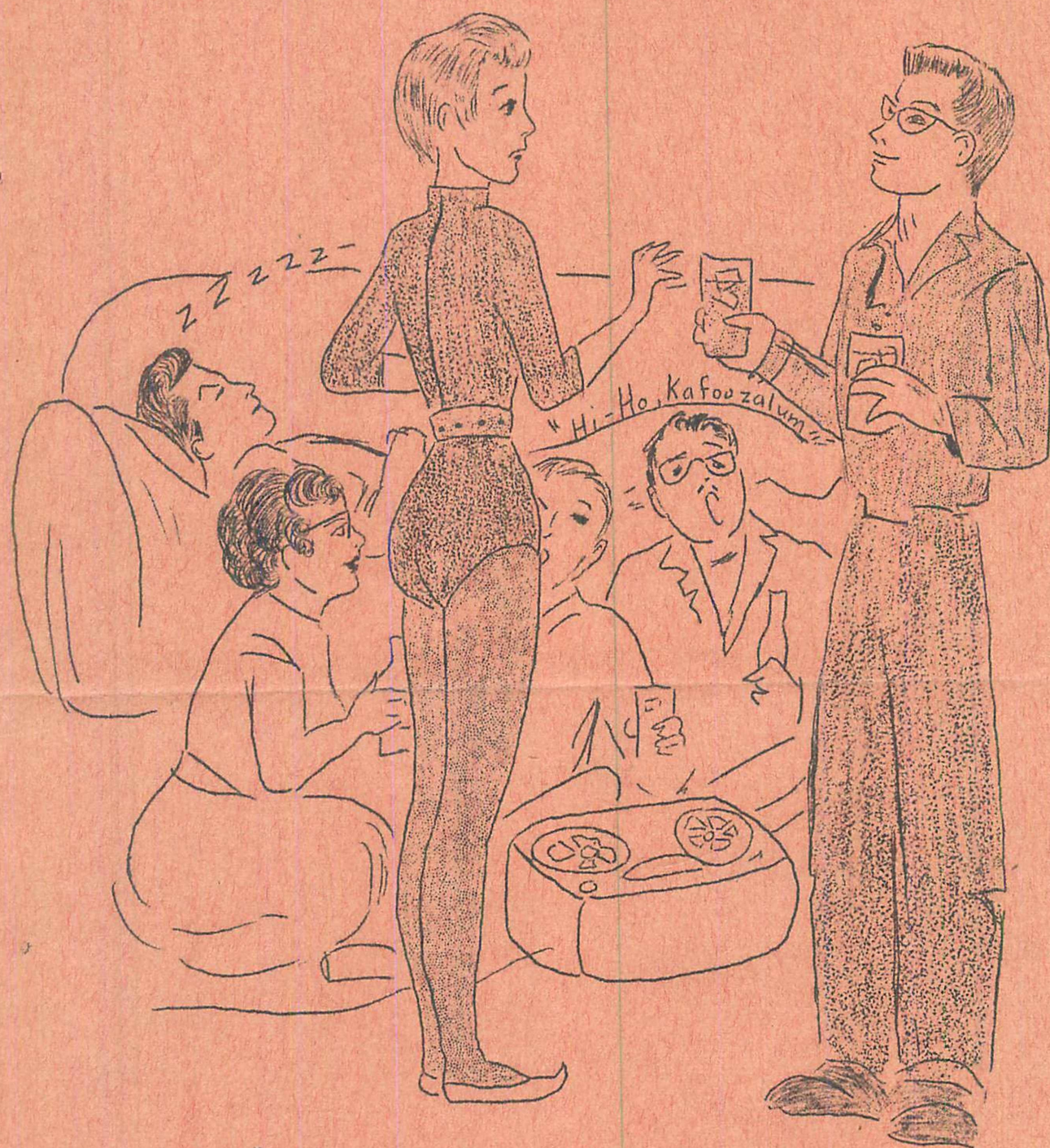


4 SPACE CAGE 4



"I ran out of gin so I used Moselle."

SPACE CAGE

Issue # 4

May, 1960

CONTENTS

CRACKEL'S COPY (book reviews)	J.T. Crackel	2
THE SECOND STONE (fanzine reviews)	lat	5
IT SMELLS (article)	Mike Deckinger	8
THE PATTEN OF LITTLE MICE (column)	Sandy Mitchell	11
VENUS EXPEDITION (poem)	Peggy Cook	13
CHEZ WHEN (letters)		14
THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH MRS. PBOTH (pun)	Roman Guise	18
<u>LEEGAL</u> (editorial)	lat	19

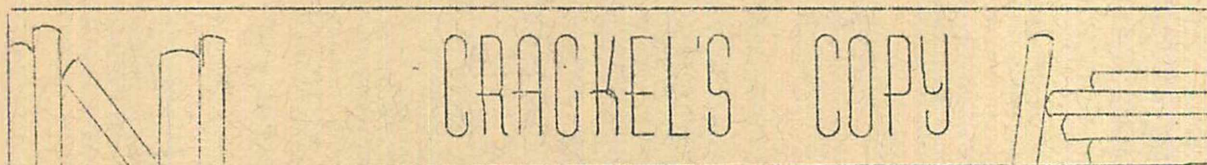
ART CREDITS

Juanita Coulson: cover, pages 3,4,9,12, 13, 16, bacover

Peggy Cook: page 15

lat: pages 5, 6, 7, 10, 17, 18, 19

SPACE CAGE is edited by Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Indiana. It is published (under violent protest) by Jim ("but all I said was you could store your mimeograph at my house") Lavell. We'll try to be monthly if people will send in material. SC can be obtained by the following methods: trading, contributing material, requesting or commenting on it, or by joining the Indiana Science Fiction Association. (The latter can be done by sending a dollar to me, Lee. If you do this, you'll not only get SPACE CAGE, but our alternating meeting notice, SPACE PAGE, which is published and edited (when he isn't bowling) by Jim ("you'd be surprised what you can do in alleys") Lavell. It's chock full of humor, misdated meeting announcements, insults, bird pattings, etc.



BOOK REVIEWS

J. T. Crackel

If publication of science-fiction and fantasy in hard cover editions has dwindled almost to the vanishing point, this literature is certainly not being neglected by the paper-back publishers. Today we find more of their titles in the genre available on the newsstands (locally, at least) than at any other time during the past year and a half.

Many of these books, it is true, are reprints or abridgements of the hardcovers published during the "boom" years. But the reprints are---for the most part---well chosen; while any number of the abridgements---thanks to intelligent editing---are far superior to the originals.

