

stellar 22

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Jack Harness
c/o Hubbard Association of Scientology Internation
547 South Harvard Blvd.
Los Angeles 5, California

Dear Jerk,

I was glad to get your letter last week. It seems a little silly--ostentatious, actually--to mimeograph a letter like that. People if they saw it might think that I wasn't the only one who got it, though it was clearly addressed to me. You know I don't like other people reading my mail. You ought to do something about that typer, too. It doesn't seem to be able to spell. Maybe it needs to be cleared.

I'm writing this to you now because tomorrow morning--at 4:00 a.m.--Bob Pavlat will be by in his '57 Ford to pick me up for the Long Trek to the Solacon. I don't know when you'll receive this--before or after I get a chance to give you your copy of STELLAR #21 at the Con. I want to hand out as many as possible to save postage. I'll mail the rest out after I get back.

For that matter, Magnus hasn't mailed #20 yet, though I hope he will before too long.

Anyway, I dug your letter the most. The meeting with the West Coast Fangs--er, fans--sounds fabulous. Of course I've already met Ellik and Graham, but I'm looking forward to seeing the rest of that happy manage; Carr, Rike, Brandon, Champion, et al. Why, I'm looking forward to the whole shebang that I've regrown my beard! F.M. Busby says he'll have one too...

Phil Castora was down last weekend. Yeah. I was flabbergasted to hear his voice on the phone at about 9:00 p.m. Saturday night. Lucky thing I happened to be at 1014 N. Tuckahoe that weekend. He said his family had driven down to Winston-Salam and was currently parked in a motel out in College Park. He had to get into the Wormwood to reclaim some stuff he'd left, so I agreed to meet him there in half an hour,

I arrived, about twenty-five minutes later, and found no Castora. The Powells were bitching at each other and others in their usual fashion. I sat down on the porch to wait.

About ten minutes later Phil comes strolling up the sidewalk, with a real cute chick in tow. Turns out to be his sister, who looks a lot better than in her pictures. He deposited her on the porch and The Other Jack--you know, the tall guy who rooms with Jim--comes out and sits down beside her. She said she had a bunch of postcards to dash off, but half an hour later she'd written only four short ones.

In the meantime, Phil'd been hunting up his stuff. We went down to the basement and found all the books and magazines that were in storage with your stuff, and then Phil remembered the closet-full of stuff upstairs.

We went up to investigate it and found it padlocked. We inquired around for the key, and Jack said all the keys had been lost. Woe. So we broke the lock off. Phil found loads of clothes, a few old Burleson cartoons, some true-love comics, a couple of fanzines, and a bunch of junk. Out of four boxes he selected stuff into one box to take back with him. We'd wanted to take his mags to Burleson, but we couldn't get Bob on the phone, so they're still there at the Elmwood.

Not much else has happened, except that Pat has decided to move to New York--she has a wealthy aunt or someone whom she hopes to touch for rent and food money--and John Hitchcock is thinking of following her up. Good ol' "Come Graduation, watch all my fanac" Hitchcock is currently going through, he claims, the Last Stages of a Nervous Breakdown. Due mostly, I suspect, to his staying most of the night each night at "419" and getting four or so hours of sleep a day. His father is getting worried about him. So am I. I've given up all hope of his typing the stencils to BNF OF IZ, which I wanted to have ready for the Solacon. I'll try to get the ms. from him and type them up myself on my return. Dammit. Missed a good chance to sell a few copies...

Fanac at 2712 N. Charles is at anything but a standstill, though. Magnus has been doing a RUMBLE each week--but not mailing them quite so promptly due to lack of pocket cash--and is currently pounding out stencil after stencil of VARIOUS material. VLRI, incidentally, will go Gestetnered with the current issue, now that I have my QWERTYUICPress Gestetner here.

There've been a great crop of fmz coming along recently, too. In two weeks I've received SPECTRE 3, VOID 13, FLAFAN 2, FANTASY ASPECTS 1, your THETA, IMPASSE 1, and CRY. (Well, actually I didn't get the last CRY; Magnus did. What about that, Toskey?) This is one of the most heartening signs I've seen in one hell of a long time. I think a roaring 8th Fandom is barely around the corner.

Incidentally, I really appreciated the lowdown in FLASH GORDON. You must have read a lot of strips, if it was paced anything like the usual newspaper strip. One question though: were these daily and sunday strips, or just Sunday? You didn't make it clear, and I know there's a daily going now. As to Juliet Jones having a Ramondesque style, maybe you knew that Stan Drake--the Jones artist--was a close friend of Raymond's, and that Raymond died in Drake's car when Drake wrecked it. Drake also received severe injuries from the wreck. You might sample Buck Rogers again, now that Ellison has started writing it and Murphy Anderson (he of PLANET in days gone by) is drawing it. It isn't one of the best strips around, but there's been a hell of a lot of improvement in both pacing and draftsmanship.

Well, thanks for THETA 2, and I'm sorry I can't spend eight pages to answer your eight pages, but I gotta pack and get ready. See you in a couple of weeks.

yhos,