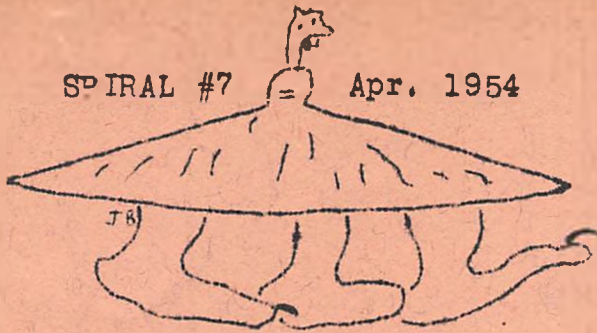


SPIRAL





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CONTENTS

Front Cover Bob Johnson 1
 ...uh, yes...

Vital Statistics Editor 2
 ...are they?...

Spiralities Denis Moreen 3
 ...the unspellable column...

The Violent Ward Richard E. Geis 7
 ...facing reality?...

Face Critturs Terry Carr 9
 ...editor vs. author...

Those Good Old Days Dennis Murphy 10
 ...here today, gone yesterday...

The Lure of the Stars Terry Carr 16
 ...ah! a poem at last...

The Doppel-Rad Effect Pfc Claude R. Hall 17
 ...a box to the Box and others...

Who Goes There? 19
 ...well! if it isn't Willis, Silverberg, and
 Tucker! And it isn't!...

Back Cover Editor 28
 ...hop to it, hale and hearty carriers!...

Interiors -- Jim Bennett: 2
 William Rotsler: 4
 Bob "Texas" Stewart: 7
 Terry Carr: 10, 16, 20
 Jean Albrecht: 13
 Herb Kashian: 19
 David Rike: 22
 Jack Hazlehurst: 25

"PHAN AWAY TO PHRISCO IN THE PHALL OPH PHIPHTY-PHOUR!"

SPIRALITIES

...Top o' the
Mornin' to you!...

Today is April Fool's Day, April the oneth, No school today, but not because it's April 1; just that we've got a week off for spring vacation. It's now 11:45 in the morning, and this is the last section of SPY to be stencilled; then comes the contents page and then the printing. But I've been waiting till now to start Spiralities until the postman came, just in case any last-minute stuff would happen to be in the mail. Well, it seems even the PO is in a fooling mood, for no less than eight items arrived!....

And looking at these things makes me pretty happy. How do you open your mail? -- I mean, what order do you follow? I could never just take the stuff on top and go till I reach the bottom; that's too dry. I like to start with the non-stf things first, then the formal or pro stuff, and finally leave the best (well, sometimes it's the best...) for the end. For instance, received a post card from one of the girls at school vacationing, as the description says on the back, in "Zanesvilly, Ohio: Famous Y Bridge and Business Section from the Air." She wonders whether I've "been to Connie's for hot dogs and cheese yet?" Uh, well, perhaps that would be better left uncommented.Next comes a PO from the Post Office News Company in Chicago, which incidentally has and carries every publication entered in the U.S. Post Office; no connection with the government or anything though. It says that they "have the items covered by your order of the Farm Journal." Didn't know I was a farmer, eh? Well I didn't either. I'm afraid they're slightly mixed up down there, as what I ordered was a back issue of "Pathfinder" Magazine for Feb. 54, which FANTASY-TIME S says has a big article about stf, fandom, fanzines, etc.; haven't seen it yet though....Received 20¢ from a Conn. fan for a few SPY's--he mentions having heard of me through Chas. Lee Riddle. That makes about the fifth person who's heard of me through Chas. Lee Riddle, and sometime I should thank Lee personally!....Then there's this real official letter from Fantasy and Science Fiction, crediting me with a dollar etc. etc. etc. I'd rather wait for them to send one of those 6-issues-for-a-dollar cards again. They end up doing so eventually anyway,....

Ah, here's an item that warms the cockles of my fannish heart!-- a bill from the Marr Duplicator Sales Co., Inc. for \$8.93. Even that makes me happy, because for a week or so there I was afraid they had forgotten to send it....Then there's a one-page urgency reproduced letter from and for ?FAPA--they are trying to tempt me, it seems.... And a personal letter from Harian Ellison in which we both officially kiss and make up....Finally comes an air-mail item from Claude Hall, containing another Doppel-Rad Effect. Claude has been deluging me right and left with DRE's -- three so far -- and I haven't even gotten around to answering the first yet! Have patience please....All in all, a very stimulating bunch of mail. No fanzines tho, and that was what I was expecting originally. Ah well...

Ain't fandom great!?!??

Enough of the preliminaries; on to the business at hand. A few changes will be noticed this issue over previous issues: namely, six or so more added pages, which I would like to continue to be the case providing enough material and letters come forth; also the use of borwn paper throughout the issue, which was decided upon because this paper costs me only 90¢ a ream, is 20-pound, can be used on both sides, and requires no slip-sheeting, and works perfectly with my feeder. The previous white paper, which of course will be used again sometime, especially when multi-colored pages are deemed necessary, costs \$1.20 a ream and requires slip-sheeting.....ALSO, owing to the fact that I became a member of FAPA with the 66th Mailing, I wanted to post-mail somet something for that, and so I am killing



"One, please."

two birds with that same old one stone by sending this issue of SPY to all FAPA members, thus increasing circulation to 150. However, FAPAns who do not otherwise trade or subscribe will not receive SPY in the future but will instead receive a special publication; so if you want to continue getting this, FAPAns, send me some money pronto. This, by the way, also applies to anyone else who is receiving SPY for the first time: you'd better send in a few dimes or notify me if you want to trade; otherwise nary a word will be seen from this Wilmetten again. This warning also appliece to Dave English, John Fletcher, and Tom Piper, whom I haven't seen any products of for some time.

Nowon to the authors for this installment. The cover, by Bob Johnson, editor of ORB, was graciously sent me by Calude Hall, who of course also sent in some of his own stuff, without having ever seen an issue of SPIRAL (at least from my view-point). Many, many thanks, Claude. Official address now, by the way, is PFC CLAUDE FAYE HALL, US54100511, 517th Med Co (Clr)(Sep), APO 42, 7PM, New York, N.Y., Correct as of March 29....Richard Geis presents a challenging column which I hope will bring in some interesting letters. Dennis Murphy has another story which he just wrote and which I

think is a beautiful job of story-handling--granted, the plot is nothing new, but the writing is excellent. And, contrary to the hints of Russ Watkins and three or four others, I am not Dennis Murphy!: ask Charles Lee Riddle, or write to Murphy himself %Box 249, Rt. 1, Cromwell, Conn. After all, let's use our heads: if I wanted to write under a pseudonym, would I deliberately choose a pen-name so similar to my real name?.....Terry Carr sent me his poem and illustration completely stenciled, and many thanks for that; he has also helped supply much artwork through his Fanzine Material Pool, which may interest other faneds: contact Terry at 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, Calif., and remember to enclose a few stamps when you do.....There is no Ray

Thompson column this issue due to some various problems encountered recently along that line; but I think that Ray will be back in all his splendor and glory next time.

Finally, may I say that, although both the material and art need is not so acute as previously, I would still like to see some fresh stuff by some new people, so why not send an article or something in? Hint, hint: I haven't read a good satire in months.

* * * * *

Many fanzines this time, as usual, but I'm going to make an attempt to keep comments down to a barest minimum, owing to the fact that reviewing of fanzines is more than adequately handled in other publications....

