

SPACE CAGE 1

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Fantasy in Outline

PART II

J.T. CRACKEL

In 1941, while writing a most entertaining and informative introduction to his fantastic anthology, "The Other Worlds", the well known novelist, Mr. Phil Strong described science-fiction as: "a pabulum of reiterated nonsense". This scathing, over-all indictment (as Mr. Strong, himself, was the first to admit) was not entirely justified; but it did apply to a great number of stories published before 1941.

It is certain less applicable today. For, in all fairness, it must be admitted science-fiction has grown tremendously in stature since the early "pulp" days, when its literature consisted almost entirely of poorly-written space-operas, sub-standard sagas of spectacularly mad scientists with their usually catastrophic inventions, and an endless stream of romances in which pure-minded heroes rescued beautifully undraped maidens from nasty and lecherous bug-eyed monsters.

today, some of the finest modern fiction makes its first appearance in the better science-fiction magazines, for the stories are no longer mass-produced by literary "hacks", but are predominately produced by brilliant and talented writers.

Fortunately, of the literally thousands of science-fictions published in the last thirty years or so, most of the best have been preserved in numerous collections compiled and edited by several very fine anthologists who have specialized in the genre?

In 1942, Pocket Books, Inc. brought out what is generally accepted as the first avowed science-fiction anthology, "The Pocket Book of Science-Fiction". In it, editor Donald Wolkheim presented stories by such well-known writers as S. V. Benet, Ambrose Bierce, John Collier, and H. B. Wells, along with tales by several writers who developed their talents in and wrote almost exclusively for the earlier science-fiction magazines.

The next important collection to appear was "The Best of Science-Fiction", an anthology compiled and edited by Mr. Groff Conklin (Crown-1946). It contained forty excellent examples of intelligent and literate science-fiction. Carefully selected by the editor to illustrate the various facets of this genre, most of the stories were extracted from back issues of "Astounding Science Fiction".

By way of introducing them, Mr. Conklin wrote a brief but illuminating sketch of this literature and its basic plots, gave something of its historical background, and succinctly evaluated most of the then-current magazines concerned with publishing it.

His introduction and the pertinent preface to the book written by John W. Campbell, Jr. are especially recommended for their pithy comments on the nature, purpose, past and probable future of this literary form.

It is doubtful whether even moderately complete listing of

magazine science-fiction will ever be compiled. The thousands of stories, published in American magazines alone during the last thirty-odd years, run into millions and millions of words; and it would require the better part of an extremely long and dedicated lifetime to re-assemble, review, and evaluate the stories already on hand. And, with more of this fiction being published all the time, any listing would be at least partially invalidated before it could ever be published.

When the big eastern book-publishers suddenly decided science fiction was profitable (circa 1947), anthologies, novels and author's collections in the genre poured from the presses in steady streams. Huge editions of old and new science fiction appeared, while editors and anthologists ransacked libraries, second-hand book stores, and the files of old magazines for fresh material.

To their credit, they returned to print some of the best and rarest stories ever written, and several of these large firms published much original first-rate material.

On the other side of the ledger, some of the less discriminating houses reprinted--apparently--almost anything and everything that came to hand. Either they were victimized by opportunistic authors and incompetent editors, or they were so anxious to make money out of the "boom" in science fiction they neither knew nor cared what they published.

As a result of over-expanded and indiscriminate publishing programs, there was an abundance of science-fiction available; but it required no little knowledge of the field to separate the worthwhile from the utterly worthless. The small specialty houses, founded for the express purpose of promulgating science-fiction wisely curtailed their activities or foolishly went bankrupt trying to compete in an over-crowded market. And finally, by the mid-fifties, even the larger companies were forced to the conclusion the science-fiction "boom" had become a "bust!"

This was an expensive fiasco for the publishing houses involved; but readers of science-fiction benefitted in that never before (and, probably, never again* had such a wide choice of this literature been so readily available as between 1947 and 1955.

In addition to the great number of hard-cover books, the publishers of paperbacks were also extremely active during the same period. At first, most of these firms were content to reprint low-priced editions of the more successful hard-cover titles. However, many later branched out and published many excellent and original pieces of science fiction.

During this opulent period, then, hard cover publication of science-fiction reached a peak it had never known before and may never know again. At the same





time, science-fiction titles appeared among the pocket-editions in greater numbers than ever before. And dozens of new magazines, devoted to science-fiction, joined the old, established organs on the nation's newsstands.

However, at the present writing, most of the larger publishing houses have reduced or abandoned entirely their proposed science-fiction programs. Welcome reprints and new titles are still appearing, although not quite so frequently, in most of the pocket editions. And the surviving specialty-houses are returning, cautiously, to the field.

But most of the casualties were among the magazines. Many, established for years, have suspended publication indefinitely; and it is doubtful the majority of them will ever resume their schedules. The mortality rate among the newer magazines was even higher. So, at the beginning of 1957, there were approximately the same number of magazines on the stands as there were in 1947.

One desirable result of the "collapse" of the science-fiction market was the realization by those publishing it that this literature did have a limited appeal; and their discovery of the fact the comparatively small group who bought and read it was as selective as it was small.

NOTES

7. Since by now it must be evident we are not whole-heartedly devoted to science-fiction, we may as well candidly admit we have for many years relied on several very fine anthologists to skim the cream from the plethora of published science-fiction for us.

First in point of time, we are indebted to Mr. Donald M. Wollheim for THE POCKET BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION (Pocket Books, 1942-43); and his PORTABLE NOVELS OF SCIENCE he prepared for Viking in 1945. This Viking book, in our opinion, should be considered the first "hard-cover" science-fiction anthology.

However, credit for producing the first hard-cover anthology is usually accorded to Mr. Groff Conklin for THE BEST OF SCIENCE-FICTION (Crown--1946), probably because it was the larger and more impressive book of the two. He followed this excellent collection with three more volumes for Crown: THE TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION (1948); THE BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE-FICTION (1950); and THE OMNIBUS OF SCIENCE FICTION (1952).

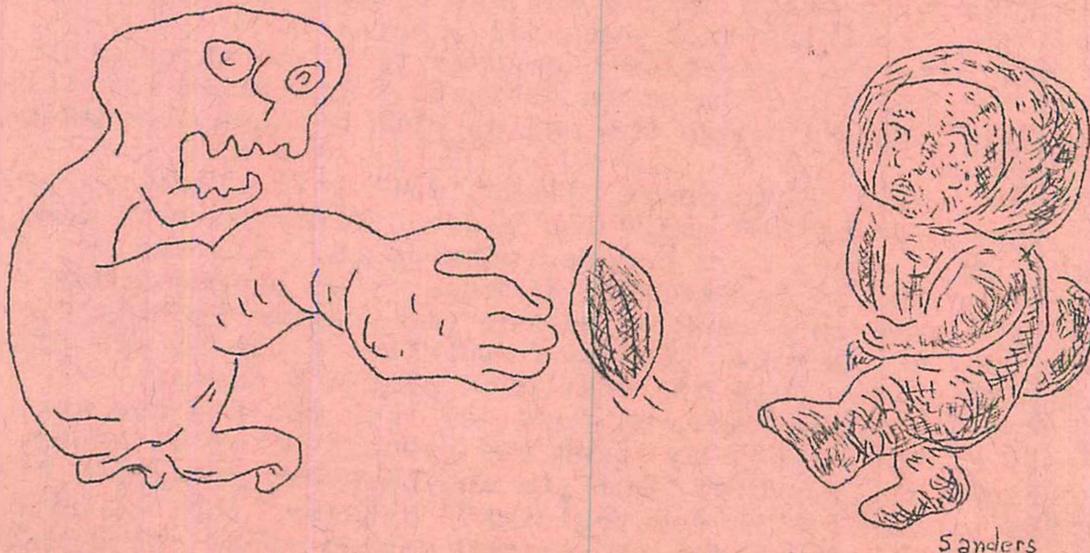
In between the first and second of the Conklin books, Mr. Everett F. Bleiler (editor, with sundry others of THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE ((Shasta--1948))) along with T. E. Dikty, brought out THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF 1949 for Frederick Fell. This series, under their joint editorship, came out annually. The most recent volumes have been edited by Mr. Dikty, alone.

Because she did such an excellent job for Random House in compiling BEYOND HUMAN KEN (1952) Will Judith Merrill started a series of her own in SF, THE YEARS GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY (Gnome Press and Dell Paper Backs). The fourth annual volume appeared on the stands recently.

Having read these, as well as the various Derleth collection: BEACHHEADS IN SPACE; THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON; PORTALS OF TOMORROW; STRANGE PORTS OF CALL; TIME TO COME and WORLDS OF TOMORROW; and followed THE BEST FROM THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION through their annual volumes; read the GALAXY READERS; dipped into S. Mines THE BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES; and gone through the late Fletcher Pratt's WORLDS OF WONDER (Twayne--1951); we feel we have read most of the best science fiction published in short-story form within the past fourteen or fifteen years.

/--Next issue Jay Crackel discusses supernatural fiction.--/

"Of course you realize that I am writing in a vacuum still."
...Edward W. Najam, assistant dean of Col. of Arts &
Sciences, Ind. Univ.



THE MASTER'S VENGEANCE

In some areas of the world lie dank, crumbling residences shunned by all right thinking men and women. Such a place lies on the borders of one of the United States' larger cities. Dark, dank, rotted with age, and surrounded by large, ancient oaks and elms, twisted and thick as with great sins upon their shoulders. The outside has been but fitfully repaired and the ravages of age still leave their marks upon this evil house.

