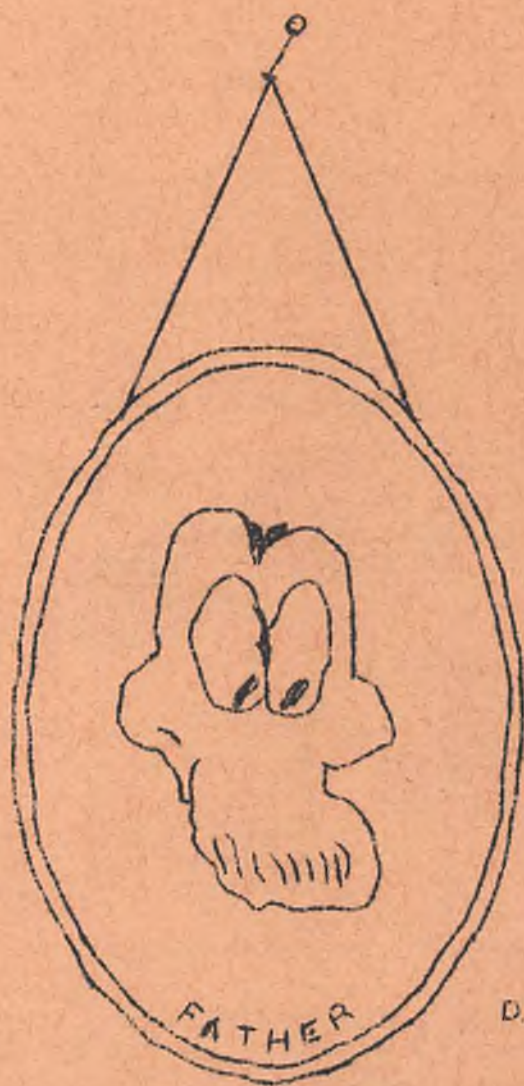
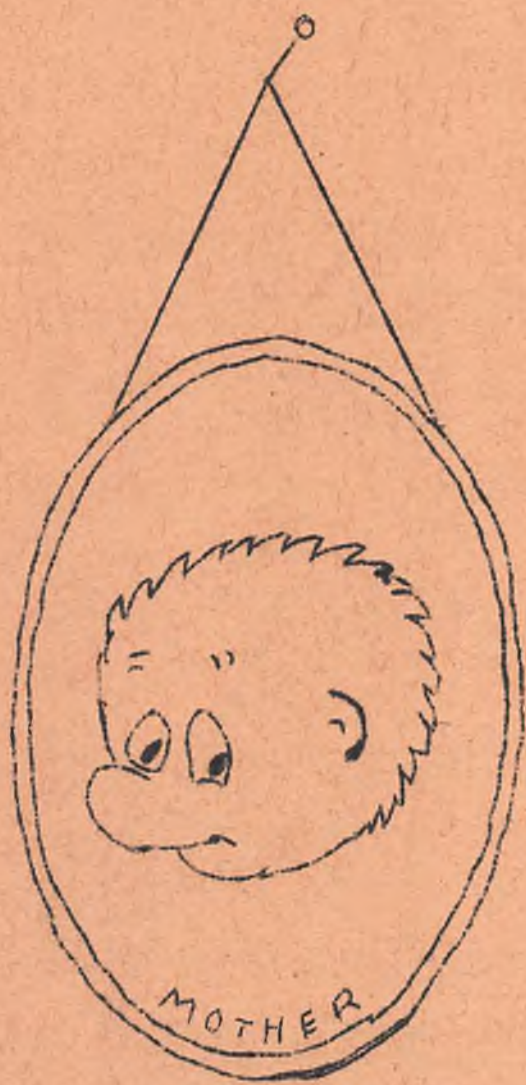


Spiral



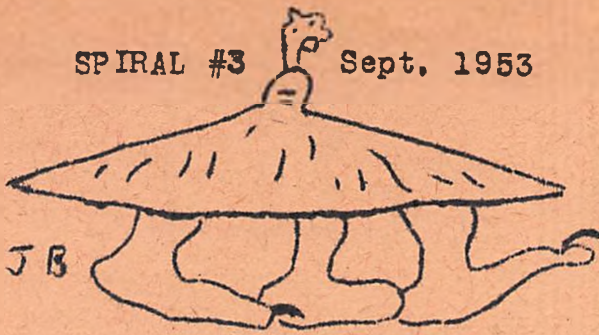
D.M.

ten cents

SEPT.

#3

23



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CONTENTS

The Sidewalk Maker - Denis Moreen	3
Idealist at Work - Bret Harland	7
SF Quick Quiz - Bill Modine	9
"No Help Wanted!" - Percival X. Snodgrass (Moreen)	10
And Why - Jim Bennett	12
Roving Reporter	13
Scoop - Denis Moreen	17
It All Depends on How You Look at It - Penny Rich	18
Cover - Moreen (moral support by Kelly)	1
Vital Statistics	2
Spiralities - Moreen	14
Who Goes There - Harland	19
- Wilson	20
- Truesdell, McKirahan	21
Bacover	22
Quote - Arbogast (radio show)	8
Limerick - Bennett	8
Art Work - Moreen	1, 5, 8, 17
- Bennett	2, 6, 12, 18, 20
- Albrecht	15
- Mostyn	19

I've often wondered why there are such things as contents pages in fanzines anyway. As far as I can see, there's absolutely no need for one. However, I suppose that if I published a 22-page issue without one, I'd get nasty letters from all sorts of people. So let it be.

This issue is equally dedicated to three people: Jim Bennett, for devoting so much time and energy on it; Mrs. Art Moreen, for donating three dollars (and so being paid up through S38!); and R.E. Wilson, for being what he is -- an intellectual teacher with a sense of humor.

I must apologize to those few of you who are having trouble reading this because the ink is weak. You received the copies which were made at the tail-end, and rather than re-ink which I should have done, I let it go on as such. Let me remind you that as a subscriber you would not ever have such trouble, for subscribers (and any others which are allotted copies in advance) receive only the best and legible. Plug!

We hope to "spiral up to new heights" in the future. But that takes many things. I need the tally sheets to be returned from everyone; and I need some material. More details concerning both on T.S.

Copies of SPIRAL #2 are still available for 5¢ per. Copies of SPIRAL #1 are all gone, thank goodness!

--denis moreen

THE

IDEWALK

MAKER

denis moreen

That night was different. We had the whole boarding-house to ourselves, as the owners had gone to visit friends for the summer, and we were the only tenants. Although I was firmly aware of the fact that every night I would come home and see my roommate working on a new invention that would "change the course of mankind," I was not ready for this. I opened the basement door to see a ten-foot by ten-foot by ten-foot monstrosity staring me in the face.

"What in the world is it?" I asked, picking myself up off the floor.

A thoroughly enthusiastic voice answered, "My new sidewalk-maker."

Well, answers like that are not unusual. One night it would be a lion-tamer machine, another night an automatic phonograph that would play for 83 continuous hours, another night a clarinet that sounded like a kettle-drum, for clarinet players who didn't like listening to clarinets, and now this. I gathered up my courage and asked what I thought to be a perfectly sensible question: "Why?"

"Don't be silly," came the reply. "This is what mankind has been waiting years for."

"Don't you think that mankind could wait a little longer, then?" I asked in my own inimitable fashion.

He continued working, ignoring my last remark, waiting for the chance to tell me his what-I-would-think-to-be-silly-but-what-he-would-think-to-be-perfect reason for such a machine. I gave him the chance.

"Well," he started off, "you know how much trouble it is to lay new sidewalks. Whenever the worker is done spreading the fresh cement some little kid always comes up and makes initials in the cement before it dries. That's why mankind needs a machine that makes the sidewalk before it's put on the sidewalk. Understand?"

"No," said I, "but go ahead."

"My machine is made so you pour the cement in here, wait a few minutes, and after a while out of this slot comes the square slab of sidewalk, all dry and with no marks on it. Don't you see how practical it is? How many would you like to buy?"

"But what's the difference?" I asked him. "It would put all those cement layers out of work. And besides, it would take extra money to transport the sidewalks from where they would be made to where they would be laid."

"Say, that's cute. 'From where they would be made, to where they would be laid.' It rhymes. Remind me to use it in our singing commercial. Now, what was it you said?"

"The machine has no extra value," I told him again, "and it takes extra money."

