. I thought that pic with "Leegal" was hers, but I see that it's credited to you instead. Self-portrait? /--No, my feathers are blond.--lat--/

JOSEPH K. SHEPARD, The Indianapolis Star Sunday Magazine, 307 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.

Dear Mrs. Pboth: The reason for my terrible physical impairment is because, before my birth, my mother was frightened by an Ultimatum--with three heads and spines.

When yours arrived, threatening to cut off some of the most refreshing water I've drunk in many a day, it made my spines tingle. I even ran to look at my two spare heads I keep in batting in the dresser drawer---one was missing. Of course I found it later; it had rolled under the bed. I took the dust mice out of the eyes and it's practically as good as ever. I'm glad because it's my hangover head, the one with the contact lenses.

So, here's my bit of dragon skin. Not that I want to join



"But I'm not a mere glass. I'm an extension."

your danged orgainzation, but my pre-birthday Ultimatum was enough. I never want to meet one face-to-face.

I'd just like to contribute to the postage and the expenses of your lousy mimeographing.

Perhaps sometime, I just might put on my Gorgon model, and come up on Saturday night---that is if you have the beer made from mountain hops.

LYLE MILIN, Box 215 Dixon, California

Personally I dislike the use of two or more colors of stock in one issue, but this is your choice so I won't say anything. Crackel writes a pretty fair review column except I dislike his reference to himself every few lines as being "depraved" or "decadent". I suppose at this is an apology on his part for feeling the way he does about certain types of literature but I see no reason why he should be apologetic. /---But Jay is depraved and decadent!---lat--/ I wouldn't call it "sloppy" as Dick Schultz does, but I think that it could be departmentalized somewhat.

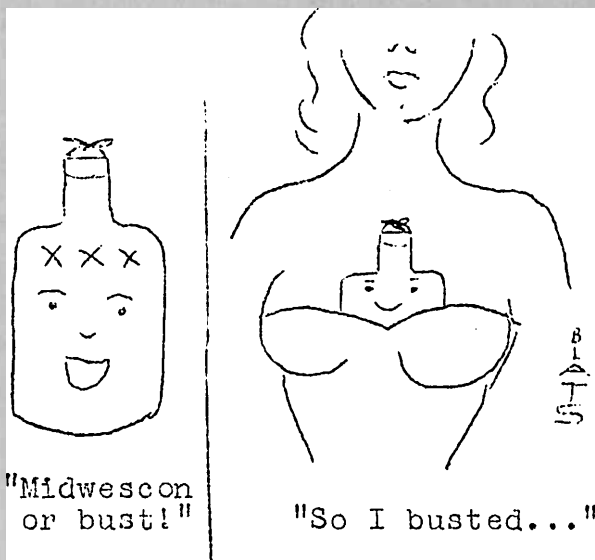
Deckinger writes very well (re: "It Smells".) I was listening one night to the radio and heard an interview with the producer (or director or someone in Power) and it was brought out that the various smells were bottled in different cans and boxed according to the volume of the various theaters. But I was under the impression that it was just released into the air and not through pipes to the individual seats, man, that must cost a good amount of change, but I'm not certain of this, I don't think the fellow came right out and said how he smells were distributed. Oh yes, page 15 (the last of Deckingers' letter) was bearly readable but for the first time that I can think of I read on into poor reproduction. Another triumph for Mike's writing?

Sandy Mitchell does write uninteresting material. The trip might have been highly interesting and entertaining to her but she failed to get that impression over to me via words.

Say, that's an idea, (Re: your comments, my letter SC#4) we'll start a column in which we will review fanmags etc., that are five years old but we'll act as if they were up-to-date (and chances are that any comments made could be up-to-date) heh?

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

Nice cover on #4 this time, which I assume Juanita put on stencil herself. /---I did it with my little lightscope--lat--/ This apparently pictures an ISFA meeting, and Juanita also has drawn some of the fans there. You, Lee, are obviously the gal



"Midwescon or bust!"

"So I busted..."

in the crazy leotards standing up and accepting the drink from the other guy who must be Jim Lavell, though I'm not certain. Buck Coulson I recognize easily, as he sings to the tune of "Hi ho Kafoozalum" whatever that means. Juanita Coulson must be the female at the end, and the only others I can't place is the one snoring on the couch /--Ted Cogswell--lat--/, and the other fellow half obscured by your trim figure /--His name is Winfield Massey, and Juanita refers to him as JWC,jg.--lat/ Was I right so far?

J.T. Crackel, whoever he is, does good book reviews, and I'm especially glad to see that he's chosen to deliver some kind words on Charles Beaumont's book, which is an excellent little collection, equal only to Beaumont's others. Beaumont is probably the most underrated writer today, and his writing style, which is vaguely reminiscent of a mature Bradbury, is something to behold. He certainly deserves all the recognition fandom can offer him, for he truly is a quality writer, and not just a writer.

