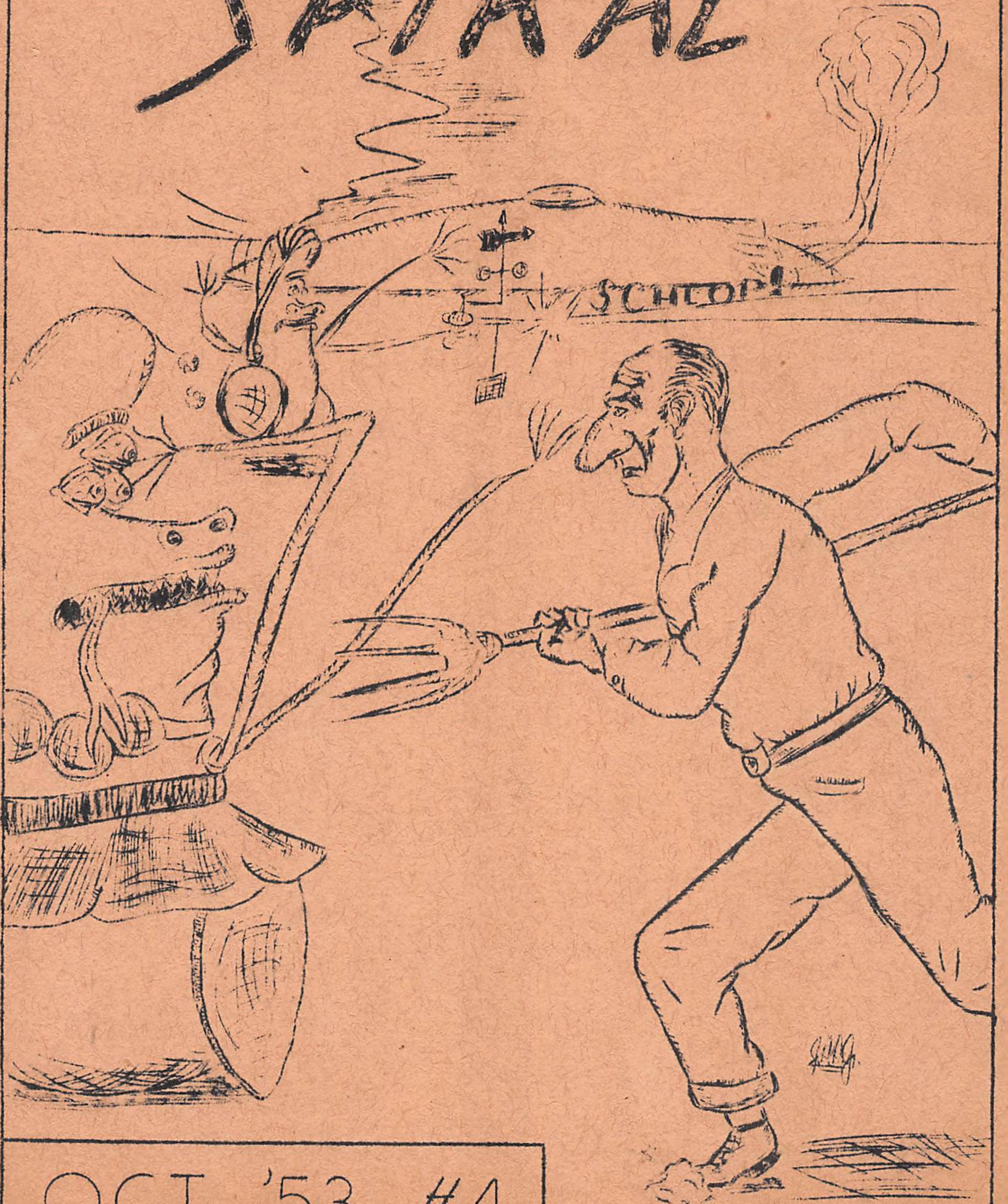
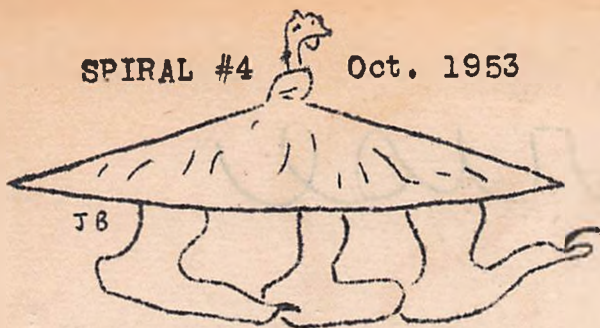


SPIRAL



OCT. '53 #4



Published bi-monthly or thereabouts by Denis Moreen - 214 9th St. - Wilmette, Ill. 10¢ per copy, 3 issues for 25¢. All letters received are subject to use in the letter column unless the writer clearly states he doesn't want his printed. School locker #170-49. This is an Orgle-glump publication in association with R.E. Wilson Enterprises (Inc.).

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Interiors by Jim Bennett, Herb Kashian, William Rotsler

Thanks go to many people thish for particular things. Jack Hazlehurst cut his own stencil of the cover, which was a great relief to me. And Harlan Ellison's story was an unsolicited contribution yet! Ellison has a peculiar habit of making me go to the dictionary all the time while reading his original: not because I distrust him, but simply because I wondered what some of those words meant! I bow to one with a vocabulary. WHO GOES THERE is greatly expanded this time because so many of you came through with comments, and thanks to each and every. Remember I can always use comments.

One thing has been troubling me greatly, and that has do do with the fact that SPIRAL is being aimed at two distinct groups at the same time, and neither group understands nor cares to understand the other. Meanwhile I'm kinda caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, so to say. I don't see how I can continue publishing a magazine for fandom and also for New Trier High School and do a decent job for either. So listen New Trierites: plans are in the offing to publish a magazine regularly, probably more so than bi-monthly, concerning New Trier and nothing else. Your ideas are needed, although I know that what's worked in SPIRAL will work in it. And to you fandomiacs: be patient for one more issue and then I'll be able to slant toward you entirely and not around you, okay? That should make everyone happy.

