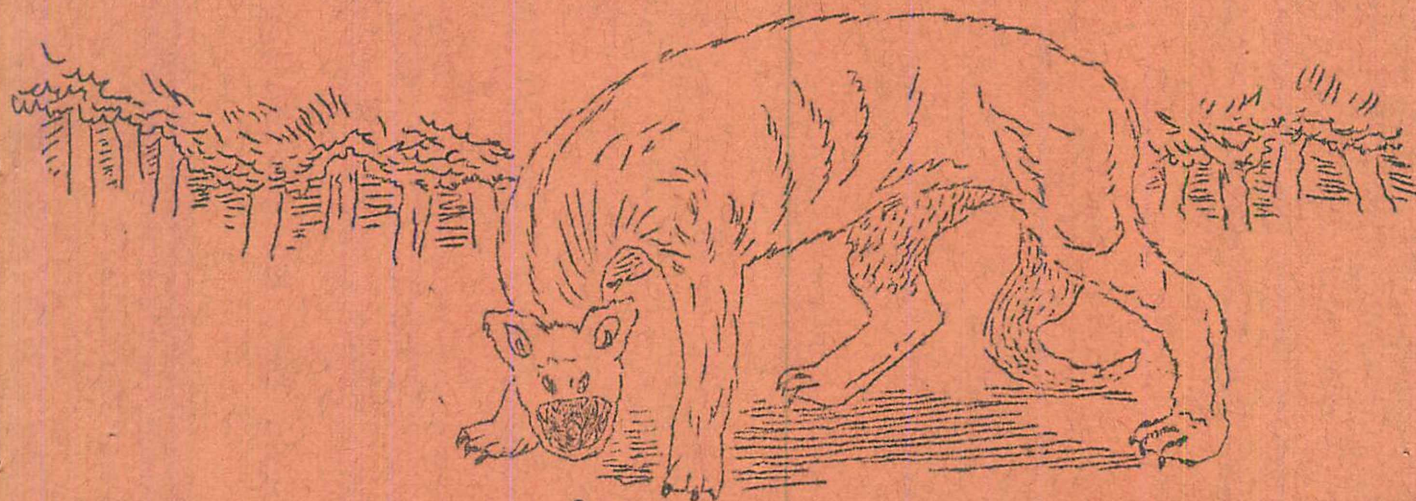


# 8 SPACE CAGE 8







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\*reprinted from his apazine, where I am sure no one but a sap would read it.

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Scotty Tapscott: pages 3, 11, 15	Jeff Wanshell: page 13
Juanita Coulson: pages 4, 7, bacover	Ray Nelson: page 17
Ted Johnstone: page 5	lat: pages 18, 19
George Oshry: pages 12, 14	

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If there is a "T" after your name on the outside, we are trading, or I would like to trade. If there's a "C", how about commenting or contributing? If there's an "X", this is the last issue you'll get unless you do something soon to earn another one.



# The Moderate Man

a fable by F. M. Busby

This fable is not a contemporary satire. You will look in vain for applications to current political maneuverings, either fannish or mundane. It is simply a little story about a fellow whom I would rather like to know, if he really existed...

ø ø ø

Once upon a time there was a moderate man named Henry. He was mildly liberal in some ways and mildly conservative in other ways.

He believed in The Middle Way.

He equally abhorred the extremes of the political Right and of the political Left; the Right and the Left felt much the same way about him.

"A little tolerance and understanding go a long way in politics," Henry used to say. He said this rather wistfully, most of the time.

One day the Right and the Left and everybody in-between got together and overthrew the government of Henry's country. It was a terribly tyrannical government, anyway; it suppressed the will of the people; it refused to allow either the Left or the Right to exterminate the other; it refused to abolish taxes and labor unions. Naturally this government was abhorrent to all right-thinking people. Henry rather liked it.

Nevertheless, Henry joined with all right-thinking people and helped to overthrow the government of his country. He might have been a moderate, but he wasn't a party-pooper.

After the government had been overthrown and everyone was running out of little pieces of it to stamp underfoot, Henry was ready to call it a day and go home. "Guess that just about does it, hey, gang?" he said. "Another day, another revolution!" he said. But nobody paid any attention to Henry. They were all busy forming a new government. That's the trouble with some people; they don't know when to let well enough alone.

It all too a very long time, since practically no one could agree on practically anything. Particularly, neither the Left nor the Right could agree to let the other have any voice in the new government. By the time the Left and the Right had listed all the people that each found utterly unacceptable to be in the new government, there was hardly anyone left unlisted. In fact, the only person who was not barred, by one side or the other, was Henry.

So Henry became the new government, because he had never had a kind word for either the Left or the Right and so could be depended on not to play favorites. "We need a man of sturdy impartiality," said all the people who were drafting legislation to outlaw their opposition.



"OK, fellas," said Henry. "Now everybody go home and leave me get a long with the governing."

The Left demanded that Henry cease interfering with the right of free assembly. The Right insisted that he do something about his grammar. His wife said they needed new curtains in the Capitol building. Between the picketing and the petitions and the nagging, Henry wasn't getting much sleep.

So he had a moat dug around the Capitol and installed a drawbridge and a portcullis. The portcullis contained a turnstile which collected 50% admission charge plus 20% entertainment tax.

The Right called him a radical lunatic. The Left called him a fascist beast. His wife called him a perfect idiot, and took the turnstile moneys to buy material for new curtains.

Henry sat down to write a new set of laws for the country, but he couldn't think of any. He considered making it illegal to shoot government officials out of season, but he couldn't spell "official" so he gave it up.

Finally he sent out a questionnaire to all the people of the country, asking each one to state what laws he particularly wanted to see enacted. If any.

He received 17,563,442 replies, some of which ran to many, many pages. Seventy-three persons, however, replied that there were no laws they particularly wanted to see enacted. Henry sent postcards to these 73 persons, telling them to come to the capital and take up their new duties as the Parliament. So they did, and now the country had one premier and 73 legislators. Everyone else was registered as a lobbyist, for a small fee just to keep things going until some taxes could be levied or whatever it is you do with taxes.

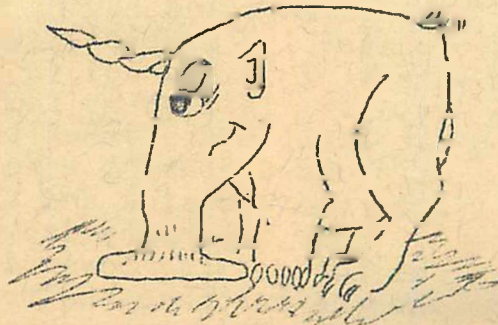
Pretty soon things were back to normal, or as neat to normal as things ever get. The left demanded that all industries be nationalized. The Right demanded that all labor leaders be taken out and shot. Henry's wife demanded that something be done about all the mosquitoes that were breeding in the moat.

Henry nationalized the mosquito-breeding industry, with a no-strike clause.

