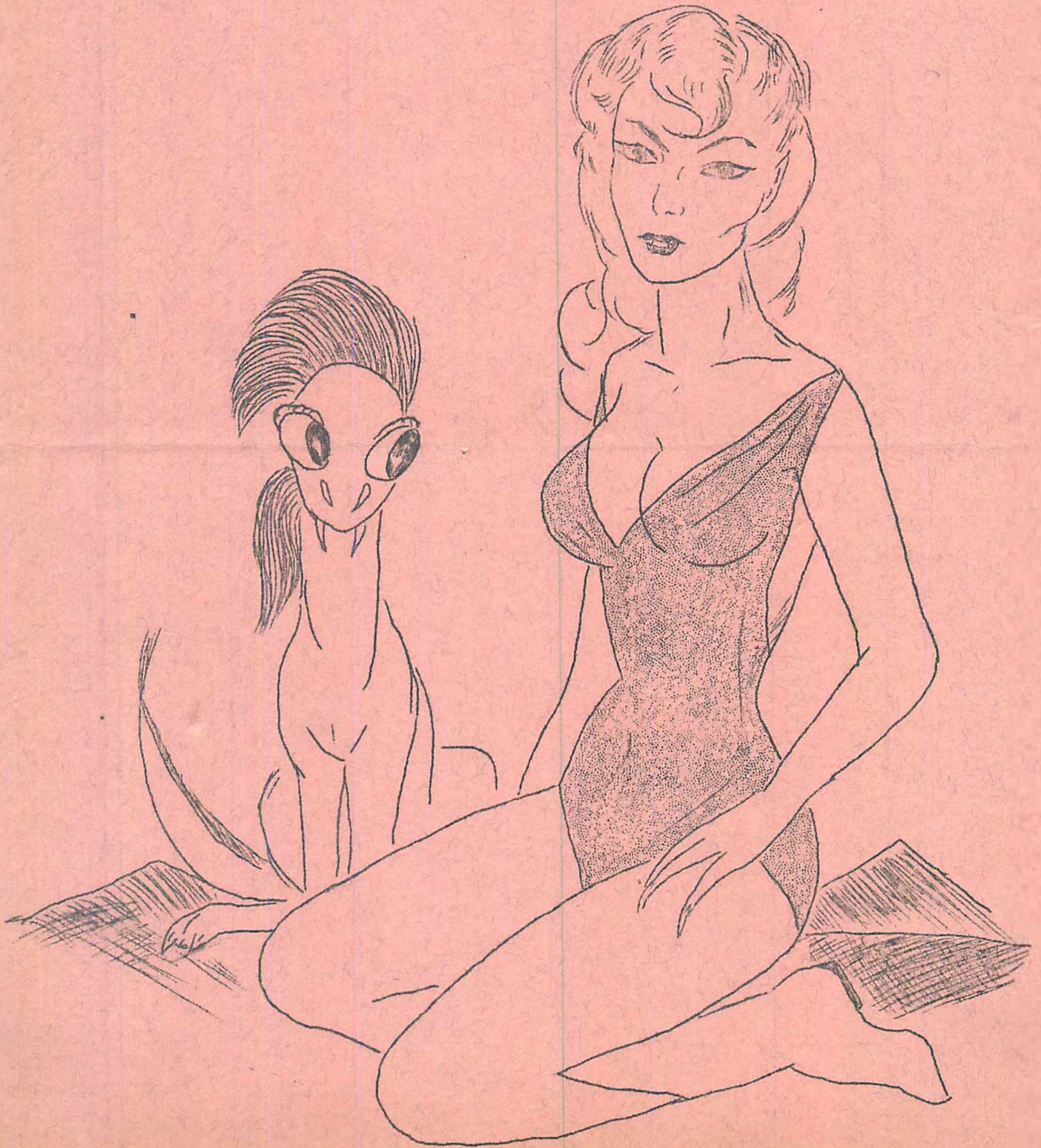


6 SPACE CAGE 6



SPACE CAGE

Issue # 6

July, 1960

CONTENTS

FANTASY IN OUTLINE (article, part I)	J.T. Crackel	2
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH FERDINAND BRLERTON (pun)	J.L. Peghoot	6
AN EXCELLENT NEW STORY FOR AGES 4 - 7 (fiction)	Sam Fath	7
WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL (semi-occasional column)	Joe Lee Sanders	8
SCHULTZ STRIKES BACK (fiction)	Mike Deckinger	10
THE TRUFANNISH LINE (filk song)	Les Gerber	13
COCK 'N' BULL (column)	Jerry Hunter	14
CHEZ WIEN (letters)		15
<u>LEEGAL</u> (editorial)	lat	21

ART CREDITS

Juanita Coulson: cover, page 4 Saul Kosher: page 6
Dick Schultz: page 9 Blats: pages 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
lat: pages 3, 5, 11, 12, 21, bacover

SPACE CAGE. Monthly. Editor: Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Dr., Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Indiana. 10¢, 75¢ and you can get all the issues we put out in a year, but I won't guarantee how many that will be. SC is published by Jim ("Just because I washed out the mimeo in the driveway, why are you blaming me for the rocks in the ink pad?") Lavell, 3532 Beasley Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana, Jim also edits and publishes SPACE PAGE, an alternating meeting which you can get along with the Cage if you join the Indiana Science Fiction Association by sending \$1 to either of us. SC is available also by trade, comment and especially if you contribute material.

Fantasy in Outline

PART I

J.T. CRACKEL

"Imaginative writing" is a term used by scholars and literary technicians to designate all admittedly fictional literary productions. In theory, all fiction is fantasy; but, in practice, only the most highly imaginative literature in the general category of imaginative writing is called "fantasy". This genus, is, in turn, divisible into several species; and it is with these this article is concerned.

Generally speaking, the prime function of fantastic literature is to entertain. It need not necessarily inspire, admonish, or educate, although it has often been brilliantly used to do all three. For many great fantasies are bitter satires, while others are highly moralistic; but the majority of them are--by intent--simply diverting romances.

They are all based on highly improbable or preposterously impossible situations; but once their initially fantastic premises have been clearly and plausible presented, the best of these stories strive for an aura of reality, and to create--however transiently--the illusion of possibility.

For successful fantasy is the product of restrained rather than rampant imagination, and the most enduring of these stories are those developed naturally, logically, and consistently on fantastic theses having self-imposed limitations.

For purposes of discussion, these stories can be freely divided into four basic types:

1. Science-fiction--All fantasies based on more or less scientific concepts.
2. Supernatural--Fictional accounts of various supernatural phenomena, either malignant or benignant.
3. Traditional--Stories derived from myths, legends, and folk-lore, or based on deviations from accepted history.
4. Utopian--Literary works dealing with imaginary civilizations of the past, present, or future.

These dominant types are, individually, made up of numberless subtypes; and the major groupings themselves are frequently blended to produce hybrid species. Very often a myth or legend will furnish the background for a "supernatural" story. Traces of the supernatural may be found in "science-fiction". And "Utopian" literature is about evenly divided between the possible worlds of science-fiction and the "lost" civilizations of myth and legend.

Good fantasy is extremely difficult to write. Yet at one time or another, most of the world's greatest writers, both past and present, have succumbed to the fascination of this form of fiction and tried their hands at it. As a result the roster of fantasy authors is replete with famous names, and the literature of fantasy immeasurably enriched by some of their finest stories.