He jumped at the opportunity. "The answer to that one, my dear friend, is mass production. If enough are made, they can also be used for walls of buildings, steps, oh, a million other things. It will revolutionize the course of mankind. I wonder why I didn't think of something like this in the first place. Those other inventions weren't worth a hoot, now that I recall them."

"Speaking of those other inventions," said I, trying to think up a new argument, "do you remember that not one of them made you so much as a penny? How can you be so sure that this one will sell?"

"Oh, I know it will. I just know. Now stop bothering me. I still have the inside of the machine to finish."

"You mean to tell me that the only part you have done is the frame of this thing? Why, the rest of it will take hours, possibly even years, to finish."

"My young man," he said rather emphatically, "the inside is the easiest part of the whole job. The job is extremely simple. Nothing at all." And I was inclined to agree.

Three months later it was finished. I came down to the basement to watch the premier demonstration. The machine still was the same size, but this time there were little wires everywhere, little handles everywhere, little buttons everywhere. The back end of the basement was filled with bags of cement, all ready to be used.

"Here we go," he said; and I would have liked to have gone, if it weren't for the fact that I wanted to stay to see the machine break down; perhaps then he would give up inventing crazy inventions.

He poured the cement in the top, turned some screws and knobs, and pushed the master control. "It will take a little while for the machine to warm up, and then you'll really see something good!"

So I sat down and waited. And waited. And waited. After about fifteen minutes I asked how long this "while" was. He ignored me and went back to turning more knobs and dials.

Waiting. Turning. Noises. Waiting some more. Finally, as I was about to give up and leave, it started.

"Here it comes!" he exclaimed. And, believe it or not, it came! Out of the machine came one square, perfect slab of a dry sidewalk.

I was amazed.

"See, I told you!" came the voice. "I see where the trouble was. Not it will take practically no time at all for the rest." So I waited for the next sidewalk slab.

It came exactly fourteen seconds after the cement was poured in.

"Astounding!" said I. "I'll have to get my Prof at school to come over and see this."

He poured the remaining cement in. And out of the machine every time would come perfect slabs of sidewalk, with no markings at all, and perfectly dry, in only fourteen seconds!

After about ten more came out he decided he'd better turn the machine off and not waste all his cement. He turned a few handles, etc. and was finished. He came over to where I was sitting to talk about what the next step in the selling of the machine should be. Fourteen seconds later: Plop! out came another slab.

Then thirteen seconds after that: Plop! another slab. He got up in a hurry and went over to the machine and fooled around with it a bit. Plop! came another slab, just eleven seconds later. And another. And still another, in even less time. He was evidently distressed, but he tried not to show it. "I am experimenting with it a bit, that's all," he said, not too sure of what he was saying. Plop! another slab.

"I thought you were going to turn it off," said I, mocking him a little. Plop!

"Well, uh, you see, uh, I've decided to, uh, make some more so that I'll have enough for a grand showing to the world. That's it; I've decided I'll need some more right away!" And he (Plop!) got them.

I sat back in amusement. Plop! came another slab. Perhaps this machine would turn out the way I thought it would. Plop! "Don't you think you should advertise first, and then show how it works when the important men can see it in action?"

"Well, uh, no! (Plop!) We need enough samples, you know." He kept fooling around with the controls, while trying to emit some happy-go-lucky laughs, but they did not stop the plopping.

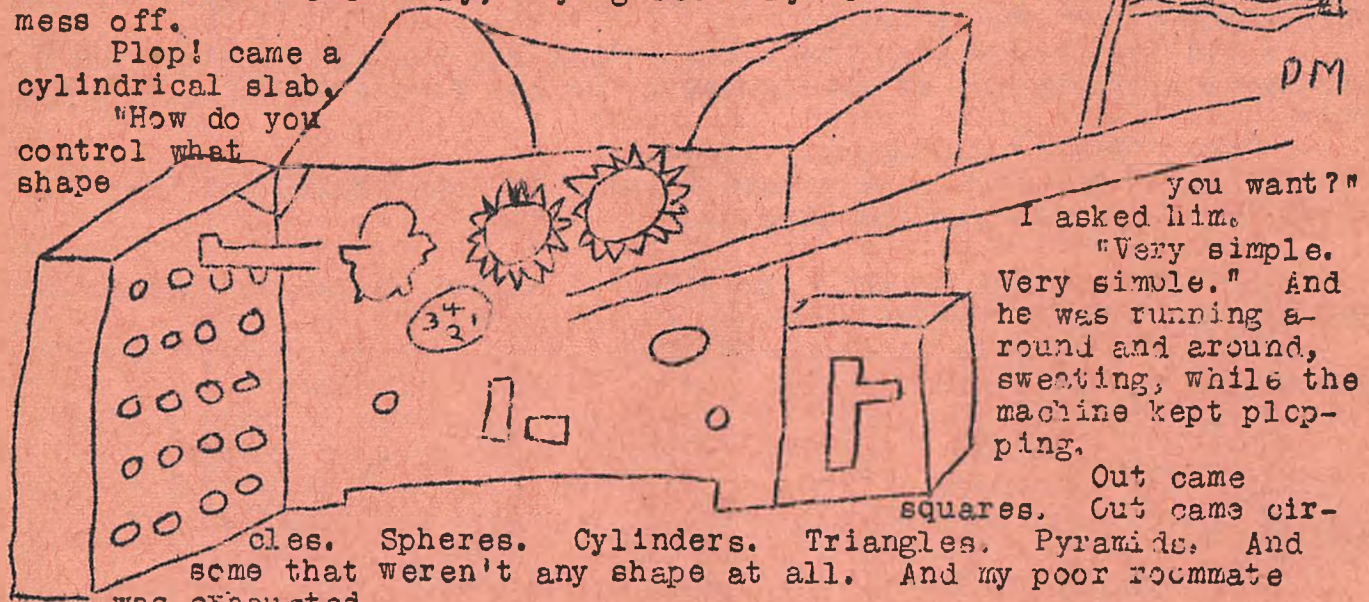
And then a strange thing happened. Plop! and out came a slab that was round! Plop! out came a triangular one.

"What's going on now?" I asked, with amusement.

"Uh, variety! VARIETY! That's what we need. No more just square ones for me. (Plop! said a spherical slab.) Variety is the spice of life, you know. Ah, yes. Ha ha." And he worked feverishly, trying secretly to turn the mess off.

Plop! came a cylindrical slab.

"How do you control what shape



you want?" I asked him. "Very simple. Very simple." And he was running around and around, sweating, while the machine kept plopping.

Out came squares. Out came circles. Spheres. Cylinders. Triangles. Pyramids. And some that weren't any shape at all. And my poor roommate was exhausted.

"How do you make those that don't have any shape at all?" I asked him. "Those must be pretty hard. (Plop!) You certainly are going to be famous."

He was thoroughly baffled by the situation. It was too funny for words, him running around all over the place trying to stop the thing, and me sitting there making fun of him, which wasn't very nice, but I enjoyed it. Plop!

"Don't you think that one looks a little like the Empire State Building?" said I. He looked at me and frowned. "And that one resembles a wastebasket. There's a comb coming out now. And look at that -- I'd mistake that one for Mrs. Williams any day."

"Please be quiet!" said he. "Can't you see I'm working?" Plop!

"When are you going to stop it?" I continued. "You do know how to stop it, don't you? (Plop!) It's going to fill the whole basement pretty soon!" And it did look very much like that huge basement would be filled with nothing but sidewalks.

"Oh, there's plenty of room. Nothing to worry about. (Plop!) I'm, uh, trying out a new method of mass production."

"It looks more like mess production to me," said I, not helping his condition any.

Plop! out came one that looked like a caterpillar. I looked again. It was green! "Now what?" I asked him.

"Oh dear," he said, not meaning to. "More variety. Can't have enough variety; that's what I always say! Yes sir! Boy, are we

going to make money."

"Boy, are we going to make sidewalks," I said to him. "Look at it. The junk is coming out in a none-ending assembly line method!"

He looked. Red triangles. Grey squares. Blue spheres. Orange. Green. Yellow. Purple with pink polkedots. And still more and more and more. I even started getting scared at the conditions.

Finally he came over to me. I had the notion that he had decided that perhaps things were being carried a little too far. "I've decided that perhaps things are being carried a little too far. (Plop! said a bluish-green hunk that looked like an umbrella.) The fact of the matter is that I can't turn that thing off!"

"I've known that for a long time," I told him. "What are you going to do, now?" Plop!