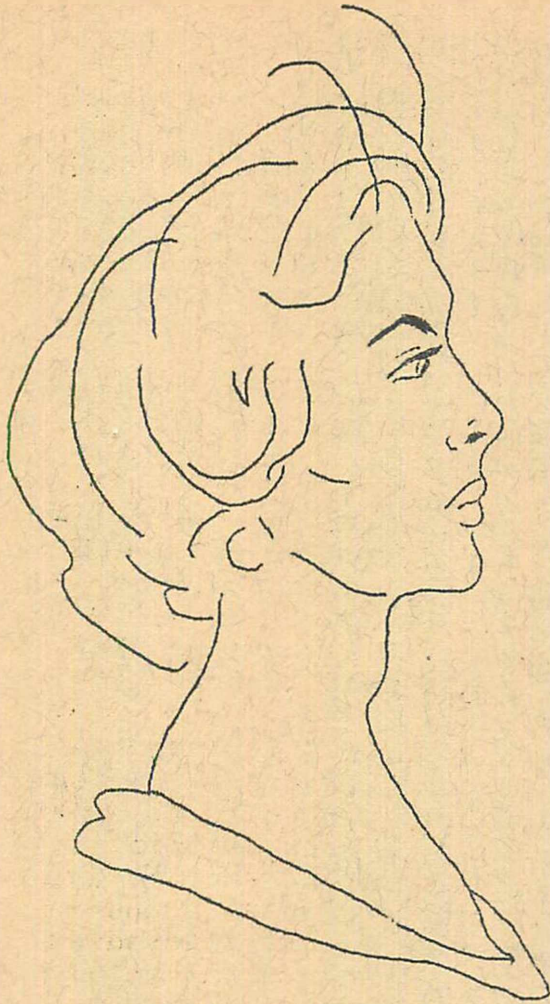
The Left denounced Henry for trying to Set Back the Clock of Progress. The Right denounced him for Leading the Country Down the Road to Socialism. His wife complained that it was harder all the time to get him up in the mornings.

"For once," said Henry, "you've given me a good idea." He passed an Executive Order setting all the clocks back one hour. "It gives me an extra hour of sleep in the mornings," he said. "I call it Daylight Wasting Time."

The Parliament was trying







very hard to pass some laws, but they could not generally make themselves heard over the shouting of the lobbyists of the Left and of the Right. Finally one night they held a secret meeting in the basement and passed an appropriation to fix the Parliament Building up with a moat just like Henry's. After that they were able to pass laws at a great rate, often legislating far into the night and occasionally forgetting to knock off for lunch.

The laws piled up on Henry's desk waiting for his signature. He began to have trouble with writer's cramp, but he stuck with the job. Pretty soon he set the clocks back another hour.

The Right complained that the dead hand of bureaucracy was stifling the initiative of free enterprise. The Left complained that the country was being run for the benefit of special interests, and other people's special interests, at that. Henry's wife complained that pretty

soon she'd be fixing breakfast at high noon.

Henry appointed a commission to hear complaints and make recommendations. He appointed the leader of the Right, the leader of the Left, and his own wife.

The hearings of the commission were rather lively, but somehow they never got around to making any recommendations. Henry began to catch up on his sleep a little more. He went to a doctor to see about his Writer's Cramp. For the first time in history, a Parliament was recessed on doctor's orders.

The Parliament was outraged. Henry was spending all his time fishing in his moat, which he had stocked with trout to help keep down the mosquitoes. Parliament was not outraged at having been recessed; Parliament was outraged because its members were not allowed to fish in Henry's moat. They had not thought to stock their own moat with trout. "Is that my fault?" Henry asked, reasonably enough, but Parliament seemed to feel that it was his fault. The Left and the Right were silent, for once, but Henry's wife said she was sick and tired of cleaning trout.

One day Henry decided to go out for a walk. He opened the portcullis, lowered the drawbridge, and walked across. Then he unlocked the remote-control box and pushed the buttons to close the portcullis and raise the drawbridge. He



locked the control box, put the key in his pocket, and strolled off. Henry was neat about little things, that way.

Henry took a nice long walk. He walked in the fields and in the woods. He walked through the suburbs and past the factories. Finally he came to the downtown area. Here he met a large group of people who were marching and shouting. He tried to ask them where they were going and what they were doing, but he could not make himself heard, and they all marched past him.

Henry grabbed the last straggler by the arm. "What's going on?" he asked.

"We're going to overthrow the government," the man answered.

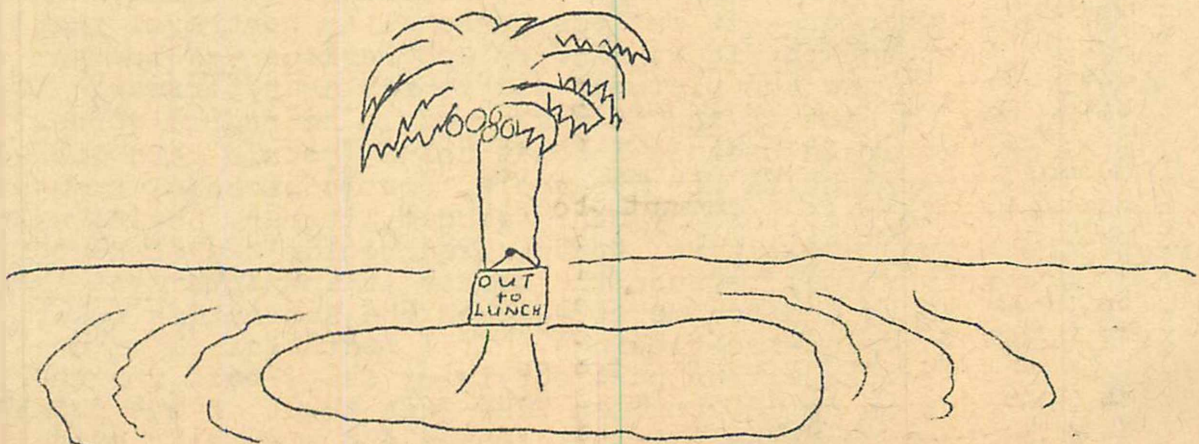
"But why?" asked Henry.

"The Left says the government is corrupt and reactionary. The Right says it is dangerously radical. The fishing industry claims that the premier's moat is unfair governmental competition with business, and the lobbyist's union claims that those drawbridges interfere with their civil liberties. The premier's wife wants to fill in the moat and plant a box hedge, and the political commentators say this would interfere with their coverage of the premier's private life. The Parliament is trying to vote itself equal fishing rights in the premier's moat, and my wife says it isn't healthy for me to sleep so late in the mornings with the clocks set back the way they are. And the premier's doctor is trying to keep the Parliament from socializing the premier's case of Writer's Cramp. Don't you see, we can't put up with this mess any longer!" And the little man broke away and ran after the shouting, marching people, who were some distance away by this time.

Henry just stood there for a minute; he was stunned. Then he began to run after the little man. "Hey, wait! Wait!" he cried. "Make them wait!" he cried to the little man.

"What for?" the little man replied. "What do you want to come along for?"

"I have to," said Henry. "I've got the only key to the drawbridge."





DICK LUPOFF...

## ~~WHO WAS THAT LADY~~

This is about PSYCHO. PSYCHO the book by Bob Bloch, PSYCHO the movie by Joe Stefano - Alfred Hitchcock. If you saw the flick, fine; if you read the book, better; if you did both, that's best of all. If you've done neither before now, put this article down and go out and either see or read PSYCHO, preferably both. Go ahead! SPACE CAGE isn't mimeographed in disappearing ink; it will still be here in a day or a week. And believe me, you are doing yourself a real disservice if you read this article before you have seen or read PSYCHO.

