

# SPACETEER

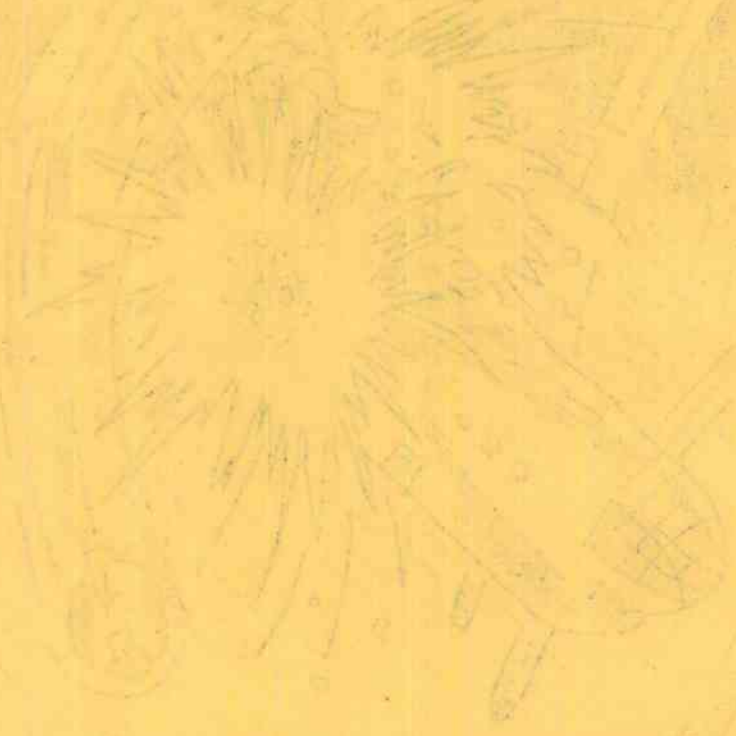


NO. 3

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!



1892 2:41



1892

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

# SPACETEER

FLORIDA'S FINEST FANZINE

Winter '48-'49

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John Grossman, Bill Rotsler, and Lin Carter

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Fla. Co-edited by BILL PAXTON, Dearborn, Mich. 10¢ a copy.  
(✓)SUB; ( )TRADE; ( )COMPLEMENT. A non-profit, amateur fanzine.

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# SPACETEER SPEAKS

Yes, you read the cover right, this is our First Ann-Ish. The first issue of Spaceteer came out just one year ago. And this, our third issue, is also our last issue---but you'll see more about that on the last page of this ish.

For our First, and last Ann-Ish, we have planned a bigger mag than usual. You will find another article by Jack Clements, on artists, this time; an article by Dale Tarr; one by Robert Stein; the usual columns by Storer, Brazier, and Brown; poetry by Marion Zimmer and Lin Carter; letters, the Gallery of BEMS, and so forth. I may even have a story in here some where, but faint research fails to find it.

Several new fanzines have plunked into my mailbox recently, that I think are worthwhile investigating. One is Fan Artisan, published by the Fantasy Artisans, a new group of fan artists, at Box 105 Los Alamos, Californy--oops! that's the club headquarters, the editorial offices are at Box 1746, Orcutt, same state. A 45 page mag, profuse with fine mimeoart by the members, among which are Russ Manning (remember that cover on the first Loki?), Bill Rotsler, and others. Fine zine. The other is The Time Machine, pubbed by Gordon Mack, Jr., Box 138, Lake Arthur, La. Tho the printing and artwork could stand considerable improvement, the material by Joke, Con Pederson, Ricky Slavin, and (hrumph) me, is quite good. Both mags are a dime.

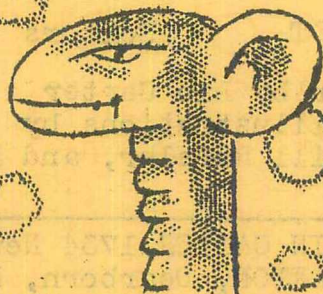
Thassall there is for me to say. Full information, on the folding of this pearl-among-zines, is to find on da la sta page. I said that before.

adious....