Seven GREY's have appeared to date from Charles Wells, and I venture to say that this item is at the moment existing in a wave of excellence far superior to the other similar newszines or Chas.'s other publication. Keep up the good work, Chas., and thanks for the plugs.....Bob Peatrowsky's CONFAB's still have some development ahead but they're good and I think will soon turn into letterzines of some merit.....After wondering what happened to the originator of these Smug-type things, John Magnus, I finally found the answer: he was busy putting out another SF! Much surprised when it came, but it was its good old self. Will this follow the fate of MOTE?

DEON came out with its 31st issue -- Am I right in assuming that this publication is the oldest (in issues) currently popular fanzine? The Ian Macaulay fmz review section helps the zine a lot; Ian is back at 57 East Park Lane in Atlanta 5, in case you didn't know.....The current trend, it looks like, is to use some of Terry Carr's Face Critturs all over the place. Both INSIDE and DAWN in their current issues, the former with three pages and the latter with one, show various phases of fandom as depicted by the Critturs. Very intriguing invention. By the way, the ones I used on one page somewhere (you don't think I've numbered these yet, do you?!) are from the bottom of a letter sent to ".....REVIEW arrived, and so soon after its previous issue!, and makes a pleasant impression. I had to change McCain's address in my books, so watch that it is now Vernon L. McCain, Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho. And it's so much fun to type that box number! (The preceding was ecstasy left over from my younger daze.).....Both NITE CRY and CANADIAN FANDOM struck me as having something different which made them good; the latter has such perfect printing and format that it makes the rest of us look kindy bad.....I thought I couldn't read UMBRA when it was all in mimeo. Now part is hecktoed, and it might be good if... well, you know.....HYPHEN, ECLIPSE, FOG, OOPSLA!, STF TRENDS, and PSYCHOTIC all made new appearances too.

ABSTRACT came out with its first issue, from Peter Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Ave., W. Hollywood 46, Calif. Photo-offset, yet.....and the #1 of LYRIC, mailed out with PSYCHOTIC, brings a new poetry zine from Jim S. Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. Jim draws some good art.....And the only thing I can think of to say about Lyle Kessler's SCIENCE-FICTION NEWS SHEET is "Hub???".....Sorry for these continual mundane breaks, but somebody downstairs has the Paul Dixon TV show on and I just heard the classic lines from some song some girl is singing: "When you came to end my hibernation, you brought along a new sensation." Beautiful, isn't it? So romantic.....

FAN ODDS AND ENDS: A supplement to the Ray Bradbury Index which was published late in 1952 is available from William F. Nolan, 4106 Lincoln Ave., Culver City, California for 20¢. It goes to the end of 1953.....And Steve Curtin, General Delivery, Uncasville, Connecticut, is taking advance orders for his 1953 SF CHECKDEX of all U.S. sf mags published in 1953 at 20¢ per. After the publication date of April 15 the price rises to 30¢.....A mimeographed sheet is being sent by P. HOWARD LYONS, PO Box 561, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, requesting faneditor send him their magazines, for which he will pay cold cash. He is also looking for back issues, so he wants lists available from editors..... And we are advised that we shouldn't say "SFB died, just say it metamorphosed to DIMENSIONS!" Harlan Ellison expects to go back into publishing in full force soon.....Does the Phrisco Con Committee send out membership cards or just the report? By the way, I haven't heard from that neck of the woods for some time now.....Why are so many people using self-sticking envelopes nowadays? Is it too much of a strain to self one's own envelopes? The approaching Age of Science is nearing.....Whatever happened to VEGA?

* * * * *

PRO ENDS AND ODDS: Is it just my imagination or are the covers on the current prozines getting worse and worse? Even a late Galaxy and Astounding cover both appeared cheap.....Many paper-bound books made appearance. Among them are: James Blish's JACK OF FAGLES (Galaxy #19); Fritz Leiber exceptional fantasy CONJURE WIFE (Lion #179); OUTPOST TO MARS by Cyril Judd (Dell #760); PRELUDE TO SPACE, Arthur C. Clarke's fine novel which originally appeared in Galaxy Novel form, this time Ballantine's selection for the month; Arthur Conan Doyle's 1912 THE LOST WORLD (PermaBook #279); and THE DEMOLISHED MAN, by Alfred Bester, in Signet form (#1105), exceptional.....The formation of Chamberlain Press was announced by Alan E. Nourse, "Managing Editor," with the first selection being BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN, an anthology by Richard Matheson.....Science Fiction Digest, a noble endeavor to collect some old articles and stories and reprint them, made its #1 appearance in February. I'd say it wont make another appearance, at least for some time anyway.....Fantasy Fiction and SF Plus folded into nothingness, Imagination cut to 128 pages, Planet went quarterly, TCSEA and Vortex and Science Stories folded, Fantastic returned to its full cover format, Astounding dropped its white border, Authentic became available on U.S. stands, Mr. Ziff of Ziff-Davis died, The H* Bomb experiments were merely twice as big as expected, and PANIC, sister mag of MAD, has been banned in Boston for lampooning the poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas." Merry Christmas!

* * * * *

It was my original intention in sending this to FAPA members to include something which they enjoy knowing, namely, a few facts on just who this Moreen character is anyway; I just happened to remember that part of it. Well, I'm of the male gender, will be 17 years old this coming June, and live in a suburb of Chicago. Am a junior at New Trier Township High School, at which I manage to get A's most of the time. Am naturally interested in the school publications and am on the staff of the literary magazine, the yearbook, and the school paper; I also publish my own paper which sells 500 copies a week raking in a profit of about \$5.00 each issue. My chief

[continued on page 15]

THE VIOLENT WARD

by RICHARD E. GEIS

GEIS THINKING OUT LOUD: A fan is a peculiar sort of animal.

He reads stf and fantasy, discusses and cusses it, writes articles, essays, fiction, and even writes poetry by the ream on the subject. And of course he edits and publishes fanzines that are devoted to it.

But very seldom is there a serious article dealing with the fan himself; very seldom is the question asked: "Why is a fan?" What makes him tick?

* * * * *

This isn't too easy a question to answer. It would seem to me that the basic question has two approaches. Firstly, why do certain people read science fiction at all? What is there in their psychological makeup that leads them to prefer science fiction more than any other sub-type of literature?

The second; what is there in science fiction that attracts these people? What element or elements in science fiction appeal to them?

It gets kind of complicated, doesn't it? Come a bit closer and I'll ask some more questions to answer. For instance: why do these people read in the first place? Two answers are possible to this question. People read for one of two things: information or entertainment. Specifically, why do they read science fiction? Well, stf is basically an entertainment medium despite Hugo Gernsback's late and duly lamented effort to make it over into an information carrier. I think it can be said in fairness that stf is an escape literature.

Now we are ready to answer the first question through the second approach. And we do that by asking yet another question, which is this: what is the common denominator in science fiction?



Let's list a few of the classics of stf and see what happens. There are "Final Blackout," "Slan", "The World of A", "Methuselah's Children", "Gather, Darkness", and of late there have been "The Demolished Man" and "More Than Human." We find that the answer is still escape. But just the label "escape" is far too simple. For a person can escape from his cares and woes by reading any type of fiction. Why does the stf fan then read science fiction in preference to any other?

I think it is because science fiction has one thing to offer a certain type of individual that no other fiction has; science fiction offers superiority. It offers superiority in the superman theme; it offers superiority in reader identification with heroes who can save the world, the solar system, the galaxy, in fact, the whole damned universe. Science fiction doesn't just offer escape into today's reality by means of a story about other people in the world of now; it offers escape into a world where the rules and regulations of today do not apply; where anything is possible. Science fiction fans are like the losers in a poker game who want to play various wild games and change rules because under the existing set-up they cannot seem to win.

Science fiction offers these people the different rules of life and society they are looking for; it offers them identification with superior people of the future who command vast knowledge and abilities, who visit other planets and galaxies, who accomplish with ease things which are beyond mankind at present.