Now, this isn't a book review or a movie review. If you're interested in my opinion of either PSYCHO you can have my opinion, to wit: I started the book under protest; Pat had read it as a macabre mystery and she was trying to get me to read it and I thought that if I would read a few pages and say I didn't like it she would leave me alone. Well, it was late at night when I started it and I had to get up and go to work the next morning and I was very sleepy but once I began the book I finished it before I went to bed.

As for the movie, I was also hesitant about going, because although I was by now sold on the story I was convinced that PSYCHO was badly miscast. The roles of the Crane sisters, played by Janet Leigh and Vera Miles, should have been reversed. And Tony Perkins as Norman Bates was absurd. Norman Bates was bald, fat, and forty. He was nervous, sweaty, a borderline alcoholic. If ever a perfect Edmond O'Brien role existed, it was that of Norman Bates. But Tony Perkins!

Good old Lupoff, wrong again. Janet Leigh was fine. Swapping her with Vera Miles did no harm. And Perkins really surprised me. All right, so Bates became skinny and a few years younger---it was the personality portrayal that mattered, not the physique. And, by God, Perkins was Norman Bates. Yes, I saw the picture, and it was near perfect. It scared me. I went to see it again and it scared me worse. I will not go again because I don't think I could take it.

That statement is not hyperbole, poetic license, exaggeration-for-effect, or any other goddam literary device except the actual and literal truth. You couldn't drag me to PSYCHO a third time, because the terror it inspires worsens with familiarity and for me it reached the saturation point at one-reading-plus-two-viewings. If I went again I am confident that I would either pass out in my seat, bolt for the door, or mess in my \$30 English Daks just about at the point where Janet Leigh takes off her clothes and starts to reach for the shower.

But I said this wasn't going to be a review. It's an



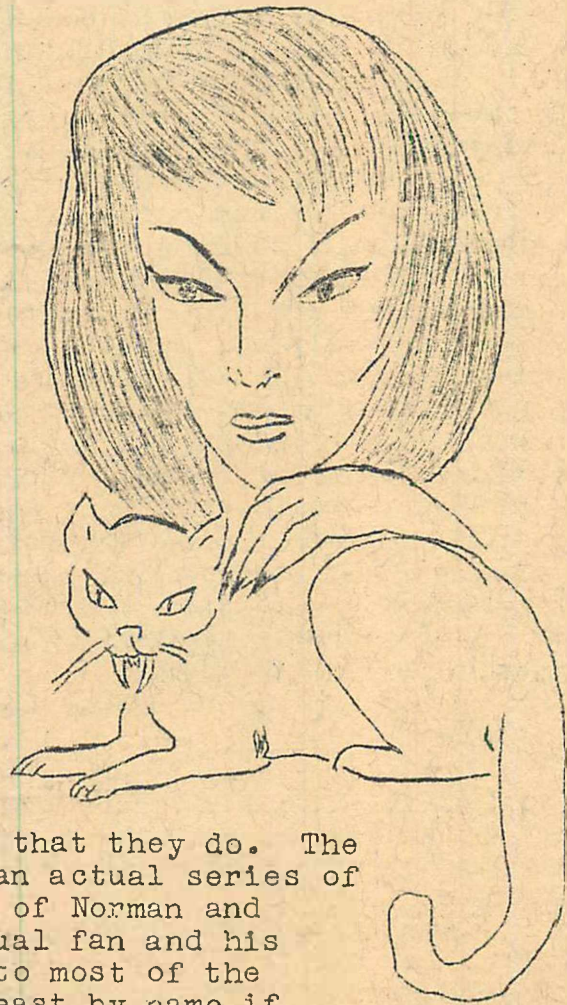
article , and it's about only one aspect of PSYCHO, the central problem of the story -- book or picture -- and that's the personality (or personalities) of Norman Bates, the struggle that takes place within him. The conventional explanation of PSYCHO is that of a straight schizophrenia problem, the personality of the central character having been shattered into three parts by a combination of childhood trauma and guilt.

The three personalities, Norman, Norma, and Normal, are in shifting control of the body of Norman Bates. At times two of them are present simultaneously. There is conflict: Normal versus Norma, struggling for maturity and freedom; Norma versus Norman, seeking to suppress and subjugate the repressed child. At other times each personality comes into full control: Normal for the running of the Bates Motel, exhibiting a predictable (if perverted) interest in women; Norma, seizing control at such times for acts of jealous violence; the child Norman, inseparable from his mother, retreating to his toys and hobbies when under stress.

The end of the struggle comes at the end of the book: Norman and Normal are defeated, destroyed, exorcised by Norma. In full control, no longer challenged by Norman or Normal, she lapses into catatonia. Neat. Clever. Conceivable. I don't buy it. Not from Bloch I don't buy it. Not from WEIRD TALES Bloch. Not from "Opener of the Way" Bloch. Not from double-entendre, caluclated-ambiguity, see-it-through-these-agonized-eyes Bloch.

PSYCHO is pure fantasy. At least, it is open to interpretation as a fantasy, and it is my belief that Bloch meant an elite segment of his audience to interpret it that way while the rest went merrily home saying to themselves, "Boy, that Norman sure was some gcony character. I wonder if such a thing could really happen. No (shudder), I guess it's too far-fetched ever to happen."

Sure, it's far-fetched, you mental myopics! Of course such aberrant personalities don't exist. Except that they do. The events of PSYCHO were based on an actual series of murders. But the personalities of Norman and his mother were based on an actual fan and his mother, living today and known to most of the people who will read this, at least by name if





not in person. And if you don't know who they are I won't risk a libel suit by telling you. Not in print anyhow. Write me a letter if you want to know, or better yet, ask me in person.

But I still don't believe it. I still maintain that PSYCHO -- the book -- is a pure fantasy, and even in the movie version, although the implications are not quite as clear (except maybe in the closing seconds of the film), it is still open to that construction.

If you want to know what I mean, you'll have to do something. I can't convince you, I can only guide you to your own discovery of the true nature of the beast. What you'll have to do is get every bit of the superscience/superstition of Freud and the materialists out of your mind. Carry yourself back mentally to a more enlightened era, to the world of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when people knew that there were powers in the world besides visible ones, and creatures afoot besides those of the daylight centuries.

Believe in ghosts and spirits and most important of all, in the possession of a man by a soul-rotting body-stealing malignity of a sentience which will be satisfied by nothing but complete triumph and stopped by nothing short of the power of God -- if by that!

Pick up your copy of PSYCHO again and read with a new outlook, with the realization that Norman's Mother was neither a harmless, crazy old lady nor a guilt-fissioned segment of a sick mind, but a ravening, revengeful, restless soul of a passionate woman murdered by her own son, her longing body never again to know the violent ecstasy of her lover's attack!