Your format of fanzine reviews is very unusual, and ingenious to say the least. I don't know if you've ever used the system of facsimile drawn covers, but I hope you'll continue it. I wonder why you've never tackled a review of FANNISH II though--- I wonder.

Naturally I can't very well offer criticism on my article, but I think it would be best if it's understood that it would be best if it's understood that it was intended to be more a description of the actual Smell-O-Vision process itself, rather than a review of the film.

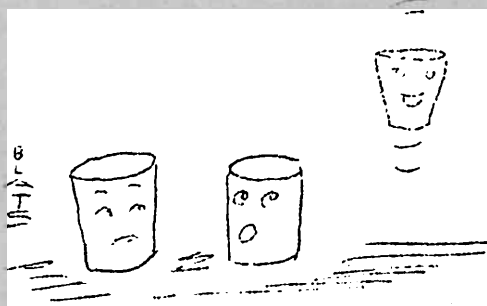
Sandy Mitchell (who I thought very strange things about, until I realized that Sandy must be a female) contributes an unusual bit of whimsy though I still am in the dark about this elusive Mrs. Pboth, whose identity is almost as great a mystery to me as that of Superfan's. Everyone talks about her, but no one reveals just who she is.

Peggy Cook's poetry was nice and concise and I especially liked her ending. I guess when she isn't puffing a stogie she's writing poetry.

Chez When is a n interesting lettercol. The woman I was referring to who had to be insulated in ALAS BABYLON and was tinged in the Vincent Price film was Judith Evelyn, as I neglected to mention. About Ceylon being no place. Tell me, have you actually heard the Hermione Gingold/ Billy De Wolfe routine too? I thought I was the only one who had ever heard it and liked it. It originally was from a Broadway show, "John Murray Anderson's Almanac " I believe, but I also have it on a party record called "Life of the Party". /--Thank ghod! Someone else besides me is acquainted



"Every time you get a drink in you, you make a glass of yourself!"



"Pay no attention to him. He thinks he's a Dean drive."

with that routine. I was afraid I'd pulled out such an obscure bit that no one would have heard it...nobody around here has. That tag-line has always fascinated me. When Arthur C. Clarke called me about a year and a half ago when he was in Indianapolis, he said he was going to stay in Ceylon after this tour. I had to violently restrain my self to keep from telling him there is no such place as Ceylon. He probably would have thought I was completely crazy!---lat---/

Yes, Dick Schultz, as a matter of fact Lichtman and I are notified whenever you open a zine, so that we can right away appear therein. But you'll never guess how---not by those people you named or by any you know; but by Dero. We have the little BEMs working for us, you see. Yes, Dick, I realize Summerfield has no ideas of relinquishing his grasp on the U.S., but we can force him to by revolting. Fans of the U.S. arise and unite, we have nothing to lose but poor mail delivery.

The "Through Time and Space" story doesn't even end on a legitimate pun, /---But bastard puns are the best kind.--lat--/ and is one of these annoying cross-reference puns. And it's about Mrs. Pboth, too; who is he, dammit? And I wonder if she's ever met Brother Frank Jares.

About your editorial. I never knew Hunter did this, but there's a n English detective w tizer named John Creasy who si the most prolific writer alive, sometimes finishing whole books in six weeks or so. He has about 25 pen names which he uses regularly, and you can easily confuse him with other alter egos. He's best known for the Inspector Gideon of Scotland Yard series uner the name J.J. Marris.

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

I'm sure I recognize at le ast two of the people on Juanita's fine cover: the person sitting down with the glasses on at the left is Juanita and the man looking upwards (also sitting) is Bob Coulson. Are you maybe the gal standing up? Huh?

With these little illos of the covers of the zines you review, your fanzine review column is fast becoming unique. Even though I notice I said much the same thing last time, it's still true, even moreso now that you've made a habit of it. I tend to agree with you about MONDAY EVENING GHOST; the hell of the whole situation is that Jennings isn't particularly willing to alter his format. I teenk he has some oddball ideas about conserving stencil space and all; anyway, every time I suggest format improvements he blathers something about how it might make an article run a few lines onto another stencil and oh this would be bad and all. What he needs is some lettering guides, first and foremost. Actually, I think he started publishing a fanzine all too soon. He was only in fandom a month or so when MEG #1 came out.

Deckinger was extremely interesting with his review of that Smellovision movie. I hadn't seen it, myself, and so was quite curious to learn just how the smells were produced. What I wonder now is what happens when the mechanism that triggers the smell jets goes awry?

Sandy Mitchell's item was rather nice, but I croggle to discover from the context that the Sandy is short, a pparently, for Sandra, and that maybe she's around my age (I'm 17, how old she?). I suppose, though, this is due to a fannish exposure to seople like Sanderson, Sandfield, et al, because I do know a very nice girl named Sandy who goes to the same school I do.