Do you begin to see now what kind of person is this science fiction fan? Can you realize that the science fiction fan is usually a person with an inferiority complex?

You maybe want more proof against yourself? "This," as the man says, "will be easy."

Consider the manifestations of this phenomenon; consider fandom and fannish activities. Fandom itself is a closely knit semi-organization with various snobbish levels. It has its own slang and social caste system. It has its secrets and clubs. And to all outsiders it is incomprehensible. And that last is a deliberate thing. Fans band together in a common bond. They say it is their liking for science fiction and because they are different and sophisticated and world-wise and because they must seek their mental equals because the dolts around them are so damned stupid. They very seldom admit even to themselves that it is because they feel themselves inferior to the people around them; somehow out of joint with the world.

As to whether they actually are inferior.... That is a question that cannot be answered. Mostly these science fiction fans are the maladjusted of the world who have not turned to crime or dope, or the various other pursuits of the maladjusted, because they are usually simply the intellectual or pseudo-intellectuals who are not popular or successful.

Briefly, science fiction and fandom are compensations for inferiority feelings. And as a generality, one might come close to the truth when saying that the older stf fans are people who have failed to adjust to society and who have therefore failed to be "successful"

THE VIOLENT WARD - 3

in the accepted sense even though they have the intellect and ability to do so. Probably this is because most are neurotic to a greater or lesser degree.

And these same statements apply equally to the younger fans. The world of youth is no different from the world of the adult; all that is changed is the set of values.

Of course, a great deal can be said for the stf fan: his intelligence is usually higher than the average, his awareness of the world and the universe almost always is more wide and acute, his mind is sharper and more cultured. He is usually a superior being...or would be under a different social system. Hence his liking for the change that stf stories tell of.

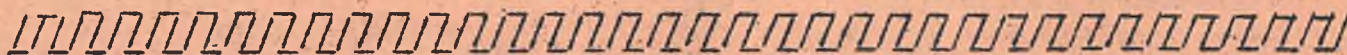
Another thing which must be remembered is that there are always exceptions to everything, and certainly there are exceptions to what I have just stated. But on the whole I feel that the stated ideas are true.

* * * * *

I'd like, and I'm sure the editor would like, letters discussing this article-column. I'm sure it is a concept and argument some of you have thought about and perhaps written about. I'm also aware that it is not the sort of thing most fans like to read; such a facing of reality, of truth, is not what they look for in fanzines or science fiction.

It is not for nothing that this column is called The Violent Ward. Pardon while I sink into deepest escape: schizophrenia. Ahhhh....Paranoia was never like this.

--richard geis



FACE CRITTIORS

by Terry Carr

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

by
dennis
murphy

Mary Gibson watched her husband emerge from the cellar, panting and grinning. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, mopped it over his face a few times, then wiped his hands, his mouth not losing a bit of its smile during the process.

"It's finished, Mary, it's finished!" he said. "This time, it will work!"

"You and that fool 'time-machine' invention of yours!" she sighed, putting the dishes into the electric dishwasher.

"I tell you, it will work! Come down into the cellar, and I'll prove it!"

"The neighbors have been saying for a long time that I've married a lunatic! I'm beginning to think that they're right!" Mary said, with half a grin. "But I'll go along, just to humor you, before you get violent!"

As they descended the lar, she recalled how the idea machine had first taken hold of a year ago. It was one of those out of one of those science- he was always reading and started the whole thing. Since spare time was spent in the that silly contraption! There fervently regretted ever having vows with him. But, deep in her never be another Charlie, so she put up with his fanatacisms.



stairs to the cel- of making a time- Charlie's wits about impossible stories fiction magazines hoarding away that then, all of his cellar, working on were times she'd taken the nuptial heart, there could

"There it is, all set and ready!" Charlie's exultant voice broke across her thoughts.

She stood staring at the huge metal box-like apparatus, with all the dials on it, and the electric cables leading into it. "Ready for what?" she asked, apprehensively.

"For me to get into it, and travel either back into the past, or ahead into the future! Mary, can't you see what this means?"

"It means I'd better run upstairs and phone for the doctor! I told you this would get the best of you someday!"

"Wiat, Mary. I need your help! I'm going to get inside of the machine, and I want you to work the levers as I direct."

Mary backed away. "You'll get yourself electrocuted, with all that electrical stuff you've got strung into it!" she exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, Charlie, come to your senses!"

"I'm telling you, it will work! There's no danger, if you'll do just as I tell you."

"I'm going to get some help."

Charlie grasped her wrist, pulling her to him in a tight embrace. He looked into her worried eyes. "Please, Mary, do as I say. I've spent so much time on this project, that if I should fail now--"

"All right, I'll help you. But -- if anything goes wrong--" Mary grumbled, against his chest.

"Nothing will go wrong, if you follow instructions. Now listen carefully." Charlie gave her the directions, and tested her with questions to assure himself that she knew just what to do and when,

"What year are you heading for?" Mary asked.

"I've set the timer for 1860. I may not hit it exactly, but it will be close enough, according to all my calculations. I've hear the oldsters always referring to "those good old days", so here's my chance to find out just how good they were! Gosh, Mary -- I may even be able to rewrite the history books!"

"Come on, let's get this foolishness over with, before I change my mind!" Mary urged.

As soon as Charlie was inside of the large metal box, and the door was securly closed, Mary worked the levers and switches with trembling hands. Then she stepped back as the humming noise began. It rose in pitch, higher and higher, on into the silence of infinity-- Then Mary wilted to the cold floor in a faint. Her husband was no longer visible.

* * * * *

Charlie looked around, and blinked in the hot bright sunlight. He was standing in the center of a dusty dirt road, which was grooved and nicked by wagon wheels and horses' hooves. He saw a large gray house off to the left, and beyond that, a barn and outbuildings. There were gardens, crammed with growing crops. He turned his feet in that direction.

A slender woman, about fifty or so, opened the door. She stared at him with tirid eyes, and wiped her hands on her oversized apron. "If you're sellin' somethin', you can move on!" she said, while she appraised him thoroughly with her eyes. "If you're lookin' for lodgin's, we ain't got 'em, less'n you're willin' to work for 'em! We need a hand real bad."

"Well--er--Mrs.--er--"

"Hopkins! Come on now, state your business, if any. I can't stand talkin' all day! I've got a batch of bread in the oven."

"Uh--well, Mrs. Hopkins, I'd be willing to try helping out on the farm--"

"Then come into the kitchen and I'll go fetch my husband to talk to you about what's to be done."

* * * * *

Charlie smelled the unfamiliar but appetizing aroma of baking bread emanating from the black cast-iron range. Seated at the table, he gazed at the rather ornate kerosene lamp suspended above it, with its tarnished brass and multi-colored glass shade. He looked at the cast-iron sink, with the little hand-pump beside it, and the variety of utensils hanging on the walls. Then he saw the calendar, with its picture of a horse at a watering trough, and the advertisement of a feed store printed beneath it. Then there was the month--August. And the year-----1862! The timer on the machine had worked real close, and, with a few minor adjustments--

Mrs. Hopkins returned with a tall leathery-looking fellow about her age. "This is my husband," she said.

Charlie introduced himself, and the farmer launched into details at once concerning the work Charlie was expected to do around the place, in exchange for his board and keep.

* * * * *

As he finished hoeing his second row of potatoes, Charlie massaged the kink in his back, and wondered if it was time yet for Mary to throw the switch to bring him back, away from this muscle-knotting situation....

* * * * *

The sun was sinking into a gold-fringed cloud low in the west, as the last cow was driven into the barn.