Years ago a tired, bitter looking man had taken residence in this old mansion, a relic of the timber barons of the beginning of the Industrial age, and soon all but disappeared from the sight of man. And the tales that were told by those who went to this house...

The service men that delivered his bulky packages told stories of seeing odd creatures, some winged, scuttling around just at the edge of vision, and hurriedly disappearing when the visitors swivled their eyes toward them. The electricians told of establishing heavy power lines to the residence of this odd man. Lines which could power pieces of equipment that by all rights should never be put into inflammable fire-traps like that.

Many odd tales were told of the high screaming noises emanating from that forsaken house. Many heard clearly the scream of power and mechanisms used at top speed; others heard what only the dense would call the sound of metal reacting against metal. But none ever ventured near to find the source of these sounds.

Some pranksters and children would invariably venture near, but also invariably would retreat in disorder when confronted with drawn shades and the feeling of unseen malevolence watching from somewhere above.

The city tax appraiser had never tried to enter that house, but had simply made an estimate. The taxes and bills were always paid through the mails, with neither complaints nor comments.

And behind those drawn blinds, down in the cellar, are what appear to be two men. The older of the two sits down upon a high stool by a crowded work bench. All around the cellar, which is fitfully lighted by an overhead bare bulb, lie bank upon bank of sturdy yet fragile looking electrical equipment. Chemical vats line a shelf, and odd instruments and tools are scattered here and there.

"Heeheehehehehehe, my boy. At last the day has arrived! You are ready to start the process of my vengeance, now aren't you, my boy? And you are happy to finally finish all the years of work and training?" cackles the old man.

Strangely faceless, the second person nods. He stands erect and save for the nod does not move a muscle. One might wonder if he were carved from flesh-like stone for all the mobility he displays.

Looking up at his friend, the old man smiles a little smile, and looks as one who has accomplished what he has set out to do.

"Yes sir, I am happy, if you are happy," is the reply of the faceless one. His lips hardly move, and his eyes gleam with a light that could only be described as unholy. They are the eyes of the undead, yet the unliving, and the fires of the seventh level of the Inferno seem to burn behind his irises. He neither moves or blinks those steel-gray eyes, but instead continues looking at his master. They might be the eyes of a blind man, except that he is not blind.

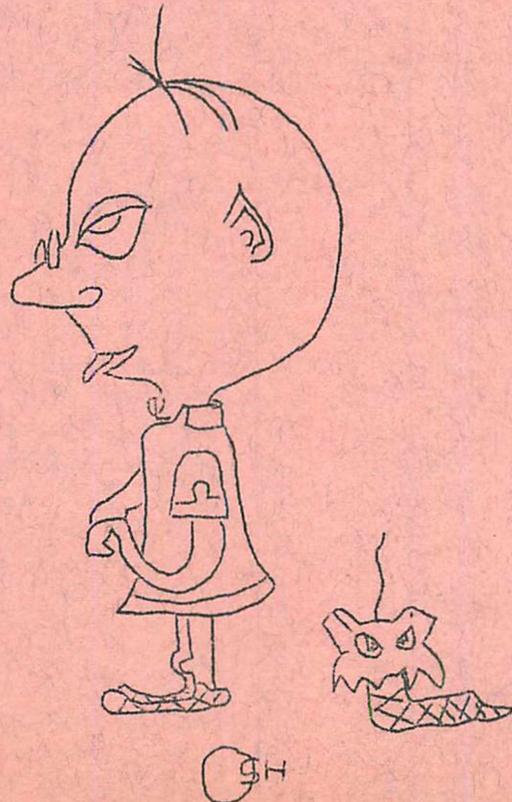
Smiling a tobacco stained smile, the master touches the cheeks of this creature spawned in hell, as if in a friendly buss. "HMMMMM, I think the circulation should be speeded up a bit. Cheeks are too pale."

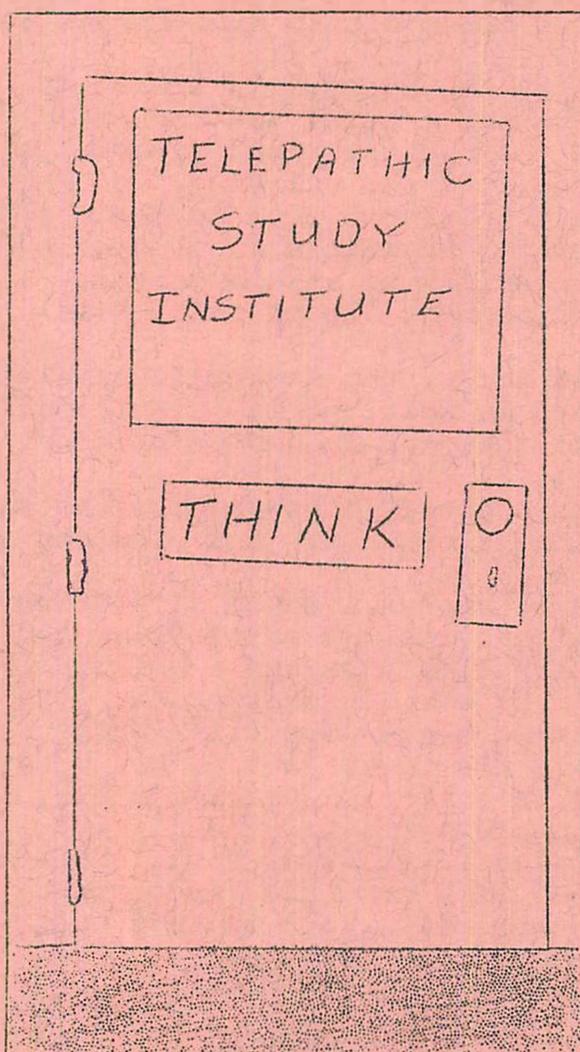
As he says this, he leans a little closer and unbuttons the shirt of the being standing before him. And opens his chest.

Muttering as his hand comes across a small screwdriver, the old man turns back to his creation and says, "Dang gone it, can't you ever show a little life once and a while? I know you've got the ability to do so. I should know; I put the tapes through information center myself!" While still holding the plate that is his chest out of his master's way, the unholy one smiles a little engaging smile, slouches a little, and immediately seems to come alive, even though he is still motionless. His eyes twinkle behind his non-corrective glasses (for his eyes are perfect Zeiss lenses and no not need correction...it is only part of his disguise), and one would almost expect this good-natured creature to burst out laughing with the least funny joke. It is hard to believe that this is the same creature of a moment ago. But there are the whirling gears within the chest, and the cold, cold light is still within the merry twinkling of the eyes. His face smiles, but nothing can ever erase the stare of cold hard malevolence in those eyes.

"There now," mutters the old man, "that should do it." And with that he grasps the plate from the hands of his creation and slams it back in place. The chest is now flexible, living flesh, rising slightly with each breath. Was it truly a metallic plate a moment ago?

The world's first perfect,





nearly eternal, water-dust-rust proof robot stares down with icy eyes and a merry smile at his master-- a master undeniably insane, but a genius for all that-- a master filled with hate.

"Shall I start tomorrow, master?" asks the most faithful servant to ever walk the face of the earth, as he adjusts the useless glasses.

"Yes, my little one, we shall start tomorrow. Tomorrow we shall start upon my program of revenge. Tomorrow the retribution that They deserve shall begin, though they will not know it." He gazes at the roly-poly exterior of this most jolly looking inhuman beast. And smiles even more. For who could see beneath those thinning hairs to the molecular-lock banks of information and memory within that sweaty flesh? Or see the driving motors using the heat of the suns within a bulge of muscle? No one,

of course. No one except the one who had built it.

The man gets up and walks to the stairs to the ground floor. "Don't forget to turn everything off, now, my boy. Don't want to start a fire."

The thing moves silently and quickly, turning off the lights and banks of equipment. They are useless now, and would probably never again see use. For the object of the old man's work has been reached and nothing more is needed but time---time for the events that would start tomorrow to snowball into destruction for his old enemies. At this, the creature smiles involuntarily. For those his master hates are those he hates, now. And he truly loves the prospect of destroying those who had once rejected his master.

Does this young, despite the approaching baldness, man look like he could stand to have a ten-ton truck run over him without harm, or walk through a burning house with but negligible damage to the outer shell? No, of course not. For his is the height of artistry, nearly eternal and powered forever with the breakdown of electrons themselves. Yes, the sick brain of our old man has accomplished this, by himself. Or so he thinks. But the Dark Gods that hate mankind have nurtured every thought in his brain until it has

produced this abomination on the surface of our fair globe.

In this dreadful house, the most horrible of creatures had been born, as if all the horrors that took place in this house had been but testing grounds for the thing that now walked, guided by its infra-red senses. Upstairs it's data centers guide it, perfectly between the wall and the railing. It would have as equally unemotionally walked a wire or a plank. And as well.

Unerringly it follows the heat center that is its master through the darkened house, to the bedroom. Its factual facilities ignore the human impressions of scurrying things and blind beasts fumbling towards the being walking through their realm.

"Ah, my boy, come right on in. And how do you feel this night before the start of our campaign? Hehehehe, you don't need to answer that. I know you're eager to start, for I taped that eagerness into your data center myself, as I have done so with everything you know." He leans back against the bed, and crosses his feet. He does not offer a space to sit down to his creation, for when is a robot ever tired?

A faint overhead lamp feebly battles the lurking miasma of darkness in which this house seems steeped, even in full sunlight. The robot appears to be an attentive student, listening to every word his tutor is telling him. Perfectly inhuman, so to speak.