The next issue of SPIRAL will definitely arrive before Christmas (colored cover likely) and the deadline for any and all things is Dec. 1: To those of you fans who have been receiving free copies of SPIRAL: I would like to trade with you, but if I don't hear your okay this will definitely be the last issue of SPIRAL to come your way until I do. So please acknowledge, huh? Final note: Any wandering columnists looking for a home are welcome here! So until about Dec. 20, good luck from "the singing voice of Etherland," namely,

Denis Moreen

S

urprise

by
harlan
ellison

P ackage

Semenole brought the bird down amidst a cloud of pale magenta sand that billowed and flitted in all directions, radiating out in a monstrous volatile cloud from the center, in which a spear of bright red flame danced down from the blazing tube of the ship. Carventon buckled the suit around himself as the last snapping shudder of the tubes' cooling passed through the bulk of the machine, and lifted the helmet onto his close-cropped auburn head. He stared momentarily at Semenole with a bleak, bewildered stare, and then undogged the port, an auto-rifle held much too tensely in his perspiring arms.

He itched under the suit, but he was damned if he'd scratch.

This was Earth?

This was the world that they had travelled 120 light-years from the reassuring warmth of Spiga to see? This was what they must report to the ancestors of those first fleeing Earthmen? To the flourishing races on the planets surrounding Spiga they must carry a tale of a Terra that was dead and no more? Their ancestral home. . So this was Earth.

(Something rustled in a burrow.)

Semenole joined Carventon on the desert. This, according to the graphs, yellowed and falling to shards even in their lifetime-plastic bindings, was the site of a place that the maps listed as New Yrk. According to the legend, this was supposedly the residence of millions of people. But for all the distance they could see, to the very edges of their vision, there was nothing but dead, red sand, sifting in over the dwarfed and runted saw-grasses that heroically stuck their sickly grey bodies up through the clinging quagmire of crimson particles.

Carventon shuddered uncontrollably. He pressed a button on the console on his chest-box and a small feeder-arm came up from the nearly skin-tight suit and inserted a cigarette between his dry lips.

He puffed it alight, and as the specially treated tobaccos with their coated inflammants took fire, the air purifiers in the helmet immediately whisked the smoke out through the membrane at the end of the multiple baffles in the excrete tube.

(Something sensed movement and started out into the light.)

They scuffed through the desert, away from the whip, which stood pointing up behind them like an accusing finger to the evening sky, the sun sinking into the now-ochre desert. A dead red orb with no appreciable aurora and an air of unhealthy, diseased existence. It threw monstrous, distorted shadows from them that spread out across the land before them like misshapen monoliths, transposed from some leprous dream.

They topped a rise and stared down an embankment to a wall, rising out of the sand, weeds grown up about its bulk. Weathered and grayed like some ancient cadaver it posed there, a drunkenly tilted chunk of rock with no visible support to keep its fantastically tilted bulk aloft.

Semenole gawked for a moment and then yelled, the sound coming strained and unnatural through Carventon's speaker. With silent accord they pounded ankle-deep in the shifting sands down the shallow hill to the wall. The first sign of life and intelligence since they'd landed. Soft blubbering sounds came from Semenole as they neared it and he could detect inscriptions on the bare face of the stone wall. Semenole, the impressionable. He who had slaved and worked for ten years to get chosen from among all the entrees in the selections for who would go back to Earth.

Thirty generations was a long time to be away from one's ancestral home, and Semenole was one son of a son of a son who longed with a star-fire in his belly for the old home.

(Something emerged into the light and saw what had awakened him. Something called its brothers. They arrived and saw.)

Carventon puffed contentedly on his cigarette while Semenole pawed with rock with gloved fingers. Semenole was panting as he uncovered it. Perspiration formed on his helmet and was snatched away in mid-crystallization by the suit controls. Suddenly, he sank to his knees and began to whimper. Carventon watched, half-amazed, half-understanding as his partner of thirty months' journey weeped away the homesickness of thirty generations.

Semenole stood up and wiped his hand ridiculously across his helmeted eyes, realized he was crying and smiled nervously. He waved his hand toward Carventon and nodded him over to the wall where he read:

NEW O K PUBL C LI APY HOUR 9: 0 5:30
ADMIS REE

They walked back through the blue darkening and talked of their dead home. Of the piece of rock beneath Semenole's arm that was the only indication that this was home.

They talked of what stages the Earth must have gone through before it died. Of the wars it had seen. Of the conquerors that beset it.

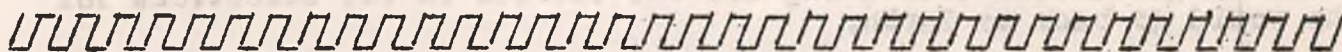
(The Conquerors mounted the steps to the ship and sighed the port shut after them. They proceeded calmly to the controls and prepared to take off. They noted the automatic settings dialed for the far colonies on Spiga's many planets. Revived action again after all these centuries...)

Semenole dropped the stone and yanked out his blaster; Carventon raised the auto-rifle his partner had carried before the weight of the rock had displaced it.

The Conquerors spread out in front of them in a sickening grey horde, tumbling back upon stomach over each other as they watched the first meal of centuries before them. The two children of mankind long-lost shook and retched with revulsion at the rows upon rows upon gatherings of them. Their suit purifiers were hard pressed to clean up the gorge.

Carventon and Semenole backed down toward the wall.

(The last thing the Conquerors saw as their ship, carrying them to the new feeding-ground, rose on a thin pillar of crimson, was the sight of the two bipeds backed against the wall, the torrent of rats sweeping in on them as they fired, blindly, helplessly...uselessly.)