--THE EDITORS



ROTSLER





SEND NO MONEY! JUST

by JOE KENNEDY

*Clip the Coupon!*



Moe Steffan lounged in a deep easy chair. In one hand he clutched the latest copy of DUMFOUNDING SCIENCE SAGAS. Eagerly he scanned the story he was reading-- a super epic by Ray Bummings, entitled "The Winged Girl Deep in the Heart of the Golden Microbe". Entranced by the author's description of flashing ray-guns and roaring rockets, Moe Steffan's hungry gaze gobbled up page after page of the narrative. This is what he read:

"The Winged Girl flicked the stud and seven billion volts of atomic destruction soared out into the black of space. Fifty million Martians bit the dust. The arching void was filled with rusty metal and reeking corpses, as the Plutonian Space Vultures soared hither and yon, snapping tasty morsels from the floating bodies. The Winged Girl sighed, swivelled her well-padded hips around, and faced the hero. 'At last!' she breathed, 'we are alone!' The hero gulped, clutched her closer, so tightly that her thin space-suit, stretched to the breaking point, suddenly snapped, and--"

"CONTINUED ON PAGE 126"

Desperately, Moe Steffan flipped the pages, his brain on fire with a desire to finish the story...What would happen to the luscious Winged Girl? What would happen to the hero? Reaching page 126, he frantically scanned the page. This is what he encountered:

"RUPTURED? THEN TRY THIS OUT! Old Doctor Slopp's Home-Proven Recipe will fix your little trouble up in a jiffy! Old Doctor Slopp makes his rupture supports from only the finest of discarded tractor tires..."

"MEN! LEARN THE FACTS ABOUT THE OPPOSITE SEX! This FREE book rips the mask from their fair faces..."

"BANISH THE CRAVINGS FOR TOBACCO AS MILLIONS HAVE! Is your mouth gummed up with bad-tasting brown fuz? Does your saliva remove the silver plate from the forks from which you eat?"



"THE SECRET MUSEUM OF MANKIND! Learn the truth about marriage in the South Sea Islands, in this daring collection of drool inducing ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS! This book will not be sent to anyone under nine! Mailed in plain, asbestos wrapper...."

The next sound which disturbed the atmosphere was the dull PLUNK! which was the copy of DUMFOUNDING SCIENCE SAGAS made when it hit the bottom of the ash can.

You've probably found yourselves in the same position as the fictional Mr. Steffan on more than one occasion. You and me, we have cussed the advertisements in science-fiction magazines, and we've got a laugh or two out of some of the more disgusting commercial notices. And yet, when you stop to think of it, it's probable that the science-fiction pulps as we know 'em today, wouldn't exist if it hadn't been for the advertisers whose regular insertions eased many a tottering mag over its financial rough-spots.

Since the beginning of stf, however, fans have been complaining about some of the weird items which have cropped up in the ad columns of their favorite prozines. Back in the mid-'20s, some of the ads were a heck of a lot more objectionable than those which fill the mags of today. In the ancient Wild Western and Detective mags, from one third to a half of the advertisements frequently concerned spicy volumns, quack medical cures, luridly illustrated books on the mysteries of love, and other fascinating commodities. Hugo Gernsback got many a complaint for the ads for SEXOLOGY MAGAZINE and a few other such items which occasionally cropped up in the old WONDER STORIES; but I remember that he usually brushed off letter-column objections by pointing out that "advertising is the life-blood of any publication, and we suggest that you READ the advertisements you criticise. On closer inspection, they may not seem so bad..." Maybe the latter comment was an attempt to get people to pay more attention to the commercials!

However, of all the gruesome ads which I've seen in the proz I think the one which stands out in my memory is a back-cover, which appeared on SCIENCE FICTION STORIES half a dozen years ago. This ad showed a huge human foot, in the final stages of disintegration from athlete's foot, with scales and sores depicted in nauseating detail. Down below, there was a coupon which you were supposed to clip and mail in with a couple of bucks for a bottle of So-and-So's Lotion. The ad was hardly recommended-reading for people with weak stomachs.

Not all the ads are uninteresting to fans, however. The old AIR WONDER and SCIENCE WONDER STORIES were frequently chock full of intriguing science-fictional ads for Gernsback's varied enterprises. Gernsback, you will recall, used to advertise colored original covers for sale to interested readers; he used to devote page after page to plugging science-fictional companion magazines with detailed cuts of their covers; furthermore, he'd advertise his

and all over the place. At some times,

ance of this sort of thing in  
since the latest offerings of  
like Cheney, Korshak, and others  
s, and lots of other stuff.  
probably Moskowitz) has put it,  
interesting that the stories!

All of which leads us to no special conclusion, except the obvious fact that the ads are here to stay, and we might as well put up with them. Some of them can be informative and profitable.