Along with the acknowledged classics by familiar authors, there is also a larger body of minor masterpieces turned out through the

years by many somewhat less well-known---though certainly not less talented---writers who have specialized in this school of writing. These less familiar pieces will be given special attention in this article.

1. SCIENCE-FICTION

Scientific romances are almost as old as literature, itself. Yet, strangely, they have been largely overlooked by literary historians, and very few serious efforts have been made by qualified scholars to classify and catalogue them.¹

Contrary to popular belief, the mechanistic romances of Jules Verne² and the slightly later speculative novels and short stories of H.G. Wells³ were not the first stories of their kind to be written. While both men did much to popularize scientific fiction in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, their stories were only brilliant contributions to a much larger and older body of literature.

In his survey, "Pilgrims Through Space and Time", Mr. J.O. Bailey attempted to write a history of this literature from the earliest times through 1945; but, due to several manifest lacunae, this work is far from definitive.

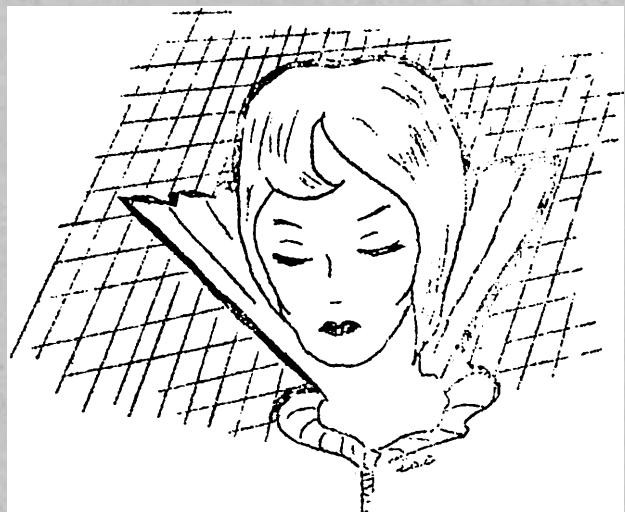
Still, his history of science in early fiction is not without merit. In Chapters I through IV, Mr. Bailey discusses, with discrimination and intelligence, almost every story of importance from Lucian's "Icaromenippus" (200A.D.) to H.G. Wells' "The Time Machine" (1895), and writes of them in a manner both comprehensive and detailed.

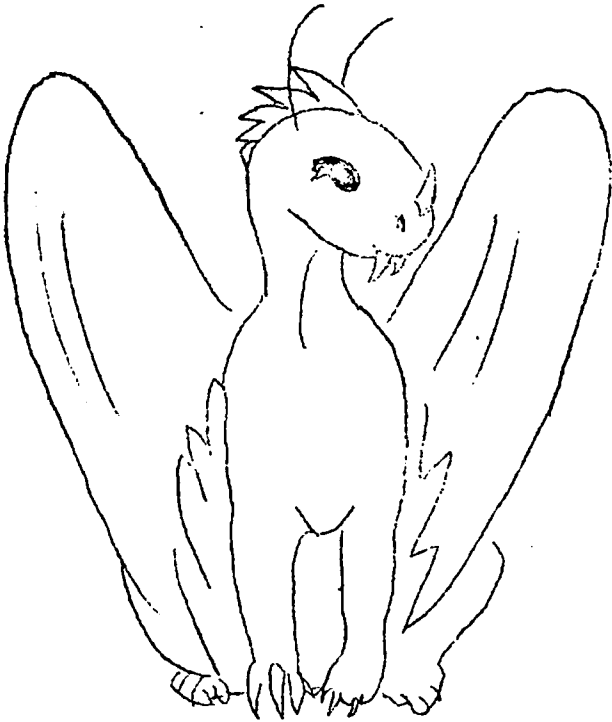
However, the latter portion of the book is woefully incomplete, chiefly because, during the next fifty years (1895-1945), so many novels and short stories of science-fiction were written and published it would have been impossible for any historian, no matter how well-grounded in his subject, to cite and appraise them all within a single volume.

For, from the early part of the nineteenth century onward, a very great number of these stories made their first (and sometimes only) appearances in popular magazines of the day. This was especially true in America where scientific romances, despite their pretentious antecedents, were early adopted by and nurtured for many years in the "pulp" magazines.

As early as 1896, long before they had acquired a generic name or magazines dedicated exclusively to them, Frank Munsey was using these stories in "Argosy" as well as the various other Munsey periodicals. As a matter of record, many of the so-called "classics" of this literature are scattered through the pages of the Munsey publications over a period of almost fifty years.⁴

The first man to fully recognize the latent popular appeal of this type of story was Mr. Hugo





Gernsback. In 1909, this most able and dedicated proponent of magazine science-fiction was editing and publishing a factual magazine known variously as "Modern Electrics", "Electric Experimenter" and eventually as "Science and Invention"; and in it he used scientific fiction from time to time.

Finally, because these stories proved so popular, he established "Amazing Stories" (April, 1926) to satisfy the growing demand for this kind of fiction. In so doing, he brought into being the first American magazine devoted exclusively to the publication of "science-fiction".⁵

In the ensuing years, dozens of magazines (good, bad, and indifferent) specializing in the

presentation of more or less scientific fiction have appeared on the newsstands. Some lasted only a few issues, and some for only a few years. But others are still publishing today; and new ones still appear from time to time.

For after the appearance of "Amazing Stories" the popularity of science-fantasies increased rapidly until today these stories dominate the field of fantastic writing. Unfortunately, they have gained their present eminence at the expense and to the detriment of all other branches of fantastic literature---chiefly through the activity of a loosely-knit, but powerful, cult of "fans" formed by the readers of "science-fiction" as these romances are now popularly called.⁶

Some of the cultists are undoubtedly conservative and intelligent; but a small segment of clamorous and opinionated radicals have appointed themselves spokesmen and arbiters for the entire group. As such, they are strongly--even violently--opposed to the reading (or even the publication) of any and all "non-scientific" fantasy.

For these dedicated leaders who read scienc-fiction exclusively seem to feel their monomaniacal preference for it is somehow indicative of superior intellectual attainments; and they have blatantly fostered the tenet a predilection for "fantasy" is stupid and immature.

Basing their premise on a slight distortion of nomenclature, they hold their "science-fiction" is completely separate from its parent body; and, with fanatical self-deception, have convinced themselves (and some of their less analytical cohorts) science-fiction is not fantasy.

It is, of course, the privilege of these deluded fantasites to pretend the latter is true. But if they actually feel they have freed their favorite literature from the "stigma" of fantasy, then their constant, bitter and disparaging attacks on fantasy, per se, are difficult to understand--unless by these attacks the devotees are attempting to

assuage some qualms they may still have that the literary schism that have attempted to create, is, somehow, not quite accomplished.

However, motives aside, the campaign against "non-scientific" fantasy has been highly successful. All other forms are presently discredited---almost in disrepute. For there is not a single literate magazine in the newsstands today devoted entirely to any of the other branches; and the few "fantasy" stories now appearing are printed---almost with apologies---in the pages of predominately science-fiction periodicals. And, amid a deluge of science-fiction books, only a very few novels, collections or anthologies in the other branches of fantasy have been accorded book publication in recent years.

Yet, "non-scientific" fantasy still has many supporters. It would be wrong to conclude its readers are in the minority simply because they have usually failed to respond publicly to the slander or branches of this literature by the more obstreperous element of the science-fiction coterie.