"You're a funny feller," said Hopkins, "but you're game enough. I'll make a dern good farm hand out of you yet!" He grinned at Charlie, through rivulets of sweat.

"What do you do for amusement around here evenings?" Charlie asked.

The farmer thought. "Well, Saturday nights there's a shindig down at the Center. Sometimes, when she ain't darnin' or patchin', Lil plays the planner. And there's plenty of readin' stuff, like the Clarion, or the Farmers' Gazette--"

"Sounds sort of dull! No television, no radio--" Charlie cut himself short.

"Tele--what the devil are you talkin' about, feller?"

Charlie shrugged. "Oh, just something that hasn't been invented yet." They were nearing the house. - 12 -

"Say, are you feelin' all right?"

"Sure! I'm O.K."

"For a minute, I thought maybe the heat got you. You don't look like you're used to farm work. What did you do before you lit here?"

"I worked in electronics at--"

Hopkins stopped to stare at him. "Elect WHAT?"

"Oh, skip it. Sorry, but you wouldn't understand, even if I explained," Charlie retorted, feeling a bit impatient and eager to get into the house and sit down to a meal.

* * * * *

The kerosene lamp hanging above the parlor table gave poor light for reading, Charlie soon found, but it seemed adequate for Hopkins, who was scanning a newspaper, and for his wife, who was busily working thread and needle in and out of a pair of faded overalls.

As he watched her calloused fingers plying the needle, he thought of Mary's electric sewing machine, and the speed with which she could create or mend a garment. He wished she could see Mrs. Hopkins, and see how hard she had to work, without electrical gadgets to save her hands and time. Then perhaps Mary wouldn't complain of the drudgery of housekeeping!

Just then Charlie felt the binding pains begin, low in his right side. He couldn't suppress a slight moan.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" Hopkins asked, putting down the newspaper.

"Got a bit of a pain! Maybe a kink in the muscle," Charlie answered.

"Well," Hopkins said, rising from the chair, "maybe you should take a lantern and go out to the--"

"No, I guess I'll be all right, after I get into bed," Charlie



interrupted. He wondered if it was time YET for Mary to throw that switch-----

* * * * *

If he hadn't been in pain, he'd have enjoyed the antiquity of the little made-over bedroom off the attic, with the squeaky iron bed, and the floral decorated china bowl protruding shamelessly from beneath it.

The pains eased for a while after he got into bed, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke again, it was still in the blackness of night, and the pains were pinching, rending, burning....

* * * * *

"Sorry I roused you folks up this time of night," Charlie managed to say, as he sat in a painful slump in the kitchen a half hour later, "but I need a doctor, quick! I think I've got appendicitis!"

The two were astonished. "Append--oh, that's what Doc Norton said Mrs. Wilson died of!" exclaimed the farmer's wife.

"Better phone the doctor right now!" Charlie gasped, sweat trickling down his face.

"Better WHAT him?" Hopkins asked, puzzled.

"How quick can you get him here?" Charlie demanded.

"Well, I can hitch up the wagon, and take you over to his place. He's about five miles east. Get ready while I fetch out the horse!"

* * * * *

Charlie wondered, as he submitted to the elderly doctor's examination, how he ever endured the five miles of bouncing, swaying, jolting ride. While the doctor probed and pinched, he wondered if these fifteen hours spent in 1862 were as long by the clock set in the time machine. He'd ordered Mary to operate the return switch fifteen minutes after he had been sent back in time.

"The nearest hospital is 27 miles away," the doctor's voice broke in, "but I'm afraid they can't do anything anyway. It's your appendix!"

"But--but it can be operated upon!" Charlie exclaimed.

The doctor's face turned in bewilderment. "Operated upon? There's no known way of operating on an appendix! If it was cut into, you'd surely die! And--I'm afraid you'll just have to be brave--"

"For God's sake, Mary--throw that switch!" Charlie screamed. Then everything shimmered, and darkened into blackness.

* * * * *

Then at last the blackness became light again, and he saw Mary's arms outstretched, to help him out of the machine. "Charlie--are you

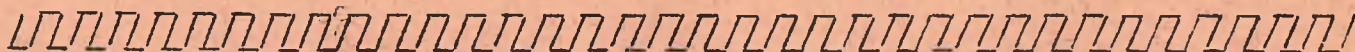
all right?" she asked worriedly. "I fainted after I threw the switch the first time. I just came out of it in time to get you out before the fifteen minutes were up! Charlie! You--you look SICK!"

"I am," he mumbled, clutching his side. "I've got appendicitis! I KNOW I have. Guess you'd better phone the doctor!"

Mary turned around. "But you weren't in that silly sontraption a full fifteen minutes, dear!" she protested. "How can you be sure it's appendicitis? It might be just your nervous tension! Those pains haven't lasted long enough for you to even suspect appendicitis!"

"Darling," Charlie stated, "these pains began way back in the so-called 'good old days' of 1862! Only don't tell THAT to the doctor!"

--dennis murphy



THE DOPPEL-RAD EFFECT - 3 [continued from page 12/

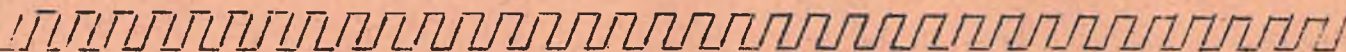
swindled them out of the deal and my uncle lost some 10,000 dollars as a result. The blueprints are in the bottom of a trunk at my grandmother's house.

And there's the fuelless motor that some oil company bought up in the 1940's. If it was a fake -- why did they pay good cold cash for it?

And I also heard somewhere that the guy who invented the yo-yo was a crazy person but became a millionaire just the same.

I wonder if that proves anything?

--pfc claude raye hall



SPIRALITIES - 5 [continued from page 6/

extra-curricular activity, however, is working on various productions, chiefly in the music end of things. I'm in the school orchestra and band, where I play string bass, and am also one of the student conductors in the band. Am in various singing groups too. In the school's two major productions, an opera and an amateur show, I was in the chorus and accompanied all acts on piano, respectively. For a school of 2500 these things are pretty big, and I hope to be musical director in charge of the orchestra in next year's amateur show. Like playing piano best tho, have been doing so for ten years, am in the two only dance bands around this part and play for dances at least once a week, which usually brings in an additional \$10.00 per or so. Hope to go into music eventually in one form or another. Since getting a mimeo I have acquired numerous printing jobs, some of them steady, which brings in a little more dough; most money, however, is expanded on you-know-what. Sometime I will continue this resume, but isn't it funny that the thing fans like to talk about mostly is themselves?!..... Deadline for next SPY is May 17, soon after which I will see all your smiling faces once more! Bye!

Denny

THE LURE OF THE STARS

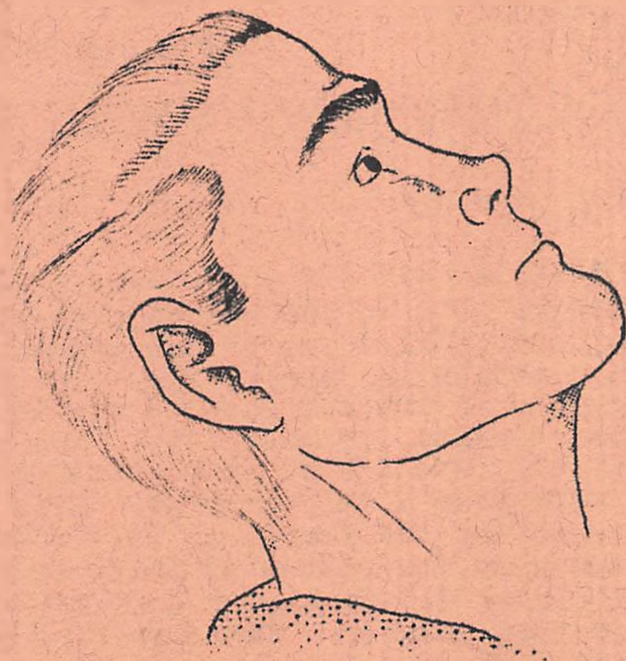
by Terry Carr

Many times have I wondered,
While gazing at the stars,
About the age-old call
That lurks there.