Therefore, when next you flip open the latest INFAMOUS FANTASTIC ENIGMAS and find the conclusion of that Haggard reprint nestling cosily among a welter of screaming advertisements for AUNT MATILDA'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CONTENTED KIDDIES and SENSATIONAL NEW GADGET FILTERS ALL THE GREASE OUT OF YOUR CAR! and LOVE DROPS...THE PERFUME THAT MAGNETIZES MALE NOSES.....

Grin, brother, and bear it.

[illegible]

# SILVER AND SHADOWS



Silver and shadows  
Windblown and flame  
Darkness and twilight  
Until you came

Thunder and fury  
Tempest and cone  
Crystal and topaz  
All is unknown

Out of the shadow  
Sweet sorcery  
Out of the chaos  
Eternity.....

---Lin Carter

BY DONN BRAZIER

Concurrently with the late flying disk mystery something else was going on. Dr. Zwicky was shooting stepped rockets into the sky, in an attempt to make man-made satellites. The experiment failed. The papers didn't say what happened to the hunks of matter...presumably they must have fallen back to earth. Flying saucers? Here and there, too, unknown things were crashing into hills, buildings, even people. Might be interesting to have Dr. Zwicky blast away some more and then check for flying saucers shortly thereafter.

1. ASF led all pulps, being mentioned on 8 lists. Nearest competitor was TWS with 4 mentions. Other pulps were: New Worlds-2; SS-2; Planet, AS; FFM all one.
2. 16 other mags appeared on the lists, with LIFE leading with three mentions. Most strange was Better Homes & Gardens. Those getting two mentions: New Yorker, Esquire, and Air Trails.
3. A total of 57 books were mentioned, making an average of over 5 per reader. All fields seemed to be covered, take a look: chess, jazz, semantics, physics, religion, math, biology, general science, art, travel, and even a manual on marriage!

((Donn's column was squeezed out of the last issue ----Ed. ))



# GALLERY OF BEMS

BY  
JOHN GROSSMAN









Those Italicized  
Leads!

DALE  
TARR

Every once in a while you run across a story at the start of which, the author has appended a comment in italics. These italicized leads generally take the form of quotations from some supposed authority in the future. The darn things intrigue me; and I always find myself wishing I could find, somehow, the real thing, a leaf from an historical book of the future. Take Isaac Asimov, for instance, ((you take him)) who is one of the more frequent suppliers of my addiction. Before going into his "Blind Alley" he quotes (and I quote Asimov):

"Only once in Galactic History was an intellegent race of non-humans discovered." from Essays on History by Ligurn Vier."

Asimov goes on to tell the story but that is beside the point. We wonder whether the other development is right, and there are a good many non-human intelligences. Ligurn Vier is a favorite historian of Asimov's, for, before "The Big and the Little", we get the following quotation from the same source:

"Three dynasties moulded the Beginning: The Encyclopedists, The Mayors, and The Traders--"

That brings up strong memories of the Foundation Series but it also makes you wonder about Ligurn Vier. Just where is his epoch? And over how many untold ages does his writings extend?

Pity the poor historian of today, with a paltry 5000 years to draw on! Ligurn Vier may have had a million years of tales to weave from. And what experiences! Not drawn from a miserably small single planet, but from across the great reaches of space; galaxy upon galaxy. Why doesn't Asimov write us a story about this Ligurn Vier? And now, speaking of galaxies, let's see some of Norman L. Knight's excerpts from "Galactic Chronicles".