Ballantine's STAR SCIENCE-FICTION NO. 6 (BB353K), we are told, has been around for some time. This is confirmed by the fact the book carries a 1959 copyright. However, we saw our first copy---and purchased it---only this week.

The five previous anthologies Mr. Pohl prepared for this Ballantine series were all good. His sixth is no exception. For it he has secured eight short stories by fine authors who---for reasons unknown---publish all too infrequently. These new stories are a credit to the writers, to Mr. Pohl, and to Ballantine.

Another Ballantine original is Mr. Chad Oliver's novel, UNEARTHLY NEIGHBORS (BB365K). This is a familiar re-working of Mr. Oliver's favorite theme; and will undoubtedly appeal to those who like this writer's special mixture of anthropology and science-fiction. Personally, we feel this author has too often played the same tune on what seems to be his only string. Still, since he has written the same story so many times, he writes it well; and he does tell it with flashes of genuine humor.

THE BLACK DEATH; A Chronicle of the Black Plague (BB379L) is factual; originally compiled from contemporary sources by Johannes Nohl. Translated by C.H. Clarke, Ph.D., and introduced by Donovan Fitzpatrick, this (Abridged) edition is a documentary account of horror piled upon horror; of cruelty and inhumanity; of sadism and lust; and abominations of every sort. It far surpasses anything a writer of the weirdest fiction would dare to present.

Some of the more hideous aspects of the plague-ridden years have been played down; and much revolting material (undoubtedly available to this scholar) omitted completely. Nevertheless, the book remains a morbidly fascinating account of one of the darker phases of history.

To Pyramid Books has fallen the honor of presenting the first collection of the short stories of a very fine writer, Miss Judith Merrill. OUT OF BOUNDS (Pyramid G499) contains several of her best. That Only a Mother is probably the most familiar. It caused a sensation when it first appeared in ASTOUNDING in 1948; and it still has its power to stun and shock.

Also included is Dead Center, with which Miss Merrill joined the ranks of the---unfortunately---very few science-fiction writers who have appeared in Miss Martha Foley's annual BEST SHORT STORIES series (1954 in this case). The other five stories in the book---from such sources as STARTLING, VENTURE, and UNIVERSE---are equally good.

In earning herself an enviable reputation as one of the best anthologists in the field, Miss Merrill has permitted most readers to forget she writes as well as she anthologizes. This book will serve as a pleasant reminder. Collectors will regret there is no hard-cover edition available.

But the "Book of the Month" (and one which would never have been selected for that dubious "honor" by the dull witted culture-mongers who created and promoted the BOM) is Charles Beaumont's NIGHT RIDE AND OTHER JOURNEYS (Bantam A2087).

Mr. Beaumont, who first attracted our decadent attention with Miss Gentilbelle (in D. Congdon's DEAD OF NIGHT---Dell B107), seems to have managed to extract the best from the various styles of Messrs. Bradbury and Collier, and fused them into something distinctly his own. His stories are short: fifteen of them are crowded into the one hundred and eighty-four pages of this book. They are wild, wicked, weird and witty; almost oall of them are slightly and slyly salacious; and a sheer delight to the depraved tasted of this reviewer.

Five of the stories are being published for the first time; but the majority first appeared on the pages of PLAYBOY and ROGUE. These two gay and lusty magazines have been



much maligned; and if you are too young to be permitted to have either of them around the house (or too elderly and weakly respectable to dare asking your newsdealer for them) Bantam has provided a wonderful opportunity for delinquents (of whatever age) to smuggle these naughty nuggets into their libraries via this small, somber-looking book.

In closing, and before it again slips what passes for our mind, we would like to remind the readers (if any) of this column Mr. Joseph Payne Brennan (NINE HORRORS AND A DREAM, Arkham House---1958, and THE DARK RETURNERS, Macabre House 1959) is still editing and publishing MACABRE, his small magazine devoted exclusively to the weird and outré. Support for this worthwhile project is urgently needed. Subscriptions (75¢ per year), or single issue orders (40¢) may be placed with Mr. Brennan at 55 Trumbull Street, New Haven 10, Conn.



The Second Stone

FANZINE REVIEWS lat

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST, Vol. 1, No. 3 (Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tenn., monthly or so, 15¢, 12/¢1.50, 23 pages)

Can't really say too much about this one. I suppose the best part of it is its title... and that isn't very good. I found the whole issue difficult to read...not because of the contents, which is averagish, but more because of the repro, and especially the layout, which is the most uninspired I've seen in a fanzine in a long time. Maybe when Jennings gets a few more issues under his belt, he'll do better.



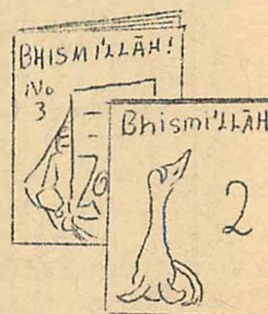
HABAKKUK, Chapter 1, Verse 3 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif., 55 pages)

There must be a price on this someplace... nobody can afford to send out fifty-five pages for nothing...but I can't find it. Anyway, this one is the greatest---from the Trina (by, not of) cover to the 23 page letter column at the end. In between are Donaho's meanderings, illoed by Bjo's cats, an article on (pardon me while I turn green) peyote, fanzine reviews and all sorts of other things. And all beautifully mimeoed, too.



BHISMI'LLAH! # 2 and 3 (Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, California, 15¢, 12/¢1.50, 18 pages and 34 pages)

I think this one's a comer. Main seems to have the drive to do it. There's an interesting short article in number 3 by Alan Dodd on ways of getting around paying for postage. Unfortunately, there's also one page in number 3 that in my copy almost doesn't exist. Les Gerber reviews fanzines ...netting Space Cage two requests for copies, even with a wrong address. Anyhow, I enjoyed this one.



BUDDHA'S BULLETIN, #3 (Poul Shingleton, 320 26th St.,
Dunbar, West Virginia, 4/25¢, 6 pages)



This one's pretty awful...there's even a misquoted interlineo from Space Cage (come to think of it, it's credited to the wrong issue, too) in it. Shingleton raves on about bigger and better things for BUDDHA'S BULLETIN. I hope so! Right now he's so right in calling it a Caveat

Emptor Publication.

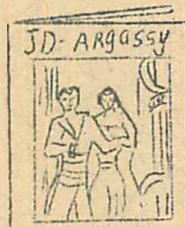
YANDRO #87 (Buck and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash,
Indiana, 15¢, 12/1.50, 27 pages)



I really hate to say this about YANDRO, since the Coulson's usually put out a fine fanzine, but thish slips badly. It's mainly letters, and while the letter column in YAN is generally outstanding, this one strikes me as far below par. Even the few articles are rather mediocre. Of course the repro and layout is still excel-

lent (altho, shock, there are a pair of facing pages without illos on them), but I'm afraid that if YANDRO has many more issues at this level, the Coulson's are asking for trouble when they insist their title be pronounced "Yawn-dro".