If you've followed my letters in Yandro for some time, you should know by now that I don't like stf poetry very much at all, unless it's written by Art Rapp and sometimes not even then. Peggy Cook's poetry is no exception; I didn't care for it, particularly.

I absolutely refuse to acknowledge these darned Feghoot stories anymore. So here's telling you why I'm not saying anything about the putrid one on page 18. And with the comment that I enjoyed your editorial and that the only thing you do that makes them seem similar to Juanita's is the dotting between thoughts like in stream of consciousness writing, I finish.

JIM HARMON, 427 E. 8th, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

And Evan Hunter is really (really) S.A. Lombardino. But the question is---is Jerry Hunter really Evan Hunter?

I enjoyed Space Cage---I like anything that suggests a bar--- but why is it that fanzines published by young ladies always abound in pictures of girls in glamorous poses? It is fanzines like AMRA that contain beefcake poses of Tarzan, Conan, etc.

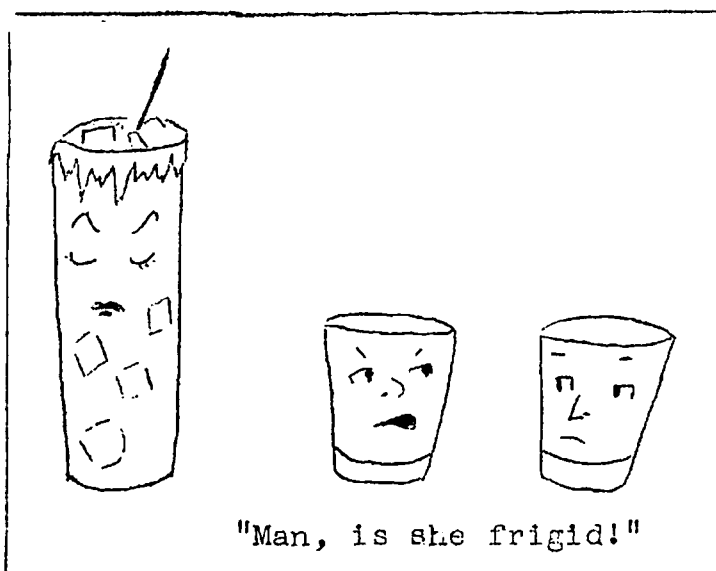
CRAIG COCHRAN, 467 W. 1st St. Scottsdale, Arizona

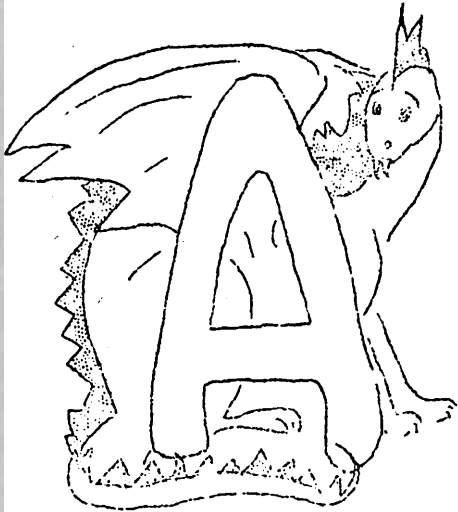
The cover on SPACE CAGE #4 was very much better than the one on number 3.

"Crackel's Copy" was much better than last time but still not too good. Crackel covers too many books in such a short space. I think he should review fewer books and go into greater detail. I also wish he would review something else besides pocket books.

Writing about smell must be the new craze. First Burbee comes up with a smell article and now Deckinger. I must say that I like them both.

By the way, who is Mrs. Pboth?





DRAGON'S TAIL

A N Draco

A monster I may appear to be, especially from your somewhat simian viewpoint; but a mythological monster I most certainly am not. And, while there is still a breath of flame left in my lungs, I intend to use it to disprove the utterly malicious and largely untrue stories you imaginative apes have circulated---for your aggrandizement---about the members of my ancient and proud race.

First, let me say we Dragons are philosophers, with a preference for peaceful seclusion. And, as we are creatures of thought rather than action, Nature rarely created a less belligerent, less aggressive species than we Reptisauri.

Your own legends, while vilifying us, will confirm the fact we were always to be found in lonely places, as far removed as possible from you chattering humans and your frenetic activities. You will also note I said "found", for it is also a matter of record we were only encountered when you searched for us in the secluded valleys, the high mountains, the deserts, or the deep, well-hidden caves we favored for solitary contemplation.

Yet for thousands of years we have been hunted and tracked down by more ambitious Anthropoidea who sought "fame" and found perverse pleasure in persecuting and harassing (even if they were not always able to kill) hapless and inoffensive Dragons.

The custom of "dragon-slaying" undoubtedly originated with that hired assassin Marduk who (by treachery) was able to murder my illustrious ancestress, Tiamat, the Dragon-Goddess, in what was, after all, only a nasty family fight. Tiamat, it is true, was a somewhat demanding divinity; and, because the people of Babylon tired of her whims and tantrums, they elected to overlook the essential baseness of Marduk's action, and made him a national hero.