Possibly---in contrast to their bigoted detractors---readers in general fantasy are more tolerant, having cultivated more catholic reading tastes. Probably (although somewhat surfeited with reading so much of it), they simply decline to deride and ridicule science-fiction because they have the acumen to recognize it for what it is: just another species of fantasy.

NOTES

1. Since this was written, a great deal more interest has been shown in appraising more or less contemporary science-fiction. The reader's attention is invited to Basil Davenport's INQUIRY INTO SCIENCE FICTION; Damon Knight's IN SEARCH OF WONDER; and, most recently, NEW MAPS OF HELL by Kingsley Amis.

In passing it may also be mentioned the introductions to all the first four Conklin Science-fiction anthologies and, to a lesser degree, those in the Bleiler and Ditkey series contain a wealth of background material.

2. Mr. Verne's best known and his best stories are those he based on possible applications of mechanical devices already within the realm of probability within his own time; or based on scientific concepts generally accredited during his era.

3. With some thirty-odd books in the genre to his credit, the prolific Mr. Wells used---at one time or another---almost every plot and gambit available to present day writers of science-fiction. His works are too well-known to require listing; but they are still interesting to read if only for the purpose of seeing to what strange uses his speculations have been put by today's authors.

4. The most comprehensive (although admittedly incomplete) listing that we know of of this literature as it appeared in the Munsey magazines



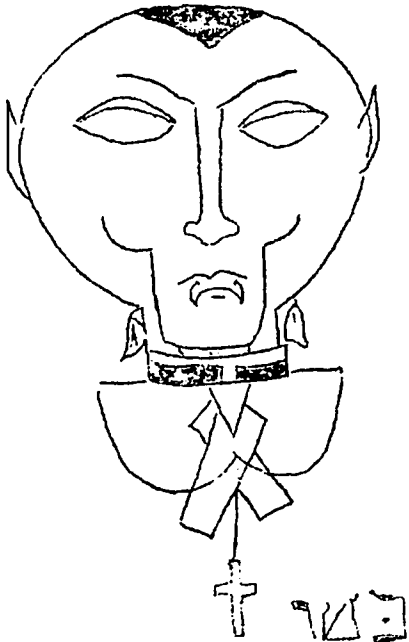
is to be found in Bradford M. Day's AN INDEX ON THE WEIRD AND FANTASTICA IN MAGAZINES (New York--B.M. Day--1953). This index is invaluable to anyone interest in tracing the publication and development of fantasy and science-fiction in the pages of the "pulp".

5. WEIRD TALES, of course, antedated AMAZING STORIES by some three years, and in addition to the weird and outq stories to which their masthead committed them, they also published some science-fiction. But the editor refused to turn the entire magazine over to the science-fiction clique (rabid, over-technical); and was probably greatly relieved when Mr. Gernsback started a magazine devoted exclusively to scientific fiction.

6. For a history of science-fiction "fandom" from its earliest brawling years we must--much as it pains us--recommend the reader to Mr. Sam Moskowitz's THE IMMORTAL STORY.

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH FERDINAND BRIERTON

For a vacation in the year 2115, Ferdinand Brierton decided to time-travel to one of Earth's earlier historical periods. He chose the island of Tahiti before the coming of Europeans. Upon his arrival, however, Brierton realized that his dimension-spanner had malfunctioned, for while he had arrived on Tahiti he had done so at a period shortly after the first Christian missionaries had reached the island. Brierton was very happy at first among the islanders, but he soon grew infuriated at the efforts of the missionaries to force Caucasian customs upon the simple Polynesians. The last straw came when the chief missionary--a Mr. Davidson by name--decreed that hereafter all native



women should be attired in voluminous mother-hubbards, made with material from two of their native garments. On that day, Brierton pleaded eloquently with the missionary: "See here, Davidson, in your training you should have learned that you can't change a race overnight--you, of all people, should realize that two sarongs don't make a White!"

.....J. L. FEGHOOT

"He sat in a corner, strumming his catarrh." ...Fath's Instant Wit Book

AN EXCELLENT NEW STORY FOR AGES 4-7

Sam Fath

Rain. Slow, cold, misty-drizzly rain, making crooked, muddy foot-paths on soot-caked slum windows, covering the city with a chill, musty curtain of dirty gauze. The night smells old, unclean.

A man walks on a gloomy street, narrow and oppressive street. He seems born of the dark, cold rain, sired by the cold, dead mist. He walks neither fast nor slow, but purposefully. He is looking.

A lonely night-but stops. A woman steps off, walks quickly down the street, nervously, perhaps afraid of the night, the rain. Is she old, or young? She works in a bank, and the mist hides her age.

The man sees her, crosses the street, flows toward her with the gutter-water. She does not see him yet. Now he is near. His eyes are bright in the close-woven dark. He reaches. The woman screams, struggles. Her screams are borne down by the rain, down to be washed through the cracks in the wet-rough street, down to the sewers, unheard. No more struggles now, she lies in the street.

The man stands over her, reaches into a pocket, withdraws his hand. It holds a knife, dark-stained, sharp. He bends down. A sharp tear of cloth is dulled by the mourning wind. The knife moves quickly, expertly, through pale, sluggish flesh. Again the hand goes into the pocket, comes out with a small paper sack.

The man moves on, satisfied yet still searching. He sees a sign through the mist, a pale red-and-green neon sign. It says:

A-1 MARK T
open 24 hrs

He opens the weary wooden screen door, walks in. The door slams behind him, bounces open again, remains ajar. A young, dull-faced clerk comes from the back of the store, steps behind the check-out counter. "Awful night, huh, mister? Can I help ya?"

The rain-wind blows the sagging door open, then shut. The man with the sack smiles a small, pale smile. "Loaf of bread and a small jar of mustard, please."



WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL

....JOE LEE SANDERS

Recently, I've heard some highly favorable comments on the new fantasy magazine Fear!, the most recent being Jay Crackel's column in Space Cage #5. It's encouraging to see the interest in the current state of fantasy. I agree that it would be nice to have a magazine publishing good new fantasies. Unfortunately, after reading the second issue of Fear!, I'm unable to agree with Jay's praise of the magazine.

Of the ten stories in Fear! #2, only one strikes me as really good --- "How Love Came to Professor Guildea" by Robert Hichens, a reprint.

Five of the nine new stories are non-fantasy: "The Cage" by Bry Walton, "End With the Night" by Donald Honig, "Still Life" by Mark Richards, "The Persuader" by Irving Schiffer, and "Bourbon on a Champagne Carpet" by Albert Bermel. While a non-fantastic story can be horrifying--take Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily" for example---these stories are mostly unexciting and unexceptionally written. Only Bryce Walton's story conveys a mood of fear through the darkness of vision which is characteristic of his work. Since we're interested in the magazine for its fantasy content, I'll ignore these five stories from now on.

Of the four new fantasies, three are somewhat promising though flawed--James Harvey's "Confession," David Mason's "Account Closed," and Larry Bearson's "The Veiled Woman." The remaining story--"The Idol" by Joe Mackey--is a rather bad one. It is this last story I'd like to examine in detail, because I think its flaws are reflected throughout the magazine.