"I don't know. Oh, I'd give anything to know how to turn that fool thing off." Plop! Plop!

I was in a bargaining position. "Will you promise to stop trying to invent crazy things in the future if we can figure some way to stop it?"

"Yes. (Plop!) Of course, yes!"

"Fine." I got up, went over to the wall, and pulled out the electric plug. The machine stopped.

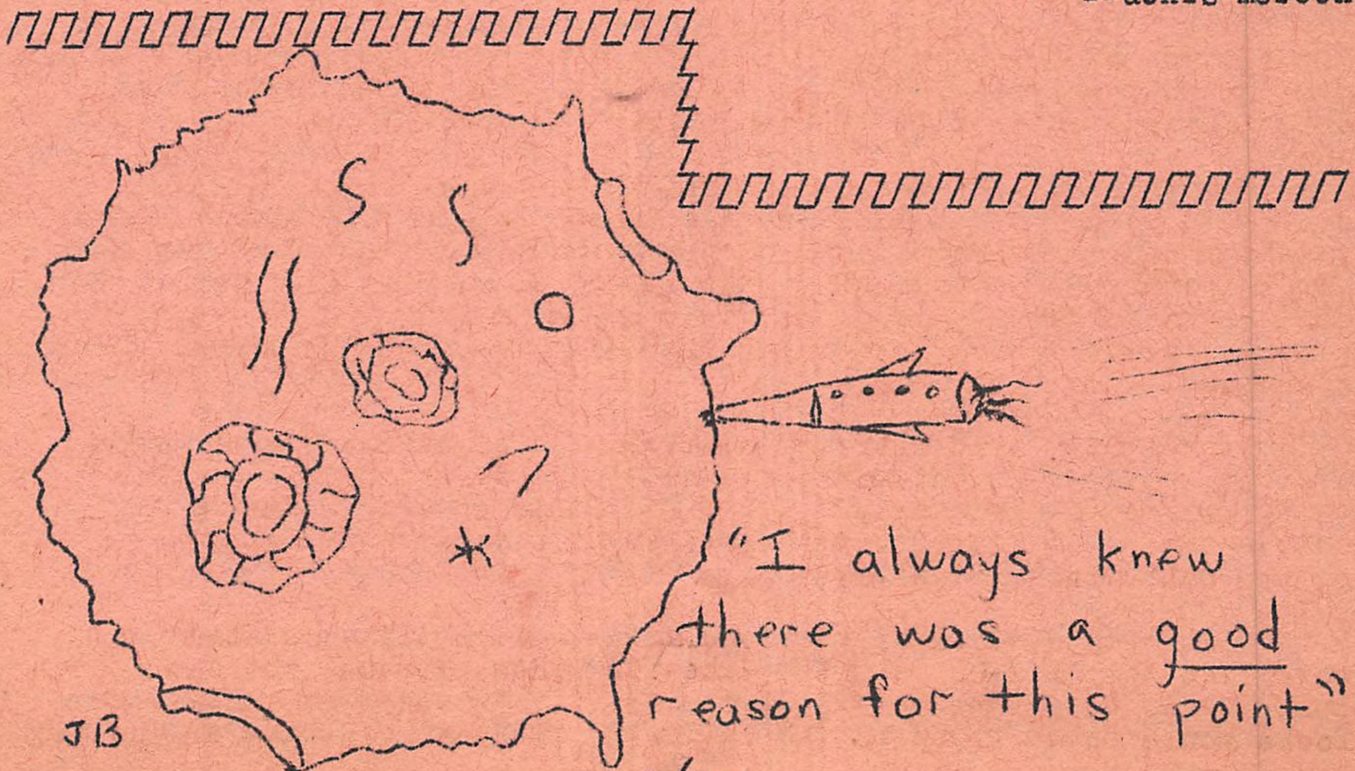
And the next day we sold the slabs to an art dealer who was looking for examples of modern American sculptering.

"Well," I said to my roommate after everything was gone, "now you don't have to worry about inventions or gadgets anymore."

"Yes," he replied, "but in that promise I agreed to stop trying to invent crazy things. Nothing was said about uncrazy things. And anything that is useful is uncrazy, so I'll just work on useful things. Right? Let's see, how 'bout a combination stove and bicycle? Or maybe...."

I walked out of the room and moved to Africa.

--denis moreen



"I always knew there was a good reason for this point"

JB

IDEALIST AT WORK

DO NOT
DISTURB

bret harland

Everybody is beefing nowadays because there are too many pro mags. What is the total so far this year? Something like 35 different magazines devoted exclusively to science fiction. They say that the load's too much for the pocketbook, which is true. They also say that the general quality of SF produced today is low because there are so many outlets demanding so much material. They'd like to get rid of some mags.

Okay. Let's put on our Wizard Hats and eliminate all the magazines and start over again. That please you? Here we go.

Firstly, what to start out with. I doubt if very many people would argue with me that the top mags today (not necessarily the top-selling, unfortunately) are Astounding, Galaxy, and F&SF. Okay? They seem to control the best authors and the best stories and have the best rates. So, beginning anew, it is probably smart to include these three zines, each more or less as it is today. Galaxy appealing more to the non-scientist and Astounding to the scientist. (I've never really liked ASF because I think it's too stiff and formal. But it is one of the very top ones.) F&SF would continue printing mostly shorts; possibly the inclusion of a few interiors would make for even better times. In fact, taking over the Amazing format would be the best of all. Each of these mags would continue monthly and digest.

That takes care of three. Now a mag for the fans. Something with a Mines as editor and with a fanzine review column and other assorted trivia. I'd like such a mag to be a pulp, so it could be assured of being "free and easy." Use some good enough stories and you're all set. Today's Startling is the closest thing; revive the fan columns and everything's fine. As a bi-monthly it wouldn't be too bad; as a monthly it would be even better. As long as it's in our power anyway, we'll make it a monthly.

Number Five will be a blood-and-thunder type thing, relying mostly on space opera, sex, and the like. It would be a way of letting off steam and would make for a change once in a while. Besides, many people like that sort of stuff the best. Bi-monthly would be good enough (monthly would make the stuff too monotonous) and a pulp format would probably be the best, again in order to grasp the sense of the stories.

Number Six is an all-fantasy mag, with of course Unknown-type stories. Digest and bi-monthly, and with a different format from anything else published today. I'd like to see some mag come up with a format that's so different it would startle you. Perhaps this would be the best place for it.

Some people would want a regular mag which just contained one novel and that's all. I don't like that idea, because the same novels could be in the other mags just as easily. Besides, if Ballantine Books would be still operating in the SF field at the rate of one book

IDEALIST AT WORK - 2

per month like they do today we wouldn't be needing anything else.

Therefore, those six named would be all needed!

Now, you've got six mags, each pretty good, and at least one that will appeal to any kind of reader of science fiction. What more do you want?

So what are the results of just having these six mags? Well, it would put many writers out of business, and those left would have to work all the harder, thus killing them off faster. Another thing would be

that we fans would have so much extra money left that we'd have to use it somewhere else. Maybe on publishing and buying even more fanzines. After all, you've got to spend your money somewhere, and where else is better than in the fanzine business? However, that also would be kind of tough, because now with just six mags and nothing bad what can the fanzines criticize? Not much. So. Fanzine editors would have to work themselves much harder to find stuff to print, thus killing them off faster.

Now you've killed off all the pros and all the fans. No such thing as science fiction is left, eh? Pretty dire thought.

No, the idea of just having just a very few promags is bad. And the idea of having very many like today is bad. The idea is to strike a happy medium ((A-hem)). Get enough mags to make it interesting but not enough to make it expensive.

Anyone want to volunteer for the job?

