

SCINTILLATION

no. 3



Max
Storey

INGREDIENTS

WHAT

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Income tax is around the corner but compared to it, the dime you spend for one copy of SC or the dollar for teh is like putting money into our pockets. Ad rates are an exorbitant \$1.00 a page and so on down the line. Ads exchanged with a smile. Do you publish a fanzine? Do you hate to part with any of your ill-gotten wealth? Send me a copy, you can get mine for nothing.

Cover by Storey, interior illos. by yours truly and some unidentified bug killer.

It isn't his ego that needs gratification.

Material is needed for SC #4. Send some in, I may be able to use it. FREE EGOBOO!!!!

VOX EDITORIS

Boy, look at that title. How egotistical can one little fan get? But then, it isn't every little fan who gets out a fanzine for All and Sundry to read? (All and Sundry being my English teacher and my psychiatrist, respectively.) Oh well, humility comes with cancelled subs. Luckily, noone has any subs to cancel. Guess I'll just have to wait for humility.

This of sC is being printed on an AEDick 430, I hope. I ran some forms off on it the other day and had a heck of a time getting it to perform properly. Mimeos is fine things when you know how to handle them.

I bought some stuff from Bea Mahaffey last week, among them the TORCON REPORT. One speech in particular, recorded in this book, caught my eye. It was on thing things. Thing things are, well... lets put it this way: a mill mill is an example of a thing thing (Mill that mills mills. This example was taken directly from the talk) Anyhoo I got to thinking. Isn't a machine that makes mimeos a duplicator duplicator? Or Richard S. Shaver's razor; a Shaver shaver? Oh well, back to the old crud.

Who drained Courtney's moat?

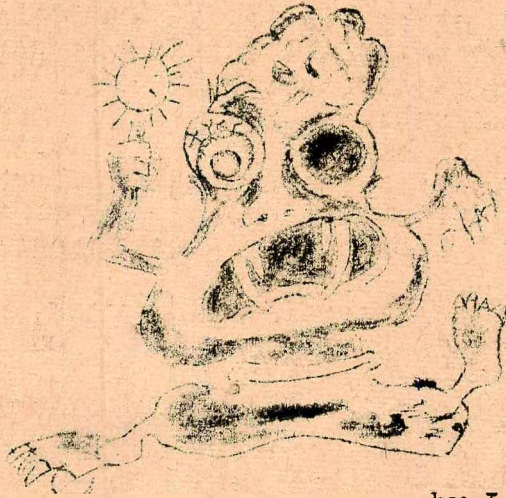
We've added Ray Schaffer Jr. on as a columnist (See Ray? It's in print. Now you can't back out.) and i sincerely hope you like him. I'm trying to put a minimum of fiction in, and more articles. No sense in going into competition with the pros.

I got a copy of NEW WORLDS from NOVA Publishing Co. the other day. I didn't know that the pros have taken to giving complementary copies of their mags to fen. Maybe they need us more than we thought. It reminds me of the time I sent away to the AEC for a list of declassified documents. For months afterwards I recieved letters from various mags, including THE ATOMIC SCIENTIST. I was determined to stay out of this mess and refrained from sending in a sub. A few weeks later I saw a copy of TAS on a teacher's desk. Picking it up, I noticed at the articles: The Difficulty of Obtaining a Passport in the U.S., The Difficulty of Obtaining a Passport out of the U.S., The Difficulty of Obtaining a Passport Anywhere, and on ad infinitum. No world-shaking theories, just pass s. Foo on Atomic Scientists.

Whoops, no room. Well, that's what I get for using big titles. You'll just have to finish this on the last page.

Mark

A PLAGUE ON YOUR HOUSE



by Lou Tabakow

The speculation that the Fantasy Fan is a breed apart, is not new. In fact, an unbiased examination will convince any discerning observer that the fan bears only a superficial resemblance to the species Homo Sapiens. If any reader doubts this, let him take in the next National Convention, and he will come away convinced. For those who have never attended a convention, perhaps a listing of some of the more obvious Fantypes will point up what we mean.