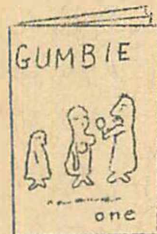
JD-ARGASSY # 54 (Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Ill.,
"almost" monthly, 12/1, 28 pages)



One can never tell what the next JD-A will be like, except that it will be entertaining and beautifully reproduced on multilith. Number fifty-four is no exception. Thish contains the conclusion of Bob Madle's "A Fake Fan In London"; fanzine reviews by Vic Ryan; the beginning of a new series by John Berry, "The Superfan

Saga" (delightful); letters; etc.

GUMBIE #1 (Steve and Virginia Schultheis, 447 Woodlawn Ave.,
Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio. I wish to ghod



that fanzine editors would put in a mast-head...after looking frantically, I found GUMBIE is free for trade, stamps, letters of comment etc.,...and I don't think they have any regular pubbing schedule((ah, they are experienced fans)), 21 pages)

This is a nice relaxed little zine.

HAH! I just found a pri ce for GUMBIE on page 20...15¢. It contains a satire on Califandom, but mainly hops around from this to that with hardly any organization whatever. I enjoyed it.

GROUND ZERO, final issue (BelleC. Deitz, George Nims Raybin, Franklin M. Dietz, Jr., 1721 Grand Avenue., Bronx 53, N.Y., 15¢, 19 pages)

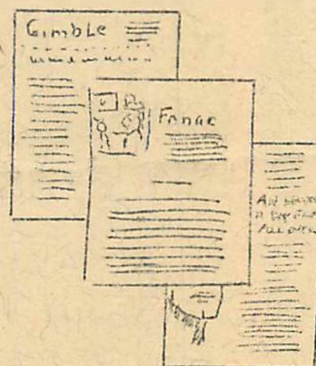
This is the Detention issue. Ted Johnstone's report seems to be a condensed version of the one appearing in PSI-PHI. There's also a recap of the costume ball. In addition to the Detention items, other subjects included are Les Gerber on "The Current State of Science Fiction Magazines" (he says nothing original), and more on Inchmerry fandom.



FANAC #57 (Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif., bi-weekly, 4/25¢, 9/50¢, 4 pages)

Thish's front page item is the Easter Loncon report by Ron Bennent. Also, all sorts of other news, changes of address, etc. Sometimes you can't find FANAC for all its riders. Recent ones include:

AN EGOBOO A DAY FROM ALL OVER (Terry Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley, Calif, 10 pages). A one shot containing letters of and congratulation on the FAN-NISH II.



GIMBLE #2 (Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollen St., South Pasadena, California. 17 pages). I'm not quite sure what Ted is trying to prove in GIMBLE, but I don't think he does.

RETROGRADE #2 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn., monthly, 8 pages)

This is a nice, relaxed, thoroughly enjoyable little bit which includes excerpts from newspapers, parts of various letters from Jim Harmon, a letter column, and much more. In fact, it just dawned on me how much seems to be in only eight pages, yet it somehow remains neat. Hope I get more of this.



Additional note: I also received a copy of Sandy Sanderson's APORRHETA # 16, which I have misplaced. However, I do recall that it was an excellent issue and I feel I ought to mention that fact.

"If you must quote me, for heaven's sake tighten up the grammar!" ...Jay Crackel

IT SMELLS

Mike Deckinger

In the past, when one commented on a motion picture by stating in no uncertain terms that it smelled, he was advancing the opinion that he obviously did not like the movie, and was sorry he had gone to see it. But in the light of all the modern advances, it is imperative that the vocabulary of the casual critic be revised and in some cases, phrases be omitted. For instance, nowadays when someone says he saw a picture that smells, you can't be sure whether he's panning it, or whether he's describing some of the properties.

Yesterday, in New York, I saw a picture that truly and literally smelled. And not noxious, acrid smells, either, but some very nice and pleasant aromas. The film, SCENT OF MYSTERY, is the product of Mike Todd Jr., son of the late showman, though it appears he wants to keep his true identity, and that of the players a mystery, for there are no credits at all in the film. At the last scene, just before the fade in, the title "SCENT OF MYSTERY, copyrighted 1959" in very small letters appears on the screen, for approximately a few seconds, but everyone was so engrossed in the unexpected arrival of Elizabeth Taylor, that hardly anybody noticed it.

But the smells, that is the main thing. The whole process is known as Smell-O-Vision which is an impossibility in itself, as vision refers to the optics and smell to the olfactories, but we'll pass that by. This is not the only film possessing this new dimension, by the way. A travelogue called BEHIND THE GREAT WALL sports a much more appealing process known as Aromarama, but since I haven't seen it, I can't give any verdict on it.

It isn't hard to find the little gadgets in SCENT OF MYSTERY that are responsible for the forty odors that are wafted to the viewers. They are somehow fixed to the back of each seat, so they are directly aimed at the viewer sitting behind the seat. They are all connected by thin pipes running along the floor, that come together in some sort of box channel at the end of the seats. The smells are automatically released in a control room, and are synchronized to hiss through the small nozzle at the appropriate moments on the screen.

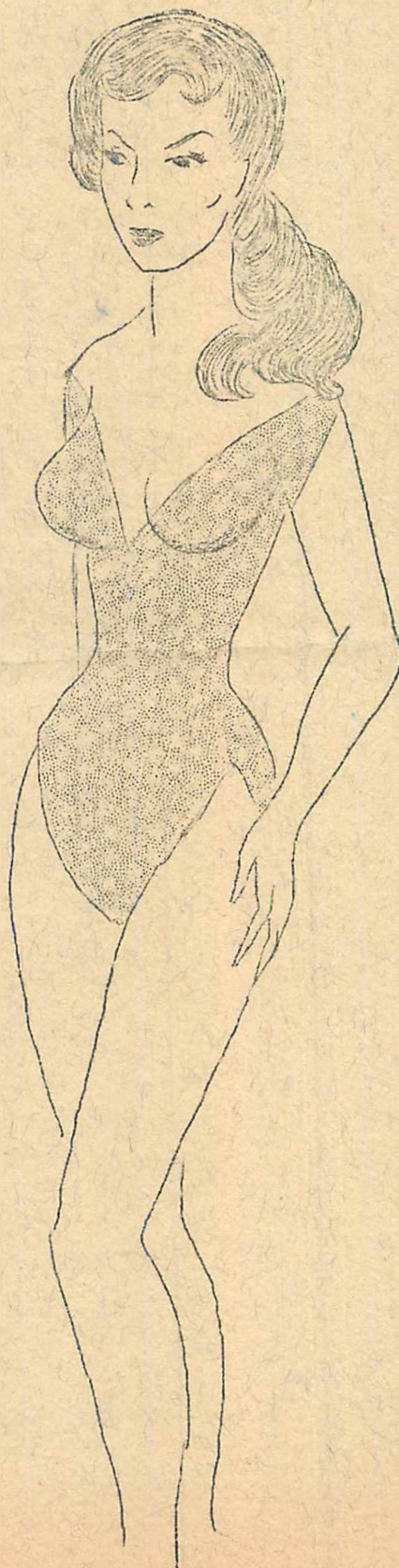
The film itself begins as a travelogue, with without a doubt some of the best scenery I've ever seen. All in color, and on a curved Cinerama screen, the majority of the film is beautiful in scenic detail and aspect. Another added feature, besides the smell-o-vision and the color is an improved ver-