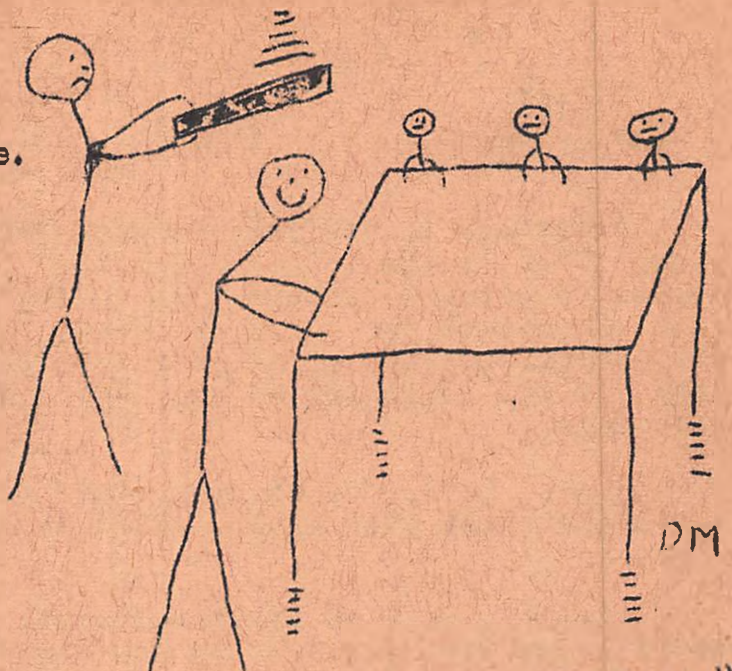
--bret harland

"I addressed him as H.G. because I knew him Wells."

*would have
what it better if
he had knocked off
all the magazines and then
reconnected the whole
pool - turning it
into a satire.*

There was a tin robot of mine,
Whose gears had a wonderful shine;
Till he'd taken to drink,
(How the glasses did clink!)
And corroded his internal pipeline.

--jim bennett



".... STRIKE A HAPPY MEDIUM"

HELP!

I need some help in two ways. First, material. I've worked pretty hard on this issue, and I think that any of those people who were lucky enough (or unlucky, as the case may be) to receive SPIRAL's #1 and #2 would be willing to admit that this is quite an improvement over my former attempts. But now the supply of good material has reached a dangerous level; in fact, I now have no other stuff by anyone except me, and who wants to see an editor fill his fanzine with nothing but his own stuff? Also, even though I can write fairly well, I can't draw anything more than boxes. And the art supply is limited to a few drawings similar to those on pages 2 and 20 by Bennett.

In other words, I'm looking for some material and some art. Is there anyone who can help? I'm sending this issue free to quite a few fans, for numerous reasons. One is to see if I can drum up some stuff to print. If you are one of those who received this for nothing, how about considering sending in something for me? A short paragraph or a little picture on any aspect of science fiction would suffice, although I need longer stuff too of course. But I think that if a few kind fans would come to my rescue, SPIRAL has a good chance of continuing to "spiral upward." My mimeography is fairly decent, and there's been steady improvement with each issue, so all I need is some material. Please? And thank you.

Now, concerning this poll/tally/question/etc. sheet. I not only need some new material, I also need to know just what kind of stuff is liked the most by the readers. Letters to the editor are always the way, but sometimes the filling in of poll sheets works even better, as the editor can compare that way. So I ask you -- subscribers most of all -- to take five minutes and completely fill this out for my benefit. That's all it takes. Then if you feeling like saying more, feel free to use the back of this sheet. But I need these polls to be returned! If you don't think you can afford the 3¢ postage and 1¢ for an envelope then I'll return you 4¢ for them. But SEND THEM IN! Thanx.

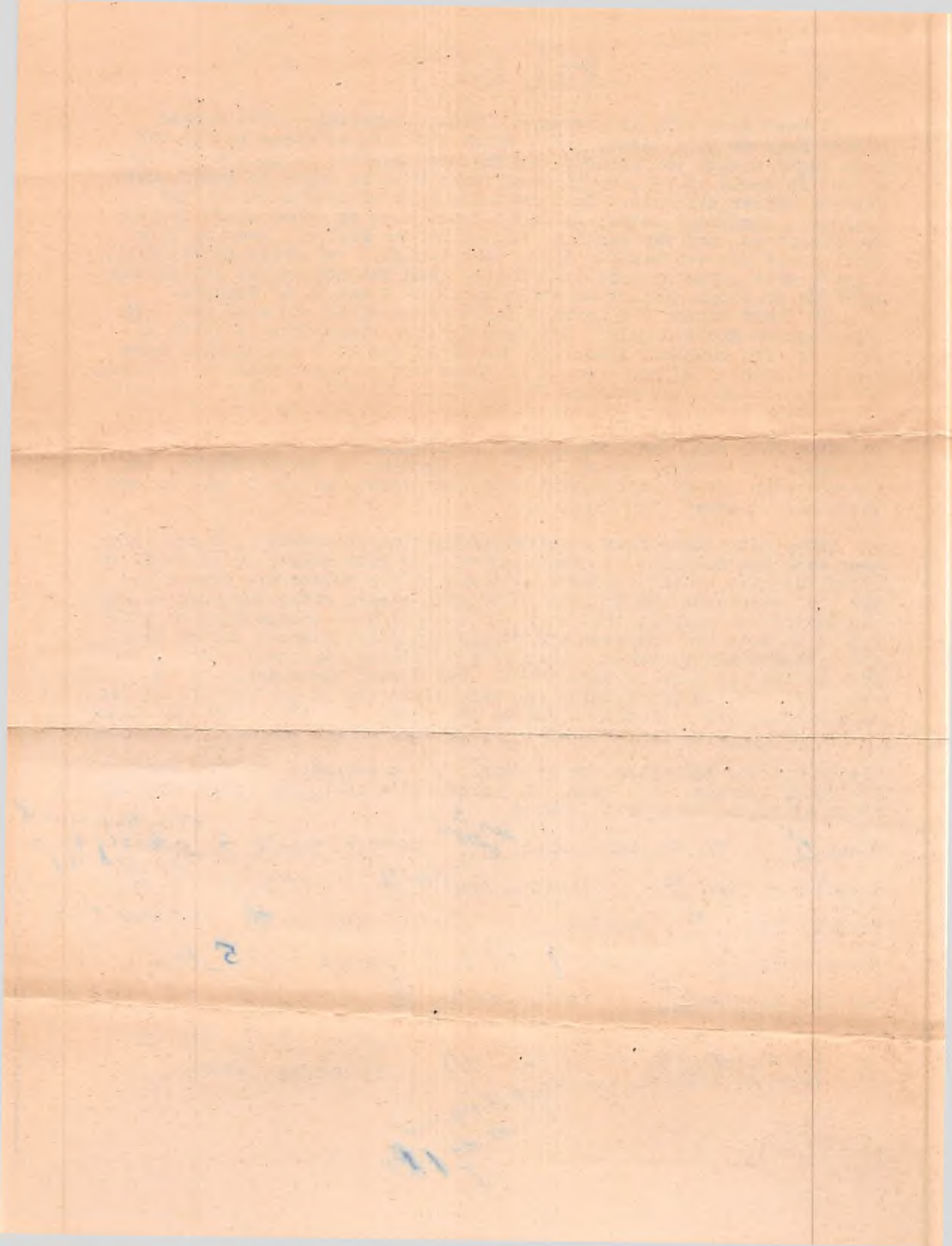
Please use the following for grading: 1 - excellent. 2- very good. 3 - good, average. 4 - fair. 5 - poor. I'm including everything in order of pages, to make it easier.

Cover 5 The Sidewalk-Maker was it fiction? Cartoon, page 6 4 (Terry Carr would probably have printed it)
Idealist at Work 3 Limerick, page 8 2 SF Quick Quiz 2
No Help Wanted 5 And Why _____ Roving Reporter 3 (Just read it)
Spiralities 5 Scoop 1 (!) It All Depends etc. 5 fine
Cartoon, page 18 5 Letter Section 5

The best art was on page _____.
Format just like Fan to See (5)
Issue as a whole _____.

PLEASE USE THE BACK OF THIS SHEET FOR ANY ADDITIONAL COMMENTS.

Count it up and divide by 10





SF QUICK QUIZ

COMPILED BY ~ gabeckush gorn

QUESTION: Are you really aware of how much or how little you know about science fiction? Yeah, I know, you can talk about it for long lengths of time, but do you actually know what you're saying? Well, here's the perfect way of finding out. Simply take this simple quiz and see! YEs, that's all there is to it! For each of the following questions there are four answer, only one of which is totally right. The other three are wrong, incorrect, and mistaken. Just fill in or check the blank which you believe is correct. BE SURE!!!