In your race, heredity has strengthened a tendency to imitate. So, in emulation of Marduk, most of your culture-heroes since his time have felt it incumbent upon them to slay at least one dragon; or---at least---to take credit for having done so. Now your history is besmirched with "heroes" who have ridden to "fame" on the bloody band-wagon of Dragon-Slayers.

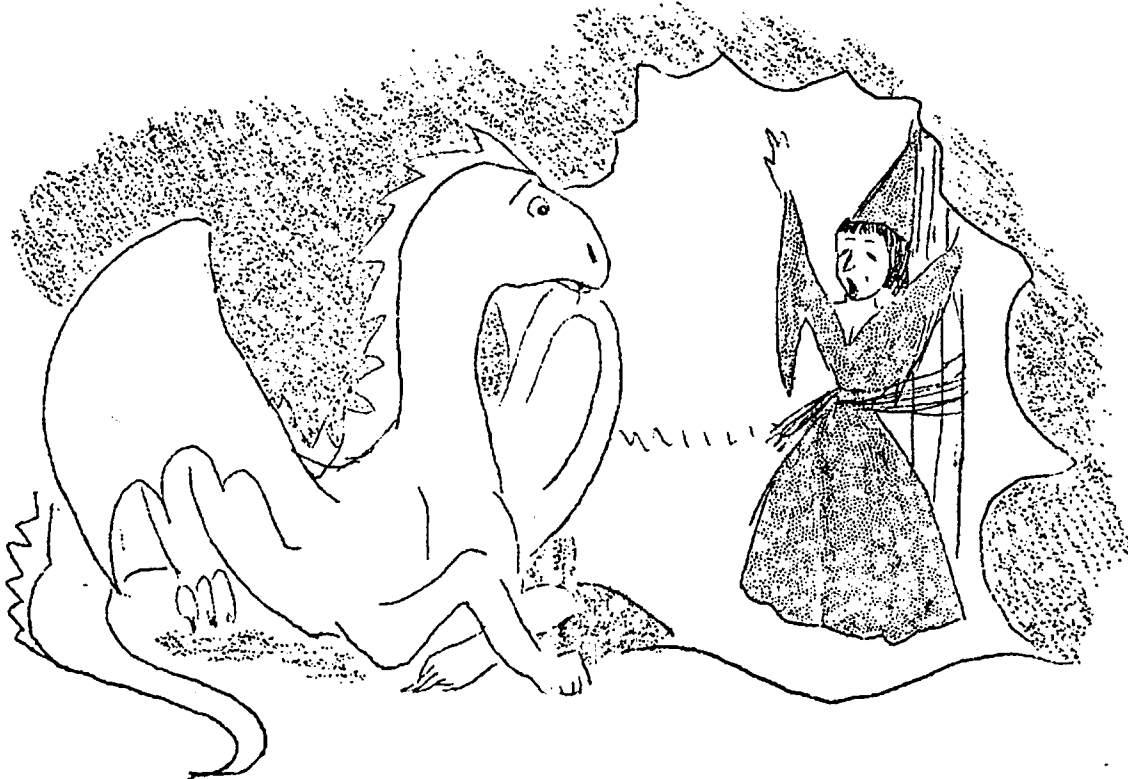
Apollo, Sigfried, Hercules, Bewould, Tristram, and the Saints

Michael and George are credited with a dragon or two apiece; while several other less celebrated genglemen have been pleased to coyly admit or infer they have participated in these completely unprovoked and unjustified slaughters. But, since your race takes an inordinate pride in the fact some of these glory-seekers actually slew a few ailing or aged Dragons, may I ask who no accounting has been kept or memory preserved, or the far, far greater number of aspiring young men who tried and failed.

Time so enobled this senseless slaughter the British were anxious to acclaim their king, Arthur, as a dragon slayer; but due to the mystery surrounding his origin and the chaotic hopelessness of their early records, they were never quite sure whether he was a dragon-slayer or the son of a dragon. Therefore, with true British caution, they finally decided not to stress that particular phase of his legend too much. And it was just as well.

For King Arthur and the British owe a great deal more to my race than even their most erudite scholars have been able to guess. I could, of course, clarify this indebtedness for them; but since some of the most scurrilous and libelous stories about us have been originated by the British, I will---in this article---merely reaffirm the fact our relationship is closer than they dare think. Let them worry for a few more centuries how much of the pitch they have thrown at us has clung to their own hands.

For those blue-painted barbaric ingrates, who made a sport of dragon hunting were the first to cry "foul" when, provoked into killing the foolish young men who came around to annoy us, we found it necessary---for sanitary reasons---to eat the losers. This was, at first, distasteful to us. For we were, originally, an herbivorous species (and, left to ourselves, would undoubtedly



have remained so). But that we became carnivorous, I cannot deny. And are we to be blamed if---through years of having man-flesh thrust upon us---or norman appetites were perverted to a tolerance of, if not an actual liking for, human flesh?