sion of stereophonic sound, with many sounds actually off screen. It's an exceptional achievement in audio, and very unusual if one is not prepared for it.

There are approximately forty smells in all circulated throughout the film; some are easily recognizable, and others require a few sniffs. Some of them do not accurately fit in with the film, but are put in for scent effect, anyway, such as a scene where Denholm Elliot nearly trips on a banana peel, and from the jets by the seat a blast of an odor like ripe bananas issues forth. Now anyone can tell you that no discarded banana peel smells like ripe bananas, far from it in fact, but the novelty of getting such an accurate scent makes up for the discrepancy.

The whole idea of Smell-O-Vision hinges on the fact that a woman who has purchased a perfume called "Scent of Mystery" is to be marked for murder, and this smell is associated with her. Unfortunately, my ability in differentiating between various perfume odors is practically nothing, and everytime I received a whiff of "Scent of Mystery" through the nozzle, it could have just as well been "My Sin" or "Chanel No. 5" for I doubt if I could have told the difference.

As I think back, I can recall a few smells in particular which were extremely vivid. The smell of freshly poured black coffee, for instance, has a delightful aroma all its own (no matter what brand you may drink) and this aroma is very accurately transferred to the audience in a scene where Denham Elliot and Peter Lorre each pour themselves a cup. And in another sequence, a man is cutting an orange, and the scent you get



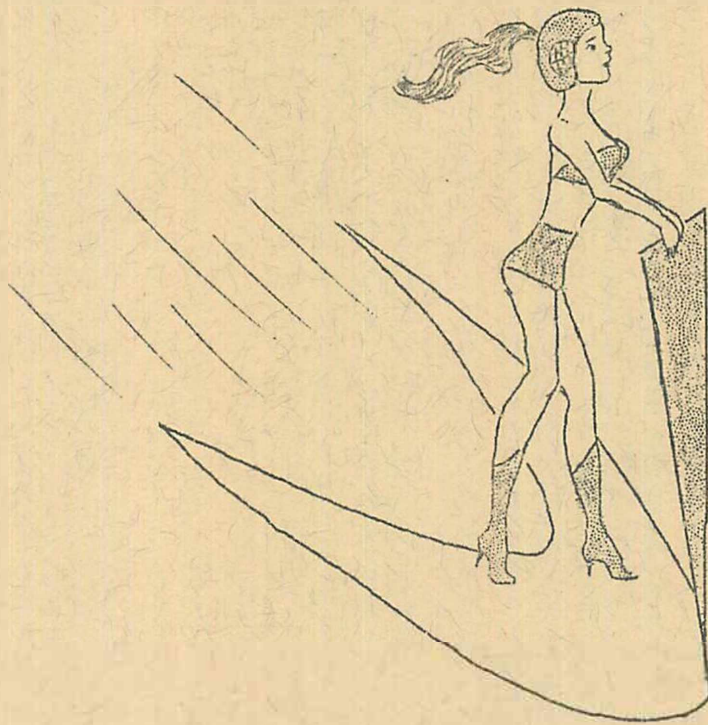
definitely is that of an orange. And further, the two heros (Elliot and Lorre) are riding a pony and a donkey, respectively, and this time the odor one receives is that of two very unclean and unparticular animals, and anyone who's ever been around a stable will find this scent to be too unpleasently accurate.

There is a very fine mystery story to SCENT OF MYSTERY, even with a genuine unexpected surprise ending. The scenery is beautiful; I never realized the countryside of Spain could be so enticing, and if you don't see this while sitting in the middle of the theatre, on a curved Cinerama screen, you're missing plenty.

And as an added bonus, Diana Dors is on screen for about a minute wearing a bikini which looks like it was recently under attack by a horde of starved moths, though she seems very unconcerned about the whole thing, displaying her well endowed body in practically every position that she can fit past the censor, and seemingly enjoying it, too. A proper aroma at this scene might be just sweat, though it could be interpreted in a bad way.

In case anyone is interested, once the scents are released, they linger in the air for about five seconds, and then drift up into the ceiling where they are immediately dispelled by large exhaust fans. There never is a case where two smells coincide.

So in summary, SCENT OF MYSTERY is a fine film. Yes, it smells, but it's still a fine film.



THE PATTERN OF LITTLE MICE

SANDY MITCHELL

While Mrs. Pboth is in the deepest depths of darkest Africa, I have been enjoying the simple beauty of Hoosier land. This morning for instance...by parents and I and another couple drove to the farthest point of southern Indiana to gather some fossils. Actually it was to be a business trip, but it ended up as a minor riot.

The whole thing started when members of the lapidary club to which my p arents belong, found out that we were going to Mexico late this summer. Since fossils make excellent swapping material, we---I mean my parents were hooked into going to gather these creatures. And where to go?? To the old coal mines near Coal City.

We arrived early, so we stopped at a very modern restaurant in Coal City. Well, at least it had electric lights. In the center of the room a rusty, but usable pot bellied stove sat in ancient splendor. The coffee was strong, and I do mean strong! We finally struggled out, and went to the strip mine. The United States Army had nothing on us. We gals wore blue jeans, and cotton blouses. Dad had gotten some equipment from an Army Surplus Store. That plus the arsenal he already owned put him in business. By the time we were hooked and strapped into all the equipment we needed, I couldn't move a foot. We had the bits with loop holes for various equipment. Of course ours consisted of a pick hammer, canteen and Musette bag. Not to speak of a pistol and ammunition which were added. We also had books on fossils, watches, and I like an idiot carried a sketch book, pencils, a ruler, pen and brush with me. My blue jeans pockets held makeup and a bottle of drawing ink, a banana and a comb. After getting harnessed to this straight jacket, Dad and Dennis decided that we were wasting our time. Shortly after setting crosslegged on a hot rock to crack the fossils, and getting burned, I knew we'd had enough.