Before "Bombardment In Reverse", Knight says: "The following narrative is an excerpt from "Galactic Chronicles", a monumental work on extra-terrestrial history by the Earth-born Martian historiographer, Ilrai the Younger, who flourished about 2600 A.D. He regards the tale as of doubtful authenticity, and is inclined to classify it as merely an interesting legend. It  
-continued on next pg.-

~~~~~  
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE DEPT: In latest AMAZING (October): "I want to....point out to you fans and readers the very excellent editorials on science and science-fiction that have been appearing....in THRILLING WONDER STORIES..." Egad! The Millenium is at hand!!!

is hereby reproduced as no more than that."

This kind of rabbit punch irritates the hell out of me. One notes that Knight evidently figures space travel to have reached galactic proportions within a comparatively short time. However, if the time-weary era of Asimov is as old as the writings seem to indicate, 2600 might not be too early for a fairly good start, at any rate. Perhaps Asimov's Foundation only lies about 50,000 years ahead.

Ilrai the Younger is also an intriguing figure. But we digress from the rabbit punch; certainly the story was a little on the humorously implausible side, but why set up a historical authority, only to blast authenticity to shreds with those last two sentences? But perhaps I am too severe. Presumably even historians have their lighter moments. Anyway Knight has more to say of Ilrai in introducing the "Testament of Akubii". Here he speaks of Ilrai as having combined an amazing literary activity and an insatiable curiosity, with a weakness for good stories incompletely verified. The story which he writes is supposed to lack documentary proof because the chief source of information was on a "solitary planet accompanying the star Delta Prime in the Hyades". Delta Prime later exploded into a nova, conveniently destroying the proof. It's too long to quote in entirety, but here's some:

"It seems that the space port on Aldebaran III was an ill-conceived venture, which was hastily abandoned after a few years, for reasons which need not concern us here."

The fact that the space port was abandoned is not any more interesting than a squalid 'ghost town' of fairly contemporary times, to me. But it was abandoned hastily...maybe Knight wrote the wrong story!

Heinlein, in prefacing "Universe" gives this tidbit: "The Proxima Centauri Expedition, sponsored by the Jordan Foundation in 2119, was the first recorded attempt to reach the nearer stars of this galaxy. Whatever its unhappy fate, we can only conjecture--" "Quoted from 'The Romance of Modern Astrography', by Franklin Buck, published by Lux Transcriptions Ltd., 3.50 cr."

For some reason beyond my comprehension, Heinlein quotes the above lead also before "Common Sense", the sequel to "Universe". Maybe he was too tired to think up something else. Anyway, the date given, 2119, is not so very far off. Will we be advanced so far by then, that we will be trying for the stars? 2119 is only a matter of 170 years away, and it seems likely that we'll be 200 years at least, negotiating the System. However, we're likely to be on the Moon, Venus, or Mars, before we even get to the bottom of our own oceans. And then, if 2119 is the date of the first attempt to reach the stars, it places Knight's guess of 2600 for galactic affairs within intensified reach. Still, I think we'll have to go some. Remember the size



## THE NIGHT HAS COME

The Night has come.

And darkness nears with slow and sable wings

Across the skyey vault.

The dying Sun

Expires in crimson dusk

Upon the western hills.

The Night has come.

---Lin Carter

\*\*\*\*\*

of that ship in "Universe?"

George O. Smith stuck his neck out once with an item also too long to quote in its entirety: "During the Third Interplanetary War, Atomic bombing sprung up, died, and then continued on a very strange nuisance value basis." --"I.A. Seldenov's History of Sol, Vol. IV"

It was strange, all right, and some nuisance! Here we of today are worrying our heads off about the consequences of atom bombs, and Smith blithely dismisses it with an almost patronizing wave of his typewriter.