ADVERTISEMENT

from DENIS MOFFEN, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois

My collection is crowding me out, so I must get rid of these duplicates and fast. The entire selection below to be sold in one bundle:

Star SF Stories (mint), ASF 5/53, Amazing (3 issues), Mad Comics #7 & #8, Ballyhoo, SF Plus #1, Flying Saucer Review, SFanews (2), Foot-View, Lethe, Shangri-La (2), Newsscope, Microcosm, Phantasmagoria, Fantasy Times (3), SF Advertiser (2), Fantasias, Vanations, Spaceship (2), TLMA (2), Cosmag/SF Digest (2), Fantastic Worlds, SF News Letter (4), Journal of SF (2), Sol (3), Operation Fantast, Eusifanso, Perma Book of Ghost Stories, Out of This World, The Man with My Face, Tales of Tomorrow #1, 2, & 3, Worlds at War, The Golden Scorpion, Fate (2), Revolt of the Triffids, Mag of Fan. & SF 10/53 (mint), plus assorted amateur publishing not SF, plus other very amateur publishing, etc.etc.

The entire lot (worth at least \$1.50) to the first person willing to pay only \$2.00. Anyone willing to pay higher than that say so before October 26 and he can have it for his price; otherwise after 10/26 the bundle goes out to the first person who wants it for \$2.00. DO NOT SEND MONEY WITH ORDER: you will be notified if you get the pile. I pay postage. Don't miss out on this chance to cheat me like crazy!



WAS IT DAS?

by denis moreen

.....A Review of the Champion SF TV Program, "Superman".....

I casually look up into the sky. I see it. It is there...

"IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? IS IT A SUPERMAN?"

Why, land sakes! It is SUPERMAN!!! Just in time for his TV program! Champion of the people! Defender of the law! Dedicated to the proposition that all men are cremated equal! (Thanks to Forry.)

Yes, Superman. (But first, of course, a word from our sponsor.)

"And now, on this day of 18 September 1952, the story of how Superman first came to this planet"....

Millions of miles from Earth, far away, there was a planet called Tripton, which was much like Earth, only more so; i.e., its inhabitants were very much more highly developed, educated, cultured, etc. than humans. They looked exactly like Tertians.

Well, the executive council of Tripton listens to one of its members, called Jerrell, probably because that's his name, who tells these highest-of-creatures that Tripton is soon going to plunge into their sun.

"No, no, no!" yell all the other marvelous creatures simultaneously. "He is stupid and confused and wrong and tells utter fables!"

"No, you are all wrong!" yells Jerrell. "It is all calculated. The only thing to do is build thousands of spaceships like the one I just built."

Just then, the planet conveniently starts to fall apart, via tidal waves, et al., and our hero rushes out of the room, over to his wife, and yells at her (everyone on this planet is quite a yeller, which explains why they are always so afraid...), "We must put our baby, the last remnant of a dying race, in a spaceship and send him to another planet, preferably Earth, because that is where this television station is."

And so they stick the little bundle of youth (the last remnant of a dying race) in a -- get this -- ten-foot spaceship, and send him out toward Earth, just as Tripton splits right in two. The perfect remote controls lands the spaceship on Earth, where it bursts into flame, and the baby is rescued by a farmer and his wife, just before said ship explodes and disappears. The baby is raised until he is 25, when he starts out in the world to combat all things bad with the help of Clark Kent and a pair of wings. Thus endeth the tale.

Fans, awaken! Arise! Come to our cause! We must have more of these good science-fiction programs on television!

((Reprinted from the SCIENCE FICTIONER, Dec. 1952))

SPIRALITIES

notes by
denis moreen

CONVENTION NOTES: I didn't go to the Philcon this year, so all I know about it is what I hear. Therefore I won't devote much space at all to it except to hope that all the fans who went had a great time in all respects. Fantasy-Times labels it "a dull success." True?

I'm as happy as anyone that Frisco got the '54 Con, although any W. Coast city would probably be about the same. What with the Westerncon also in the same place, a combination would be something to see. Maybe I will. The annual awards is a new idea, but looking at the results I wonder if they prove much of anything. After all, everyone knew pretty much what the results would be, as in the Best Promag section. Only big objection in my mind is that Farmer got the "rookie" award over Robert Sheckley, who I think really shows more. Ah, well.

Crystal-ball gazers please note: As of 1 Sept. '53, here are the convention sites for the next five years: 1954, Denver or W. Coast; 1955, Atlanta; 1956, New York; 1957, Chicago or Denver; 1958, S. Gate.

* * * * *

SUBSCRIPTION DEP'T.: Thinking about the rates the EC Comics charge for subscriptions starting me on a vinge about the differences in sub prices for prozines. Compared to the \$4.80 newsstand price for 12 issues (at 35¢ per.), \$4.00 would be a fair price, and that is what Fantasy and Science Fiction and the Browne mags charge. And yet Astounding, Galaxy, and the formerly-del Rey mags charge \$3.50 for 12 issues; and Imagination \$3.00 for 13. Certainly Madge doesn't make some much more profit that \$3.00 is acceptable; and, on the other hand, you can't tell me that F&SF couldn't charge \$3.50 and still make money. And when you look at the various 2-year rates and foreign rates, even more differences come in. Are the economic conditions of all these magazines so much more different?

GOOD READING DEP'T.: Had nothing to do a few nights ago so I happened to pick up my PB copy of Heard's IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING to see if it's anything different in the saucer line. The saucer ideas bring out nothing new; but about 2/3 of the way through Heard devotes about 20 pages to discussing the question of whether insects, in particular bees, live by only instinct alone. I suppose he was trying to point out that insect-forms of life on other planets could build saucers; but anyway, his story of how bees communicate among each other in sign language is rather interesting. A little spine-tingling, too, when you get right down to it.