There is a wild, savage call
In their expressionless eyes,
And though I stared at them each night
They answered only with a wink.

I used to throw my question at them,
But the only answer they gave me
Was a smile from the big dipper
And the hollow echo of a laugh.

Last night I think I found it;
The nameless lure that is there;
I gazed at them, as any other night,
And saw the hint of a spiderweb.



Carr

"THE DOPPEL-RAD EFFECT"

by PFC CLAUDE R. HALL

I've taken just as much as even a calm Texan can take and now my lid has popped -- my eye-balls have rolled snake-eyes -- the time has come! I'll start with Mari Wolf. It all happened this way:

* * * * *

The Mari Wolf Section: Along about the end of 1952, just as Father Time was wishing he had a new blade so as to whet this new year but didn't and knew it and was fading fast into 1953-- I hit upon the idea of how to go about putting out my own fanzine. I'd thought about the thing for some time -- but now, I'd decided to do it, instead of just think about it. So, I wrote to some of the fen I knew, Ron Smith, R.J. Banks, James Davis, and got results. I even mailed out thirty or forty postcards asking other fen for material (which never were answered). Then I bought a deluxe mimeo from Sears Roebuck and started working on the thing. Half way through, I got the call to arms from Uncle Sam. Was I disgusted? Yes and No. I wanted to continue putting out my fanzine -- become a monthly and earn lots of egoboo. But no. I also wanted the experience that two years in the army would give me. Experience did I say! Well, that's to be taken with a large dose of salts. But anyway, I was learning a few minor points of life -- as others lived it. Gaining background, I told myself, and thus was a little proud that I was acceptable by the army after all.

My fanzine? Well, I would work hard and finish it. I did. In fact, I mailed out the 200 copies I'd run off just before hopping on a bus bound for the induction station. Now, everything is all settled. I told myself, Through that issue of the fanzine I've just put out, I'll gain lots of egoboo and become a well-known-fan. Not a BNF, of course, but a WKF is almost as good. I sent two copies to Mari Wolf so she could review my fanzine. Naturally I had to sub to Imagination so as not to miss her review of my fanzine when it came out.

The sub was needless. She never did review that first issue. I searched each and every copy of Madge eagerly all through basic. Sometimes the going was very hard and rough -- but I was living on borrowed strength. You see, just waiting to see what the great Mari Wolf would say about my zine kept me alive. Hah!

After I'd been in the army about seven months, I began to realize that some things were just not to be. A letter from Ron Smith in Calif. helped to assure me that my wait had been hopeless. His letter concerning the WesterCon to which he had gone and at which he'd met Madame Wolf, stated, "Mari said she just grab-bags her fanzines."

Hell, since I haven't a change with the first issue, I'll just have to go home and put out another one, I told myself and started making plans for that second issue. I struck up a writing acquaintance with Art Rapp and a couple more fen and they sent me material.

The second issue of my fanzine, I also sent to Mari Wolf. It was never reviewed. Neither was the third. I'm beginning to doubt that the fourth will be either.

But that fifth issue will. Because Mari Wolf wrote and told me she'd given it a review--a good one. Her reason for not reviewing the first four? She didn't think that poor fanzines should be reviewed, especially with poor material such as my zine must have contained. She didn't get around to my zine--even after 13 months. She didn't have room--though she'd reviewed Slant 6 a total of three times.

By poor material--how did she know? She stated that she hadn't even read MUZZY! By poor material, does she mean Art Rapp? Does she mean Lyn Venable, who appeared in MUZZY three times and who is a pro with more sales than Madame Wolf has? By poor material does she mean Robert McMillan, a collega engineering student who has had a story accepted by Spaceways?

Hell! Does she know what she means? The only thing poor about the whole deal was the way my fanzine was treated. I know from letters exchanged with other fan-edz that they have received the same treatment.

My opinion? Well, you've got to come from Calif. before she'll review you. Either that or mail her twenty copies of your zine so that when she reaches into that grab bag she'll have to hit upon your zine. Even then, you probably haven't got a chance. I hear that she's got a large fire-place.

* * * * *

The Every Man For Himself Section: Over here I'm in the position to learn a lot of things. A great deal of them would never reach the states--except by word-of-mouth and letters-to-parents. For instance, these new 280 MM Guns capable of firing Atomic Shells. About thirty miles from here in a little camp that I can't pronounce the name of, there's at least 12 of these guns, primed and ready and heavily guarded. Rumor has it that several other garrisons have been well supplied with these same guns. The reason? An England spy reported just a week ago that he'd seen one of the Reds' new secret weapons in action. It's a cold spray that freezes everything it touches for thirty minutes. In fact, it's so cold that things such as trees, guns, animals, etcl burst from their own brittleness. To the best of the spy's knowledge, it had not been tried yet on humans.

Personally, I've heard of several secret weapons that the U.S. was working on which would make this cold spray look like a baby's toy. In 1940, some scientists were working on a sub-sonic sound machine. At that time it was capable of killing small snails and insects. In ten years a lot a reasearch can be accomplished.

I know for a fact that in 1927 a lunatic had a pencil-shaped tube which made holes in things up to ten feet. Nothing more was ever heard from him.

But did you know that as far back as 1934 my uncle had detailed blueprints for a flying wing? Howard Hughes [continued on page 15]



...a letter section...

Received a whole mess of letters re Spy 6 for which I thank the writers very much. Now if you'll just keep that nice rate up!...

* * * * *

PETER GRAHAM - Box 149 - Fairfax, California

Dear Denis,

The format of SPY (good nickname, that), when I first saw it, was vaguely reminiscent of Quandry. Down, boy, down -- I said vaguely. Your mailing wrapper and front-cover-cum-front-mailing-wrapper both put memories of dear departed Q in my head. The inside, however, was quite different.

Your cover, if you'd had a decent artist, would have been excellent. As it is, it's just good -- and that is only because of the color-blending, and technical perfection. Your register was a bit off -- but who's perfect? What gets me is that this, to my knowledge, is the first time a blending of colors has been used to get a different color. As an example, look at the faces of these critturs (I won't dignify the artist enough to call them men), especially the one on the left; the combination of red and yellow gives a very nice orange -- and the mixing of the red, yellow, and blue on his jacket gives a rather pleasant brown (if you're not too finicky). If you'd had the thing in perfect register -- best example I've seen is the VEGANNISH -- you'd have had a beautiful cover, notwithstanding the cruddy artwork. The art isn't actually as bad this time as some before, but if you don't get rid of Hazlehurst you'll be seriously impairing the chances of becoming a top fanzine -- of which you have many now. Hazlehurst seems to know what he's drawing about, anyway -- although I don't think the baffles would be at the angle he shows it as being ...friction etc. would wear hell out of it after a while. I'm going on the assumption that this is a fairly frequently used test base where there are few accidents, as (a) the men in the foreground aren't too concerned with the rocket proper, and aren't looking out the window at it, and (b) there is a window, and (c) there isn't in visibility one of those concrete shelters where firemen are at the ready.

SpiRALitites [wha?/] is its usual good. You could make the whole zine like SpyREALties [wha wha?/] and you'd have a good zine. I won't make any more comment, because what can you say about something good except that it's good?