First there's the brash young "Eager Beaver", ranging from the slightly damp behind the ears type to the completely water-logged cranium type. This individual has more nerve than an abscessed tooth. He'll borrow two dollars from an impoverished artist whom he's only met the night before, and bid in a black and white by said artist for ten dollars, which is twice what the artist got for the drawing originally.

Next he spies a successful pro author and maneuvers him into a corner with all the skill of a fencing master. Unless the unfortunate author is a sanguinary brute who glorifies in shedding tyro blood, he sits quivering and shaking, all but drowning in the loud and inconsequential flood of conversation that gushes forth in an endless stream from the mouth of the "Eager Beaver", as he proceeds to tear down and rewrite the last half dozen stories by said author, who by this time is wishing fervently that he had joined the Hod-Carrier's Union when he had the chance, or taken that good-paying uncomplicated job on the garbage truck.

(continued on next page)

(Plague on Your House cont.)

The only reason the "Eager Beaver" finally releases his captive audience is the sight of a noted astronomical authority who has recently sold a fact article to Astounding. With the skill born of years of practice he shortly has the hapless scientist esconced in an easy chair, while he sits on the chair arm and, leaning close, breathes offensively in his face, while from his phenomenal store of information (gathered in seventeen years of life and ten years of schooling) he proceeds to tear the expert's theories to shreds, glancing up at the eavesdroppers for confirmation and moral support.

The astronomer finally escapes by promising to collaborate on an article at some future indeterminate time. The "Eager Beaver" can now go home to his fan club in Kennis-Pishan and set himself up as an authority on Space-Time, the Red Shift, and the degree of curvature of the Universe, and for the next five years he croaks ecstatically in his little pond.

Then there's the fan who has recently sold two stories to pro mags. He walks about solemnly in an aura of intellectual sobriety, bursting with inward joy at his own profundity. Not for him the childish capers of the rank amateur, or the gusty laugh of the uninhibited. He has a position to uphold. He winces when reminded of some of his past exploits by erstwhile friends, who show a disgusting lack of awe toward the clear-headed, level-thinking, logical man he has now become.

He glories in philisophical arguments about the differing cultural backgrounds of imaginary civilizations, shaking his head profoundly from time to time, inferring delicately that he just might use some of the arguments presented, as background in a future story. He corners old time pro authors and is shocked and disappointed to discover they're more interested in discovering what concoction will most quickly force them into a prone position, than in discussing the relative literary merits of the latest issues of Galaxy and The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

His worst dissolutionment comes when he corners the attractive redhead minus her escort. When he finds his name means nothing to her he dispenses with obliquities and finesse and boasts openly of his two sales and new story ideas. Her blase, indifferent attitude puzzles him no end until he discovers she is the author of a dozen well-known stories herself, and when her escort reappears there is nothing left to do but retire to some dark corner where his bleeding ego won't spatter some innocent bystander.

Then there's the apple-polisher type; the brown-nosed par-excellence who makes a career of following pros around lighting their cigarettes; defending their views more vigorously than they would themselves; offering them kleenex, chewing gum, and anything else their hearts desire, up to the value of two cents. They are the leeches of fandom. They exist and draw their nourishment from the reflected glory of the pros. They can be seen in the background of any snapshot of a pro, hovering pale and ghost-like in the background over the caption, "Joe Pro and unidentified fan."

(continued on next page)

(Plague on Your House cont.)

The only way to detach one of these leeches is to offer him a new host with redder blood. The number of friendships among pros which have turned to bitter enmity because of such a change of hosts must be incalculable. To give the poor pro his due, however, one can hardly blame him for following the first law of nature; namely Self-Preservation, and Devil take the hindmost.

The above examples are merely representative of three of the general classes of fans. The list could be extended indefinitely but so doing would only serve to reiterate the obvious point; viz, since Fans are not related to true man, and no parallel for them can be found in the lower animals, they must be extra-terrestrial in origin; exiled to Earth, not necessarily to harrass Homo Sapiens, but merely to rid their home planet of a Plague.