0. (Sample.) Bob Silverberg is known in fandom as being
- the publisher of SPACESHIP.
 - the publisher of IRUSABEN.
 - the publisher of Z PRIME.
 - the publisher of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

Now, which answer is correct? The fourth one, of course. Now that you know how to do it, continue with the rest of the quiz:

1. One of the following is not an SF writer. Can you spot him?
- Robert A. Heinlein.
 - Theodore Sturgeon.
 - Isaac Asimov.
 - Henry Kuttner.
2. The first person to ever write a novel about robots while standing on his head was
- John W. Campbell Jr.
 - Joe Stalin.
 - an early NFFF president.
 - Scrooge.
3. The editor of QUANDRY is
- Bob Bloch.
 - unable to see you now due to technical difficulties.
 - dumb.
 - 7'5".
4. The old Science Fiction League was founded in
- 1904.
 - desperation.
 - a coal mine.
 - less than three seconds.
5. If someone should consistently talk out of turn during a fan club meeting, the president, under parliamentary procedure, should
- publish a one-shot.
 - shoot the person.
 - shoot himself.
 - shoot the works.
6. (This for the benefit of Operation Fantast members.) -- The seat of the highest power in English government is
- at House of Lords.
 - at House of Commons.
 - at House of Wax.
 - at House of Tape (sort of a stick-up job).

"NO HELP WANTED!"

percival x. snodgrass

This here's a dire tale. The day is June 26. It's a Friday. My name's Snodgrass. My partner is stupid. I'm working the beat mimeo in my house. Suddenly there's a knock at the door.

In walks Bennett and Sellers, come to assist me in publishing of SPIRAL #1. I'm already expecting Kashian, the art man, so's we can start the art part. So these other two mugs, they decide they'd better see how my mimeo works. They barges into my room and makes themselves at home. They have a hard time maken a mess for I already has a good one of ink, paper, pencils, boxes, stencils, newspapers, letters, material, Ett Settera all over the room. So these guys, see, sit up a card table and chairs and start messen around cuzz what else is there to do.

Sudden like there's a ringen sound and their pretty worried that its the cops but its only Kashian on the phone to see if the time has a-rived. Both these guys, see, run and grab the phone like its a rod and I go downstairs to the other phone and we all talk to Kashian and he says he'll be right over but he can only stay an hour. By the time we stop clowning its half an hour later and we wait for Kashian to come and pretty soon he comes.

I'm editor, see, and I have three pics for Kashian to draw and he wants to draw them all on a piece of paper and then on the stencil which is a lot of trouble. So he draws the pics on paper and then we gotta fool around with a small lamp and a piece of flass so's we can trace the thing. All this time those other two hoods are pestering us and the room has spilled ink everywhere and two card tables are up and both are cluttered and so's both the beds and the desk. I's pretty mad at Bennett and Sellers and tells them to stop bothering us or leave. Well, they don't, see, so I take one card table and puts it on the adjoining porch and gets out a chess set (their regular squares) and tells em to play. They keep making so much racket and mess and thrown the men I take the set away and quick like locks the porch door from this side. Now there's no way for them to get out cuzz the locked door is the only ek-sit, see, so I figure their licked. But they keep on rapping on the door and maken funny faces so's I take the shade on the door and pulls it all the way down and do likewise to the shade on the only window facing this room. Now Kashian and me get along pretty well but them two still want out. So they take it upon theirselves to climb out the window which is pretty hard cuzz we're on the second floor but Bennett thinks he can crawl down the drainpipe. Kashian and me knows they are just foolen but this porch has nine outside windows on it and two beds in it and they crawl all upon the beds and chair and table and everything and take all the nine screens off the windows so's their just lying there letting in all the bugs and besides the rug's messed up and the lamp is fallen off and the bed spreads and everything is lousy. Finally Kashian and me take things in hand, see, and go in there and tell them to fix everything up which they don't and to shut up which they don't so's we can get some good art for the issue which we don't except for the stick figure of Wilson.

We all work pretty hard, see, me typing up the remaining stencils and Kashian tracing that cartoon with the five houses and Bennett

reading a Pogo comic but I don't know what Sellers is doing. Pretty soon all the stencils but one is done and that's the cover. So I site Kashian at one card table to figure one up becuzz he doesn't like the one we had in mind and I decide to print up the other stencils. Bennett and Sellers naturly want to watch me do it and I o-blige and figure out what needs to be done and does it. The ink gets spilled again on the desk and on someone's pants who I don't remember and many sheets come thru wrinkled and many others upsidedown and a good time is had by one and all. By the time we get done Kashian has gone thru all my fanzines and messed them up and likes a small cover fillen just a corner and I'm to beat to objekt. We get that done and everything's done sept for putting the pages together, see. And the room has ink on the beds and everything and I think this will be the first and only issue I do.

We each take a pile of pages, see, and go thru it and sort the bad ones from the good ones and then put the good ones on a card table. Kashian and the other two walk around assemblen copies and I am here seated and stapling the things together. Pretty soon we run out of this page and that and I have to get up and see if I've got anymore and while I'm away Sellers staples some copies only with the staples on the wrong wide of the paper and Bennett staples some more unevenly which I doesn't like cuzz I'm a perfekcionista.

Pretty soon everything's together and I address the copies that go to certain people and the others don't do a thing and then later I'm done. We take a few and as Bennett and Sellers and Kashian all half to get home we all go to Kashian's house and maybe he'll give us something to eat but he doesn't but his mother gives him hell for being three hours late. Then we bid him a fare a-do and go to Doyno's house and maybe he'll give us something to eat but he doesn't but he gives us hell for showing up a hour later then we promised to for he's got a brcken foot or something. Then we bid him a fare a-do and go to Sellers' house and maybe he'll give us something to eat but he doesn't but his mother gives him hell becuzz they eat at 5:30 and its now ten after six. Then we bid him a fare a-do but we who is Bennett and me don't go to Bennett's house becuzz its gotten late so I bid him a fare a-do at the corner and heads home. I stop on the way at Hultman's house to give him his copy and thinks maybe he'll give me something to eat? and I feel lucky because there they are out on the perch eaten dinner but they don't give me anything but hell for coming bye during their dinner hour. I give him his copy and quick like darts out the door thru the water sprinkler and goes home.

By now I feel kinda sick for I am running all around and I never had lunch that day cuzz Bennett and Sellers came to early so I come home and eats lunch for its still sitten there and pretty cold to and then I go upstairs and there's that darn mess that nobody cleaned up and so I clean it up by 12:30 that night no fooling and I'm in bed all the next day re-cupperating and I do SPIRAL #2 by myself and if you think that I'm never going to allow one of those mugs thru my door again your damn right.

Don't you just love San Francisco in October?

--percival x. snodgrass

AND WHY?

by: *Jim Bennett*

I set the ship down gently and began the half-hour wait till the ground cooled from the rocket blast. As I sat there I thought about the trip I'd just made. All in all it had been satisfactory. With the new Davies reaction rockets the trip to Proxima Centauri had only taken a month.

Well, the ground was cool so I got out. The big reception which I'd expected when I landed didn't come and I thought that it was sort of odd because after all the first interstellar flight isn't made every day and even the President had seen me off.

There was nothing I could do about it and the rocket port was completely deserted. That was sort of funny because it was just before Christmas and usually lots of people went to see relatives. Since there was nothing to do I hopped into a robocab and told the auto-driver to take me to the Bugle Building because there's no better place to find out information than a newspaper building.

Riding back through the streets was different than it had been before. Now it was so calm and peaceful with nobody hurrying anywhere and that was odd too. There were even birds singing on the window ledges and some flowers growing on the uncut parkways.



When I bent over the partially set-up front page I read the words, Weapon out of hand, Winds of hurricane force spreading the DUST all over the earth. I thought of the wonderful plans I'd made and then I looked at the dust on the chair before the linctyper and knew that I too would soon look like that. Then I turned and looked in the mirror and I saw myself dissolving and flowing and drying up and I wondered who started it and why. And why?

--jim bennett

a sort of
a sort of

ROVING REPORTER

conducted by guess who
in one of his odder moments

sort of thing

A few months ago, for no particular reason and with nothing specific in mind, I went around school asking various friends the question "What is your opinion on Proxyboo, Limited?" Now that it's over, I see that there's still no reasoning and practically nothing in my mind yet. So I suppose it didn't prove much except perhaps that the general public is not too fandomistically informed. Get on the ball, percival! We must fandomize the general public immedjetly!

Die Antworten: (Ja, ist Deutsch.)