Not satisfied with having stigmatized us as "man-eaters" the British went on to evolve an entire literature devoted to our penchant for devouring their fairest and most virginal princesses by the score.

Now it cannot be denied that after eating men for several gene rations, some of our more decadent members with epicurian tastes---growing somewhat tired of the gamey taste of your males---developed a fondness for your females. But it is sheer nonsense to credit the wild stories we ravaged entire country-sides searching out royal virgins.

First, I need only point out, to discredit these blood-curdling tales, if we had eaten as many of their royal ladies as they claim (and are to assume these young ladies were as maidenly as they were supposed to have been) there would be very few families of royal blood left today in England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales.

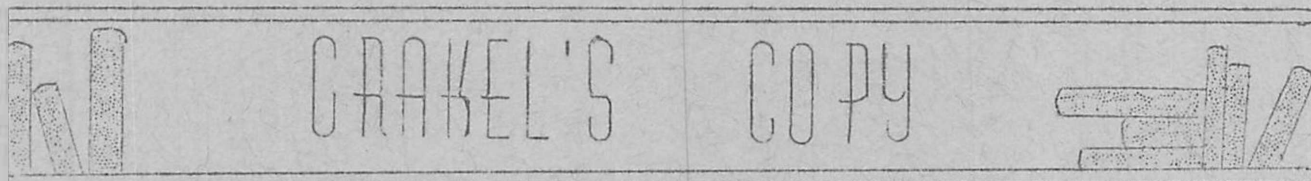
Nor was it even necessary for Dra gons of exotic tastes to go in search of these delectable morsels. In the tedium of the Middle Ages, spirited maidens sought us out to give their knights in shining (if ridiculous) armour the opportunity of rescuing them. And less aggressive young ladies of good family were often dumped on a dragon's doorstep---in a manner of speaking---by desperate parents who wanted to dispose of an unmarried daughter---one way or another.

But even the most sybaritic of our clan will agree young females were preferred simply because their flesh was found to be sweeter and more tender. Their station in life, their comliness, or the state of their virtue had nothing to do with it.

Fortunately, just when your damsels in distress and their errant knights were becoming more than we could bear, the Chinese introduced you to gunpowder. Curious, as usual, about this new and deadly toy, it was not long before you had developed and exploited its more lethal potentialities.

Having discovered an easy method of killing large numbers of your own kind, you were soon so deeply embroiled in slaughtering each other you found little time to plague us. For, with whole cities to destroy and entire countries to be reduced to rubble, dragons became very small game, indeed.

Now you have atomic toys, and have immeasurably increased your capacity for self-destruction. So we are waiting patiently in the hope that as it was in the beginning soon it will be again.



BOOK REVIEWS

J. T. CRACKEL

Confirming our recent observation there seemed to a revival of interest in supernatural, weird and horror-fantasy, two new magazines publishing in the genre are now on the stands.

FEAR, published by Great American Publications, Inc., 270 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., is digest-size, costs 35¢ (12 issues for \$4.00), and Volume I No. 2 is now available. The first issue of this magazine, as far as we can determine, was not distributed in the Indianapolis area.

For our scant knowledge of No. 1, we are indebted to Mr. Joseph Brennan, who briefly reviewed it in the Summer, 1960 issue of his own magazine, MACABRE. The first FEAR contained twelve new stories, one poem, and one reprint ("The Dream Woman" by Wilkie Collins). According to Mr. Brennan, the new material ranged from fair to good.

As nearly as we can determine, nine of the ten stories in the second issue (July 1960) are new; and we would personally rate them from good to very good. The tenth is a reprint of Robert Hichens' subtle classic, "How Love Came to Professor Guildea". And, since this story has always been one of our all-time favorites, we can only say we were very pleased with issue No. 2---so much so, in fact, that we back-ordered No. 1 and placed our subscription for the next twelve issues.

The second magazine, SHOCK is published by Winston Publications, 157 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. It, too, is digest-size, 35¢ (6 issues---\$2.00), bi-monthly; and, in this case, No. 1 No. 1 did appear locally.

The first issue contained chiefly reprints---but WHAT reprints! First off, there was BIANCA'S HANDS by T. Sturgeon; then Kuttner's GRAVEYARD RATS; Bradbury's THE CROWD; Ellin's SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE; Collier's GREEN THOUGHTS; and two or three other welcome---if familiar---stories. In such company, the new material suffered by comparison, but only by comparison.

SHOCK no. 2 contains thirteen stories; and long-time readers will recall seeing some of them before. But for the neophyte (and it must be kept in mind most of these excellent re-prints will be read for the first time by a new generation) the issue is a goldmine, indeed. Very few expensive hard cover anthologies would offer such writers as Bradbury, Boucher, Bloch, Collier, and Stanley Ellin in the same book and then throw in a Sturgeon novella ("BrightSegment") to boot. Yet there is all this---and more---in an issue priced at 35¢. If this magazine will only abandon its efforts to introduce the stories withat what it apparently hopes is "grisley humor", it could shape up into something very fine.