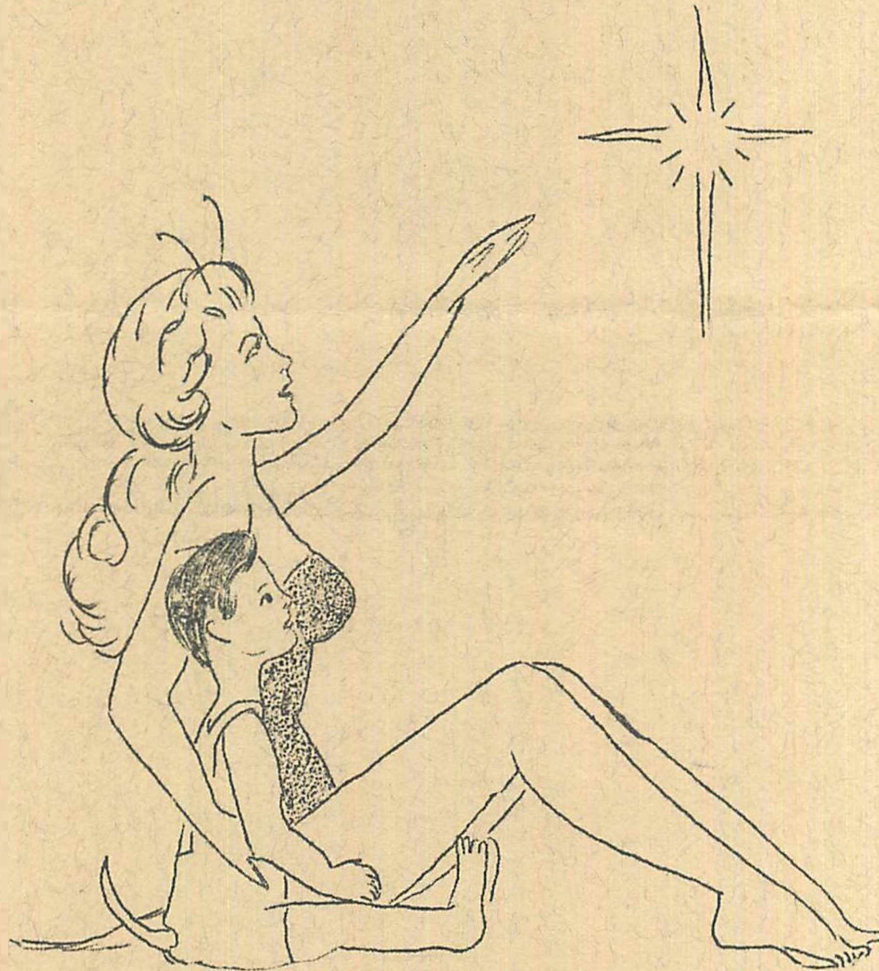
So we left and moved on to a new location. There in the wilds of Indiana, among the snakes and flies we ate our lunch. I didn't mind the visitors we had, but it sure hurt me to realize that I not only could not get loose from my equipment, but I could not sit down for the same reason. Somehow in crawling through the bushes, my stuff had shifted and I was momentarily unbalanced. We sat down to eat and I found that if I did a sort of jig and hula I was able to

sit down quickly without landing on my canteen. Halfway through lunch, we were belted by a Hoosier wind storm. Never in my life have I had as much fun as I did sorting leaves and bugs from my Iced Tea.

A twenty minute nap followed. That was, if you were able to out fox the tiny frogs that insisted upon sitting on your chest and staring you in the eye, Try it some time. You simply lie down and close your eyes. Then you wait for a croak and open your eyes to find this tiny monster surveying you.

Dennis, upon finding that he could not cope with the hoarse throated little devils, took a walk. We looked up in time to see him fall off a log and take a flying leap into the lake .

Six hours, a broken water pump, four sunburns, and a heck of a lot of trouble later, we arrived in Indianapolis, a blistered and mighty pooped group. I have only one thing to add. Does anyone know if Mrs. Pboth would like a well seasoned traveling companion?



VENUS EXPEDITION

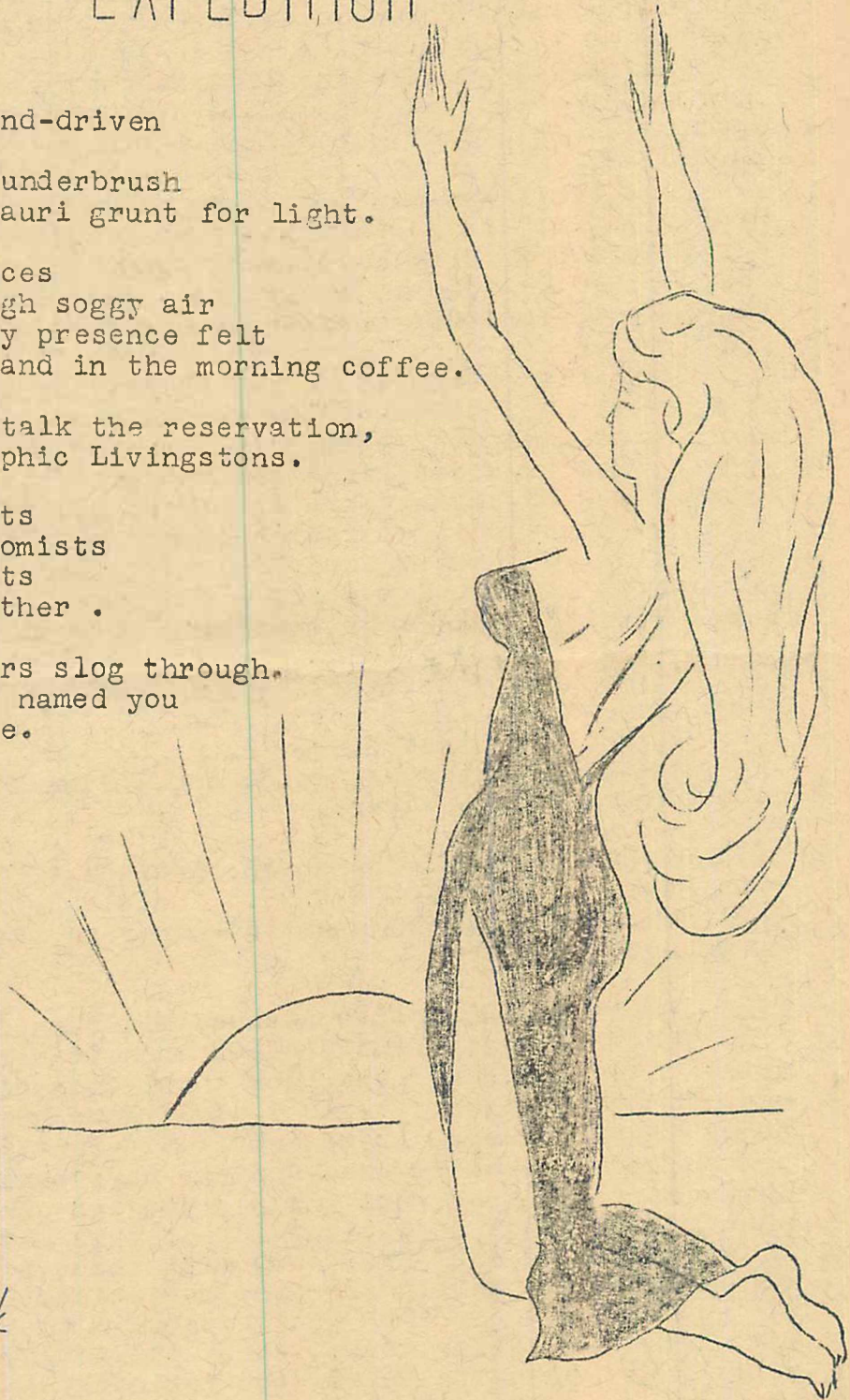
Fern mist drips, wind-driven
under sodden skys
as in the muck and underbrush
the pale sad bronosauri grunt for light.