TASFIC CHRONICLER: What with the Fanvariety Enterprises book concerning the Chicago convention just coming out, I wondered what ever became of the intended TASFIC CHRONICLER which had order blanks being distributed at the Chicon. I hadn't heard anything from Bill

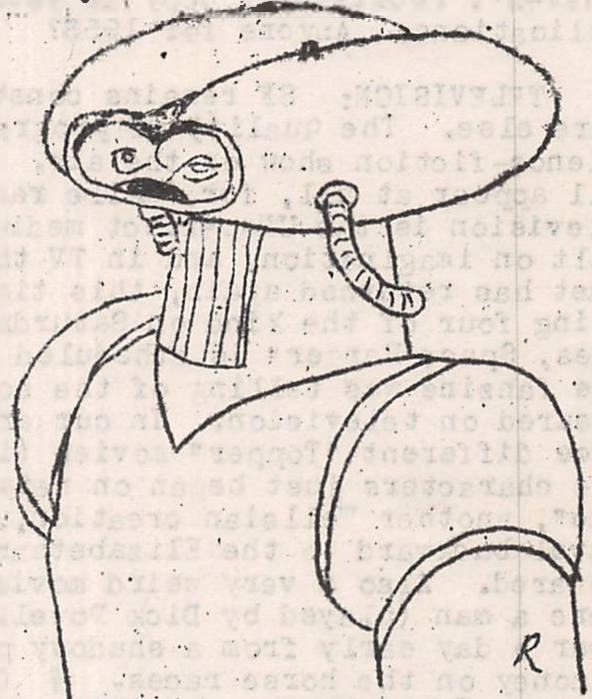
Entek, the publisher, since last September, so I dropped him a few lines asking if the CHRONICLER was still going to be published. When I didn't receive a reply, I decided to ask Bob Tucker if he knew of the whereabouts of same, and Bob graciously took the immediate time to say no and a few other things. Well, after a little fengling, I received a letter from Bill which stated that he had received about 45 subscriptions at \$1.50 each, and that the estimate for the publication had come to over \$200. Hence after much deliberation he has decided to not publish the CHRONICLER, so any of you who have been wondering have the answer now. However, TASFIC IN RETROSPECT is out, although I haven't received my copy as yet. So much for the 1952 Convention publications. Anyone for 1953?

TELEVISION: SF remains constant in television at least, if nowhere else. The quality of programs remains the same, with no real science-fiction show on the air. I doubt very much that any such show will appear at all, for, while radio is the perfect medium for SF, television is the UN-perfect medium, simply because science fiction is built on imagination, and in TV there is no imagination. # Space Cadet has returned again, this time on film and with a different cast, making four of the kind on Saturday mornings. And another, "Rocky Jones, Space Ranger" is scheduled for appearance soon. # Someone in some fanzine was telling of the science fiction movies which have appeared on television. In our area of Chicago, I can remember seeing three different "Topper" movies (incidentally, a weekly show based on the same characters just began on network TV). "The Shape of Things to Come", another Wellsian creation, and some movie where characters travel backward to the Elizabethan reign to get in hot water has also appeared. Also a very weird movie which is indescribable; plus one where a man (played by Dick Powell) can always get the next day's newspaper a day early from a shadowy person so he can go out and win a lot of money on the horse races. # Congratulations are very much in order to Westinghouse and CBS's "Studio One" for presenting a superb rendition of 1984 on September 31. If you saw the write-up in LIFE, you see that they might do the play over sometime next year, which is okay with me. One of the rare good moments in SF on television.

THREE DIMENSION: Within one month, it has become next to impossible to keep track of all the 3-D comics on the stands, as they've been flowing like molasses in July. I've got a copy of the first to appear but that's all. Saw a Superman one a few days ago. Also, not a comic, but also new: "Three-Dimension Pin-Ups Magazine!" Will this never stop? I'll wait for some enterprising fanged to come up with 3-D mimeography. That'll be the day. # The three types of "new" movies are all out also. Everybody of course has probably seen at least one movie in "natural vision", the one with the glasses. Cinerama just opened in Chicago and I'll get down to see it sooner or later. "The Robe", in Cinemascope, also just opened, and I saw it a week ago. With a screen, curved, and three times as wide as it is high, and with stereophonic sound, this is really a spectacle. # However, the last word in new scientific advances appeared in one of the Chicago paper's comic section. Not content with three dimensions, "Abbie an' Slats" had FOURTH DIMENSION showing at a movie house. Of course it turned out to be that there were these four brothers with the last name of Dimension, etc., etc. But worst of all -- these people actually didn't believe in a fourth dimension! To the hills.

NEW PUBLICATIONS: Many things came out in the last two months, too many to list individually. Tops in SF, in its second issue, changed to digest-size and 35¢, with a takeoff on the worn-out cover format; only this time it's weaving in and out. Two Complete Science-Adventure Books is 35¢, the first pulp I know of to charge that price, with no increase in price; however the contents are MacDonald's BALLROOM OF THE SKY and an original by Poul Anderson. Planet for November reprints Bradbury's GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN; Imagination for November has a Heinlein short that's not bad; and If announces that it's going monthly with the March issue (although it originally said that the Nov. issue would find it a monthly).

The latest of Beyond, Future, and Amazing all sport unusual covers that are very good. And Fantasy Fiction again misses a month as usual; while TWS misses a month, which is unusual. I would have said that the reason for this is so Mines could get SS and TWS on an alternating-month basis; but now that he says that SS will skip the January issue I don't know what to think. Mystic, Science Stories, and Spaceway are all supposedly out now but I haven't seen a one. October seems to be an unusual one in the two "best" magazines; ASF carries two interesting articles, one by George Pal and one about the letters a scientist receives; and Galaxy has another of those non-fact articles, plus a typical Gold editorial and a book-review section in which Conklin seems to step over backwards to mention Astounding three times when he didn't have to at all. Is this another clause in the "let's-be-friends" routine?