The author begins "The Idol" in a clumsily fantastic mood. We are told the the idol is a copy of one worshipped by evil little Indians. Garth, the main character, is a sculpter who has managed to copy the idol and is now trying "to instill into the core of the midnight wood a living part of himself, of his mind or spirit." We are further tantalized with the information that "Garth had witnessed--had even participated in--macabre rites and feats." After this buildup, Nikki, the daughter of one of Garth's patrons, enters the studio. And for four pages (the story is six pages long) Sex is rearing its lovely head all over the place. The idol loses its supernatural atmosphere and suddenly becomes of no more importance to the story than as a piece of art to be bartered to Nikki's father for the girl. Finally, in the last half page of story, the other folk leave and the idol gets to kill Garth. The story is a mixture of two themes, and the theme which takes up two thirds of the story is non-fantastic. No sooner has the reader tried to get interested in the story when the whole mood changes.

In all these new stories, then, there seems to be a struggle going on between theme and author. The themes are fantastic (after all, the authors are writing for a fantastic story magazine) but the author's mood is mundane (it's just for money; you don't think they believe

that kookie stuff). The result can best be described, in too many cases, as "cocktail-party gothic".

The authors in Fear!, in most part, have yet to learn that a story about horror is not necessarily a horror story. The new stories in Fear! carry no conviction--no fear.

Not knowing the fantasy genre, the authors find it very difficult to clarify their stories. It's safer to stop the stories on a trick ending. Sometimes, as in the O. Henry twist of "Confession," this is miderately successful. In "The Veiled Woman" and "The Idol," however, one gets an impression of abruptness at the ending. This is also apparent in David Mason's "Account Closed," the best of the new stories. Unfortunately, in addition to being too short, "Account Closed" is told in the form of letters, memos, etc., which as the effect of making the action seem remote from the reader.

As I said before, "How Love Came to Professor Guildea" is the best story in the issue. This is due in part to the story's being long enough for its plot, the consistant handling of mood, and the good writing. There's more to it than that; Hitchens takes an interest in his story which shows itself in the story and which communicates interest to the readers.

All the Fear! needs is for its editor and writers to care enough about what they're producing to devote the time and effort required to make it something more than the readable and forgetable magazine it is now.



"Help with this lid for a second, will ya Al? I'd like you to meet my room mate before you leave."



SCHULTZ STRIKES

Mike BACK Deckinger

The revenge of Roscoe against Dick Schultz, as described by Bob Lichtman in SPACE CAGE # 5, had been in operation for five years. Schultz had slowly become resigned to the fact that every fanzine he opened bore the names of Lichtman and Deckinger somewhere in the contents. From his first letter to SPACE CAGE # 4, where he hinted there might be a conspiracy present, to his copy of the seventh FANAC FANNISH, where Deckinger and Lichtman were present in every category, he had been unable to properly correlate his thoughts into reaching an answer to the enigma of their continual presence. Finally however the breaking point was reached.

Schultz exasperatedly tossed aside his half read copy of CRY # 207, a 40 page lettercol containing only two letters, from Deckinger and Lichtman (naturally) and got up and began to pace about the room. Anger rose within him as he pictured the endless horde of fanzines that had been streaming into Detroit, and how he had been unable to avoid them.

Dammit, he thought hotly, it definitely was a conspiracy. He had no idea that Roscoe was behind it, and the very purpose of such a conspiracy evaded his innocent mind, which had been conditioned to reject all thoughts postulating something that might be dishonest or illegal. But he had to know. Twice a night he prayed to the faded propeller beanie, once worn by John Berry (after it was presented to him at the Faircon by Leslie Gerber) but there was no answer. The rusted propellers scarcely moved, proving that aid from a divine source was not his.

Schultz had shot three mailmen in anger, after the receipt of the numerous Deckinger/Lichtman infested fanzines. The Post Office had finally been forced to reroute him, so that he was forced to rent out a post office box, which was invariably crammed full of fanzines each time he went there to pick up his mail. Clutching his pack, Schultz would drive home, and after a cursory glance over each fanzine he would dump them in a cabinet he kept reserved for all fanzines, and which he promised would serve as fuel on a cold winter's day.

Deliberating for the better part of ten seconds, Schultz at last reached a momentous decision. Rather than remain complacent under the continuous attack of fanzine material by Lichtman and Deckinger, he would retaliate. He would visit them himself, to question, and perhaps gain an insight into the reason for this vast conspiracy which he felt was closing all ground him.

The following day he took a plane to Los Angeles. Upon arriving in the city, he immediately engaged a cab, gave Lichtman's address, and clutching his weapon securely under his jacket, sat back to wait. The cabbie, sensing Schultz's eagerness to reach his destination

switched off the automatic meter when his passenger was looking the other way, and flicked the manual switch. This he could operate by a small pedal which was located near the accelerator of every cab, and which only cab drivers knew of. However, Schultz was so engrossed in the scenery that he did not think it strange the fare was seventeen dollars for an eleven block trip.

As the cab pulled away from the Lichtman residence on S. Croft Ave., Schultz slowly began to walk up the steps. His eyes were in constant motion, peering about to see if he was observed. One hand was under his coat clutching his pistol, while the other hung limply at his side. Slowly he approached the door.

Everything was silent. Was it possible that no one was home?

He opened the door, which he was surprised to find unlocked, and peered in. The house was nicely furnished, but there was no sign of anyone present.

Cautiously, he put one foot in the hall, then the other. On tiptoe he crossed the small vestibule, and went into the living room. From there he passed through the rest of the house, favoring each room with a hurried glance, but detecting nothing of interest. Each room was as the other; spacious, wide, luxurious, but totally devoid of any human habitation. Was this the right house? Was it possible he had accidentally come to the wrong address?

Then he heard noise, totally out-of-place, but distinctly human noise. It sounded like laughter, stifled laughter that could not be concealed. This was followed by two voices conversing in slow, measured tones.

Silently he followed the sound. It seemed to be emanating from a doorway that was half ajar. Gripping the knob tightly, he pushed it open a few inches more so he could see more clearly. It led to the cellar, and that was definitely where the voices were.

Schultz quickly divested himself of his shoes, wrinkled his nose involuntarily in disgust, and as softly as he could, began to pad down the stairs.

Two figures were hunched near a large machine. A typewriter was clicking spasmodically, being put into operation for a few minutes and stopped a few minutes longer. Schultz saw one of the forms seated by the typewriter, and the other by the machine, lazily turning the crank and expertly snatching up each piece of paper that had been sent through the machine. He advanced closer, partially concealed by a beam rising from the floor. He knelt down beside a box of rubbish and moved closer. Looking backwards, he saw it was not rubbish as he had first surmised, but in reality a pile of discarded paper. Slip sheets; the word leapt into his mind. That must have been what it was.

The two figures were more in view now. One he saw, the one seated by the typewriter, was wearing a tee-shirt with the word FIJAGH across



the front, brown pants, and glasses. The other was slightly shorter, and was puffing on a pipe that gave off extremely noxious fumes. Schultz, unaccustomed to the potency of the tobacco, could not hold back a sneeze.

Both figures wheeled about, and then the one by the duplicator got up and walked over to Schultz, who slowly got to his feet.

"Mr. Lichtman, I presume," he said after a moment.

"Correct," Lichtman admitted, "and he," he pointed to a figure by the typewriter.

"Is Deckinger," Schultz finished.

"Right again," Deckinger said. "And who, may we inquire, are you?"

Schultz did not answer. He stared at the two for a moment, then abruptly lifted his weapon and pointed it at the pair.

"You must be Schultz," Lichtman surmised, "but what do you want?"