Dust from dryer places
winds its way through soggy air
and makes its gritty presence felt
in teeth and pores and in the morning coffee.

Sweating now, we stalk the reservation,
hunting anthropomorphic Livingstons.

Named by mythologists
stared at by astronomers
visited by geologists
and everybody's brother .

Grunting, the hunters slog through.
Planet, the man who named you
must have hated love.



Peggy Cook

letters **CHEZ WHER** letters

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

Space Cage #3 is a tremendous improvement over #2.. I see you have gotten back your lettering guides (or bought new ones) /--the former...with the prices they charge, who can afford to buy new ones?--lat--/and that with the addition of illustrations makes the appearance several times better.

Monthly publication should be okay; just don't get too large or you'll feel the Grind. 20 pages is quite enough, I think. /--I figure on around 24 as the ideal--lat--/ There's quite enough large monthlies now without your adding to that trend. Also, why don't you charge a more definite subrate to those who wish to subscribe? Something like 10¢ per issue, dollar a year of 12 issues. /--I don't want to be responsible for the money in case I decide to gaffate again--lat--/

Hunter's column is rather short. It gets off to a nice start, but ends before one can really get up an interest in what he is saying. /--This is the kind of comment Jerry deserves when he loses the second page of his column.--lat--/ Crackel's book reviews are pretty good, but I don't read much stf these days so can't comment on his opinions.

Mike Deckinger's article hasn't changed very much since he sent it my way. It still could stand a little tightening. With that and some rewriting it would be rather a Burbee-like piece.

But I knew about Merlin, Femzine, etc! /--How?--lat/ I just happened to mention that one.

Mitchell's piece nice.

Fanzine reviews are good, and I like this bit of putting in a sketch of the cover.

BUCK COULSON, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana

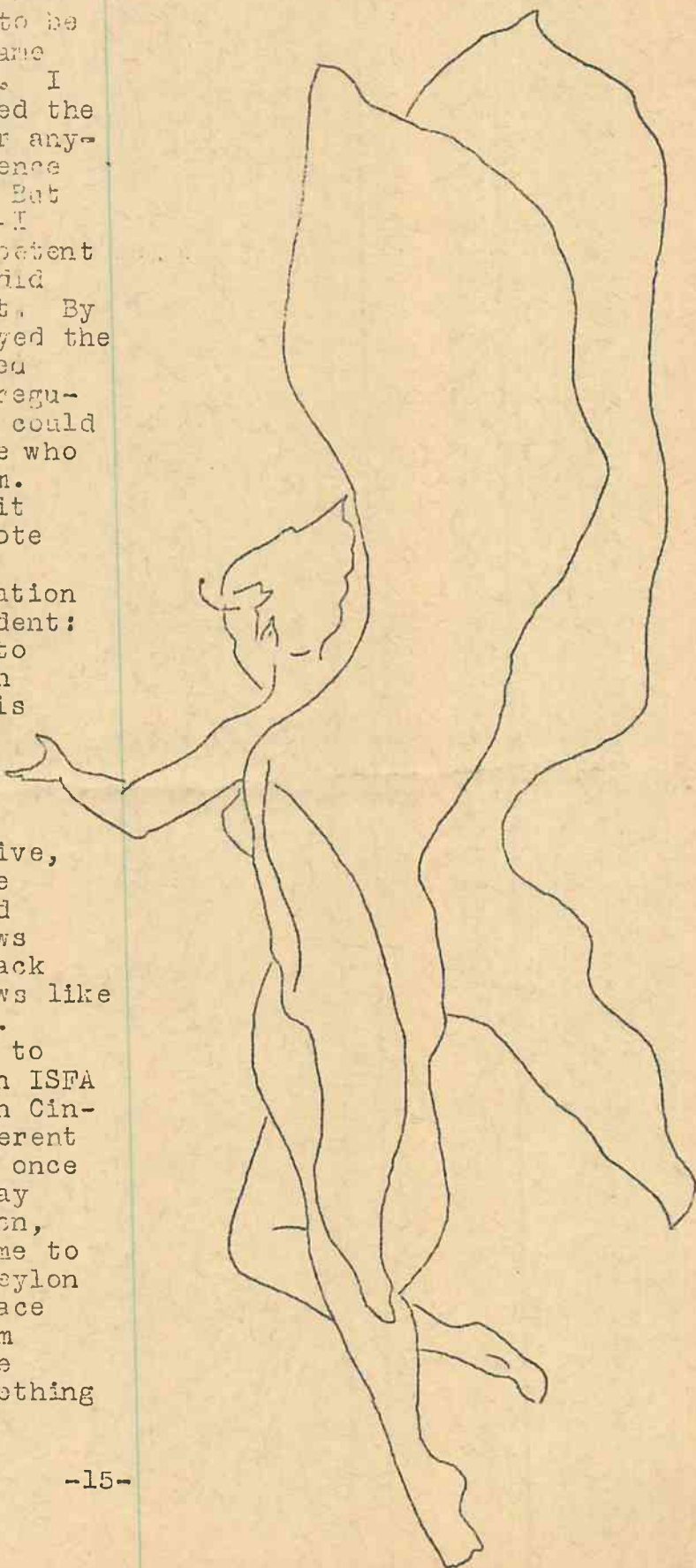
Have fun with SPACE CAGE. I could bring down a bull-whip next time, if you need to encourage Lavell to do the mimeoing.