There's a few more of those italicized leads scattered thru Astounding's back numbers, but not nearly enough to suit me. They are a sort of mirror of the authors' guesses as to the future and I'm interested. Take Asimov's opening to "The Wedge":

"Never let your sense of morals prevent you from doing what is right."--Salvor Hardin

Remember Salvor? Considering the variety of opinion on what is right, perhaps he should have said: "Never let your sense of right prevent you from doing what is moral."

No?

---oOo---

THE

# STRANGE FATE

OF MORTON HULKMORE



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX-by JOHN VAN COUVERING

A scientific fan, as a rule, is not overly sensitive. It is a difficult achievement indeed to get any strong emotion except pride out of him, except on rare occasions when, for instance, he discusses the latest issue of *Fearfully Stupefying Stories* with an non-believer.

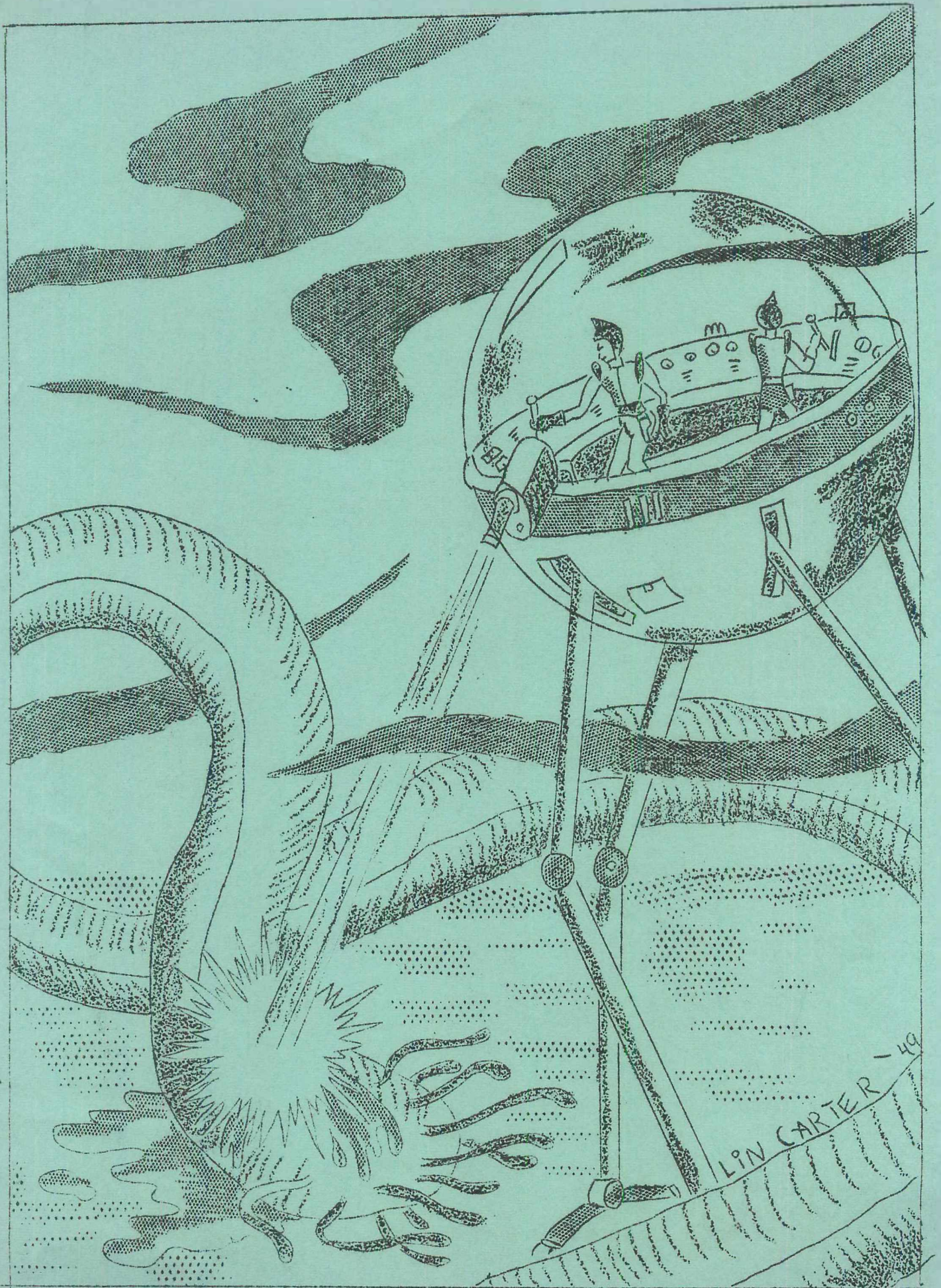
But mention the name of Morton Hulkmore to any actifen even slightly acquainted with events during the fateful summer of '48 and you will get a veritable bargain basement of emotions, moods and involuntary facial and mental reflexes pursuing one another, across the degenerate, highly colorful countenance confronting you. The common procedure followed by the utterance of that name is (1) a start of horror (2) a fleeting look of vengeful gloating (3) a guilty shadow of reprehension and (4) about fifty varied crossbreedings and malformed offspring of the aforementioned expressions.

Morton Hulkmore at one time was a fan himself; some said he was the ideal fan. His letters were prompt, pleasant, and quite often contained a sensible suggestion or two. For readers of *WEIRD*, he had but gentle pity; for HPL fans, a fatherly, not unkind talking-to; for persons afflicted with the desire to write stef, a rather resigned condescension ((that's how you spelled it, pal)), not unmixed with sympathy. He wrote legibly and with acceptable grammar on a good typewriter, and replaced his ribbon when it began to fade. There was no one who did not have a kind word for him, and vice-versa.

The exact opposite of this paragon of pseudo-scientific devotion was Finian j (No capital, no period) Axlegrease. Finian j wrote caustic, fragmentary notes on a battered model '98 Oliver if and when he wrote at all; readers of *WEIRD* taught their hunch-backed little children to shoot on sight, anything wearing what resembled remotely a maroon sportshirt and harlequin bifocals. Not only did he spit on those who aspired for a career in the pulp field; he dabbled in it himself. He was even so utterly debased and demoralized as to read Howard Phillips Lovecraft, and to claim that "Green Slime over Magneto-gorsk" was his favorite story.

Yet, so blinding are the ties of fandom, that Morton Hulkmore and Finian j Axlegrease were the best of friends right up to that day in August. On this particular day, the birds sang, flowers bloomed in Pershing Square, and clouds sailed past the Richmond Tower in a perfect California sky. Finian j Axl-











egrease, having arisen at his customary hour, was engaged in making away with his breakfast. The noonday sun shone in upon this revolting scene, and hastily covered its face with a cloud.

Since Axlegrease's method of consuming shredded wheat might have been likened to Gargantua wallowing in a huge vat of tapioca pudding, his glasses were on a shelf a safe distance away from flying fragments and the treasured shirt was covered by a small bib, inscribed "This little duckling eats her oatmeal. Do you?"

At this moment, Morton Hulkmore, inspired by a new mission to create good-will among fans, opened the door. "Good morning, Axy", he cried cheerfully. "Good morning, good morning!"

"Splurbp," replied Axlegrease, not uncivilly. "Gfb blp."

"Thanks, I will," said Morton, suiting action to words, by plunking down in an overstuffed sofa.

"Look here, old chum," continued that worthy after a bit, "New mag." Axlegrease's muffled reply sounded like: "Frbffffp?"

"Let me read you the lead story," he continued. Hearing nothing which could be reasonably translated as an objection, he began to read. Axlegrease, loath to interrupt a free service, kept silent as far as was possible. Soon he ceased eating, and listened raptly. As the story developed, the more engrossed became Finian j Axlegrease. For an hour he listened intensely, As Hulkmore read on. When the story was done, Hulkmore fell silent.