Think of that vengeful spirit, working spite upon her murderer, her son, as he grew from boyhood to manhood. Think of her maddened, lustful, uncontrollable rage whenever that son sought the satisfaction he had forever denied to her, leading time and again to the destruction of those women he would love, as he had destroyed her and the man she had wanted. Think of Norman, ridden by the guilt of having murdered two as a child, reeling, struggling against the onslaught of that spirit, losing control time and again, seeking frantically to hide from "enlightened" men the evidence of his struggle. And finally losing.

Go ahead, read PSYCHO knowing that it isn't just a story about a sick killer.

Then think of going to see it again. I don't think you will.

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The next meeting of the INDIANA SCIENCE FICTION  
ASSOCIATION

will be held on Saturday, December 3, 1960, 7:30 pm  
at  
3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Ind.

For any further information call LI 7-8529

...Mrs. Poth



# LETTERS CHEZ WHEN

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

Your cranking new Roneo turned out a lovely duplicating job, but now you need a new stapler. Space Cage #7 was the most deciduous fanzine I've received in a long time.

Not only was the duplication greatly improved, but I detected some improvement in the layout and artwork of this issue. The Ray Nelson cartoons were excellent, and George Oshry (who he?) seems promising. /--George "I. Ismad" Oshry is like one of the earlier Indiana fans...that is, around 1954-55, or thereabouts. We dredged him up once more at last year's hobby show. George contributed frequently to my fanzines in that era...he once wrote a serial that lasted some seven chapters before he decided to give it up...seems he discovered he'd "obliterated" the hero in about chapter three...George also sent an illo once that completely puzzled me...I couldn't make head nor tail of it...but I printed it anyway. (George's things were so bad they were good.) When George got that issue he frantically called me wanting to know why I had printed his illo sideways. (Well, how was I supposed to know that it was a picture of the Earth scratching itself?) There is much much more that I could tell you about George, but...--lat--/ However, to my taste there are altogether too many poorly drawn and pointless little filler pix scattered around through the issue. Most of them could be dispensed with without affecting the readability of the magazine at all. /--Yes, but I get so tired of mimeoing pages upon pages of nothing but plain print!--lat--/ Juanita Coulson's cover pic was well drawn and had some point to it, but, alas, when you've seen one Juanita-pic you've seen 'em all. She hasn't improved (or even changed) her technique or her subject matter much in all these years.

Another rather urgent improvement---besides the reduction of unintegrated filler-pix in Space Cage---would be in the matter of proofreading. A bottle of corflu is hardly an investment comparable to a Roneo, but it could've done wonders, too, in helping you turn out a fanzine to be proud of. I see very little reason for the many typos and strikeovers.

/--I made the mistake of letting Jim Lavell proofread the last issue...he found all sorts of errors, he told me after it was too late, but he just didn't bother to correct them... Jim's a bit kooky...anyway, I plan to do all the proofreading myself, this time...so I'll have no excuse.--lat--/

J. T. Crackel's "Fantasy in Outline" is obviously a serious and ambitious project, and part 2 strikes me as a moderately complete summary of one phase of the subject. He does, however, make a few errors in fact, emphasis and judgment. The



outline form, perhaps, causes a few inaccuracies, as when he says that most of the stories collected in The Best of Science Fiction were from ASF; this may be sufficient as a generalized statement, but why not say 25 out of 40 stories were from ASF ---slightly more than half? Does an outline really have to be so vague?

Two of his remarks almost contradict each other. He says the range of magazine science fiction over the past 30 years is so extensive that it would be difficult to "re-assemble, review, and evaluate" all these millions of words. Then in the very next paragraph he points out that during the boom science fiction that hadn't been collected became so scarce that "editors and anthologists ransacked libraries, secondhand book stores, and the files of old magazines for fresh material." Of course a lot of sf was published since 1926, and before, but the back files aren't all that extensive. In fact, it's possible to store away the entire output of the sf field from 1926 to the first boom in 1939 in a few big cartons. Of course the way to become something of an expert in sf is to be born early enough, and become a fan early enough, to keep up with the field as it develops. I've read a pretty good percentage of all the sf available in English merely because I started reading it 25 years ago and was interested enough to obtain most of what went before and nearly everything I missed subsequently.

Crackel says that "even a moderately complete listing of magazine science fiction" could probably not be compiled. The Day indexes will, when volume 2 is published, certainly be a more than adequate listing of all sf in the field itself. I don't know how much sf in other magazines were extensively indexed and annotated by Bill Evans and others, and---at least before the boom of the 1950's---a familiar feature in fanzines was the index or summary of fantasy published in the Satevpost, Blue Book, Argosy, and other dabblers. It seems unlikely that any really important sf has been overlooked altogether.

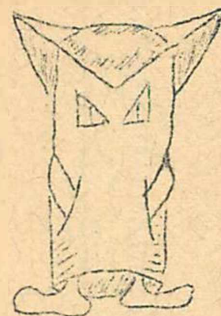
J.T. relies, I suppose, on hearsay when he brushes off the early pulp era as a period when sf consisted "almost entirely of poorly written space operas, sub-standard sagas of spectacularly mad scientists with their usually catastrophic inventions, and an endless stream of romances in which pure-minded heroes rescued beautifully undraped maidens from nasty and lecherous bug-eyed monsters." While this passage des-

WEATHER  
BUREAU

OUT  
TO  
LUNCH  
PROBABLY



cribes the characteristics of a good many stories in Clayton Astoundings (1930-3), it hardly does justice to a great many other stories, just as typical of the era, that appeared in the Gernsback magazines. It would be easy to read a good many issues of Wonder without encountering a single maiden imperilled by a "nasty and lecherous bug-eyed monster." In truth, a more typical yarn might be one such as Laurence Manning's "The Voyage of the Asteroid" (WSQ, Summer 1932), a factual and sober account of a first trip to the planet Venus in nothing less than a three-stage rocket, and a rather disastrous "exploration" of about a square mile of that world---being lost most of the time due to the heavy fog. Dull and poorly written, yes, many of these stories are that. But BEMs and mad scientists were, perhaps, more typical of Amazing and TWS of a later era, not the early pulp era.



I wonder how Crackel missed Adventures in Time and Space, and Shot in the Dark, two important early anthologies? /--I don't know about the latter, but I did ask Jay about AiTaS and he said he considered it a "dreadful anthology".---lat---/

Dick Schultz' "The Master's Vengeance" was very well written and pretty amusing, but was a hell of a lot of wind-up for one rather small punchline. By the way, I don't think Claude Degler /1960/ can probably be described yet as an "old man". He's probably still in his 30s. And Al Ashley didn't bar Doro from the Michicon in 1941; I think it must've been 1943.