- H.K.: "It is a very grave problem, endangering the world's peace and ruining the nation's economy. You should write your Congressman a letter so that it may be repealed immediately."
- J.B.: "It is a great organization, benefiting mankind. Its effect cannot be estimated too greatly. The limited part should be removed because there is no limit to the value and possibilities for beneficial improvement of mankind."
Needless to say, H.K. hates J.B. and vice versa.
- V.D.: "It's okay if controlled."
- L.T.: "They're delicious. Stocks will go down."
- R.N.: "Quite good firm. The stock is fairly good. It will be rising, so can sell in future date. The firm will expand in a year or two, making the second-largest orange-peel factory incorporating pillow stuffing." Funny fellow, he.
- J.O.: "There's a lot for both sides. Now the eminent speaker from Norway...." Debate Team member, no less. The group which does the dirty work for de Fishin' Team. Great school. Haha.
- F.S.: "Positively do it!" Such enthusiasm should be rewarded.
- R.N.: "It's something teachers don't like you to do." Not the same R.N., either.

Hmmm,...

QWERTYUIOPASDFGHJKLZXCVBNMQWERTYUIOPASDFGHJKLZXCVBNMQWERTYUIOPASDFGHJK
 ten points to whoever can say,
 how this interlineation is may d
 QWERTYUIOPASDFGHJKLZXCVBNMQWERTYUIOPASDFGHJKLZXCVBNMQWERTYUIOPASDFGHJK

SF QUICK QUIZ - 3 ((concluded from page 9))

- 7. 20-pound paper is better for fanzine publishing than 16-pound paper because it
 - weighs more.
 - burns with a brighter luster.
 - is three o'clock.
 - 's a wonder the reader is still reading this quiz.

THERE NOW! Just compare your answers with the correct ones given elsewhere in this issue ((page 23)). Then send in five dollars to me for a complete test of 100 questions. Please include a three-cent stamp for postage. BE AN AFICIONADO! DO IT: TODAY!

SPIRALITIES

some
editorictoral comments
by an editorictoral fellow
namely me

During the normal times of year, (1) school work, or (2) dance band work, or (3) talent show work, or any combinations thereof take up enough time, without even mentioning SF stuff. But this summer I've been more or less free, and the funniest thing has happened -- I've had a chance to read some of the prozines I buy! And it has been through this means that I can say that AMAZING HAS DONE IT AGAIN! Browne wasn't content with Spillane and MARS: CONFIDENTIAL (both, by the way, reports Harlan Ellison, were written by Browne). In the October-November issue of Amazing appears the screwiest story I've yet seen in a professional SF mag (the common fare for some fanzines). THE SLOTHS OF KRUVNY, by Vern Fearing, is eight pages of practically nothing, and well written.

The plot concerns two spacemen who are told by the Commander to go out and see what's wrong. "Nobody Is Out To Conquer The Universe. How Come, May I Ask?" It seems the Commander "had spoken in capitals all over Europe and continued the practice since. "We Are Up Against It!"

At times it becomes quite descriptive, as when the two leave: "Presently, Brad and Ugh were blasting off. As the cigar-shaped vessel rose to the starry void, spacemen, their visages lined and tanned like cigars, held their cigars aloft in silent salute and gently flicked their ashes, while softly, a cigar band played MARACAS, WHY YOU NO LOVE ME NO MORE?"

They had some trouble along the way. "Courage, he told himself, courage! After all, was he not the grandson of Pierre Fromage, inventor of the rubberband motor? With a start, he realized he was not." Intellectual humor, yes, but still humor.

They arrive at their destination finally, though. "Brad and Ugh bounded out of their ship. The two bounders stood there, encased in heat-resistant pyrex pants, expecting the natives to make things hot for them. . . . Swiftly, he took off his pants, revealing underneath the red flannel costume of a 17th century French courtier, complete with powdered wig and Falstaff. Ugh ran up a flag emblazoned with the legend: DIPLOMACY AND AGRICULTURE, then planted beans all around the ship, while Brad postured and danced the minuet."

They two learn that the Sloths are only half of the population of Kruvny. "On the other side of our world live the Sidemen, or Sad Sax. Legend has it that eons ago, the Sidemen were mistakenly delivered a cargo of saxophones, from Saks Fifth Avenue! The old man's voice was hushed as he added, 'They have been practicing ever since.'"

At one point appears this gem which sounds like it stepped right out of a POGO strip:

"Twice more the lanyard snapped. The ray gun boomed: 'Ray!
Ray!'

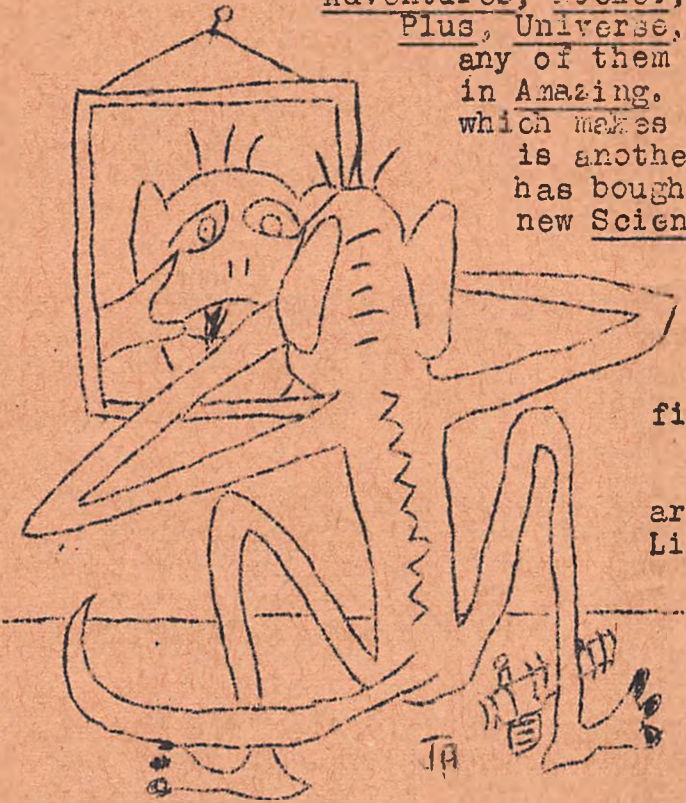
"'You mean all it does is shout "Ray"?' asked Brad.

"'Well, it can also shout "Max"!' said the old man. 'Fearful,
ain't it?'"

Don't miss this story about the Sloths! I liked it muchly.

* * * * *

A lot of new publications appearing in the last month or so. In the way of magazines, the regulars appeared as usual: Astounding, Fantastic, Beyond, Space, Fantastic Story, Dynamic, Imagination, SF Adventures, Rocket, Fantasy and SF, Amazing, SF Plus, Universe, and Galaxy. Nothing unusual a-any of them except possibly the Sloths story in Amazing. SF Plus has new thicker paper which makes it look even better; story quality is another thing altogether. Ray Palmer has bought Universe as a companion to his new Science Stories, which is out now but which I haven't been able to find yet. Startling, TWS, and the Sept. Astounding are all out probably but I haven't been down to the newsstand too recently to find out.



As far as pocket-sized books are concerned a lot's been going on. Lion Books came out with FRANKENSTEIN. Fred Pohl's third PB anthology, SHADOW OF TOMORROW, is a new Perma Book selection, the same publisher that did BEYOND THE END OF TIME. It includes stories by Heinlein, Leiber, Asimov, Wyndham, Kornbluth, Boucher, del Rey, Clement, and that W. Tucker

character, to name a few. 17 stories in all, all reprints, one each from Future Combined with Science Fiction Stories, Science Fiction Quarterly, and the old Marvel; two from Fantasy and SF; and all others from Galaxy! ASF no longer grounds for reprints or something, fellows? 379 pages for 35¢. Also the Ballantine selection for this month is Arthur C. Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END, an original. As one SF book comes from Ballantine per month, they are now offering membership in "The Science-Fiction Preview Club," a one-year subscription for \$4.00. Is this a magazine or not? Galaxy Novels works on exactly the same set-up, only every other month. Their new selection, by the way, is THE WARRIORS OF DAY, a reprint by James Blish. This #16 starts and ends the same way -- "The Kodiak Bear." That's all the farther I got.

Fanzines which found their way include many things, including the old faithful of FANTASY-TIMES. No sense in mentioning all, but VFGA # 10 arrived and enjoyed very much, as usual. Also SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN amish of some 88 pages or so, and very good. Exceptionally

good stuff for any fanzine which was included was ARE YOU A PSEUDO-CAMPBELL, by Redd Boggs, and an article by Les del Rey about his editorship of Troubles therein. Harlan Ellison is to be commended for an excellent issue, and Joel Nydahl for some freshness at last.