Slowly, reverently, Axy rose from his semi-coma, and plunged into his shredded wheat, to hide his emotions. Tears welled in Hulkmore's good-natured eyes, as he saw how deeply his friend was stirred. His pudgy figure leaned over the table, and he patted Axy on the shoulder. "There, there, old man, I know how you feel."

"You don't understand," Axlegrease choked. "I'm a new man! I thot science-fiction had gone to pot...I never thot I'd read a good yarn again. I...I..." Here he broke down completely. Big salty tears dripped into the breakfast bowl; gusty sobs shook the room. When he finally got ahold of himself, when his sloping shoulders stopped shaking, and he could see clearly again, he blew his nose on the ducklings' feet, and went around the table to Hulkmore, whose eyes were not entirely dry, either.

"My friend, I won't forget you for this," Axlegrease stated, once more the master of his emotions. A suspicious tremblor crept into his voice as he added, "You see before you, a fan rejuvenated....a soul risen from the muck!" Then he paused, a light shining in his face. "Oh, let me-but see the mag that printed such a masterpiece...the author--I must know him!"

(continued bottom next page)

"Well," said Morton Hulkmore modestly, "it was really my idea to get you to listen to this certain story. I've been thinking that this silly feud has been going on too long, and I thought if you heard one of his stories, well..." He paused. An expression of ghastly certainty, of terrible realization was spreading o'er Axlegrease's face. An awful, soul-searing fury transformed this weeping idealist into a terrifying symbol of blasting wrath, Of betrayed, Judased trust.

He towered above Hulkmore, spoke but one word: "Tratior!" Morton cowered. His well-padded figure shriveled in the roaring blaze that flared from Finnina's eyes. Then all went black.

Only the faintest rumor of what actually happened to Morton Hulkmore ever seeped out, but it was enough to sear the souls of all who heard. But, knowing the enormity of his heinous, tho perhaps well-meant sin, there was a consensus of "He asked for it, the utter fool!"

#### FINIS

(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)(O)

#### EARTHMAN DYING ON VENUS

Astra Zimmer

Lift me up, fellows, let me turn my face  
Up to the sky; I want to see that blue  
And misty star of Earth come through  
Before I die.

Lift me up, fellows, let me see--  
Great Gods of Space! This fog is choking me!  
I want to see Earth just once again  
Before I die in this far place  
Of cold eternal rain...

Oh, Venus, Venus, men have cursed before  
Another Venus, goddess of Man's love;  
Well, it was love that made me look above  
The Earthly sky.

But--love of wandering free, win0er-bust;  
A love of conquest;  
Reddish Martain dust

I saw, and silver fog of Venus, Night  
That reigns in space; a wanderlust above  
The love of Kin and Right

(following verses on next pg)





not reasonable. Going on the premise that we were put here by intelligent entity--or that life was started by same--it can't be taken as a reason.

There is a purpose that may serve us for a while, but it isn't the final answer. That goal is to better the lot of our children, and their children. Now we call it simply humanitarianism. After we have reached space, we may call it "the Terran's Burden", after the manner of Kipling's "White Man's Burden." But that isn't the final answer. When we have reached a Utopia for ourselves, what then?

I have a rather ridiculous hope that we may find a race that is far-enough advanced beyond us, to have found the answer. The chances that they would be constructed along the same mental planes as us, is terribly remote. And a race with different thought processes probably couldn't understand our quest. About 99% of the world's population works at keeping themselves alive and happy; the other 1% works for our children and their children. We aren't faced by this problem as a race now, but when we reach our Utopia, we shall be. Until then, I suppose we shall just bungle along as best we can.