Another reasonably priced original collection worth dipping into is THIRTEEN GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION (Gold Medal \$9.97), edited by Groff Conklin.

The title of the book covers the contents reasonably well. Possibly the thirteen stories Mr. Conklin presents are not the "greatest"; but then the title states they are merely great---and that is almost true. At any rate, this discriminating editor gives his readers one hundred and ninety-two pages of really good science fiction for the price of a pocket-book.

The most important hard-cover book to come our way this spring was the long promised ABOMINATIONS OF YONDO, by Clark Ashton Smith (Arkham House---\$4.00).

It contains seventeen exotic stories which--somehow--escaped inclusion in the three earlier Arkham collections of Mr. Smith's prose. Most of these tales were written twenty or thirty years ago; but the appeal of the bizarre is ageless; and to lover of the outre the stories are as vivid today as they will be a hundred years from now.

For they are baroque pearls, mounted in twisted and tortured filigrees of time-blackened silver phrases; strange stories couched in archaic words and florid sentences which dazzle the eye and ring in the mind. Mr. Smith is a wizard with words whose feverish incantations have conjured up and given substance to flamboyant dreams. This book of his mad fantasies is a weirdly beautiful grimoire of the grotesque.



THE SCHULTZ CONSPIRACY

.....BOB LICHTMAN

"What is this? A conspiracy? Can't I ever put a dirty little fmz between these grimy paws without finding either Bob Lightman or Mike Deckinger in its letter-column or contents? Is someone spying on me and quick, quick informing Bob and Mike? ..."

---Dick Schultz, SPACE CAGE #4

An open letter to fandom:

Evidently, the scheme in which Mike and I have been engaged for lo! these past several years has at last wrought fruit, so to speak (down, Laney!). Schultz has been unable to take the strain and has blown. It is now safe to tell fandom what this is all about---just why mike and I are really in fandom.

You see, some years ago, late in 1957, as a matter of fact, a struggling young neo-fan, one Dick Schultz of Detroit, surrepticiously entered the fannish realm. Following the usual fannish pattern, so as not to bring himself to suspicion, he bought first a few fanzines, then all the fanzines, and wrote long, letterhackish communiques to faneds, all hand-printed.

One of these letters, received by a well-known faneditor whose zine placed on the FANAC Poll this year, had a section in it (just a section---Schultz writes the most monstrously long letters) concerning a certain segment of fannish history, which history Schultz, as a very neofan, should have had very little knowledge of. But, he displayed a great deal of knowledge in this particular realm of fannish background, and this disturbed the faned, mainly because he didn't know as much about it as Schultz seemed to.

A devout Roscoite, the faneditor paid a visit to the Only Ghod's beaver lodge asking advice and help. Roscoe, fannish mastermind that he is, figured out the case immediately. He conceived a plan to stop the inroads Schultz was making into fandom; it would take a while to complete the plan, but when it was through, Schultz would be out of fandom forever.

Casting about in the lands of preconscious fannishness, he spied Mike Deckinger and myself leafing through large stacks of old PLANETS and FFM's at book stores in New York and Los Angeles respectively. Then, by some mysterious method still knknown to us, he planted in our minds the idea of joining fandom. This we did, and before very long we were both publishing our own fanzines, writing letters to other fanzines, writing articles, reviews, stories, joining apas, and all that sort of thing---

but all under strict control from Roscoe!

Eventually Schultz took notice of our fanzines, our activity. Accordingly, he sent us both monies in subscription to our zines and took up in correspondence with us. All was working according to Roscoe's plans-- Schultz was responding beautifully.

Then came the big push. We both doubled our activity, poured out ream after ream of fanzines, making sure Schultz talked himself into copies of all of them, sent pages of letters to the other fanzines that Schultz received, writing articles, reviews, the works. Schultz marvelled at our activity at first, but then he became curiously uncertain as to what was going on. He wavered, and now, he has fallen.

Now the truth can be told. Schultz is in reality---
Claude Degler!

MRS. P. BOTH

SAYS

The next meeting of the

Indiana Science Fiction Association

will be held on

Saturday, July 2, 1960 at 7:30 p.m.

at

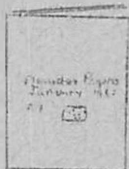
3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apartment A-3 Indianapolis

(LI 7-8529)

Dues: 25¢

THE SECOND STONE *fanzine reviews*

Due to lack of space, reviews are going to have to be cut down this. Will cover more issues more thoroughly next time.



PLEIADES PIMPLES, #1 (Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill, 16 pages)

All about how to get a nevel published. Not very practical for me, but fascinating reading.