* * * * *

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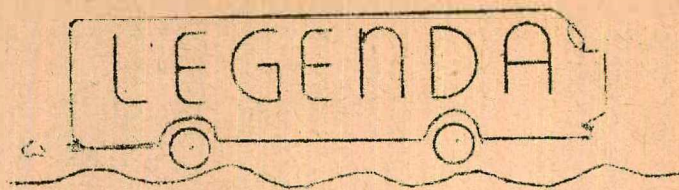
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review a book worth more than
\$1 in:



THE GREEN MILLENNIUM, by Fritz Leiber, Lion Library, 1954, 35¢

This book, I think, was actually supposed to be a serious piece of work, but something went wrong somewhere. The plot describes a war-worn and weary U.S. in the grip of some sketchily described organization called Fun Incorporated. Our hero is a part time peeping tom who gets quite a shock when he discovers that the girl he is watching isn't quite human. There is a smiling green cat who uses waves of peace in the same way that a skunk uses ~~scent~~, and a screwy cult of green cat worshipers. Somehow a lady wrestler falls into the plot, and the hero gets chased all over by F.U. All this and much more, combine to make this book resemble a roller coaster ride rather than a serious novel.

Sands of Mars, by Arthur C. Clarke, Pocket Book, 1954, 25¢

This is another one of Clarke's science-fiction-factual series, like Islands In The Sky. In it he describes, through the eyes of a formerly earthbound science-fiction writer, the humdrum life aboard the first interplanetary liner, and the struggle for independence by the Martian colonies. Our hero turns pro colonists and finds the first Martians. There is the almost inevitable romance here, but Clarke's style of writing makes even that enjoyable.

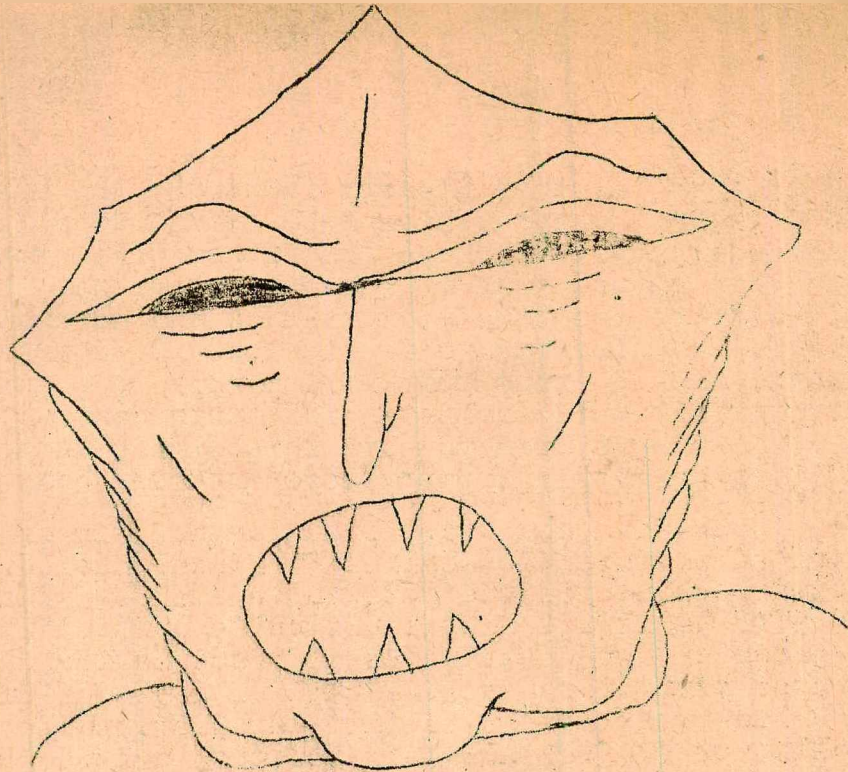
AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, by Arthur C. Clarke, Permabooks, 1953, 25¢

Here's another one of Clarke's books. This time set in the far future, when man has made a retreat from the stars and moved back to mother Earth. Man has, by this time, lost all interest in finding out about what lies beyond the walls of his city. He has discovered social stability and prefers to live with the legends of the past. A young man named Alvin, breaks free from this social inertia and starts on a course of action that rewrites history and breaks man free from his environment.