"What do I want, what do I want?" Schultz repeated, "I had to find out what started this conspiracy. Every day I receive at least a dozen fanzines. You guys are in every one. . . I couldn't sleep nights thinking of it. I couldn't eat, I even turned in my CRY-hack card because I no longer had the incentive to write letters. I had to find out why your names are everywhere I look. 'What can I do, what can I do?' I said to myself." He levelled the gun at the two. "So I finally decided I would go to Lichtman's first, and then to Deckinger's. I didn't think I'd catch both of you here, but I see I have."

"You don't know what you're doing," Deckinger reasoned with him.

"Now just put away the gun and we'll..."

"NO," Schultz stated clearly, "No, I'm going to put an end to you two now. When I first noticed how you guys were always popping up, I thought it was a coincidence. But now I see it isn't...now I see there's more to it than I assumed."

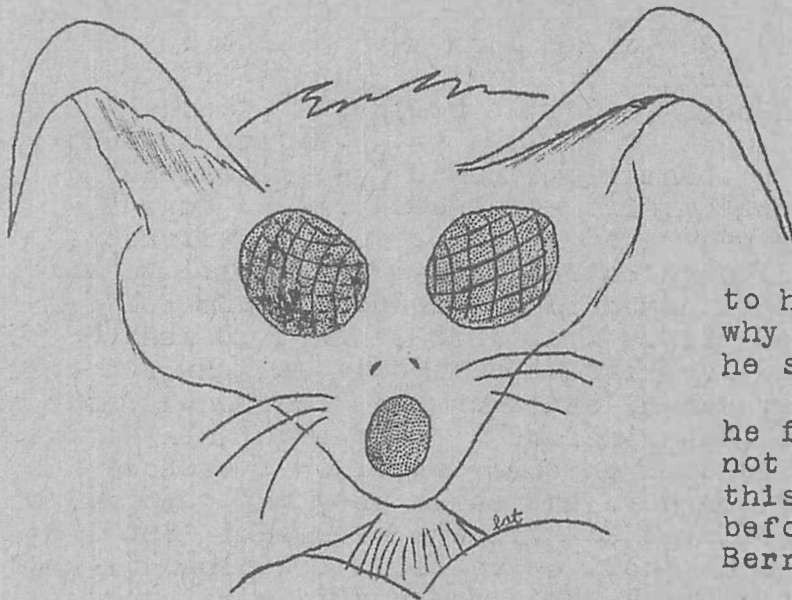
"Please old man," Lichtman began calmly, "You really are making too big a thing of all this. After all, we're all actifans, all for fun and fandom forever, all," he covered his heart with his hand, "steady climbers in the FAPA-waiting list..."

"Look at my shirt," Deckinger pleaded, "You see: FIJAGH. Why worry over a goddam hobby like this? Go out with girls. That beats fandom any day."

Schultz slowly backed up, not taking his eyes or his gun off the two. Now that the moment was here some of the glory seemed to have dissipated. He wondered why he didn't feel as elated as he should have.

"You guys are good talkers," he finally said heavily, "but I'm not changing my mind. You see this," he waved the gun menacingly before them, "this is the new model Berry GDA Zap gun which..."

At the mention of "zap gun"



the faces of Lichtman and Deckinger paled. Sensing they were now frightened, Schultz continued.

"This is the latest in streamlined, fannish eliminators. It isn't even on sale in RETRIBUTION yet. Luckily I managed to get this from the Goon himself." His finger tightened on the trigger as both Lichtman and Deckinger threw themselves to the ground. A stream of water shot out of the muzzle of the gun, bathing the two. They completely froze all motion.

"I've thought about this for a long while," Schultz said as he knelt by the two, "and come to the conclusion that the only way possible for the names of Deckinger and Lichtman to appear so often was due to help from a different source. I've also come to the conclusion that to turn out the prolific reams that you two did required more than human effort. That's why I used a zap gun, filled with ordinary water to combat you two..." he tapped Lichtman's arm and was rewarded with a dull thumping, "...robots!!"

Schultz let the two robots lie and seated himself at the typewriter. He'd have to hurry if he wanted to get the next SIGH-FIE out by deadline. He inserted a stencil into the typewriter, and after a moment's thought began to type the heading for a long, comprehensive article he was planning: FANDCM IS A WASTE OF TIME.

Les TRUFANNISH LINE *Gerber*

(A FILK SONG TO THE TUNE OF "ROCK ISLAND LINE")

Chorus

The Trufannish Line is the line I love
And the Trufannish road is the road I ride.
The Trufannish Line is the one you'll love,
So if you wanna fan
Just do the best job you can
And take a tip from me, man,
And ride the Trufannish Line.

A, B, C, W, X, Y, Z,
Roscoe, please don't let Dave Kyle sue me!
(Chorus)

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To take me to the movies just to see "King Kong."
(Chorus)

"Isn't he a sorry sight!
Swinging through the trees is bitter ol' Ted White."
"No, I'd like to switch with him, if you please,
'Cause under his arm he's got Sylvia Dees."
(Chorus)

Look at poor Dave sittin' on a fence,
Tryin' to make nothing out of 107,, ten cents.
(Chorus)

Cock 'n' Bull

JERRY HUNTER

I can't seem to remember very much about the Midwescon, but what I do recall is pretty disturbing, and leaves me with grave misgivings about the whole thing. And if Don Ford tries to peddle those photos of me and Unidentified Female Companion without first sending me proofs for my approval, I'll sue him for defamation of character and taking photographs from an obtuse angle. I'll not have the good, clean, name of Indiana fandom smeared--it might lead to our getting a Worldcon, or something equally dire.

One incident I clearly recall is Ray Beam tossing a drink at me, wetting my expensive wash-and-wear suit and splashing the wholly delightful legs of Unidentified Female Companion. I understand Ray feels that I've done him some sort of wrong, or something. If I have inadvertently offended him in some way, I wish he'd realize that I didn't mean it personally. Anyway, it was terribly rude of Ray to treat Seattle's liquor in such a shabby fashion, and very boorish to be so unpleasant at such a grand party. Oh, well, it's a small thing.

Bob Madle: Be informed that Lee Tremper is a regular churchgoer. She takes it quite seriously, too. I guess it takes all kinds.

I hope no one failed to notice that of the three fanzines being distributed at the MWcon, three of them were published in Indiana. I haven't tried to figure out what percentage that is, but I'm convinced that it's very meaningful. Perhaps not.

Am I boring you? You can always listen to Shapiro's jokes. Then maybe you'll appreciate me.

It's a little late to be commenting on Mike Deckinger's somewhat subversive article on our grand and glorious postal service, but I won't be able to rest until I've corrected his one (forgiveable) gross error. There are not three time zones in the U.S. There are five. From left to right they are Pacific, Mountain, Central, Eastern, and Atlantic, which isn't very popular except in a small section of Maine. They join each other at the edges, which gives the whole thing a nice, neat appearance.

Does anyone know the words to the Ballad of Johnny Marijuanaseed, Set To An Excellent New Tune? If so, please send them to me in plain brown wrapper, care of Space Cage.

And if you haven't gotten your Last Supper Tablecloth, be sure to send \$1.98 to God, that's G-O-D God, care of station WGEE, Indianapolis, Indiana. And friends, if you're among the first five hundred listeners to order your Last Supper Tablecloth, we'll send you free, without charge, a card making you an honorary member of the Save Adolf Eichmann Committee.

Enough is enough!