APORRHETA, #17 (H. P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London S.E. 14, 20¢, 52 pages)

Another excellent issue. In addition to Sanderson's "Inchmery Fan Diary", a highlight of the issue is the results of the first "Apidiascope" wherein contestents were to write a letter as a convention chairman to the manager of the con hotel, giving apologies and reasons without admitting responsibility, why half the hotel burnt down..



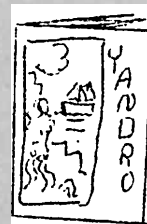
HABAKKUK, Chap. 1, Verse 4 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th St., Berkeley, Calif, irregular, free for trades or letters of comment, 80 pages)

I still say that nobody can afford to give away 80 pages for frce, but that is what Bill is doing. HABAKKUK keeps getting bigger and bigger and better and better. H probably has best letter column (all 46 pages of it) that I have ever read. Subjects range from beatniks to cats (feline type) to books to...well its impossible to cover. I don't know how long Donaho can continue at this rate, but I hope its forever!



YANDRO #88 (Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, monthly, 15¢, 12/1.50, 24 pages)

YANDRO is back to its usual high standards this issue. Best item is the lead article, "The Sequel and Series in Science Fiction and Fantasy" by George Scithers. As always, the artwork is excellent, and includes a very good cover by Prosser.



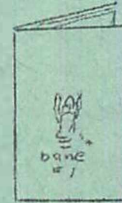


RETROGRADE #3, (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn., free for trade or letter of comment, 10 pages)

Again, this magazine, while small, seems teeming with articles and features. Jim Harmon is back with a nother "Letter from Mt. Carmel", Redd reviews THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS. Many other items.

BANE #1, (Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Ill., 15¢, 4/50¢, 20 pages)

At leasy my copy has 20 pages though I have the sneaky suspicion its supposed to have a few more. From what I have of it, it seems to be a slightly above average first issue, despite the fact that the Dodd article (of which only part is present in my copy) has already appeared in BHISMI:LLAH.



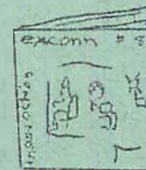
NEMATODE #5 (Bob Leman, 1214 W. Maple, hawlins, Wyoming, SAPS, 14 pages)

Almost the entire contents is by Leman, and its very interesting. I found the account of Leman's attempt to paint his ceiling the most amusing, but other bits such as his description of a friend of his who is interested in the occult, and a selection from the works of the poet laureat of Central City were almost equal to it.



EXCONN-INSURRECCTION #8 (Robert N. Lambeck, 868 Helston Road, Birmingham, Michigan, irregular, 10¢, 18 pages)

Almost the entire issue consists of innumerable, but interesting, short fanzine reviews, and letters. Not much meat, but dive rting.



THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST #4, (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee, 15¢, 12/1.50, 23 pages)

Just about the same thing I said about the previous issue of MEG a₁ges tp this one as well. I wish I could get interested in it, but I just can't.

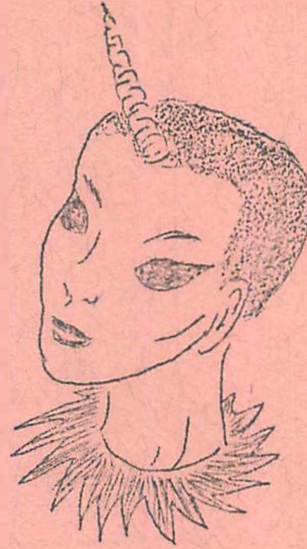


Final note. Now I think there's a conspiracy against me. Here I innovate the idea of sketching the fanzine covers to go with the review and about half the zine s I received this time had covers that consisted of a microscopic drawing surrounded by blank paper. That is, if they had any cover at all. Perhaps the a rtists don't like what I've been doing to their cover?.