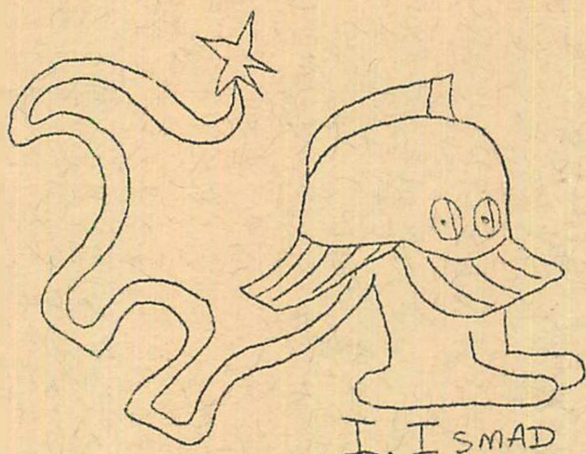
Mike Deckinger's "Fannish Comparisons" was fairly interesting, but a line in Shangri-L:Affaires #52, which arrived in the very same mail as Space Cage #7, sort of killed the point to it: "Waaal, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Bloch article!" The folk song parodies by Joe Sanders and Les Gerber were fun, but I must admit I don't know the tune called "Baldheaded Woman." /---Best recording I've heard of it is on Odetta's "My Eyes Have Seen..." lp (Vanguard9059).---lat---/

I liked Winfield Massey's "In the Beginning" very much ---this was expertly worked out. Crackel's book reviews were adequate and readable, even though I don't agree with his estimates. The editorial we in this column is faintly irritating. Among the letters I especially enjoyed those by Warner, Ryan and Deckinger. I agree with Donald Franson that fantasy fans usually attack sf fans, not vice versa, and I, like Franson, feel that sf is the important branch of our literature, while fantasy is "only on a par with other enjoyable reading."

"Leegal": Tell us frankly, how would you grade a theme handed in to you by one of your students in which he'd punctuated in three-dottle like this editorial? /---Frankly, I think I'd be delighted! With the second grade it's a fight all the way just to get 'em to recognize there is such a thing as a period.---lat---/



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



I am now inclined to think that J.T. Crackel is serious in this long article. So he becomes vulnerable to all sorts of criticisms. The inaccuracies are terribly numerous; Phil Strong and H. B. Wells, indeed! /--Please, I'm pretty sure those were my typos, and not Jay's mistakes! Step on me, not him!--lat--/ The writing is atrocious. He adopts that annoying habit of using unwieldy synonyms for

science fiction, simply because he imagines that it's wrong to use that term regularly, and as a result we read all about the genre and "this literature" and similar useless substitutions. There is a reluctance to come to grips with the issue; since he is doing some historical work here, he should have taken the trouble to determine precise facts instead of indulging in generalities that omit names and titles. However, I suppose that a well-edited and corrected version of this would serve as a pretty good brief introduction to the history of science fiction that someone ought to write someday.

Dick Schultz caught me by surprise with his ending. The gimmick may not have justified quite that many pages, but the imitation of the worst sort of melodramatic fantasy fiction is quite amusing. Degler's memory seems to have suffered with the passing of time, because it was in 1943 that his eviction from the Slan Shack came about.

In the Beginning started out in a way that resembles the philosophical discussions in The New Adam. It's probably the best thing in this issue, just long enough for its purposes, and so well written that I feel quite sure that this is someone else lurking behind a penname. /--Winfield Massey is a fan the Indianapolis group found at last year's Hobby Show. So far as I know, "In the Beginning" was his first fanzine appearance.--lat--/

With Malice Toward All was lost on me, through no fault of Joe Lee. I've never read the Fu Manchu stories or anything much by Sax Rohmer, and I'm sure that there are all sorts of subtleties that I have missed in this item as a result.

Hal Shapiro has brought up a point that has always caused me to doubt the theory of evolution. I can understand the evolution of the skull because creatures with a hard shell a round the brain survived blows that killed off their softheaded companions. But it doesn't seem probable that some similar protection shouldn't have developed for the heart and genitive organs. It might be possible to excuse nature with her failure to protect the throat, because I imagine that it's been only a few thousand years



that the throat has been vulnerable; men probably went around with bent head and hunched shoulders in more primitive times and these gave fair protection. One minor quibble: the skin does a better job than Hal gives it credit for, with electricity. It can't withstand severe shock for any length of time, but it gives temporary protection, long enough to give you a chance to jerk away before the full charge can penetrate through the scorched outer skin. I've seen fantastic estimates of the low amount of power needed to kill a man, if electrodes are thrust through the skin a half-inch deep into the flesh.

Your artwork is as amusing as any non-Los Angeles publication I've seen in many months. The cartoon on page eight is a stroke of genius that everyone could have thought of but didn't. I think it might sell to a magazine with a readership literate enough to know the meaning of telepathy.

JOSEPH K. SHEPARD, Indianapolis Sunday Star Magazine, Indianapolis 6, Ind.

Very occasionally I would like to be of some help in this straining world.

Perhaps this sounds like a commercial in the field of science fiction, but I tried it and did it. Therefore, I recommend it.

Old beat-up books that you can't replace (paper-back) can be well fixed up and rebound with a do-it-yourself kit and it bit of love. Now I lend my treasures again.

No Payola:

Seaward Commerce Co.

50 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y.

Three sizes they put out --	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 6 $\frac{5}{8}$	-- 98¢
	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	-- 98¢
	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	-- \$1.69

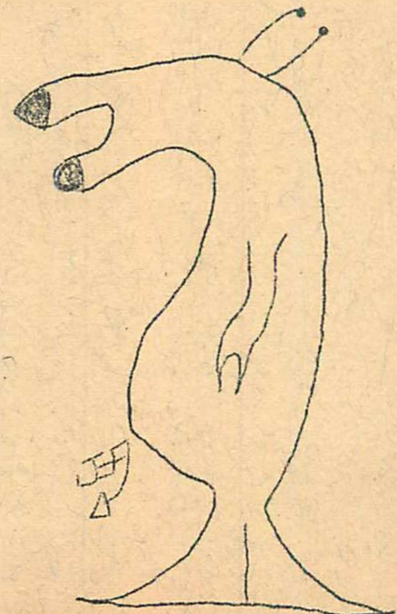
You can bind three books with each kit -- even title them with a snip of embossing paper enclosed. You can put back into your library a book you were feeling sorry about -- hard covers no less.

All this from a guy who can't paint his own gutters, but enjoys reading Space Cage.

SCOTTY TAPSCOTT, Eugene, Oregon

Crackel's article is ok, but I think you could have found something better to invest the space in. As far as I can see, it does little more than rehash a lot of earlier hassles on the same theme. It would be pleasant to think that this is the last of it.

"The Master's Vengeance" is but good. As far as this reader was concerned, Schultz accomplished in superb manner precisely what he was trying to do. Right up to the last





page I was vacillating between the idea that it was nothing but another retched example of mediocre fan-fiction, and the intuitive feeling that it had to have some kind of snapper at the end. Well did.

Deckinger's "Fannish Comparisons" was even less of a worthwhile effort than Crackel's thing. Matter of fact, it was downright bad. The essence of a good simile is that it roll off the tongue with ease; most of these definitely don't.

Sanders' filk song swings; Gerber's is just another Gerber filk song.

"In the Beginning" made me gag. Guess I just don't dig this spiritual stuff.

The "Fungus Mung" saga is an equally swinging example of Sanders' wit.

Shapiro on skin left me saying "so what?"

The gimmick letter on p. 28 was painful to read. If the bem that wrote it shows up again, my advice is tell him to get lost.