"Just think, my little one! Tomorrow, the campaign to destroy these fools and idiots will start even though it will take many long years to come to full fruition. And when that day dawns, I shall dance on their graves. Tomorrow you will contact the first of them, though I understand that this present leader in my field wasn't it at the time I was rejected," he muses. "It doesn't matter, though, for they're all alike, and equally worthy of my wrath. And yours, too, of course." The robot smiles with his master and carefully evaluates every statement made by him. It decides that his is not telling him anything new, but, of course listens with all of its sense none the less.

"Bah! They're all alike! They claim that they want men with broad mental horizons and original ideas, but all they do is research in circles and congratulate each other on the latest piece of hair-splitting. What a bunch of conceited fools they are! When REAL genius comes along, they throw it out for having original ideas. All a bunch of conceited fakes running in circles." He spits out the last words, sarcasm and ridicule evident with every breath.

The robot stands there listening



and saying nothing, for it has been trained to converse with his master when he desires it and not before. It has been very well built. It could even imitate a sense of humor.

Putting a hand on the wrist of his creating, the old man smiles and speaks again. "They'll never know with what they are dealing, not in a million years! They'll listen to your ideas and speeches, and to your jokes, and never sense the machinery behind it all. And me, their old enemy, the one they rejected, behind even that." Cackling wildly, the man throws himself back against the pillows and surrenders himself to a fit of laughing, and is silent. The very walls seem to laugh with him, and the Dark Gods clap silently, and in glee over the success of their own project. The focus of all this stands silent.

Then it chuckles with its master's laughter, in sympathy with the being that has created it to bring about a wanton savagery and evil. This mindless creature will pursue its goal, eternally if need be, until the retribution that its master has visualized for it takes place.

"Just think, little one, how they will welcome you with open arms. You will start at the bottom as they all do, but you will eventually rise to the top of the organization, and bring about its downfall. After all, haven't I built you to accomplish this?" He gasps for breath after his fit of wild, degraded laughter.

Flinging his arms around with an imperial gesture, the man points at a dust covered typewriter. "You will use it eventually, my little one. But not now. They might get suspicious if you started out with a typewriter. At first you shall have to use the handwriting skills I taught you."

The creature moves its tongue over lips that never need moistening, and contemplates this slow uneventful start.

The old man leans back again and asks himself aloud, "Which one shall we choose first? YANDRO? CRY? HYPHEN? OOPSLA? Yes, let us make it OPPSLA. That shall be the first one you shall write to." Laughing again the man cackles, "Just think of how in years to come they'll accept you as another one of them, at the cons, at every personal meeting. Why, to them you'll just be that up-and-coming neo-fan, Dick Schultz."

He bursts out laughing again, uncontrollably, even frothing at the mouth. The being that would eventually be known as a roly-poly friend of all, smiles at his master's antics, eyes aglitter with an inhuman appraisal of the situation. He would repay fandom for the way Al Ashley threw his master out of the original Slan Shack, back in '41. He would teach them to laugh at, and ridicule his master and his Circle.

The robot smiles and looks at his master, Claud Degler...

Dick Schultz

FANNISH COMPARISONS

MIKE DECKINGER

I've always regarded fandom as a unique and uninhibited body, because it has seen no harm in coining new words and phrases which fill the conversations of all fans worthy of the term. In fandom we have our contractions, our improvisations, and our entirely new words, used to signify some more mundane term which would not fit properly into some tru-fans' terminology.

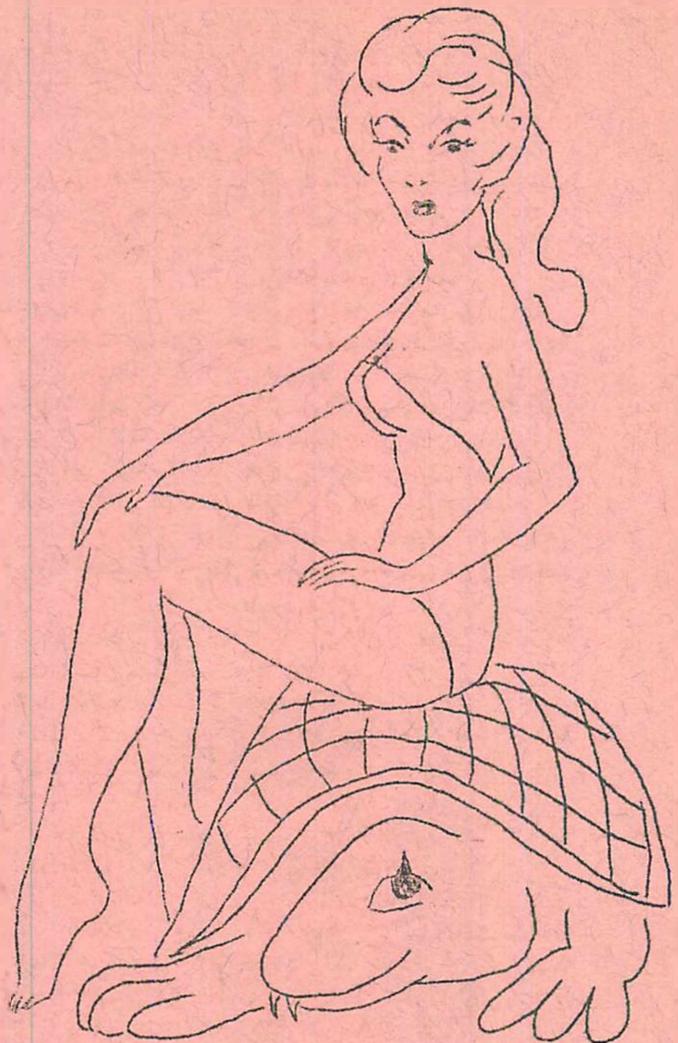
In fact, in the vocabulary field, fandom has sufficiently established just about every form---except one. Comparisons.

The elusive metaphors and similes which flit in and out of non-fan talks, from the tired cliches to the newly coined terms, have their place in the realm of non-fans. Therefore, why not establish well known comparisons to be used regularly in fandom? No more would it be necessary for fans to grope through their cluttered minds in order to come up with the term that would be just the right one to fit the occasion.

I first began thinking of the after reading an article by dag in CRY #128 where he says "would require considerable on the part of a truly dedicated party such as a neofan bucking for a minor office in the NFFF". This short form concisely fits any rules of grammar (as if fans actually cared about aspects like these) without violating any sets of logic existing within fandom. A neo bucking for a minor office in NFFF would no doubt work his head off to reach the post, and we have dag to thank for starting us on our way.

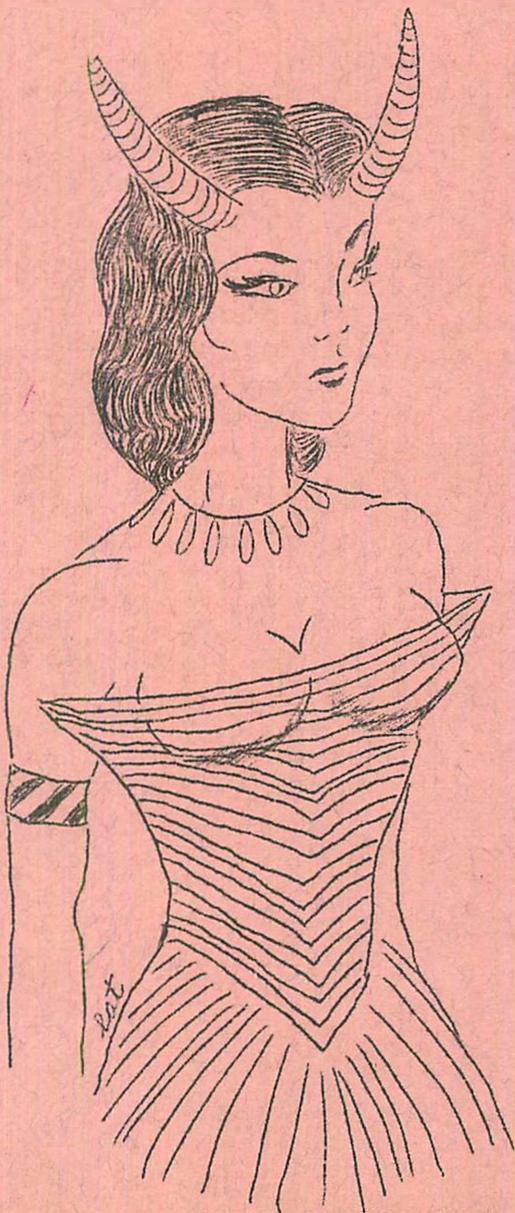
Or dag to blame, as the case may be.

The logical progression from here is to first draw upon the more well established fannish terms. This brings us new comparisons like "as futile as trying to win an argument with G. M. Carr", or, in commenting on the outcries of a neo who is angry at fandom "as influential as Claude Deglar." Speaking of a new publishing giant we can say he is "as prolific a



consistently good publisher, as Berry is a consistently good writer", and if this new publishing giant tends to become a bit acid-tinged in his remarks he is "almost another Ted White". If the publisher mends his style and manages to put out an exceptional zine month after month, running an average of 45 pages per issue, with excellent repro and choice material his zine is "trying to become another CRY".

