

STELLAR 19

combined with GAFIA #15 and DIMENSIONS

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THE THIRD ISSUE OF SPECTRE is here from Bill Meyers (4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee), and a fine issue it is, too. Thirty-six pages (so he says; they're unnumbered and I didn't bother to count them) of well-mimeod material by George Fields (who contributes a professional-sounding but often unknowledgeable column of reviews), Harry Warner, Jr. (who manages to be most entertainingly misinformed on the subject of jazz words used in fandom), Marion Bradley (whose writing in the field of fanfiction remains the highest level extant), and "Renfrew Pemberton" (who turns in his best set of book reviews yet). In addition to this, there are pages and pages of informative and interesting letters. Bill has found the secret of a good fanzine: good material and a better letter-column. All vestiges of neoishness have vanished from SPECTRE, leaving it one of the few really worthwhile fanzines to come from younger (8th, can we call it?) fandom.

I'VE BEEN SUSTAINING A VERY HIGH LEVEL of personal fanac in the last week or so. In one week's time, I attended a WSFA meeting which resurrected several long-lost members like George Early and Bob Briggs; published from scratch a twelve-page FAPA-zine; got most of my final moving done to Balto; and somehow managed to spend all of last night and a good portion of this morning in an all-night session with John Hitchcock and Larry Stark.

Yesterday morning was spent with loading my desk and a few other pieces of furniture into a friend's pickup truck and carting the load to Balto. The earlier afternoon was spent reassembling my desk (which has to be broken down for moving) and arranging my room until it finally suited me. Yesterday, Thursday, was the day Larry Stark was to arrive in Balto from Cambridge. He was coming down for the FAPAcon, and spending a few extra days before and after with us. After getting things settled, I went out and phoned John Hitchcock to find out if Stark had yet arrived.

I got John's father, who told me--it was two or three in the afternoon--that John was still asleep. "He needs what sleep he can get," Mr. Hitchcock said. I inquired about Stark, and found out that he had not yet arrived. I asked if anyone else was expected with Stark, and Mr. Hitchcock said he'd heard something about Jack Harness. I considered this unlikely, since Jack was in LA. But anyway I later told Magnus, who had wandered in from filing for security clearance for his new job, that the Youngs were evidentially not coming with Stark.

That evening, having heard nothing further from Hitchcock, I drove over to see what, if anything, had happened. Mr. Hitchcock said that John had gone to "419" (an apartment at 419 N. Charles) and that Stark had not yet called. He said when Stark did call, he'd relay the call to John. So I set off for "419".

There I found only Hitchcock, vainly trying to sleep on a couch next to the telephone. Everyone else was out.

Fifteen to twenty minutes later, various denizens of the place drifted in, then out again in random patterns. It was now after ten in the evening, and still no word from Stark. We speculated over his mode of travel, with John holding out for train, and I pushing Greyhound.

By nearly midnight, there were only three of us still waiting for the call: John, Dennis Sheffield, and myself. I had answered the phone several times that evening, only so get a false alarm, so I wasn't expecting much when I answered the phone to find Dr. Hitchcock on the line. "Larry is at the Greyhound station," he said.

Moments later, the three of us were greeting Larry, and rescuing him from the clutches of some doddering alcoholic who had seized upon Stark as a convenient leaning post and sympathetic listener. On the way back, we stopped at an open newsstand, and I picked up a copy of the new DOWN BEAT. This was to have serious repercussions later.

Around two o'clock that morning--this morning--for some reason it was decided that we should go over to Dennis' apartment. Dennis had earlier left us; he had to leave for Omaha at 11:00 am Friday. The party now consisted of Hitchcock, Stark, myself, and the three owners of the apartment, Roberta, Diana and Pat. Pat remembered that Dennis had the only playing cards--the girls are all Bridge fiends--and since he would be gone for two weeks, it was imperative that we get the cards before he left.

So, at about 2:00 am, Friday morning, we roused poor Dennis from his bed. There were only four of us; Roberta and Diana having elected to stay home and go to bed.

I won't recount the next three hours in detail. It is sufficient to say that we left Dennis to what shattered remains of sleep he might have, and returned to "419". We would have left Pat there and returned either to the Magnus-White house, or Hitchcock's, but I remembered having left my DOWN BEAT inside. When we entered, we found the lights on, and Roberta sitting on the couch in pajamas reading Philip Jose Farmer's THE LOVERS.

I won't go into the sleepy discussions which followed, but we intruded on the girls' privacy until about 8:30 or nine in the morning. Pat tried to go to sleep but was relatively unsuccessful. Roberta alternated between fierce discussions of classical music and fandom, and THE LOVERS.

It was a very fannish occasion.

Me, I went to bed about nine-thirty and slept until two this afternoon. What a week! Tomorrow, the FAPAcon. Lhord!

THIS IS A SORT OF MAKESHIFT issue of STELLAR, the stylus work having been done without benefit of a writing plate or the proper lettering guide. Actually, I hadn't planned on this issue at all, but John surprised me by doing another RUMBLE only a week after the previous issue. The shock was great. Next issue will have a couple pages of music reviews, some more info on the Post Office vs. Fandom, and a column by Harlan Ellison. I can hardly wait! All material this issue was composed onstencil with the exception of the SPECTRE review, and reads like it. My apologies.