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

Yes, I did see ALAS BABYLON when it was performed on tv. I have the Pat Frank book in my collection, but I haven't read it as yet, so I don't know how close they stuck to the story. It was obviously fantasy in some aspects, how else could Dana Andrews narrate if he were dead? And there were also some unexplained and confusing items, particularly the radiation; I felt this was going to turn into another ON THE BEACH too, with those people in Florida the last alive waiting for the radiation. There were some commendable scenes, such as the riot in the drugstore and the bit where the doctor is beaten by the addicts. The scene where Rita Moreno takes all the radioactive jewels from the

dead body, and then has it roll over on her was supposed to be grim and ghastly, but it came out distastefully humorous. I got the feeling she expected the charred corpse to fall over anyway, the horror of that scene just didn't come through. But the rest was pretty good--I thought the acting was competent and all the deaths in it did much to increase the effect. By the way, the woman who played the lady who had to be insulated /--with asbestos?--lat--/ regularly and died because she could not get it was the same one who got tingled in another film. Everything happens to her it seems. The only jarring note was the nonsense about the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare becoming president: a female, which just goes to prove the only way a woman can become president in this country is with 3/4 of the population dead. /--or unless they're insulated--lat--/ Oh yes, the ending was too indecisive, there should have been more finality to it. But by and large it was good, and shows that tv is on the right track if it can come up with shows like this and the TWILIGHT ZONE.

I really am surprised to hear Peggy Cock attended an ISFA meeting, since she lives in Cincinnati which is in a different state entirely /--oh, isfa once had someone come all the way from Philadelphia---and then, Arthur C. Clarke almost came to a meeting..and he's from Ceylon ...and there is no such place as Ceylon!--lat--/, and I'm more astonished to hear she smokes cigars. That's something even I don't do.



STEVE SCHULTHEIS, 477 Woodlawn, Apt C, Springfield, Ohio

Many thanks for SPACE CASE #2 & 3. With #3, it becomes a substantial and interesting zine. Especially liked Juanita's scattered thruout.

Being a completionist, I wonder if there's any possible chance of getting a copy of SPACE CASE #1 for the file. Would certainly appreciate one. /--sorry, but I think I have the one remaining copy...and cruddy, miserable little one page mess that it was, I still want to keep it.--lat--/

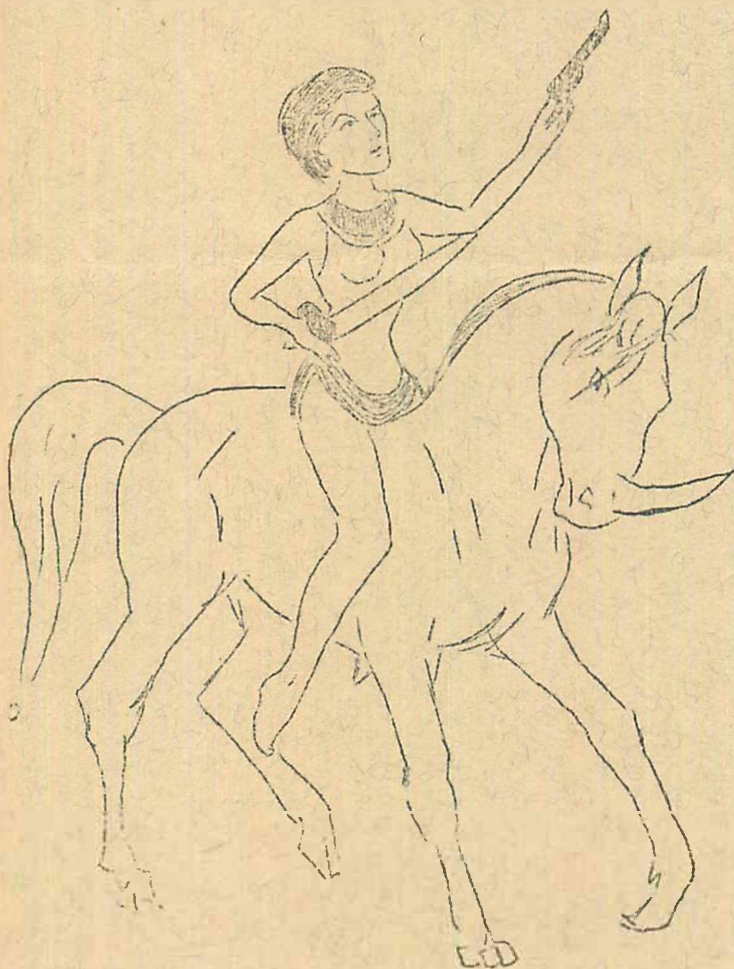
LYLE R. AMLIN, Box 215, Dixon, California (via ACT THREE...a letter substitute)

Hello, hello; by my calculation it has been five-plus years since I have written to you. You were editing MERLIN which I thought was a Good Fanmag. /--gee, it's nice to find someone who remembers me first hand!--lat--/ What ever became of it? I remember the cover of the name change issue--- you had various other tentative names on it with X marks on them and a stamp marked "O.K." Somewhere you had red on either the "O.K." or "Merlin". Anyway, I always have wondered how you did that little feat, red crayola?/- nothing like running a letter of comment five years late. --lat--/

Enjoyed Deckinger's piece on the Fan-post-mail. Had given fleeting thought to it myself. Think that I might try to get a letter to Mike by fen-to-fen (hand-to-hand) method. Would be interesting to see if it arrived/ how long it would take.

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159
Helen, Detroit 34,
Michigan

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



Mike? Is it Fred Prophet? Is it Gregg Trend? Is it incipient paranoia? Tune in next week and see...

I presume the whole purpose of SPACE CAGE is to gain support for the Indianapolis in '68 bid. A long range recruit drive, in other words. /--whaa?? I really hadn't even thought of SC in connection with the Circon--lat--/

You just may pull it off, too. Ted White, in Void #20, convinced me that Chicago should have a very sma ll chance of getting the '62 site. But it still isn't decided. What do you have to convince me? /--who needs to convince anyone... from what you say, we may get it by default--lat--/

The repro is good. And the lay-out isn't bad at all. A very professional job on the headings.

But that cover...Whrot! What a neoish cover. The perspective was all rotten, and there certainly wasn't any need for a border. Never again, please. And the joke itself was tired.