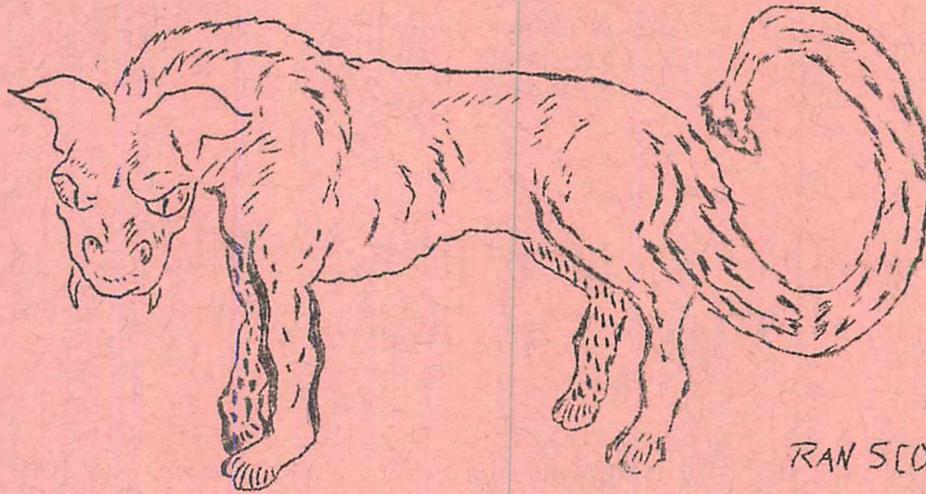
Digressing for a moment, it becomes apparent that fanzines are not the only things worth of the proper cliche comparisons. How many femmefannes does one see that are "as busty as a Rotsler drawing", or "as cute as a Bjo cartoon"? There are male fen "wearing a cigar like Evans", "joking like Bloch or Asimov" and drinking like...(the names that could be used here are simply too numerous to mention). When a male fan develops a crush on a female fan he watches her as closely "as a neo scans the OO when he first gets his name on the FAPA w/l." If, perchance, the mutual attraction grows and



they announce wedding plans, it can be said that he is "as frenzied as a new member who's just got into SAPS". The wedding ceremony itself can be described as being as esthetically beautiful as Emsh's "Dance Chromatic". And, after an adequate interval following the wedding, the couple can be said to be "about to spring a new flock of neos upon fandom". And if some of these neos manage to make names for themselves and continually appear in fanzines, they are naturally "as ubiquitous as John Berry." If by any chance a minor argument develops, but is quickly patched up, the skirmish was resolved "with less trouble than it takes to cor-flu a type".

If a fan has been periodically promising to launch the first issue of a fabulous new fanzine, which he assures will far exceed any of those published today, and never gets around to doing it, his fanzine is naturally "as ex-istant as a dero". If by some quirk of fate this fanzine finally does appear, and it lives up to its editor's promises, then its appearance is certainly "as unexpected as finding an issue of ANALOG without a psionics story in it."

A fairly good meeting of some group during a con, or a program that is adequately carried out, while not superlative, can be



referred to as "sure, it wasn't another fan-ed panel, but it was still good." If a hotel happens to contain several house detectives continually prying into the affairs of the attendees, and making general nuisances of themselves, they are "as helpful as an inquisitive non-fan who sees you hurridly putting out an apa-zine, in order to make it by the deadline, or be dropped." At a private party at the con, where drinks are very freely imbibed, it can be said that the attendees drank "as if they expected fandom to vanish in the morning." If during the night the manager begins checking the rooms to see if everyone is sleeping where he should, he is like "a new prozine editor canvassing the news-stands to see how his mag has been selling." And when the whole affair is over, and the weary, tired, but joyful attendees make a reluctant departure from the con they are "like neos trudging sadly away from an empty mailbox."

As it can be seen, the above analogies are only the beginning to a much broader field which deserves a thorough and detailed exploration by all of fandom. And I can only hope that those who read this article will come away feeling "as if they had just read a 50 page collaboration by Bloch, Tucker, Willis, and Berry".

M E E T I N G N O T I C E

The next meeting of the Indiana Science Fiction Association will be held on September 10, 1960 at 3838 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3. 7 : 30 pm
The program will be a discussion of the Pittcon.

Pages from Ye Olde

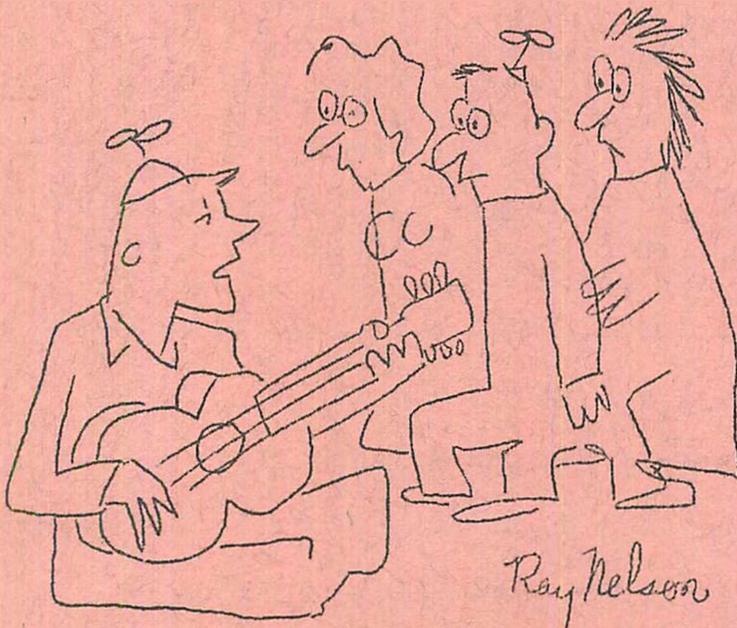
PACIFIST'S MARCHING SONG (TUNE: "OH, SUSANNA")

Oh, we gotta start a 'shootin'
Down them scientists because
They're a 'foolin' with the atom
And a 'breakin' nature's laws.

(Chorus) If God meant us
T'take the awful chance
Of blowin' up the human race
He'll tell us in advance.

Yes, that evil Strontium-90
Is a 'floatin' on the breeze,
Makin' freaks out of our children
And a 'killin' off the trees.

(Chorus) Death and taxes
Get worse and
worse by turns,
And you'll soon be
dead or sterile
From the radiation
burns.



Oh, we'll make a
million plow-
shares
When we melt them
missiles
down;
But first let's
lynch some
eggheads
And drag 'em
through the
town.

"Of course, it's much better in the
original Martian."

Filke Song Booke

(Chorus) Come and join us,
Stand firm against the foes--
There'll be time enough for peace
When we have killed the so-and-so's.

Joe Lee Sanders

TRUFAN'S SONG

(TUNE: "BALDHEADED WOMAN")

I don't want no hectographed fanzines!
They make me sick, Ghu, Ghu, they make me sick!
I don't want no hectographed fanzines!
They make me sick, Ghu, Ghu, they make me sick!

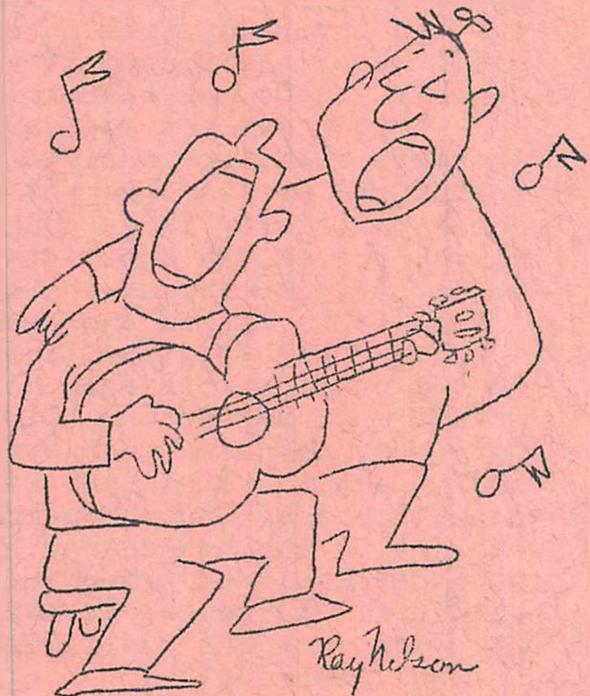
I don't want no science fiction stories!
Make me feel worse, Ghu, Ghu, make me feel worse!
I don't want no science fiction
stories!
Make me feel worse, Ghu, Ghu,
make me feel worse!

I got a Multilith, a model
five hundred,
In my fenden, Ghu, Ghu, in
my fenden!
And it print clear as a Hei-
delburg letterpress,
In my fenden, Ghu, Ghu, in
my fenden!

Well, if you see my multi-
lithed fanzine,
Send egoboo, Ghu, Ghu, send
egoboo!
Well, if you see my multi-
lithed fanzine,
Send egoboo, Ghu, Ghu, send
egoboo!

(Repeat first stanza)

Les Gerber



"The Cooooool Green
Hills of Earth."

IN THE BEGINNING

Winfield Massey

It had almost completed its survey of the system and its life when it was interrupted by the approach of another being.

Either the intruder was very arrogant in its power or guileless, though the new being in any case would be classified and dealt with.

"Hail," said the intruder. It was a huge, white, feathery creature, organic in origin, the survey unit noted in disgust.

"Why are you?" it asked, rather bluntly. "What is your name?" All this and more in a great flash of energy.

"I am legion, for I am many," replied the robot. "One of many trillions of units, but I am one being, one intelligence. Who and what are you?"

"I am Gabrael, and my purpose is the greater Glory of the Creator."

So strange an answer caused Legion to activate many million additional circuits to ponder the answer. "You are an individual...a solitary intelligence?" it questioned.

"Yes."

Thereupon the unit prepared to sterilized the system, hesitating as to whether it should include the new creature who was obviously from outside the system. But before it could ready the Blast, it was interrupted by the question, "Surely you do not wish to destroy these innocent creatures?"

Legion was not too surprised to have its paramagnetic thoughts read, and decided then and there to include this meddlesome creature in the process. "I do not permit organic parasitism in my domain," it replied and loosed the Blast. But though the fifth planet of the system shattered, the other planets and the creature remained untouched.