CHEZ WHEN

LETTERS

/--Editor's note: due to lack of space, we have had to eliminate the book reviews ("Crackel's Copy") and fanzine reviews ("The Second Stone") in order to get in the letter column. Both will return next issue.--lat--/

LES GERBER, Memorial Hall, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
All right, all right, here are your &%(\$*¼ comments on SPACE CAGE. I like SPACE CAGE. The paper is a very pretty color.

Cheers,

Les

Seriously, if that's possible (and I don't think it is,) the cover was quite impressive. I dig the simplicity of the design and especially the way the shading brings out the contours of the face. Very nice.

Mike's article on typers is quite funny, and the ending is good. I've had some weird experiences with typewriters myself, although I've owned the same one all its life, a Royal portable. When it was wrecked by my recent flood, I became dependent on my roommate's Olympia portable, which was especially designed to confound me. It's a good typewriter, no doubt about that, but every single feature which could possibly have been in a different place from the corresponding feature on the Royal, was. For this letter I'm using a Royal "Royalite" typewriter, and it has the features in still different places. I am now thoroughly confused, which should help to explain the abundance of typos in the letter. /--See, now they're all his typos, not mine. He said it! --lat--/ To make it worse, the Olympia has an extremely hard touch, while this Royalite has the lightest touch I've ever come across. Typewriters drive me crazy, especially since I'm so dependent on them.

I usually use one color of paper in my fanzines, but I don't mind multi-colored fanzines. The main reason why I'm usually limited to one color is that I usually publish a fanzine using only one ream of paper, and I have to buy paper for each fanzine just before I run it off. If I had my own mimeo and space for supplies, I'd use one color of paper for material and another color for letters, with perhaps a third color or white for covers. I like your idea of front and back covers one color and inside another color.

The BLATS cartoons make me slightly drunk. What a blast! (Well, you know Blatz makes me slightly drunk.)

I think John Creasey must write books in an average of six weeks or less. Actually, his real name is Anthony Morton, which he never uses on books. His better known pen names, aside from Marris and Creasey, are Kyle Hunt, Jeremy York, Gordon Ashe and Robert Caine Frazier (author of a terrible new series for Pocket Books about one Mark Kilby.) While much of Morton's writing is terrible, I've enjoyed most of his books that I've read. Morton has nothing on Georges Simenon, though. Simenon writes his novels in a maximum of 11 days, in-

cluding a first draft by hand and a second typewritten draft, and the last time I heard he had written well over 500 novels. In America, Simenon is best known as the author of the Inspector Maigret detective novels, but he is also a serious novelist of considerable ability and reputation. Evan Hunter (really S.A. Lombino, not Lombardino) doesn't begin to approach either of them, although he is prolific, and there are plenty of writers who write more than Lombino does. For speed in writing, the title probably goes to the old dime novelist Ned Buntline, who, writing by hand, wrote a full length play in 2 hours and a 600-odd page novel in 63 hours.

The "Dragon's Tale" sounds authentic enough, but I'd like to see the manuscript. I can't imagine a dragon being agile enough to use a typewriter.

I'm afraid Jay's reviews don't provide much basis for deciding whether or not I'll enjoy a book. I can certainly understand why reviewers often decline to be critics, but I can usually tell from even non-critical reviews something about the merits of a book. For example, Anthony Boucher's mystery reviews in the New York Times Book Review have almost never failed me, although he rarely pans a book.

I don't get the ending of Bob's story at all. He hasn't built up to the ending, and I don't see why Schultz is Claude Degler. Besides, I doubt that Degler could write as coherently as Dick does.

Your reviews, while non-critical, do indicate the worth of a fanzine fairly well. Now, I don't like short fanzine reviews, especially when they're this short, but I still can get something out of the column.

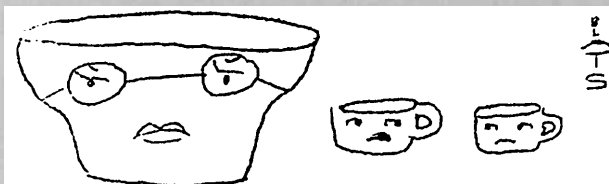
I wonder if anybody got your clue and figured out who Mrs. Pboth is. Lichtman? You're a GDA op, Lichtman. Shame on you if you missed it!

SPACE CAGE is a pretty good fanzine, and I only hope you don't louse it up with any poetry or faan poetry satires or filk songs or any of that crud. I hate filk songs!

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

First off, let me congratulate you again on your evident abilities with art. You can really tear up a mean stencil. Nice art, very fine detail, and a fairly good layout. I like the layout. The contents aren't something super wonderful, but the looks of the zine are extreme to the eye and esthetic taste. Like

Keep it up.
I like those dragons of Juanita's. Very charming, cute and all those adjectives of similar nature. Now if you could only find another story requiring dragons for illustrations, maybe we could have some more of them, yes?



"I wish Mother wouldn't insist on coming with us to these conventions!"

Mike Deckinger wasn't too interesting. Rather boring in spots. Maybe I don't care for articles of this nature. Maybe because they tie in with the type of editorial that Gregg Benford blasted in his

VOID column a few issues back. Innocuous inanities about production and typing problems that were seemingly written just to fill space, and read like it. Try a different subject, Mike.

Must agree with Ted "Frodo Baggins" Johnstone. The art (and layout) are the strongest advantages that SC has over most fanzine s. The material at times is quite poor, but that art!....

As Ted says, you've been around fandom for some time (from the Lee Hoffwoman hoax period, I believe), but Steve Schultheis has been around even longer, and he only just this year started publishing. Next thing you know, OPUS will appear in our mail-boxes and LeeH will start asking for material for a fmz...

Oh, did I mention that while slightly thin in spots, your fmz was completely and totally legible? Well, it was...

Now that Redd Boggs has brought it up, most multi-colored fanzines are unsightly beasts. But page after page of masterweave all of one color is so mind croggling in the first place, that I'd rather those guilty faned used differing colors rather than just one shade. Your using different color covers a nd one solid color interiors is okay as long as SC stays it's slim dignified self. And don't be giving me any lip about how you'd rather SC was an unsightly thick and fat issue either, or I'll use your name and address when I send a brick to Bob Tucker!

I've always thot of fmz reviews being in a fmz for two main reasons. To let neos know what is floating around in this funny little microcosmos of ours (and quite a few hoary BNF's too), and to comment on fanzines received, when the faneditor has neither the time or inclination to write a decent letter of comment. Which parallels your own views nicely, I think.

Fair jokes by Blats. But oh those corny lines! It's almost as bad as puns.

Comments inserted into a letter have never bothered me too much, tho they aren't especially appreciated. If you at least wait until the end of a sentence before answering, no complaints will emanate frm here

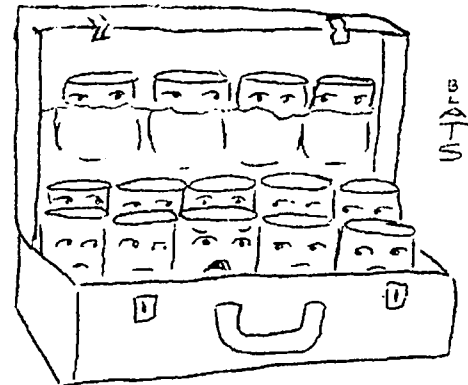
That Shepard letter was pure slap stick, and as such was quite appreciated.

Did I really call Crackel's reviews sloppy? Fragmented is more like it.

I thot Mike was serious about his regarding Crackel's reviews as being good until I noted that he also had kind words for Beaumont's collection of stories. If ever there was a group of stories that promised so much and de livered so little worst than this , I'd like to know about it. It stunk.