Ballantine Books' two offerings are Moore's BRING THE JUBILEE and Bradbury's FARENHEIT 451; the latter is a collection of three stories, the title story being an expanded version of THE FIREMEN. The Bradbury issue, incidently, has three interior illustrations, another first I believe as far as pocket books are concerned. Pennant Books makes an appearance with Kornbluth's TAKEOFF; and Ace "Double-Novel" Books present two novels by van Vogt for 35¢ -- THE WORLD OF NULL-A and an original, UNIVERSE MAKER. Some funzine, BALLYHOO, came out with an All-Space issue, with 25 pages of space-flight humor in the form of one big globby nothing. The latest POGO appeared, back in its 10¢ price; but with less pages; MAD #8 appeared with some miraculous distribution for once (perhaps EC is finally going to get a break!); and the so-called MAD imitator, WHACK, in 3-D, doesn't begin to equal the One and Only. # Concerning the fans, SFQ is apparently going to drop its fan section, leaving the divorced Mari Wolf as the only fan reviewer in the promags. Fan-lines: FILLER has come down from Canada to be quite good for what it is; the latest SOL shows tremendous improvement and has an article by Ed Wood that should at least make every fan think for a minute; and MOTE presents an annish that's perfect in all respects.

OF ODDS AND ENDS DEPT:

Of odds and ends,
 Of mice and mens,
 Of cabbages and kings;
 I was misplaced
 out there in Spaced;
 Some pongs behind some pings
 behind a Greek.

This poem's unique!!!
 Here's why (I'll tell my friends)
 it's really odd:
 Its end -- it's odd;
 It's really odd it ends!

which is supposed to usher in the following unheralded comments: # Remember last ish my saying that F&SF sent out cards offering 6 issues for a dollar? Well, I just received a card offering 12 issues for 2 dollars. Can't they make up their minds? # Any of you who happen to be missing a copy of MAD COMICS which you want can receive copies directly from the EC Group (225 LaFayette St., N.Y. 13, N.Y.) at 15¢ per. They have every issue in stock. # Received a letter from GSF and Willy Ley Sept. 28 thanking me for my "recent inquiry" to his column. I sent in a question on Sept. 26, 1952! # The typical Hollywood touch is present in this paragraph from a recent Shelia Graham column: "John Huston signed Ray Bradbury, the science-fiction writer, to join him in Europe to write the new "Moby Dick" that will star Gregory Peck. It's funny that Bradbury, who knows so much about space travel, has never ridden in a plane or driven a car faster than 35 miles an hour." Hmmm. # The Chicago DAILY NEWS of Sept. 15 had in its letter section a 150-word letter written by one "Barclay Johnson" of Winnetka, Ill. The letter had to do with peace, the U.N., and "international anarchy." I can't vouch 100% that it's the same B. Johnson who published FOO-VIEW, but I'd bet on it. (I dropped Bark a postcard concerning it but received no reply.) A fan in print in Chicago's best newspaper is okay, okay? As far as I know, Bark, myself, and Penny Rich formed as much of North Shore fandom as there is (North Shore being that area north of Chicago and on the shore of Lake Michigan). And "Penny Rich" is an honest-to-goodness name, Redd, as you'd find out if you wrote to 849 Foxdale in Winnetka. # Those interested in the Dagnet satires will have to by a copy of Stan Freberg's new record, ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, which is combined fantasy and Dagnet. The other side is LITTLE BLUE RIDING-HOOD. This record is the best-seller in Chicago right now, sold 600,000 copies in 4 days in New York, and is bound to sell 2½ million before long. Needless to say, it is a direct, hilarious take-off on Dagnet. Capital label. And the Dagnet theme is #7 on the Hit Parade, and was played at several college football games as a march. What this has to do with science fiction, I don't know! # What sudden trend is it that every fanzine other than SPIRAL is coming in envelopes nowadays? # Someone once said that we would know when science fiction had grown up in public's eye when the Readers' Guide would start listing it "science fiction" instead of "pseudo-scientific stories." Well, the day's come, I see at the library. # Chas. Wells and FIENDETTA are going to include a fanzine index with forthcoming issues, so they say, similar to the classified section of the telephone directory. # Next SPIRALITIES will be shorter now that I've used up all the odds and ends! 'Bye.

* * * * *

A telephone caller claiming to be "from outer space" interrupted a local radio show Wednesday morning. He sent the listening public into one of the biggest spins since Orson Welles panicked the country with his "Men from Mars" broadcast 15 years ago.

The caller's warning to "earthmen" to cease preparations for war "or your planet will be annihilated" sent hundreds of panicky listeners to their telephones to try to find out what they had heard. New York telephone company officials immediately placed tracers on the call.

Jinx Falkenberg and her husband, Tex McCrary, were interviewing Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe (ret.) of the U.S. Marines about his new book "Flying Saucers from Outer Space" on their breakfast show at the Waldorf-Astoria when they received the call through a hotel switchboard.

Miss Falkenberg answered the call but became too hysterical to converse with the caller.

She turned the call over to McCrary who inadvertently held the phone close to the microphone. Listeners heard a thickly accented voice speaking in rapid, grammatical English.

The caller said at first he was calling from a space ship over Los Angeles. He later said he was "now" over Salt Lake City.

The gist of the call was this:

"This is a voice from outer space. I warn you earthmen to stop talking about flying saucers, about bombs and preparations for war, for unless you learn to live in peace your planet will be annihilated.

"I know this because I am in a position to see and you are not.

"I am reaching you with difficulty. You cannot see me, and you could not bear the sight if you did. It would be too hideous."

Keyhoe immediately denied that he was in any way responsible for the call. McCrary assured radio listeners that he and his wife were not responsible. Henry Holt & Co., Keyhoe's publisher, also disclaimed responsibility.

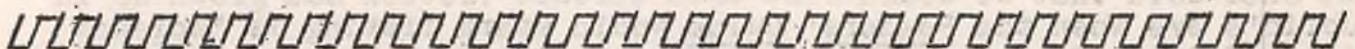
The Waldorf switchboard was so jammed with calls for several hours after the broadcast that it took ten minutes to place a call at the hotel. NBC telephone operators also reported "a flood of calls." Many of the callers expressed anger over "that kind of a hoax."