A 25¢ comic of old, old POGO strips -- POGO PARADE is out by Dell and I guess is to be issue each year. Swamp-land cats have changed since then; these strips have Pogo looking like a sneaky buzzard and acting pretty much the same. All talking is in Southern dialect to the extent of having "an" for "I", something Kelly doesn't do today. I'll take the 1953 version. MAD COMICS #7 also out, the best of the three "stories" being the middle one, the Story of Treasure Island. Also forgot to mention a while back another new pro mag in the form of Orbit SF. Digest, quarterly, 128 pages, published by Hanro Corp. in New York. Editor is an unknown. Authors include Derleth, Reynolds, Evans, and Dave Grinnell. The whole interior format is more or less a copy of Galaxy's, as far as the illustrations and their placing is concerned. If the stories were as good as the format is good, we'd have one good mag! But most of the stories seem quite juvenile, and the plots much too general. A little better material could make this a big one.

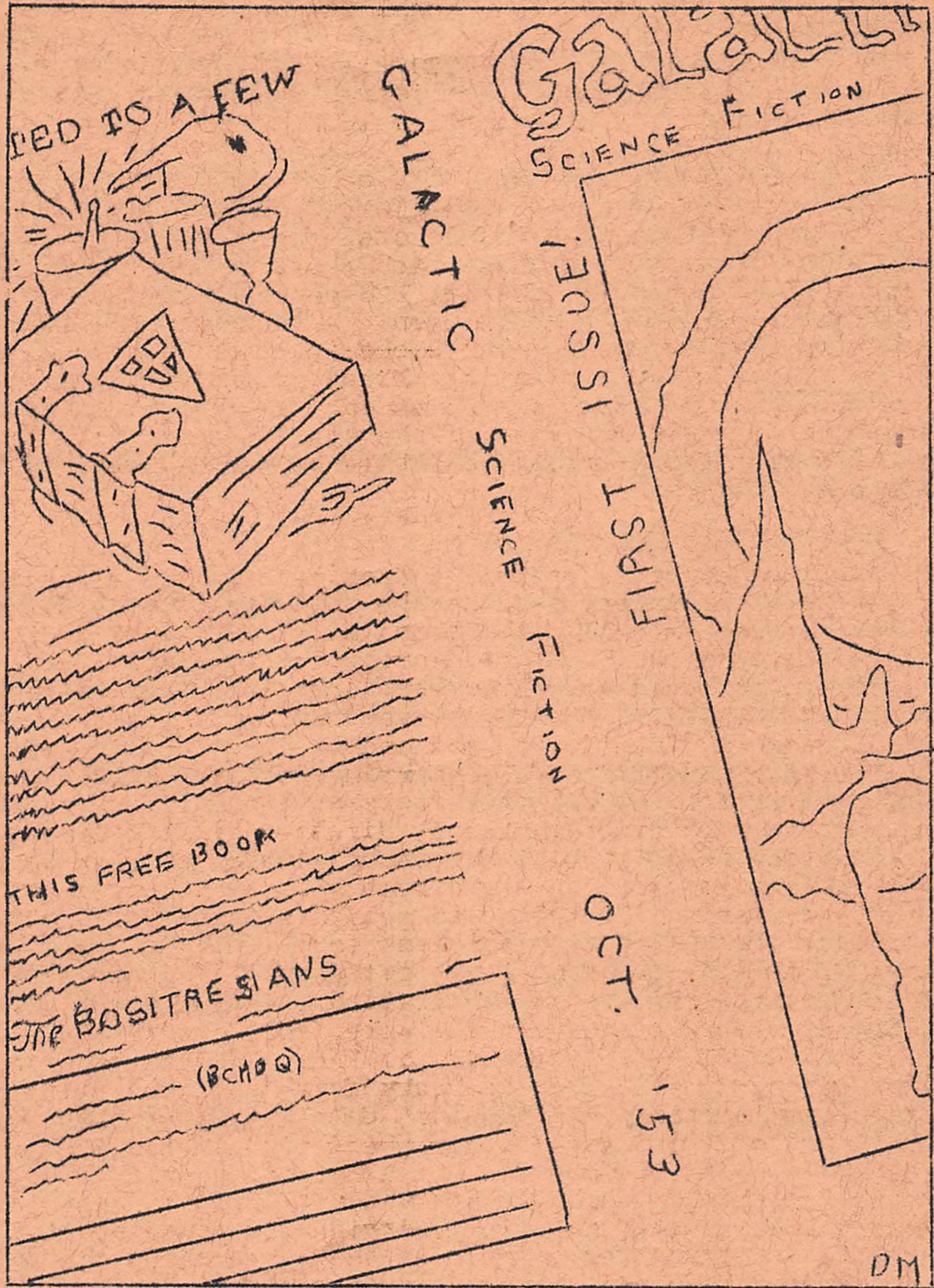
* * * * *

Assorted comments collected from practically everywhere:
 For anyone who's interested, here's the vital statistics concerning the good SF movies making the round now: THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS is from the story by Bradbury, screenplay by Lou Morheim and Fred Freiberger, produced by Hal Chester and Jack Dietz, directed by Eugene Lourie. THE MAGNETIC MONSTER starred Richard Carlson, screenplay by Curt Siodmak and Ivan Tors, produced by Tors and directed by Siodmak. And IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, starring Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush, in 3-D, from an original story by Bradbury, screenplay by Harry Essex, produced by William Alland, directed by Jack Arnold. . . . What Chicago needs is an exclusive science-fiction similar to the many in New York. Any offers? . . . Philcon very close right now, which is one of the reasons I'm trying to get this issue off pretty soon. No, I won't be there, too many problems involved this year. But if I finish SS in time I can at least sit around imagining I'm there! . . . THE IMMORTAL STORM, at pre-publication price of \$3.95, from Atlanta S-F Organization, c/o Carson F. Jacks, 713 Coventry Rd., Decatur in good old Georgia. . . . The cover of FANTASY-TIMES makes things look rather gloomy in #180 when the only four headlines read "'Fantastic Story' Goes Quarterly," "'Amazing' Cuts Pages," "Atlas Drops British 'Thrilling Wonder,'" and "'S.F.W.' and 'Dynamic' Cut Pages." This is no boon. . . . And Doc Lowndes has a new one coming in Science Fiction Stories. Nothing general or anything. . . . It doesn't seem so large when you look at each magazine individually, but, counting the announced page cuts and the other changes in the Mines mags, the total amount of pages in said Mines mags before losses for a year was 4,464; and after losses for a year will be 2,176. In otherwords, Mines is publishing less than half as much as he used to! . . . F&SF used to offer five issues for a dollar to form subbers. Now its six. . . . I may be wrong, but it seems that there's not nearly so much discussing of the '55 Con site as there was of the '54 site last year at this time. . . . Palmer is an advocate of Yogi too? Its his address you send in to. . . Saw a photograph somewhere of the 20 best books of the half-century and DIANETICS was included. . . . Heard somewhere else of some sort of flying saucer convention in California around Aug. 10. . . . Dean Grennell reports that Shelby Vick is recovering successfully from a bout with poliomyelitis. How's about some cheery letters to Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida? . . . And I'd better quit before this goes beyond the page! -16-

SCOOP

The Editor of
S P I R A L
is proud to
present for
the first
time anywhere
a preview of
the cover of
a great new
American
science
fiction
magazine

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S-F



Unfortunately, in their haste to present Galactic Science Fiction as quickly as possible while the boom still lasted, the publishers did not make a thorough examination of their publishing equipment. As a result, the fact that one of the machines which cuts the paper after it has been printed was slightly irregular was not noticed until the magazine was bound. The cover was cut by this machine and, as you can see, was cut slightly wrong. The publishers have explained that they will try to rectify the error with the second issue. However, SPIRAL thought it best to present the cover as it will appear on the newsstands when it goes on sale so that our readers will recognize it. Much luck to this newest of the science-fiction magazines!

I T A L L D E P E N D S O N H O W Y O U L O O K A T I T

penny rich

He didn't even want to think about it, but they said he must tell them all about it for he had been the first one of the whole race ever to come into contact with a creature of another world, and it was his duty to tell the proper authorities, no matter how he personally felt about the thing.