Oh well. At least you've a good letter guide.

Glad to see that you talked Juanita Coulson into helping with the zine. Juanita's illos/giruls were hokay. The one on page two was superb. /--Juanita did that one directly on stencil during an ISFA meeting--lat--/ You're not exactly untalented, yourself. That's a beaut on p age 11 /--at last! Someone appreciates me!--lat--/

A nice rambling editorial. More, next time please. I and Boob Lichtman both "dig" lots of editorializing. Rambling, too.

Jerry Hunter ploys around a bit. But is cut short before he can deliver a smashing punchline. /--HAH!--lat--/

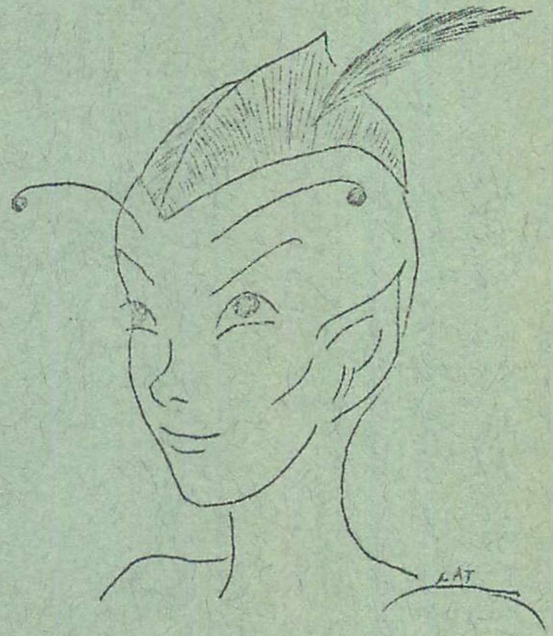
Mike Deckinger wasn't too entertaining. Pretty impractical, too. Doesn't he know Totendopeverbande Fueher Summerfield will never relinquish his position of power over America's prone public?

Crackel was a mite confusing in his reviews. He should compartmentize more, and give more attention to individual books, if he's to retain his pretence of Critic. Sloppy, I calls it.

Sandy Mitchell was, frankly, boring.

And I don't especially appreciate you ending "Cafe Rouge" and "Crackel's Copy" on other than adjoining pages.

Lots to improve in SPACE CAGE. Can you do it?



THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH MRS. PBOOTH ROMAN GUISE

In the lounge of the exclusive Time Travelers Club, Ferdinand Feghoot leaned back comfortably in his armchair. "Yes," he said thoughtfully to his companion, "You may deem it heresy on my part, but there is one woman I feel should be allowed to enter our 'hallowed halls'." His eyes took on a far-away look. "You don't find many women like Mrs. Pboth in our Twenty-sixth century. Whenever she goes after something, she always gets it.

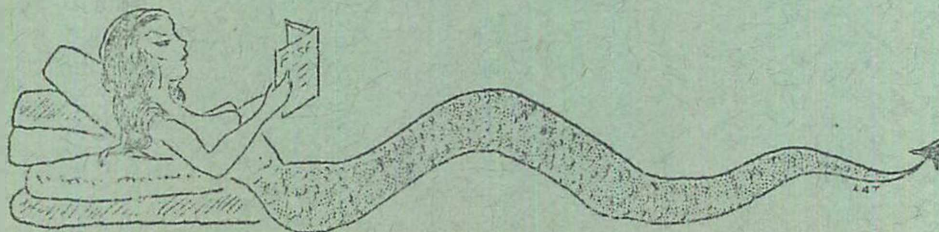
"Let me give you an example:

"A few years ago she became fascinated with the writings of a certain twentieth century science-fiction author and avidly set about collecting his works. Unfortunately the second volume of an important trilogy by him had been lost during the sub-atomic war of 2113. Mrs. Pboth determined to return to his era and get a copy from him personally.

"However, a short developed in the time machine during her trip to the twentieth century and she found herself in a similar but parallel space-time world. Upon investigation, she discovered that in this universe the man she was seeking had become a designer of women's clothes, originating, among other items, a type of girdle and a dress style which became fashionable in our universe during the Napoleonic Era. Mrs. Pboth secured both of these items and, after repairing the time machine with a bobby-pin, returned with them to our present space-time universe."

"But, see here, old chap," Feghoot's companion interjected, "You said she never failed in her quests. Yet she went after a book and returned with clothes. How do you reconcile that with your previous statement?"

"My dear fellow," Feghoot explained patiently, "Mrs. Pboth brought back exactly what she went after: Asimov's 'Foundation and Empire'."



LEGAL

(*"a Juanita Coulson
type editorial"*)

BY
LAT



In a recent issue of Andy Main's fanzine, BHISMILLAH, it was stated in a review of SPACE CAGE #2 that I do a "Juanita Coulson type editorial". This is rather flattering, since I always enjoy Juanita's editorials, but I also object. I'm really not imitating Juanita...I wrote this same type of editorial six or seven years ago....six, I guess...anyhow... Juanita and I started pubbing regularly about the same time...we didn't copy each other....and I don't know why she writes this loose jointed-directly on stencil editorial but I know why I do...I'm lazy...I always put off writing the editorial until the last minute...then who has time to write a carefully organized type of thing?...I always just sit down at the typewriter, hoping for inspiration to strike...it never does, but I do get something down anyhow....I recently picked up a copy of an anthology of mystery-crime-detective, I guess, stories in pb...title: DAMES, DANGER, DEATH or some such...anyhow...the first story was a Curt Cannon mystery by "Curt Cannon", "Now Die in It".... the plot seemed very familiar to me...I checked into one of the Ed McBain '87th Precinct novels, THE MUGGER...and there it was...in some spots word for word...now this might be a cause for law-suits and such if it weren't for the fact that "Curt Cannon" is a pseudonym for Ed Mc Bain...both of which are nom de plume s of Evan Hunter...this I think is very sneaky...wonder how many more times he can use the same idea...let's see, there's Richard Marsten and Hunt Collins to go...this could be quite a racket...three or four novels coming out...same plot, different detective...come to think of it, who'd notice the difference...or likeness..... Ye gods, I've got about three lines to go...what can one say in three lines....No column by Jerry Hunter this time...he was working on one, but dropped over and read the stencils of the letter column with criticisms on his previous one...a traumatic experience from which I'm afraid he'll never recover....lat



from:
SPACE CAGE
c/o Lee Anne Tremper
3858 Forest Grove Drive,
Apt. A-3
Indianapolis 5, Ind.
return postage
guaranteed
mimeographed matter
only

Dick Schultz
19159 Helene
Belmont 54, Mich