The Voice In The Shell, a rather pedantic title for a nicely written but hacky-idea story. With the addition of about 500 words to it, it just might sell pro if you found some editor who hadn't heard the same type of plot before. In other words, it wouldn't sell, but... well...you know what I mean...I liked it, anyhow.

Phrenitis is typical Thompson. Semi-good, but not worth the billing of a regular column, surely...oh wait, on second reading it reads well. So keep him already. /Many thanks, Great White Father./

And may I say that that is a lousy stencilling of a Rike drawing? /Be my guest!/ He lives in the area (Carr, I, Boob Stewart, and him all do), so I know his style. So, unless that's a very bad Rike, that's a very bad copy job.

I've given most of my comments on Terry's recent poetry to Terry direct, so let it suffice to say that I didn't like Rebirth. Why waste your poetic talent, meager as it may be, on that sort of stuff, TC?

Geis, in The Violent Ward, states something I have felt for a long time but never known how to put into words. Hear, hear; I always did like the gadget story, of which there are all too few these days.

Who Goes There is also excellent because it is more the "absolutely unrehearsed" spontaneous sort of thing. You get more of an insight into a person's character in a letter column than from his articles, I think. A gem is your answer to Thompson's letter.

A good issue of SPY -- keep it up, please.



Sin? Surely...

PG:wdhse

Handwritten signature or initials.

/I know about as much about stencilling other people's artwork as other people know about stencilling mine -- and as I never draw anything, you know where that puts me! By the way, that classic line "unless that's a very bad Rike, that's a very bad copy job" is nice and logical, if read well; just call him Cautious Graham. ### Of course you would get more of an insight into a person's character from his letters than from his articles. On the whole, articles usually aren't made expressly to expose the thoughts of the writer, and least not candidly. Letters however are almost always pounded out with not very much forethought and so these "insights" creep in unnoticed by the writer. ### Please notice my initialling dodging, and my hopes that someone gets it!/
DM

dm

DM: DM

* * * * *

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

Dear Denis:

Sorry -- no time for a letter today /this was a postal/. But I HAD to write and congratulate you on that cover! That is good, boy -- SOOOOOD!!! -- the best job of color-printing I've ever seen done in mimeo, bar none. SPIRALITIES, as always, is real fine...you is a born columnist, Denis. Other columns are good too...Thompson's and especially Geis's. All in all, an excellent issue of what is certainly one of the best fanzines being issue these days. But don't rest on your laurels or you will flatten them -- Keep up the good work!

- 20 - The goodest of regards,

Handwritten signature.

Well thank you very much, sir! Incidentally, maybe it would help to explain that some of the covers were not quite as good as some of the others, particularly in register, because my mimeo can't be perfect when four different inks are used. What I did was arrange all the finished covers in a pile according to how close to perfect they were. Then the best covers went first to those people who have helped the most or whom I respect the most. The rest of the covers went to the majority of the people, some of them pretty much in register and a few off a bit. So if you received a pretty decent cover and someone else didn't, you know why! ### Dean used red ribbon on that GOOOOOD!!! so perhaps he really meant to be emphatic!/
* * * * *

BOB PEATROWSKY - Box 634 - Norfolk, Nebraska

Denis, Dear...

(Now isn't that a pleasant change from "Menace" and "Dense Moron??") /You bet your life it is, Bob Dear!/
The Hazlehurst cover illo surprised me. Now I'll have to raise my estimation of his artistic abilities about a notch and a half. Honestly now, though -- was the final product really worth all the work you went through with all the color mimeoing? Or have I just become so set in my lethargic ways that I even dislike ambition in others? Nice looking product, I must admit, but all that work -- I dunno.

Thanks for the mention that MOTE has been folded. One of the big troubles of folding a fanzine, I've recently found out, is in getting the word around. I've received more new subscriptions in the last week than I'd received in a month previously. Evidently Mari Wolf finally got around to reviewing the MOTE annish in the April IMAGINATION and it's drawing some new subs. Don't know for sure as the April ish hasn't put in an appearance here as yet. /Feb. 20./

I should think that RaThompson would be a bit more careful in his choice of column subjects, and not go giving fan-eds advice on rejecting contributions. Seems to me like he has enough trouble getting his stuff accepted the way it is without giving the fan-eds any more ideas.

Dick Geis raises quite an interesting point in trying to decide how much remuneration various fan-art contributors should receive for covers, cartoons, and the like. Of course, as he says, each fan-ed must make his own decisions. Probably the most widely followed method (the one I used, anyway) is to give a free copy of the zine to each contributor regardless of the quantity or quality of his stuff, but actually this isn't fair to the fellow who spends a lot of time on his material. One possible solution would be to set up a schedule of payment rates just like a pro-mag, whether the payment be in money or free subscriptions. The money idea probably wouldn't be very popular as most fan-eds lose enough money the way it is without having to buy their material yet. So that leaves it up to paying with free subs. Suppose you set one free copy as the minimum payment for, as an example, a cartoon. A cover illo should, in my estimation, be worth about ten times as much as a cartoon. At least I believe many of the pro-mag rates are similar to that. And a story illo would rate somewhere in between the two, maybe about five copies. Naturally, along with this, you'd have to set up some sort of rate for written material, ranging from one copy for short filler items on up for articles, columns, and stories. This kind of set-up should draw plenty of contributors if the zine in question had any kind of drawing attraction at all, so the



ed would have to be plenty discriminating in his selection of material. The big drawback to this kind of system, as I see it, would be that most fanzines just don't keep publishing long enough to pay off these rates. For example, if a good fan-artist managed to get three or four of his cover illos accepted by one zine over a short period of time, at the rate of ten copies per illo, he would have 30 or 40 free copies due him. Not many zines even publish 30 issues and you can count on a couple of fingers the zines that have put out 40 issues.

So, after getting one or two illos accepted, he wouldn't have the incentive to continue contributing unless he just wanted to donate his material, while this particular zine might really be the best show-place for his efforts. So you can see there are indeed difficulties.

Probably a more workable solution would be a combination of the money and free subscription ideas; that is, give each contributor a free copy of the issue in which his stuff appears and then pay a little additional cash for cover illos and such. Variations of these ideas are probably being worked right now; I don't know. But, like Dick says in regard to Dave English, I too gave free life-time subscriptions (for the life-time of MOTE, that is) to various fans who didn't contribute every issue but whose stuff pleased me immensely when they did come through. So I guess it all boils down to what I said at the beginning; each fan-ed has to decide such things for himself. It's well nigh impossible to set a hard and fast rule. If a fan-ed likes a particular contributor's stuff well enough, he'll be willing to part with extra free issues (and maybe even money) while the contributor whose stuff is acceptable but not outstanding will only receive the traditional "free copy of the issue in which his works appear."

For the information of Mr. Thompson, the reason I've been using "Sincerely" on my letters is because I haven't been able to figure out another complimentary close to plug CONFAB as yet. I'll come up with something in time though...like "Re-MOTE-ly" when I was pubbing MOTE. (I'll be darned if I'll use something like "Yarmf" though. Trouble with that boy is he's got no originality.)

Where are you getting the Rotsler illos? To the best of my knowledge, he hasn't been contributing to fanzines for some time.

I don't believe I'd get too excited over those who say that justified right margins are necessary in a successful fanzine. (I used to think so too when I started MOTE but have since changed my mind.) Seems to me that it's things such as this that kill off zines if they're published more than three or four times a year. All this extra dummying and such is just too much work if you're trying to put out a zine monthly or even bi-monthly. And just how many of the popular zines can you think of that used justified margins? It's fine if the fan-ed has the time to do it, but it's certainly not a necessity.

