THE METEOR

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FAPA

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Robert A. Madle--Editor. FAPA

To an S-F Fan

There is a science fiction fan,
Who is a crazy lout.
He certainly is not a man,
For all he does is shout.

He staggers 'round all day,
His long beard trails the ground.
He falls on bended knee to pray,
His brains do not abound.

He glares and stares upon his mags,
No sanity he shows.
He goes about clad in his rags,
And thinks of all he knows(?)

What think you of a case so sad?
Does he deserve to live?
Judge not...your own may be as bad.
Do not your judgment (?) give!

----Louis and Gertrude Kuslan.

THE METEOR is published quarterly in the interest of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Contributions (literary) welcomed.

A FAN GOES TO WASHINGTON--EPISODE II

--Edwin Hadley Smith--

by Joel Nydahl

Living just across the Potomac in Arlington, Edwin Hadley Smith, librarian for the amateur press associations, is a retired government worker, tho he says he's not yet at regular retirement age. He thus would have lots of time to devote to his hobby, save that his collections are in the basement, which is cold in the winter months; consequently, like all collectors, he is behind in his work.

Mr. Smith is a member of the Fossils, a group of men who were amateur journalists thirty or more years ago, which numbers some interesting personalities among its members. His wife's father was president the first year of the National Amateur Press Association, back in the 1870's, which was the first; she also is interested in amateur journalism.

Mr. Smith welcomed me cordially and we immediately plunged into things and also he took time off at one point to take my picture --he has a trunkful of ajaya (a.j.'s), and again to serve grapefruit juice so we could talk "legibly" again (my word).

I found some difficulty in making clear to him the difference between the status of the FAPA and the mundane APA's---National, United, and American. He had thot the Newark Convention was the FAPA's first annual official get-together. We didn't go far into FAPA politics. Mr. Smith is very much interested in our publications, but he wrings his hands over their modes of duplication (hekto,

MIMEO). He showed me the Californian, an NAPA pub of about a hundred pages, fine workmanship, and everything. (in thumbing through it, I noticed the name of O. Hamilton Bloomer. I might note that the APA's are the resting place of some of our old pals -- Wilson Shepherd, you know, is high in the AAPA; Georgie Hahn recently joined; also, Michel and Pohl are members, but have done nothing in the American.)

I delivered to Mr. Smith the originals of some carbon-copied pubs that I published reciprocally with McPhail and looked thru his stacks of stuff. He again and again deplored Hektography. For one thing, he feared it would fade; I reassured him there, but remembering the fate of some of my early TFG Bulletins, warned him against moisture. Hektography is dim, too, sezzee. I couldn't argue the point on my own behalf, but did point to others.

Why, he said, couldn't we put out mimeographed pubs, at least? They were legible, would keep, + more-over, would remove that fifty member limit. In vain I pled that in the FAPA the emphasis is on material rather than format or mode of reproduction. In vain I pled the prohibitive cost of even the mimeo; he pointed out that many ajays with printing presses make spare money by printing pubs for those who don't own presses -- why, he asked, couldn't this practise be adopted by FAPAers with mimeos? I was beaten, blocked at every turn, and I fled out the road northward again to visit the head of the Washington Outsiders Club. But that is another story.

The Madgicians (publishers of IMAGINATION!), whom Mr. Smith has a very high opinion of, are sending him MADGE regularly. I

SUGGEST that other "commercial" publishers do likewise; these publications are bound and placed in the Benjamin Franklin Institute of Amateur Journalism in Philadelphia -- to which Mr. Smith gave me an introductory card -- and will always be there, while your parents or your landlady may confiscate & destroy all your own files. ~~And~~ And even though I have just sunk eight dollars in a new hekto I do advise that those who can possibly afford it print or mimeo their mags, that those who can't, give consideration to Mr. Smith's suggestion that they get some one who has a mimeo to do it for them.

Mr. Smith's address is 524 N. Kenmore, Arlington, Virginia.