E Pluribus Unicorn, by Theodore Sturgeon, Abelard, 1953, \$2.75

Here is a collection of some of Sturgeon's finest and not all stf stories. This book, as are most of Sturgeon's stories, is designed to send even the strongest of us into uncontrolled shivers. It's very hard to describe a Sturgeon story, much less than a collection of them. The most I can do is tell about few them. There is a delightful fantasy about a unicorn and a sadist, called "The Silken Swift"; and a dandy little horror called "The Professor's Teddy Bear"; and, of all things, a western about a perfect gentleman. A truly worthwhile book.

The Fiend Speaks



A COLUMN BY
RAY SCHAFFER JR.

Feel crowded every once in a while? This small bit of info will probably make you feel more so. It seems that the Geological Society of America has reported that if the population trend of the Earth continues, each individual will have only one square yard of space in which to live, that is, in 3655 A.D. The majority of the reproducers just aren't aware of this startling speculation, or just don't give a stupid damn. After all, as Joe Doe would say, "It don't mean nuttin' to me cause I won't be here then." But to this writer, this is indeed a serious problem, for, being a stf fan, I am interested in the future development of man's society, even if I won't be around in 1600 years. Edison, I'm sure you'll agree, is not around to see the neon signs of Broadway, or the lights of Paris at night, but his interest in future man is quite evident by his attempts to make the world more comfortable place for man to exist in. The way I see it, the problem of future over-population is one of morals. Are we to permit the populus to continue this runaway trend of reproduction until it becomes uncontrollable and so to speak, "out of hand"? Or is birth control the answer to the dilemma? And then there is warfare, a most effective means indeed. But being that most men detest war, the only solution left, that I can foresee, is birth control. The big obstacle in our path here is the Church. As is well known, the Church maintains that G-d never intended birth control to become a part of man's existence. And yet, no solution to this problem is offered by the Church. (continued on next page)

(The Fiend cont.)

Transportation to other planets is hardly the answer, as man couldn't build the spaceships fast enough to relieve the overcrowded conditions. Perhaps the future will prove me to be a liar on this point. But if spaceships are not the answer then, then it will be too late to turn back and correct our error. Therefore, the time for action is now. Of course, the handful of individuals who read this will hardly be a sufficient number to start a world-wide campaign for birth control, but The Fiend would like to hear from you via this zine's letter section, for every idea, every plan, every movement must have a starting point.

I see in the papers that a psychiatric social worker from Cleveland town, Argues Plank, by name, has stated that stf is definitely off its rocket. According to Mr. Plank, many stf plots betray "schizophrenic manifestations" in the minds of their authors, who work out their fantasies by literary catharsis. The Honorable Mr. Plank went on to say that readers release the steam from their own subconscious by reading the fantasies. And now catch this next bit my fellow lunatics: "episodes of space travel are by no means rare in the imaginings of the mentally ill." And a period. Plank doesn't actually say that that stf writers are "crazy" because they reflect schizophrenic trends (mutants, last man themes, novas, etc.). Rather, he says, these signs are becoming more conspicuous in a mechanized civilization. Mr. Plank was also quoted as saying that stf is bad science and worse fiction. I am so mad and irritated by Mr Plank's statements that I could blow my stack. First of all, all men have occasions to exist in the state of schizophrenia, for the word itself refers to illusions, phantasies, etc. Is Mr. Plank having us believe that only the mentally ill are dreamers? Hardly can this be true, for all men enter, at various times in their lifetimes, into the world of idle fancy. Since Plank refuses to admit that he ever enters this dream world, perhaps he had better consult a fellow psychiatrist, for there is something drastically wrong with the workings of his mental state. As for releasing steam from our subconscious by reading stf, then I wonder about Mr. Plank himself. Doesn't he ever indulge in relaxation of any type whatsoever? If not, then he must be a frustrated individual indeed. And as for the mentally ill accusation, then Plato, who possessed one of the world's greatest philosophical minds, was a very sick person. According to Plank, any mind who exercises his imagination is a sick individual. If this be the case, then the world's in worse shape than I had thought it to be.

An irking state of affairs has been irritating me no end of late, and that is this nasty business of fan classification. I find it to be a disgusting situation, this continual fan feuding for egoboo, and never being satisfied, and wanting more and more, irregardless of who is slandered in the process. Get your name in print - - elevate your ego - - show the whole damn world of fandom who's the big wheel who's running the show. Now nothing is wrong with such a desire, I do like the next fellow and cherish some of it myself. What I am opposed to is the means by which some fans obtain the egoboo.