Better shut this off now... *Bob*

Taking things in order, I believe you overestimate me when you figure that it took a lot of work to produce that cover. The turth of the matter is that the most work was done by the artist, who saw to it that each stencil was drawn perfectly in line with the other stencils. I still marvel at how Jack can do this so well. But when it came time to print the cover no registering problems (well, hardly any) were present and the thing took only about two and a half hours

to run off, and that includes a complete test run before the final run. So the only nasty work was changing ink pads those eight times, and actually that's not so hard on the beautiful Mairr machine I've got. The feeder works perfectly too, but's that's slightly out of place in this discussion. ### Gosh, but I wish I had the problem of so many subscriptions that I had to turn some down! Course, that's not what you said, but almost. ### As far as my personal policy of paying for artwork is concerned, I've adapted a somewhat hard-boiled manner which sounds somewhat heartless. If artists send in artwork which was not solicited by me personally by letter, I will send a copy of the issue and that's all, because I feel that the artist didn't even expect his work to be used possibly. Of course on the other hand if I personally ask a person for a piece of art (or any other kind of material, for that matter) that person should get a little bit more. I haven't run into that case yet so I don't know exactly what or how much more I personally would give him; but I wouldn't see any reason for sending more than copy of the same issue -- you're idea of free subscriptions is better, Bob. ### The ed, you say, would have to be plenty discriminating in his selection of material because the sub idea would draw plenty of contributors. Don't forget also that the editor himself would want to be "plenty discriminating" in what he chose because he would be paying for the chosen material out of his own pocket. And I doubt whether the zines which have published even 30 issues could be counted on more than just the two hands. ### I received a batch of Rotsler art pieces from Redd Boggs along about issue #3 when he noticed my plea for art. Rotsler had sent a lot to him and he in turn would send the ones he didn't want to other eds. ### Don't worry, I won't get excited over claims for justified right margins. I had them in Spy #2, and I remember using them just to show that it could be done. Since then, I've dispensed with them because much of this letter section and all of Spiralityies are composed on stencil and even margins would require my writing all of them previously to allow for dummying. And if I wrote them previously I would get the habit of going over them first and revising them, a practice which might possibly stilt the writing and make it too formal; I think the spontaneusness gained from composing on stencil is better. (You see that I'm not one of those who can even justify right-hand margins while composing on stencil; it shouldn't be too hard and is probably done in some corners. But I'd rather whip these writings off at 60 w.p.m. and not worry about the right-side.) Chcd! does any single person deserve these two and a half pages? Better cut some of the remarks down from now on./

* * * * *

BOB STEWART - Rt. #4 - Kirbyville, Texas

Latest SPY received and comments forthcoming...

"...anyone for color mimeography?" Yes! Wait'll you see the back cover of ZIP #3. When I looked at your cover after tearing the wrapper off I said to myself, "I like it." But the more I looked at it, the more I didn't like it. I find many mistakes in composition. The fellow on the right is badly out of proportion as is one of the machines. Lot of weak-looking lines...

All the interior art, however, is of excellent quality. You mentioned that you wanted art, so dig around in this envelope and see if you don't find two bits of art that will assuredly give you epileptic fits trying to stencil them. - 23 -

PEFLEX: You will have my most gratuitous gratifications if you will explain this ditty to me.

Sure I read the Vital Statistics. I read everything in a fanzine except those article on science fiction. I'm not too interested in stuff like that. Someday, tho, I must find out what a science fiction is.

SPIRALITIES...s-p-i-r-a-l-i-t-e-s(I thot that would be a dandy joke, you know. Calling out the word and then spelling it and then calling it out again. I would have to go and misspell it. Darn!): I liked the Spiralityies in #4 much better. All that blabber about everything from 3D to records was jim-dandy, cracker-jack, Grade A, itsy-pitsy with me, but now that it is almost entirely about fandom and sf it seems to lose something. Make it like #4, huh?... It is horrifying for letters and fanzines I receive to keep on saying things about the latest issue of MAD being on sale. They come out late in Kirbyville, and I wake up screaming some nights, "WHAT IF I MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF MAD?!"

PHRENITIS: MY GHOD! Thompson has changed his column style! What furshlugginer madness is this?

REBIRTH: Why you call this two poems? Huh, whatta burner you on?

I was pleasantly pleased by Geis'a brilliant discourse on the immediate future of science fiction. Dis course stf is takng is for de worse.

There! I wrote you an old letter. Stop moaning already..

Fansillyours,

BMS:bmms

[Hip hip for ZIP! I'm awaitin'. ### The weak-looking lines, Bob, were caused because in my usual blundering fashion I forgot to ink the black pad after after having changed it so many times and all that tommy-rot. ### EXCELLENT interior art??? Why how can that be? About the first time I've heard such hallowed words of ecstasy. You shall go down in history! Way, way down... ### I have not yet gotten up enough courage to stencil your art, but maybe in a few hours or so... Actually, compared to those Rike drawings, yours are straight lines. Come to think of it, yours are straight lines, aren't they? Somewhat original, not to say radical. ### Ask Burt about Reflex. He knows more about it. ### Don't worry about misspelling that word "Spiraliteis" because practically everyone else (GEEZH! even I did just then!) Shall we all pack up and leave? ### It is intriguing to learn that you wake up screaming some nights. Someday I shall do the same for you. (???) ### When I said "two poems" I was referring to the fact that the issue had two poems, not the page. Just another result of not reading what I write until after the issue is assembled! ### Thank you for writing me "an old letter", but wouldn't a new one be better? After all, let's keep up with the times! ### Clever closing there, yes sir, jim dandy, etc. Much-enjoyed letter./

* * * * *

BURTON K. BEFRMAN - Grove School - Madison, Connecticut

Dear Denis;

Kindly sprinkle ground glass on the flaps of Hazlehurst's envelopes or put some curare on the staples of his next SPY. That guy can't draw for beans. Sure, a multicolored cover is an ambitious project, but if you must do one, get a good artist.

Your inside art improved with the addition of SanFren Carr and Rike. It still leaves much to be desired... Your use of lettering guides has helped the appearance of SPY greatly.

Rebirth was a pretty nice poem. However, some of the phrasing is weak and his metre goes astray at times... Dennis Murphy spun a wonderful yarn. It was a stilted situation, but the writing is excellent.

All the columns and the editorial yammerings were enjoyable.

How about you joining my exclusive apa? So far, there are three of us eligible. Membership is ordered by the fact a fazine editor also edits a school publication. You edit SPY and a paper for your high school. Mark Andrews has THINK and a school paper. I am editing NEBI and my school's literary-type zine. Any more?

About NEBI, I need good poetry of a fantasy and stf nature. I want new writers as well as the established names.

Material comes to me at this address and subs

(15¢ for one issue; 4 for half a rock / Ply-

mouth Rock? Right state anyway./ go to.

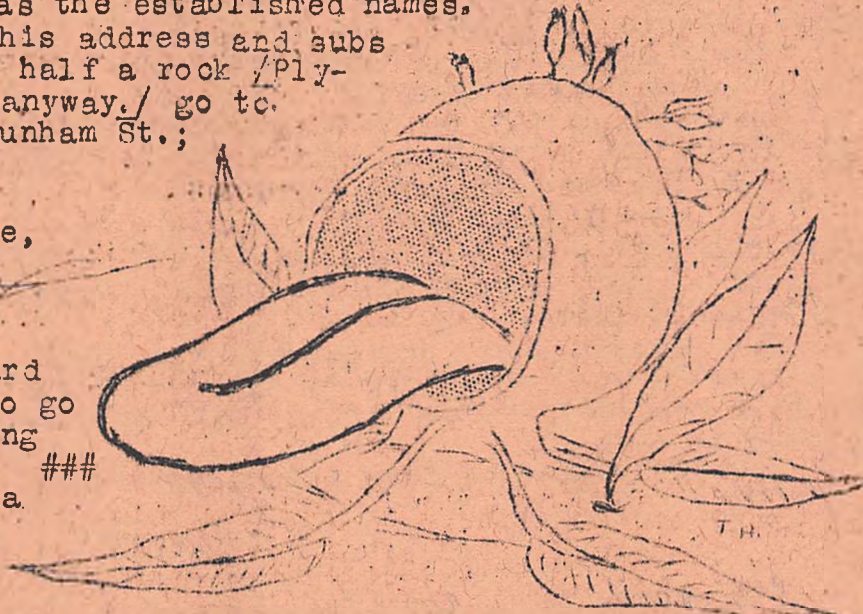
Charles Lee Riddle; 108 Dunham St.;

Norwich, Connecticut.