* * * * *

Another fan at work again? Keasler? Shapiro? Perhaps one of the former Little Men trying to outdo their moon-stake shinnanigans of last year? Come, come now...we can't keep this enveloped in secrecy forever.

Well, anyway, the United Press is keeping the door open to the possibility that the call was a true, sincere one. Notice that they didn't actually refer to it as a hoax anywhere.

Perhaps the U.P. is headed by a Martian! Who knows?!



A few copies are left of each #2 and #3 issues of SPIRAL. The #3 ones are fuzzy but still readable. 10¢ apiece or 3 for 25¢ from the editor. Sorry, no more copies of #1 available.

PHILCON REPORT

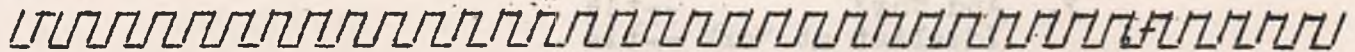
The convention was held in a long room resembling a gym, with a big stage at one end and a second-floor balcony at the other . . . I wandered in just as the proceedings were starting, carrying my portable metal filing case which contained among the many letters all the material from the last Chicon, and I sat down in a back seat in the balcony . . . There were some ushers, and one was a school friend I recognized . . . And up in the front part of the balcony were many, many people, all standing up, trying to see . . .

I went downstairs and entered by the left door in the back . . . And up on the stage was Bob Elliot of Bob and Ray, and he was saying something about pinching somebody . . . I looked towards the left wall, and I saw a table with an old QUANDRY lying on it and an old dish with markings all over it for sale for 63¢ . . .

And now a woman was singing (I think she was Mahalia Jackson) a beautiful song which I had just heard on television, and she was accompanied by a string orchestra . . . And I sat down quietly in the only chair left, and it was a desk chair which rocked back and forth on its ill-made legs . . . And the sound was indescribable . . . And then I woke up . . .

The day was Saturday, September 5 . . . The first day of the convention all right . . . But this was 1953, and the convention was in Philadelphia, and I was in Wilmette, just next to Chicago, and I was disappointed . . . And the sun was shining brightly through the window, onto the wall . . . And I thought I felt a few tears trying to form . . . But that's absurd.

People don't dry just because they can't go to a silly old convention.



T H E S E C R E T O F T H E U N I V E R S E

Did you ever wake up and feel that the Secret of the Universe was at your fingertips? I have the Secret in my grasp.

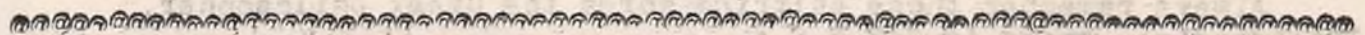
If I told you the Secret you would feel the wonderful joy and power in its knowledge. However, They don't want you to have it. They don't even want you to desire it very much.

When I first learned the Secret, I told it to my wife. The next day I couldn't find her. When I asked the elevator boy if he had seen her, he said that I was a bachelor.

I decided to contact a scientist friend of mine. We ate dinner together. I felt that he would feel wonderful when he learned the Secret. He really prompted me to tell him, but he was called to the phone. The waiter appeared as if in a trance and cleared away his dishes. He never came back. The waiter handed me a check for one dinner.

So you see, you are in Their complete power. The Secret is dangerous. Do you really want to know the Secret? If you do, read on, Dear Reader. I hope you have no close friends because you have desired the Secret. Do not look behind you -- no one will remember you.

--vic doyno



And the creaking door closes once more to the dawn...



...a letter section...

Reaction to the last issue was large and varied. About 25% of the poll sheets were returned, which certainly wasn't under the number I expected: In final tallying, the voting went like this:

1. Letter Section
2. No Help Wanted --tie
- Quick Quiz --tie
- Spiralities --tie
3. The Sidewalk Maker
4. It All Depends on How You Look at It
5. Scoop
6. Limerick, page 8
7. And Why? --tie
- Idealist at Work --tie
8. Roving Reporter
9. Cartoon, page 18
10. Cover
11. Cartoon, page 6.

The fact that WHO GOES THERE placed first is not the reason that it is longer this; it's just that I received a lot more letters than last time! Alert readers will notice that the four top features in second and third places were all written by me; and, although it pleases me to know you like my contributions, it also shows that some better material by others is needed. I'm always willing to print anything that's good, remember; and many times print bad stuff too, as early readers will recall. The weakest point right now I guess is the artwork, as the last three places show. Improvement in this respect takes a little time; but my thanks right now to Jack Hazlehurst and Redd Boggs for much help, in one respect or another, in this field.

No poll sheet is being enclosed with this issue, but I can still use your comment greatly, so please keep them coming, huh? Thanx.

FAMOUS WORDS TO LIVE BY SERIES:

Always remember those stirring words the Greek philosopher, Themistocles, spoke in 447 B.C.:

ΥΕΘΣ ΟΥΩ ΝΑΙΟ
-14-

REDD BOGGS - 2215 Benjamin St. N.E. - Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

Dear Denis:

Except for the very fine mimeo job, Spiral strikes me as only promising at present. There's limitless room for improvement, but you seem to have the capability which is necessary to make your magazine "spiral up to new heights." I expect you to do much better soon, if you keep trying. # That's a rather awful cover -- crudely done, and what does it signify? Does Pogo strike you as feminine? Interior artwork is inferior artwork, especially that cartoon on p. 6.

What is an Orgleglump? # Why not experiment? Omit the contents page one issue and find out if you'd "get nasty letters from all sorts of people." # "The Sidewalk Maker" was kind of gritty going. Is it one of a series? I've never met your roommate before and I wonder what his name is. The eccentric genius story is pretty threadbare by now and, while this wasn't badly handled, I thought the only clever touch was the method by which the rampaging machine was stopped. # "Idealist at Work" was straightforward and sensible enough to be amusing. But having only six promags wouldn't kill off fandom; after all, fandom began when there were only three promags.