—JS— Aug. 18—738—

NIGHT

As I look out across the paths of light
In wonder at the littleness of earth
A meteor flashed, and that fiery flight
Reflects my spirit in its sudden birth.
Infinity about me! Time and space
Equation factors in a changeless plan!
What matter that a star should lose its place
And trace its image on the mind of man?

Some say that space is finite, like a ball.
How many worlds and suns it calls its own!
I wonder at it now. Yet, above all,
Greater than Space with shining star-dust strewn
Older by far that Time itself, I know,
Is this within which makes me wonder so.

—Albert Sidney Johnston.

ABOUT SOME CLIPPINGS

by Dale Hurt

Below are some items which I clipped from various sources. Comment follows some of the bits.

Historians claim the year before 1 A.D. was 1 B.C., but astronomers say it was "0" B.C., or just plain zero! What do youse guys say? Frankly, I don't know.

A man in Los Angeles let some glib-tongued, suave gentleman sell him a stolen car for $100. But all Californians are not that gullible, are they Perrie?

The first man on earth to go on a bender may have lived in what is now the Big Bend country of West Texas, the Smithsonian Institution announced July 5, 1936. Its head curator of the anthropology department, Dr. F.H. Setzler, excavated a prehistoric brewery near Bryden. Tons and more evidence found elsewhere indicates that early American inhabitants were the first heavy drinkers. Some people of today still like inhalations. . . .

A couple United Press dispatches disclose that Mrs. Ruth M. Johnson, candidate for an office in Oklahoma, is broke and is carrying out her political campaign via thot-waves. She broadcasts at 5:30 A.M. every day, Jack. A lot of people read an earlier article

AND IMMEDIATELY many wrote her asking her for help in locating friends, regaining daughters' affections, etc. She calls all these people "metal hitch-hikers of the thought-waves." Rather quaint.

Three full-length films constitute the ordinary bill at Argentine theaters. Argentina, here I come!

Dust is as dangerous as gunpowder. If fine particles are distributed in the air in certain ratio, a spark will ignite them and cause an explosion. Why didn't I shake the dust from my s-f collection on July Fourth?

Italian scientists have developed a type of translucent glass which permits beneficial solar rays to pass through, but keeps out the sun's heat. Now the people who are to live in future glass dwellings will not suffer sunburn.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I saw and clipped a cartoon showing two animals, a tree, and a ponderous book. One animal is in the tree, consulting the volume. Says he: "I'm safe! This book says the beast that chased me can't climb trees." This while the aforementioned beast blithely is climbing up the tree in which the reader is perched.

That's all the clippings. Interesting?

JUST GLANCE OVER THIS LINE-UP!

The Road Back by Sam Moskowitz
Who's Who in the Clayton Astounding by Dale Hart
Who Says It's Not Worthwhile? by Robert A. Madle
Crax S-F'al by Edward Dale
Atmosphere in Fan Mags by Robert Bahr
Stf. in the Comics by Harry Warner, Jr.
Science Fiction Review by Thomas Whiteside
Behind the Scenes at "Amazing" by M. Reinsberg
Death is a Diplodocus by Henry Kuttner
Will Science Ever Turn the Corner? by J. Speer
Looking Around with Willis Conover, Jr.

ALSO: The following departments:

Mars (Pictorial Department) by M.A. Rothman
Can you Answer These? (Question Department)
The Reader Comments (muff-sed)
Ans. of course, The Editor's Message.

OOPS. Almost forgot:

Poetry by Helen Gloukey
Ah Woe--H.K. is Right by Duclair Champagne

Illustrations by John Ginnis and Jack [illegible]

WELL, even the most cynical fan mag reader will have to admit that line-up listed above is rather excellent. Remember, there are 30 large pages of material and by many of the best writers in the fan field. Surely you will not wish to miss fan mag deluxe; therefore send 25¢ to FANTASCIENCE DIGEST for a sample subscription for three issues.

Address:

333 E. Belgrade St.
Philadelphia, Penna.