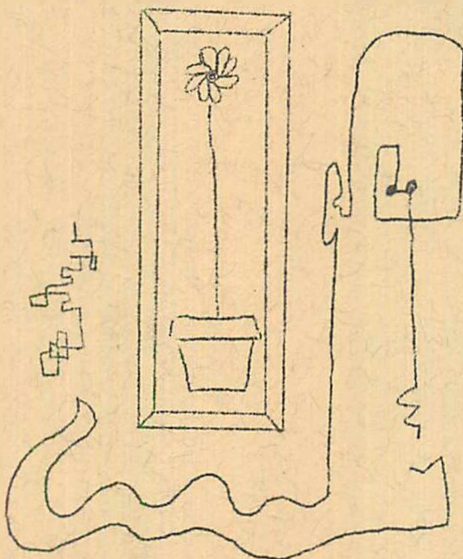
BART MILROAD, 10 Union St., New Brunswick, N.J.

J.T. Crackel is very interesting. Schultz was almost disappointing. I was surprised to see him ruin what could have been a good piece of fan fiction (as fan fiction goes, and it should) by turning it into faaan fiction. Ghaaaaaaa. Deckinger is interesting and not as pointless as is his custom. The Filke Songs are great. More, more. Massey's tale is pretty good, and is a strong argument for the maintenance of fan fiction. If it could all be as good as that.....Sanders is good. How about a long yarn about Fungus Mung? Or a sequel to the Heinlein classic; call it, say, "The Purple Plains of Pluto." Shapiro---so what. Why doesn't Crackel like Galaxy? Granted, the Pohl stories are too new to be reprinted, but to

be almost prejudiced to a magazine is another matter entirely.

Idea: why not put Mr. Crackel to some sort of blindfold test. Let him read a story from each of several mags prior to their date of publication. Just the stories, and see if he can pin down the purchasing mag. Even better, try it on a larger scale, in a prozine, by printing a story without the author's name to let the reader's mind figure out who wrote it. I remember the early days of Ellery Queen Myster Magazine when they did this in the form of a puzzle in each issue. Later they had several sorts of contests, but not involving guessing the author. F&SF even had title contests, but nothing like I suggest. Whaddya think?

Artwork in thish is terrific.



"Well, quite frankly, Fred, you might like this modern stuff; but it leaves me cold."



HAL SHAPIRO, 6044 W. Fort St., Apt. #8, Detroit, 9, Mich.

The second part of the Crackel outline was every bit as good as the first. I'm happy to see more by him and less by Jerry Hunter. Now Hunter, I think, is a nice guy and all that sort of jazz, but his writing leaves a lot to be desired. His absence improved this of SC.

But, rather than knock our dear departed, let me tell you what else I liked about SC. Although there is nothing to excite me in it, Schultz' thing is passable, but still reminding me of my own pitiful efforts of ten and twelve years ago. Deckinger's writing is typical Deckinger, which is to say too long and as poorly written as early Cosmic Circle crud.

The redeeming factor of SC, aside from Crackel, is the Filk Song Section. I trust that this is to be a continuing feature in SC for, if such is the case, I may not have to look so hard for material for the second Stf & Fsy Song Book to be sold at the PuCon. /--It will continue so long as people continue to send me suitable filk songs...are you listening?--lat--/

Massey's and Sanders' items did not seem pleasing to my senses at all, but perhaps I should not comment thusly on SC. I might not receive any more copies. Of course, I could offer my services as ass't editor, but I'm afraid that they might be accepted. /--Believe me, Hal, you have no worry there!--lat--/

I'd say that from the tone of Deckinger's letter, he doesn't care for criticism of any type. Either constructive criticism or my kind. Well, I shan't try to refute, prolong or provoke the wordy Michael. He's entitled to his opinions even as those people are who are intelligent.

JOSEPH K. SHEPARD /--again?--lat--/

Despite my contribution of \$1, all I get is insults from your Publication.

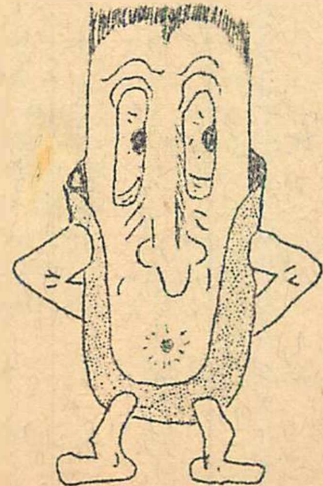
Cancel my subscription as of this date. I enclose \$1 for cancelled special issue stamps. I am a collector. To everybody else the charge is 75¢. Me, I get insults. Continue sending the insult issues only; I am saving them up for a Circuit Court jury.

Science Fiction can go just so far.

How would you like to face a charge of congenial icky-acky?

VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Ill.

I enjoyed Mike Deckinger's article, but it's much too easy to grouch at his basic proposition, that of putting forward a group of similes and metaphors for standard use in fandom: after all, if words like "gafia" and "sercon" undergo a drastic change in a relatively short period of time, how will entire phrases stand up?





"With Malice Toward All", this time, was quite hilarious. I admire your clever editorial procedure---rather than let me read the article, and proceed into the book reviews with overly high spirits, you inject between the two features a filler by Hal Shapiro, which managed to negate all the merriment of Sanders.

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

Format and layout pretty good. The names of the writers in the lettercol don't stand out any too well, tho. Maybe you should skip a space beneath name. /--How's this for complying with readers' suggestions?--lat--/

Crackel is either taking my comments to heart, or experience is improving him. The second part of "Fantasy in Outline" shows logical progressive tho, despite occasional dissertations and side-tracking. It was also interesting.

He seemed to avoid one comment in his notes. He commented on the availability of anthologies of short stories but refrained from commenting about the lack of collections of novelettes, those backbones of the prozines. True, the serials eventually find their way into hard covers or pbs, but what of the good stories that are too long to wind up in a short story collection, and too short to be a novel. I wonder when they will be available in volumes? Shall "Tomorrow and Tomorrow & The Fairy Chessmen" and their meager ken not be continued? What collections of novelettes that the pbs are pubbing now are collections of what Campbell once labelled in '42 Astoundings (R.I.P.) as short stories of good size.

Woe is me. The only thing one can do is to collect the old magazines themselves. When will C.L. Moore's "Barrier of Darkness" see reprint? Woe, woe.

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey

"In the Beginning" was different than most fan-written science fiction I've read, and seems almost superior to the type you find in fanzines. In fact, with a little alteration I would think the story could be peddled to several of the "little" magazines, if not the promags themselves.

I wonder why Rog Ebert dislikes twiltone or any of its relations. I like it very much in SC and was extremely surprised to hear that you don't slipsheet, since the zine definitely does have a slip sheeted quality to it.

Bob Briney is absolutely right about the quality of SHOCK. There's no doubt it's a fine magazine, and deserves more recognition for the quality of the stories and the reprints. It's certainly far superior to the juvenile hack in FEAR and thank god that folded when it did.

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

In Harry Warner's letter I am tickled to find that he is just now discovering the Freudian meaning of "slipsheet". Frankly, when I came into fandom and ran across that term, I thought very strangely of it.



Good grief! Another filk song!

## SEVEN TRUE-FEN LOCKED IN A LAVAT'RY

(chorus)

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?  
Seven true-fen locked in the lavat'ry--  
They were there from Sunday till Saturday,  
Nobody knew they were there.

1.