"Quick Quiz" was just too utterly whimsical. # So was "No Help Wanted." # "And Why?": the title is the best comment I can make on it. Who cares about Proxima Centauri (a planet thereof, I suppose)? The story might have been more effective if the guy had just returned to Earth and found it deserted. But others have already written this.

"Spiralities" seems to me the best item in the issue. There was some news there I hadn't heard before and all the items were well-presented. # I also liked "Scoop," which really was whimsical. # The "Penny Rich" yarn was kinda good. # "Who Goes There?" -- a good title -- was a little confusing, like a conversation among a few friends that the reader happens to overhear. A number of the editorial comments seemed unnecessary.

Sincerely,

Redd

((The cover signifies practically nothing, but I did know that Pogo is of the masculine gender. It's just that I wanted to present just Albert and Pogo, and decided that the latter was a little more of the "motherly" type. # For a picture of an Orgleglump, see the contents page. # No series in mind. I sometimes like to give my characters no names at all, and this was one of those times. The number of interrupting editorial comments thish are decreased, but not the strange "conversations." Can't stop everything at once!))

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

. . . Issue improving steadily. . . Modine sounds suspiciously like you. Is it a pen-name? I'll give you odds.

((Have to admit it; "Bill Modine" is I, and the Quick Quiz is all my doing. To what odds are you referring? I've received enough odd things for this year, thank you.))

WHO GOES THERE? - 3

DEAN GRENELL - 402 Maple Ave. - Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Denis, Me Lhad:

SPIRAL seems to show a certain degree of promise -- it reminds me somehow of VEGA #3...and look how far VEGA's come since then! ((I'm looking! I'm looking already!)) Hope you can do the same.

Especially liked your comments on what's on the newsstands at the moment. This is greatly enhanced by the fact that you write it and then get it into the mail quick -- and that, I think, is very important. It's discouraging to write up some stuff of a topical nature for a fan magazine and then not see it in print till it's about as fresh as Julius Verne (Jules Verne's father -- he wrote too).

. . . .As a plagiariser of the good Kelly of some year's standing, the execution leaves a bit to be desired. Sump'n like this is best drawn on paper, then traced on stencil -- even if it is a lot of work.

. . . .Must excuse my self now. Good luck on future issues!

Best,



((I dislike slowpokes too, although I realize that many times there are good reasons. But as far as SPIRALITIES is concerned, that is usually the last thing in the issue I do, outside of the contents page. Then I print them all up, and get the issues into the mail the first opportunity, thus keeping the news fresh. For instance, this stencil is being cut on Sat., Oct. 9, and it's the first section of this I've done. Readers will please notice the short elapsement of time! # HEY! I've got half a notion to either boil you in oil or else quit illustrating. That cover pic was drawn first, then traced, as are all pics used. Is it that bad? Watch your step, buster!))

* * * * *

DAVE ENGLISH - 63 W. Second St. - Dunkirk, N.Y.

Dear Denis:

Fortunately I find S#3 right on the top of my fanzine file. (I keep digging out old issues from the bottom to re-read, so it gets turned pretty regularly.) So I'll comment.

Gosh!

--...Well, er, Dave, I expected a little more than that. Such as what?

--Well, you know, where you say the name of each story and tell how good it was.

How good it was?

--Oh, if there was a bad story, you can mention that too.

Gee, dad.

--Uh, you don't think they were all...

....

--Why you dirty motherlov-----

Now hold on, I didn't say they were bad stories.

((This invigorating exchange of destinable thoughts continued next page

WHO GOES THERE? - 4

--David...

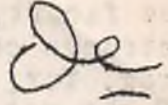
Yes, Denis?

--I don't think I'll require any more comments from you.

Oh?

--No.

Guten Nacht, süsßer Prinz!



((Und eine gute Nacht zu dir auch, hungrigem Strausse!))

HARLAN ELLISON - 12701 Shaker Blvd., Apt. 616 - Cleveland 20, Ohio

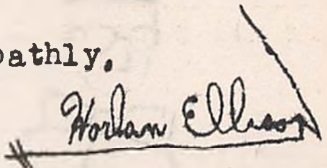
Dear Denis,

SPIRAL strikes me as being a possible "dark horse." As soon as you learn the real "ins" and "outs" of clever amateur publishing, contact the good fanwriters, and latch onto some talented fan artists like Bergeron, Van Splawn and Jack Harness; experiment with layout; your fanzine can be more than just a fluke; then, I think, you may have a magazine of more than nodding importance.

That is the trouble with most faneditor's ambitions insofar as their mags are concerned: they only like to see on the masthead their own paucive names, and they care little -- if at all -- for the quality of the product. When a faneditor breaks these bonds of immaturity, he becomes a Silverberg or a Boggs or even, if he wants to sink that low, an Ellison.

THE LAST ISSUE WAS NOT THE ANNUAL. Please retract what you said in SPIRAL about it being the Annish. It was just a regular issue. The Annish is overdue, but will be out soon!

Yours very Birdbathly,



((Wise words, Suh. # Okay. Attention: THE LAST ISSUE (of SFB) WAS NOT THE ANNUAL. I speak at the top of my voice: THE LAST ISSUE WAS NOT THE ANNUAL. I yell from the highest rooftops: THE LAST ISSUE WAS NOT THE ANNUAL. It also wasn't the annish.))

It is true that the last issue was not the annual.

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE - 108 Dunham St. - Norwich, Connecticut

((from the ends of two letters)) You ought to get in touch with you -- he lives in Mt. Carmel, Illinois, you know. . . . By the way, in closing, let me ask you a question: is you a he or is you a she? That name throws me!

((To #1: I do? # To #2: I is a he, in case anyone's interested. The name is simply a misspelling of "Dennis" which my parents made in their haste. While on the subject, my middle name's a misspelled "Carmen" in honor of an uncle named "Carman"; and how "Marine" or "Maurine" came to be "Moreen" is anyone's guess. Let's face it: I'm just an all-around freak!))