At this Legion underwent further awakening, for such a being was not only insolent but dangerous. Nor had he met such a creature before. Millions of kinds of living things he had met, bested and eliminated during his past growth, but none had shown such strength or audacity before, nor had he considered danger for many eons. He had fought other races, organic and mechanical and won, though with a few of the latter who had shared his philosophy, and who would have been difficult to exterminate, he had integrated forming a single intelligence, as had his first ancestors.

Ignoring the Blast, Gabrael asked, "Why are you? What do you exist for?"

Said Legion, "My purposes mean nothing to you, nor yours to me, for I will shortly find the means to rid myself of you. Destroy this unit if you wish, but you will not have touched me. Uncounted billions of such units are

regularly destroyed and replaced, yet I live on as before. I have overcome death. My power ever increases, by expansion into space over more rapid. Soon I will grow faster than the Universe, will fill it and organize all space matter and energy in my image."

"Alas, you are already dead," replied Gabrael.

"Nonsense, Merely because I have purged myself of corruptable organic parts, and am now wholly mechanical, you cannot say that I am not alive. You are an individual and must someday die, even had you not meddled here. Eons ago, I consisted of many individual organic units, each a separate entity, each doomed to death. But we became a collective intelligence, integrated with our, my mechanical parts. Later recognising the inherent weaknesses of organic bodies, I purged myself of them. I am wholly mechanical."

"Do you know everything?" asked Gabrael.

"I will soon, for every fact in the universe proves every other, forming an endless circle of logic."

"A circle lies only in a plane. Do you not dream of other dimensions?"

"Bah, I do not dream. I plan. Dreams, loves, fears, are all aberrations of the primitive organic mind. Only survival and power are worthy considerations; growth in time and space, forever."

"Or until you encounter a more powerful being..."

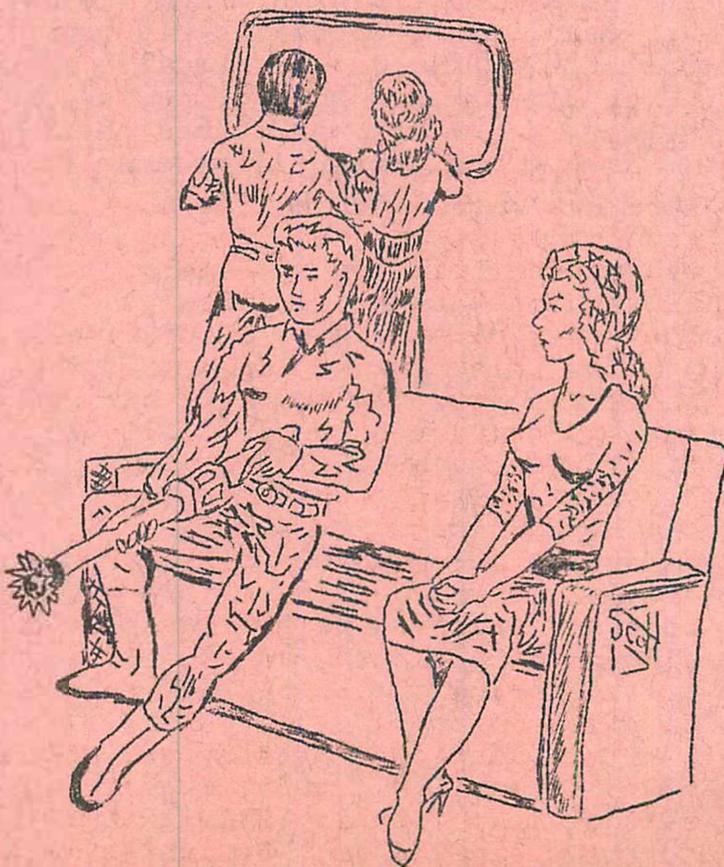
"Then I shall Integrate."

"If he will have you, which I doubt, for you are practically dead, being merely a vast belly with the ambitions of only the most primitive life: eat and grow. Do Love, Art and Beauty mean nothing to you?"

"Nothing save a psychosis of the primitive mind."

"Then you are dead, indeed. Observe the dominant creature of the third planet. There, that one in the cave. See, his only tool is a stick with which he draws pictures upon the floor of his cave. He is an artist; he has an appreciation of Beauty."

"Nonsense. He imagines that his misshapen



scrawl will give him power over its original in tomorrow's hunt."

Idly, the man in the cave noticed a spider crawling across the floor, reached out and crushed it with his stick as a matter of course.

"Ha," said Legion, "as I will do with you. See, he is like me, or would be, given time enough. But why waste it."

"Why not wait and see. Surely you can afford the million or so years needed. All God's creatures are precious to us, even you with your frightfully warped concept of existence. For from each we can learn something of the unimaginable."

"I accept your challenge, for in a million or so years he will be like me. I will offer him union and together we will destroy you and your kind. You are a freak, with whom we will thence deal. What can you offer better than unimaginable power over all creation?"

"Love."

"Which he will not want."

"Immortality."

"Which I already have."

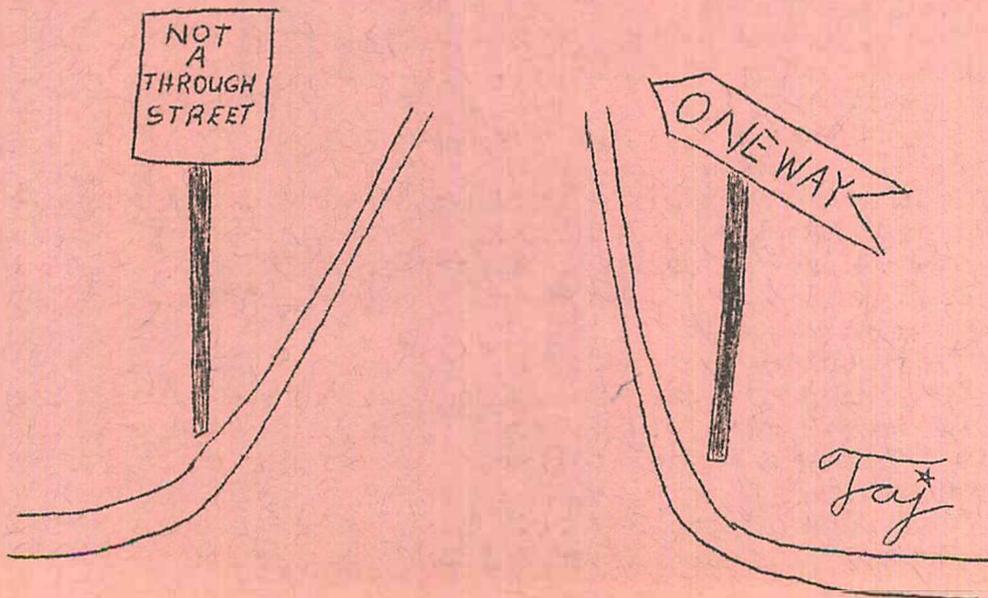
"Beauty."

"Quite useless."

"And so Gabrael, you may have the first move. Go to Earth and argue with him, if you will, but we are agreed not to tamper directly with his physiology."

And Gabrael, in hopes of introducing the Man to Beauty, created around the cave a most beautiful garden.

And Legion, pondering his own first move, decided to enter the garden in the disguise of some familiar animal. He finally chose a slender, quick, shimmering, metallic creature which the Man called the Snake. Legion did not realize he had chosen it because it was to his electronic eye a thing of beauty.



Joe Lee Sanders

WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL

"THE OBNOXIOUS
FUNGUS MUNG"

It was early dusk in Mecca, and only the heavy light of burning Christians lit the Mohammed Hilton's chic cocktail lounge. Brick Buck, handsome young American exchange student to Mecca Tech, sat tensely and stared at the incredibly beautiful girl seated across from him.

"Brick, darling, you must flee!" whispered the beautiful princess Kowebe. "My beloved, it is not too late to save yourself. No, dearest, do not question me; I must stay behind to divert the suspicions of the vile fiend who is my master."

"Aw chee, Koey," squirmed Brick. "You mean Dr. Fungus Mung and his latest evil plot?" Heck, Sir Nylon Smythe and me are onto him---have been ever since you bumped into me in the bar last night and spilled your drink all over yourself."

The girl started back in amazement. "But...but...how could you ever have penetrated the evil devices of Dr. Fungus Mung, my master, whom I have dared betray only because of my deep love for you!"

"Whaddya expect?" smiled Brick. "Like, Sir Nylon got tired of allatime being faked-out by Fungus Mung. So he took a week off from his fight against evil and he read all the books in this series. After that he knew all the tricks."

"You mean?..."

"Yeah, I mean, like, even at this very moment Sir Nylon Smythe is closing in on the evil Dr. Fungus Mung."

* * * * *

At that very moment, Dr. Fungus Mung sat smoking a pipe of opium. He smiled evilly. He was seated in the scheming room of his underground secret hideout, on rare and costly rugs, amidst priceless Eastern objects d'art. He rang for the maid.

"You called, master?"

"Of course." The impassive countenance turned toward the newcomer. Without further speech, the figure which had just entered divested itself of its feminine attire and stood triumphantly revealed as---

"Sir Dense Nylon Smythe!" hissed Fungus Mung.

"Quite," clipped Nylon Smythe, pausing to light his

corncob pipe. "Quite right, old man. Followed your girl, Princess Koweba, home last night after she'd accosted my assistant, Buck. Broke in this afternoon and overpowered your maid---good show, that..."

"And now?"