Hoping you are,



/Good artists are hard to find who are willing to go to a lot of work of drawing a four-color cover, Burt. ### Remind me someday to say a few words about the paper I put out for school./



DON WEGAPS - 2444 Valley St. - Berkeley 3, California

Denis;

Coming home after slaving away over a hot baseball diamond all day, I was not so surprised to see SPY hanging by its staples from the mailbox....

I don't know what it actually is that makes me like SPIRAL so much. It's you, I guess... Can't be the artwork, because not much to that category. Maybe it's the lack of artwork. Quien sabe?

But most of all, I think it's the editorial. Like me, you alibi and alibi over things which make little difference when all is said and done. Pardon this, pardon that; from now on, to hell with anybody but myself. If a subscriber gets a copy with just the front page and one bent staple, it's too bad. I'm the kind of guy that stays awake nights worrying about that typo on page 6, and the smudge on page 2. It's bad for my health; I'll have to give it up...

I find your fiction very good; i must take nerve to run any kind of your own stuff, let alone fiction. /Now will you kindly tell me what fiction I wrote last ish? I don't recall any! It seems that everybody is writing stories with O. Henry endings. It would be a pleasant surprise to read a story that ended: "...and they all lived happily ever after." But, I guess that would be a shock ending, too.

I read with much interest Thompson's column. He had one of the same subject in the last issue of MOTE, I think. /Well, almost the same subject./ After reading the both, I have come to a conclusion:

Thompson's making it all very rosy. He says that (in MOTE) most fen will not accept stuff not double-spaced on one side of the paper; but some viewed material, even by him, can be double-space on one side of the paper and still by horribble masses of messy typing and typos. And back to his latest column, he says that many fen have gotten back material without anything written from the editor accompanying it. Gads, but I never send anything back without a full page apology. Yes, I have sent stuff back. Not much, tho. I have just finished printing up a bunch of rejection slips that go: "Roses are red, violets are blue; you sent us a real stinkeroo!" (courtesy "WRITERS' DIGEST") And I say to anybody who sends me material that I don't like: "FILLER #522, to you, sir..."

I agree with Geis on Asimov's "Caves of Steel", but then when a story gets in to GALAXY, the chances are that it's that type of story. And Asimov's stories are largely boring. I found his "The Currents of Space" quite boring except in spots. Science-fiction, as of late, is becoming more fit for publications such as HOME AND GARDEN, STOCKBREEDERS' JOURNAL, DIAPER FOLDERS' GAZETTE, etc. In the latest BLUFBOOK, Nelson Bond has a good yarn of that type/

The poem by Carr was good, as is most of Carr's poetry. I think Terry can turn out some real good stuff, but he is content to hash out crud for almost anybody and everybody. Nope, you're not in the above-mentioned category.

The colored cover was good if you like a lot of color. I think that if it's used sparingly it makes a better impression. It leaves the poor reader's tongue hanging out for more... and it is your power to give it to him.

You misspelled my name twice, you 'Dense Moron'...

HONESTLY and truly

Don

[Somewhere along the line either one of your letters or one of your publications had the name wrong, so I was at a loss as to whether there was actually an s on the end or not. Okay?/

* * * * *

TERRY CARR - 134 Cambridge St. - San Francisco 13, California

...The first thing I read, of course, was the cover, which, while rather brief, came right to the point. "SPIRAL Number 6 February 1954." Sir, I commend you on your brevity.

No, come to think of it, you had 1,005 words on that cover: the above five and the thousand words that the picture is supposed to be as good as. I dunno whether the picture IS as good as a thousand words; suppose it all depends on what those words are. Colorful, at least. Hazlehurst seems to be improving. A pair of the best bems I've seen in a long time. He's clever, that boy; as Boucher keeps saying, the near-natural is the most horrific in stfantasy, and the way these bems look almost human impressed me no end.

Enough on the cover (yer darned right there is: four colors, if I count 'em right). Well, SPIRALITIES goes round 'n' round and comes out pretty good. Nay, very good. One of the best columns in fandom, in fact....

Sincerely,

Terry

TC:sab

[Slightly out letter, no?/ -26-

ERWIN GEIS - 2631 N. Mississippi - Portland 12, Oregon

Dear "Arf";

I am going to snarl at you and go "Woof!" I refer to this business of using the letters SPY as an abbreviation for SPIRAL. Someday, Arf, your fingers will slip and you'll type PSY by mistake. And when you do.....

My reaction to SPIRAL #6 is favorable. But still there are spots in the zine I found objectionable. But only a few.

Now you take that color monstrosity of a cover. Take it! don't for ghu's sake leave it with me. Technically it may be a masterpiece of color mimeography. Fine, congratulations and all that. But, oh, that drawing....

I don't know about you, Arf, but I've read that Ray Thompson column before. Right now I'm too lazy to paw through a hundred fanzines to find out where, but I think in MOTE or....Yeah, I think in MOTE. In all fairness, the piece may not be EXACTLY the same, but the wording and such make it awfully damned familiar. If I were you I'd check up and then kick Mr. Thompson off the staff.

The three best items in the issue were the editorial, the story, and the letter section....Keep up the good work. Your zine is climbing fast in my estimation. Easily in the top ten. But, that cover....

Sincerely,

Erwin Geis

/You think wrong, Erwin, or do you have a suppressed desire to see poor hobbly old Thompson off the staff? Monopolist! Actually he confessed all in a letter sent to me after the issue was out. He had written that article and originally sent it into an editor for a different fanzine, where it was rejected; he then sent it along to me as his column for the issue. One guess as to which magazine he sent it in to: PSYCHOTIC! Your memory is faulty, Erwin!/
* * * * *

RUSS WATKINS - 110 Brady St. - Savannah, Georgia

....Your story (come on back of that pen name Dennis Murphy) was good. Very well written and good ending....Why don't you try colored headings inside the mag and let the color covers go for awhile?.... Geis is very interesting even if I don't agree with him. Personally I like the human *vne of stf that discusses social and personal problems....I think Geis is reliving his discovery of stf in his younger days and longs for them again. I know how much of a thrill it is to discover stf and I long for those days again too but the old thrill cannot be recaptured again no matter if you do go back to the old type of story that started you on the track to becoming a stf addict. So you have to mature along with stf....I think that the letter columns today are good. It must be that fans are writing more interesting letters to all the zines....
* * * * *

Russell

See SPIRALITIES re the Denis Moreen-Dennis Murphy deal. ###

Many thanks also to Bill Berger, John Fletcher, John Hitchcock, Lynn Klockman, John Walston, Dennis Murphy, and Ray Thompson for letters which got crowded out. (Just looked outside -- it's starting to snow again! And this is the 31st.) Anyway, the next SPY should appear by June 1 or so, so keep your eyes open! Have fun.

Dennis Moreen

Denis Moreen
214 Ninth Street
Wilmette, Illinois

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- Ghu Only Knows!

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