(continued on next page)

(The Fiend cont.)

For instance, when a fan feud gets started, all types of degrading names are thrown around - - 'fugghead', 'slob', 'queer', etc. It seems to me that friendly feuds can be carried on without reverting to the use of 'mud slinging'. And then there's the egotist who devotes his mag to his own honorable self, and lets everybody know how great a writer he is. Look at me - - boy, I'm somebody. I write for all the big mags - - 'Trash', 'Fiddleydidd', 'Gibblehead', 'Igg', and 'Egoboost'. I'm a real big name fan, I am. BNF Joe Schmoe, that's me. And the result of these elated egos - - a rather low and snobby opinion of those poor little old miserable neofen. Poor stupid wretches, those neos are. If they only knew the joys and adventure to be found in fandom. Oh, what they are missing. But what can one expect of neos. After all, they aren't true fans, only casual readers. At this point I glue my suedes to the floor, and shout: "woah, boy, woah". For my teeth usually grind at words like these and the sparks around my head produce a nebulous effect. In other words, I'm irked. Irked at this stupid seassification of fen. Or rather the active fan's insistence of ignoring the neo. According to many "actives" and BNFs, a neofan is the lowest of the low. Lost, gone, and utterably hopeless - - what poor miserable lives these neos must lead. But from my past acquaintances with the neos I have run into on the street, in bookstores, at college, and during my vacation travels, I have found them to be the true stf fans - - the ones who can be classified as the real backbone of fantastic literature. The ones who buy and read all the pro publications without fail, and not like the many personalities in fandom today who fake their loving of stf, but are merely in fandom for the sake of egoboo. Your professional baseball players are the BNFs of their domain, but it's the kids on the back-yard sandlot who are the real backbone of the game.

* * * * *

V A G A B O N D

First issue free to interested parties. Second issue's price will be mentioned when we're sure you're hooked.

Some of the neurotics contributing (besides the editors) are: Mark Schulzinger, Harold Bunan, Rick Sneary. Others had nerve enough to trust us with their masterpieces, but then, they don't know us very well.

Reserve your copy, scheduled for March 5th, by writing:

Jim White
1237 N. Evergreen Ave.
Los Angeles 33, Calif.

John W. Murdock
619 E. Eighth St.
Kansas City 6, Missouri

COMMAND- PERFORMANCE



by George Jennings

Behind me stands the life of an imagined person one who certainly cannot exist, but even if only in my mind, does. I sit at my typewriter, the words flowing meaninglessly into my head ... for I know not what I am typing ... I only know that I am commanded to, and I must. I seem numb as my fingers glide across the shining board, and the story I have to tell is not my own. Behind me hums a radio, softly bringing to my ears tones of the past. 1945 selections are being played. 1945, that was the year it all started, the year that shall today mead my destruction.

The year is 1945. The month ... I am not sure, I think it is December. I look to my right for some unknown reason, perhaps by instinct, but my eyes can see nothing, the cold fog of London bars all vision, strain as I may. Ahead of me looms darkness. I do not know why I am walking, nor where I am headed. I only know that I must walk because I am commanded to, and the command is mightier than I. My brain pounds a steady rhythm. Walk ... walk, there is work to be done. My mission becomes clearer ... but I cannot think clearly enough to grasp it. Now I am sure that it is December. From above, perhaps a church steeple, come sweet tones of Silent Night. Somewhere near, children sing their carols and are content that this is the night of the saviour. I reach into my pocket and grasp an object that seems familiar, but is incredibly foreign to anything I have ever known. It has an impossible shape ... yet it is there. Now I hear strange tones ... it is Big Ben ... I am near the end of my journey. My mind battles with the unknown force that will bring doom to me and my fellows. I feel once more of the strange, cold thing to be sure that it is there. A shape flows from the fog. It has been some moments since my last words. I now rest on my stomach ... leaning into the works of the famous clock of London. My hand feels around the object and gently deposits it in the giant timer. My mission is done, and I walk home.