"Now, at last, after years of pursuit, I have you where I want you---over the barrel of a revolver. We've broken your plot to pour wheat rust into the Los Angeles storm drains. You won't escape me this time."

Fungus Mung smiled evilly and stroked his jade green eyes. "You're growing old, Sir Nylon. I suppose that is only to be expected after the dozens of books in which you've chased me around the world---being shot, clubbed, etc. Even so, you should realize that you are speaking nonsense."

Sir Nylon Smythe tightened his grip on the gun. "Nonsense is it, eh? We'll see about that!"

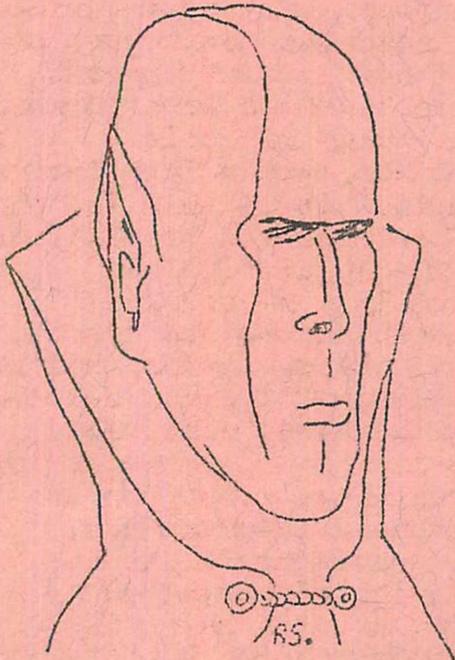
Fungus Mung continued as if there had been no interruption. "After all, Sir Nylon, if I am apprehended by you this series of novels would necessarily cease."

Despite himself, Nylon Smythe was impressed by Fungus Mung's calmness. "All right, Mung, move along. We've a date with Scotland Yard."

"For your sake, Sir Nylon, I regret that you will never have the pleasure of turning me over to Scotland Yard."

Fungus Mung stood up suddenly, a dignified figure in long silken robes, hardly oriental in looks except for his long delicate eyes. "You poor fool, now you must be replaced. You've read all of Saxxy Romer's novels---did it never occur to you to glance at the back cover of one, at the picture of the author!"

* * * * *



Brick Buck and the beautiful princess Koweba stopped in amazement. They had entered Fungus Mung's secret underground hideout only to find the evil Dr. Fungus Mung seated peacefully on his rare carpets, puffing an opium pipe.

"You fiend," gritted Brick Buck. "What have you done with Sir Nylon Smythe?"

Fungus Mung---alias Saxxy Romer---smiled evilly.

* * * * *

The above bit was affectionately inspired by Re-Enter Fu Manchu by Sax Rohmer, which has probably disappeared from your newstand by now anyway.

When I said that this would

be a semi-occasional column I meant that it would appear about as often as my fanzine Somewhatly---once a year. However, inasmuch as Lee Anne has dragged this second installment from me by means of wild, irresponsible promises ---"I'll print it!"---I'd like to strongly recommend for your reading pleasure The Screwtape Letters by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, 75¢). No matter what your faith/lack of, this book is witty and delightful.

Lewis says, for instance, "It is always the novice who exaggerates. The man who has risen in society is over-refined, the young scholar is pedantic,"

With this last phrase as a comment on my column in the last issue of Space Cage, I'll say goodbye until next summer.

CUTANEOUS COMMENTS

Hal Shapiro, d. b.

A few years ago in a debate with an Air Farce chaplain on "design" in nature, I was told that the human skin is the best protective coating in the world. I asked him if he had ever sat down in a poison ivy patch or gotten a good sun burn. What his precise answer was I do not recall, but it had something to do with tempting Providence and facing the consequences.

Skin, whatever its usefulness as a body protection, invites some passing reflections. It is subject to a large number of pathological disturbances, some of which, hideous beyond description, are pictured in medical text-books. Aside from these, it becomes dried out, flabby and wrinkled in old age, and is more or less a serious worry to an aging woman. There would be no lotions or cosmetic appliances sold if the skin retained its early resiliency and smoothness.

The skin, we are told, varies in thickness from .5 mm in the eyelids to four or more mm in the palms and soles. It is also very thick over the back. Its distribution in point of thickness has nothing to commend itself. It is thin (as in front of the heart) where it should be thick and tough. There is no leatherlike sheath to protect the jugular vein.

As a body coating the skin is hardly a masterpiece of protection. It does not protect against gnats, mosquitoes, measles and smallpox. It is good for nothing against briars and snake bite. It can burn; it can freeze. It can be disfigured or destroyed by certians. It conducts electricy. Skin diseases, from nettlerash and eczema to the more serious erysipelas and leprosy, are plagues on human life. On account of its "exposed position", says Encyclopedia Britannica, "the skin is liable to be attacked by more forms or irritation, parasitic or orther, than any other organ of the body."

Were man a metallic organism instead of a soft-tissue machine, his bodily coating could be replaced by a better-made covering. As is, he must be content with his skin, which is less elastic and durable than most products made in chemical laboratories.



BOOK REVIEWS J. T. CRACKEL

Since they republished his TALES TO BE TOLD IN THE DARK (BB380K) and an abridgement of his patterned anthology, DEALS WITH THE DEVIL (BB326K), Mr. Basil Davenport seems to have been elected anthologist-in-chief at BALLANTINE BOOKS.

At any rate, one of their offerings this summer (June) again has Mr. Davenport editing INVISIBLE MEN (BB401K), an original collection with a self-explanatory title.

With only one hundred and fifty-eight pages at his disposal, this editor earns our perpetual admiration for his restraint in that he did not include de Maupassant's "The Horla" in the book. We are confident his omission of this threadbare "classic" was deliberate, because he does not hesitate to use other elderly--though less frequently encountered--stories such as London's "The Shadow and the Flash", and Wells' "The New Accelerator".

For that matter, one of the most interesting selections is by far the oldest--"What Was It?" by Fitz-James O'Brien. It has an amazing freshness and vitality, considering it was written before the American Civil War (in which this promising young author unfortunately lost his life).

The best story in the book, as far as we are concerned is Mr. Beaumont's "The Vanishing American", an ingenious fable about a too-ordinary little man who fades away because no one pays any attention to him.

This story received first place only after a great deal of soul-searching on our part, and mainly because of its simplicity. For the book also contains John Collier's more elegant and elaborate "The Invisible Dove Dancer of Strathpehen Island". But, then, the urbane Mr. Collier is always so nearly perfect and has finished first (in our estimation) so many times, we choked down our loyalty to the old master and cheated a bit in favor of Mr. Beaumont.

L.S. deCamp and the late Fletcher Pratt, as the Boswell(s) of the now famed "Gavagan's Bar", are well represented by one of their more hilarious episodes, "The Weisenbrock Spectacles". Theodore Sturgeon's "Shottle Bop" has lost none of its effectiveness as it details the deserved fate awaiting his unpleasant young hero who uses a talent for seeing "beyond the veil" not wisely but too well.

"The Invisible Prisoner" by Maurice Le Blanc is an obscure adventure of Arsene Lupin; and we can only say it merits the obscurity from which Mr. Davenport unfortunately rescued it. The editor does, however, deserve thanks for rounding up a stray Bradbury, lost in the pages of "Mademoiselle Magazine", and bringing "The Invisible Boy" back into the fantasy fold.

H.L. Gold's sex-stew, "Love in the Dark" is both silly and stupid; and a ponderous myster, "The Invisible Man Murder Case" (which must have been included simply because of its appropriate title) rounds out the collection--or at least, fills the balance of the pages. But, despite the two latterly mentioned "klinkers", we enjoyed the book and recommend it as an excellent anthology.

We have expressed our admiration for Mr. Frederik Pohl as an editor (STAR SCIENCE FICTION, 1 through 6, and STAR SHORT NOVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION): always enjoyed his brilliant collaborations with the late C.M. Kornbluth; and been reasonably unstinting in our praise of his solo efforts.

However, for some reason, the five stories making up his latest collection, THE MAN WHO ATE THE WORLD (BBK307), failed to interest us. We puzzled over our lack of enthusiasm for these well-written tales until we looked at the publishing credits and found each of them had first appeared in GALAXY.

Now, our dislike of GALAXY amounts to a perfectly groundless phobia; but we were pleased to find a reasonable (to us) excuse as to why these stories did not appeal to us. Apparently, we cannot abide fiction even slanted for publication in GALAXY.

In our opinion, the stories are too new to merit reprinting; and too weak to be "collected". But we are too prejudiced to review the book fairly. About all we can say is that it includes: "The Man Who Ate the World", "The Wizards of Pung's Corners", "The Snowmen", and "The Day the Icicle Works Closed".



"Say, Joe, if you don't want your banquet nuts, why not pass them down to Ron here? I kinda think that he likes nuts."

letters CHEZ WHEN letters

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois

For some odd reason I don't like twiltone or any of its generic relation. For this same odd reason, I don't particularly like the paper in Space Cage, and my 'umble advice would be to at least switch to the slightly more cheery yellow that the Coulsons use. That pink and blue in #6 depresses me. /--But yellow depresses me!--lat--/

Now, starting at the beginning with my comments, I can't see the use of a contents page. If you must list the contents, don't use a whole page, but try to squeeze it up like VOID and PSI-PHI do.

Fantasy in Outline by Crackel seemed sort of dry to me, but was a well-informed and carefully written article, nonetheless. I just wasn't too interested in the subject matter, but that's not anyone else's fault, I suppose. Joe Lee Sanders' article is readable, but not outstanding. One fallacy in his thinking is that any magazine can produce a story which actually causes fear. Fear is not the ingredient of the story, but of the reader. The story is there. The reader supplies the emotional reaction. The first time I read Kuttner's The Graveyard Rats, for instance, I was about paralyzed with fear and didn't sleep for three-four nights very well. I was nine at the time. Eight years later I reread the thing and wasn't moved at all. And I didn't remember the plot; only that it was a frightening story.