So I suggest the main purpose of our race is to try to better our lot, and our children's lot. We must learn the ultimate answer to our problem from some higher intellect, whether it be a god or another race. That will be a long time in coming. Until it does, and as obscure as the problem may seem to us now, I think our best bet as to a subconscious goal is the betterment of future generations. As I say, the race as a whole won't be faced with this problem for probably millions of years, but a little thinking along that line right now will help.

FINIS

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THE GRIPE DEPARTMENT

Wherin the Mutant Minds Assemble

\*\*\*\*\*

JOE KENNEDY

84 Baker Ave.  
Dover, N.J.

Dear Lin: Nice cover on the second SPACY. Well-chosen scene, competently drawn, neatly shaded. Personally, I'd like to see more stiff artwork on this order--it gives the mag a certain atmosphere (no, not exactly the type one detects with one's nose) ((hope not:))

A thoroughly decent issue, with everything well worth printing and nothing especially sensational. Which is a good medium. Query: how come the mimeoing of the contents page is sharp and dark, and the rest of the issue very readable but light? ((the



contents page, GOB, and cover were run off on a different mimeo))  
ARTWORK: Cockroft pic sufficiently goose-pimple producing. Nice  
mimeoing on it. Your sketch for the Tor-Con ad I liked muchly.  
Thot at first glance Rotsler did it.

STORIES AND ARTICLES: Or rather story and article. THE  
STINKING...er..SHRINKING DEATH had an intriguingly logical idea.  
And yet on second thot, why wouldn't their bodies stand the we-  
ight, when their proportions would still be the same? The ratio  
of the weight of the flesh to the strength of their bones would  
still be the same, I'd think. Now, if the bodies had been ex-  
panded to a larger size ((pardon)) size, the weight of the atmos-  
phere would've crushed 'em. ((you've a point there, JoKe))  
Column worth continuing. Norm has a readable style. The article  
brought back memories. I've never seen KING KONG yet, dash it  
all!

VERSE: DREAM CITY is fairish. Sic--how do you spell the  
possessive pronoun as opposed to the contraction for "it is"???  
((ask Sneary)) Mars: your poetry seems to be steadily improving  
Lin. I liked the ones in Loki too. Mars came close to being a  
sonnet--most of it's in iambic pentameter, and you used a sonnet  
scheme--8 lines, break, 6 lines. The Shakespearean sonnet goes  
A-B-B-A-B-E-A-break-C-D-D-C-E-E as to rime scheme, Y'know. HPL's  
Fungi from Yuggoth are good models for weird-fantasy sonnets, in  
my opinion.

Belated congrats on making Merwin's A list--even if he did  
call it "SPACETEEN" ! Good luck and keep the SPACETEERS rolling.

JoKe

((thanks for the long and interesting letter, Joe))

MARION ZIMMER

R.F.D. #1  
East Greenbush, N.Y.

Dear Lin: Donn Brazier's comments that coelenterata reproduce  
asexually will come as a surprise to the coelenterata. Accord-  
ing to my college zoology, coelenterates undergo two life stages:  
the polyp and the medua. Reproduction is asexual during the polyp  
stage. However, in either stage, in some varieties, they carry  
on sexual reproduction, by the formation of temporary gonads  
from layers of interstitial cells beneath the ectoderm layer.  
((keep it clean, Astra, keep it clean; this has to go thru the  
mails y'know)) These may be male or female, or a single coelen-  
terate may be hermaphroditic. They reproduce by a random sort  
of fusion of gametes. Brazier shouldn't be so blind to the Facts  
of Life. Even the lowly paramecia carries on conjugation. No  
matter how eager he is to prove a writer wrong, he shud remember  
science is the authority and that Davis probably know whereof he  
spoke which Donn apparently doesn't.

Kennedy's story was swell, and so was the rest. --Astra

((thanx for the letter, Astra, meaty if not incomphrensible. We  
shud have paid more attention in high-school zoology !.....))

SAM MOSKOWITZ

446 Jelliff Ave.  
Newark 8, N. J.

Dear Lin: Enclosed is 25 cents for subscription renewal. Say, didn't I send you 25 cents after the first issue? I think I still had one issue to go. ((so you did, Sam, so you did. Sorry!))

Guerry Brown's review of The Arkham Sampler was interesting, but it read more like a listing of the features than a review. ((we cut Guerry's review considerably))