The first was the poetic sergeant Art Rapp  
Who only stopped in just to take a short nap,  
But when the door closed he found it a trap,  
And nobody knew he was there. (chorus)

2.

The next was Bruce Pelz, with his hard-hat and light;  
His search for a cave had been going all night,--  
He crawled down a drain and got stuck out of sight,  
And nobody knew he was there. (chorus)

3.

The third to come in was bushy young squirrel  
Who sat, and his tail round the pull-chain did furl,  
But then he found out that he couldn't uncurl,  
And nobody knew he was there. (chorus)

4.

The fourth was Ted White, who  
had just ducked inside,  
Escaping twelve fen who were  
after his hide;  
He looked 'round the place and  
said, "Here I'll reside!"  
Cause nobody...(etc. cho.)

5.

The fifth was Les Gerber, who  
carried a pack  
Of old filk song manuscripts  
over his back;  
He'd found they were handy  
when paper did lack,  
If nobody...(etc. cho.)

6.

And then Wally Weber of CRYfame  
came in  
To roost, but alas, he found  
he was too thin;  
He slipped on the edge and got  
stuck half-way in,  
And nobody...(etc. cho.)

7.

The last, Andy Young, an as-  
tronomer weird,  
Stopped in for a moment to  
water his beard;  
The spirit gum softened and  
the other six cheered  
And nobody...(etc. cho.)

T  
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"Hey cats, can I sit in?"



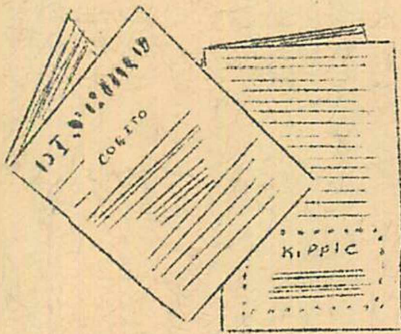
## fanzine reviews

# The

This is the third attempt I have made at writing this column. It seems that in the several-month period that has elapsed since I last featured fanzine reviews, I have accumulated a stack approximately a foot high. The first attempt at reviewing them led me to the conclusion that if I was to do each issue justice, I would have to devote the whole of SC to the task. In trying to condense the reviews I discovered that the whole process was becoming meaningless, as I was doing little more than mentioning titles. I've finally decided that the only way I can handle this is to simply select a few of the zines and let the rest go. My apologies to the myriad editors whose works of art do not get mentioned this time.

DISCORD /RETROGRADE/ (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl., N.E.,  
Minneapolis 21, Minn.)

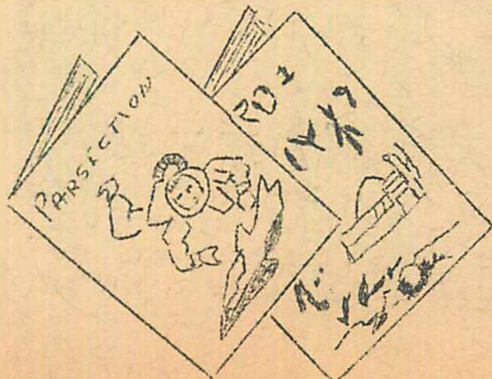
KIPPLE (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Balitmore, Maryland)



Both of these fanzines rely heavily upon the personality and writing of the editor. Both emphasize neither s-f nor fandom, but the opinions or observations of the editor upon various facets of contemporary life. Both are highly interesting.

However, Boggs seems to have the upper hand. His writing is more clear, his thinking deeper, and his subjects of a less conventional nature. While DISCORD is only enhanced by contributions by other authors, such as Jim Harmon's excellent article on and recreation of a script of "I Love a Mystery", KIPPLE is vastly improved when Pauls adds a revival of Marion Bradley's "Cryin' in the Sink" fanzine review column. This is really not to the discredit of KIPPLE. Boggs is just a hard man with which to compete.

PARSECTION (George C Willick, 306 Broadway, Madison, Ind.)  
XERO (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd Stl, New York 21, N.Y.)



I have here the first two issues of two fanzines (or I would have if Jerry Hunter hadn't made off with XERO 2, which fortunately I had already read). Both start off with excellent first issues. PARSECTION 1's contents is almost completely written by professionals in the field and while much of it is devoted to yet another symposium of the "Who Killed SF" type, the arguments are, for



# Second Stone *lat*

the most part, well and interestingly written. XERO 1, on the other hand, is almost wholly written by the editors (with a small intrusion by Harlan Ellison---if any intrusion by Harlan can ever be called small). The Lupoffs are able and enthusiastic writers, and Dick's article (and beginning of a series on comic books) on Captain Marvel is a delight to read.

Now we come to the second issues and begin to see the true merits of the editors. XERO 2 is even better than # 1. (despite a somewhat asinine and highly inaccurate article by Ray Beam). The lettercol is handled in a new and different way; the editors have found someone who can stencil illos; Ted White's continuation of the comic book series is informative, if not as enthusiastic as Dick's. The issue fairly bristles with the aura of going places.

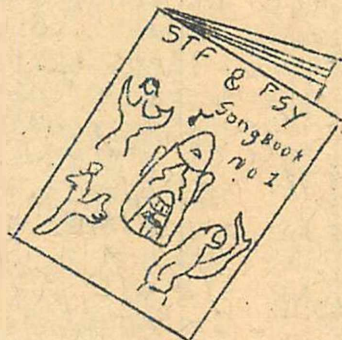
But PARSECTION. What do we have for # 2? Letters. And that's just about it. Now a zine can be made up completely of letters and still be highly interesting; witness PITFCS. Lack of variety in subject matter seems to be holding this one down. Perhaps # 2 is suffering by comparison with # 1, but that's not all it is. While XERO is on its way up, PARSECTION, like Icarus, seems to have reached the sun, found its material not equal to the environment and is plunging downward. (Try a heat-resistant wax next time, George.)

STF & FSY SONGBOOK #1 (Hal Shapiro, 6044 W. Fort St., Apt. 8, Detroit 9, Mich.)

The Songbook fills a need in fandom that should have been supplied long ago. It is a shame that it does not live up to expectations.

The contents are fine. Mostly reprints, with a little new material added, of songs, parodies and light verse, dealing with both fandom and sf. However, it surely could have been presented in a more attractive format and with less sloppy typing and printing errors.

One final gripe. I question the ethics Hal employed when he reprinted many items (quite a few of which have copyrights on them) without first obtaining either the author, editor, or publisher's permission.



ADDITIONAL NOTES: Several issues ago I criticized THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville, Tenn.) on the basis of its format. I am now pleased to report that Jennings seems to be making a genuine effort to remedy this flaw. He's using lettering guides and is also employing color, both by use of hecto and colored pencils. This takes a lot of work and I admire him for it.



# LAT LEEGAL EDITORIAL

Let's start out by apologizing for the lateness of Scage #8. My excuse is as follows: This year's teaching assignment has been somewhat difficult. I have a class of 30 (32 until last week) which includes an IQ range from 53 to 138. In addition, my principal transferred two discipline problems into my room which another teacher was having trouble handling. Besides this, I have a split grade: 2A (second semester second grade), 3B (first semester third grade) and one 3A who has been re-classified as a 3B special (he has a 58 IQ). The reading ability in my room ranges from pre-primer to about second semester fourth. I've been coming home these first few months of school and sort of dropping dead.