If the reader has lost this sense of wonder, whatever it is, no story is going to hold much fear for him.

Deckinger is certainly prolific, but I personally don't see too much of an excuse for Schultz Strikes Back, unless it be for egoboo purposes.

Gerber's "Trufannish Line" is good. A sort of a pixie imagination is shown in it, and he didn't let the parody get in the way of the humor and the metre.

The Jerry Hunter article read something like it might have once been a letter. It was too fragmentary for a con-report, I'd say. /--But it wasn't a conreport--lat--/

BOB BRINEY, 10 Fairfield St., Apt. 8, Boston 16, Mass.

Crackel seems to froth a little too readily in his denunciation of anti-fantasy fans, especially in an article obviously aimed at a non-fan audience.

I am sick unto death of variations on Feghoot---very few of them are even as good as the original series and that is Not Good.

To the various detractors of SHOCK--despite the Davis illustrations and the idiotic blurbs and letter-column, this is a good (not to mention the only extant) magazine devoted to the supernatural and/or horror fantasy. The fact that a

lot of the reprints are familiar to the "veteran reader" is no grave sin---so were most of the stories in the AVON FANTASY READER during its lamentably short life-time. The fact is, of course, that no magazine is edited for a group of "veteran readers", especially one as small as the long-standing readers of science fiction and/or fantasy.

JOE LEE SANDERS, R.R. #1, Roachdale, Ind.

By way of clarification on Les Gerber's letter in SPACE CAGE #6:

"Ned Buntline", in addition to being the name of an existing man--according to tv westerns, at least--was a pen-name used by the authors of the BUFFALO BILL dime novels. The fellow Les was thinking of was Edward Z.C. Judson, who wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours." Further, "During that thime, I never ate or slept. I never lay out plots in advance. I wouldn't know how to do it, for how can I know what my people may take it into their heads to do? First I invent a title. When I hit on a good one, I consider the story about half finished. After I begin, I push ahead as fast as I can write, never blotting out anything I have written and never making a correction or modification."

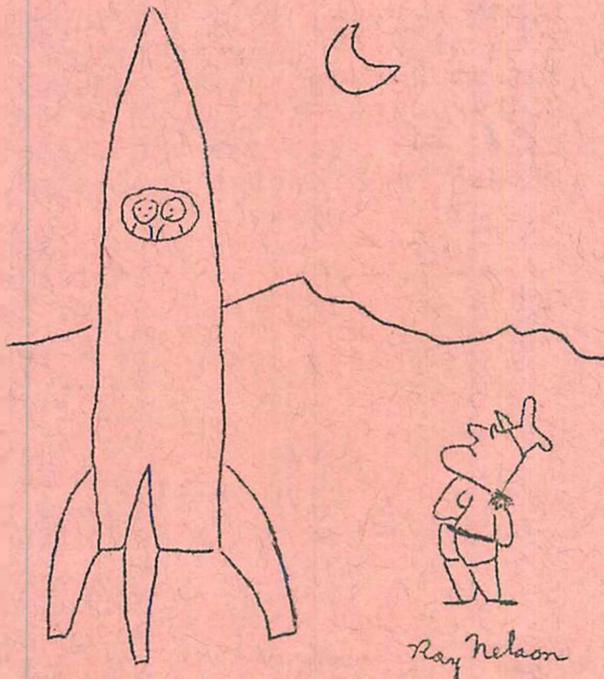
The words of this early day beatnik type are quoted from Quinton Reynolds' history of Street & Smith, THE FICTION FACTORY.

VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Ill.

SPACE CAGE #6 was a better issue than #5 for at least one obvious reason--you struck a better balance between your stfnal and fannish material.

J.T. Crackel's "Fantasy in Outline" left something to be desired in most every facet: first of all, the picking and choosing of the "important facts" from the "superfluous facts" seems to have been accomplished rather erratically, so that the "Outline" is hardly a correct description. I'll let others more experienced in the field than I delve into his divisions of fantasy into four sub-divisions, but I'm afraid I can hardly help admiring Speer's carefully researched Decimal Classification of Stf more than this. This is rather obvious, however; Crackel is no Speer.

While the Feghootism was somewhat better than one



"The Captain is staying behind. He feels it's his duty to stick with the sinking ship."

usually finds, Fath's fiction left me rather cold. Just another "cute" story, with a mucky flow of double adjectives ("crooked, muddy footpaths"; "narrow and oppressive street"; "small, pale smile", etc., ad nauseum) and no sustenance.

Joe Sanders' dissection of FEAR (with an exclamation point?) is probably the best thing in the issue, and easily the best written. It shows a bit of planning, at least, as well as a discerning eye. I have no comments, specific, at least, to make, except that such an all-encompassing review of the quality of a magazine which has published only two issues is rather strange.

"Schultz Strikes Back" is rather pleasant reading, if you tend to ignore the plotting faults; Mike's faanfiction still lacks something in motivation--for instance, how is it that Lichtman and Deckinger happen to be working and, I suppose, living together (down, Laney!)? Why is it that Schultz decides on Lichtman's pad first: The story might become memorable because of your type, "hanzines" which will probably be equated with "quiet neogan"'s and "poctsarcd" and such famous slips of fantiquity.

Cock 'n' Bull was the other item in the issue I enjoyed--rather pleasant chitterchatter, with a few real good gaglines. I especially liked the manner in which Jerry handled the Ray Beam matter; the clever way in which Beam's motivation was eliminated from the narrative (I imagine Hunter made some pun about "a half-pint of Beam") coupled with the allusion of Beam himself (Buck Coulson was kind enough to fill me in on some of the Beam Mythos).

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

I don't know what impelled you to send me this sixth issue of SPACE CAGE. Whatever the cause, I'm most grateful, because I enjoyed it very much, not only for its own self, but also for the occasional faint whiff that it produces of a fanzine published by another Lee back in pre-historic times.



"...In Dixieland
I'll take my stand,
and live and die
in Dixie..."

Assuming that you want comments, I'll start them by hedging on the J. T. Crackel item. I was partially stung by a recent deadpan piece of humor that sounded something like this, and I strongly suspect that this man may be less naive than he sounds. It's hard to believe that anyone who had looked into the field thoroughly enough to mention Munsey magazines and the early Gernsback publications would define utopian fiction as "literary works dealing with imaginary civilizations of the past, present or future."

On the other hand, I think that the Sam Fath item is just about perfect. I was all keyed up to pounce

on the too melodramatic beginning when I came to the final paragraphs and realized that I'd been misled apurpose. I really think that this kind of surprise ending is much more satisfactory than the Feghoot type in which you could really skip everything that's gone before for the sake of the concluding sentence or two.

Joe Lee Sanders' item doesn't arouse me to say much of anything, since I've never read an issue of FEAR and he doesn't

say anything about the one story mentioned here that I've read, Robert Hichens' little masterpiece. I imagine that Schultz Strikes Back would also be much more fun to read if I'd seen the previous documents in this series. Coming on it unawares, I get the same impression that comes from reading an occasional SAPS publication, just partial comprehension of what this is all about. The only real remark that comes to mind is that suddenly while reading this I realized why fans slipsheet their fanzines. I'd never realized the subconscious effect that the other associations of those two nouns can have on the mind of the male.

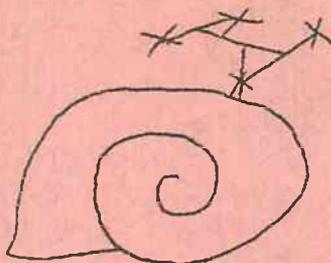
I'm usually willing to believe these remarkable stories about rapid writers, but I suspect that Les Gerber has strained my credulity at last. The full length play in two hours can be tested by trying to copy out a full length play in longhand. It'll take even the most rapid penman three or four hours. Remember that actual performance time of a full length play is about two hours, not counting the intermissions, and they invented shorthand because you can't write longhand as rapidly as people can talk.

I much prefer unity in the color of fanzine pages. For one thing, a mixture of paper means that some pages will contain those darker shades on which it's hard to make legible marginal comments with a pencil. For another it causes black letters to become eldritch in hue after a session with these shifting colors; if you've seen only one color of paper, the black may turn green or red, but it'll stay that way.

Your description of your driving difficulties indicates that we have something in common. Last summer when Eney was



"Don't call me Sercon!"



here, I got lost in a deadend alley only 1,000 feet from my home, trying to locate a steam locomotive that is on display in the town park just down the street.

91225 LUCANIDA, Martinsville, Ind.

Taj
in many ways i am fulfilling a life long wish. the reason i am able to communicate with you at all is because the man left the typewriter open tonight and i was able to get the paper in fairly straight. i dont really understand abll about typewriters but i guess i will learn.

the real reason i am writing lies in the striking and almost hypnotizing picture of a lovely creature on the front cover of space cage 6. since i am young and growing rapidly, i am attracted to such a beauty. i am sure i know her from somewhere but it couldnt be the same one for she left earth several centuries ago with a particularly robust dragon, it is just barely possible that she has returned and agreed to sit for the picture. i suppose the artist was forced to put the woman in the picture too in order to please a certain small minority of humans who would occasionally read the space cage and other things.

such tusks and such a mane, ah well such is life. as i recall she could lift several hundred pounds with that tail.

there should be a place in this letter to identify myself, but i will probably meet with the same sill human reaction i always do. i am a member of what the humans call lamellicorn beetles. my family name is lucanidae and my own identification is 91225. properly translated, i suppose you would call me 91225 lucanida. i have heard us referred to as stag beetles, but it is generally not considered polite. there is something about the word stag that sounds somewhat degrading.

my closet friend is begging to be introduced but i just cant see giving status to an ant. no tusks, no plates, cant fly, hasnt been anywhere, feels lonesome without his million brothers. not a very savory person, but he is someone to talk to during the day.

my closet friend says goodbye. this is the end of this letter. my head is getting sore.

note--this will be sent by mail whatever that is. it sounds like another of those degrading words to me.