I look at my watch. It has been 9 yaers since that time ... and it is December again. I stair out of my window at the beautiful decorations, and I know that soon, at a time when the world is celebrating, I, nor any other shall exist.

"But just look at how nicely justified the left-hand edges are."

PISTULÆ

INTERFEN



TO THE EDITORS
THE TESSERACT

Stop the crap game for a couple time lapses, huh?
Please?

Being an original person, (downright different)
I thought it would be original to write an original letter to
the Editors. (Public Enemys #1 and 2) (Rah!) (Sing Sing '50)
(Last seen carrying manuscripts for the 3rd --- ish headed for
the airport) (estimate airplane unnecessary).

In reading your second --- ish, I thought it was
--- ish. The Interplanetary Zoo was a degenerate managerie,
and that guy Jennings (and I quote a little old lady wearing
sunglasses with a beard) is "full of egoboo". Well!

I read all through your zine (later applied benzine
and applied one slightly wilted match to it) (Ugh) and I'm
sure it is all through. Reading back to back, I'd say it was
like a duel. (N.B. - You shot first!)

Goodby forever. I'm going out to have an urn of
hemlock on the rocks.

Due to popular concensus we have
dropped I.Z. happy?

Watch out for that tesseract. We
have moved into a neo-Bohemian
castle on the top of a hill and
are busy building up a reputation
by feeding virgins to my brother.
Visit us sometime .

~~ANN~~ Onomous
(the impatientone)

alias

Iym Juan
(irate perambulator
pusher)

Jim White 7770½ Rosewood Ave. Los Angeles 36, Calif.

I recieved sC #2 and forwarded my copy for review in VAG #1
However, I'm afraid Keith got it too late for #1 (and a few
other fanzines) so it might not appear until #3. If you want to
see your name in neon type you'd better bless us with your next
ish. Oh, I know what you're fishin' for. Well, I liked the art-
work very well - especially the stuff from Mss Bu. The writing
itself wasn't professional, but it looks rather well in a fan-
zine. Don't remember the titles of any of them, but there's one
I would have liked to rum in VAG. As an original that is.
Reprints aren't any good unless they've passed from public
memory.

That's about all for now, kid. Write when you have the time
and opportunity

Regards,

See, a little arm twisting and
they'll even say they like your
zine

PERORATIO

Back again, and this time with a small title.

Hère come some plugs: Thish I ame using some Gestetner materials. Two new lettering guides and a bunisher (that's supposed to be burnisher, I think ahead of my fingers.) I'm sorry that I didn't discover these boys sooner. They're much cheaper than ABDick materials. Lettering guides are only \$1.85 apiece. True, the larger ones don't have any numbers or signs, but they're used very little anyhow. Their stuff is worth using if you want to economize and still get good supplies.

Now, I've given you advice and some controversial articles. There should be enough material there to fill up several pages of letters or at least postcards. Ever see any one who wanted to work so much at cutting stencils?

Next ish: now isn't that silly? I never know what is going to be in the next ish. Just whatever comes into my greedy little hands. Who knows, it might even be worth reading.

'Nother plug:

The Atlanta Science-Fiction Organization is throwing the First Annual Southeastern Science Fiction Conference in Atlanta April 2&3 this year. The leaflet promised fans, pros and an organized program. It looks like fun, sorry I can't attend tho a bunch from Cinti will be down there. Registration is only one buck. Send it to:

1st Annual Southeastern S-F Conference
c/o Ian T. Macauley
57 East Park Lane
Atlanta 5, Georgia

And still more:

The Midwescon will be held this year on June 3-5 so as not to conflict. This ought to be fun too. School gets in the way tho.

STILL more:

CLEVELAND in '55! Two dollars to:
13th World S-F Convention
P.O. Box 508 Edgewater Branch
Cleveland 7, Ohio

And come hell or Ohio River I'll be there.

I have about 20 lines to fill up hmm. I'm listening to Magaguana in German no less. Once heard Buttons n Bows in Japanese. Anyone know Sanskrit?

FOR SALE!

- 1- ABDick 430. Renovated with cabinet. Originally selling at \$530
- 1- ABDick 90. Motorized, with cabinet. Renovated.

GALAXY NOVELS #1,2,3 mint #8 Good #6 Fair minus back cover
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