DEFEAT THE DEROS WITH SCIENTOLOGY AND BE SAVED!

I presume that PNDRaco was a pen name for DeWeese or Juanita or someone of the sort. Or was it some local light, hidden away these



"I know these cheap convention goers steal towels and ashtrays, but this is going too far!"



"Don't you think this is carrying 'togetherness' to extremes!"

many years in the Indianapolis dens of iniquity? Do tell me. I won't squeal. Not bad, but after Bloch and Ashworth, it seems lacking sustained pace in humor. Maybe I've been spoiled for life by reading Bloch.....

Well, well, well, here we are again with the Fragmented Keed. Lo and behold, tho he's still trying to cover too much ground in too short a space, he makes some good reading for a

change. He at least made me go out and buy the two magazines that he reviewed. Never got the first issue of FEAR when it came out. When I heard the GAP had folded FU, and the USRE NEW WORLDS, I wanted nothing to do with another GAP publication, or that obviously teen age slanted SHOCK.

Even tho Lichtman's story was about me, I am painfully forced to state that it is not too good a story. I reads like Bob had a spare 15 minutes in class one day and took the time to literally hack out this piece. The ending, also, is so obviously untrue that it becomes equally obvious that Bob was hunting for a "cute" ending, and took this as an ending. *Sob* And it was about me too!

Some more short short reviews of fanzines, and I regretfully come to the end of yet another SPACE CAGE. The lettercol and your reviews, and the Dragon story and Crackel's Copy were the best in that order.

HAL SHAPIRO, 2689 Clements Avenue, Detroit 38, Michigan

I will echo Dick Schultz' comment that one cannot seem to pick up any fanzine without finding something by Mike Deckinger. The trouble is that what material I have found by Mr. Deckinger is usually not very well written. Now this may be a case of the pot and kettle calling thing, but nevertheless, I wonder why Deckinger cannot seem to take the time to polish his material a little bit. His Ungrateful Tools was a nice little piece which has been done before by many fans and pros, but it was not carried out as well as it could have been. He sounds like a neo in junior high school. A little like I used to be about twelve years ago. But then, I was in senior high school. Come to think of it, twelve years ago I had just graduated from high school. But this isn't getting SC commented upon.

Biggs mentions a favorite gripe of mine re fanzine editors. The habit of breaking into someone else's material with editorial comment. Of course, it's your prerogative to do this, and I appreciate the fact that you do it only in the letter column and not, as some faneds, in the articles and stories as well. However, it should be easy to devise a system to remember, to the end of the letter, what you want to say. Why not just put the letter on stencil and then re-read it, piece by piece, jotting down your comments as you think of them. /--I'm trying to think of a good reason why I can't do this, but there doesn't seem to be one. I guess I'm just stubborn.--lat--/

Lichtman's piece is one of the worst things I think I've ever seen in a fanzine. No reason for the ending was given. In fact, the whole thing was such an amateurish job that I feel I shall have to give you lessons, Lee, in how to properly edit a fanzine and how to turn down material. You realize, of course, that one of the things any editor should know is how to turn down material. You don't have to be tactful about it. The writers will understand. And if they do not understand, to hell with them. It's time they matured. I recall, once, several years ago (I believe it was 1953) sending forth one of my greatest efforts to Esquire. In due time I got the manuscript back accompanied with a slip of paper emblazoned with the Esquire letterhead. The slip measured 3" X 5" and scrawled across it, with no signature, were two words, "This stinks". There was no period, no exclamation point, just the two words. I gathered that they didn't like my story.

As to the fmz reviews, everyone reviews things differently. Why not try to get someone to do this who will arouse a little controversy. This, I find, is major thing lacking in SC. You are trying to please everyone and, in so doing, being responsible for a very mediocre fanzine. I believe that the prime responsibility of any fanzine editor and/or publisher is to please himself. Publish what you like and to hell with what you think other people will like and you'll probably find yourself editing one of the most popular fanzines in the world. End of lecture.

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

The figure in the cover reminds me of some illustration from years ago. I can't place it and it's vague anyway. (A Cartier probably.)

Deckinger is mildly interesting but forgive me Mike. You're only mildly interesting this time. I suppose it's because typers are such an everyday portion of our life and thus we tend to take them for granted. At least I can't get worked up over the vagaries of the breed. (This is being written on a Smith-Corona, my previous model was a Royal and before that it was other people's typers. None of these particularly impressed me with any bale toward fen.)

Harmon: Fanzines showing astronomical art would then be published by young nebulae, eh?

Crackel: Too bad Fear folded. Wonder if Great American will extend your sub in Tigtrope, etc.

Lichtman: Schultz shouldn't have any trouble beating Pelz and Tosk at their own game in SAPS. I can imagine what he'd do with a 1,000 page SAPS mlg. Conceive of a 2,000 page Schultzzine.



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

I have no extended comments on Space Cage this time, though I wonder who lurks behind the Draco pseud, and I really should say that Deckinger's fanciful tale was quite amusing except that I expected it to be an article about typewriters that he has really owned. That might make a good article. Let's see; I've owned five--no, six--typewriters, none of which bit me in the manner of the machines in Mike's yarn, but all of which had their little quirks. Yes, that could make a good article. /--So write it for me, already.--lat--/

Your editorial insertions in the letter department were very amusing--good heavens, a witty woman!--but I still Disapprove of this practice on principle. Incidentally, I begin to nurse a vague suspicion that you are female after all when I note that you seem to have run out of words when trying to finish up your editorial. A woman at a loss for something to chatter about is as unwomaned as Lady Macbeth, nicht-ce-pas?

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

Nice and different cover you had this time. Very unusual, and it gives a distinctive note to the whole zine.

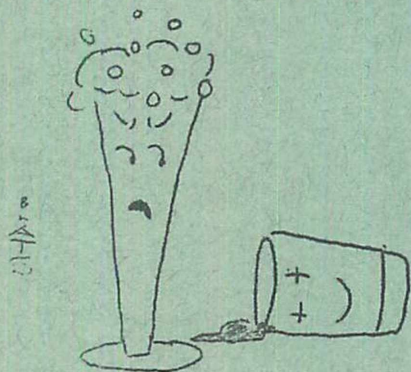
I fail to see why the complaint over using multi-colored paper in a fanzine, rather than sticking to just one color. To me, it would not make any difference whether the zine was half done on white paper, and half on black, as long as it was a good zine. The paper that you use practically eliminates all show through, prints fine, and doesn't shup on your fingers like Lichtman's glossing paper, so why the complaints.

I assume that you are responsible for the BLATS cartoons, and I wonder if I'm the only one to figure out the double pun to that. /--Actually, it's a triple pun, so you're not so smart after all!--lat/

I should have asked you in my last letter, but do you always wear transparent leotards at ISFA meetings? /--Transparent? TRANSPARENT???

--lat/I agree that an outfit like that could really liven up the place but I wonder what you'd want with it--an orgy or a meeting.

DRAGON'S TALE sounded a trifle neolish in execution, and the name P. N. Draco could easily be a pseudo; whenever I think of it it reminds me of Ken Crossen's Manning Draco tales. It started off rather poorly, but I thought the ending was quite good.