RE: RE

With apologies to Redd Boggs and explanations to any members of the faculty who may be listening, we are now embarking on another "strange conversation" in the form of a few pertinent remarks culled from, for, and about R.E. Wilson, English Teacher Sublime. The fact of the matter is that I received so much durn stuff pertaining to same that something had to be done with it. So here it is. The apt portrait (apt to be ridiculed) is graciously lifted from the first issue of SPIRAL. The full signature at the end is for the use and education of all the potential counterfeiters here dwelled. And now on to:

R.E. WILSON - 628 Oakton St. - Evanston, Ill.

Dear ed:

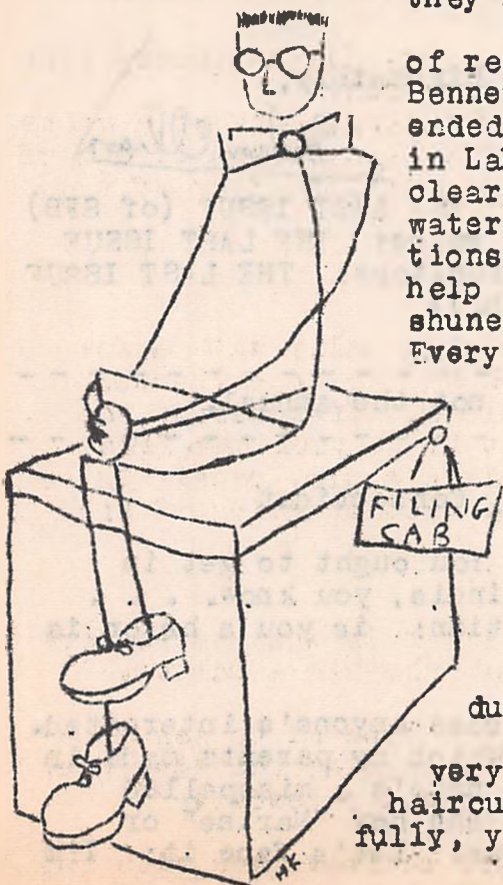
Kindly refer to p. 20, SPIRAL 3, quote: "He has been trying to find fault with my writing ever since I said there wouldn't be any misspellings on an English theme for him and he said there would be and there weren't." Now look at p. 3, line 16, "The Sidewalk Maker," and find sensable. After that one, I don't think I should pay up. I stand on my constitutional rights and ignore all constitutional lefts, except to the chin, of course; and I don't like being intimidated because being timid doesn't get you anywhere.

Except for sensable, I liked "The Sidewalk Maker" very much, but I was bothered by all those sidewalks in the basement; but I suppose when the owners of the boarding house returned from their vacation they might enjoy walking in the basement.

"No-Help Wanted" was enjoyable for a number of reasons. First of all, I was intrigued by Jim Bennett's going down the drainpipe. I suppose he ended up in the sewage disposal plant or perhaps in Lake Michigan. I should like to have this cleared up. Secondly, your darting through the water sprinkler fascinated me. The gory implications of your exit held me spellbound, but did it help the grass any? Thirdly, my name was mentioned in this article and added dignity to same. Every tail should have some dignity.

I have a dog which has a tail which is impertinent. The people next door have a dog with a frivolous tail. Then, I once had a boxer (that's a dog too) but his tail was cut off and therefore almost entirely without character; but since he couldn't have a dignified tail, he was dignified all over and wouldn't even speak to another dog without a proper introduction. I must admit, however, that his conduct in private was sometimes scandalous.

The picture of Len Truesdell on p. 15 was a very good likeness. I see that he still needs a haircut, and; if you look at his picture carefully, you'll see what I mean by dignity, or rather



the absence thereof. People shouldn't always be admiring themselves in mirrors, especially Len. The picture on p. 18 reminds me of one of my so-called students of the past semester, but I've forgotten his name. The picture on p. 20 must have been taken of Jim Bennett after he emerged from the drainpipe. Poor Jim!

Let me congratulate you on a very successful issue of Spiral. I say that because I don't want to be critical because I'm on my vacation. I hope you will postpone the next issue of Spiral until school starts because I don't want to write any more letters.

Yours sincerely,

R. E. Wilson

* * * * *

Secondly, a portion from an old letter from Bennett. I decided against using this part before, but now that Wilson brings the subject up, I think it only fitting and proper to expose the matter. So:

JIM BENNETT - 325 Sheridan Rd. - Wilmette, Ill.

. . . .Speaking of R.E. I can remember a day (brief fadeout of music and the voice of mystery speaks again:)... It was a cold day in February and three men stood clustered around the warm and glowing auto clave. Mr. Van Deursen, Jim Bennett and an unremembered friend.

Art (Van D): "I always adopt my dogs from Orphans of the Storm. They never run away."

Jim: "What does your dog look like?"

Art: "Sort of like Mr. Wilson."

Jim: "Well, I don't know, I always thought Mr. Wilson looked like a bull dog, but I didn't know you knew him."

Art: "Oh no, he looks much more like a pekingese, sort of a cross."

This passage would probably have been better understood if one of us had heard the word Wilson's instead of Wilson in line four of this misunderstood but true passage.

* * * * *

By the way, the Wilson letter thish came originally with a few misspellings (made most likely in haste) which had to be corrected for this most literary publication. But Fred Sellers, after seeing the original, came forth with the possibility that if we took the first letter of each misspelled word they would spell a secret code. So we did that, and guess "HAT!!!" Nothing happened. But speaking of Fred:

FRED SELLERS - 236 Laurel Ave. - Wilmette, Ill.

. . . .As you probably know the Wilson letter is what saved your magazine, if you can say it was saved. Better make him a column.

((Well, R.E., what kind of column would you like me to make you? Spiral column? Greek column? Fifth column? I imagine the last would suit you most, as I've heard you go for fifth's quite readily.))

And, as our boat sinks slowly in the west, we leave you with but these words: "Eat more peanuts!" See you by Christmas again.

Editor and Publisher

Denis Moreen
presents to all concerned

another issue of that
startling journal

spiral

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