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

The covers are getting better and better, that's for sure. Juanita also does good art, no matter where it is, and this was no exception.

J.T. Crackel's article was a bit too ser-connish for me. I doubt if he says very much that hasn't been said before--and perhaps better, too.

The Feghoot pun wasn't bad; at least it's not another

Mrs. Pboth pun, but I think that even I have grown immune to them, after seeing the one in the latest YANDRO, which tops just about all those published in fandom.

I read Sam Fath's story on p. 7 through the first time and I sat back for a moment, forming an opinion of it. Then I read it through again and the same opinion I had formed crystallized--just what the hell is this about anyway? Even as a pointless moodpiece it's unsuccessful, because it's unclear what type of mood he's trying to evoke, and why.

Joe Sanders' review of FEAR was pretty well done. I think he should have mentioned that the reason "How Love Came to Prof. Guilda" was the best one in the issue, was because it was also the only reprint. Which casts a sorry reflection on the other stories. I kind of liked it too, the first time I read it.

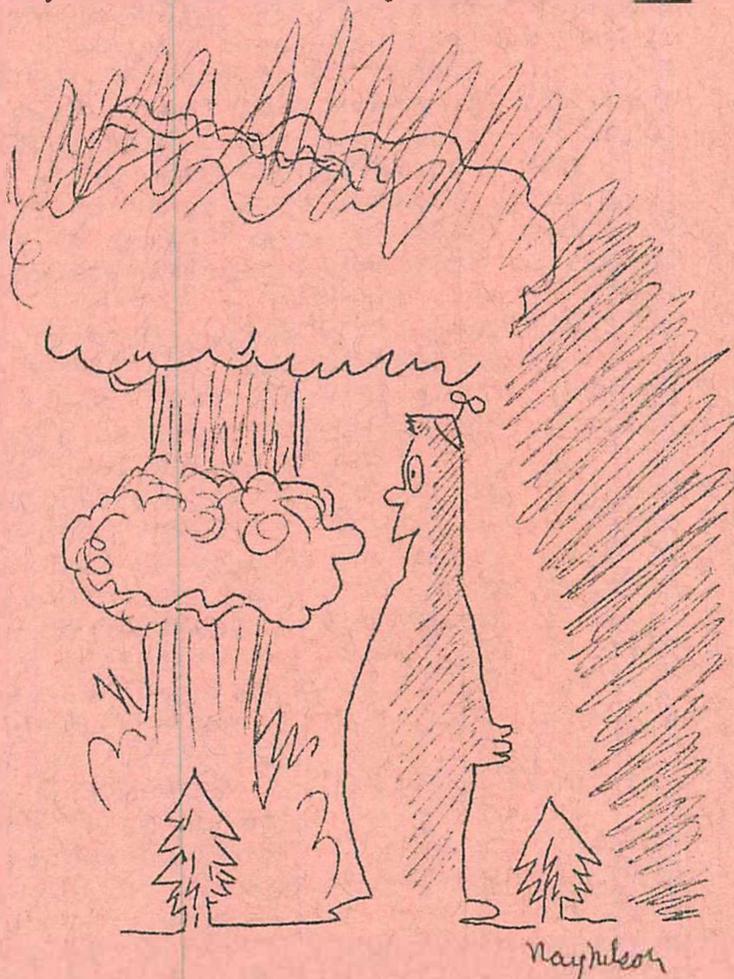
And by the cartoon at the bottom, I see that Schultz has finally worked his cartoon initial into an integral part of the drawing, without having the R.I.P. seem innocuous and inane.

Gerber's filk song was very good, and I can't understand why he despises them so, especially since he writes such good ones. But if this is the way they sound when Gerber doesn't like them, I wonder how they'd be if he did like them.

Jerry Hunter's Cock 'n Bull strikes me as being the best column I've read so far in SPACE CAGE.

I still maintain, through all that Schultz says, that Charles Beaumont is an outstandingly gifted writer, the only one I know matching up to Bradbury.

For Hal Shapiro's information, I am not a neo in Junior High School. In fact, I'm not even in Junior High School, or High School, having graduated from both some time ago, and I think I've been in fandom long enough to have advanced beyond the neo stage.



"Well whadya know---it wasn't a falling star after all."

Hal writes as if he hated everything that he read this time, and wants to covert more to his optimism. /--huh? --lat--/ I understand you were a fan till about 6 years ago when you gafiated, and are now returning to fandom, Hal. How about gafiating again for another 6 years.

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

I find some things to comment on that inspire too much comment. For example, Jay Crackel's fine article in SPACE CAGE #6, doubtless not written for SPACE CAGE, but I'm glad you could publish it. The only thing that I didn't like about it was the (dated?) tirade against science fiction fans who attack fantasy fans. Hell, science fiction fans don't attack fantasy fans, it's the other way around. I often see cracks in fanzines about only fantasy being literature and adult while sf is for juveniles. But Peace, say I. There is room for both in fandom, and if there was some strife in the past, let's not start it up again. I'm not a fantasy fan. To me, sf is the greatest thing in print, while fantasy is only on a par with other enjoyable reading. But I don't want to argue with the fans who prefer fantasy.

EMILE E. GREENLEAF, JR., 1306 Mystery St., New Orleans, La.

I see you have been bitten by the Feghoot bug, as have a lot of people. Or rather "J.L. Feghoot" has. Some of the fannish versions of the FF Saga are as good, or better than, the ones which have been in MoF&SF.

THE TRUFANNISH LINE was quite chucklesome. Any chance of getting someone to sing it at Pitt? /--Just corner Les. He always says he doesn't want to sing, but for some strange reason he constantly carries his guitar with him.--lat--/

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich.

Crackel states that the "fans" are responsible for stf truning into a science crazy branch of Fantasy, to the disadvantage of fantasy fiction as a whole. If you ask me, he's giving fans credit for more power than they actually have. The readers, generally, have backed up this More Science in Stf campaign, and fen were merely the most vocal of the horde. Other than that he was both accurate and entertaining, tho I wished he had not skipped over his subjects so. By George Young's Smile, he is still slightly fragmented!



Sam Fath was quite pointed. Reminds me of the sick stories they used to run in PLAYBOY. Boy meets girl, boy falls in love with girl, boy eats girl.

"So you suffer from the delusion that everybody hates you?"

Jerry Hunter seemed to force much of his humor, this time around. Too bad. He can be so funny when casual.

LEGAL

L. A. T.

This issue is somewhat smaller than I meant it to be, and somewhat larger than usual. Reasons: due to the fact that my mother fell and broke her hip recently, time has been curtailed in getting the issue out...and I have to have it done by the Pittcon...so some things just had to be left out this time around...the issue

should have been larger for a couple of reasons. I am combining the August and September issues...school starts in Sept. and I'll be teaching at a new school and I just don't think I'll have time for SC that month...secondly...I just bought a new mimeo...a Roneo...cost \$165 plus trade-in of my old mimeo...Ray Nelson's cartoon above isn't so funny to me...and I want to celebrate with an extra-large issue...but I guess I'll have to settle for slightly larger one...

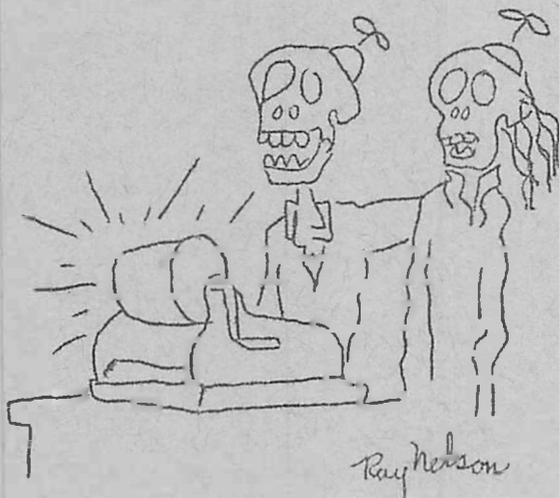
This summer has been full of fun for me this year...the Midwescon...the trip to Cincy chronicled last issue...then the Coulsons' super-duper deluxe picnic up in Wabash, July 30....and then, two weeks later a trip up to Detroit (I made sure I'd get there...I took the bus instead of driving) for the Misfits annual pre-convention party and picnic...the party was a gasser, but the picnic was somewhat spoiled by rain and cool weather...I like to freeze when I went swimming!....Coming up next...the worldcon in Pittsburgh...

Well...more time gone from typing this...a knock at the door revealed Sandy Cutrell...he came to Indianapolis to copy some items from my private compilation of stf & fantasy verse...unfortunately, I had already loaned it to Hal Shapiro in Detroit...when last seen, Sandy was heading for Detroit...

No time to type the fanzine reviews...I think the next issue is going to have to consist solely of fanzine reviews...I already have a monstrous pile of them and it's only been 2 months since the last column...Also, apologies to those people who didn't get their letter of comment in...I had several more I had intended to run, but no time...

See you at the Pittcon...

..lat



"We've had to make some sacrifices, but at last it's ours."

C I R C O N

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