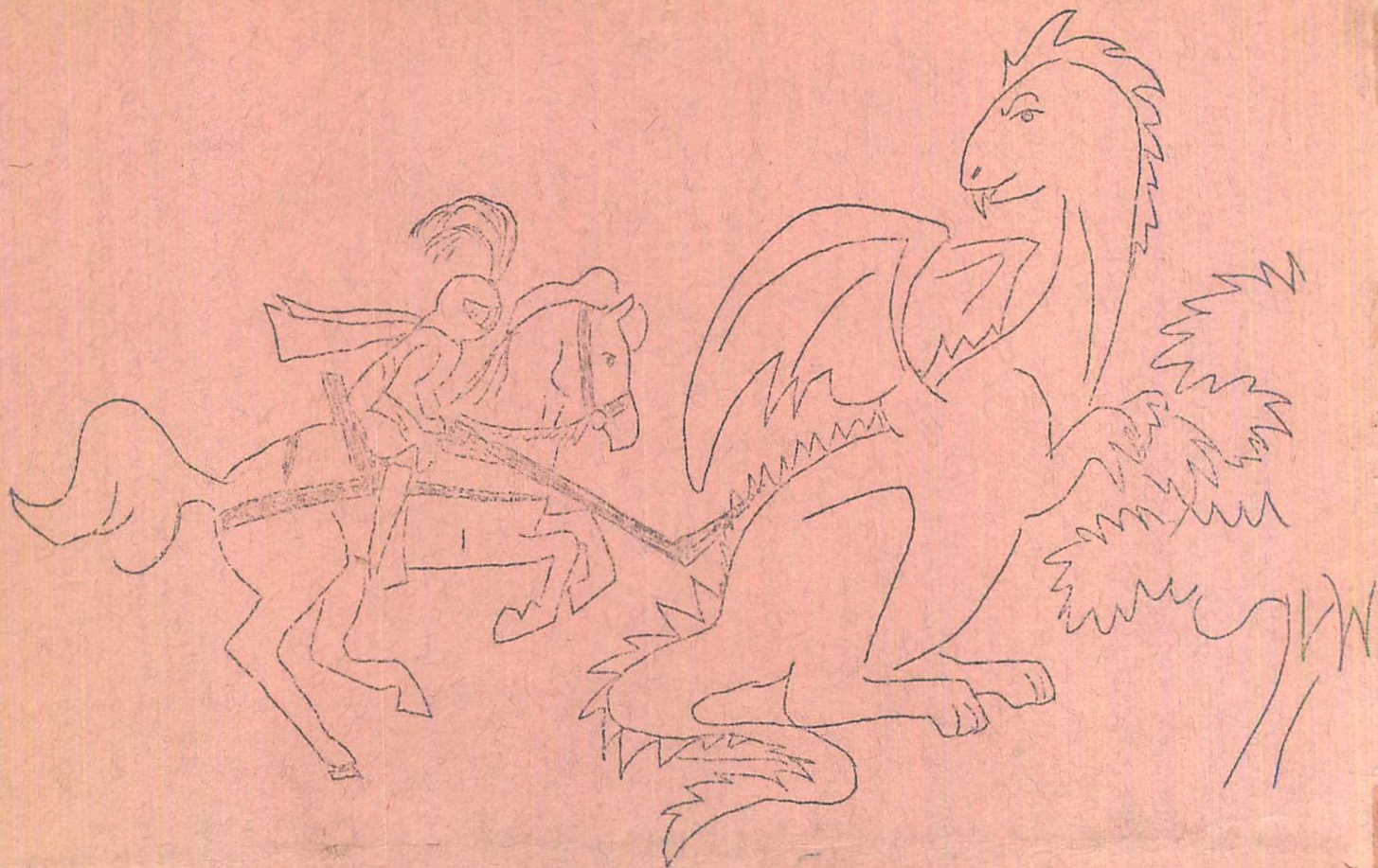
.....lat

LEGAL

lat



It suddenly occurred to me that is sort of an anniversary. ...somewhere between mid-may and mid-June fifteen years ago I bought my first science-fiction magazine...It was the fall 1945 issue of PLANET STORIES...so naturally it appeared in the spring...the collecting instinct was in me from the start...I still have that first issue...along with several thousand others...anyway to celebrate this, I thought I'd mention some of the "great thrills" that have happened to me since that first magazine....this may not be of very great interest to anyone else, but it is to me...besides, I'm in a hurry and I can't think of anything else to write about... Well, let's see...there was the time I discovered that second hand magazines could be bought...and this was before dealers started jacking their prices...I used to lug home twenty or thirty back-dated magazines a week at three for a dime...then there's my first convention...Chicago, 1952...it was so big I felt lost, yet it hooked me on conventions for good....then there was the time that Larry Shaw picked an item from my fanzine, MERLIN, a story by Dave Jenrette, to appear in INFINITY...meeting my first fan through the Indiana Science Fantasy Association, then newly organized...buying the Freas painting at the Detention ...and having my picture taken by John W. Campbell...what a switch....then there's the time Arthur C. Clarke called me.... and I not only didn't know him, but didn't even know he was in town....I can still hear that voice..."Awthuh C. Clahk heah"... I think I replied with something intelligent like "nnngh".... pulling out of a prolonged gaffiation because Bob Madle had moved to Indianapolis....receiving copies of PITFCS, which I fell madly in love with...and I'm sure there are lots of other things ...which I can't think of at the present moment....oh yes, finding my name mentioned in ASF...I got so excited that it took me ten minutes to calm down enough to find out why it was there.... Oh, ye gods....I've got to get this thing done....who ever invented editorials anyway....Who is Mrs. Pboth?....Mary Rita Schlichte pats birds on the head..... I do want to apologize for all the typos this...had to get this mimcoed so we could put the club to work assembling...I sure have made some goof's! ...lat



from

SPACE CAGE
Lee Anne Tromper
3858 Forest Grove Dr. A-3
Indianapolis 5, Ind.

Return postage guaranteed

Duplicated matter only

Dick Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit, Mich