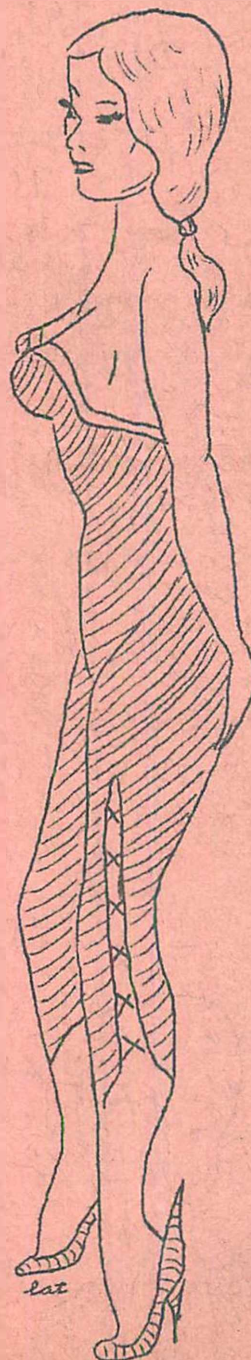
"George, you never could hold your drinks!"

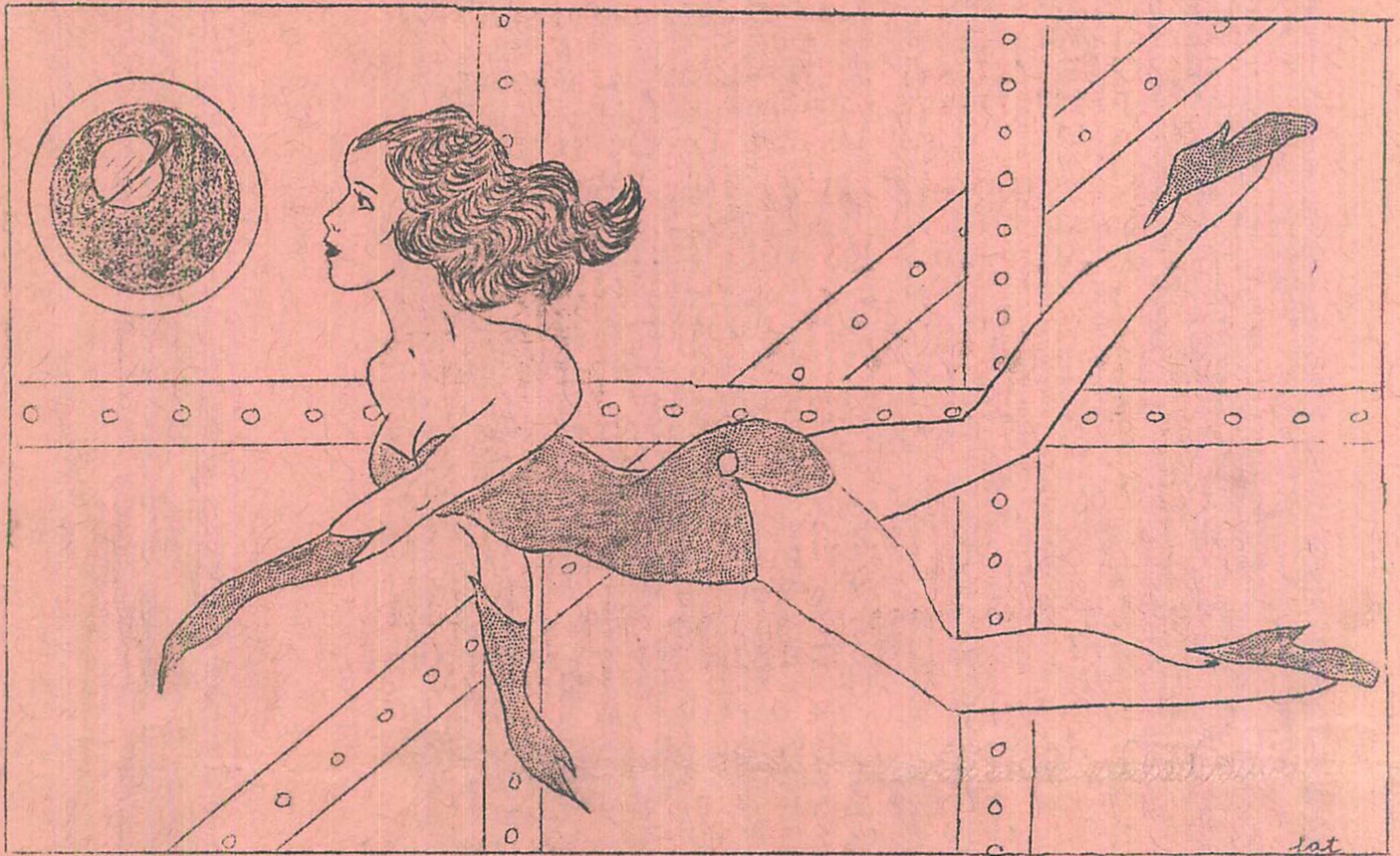
CRACKEL'S COPY held my interest, too. I've seen both mags he mentions and I tend to think SHOCK is the better of of the lot, even if they do use illos by old E.C. artist Jack Davis. The only criticism I can offer on SHOCK is that it's plainly intended for the newer readers of horror and fantasy tales. What veteran reader hasn't come in contact before with Sturgeon's BIANCA'S HANDS, or Bradbury's THE CROWD, or many of the others. If they continue padding out the majority of the issue with reprints, I'd suggest they use lesser known ones.

LEEGAL

Lat

Did you ever have the feeling that a city hated you?...That's the way I feel toward Cincinnati...The only time I have any luck in reaching that city is at Midwecon time....For instance...last Halloween, Jerry Hunter, Jim Lavell and myself decided to go to a Cincy stf club meeting...this was at around 9 pm...we called Don Ford and got directions to the meeting place...we had barely gotten out of Indianapolis when we got on the wrong road...however, we kept in the general direction of Cincy and finally reached the suburbs...there is where the trouble really began...no matter where drove or how many directions people gave us, we always ended up at the same empty little filling station...we spent hours in in suburbs...all hope gone of reaching the meeting...just trying to find out where we were so we could get home again....Our second attempt to reach Cincy, a week later, died almost before it started....we never got out of the suburbs of Indianapolis and ended up driving down railroad tracks....It wasn't until last week that I made my third try...this time instead of Jerry and Jim, Les Gerber went with me...It was doomed from the start...in the first place I had to go down to Bloomington to pick up Les and the road from there to Cincy was closed...ok, so we went down to Bedford and took 50 over...halfway there and in the middle of nowhere my car broke down and had to be pushed to a garage....it took me 8 hours to get to that meeting, but I made it....Don Ford carefully gave me instructions on how to return...fine...it was raining when we left at midnight...a fog was settling on my side of the road only...we turned in the wrong direction when we reached Bypass 50...we took a road up to Hamilton where we planned to cut over to Road 27...we got absent minded and took 127 instead....we found another road that would cut over to 27 and made it...only we turned the wrong direction on 27 and went 14 miles south...we found a road that took us to Road 52 which leads into Indianapolis...and we made it, too...only getting turned around in Connersville for about fifteen minutes...Our return trip only took us five hours for a hundred and ten miles....I'm thinking about driving to Detroit next month...maybe I'd better leave tomorrow.....





from:
SPACE CAGE
c/o Lee Anne Tremper
3858 Forest Grove Drive,
Apartment A-3
Indianapolis 5, Indiana

Return postage guaranteed

mimeographed matter only

DICK SCHULTZ

19159 Helen

DETROIT 54

MICH.