So he tried his best to describe the monster, but it was hard to do because nothing he had ever seen even slightly paralleled the thing, and it was so disgusting. "Well," he said. "it had sort of a.. a greenish trunk, and sticking out from that were four sort of "thing;" they were green and had pink at the ends. With one of these it carried a big brown thing; I don't know what that was. And...well, um, oh! it was so horrible...."

"Go on."

"It had a round thing attached to it, too, with red tentacles coming out from it."

"How big was this thing?"

"It must have been about, um....maybe two times as tall as I. Oh! was it ugly!"

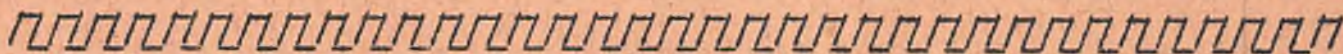
"Yes, you told us that. Now try to calm down and finish. Now tell us, what did it do when it saw you?"

"It came towards me, a little bit, and put forth one of those things and made a strange noise."

"Can you remember what the noise sounded like? Could you try to repeat it?"

"Well, it didn't make any sense, but I'll try to. It sounded like, 'Greetings, Martian; I am from Earth.' I wonder what that means?" he said, as he traced patterns in the red sand with his olgekam.

--penny rich



"And what are you doing here?"



a letter section....

This issue's letter section is going to be slightly flexible, due to the fact that at this moment I don't know exactly what's going to be in it. I mailed (to subscribers only) about a week ago a four-page SPIRAL #3 $\frac{1}{2}$; if any mail comes in the next few days or so concerning that, page 21 is set aside for it. If nobody on page 21 mentions #2 $\frac{1}{2}$ it's either because I didn't receive any replies yet or else they were fooling around too much to even mention the thing.

Many thanks, therefore, whether I use their letter or not, to Bob Moreen, Len Truesdell, Roberta McKirahan, Jean Albrecht, R.E. Wilson, and Bret Harland for taking the time to write. I of course would be happier with a much larger turnout, but as long as I've got faithfuls such as Truesdell, Wilson, and Harland, I can know at least a little of what you thought of the issue. Three of the six, by the way, renewed even before their subs were up, so many thanks to them even more. But I would like some new letter writers too....

BRET HARLAND - 3026 W. Jarvis - Chicago, Ill.

Den --

Spiral #2 received and appreciated. Is better than #1.

Cover wasn't too bad, actually. Could have been better tho. Editorial nice as editorials go. Truesdell's Fishing Tackle Knots I think is quite funny.

Sellers thing stinks. What goes? ((I don't care what anybody says, I liked the last line. Course it wouldn't make sense to anyone not going to N.T., but still. I agree that perhaps the rest of it wasn't worth too much. But, maybe a mag has to have at least one worthless thing in each issue to make the good stuff even better. Maybe the Roving Reporter on page 13 is this issue's example, eh?))

OF HUMAN BANDAGE -- the whole story -- pretty corny. Could have been done better and been better.

Re my article: I forgot to include the editor who uses footnotes, but perhaps it's just as well anyway. In fact now that I think of it I've never actually seen an ed. who does use them. **

Telephone conversation okay, but you should have spelled the plural of booze correctly -- "boosae" or something.

Letters weren't anything to laugh yourself sick over ((I didn't)). I'd send in some lists of names myself except I'm not in a creative mood right now. ((You have to be in a creative mood to list names?)) Have the sneakiest suspicion that the only reason you printed Wilson's letter was so you could crack those puns. Yes? ((No comment.)) And Doynoscour...well....

B. H.

** Neither have I -- ed.

R.E. WILSON - 638 Oakton St. - Evanston, Ill.

To the editor of Spiral:

I realize that this salutation is not as clever as "Dear Denis" but it is, at least, funnier ((ha)). May I suggest for your literary whirl called Spiral ((huh?)) that you include a grammar section to compensate for all my obviously misdirected attempts to instil in the minds of stubbornly resistant students a few simple principles of correctness. ((Wouldn't ya know it. The teacher in him finally comes to a head.)) You might start out with "this type of sentences" instead of "these type of sentences." Please note that the period is within the closing quotation marks. ((I would never think of saying "these type of sentences." What I thought the phrase should have been in the first place is "this type of sentence."))

Then it should be "that sort of things" instead of "those sort of things," which is another horrible example of the same type of error -- see p. 6, S2, "Of Human Bandage." On page 7 of same issue, how about "Whom do you think you're talking to?" instead of "Who do you--, et cetera?" ((Here again, I am faultless. The error in English on page 6 is one that the doctor in the story made, and not one the author of the story (namely me) made. And on page 7 Harland is quoting what another editor would say and not what he himself would say. Both errors occur in the talking of fictional characters, and not the talking of real authors. As it is you can blame only the characters, and they're a little hard to get hold of right now. Nyah.))

In S1's SF feature by Vic Doyno, Vic meant "sidled" instead of "slid." Perhaps the editor made a typographical error ((SUH: This editor never makes typographical errors. Mr. Doyno's story manuscript is typed and it clearly says "slid." Of course, sometimes little fairies sometimes climb up on my typer keys and fool around with them when I'm not looking.)) or perhaps he prefers sliding to sidling. Personally I prefer sidling to sliding. There's quite a difference ((34,792.76)). Each verb requires a distinctive technique in the procedure of approach. Of course, Vic may have intended to imply that since Margaret was very unorthodox in her behavior, she would naturally slide instead of sidle up to her husband. It was a very interesting character study. I know a lot of characters.

R.E. Wilson

P.S. Tell Truesdell I already have a time bomb. ((That I shall.))

((I dislike this person's McCarthyistic approaches. He has been trying to find fault with my writing ever since I said there wouldn't be any misspellings on an English theme for him and he said there would be and there weren't. In fact, he never even paid up....))

perhaps pinochle is still tasty



WHO GOES THERE? - 3

LEN TRUESDELL - 56 Woodley Rd. - Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Dennis,

Come to think about it I did pay for that issue. I see you ran that lousy article of mine. Were you full of Booze, Boozere, Boozi, Boozus, that night? What about my discount, you chisler you. ((You got the issue for free, Bud. What more do you want?)) Enclose check in next mail. Alibi your way out of that one.

Thank you Fats
Len Truesdell

P.S. Mr. Harland is not the only one who hates editors. This is what Tarzan's ape said about a certain editor. (Note Tarzan is armed for the occasion.)

((Mr. Truesdell is kind enough to enclose a Tarzan panel which shows the ape saying, "He is headed this way. It is terrible!" To which I say, "Hmmm..."))

* * * * *

ROBERTA MCKIRAHAN - 412 Mulberry St. - Rockford, Ill.

Dear Denis:

Too much time has spaced away since the copy of your estimable publication came to my address, and was duly perused from the first word to the last.

Some of it was within my understanding but some of it didn't seem to be there. However, as is often remarked in present day remarks, the possibilities must be great, or would it be, the potentialities must be great, or would it be, the potentialities, ((Did you ever find yourself reading the same line once more instead of going to the next? Not so bad when you're just reading, but when you're stenciling a letter section and it happens for a second time, it's probably just as well to regard it as Fate and not attack the correction fluid.)), since you are dealing with science. And I do note that you offer improvement in future issues.

Let me congratulate you on the visible results of your ideas thus far. I may be witnessing the beginning of an illustrious career in the field of journalism, or in later years it may be called a different name. . . .

Always rooting for you,
Roberta McKirahan

((You should have been an English teacher instead of a music teacher, what with those words. Ever heard of a Mr. Wilson?))

* * * * *

Hmmm. These four letters galloped at full speed and took up one more page than I had consigned them to, so unfortunately neither you nor I know right now the answer to The Mystery of the after-effects of SPIRAL #2 $\frac{1}{2}$. Maybe next time. So I guess that's all for now. This is yed for the first time really worn out. But I had fun and hope you did too. PLEASE -- don't forget to return that poll sheet! It really does help me to assemble future issues. Okay? Okay.

YOU GET THIS ISSUE BECAUSE:

Editor and Publisher

Denis Moreen

presents to all concerned

another issue of that

startling journal

spiral

#####

Denis Moreen
214 Ninth St
Wilmette Ill

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Richard Bergeron
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Newport
Wilmington

WILMETTE



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- You have something wonderful of your own in here and get this one issue free of cost.
- I'd like you to subscribe.
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- I need some material & you're just the person to supply it.
- You are a menace to society & should be exterminated pronto. My magazine is just the thing to do the job.
- Something even more fantastic than anything else above.

#####

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ENTERPRISES**