Best wishes -Sam

J.T. OLIVER

712-32'nd. St.  
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Lin: Well, I finally got SPACETEER #2. To begin with, the cover wuz nice. U musta used a compass to get the Earth so round. The hand-colored title is nice, but I'll betcha it's a lot of work. ((you sed it, keed)) The article on Arkham Sampler was OK, but you'll never convince me the thing is worth one dallas per.

Norm Storer is simply wonderful. I think you guys are trying to low-rate T.Smith for no reason at all. He's a great writer. Any writer slips up sometimes. I also like his comments re H.P.L. If Merwin had an author like him, he'd have a fit, as the sayin' goes. Merwin is a jerk. He gets mad and blows his top every time somebody doesn't agree with him. ((easy, Jay, easy. He's gonna review this, ya kno))

"The Shrinking Death"---say, Lin, I've been outa school a long time, and haven't read science books since then...BUT, it seems if an object was reduced in size, thus increasing the density, the strength would still be the same, relatively. For instance, an iron box will hold together the same as a wooden one. Right? ((Right!))

Now the Gripe Dept. (Nice title)-Moskowitz, I don't agree with him. Thorne Smith is wonderful. How come you guys read so much of his stuff if you don't like him? Joe Kennedy- how come some writers criticize other writers? Reminds me of that jerk, O.G. Estes criticizing Finlay. Tom Jewett has a good point. U shud print his letter on the front cover from now on.

So Long -JAY

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Our thanx to all who wrote this time, and to Guerry Brown, Les Hudson, Rick Sneary and others who we didn't have time to print. We hope you enjoyed this third issue. We went to especiall work to make this First Ann-Ish, the best, largest and most interesting SPACETEER to date. And, even though there won't be a fourth issue, we'd greatly appreciate letters on this one. So, how about it, people? --THE EDITORS

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THE THIRD  
AND LAST

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It's a sad moment for any fan publisher when his zine is forced to fold its tent like an Arab and silently steal away into that Happy Hunting Ground where all good fmz go after earthly existence. SPACY never set Fandom on fire, or had big sub list, or won awards, but since we conceived it, gathered material for it, and by the sweat of our brow brought it into existence, we feel a natural sense of loss, now that this is the final issue.

The reasons for this Untimely End are legion. We no longer have the use of our mimeograf. (this ish is being run off professionally...at about twelve smackers...any contributions for the Lin Carter Fund for Bankrupt Spaceteer Editors will be gratefully appreciated) And, also, rising costs of paper, ink, stencils et cetera, are beyond our humble means.

But, considering that SPACETEER only ran for 3 issues, we feel that the amount of good material published has been rather noteworthy. We have published material--that is art, poetry, fiction, articles, departments and reviews by fen like John Cockcroft, Astra Zimmer, Joe Kennedy, Guerry Brown, Bill Rot-sler, Dale Tarr, Jack Clements, Bill Paxton, John Grossman, Van Coevering, Donn Brazier, and Lin Carter.

SPACETEER #1, dated Aug 47 had fifteen pages, #2 ran for sixteen, and this issue has about twenty two. Forty seperatepieces of material. Four stories, four articles, six poems, nine columns and reviews, and about twenty illustrations. We think thats pretty good.

And before we forget it, there are numerable subs that do not expire with this issue. The remainder of your subscription will be refunded to anyone who requests it. And somewhere around here should go our especial thanks to John Cockcroft, Joe Kennedy, John Grossman and K-Mar Carlson for various help.

There. Guess that about ties up all the loose ends. This issue was very late, our apologies for it. It couldn't be helped. Thanks again, to everyone who helped in any way in the publishing of SPACY....

Your Humble, Obidient Servents,  
Lin Cartor, Editor and Pub.,

Assistants, Bill Paxton, Terry  
Fitzpatrick and Guerry Brown.