I mentioned this problem to a few people in explaining my delay in answering their letters. I found I had struck a sore point with at least two of them.

Dick Lupoff in New York comments: "This class of yours sounds like a real nightmare. I think if I were teaching it I would proceed on the level and at the pace of that 138 kid, or at least those fairly near to him, and let the rest go hang. This is, of course, an anti-democratic attitude, but then I am an anti-democratic person.

"The Powers in the Indianapolis school system (as they do in most public school systems) probably insist that you treat the children equally. But equality is idiocy -- people are not created equal and they do not remain equal. There are smart and stupid (as evidence, your class), energetic and lazy, ambitious and content, imaginative and dull, etc., etc., indefinitely.

"Granting people equal opportunity to advance in the world...that's another matter. Letting every kid attain as much in schoolwork, for instance, as his native ability and his willingness to apply himself will achieve...swell! All the more reason to have segregated classes -- segregated by mental ability!"

In Los Angeles, Bob Lichtman adds: "But what is this country coming to when you have to put up with an IQ spread of 85 points in one class. How can you teach anyone anything? And why so many kids with such low IQs? Here in California, they put anyone with an IQ below, I think, 75 or 80 or thereabouts in special classes so that the teacher of regular sessions is not obliged to bother with them. You know, I think the average IQ these days must be around 75. I'm inclined to put the blame on 'progressive education' which does not teach but merely makes the child into a 'well rounded moron'. What do you think about all this? What method of teaching do you use?"

Let's take up the topic of segregation by mental ability. First of all, the Indianapolis public schools have special classrooms for both excellerated and retarded pupils.



However, entrance in such classes are dependant upon the permission of the parents ( in at least the one case in my room, the parents refused to give this permission). Also, the classes are often overcrowded, are not always within easy reach of the child, and teachers willing to take such assignments are not overabundant.

At any rate, I am not sure complete segregation is the answer. I am, personally, thoroughly convinced that slow children can be stimulated to learn by the presence of "normal" children. I cite an example. A few years ago I had a boy, Mike, in my room whose IQ was 65 minus (That was as low as the test rated; he scored much lower.). He was in second grade for the first time after two years in the first. The children in this particular room were exceptional -- however, not by mental ability. They had the power to work together and achieve by group learning, in a way I have never seen before nor since. I don't know what caused this---I don't think it was anything that I did. I do know that when the group was split up the next year this facility vanished and they became an ordinary group. But when I had them, I saw them work together, discuss, and do amazing things from sheer enthusiasm and desire to learn. This was even true for poor little Mike. I was moaning to his former first grade teacher that he could hardly print his name on a line. She looked at me, astounded, and informed me that he'd never even been able to print his name at all in her room. By the end of the year Mike spelled six out of ten spelling words correctly.

A child needs the stimulation and the example of his peers! However, I also believe that the brilliant and normal child should not be held back because of the presence of the slow learning takes all the time of the teacher.

The solution? It's a tough one. How about this? A split day in which part of the day is spent in a heterogeneous classroom and the rest in ability groupings which afford enrichment to the normal and advanced child and remedial work for the retarded.

At any rate, I cannot advocate the policy of holding the class at the level of the advanced child and letting "the rest go hang."

On to other subjects.

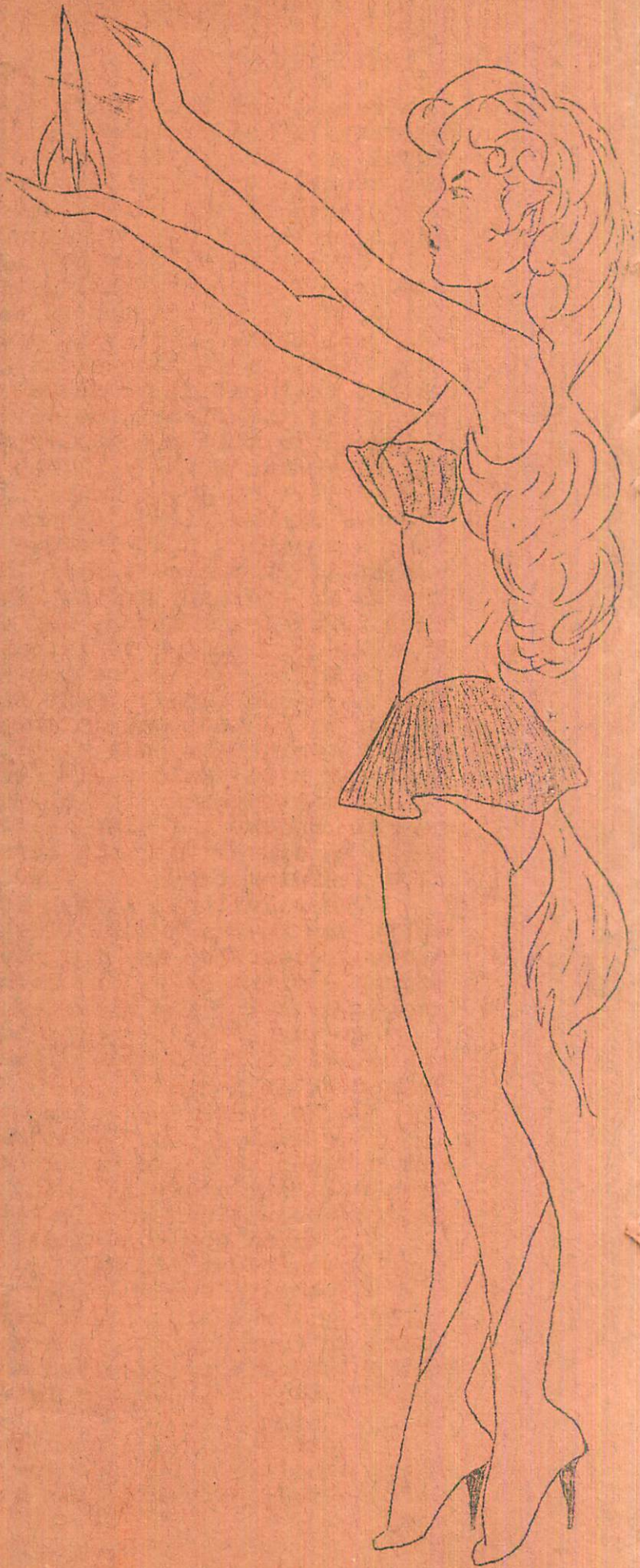
"Crackel's Copy" and "Fantasy in Outline, Part III" are not present this issue due to a recent heart attack by Jay Crackel. I sincerely hope that he will be feeling well enough to continue them nextish.

To those who inquired: NO, I did not intentionally typo "typo" last issue.

Change in schedule for the Scage. I'm putting this on an irregular basis. This means that it will come out as often as possible (monthly when feasible), depending on suitable material received and time I have to work on it. I don't want to push the frequency to the deficit of content or appearance.

Contributions: I'm on the lookout for articles (anything considered but more on the done-to-death "Who Killed S-F" theme), artwork, filk songs....fiction only very seldom.  
...lat





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*Lee Anne Tremper*

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*Indianapolis 5, Ind.*

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